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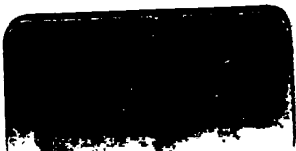
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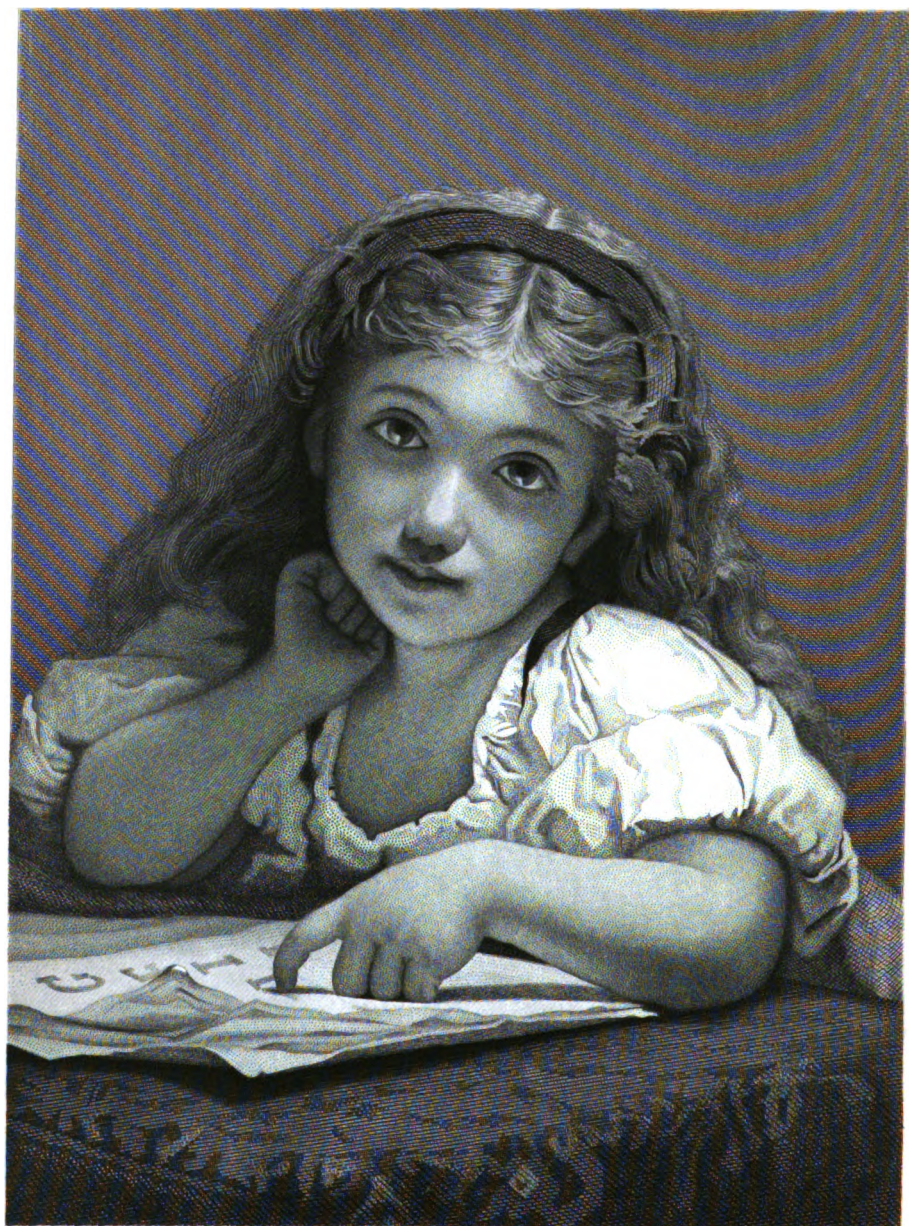
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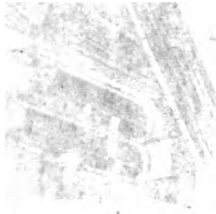
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THE LESSON.



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## MOUNTAIN OBSERVATORIES.

ON October 1st, 1876, one of the millionaires of the New World died at San Francisco. Although owning a no more euphonious name than James Lick, he had contrived to secure a future for it. He had founded and endowed the first great astronomical establishment planted on the heights, between the stars and the sea. How he came by his love of science we have no means of knowing. Born obscurely at Fredericksburg, in Pennsylvania, August 25th, 1796, he amassed some 30,000 dollars by commerce in South America, and in 1847 transferred them and himself to a village which had just exchanged its name of Yerba Buena for that of San Francisco, situate on a long, sandy strip of land between the Pacific and a great bay. In the hillocks and gullies of that wind-blown barrier he invested his dollars, and never did virgin soil yield a richer harvest. The gold-fever broke out in the spring of 1848. The unremembered cluster of wooden houses,

with no trouble or tumult of population in their midst, nestling round a tranquil creek under a climate which, but for a touch of sea-fog, might rival that of the Garden of the Hesperides, became all at once a centre of attraction to the out-cast and adventurous from every part of the world. Wealth poured in; trade sprang up; a population of six hundred increased to a quarter of a million; hotels, villas, public edifices, places of business spread, mile after mile, along the bay; building-ground rose to a fabulous price, and James Lick found himself one of the richest men in the United States.

Thus he got his money; we have now to see how he spent it. Already the munificent benefactor of the learned institutions of California, he in 1874 formally set aside a sum of two million dollars for various public purposes, philanthropic, patriotic, and scientific. Of these two millions 700,000 were appropriated to the erection of a telescope

"superior to, and more powerful than any ever yet made." But this, he felt instinctively, was not enough. Even in astronomy, although most likely unable to distinguish the Pole-star from the Dog-star, this "pioneer citizen" could read the signs of the times. It was no longer instruments that were wanted; it was the opportunity of employing them. Telescopes of vast power and exquisite perfection had ceased to be a rarity; but their use seemed all but hopelessly impeded by the very conditions of existence on the surface of the earth.

The air we breathe is in truth the worst enemy of the astronomer's observations. It is their enemy in two ways. Part of the sight which brings its wonderful, evanescent messages across inconceivable depths of space, it stops; and what it does not stop, it shatters. And this even when it is most transparent and seemingly still; when mist-veils are withdrawn, and no clouds curtain the sky. Moreover, the evil grows with the power of the instrument. Atmospheric troubles are magnified neither more nor less than the objects viewed across them. Thus, Lord Rosse's giant reflector possesses—*nominally*—a magnifying power of 6,000; that is to say, it can reduce the *apparent* distances of the heavenly bodies to  $\frac{1}{6000}$  their *actual* amount. The moon, for example, which is in reality separated from the earth's surface by an interval of about 234,000 miles, is shown as if removed only thirty-nine miles. Unfortunately, however, in theory only. Professor Newcomb compares the sight obtained under such circumstances to a glimpse through several yards of running water, and doubts whether our satellite has ever been seen to such advantage as it would be if brought—substantially, not merely optically—within 500 miles of the unassisted eye.\*

Must, then, all the growing triumphs of the optician's skill be counteracted by this plague of moving air? Can nothing be done to get rid of, or render it less obnoxious? Or is this an ultimate barrier, set up by Nature herself, to stop the way of astronomical progress? Much depends upon the answer—more than can, in a few words, be easily made to appear; but there is fort-

unately reason to believe that it will, on the whole, prove favorable to human ingenuity, and the rapid advance of human knowledge on the noblest subject with which it is or ever can be conversant.

The one obvious way of meeting atmospheric impediments is to leave part of the impeding atmosphere behind; and this the rugged shell of our planet offers ample means of doing. Whether the advantages derived from increased altitudes will outweigh the practical difficulties attending such a system of observation when conducted on a great scale, has yet to be decided. The experiment, however, is now about to be tried simultaneously in several parts of the globe.

By far the most considerable of these experiments is that of the "Lick Observatory." Its founder was from the first determined that the powers of his great telescope should, as little as possible, be fettered by the hostility of the elements. The choice of its local habitation was, accordingly, a matter of grave deliberation to him for some time previous to his death. Although close upon his eightieth year, he himself spent a night upon the summit of Mount St. Helena with a view to testing its astronomical capabilities, and a site already secured in the Sierra Nevada was abandoned on the ground of climatic disqualifications. Finally, one of the culminating peaks of the Coast Range, elevated 4,440 feet above the sea, was fixed upon. Situated about fifty miles south-east of San Francisco, Mount Hamilton lies far enough inland to escape the sea-fog, which only on the rarest occasions drifts upward to its triple crest. All through the summer the sky above it is limpid and cloudless; and though winter storms are frequent, their raging is not without highly available lucid intervals. As to the essential point—the quality of telescopic vision—the testimony of Mr. S. W. Burnham is in the highest degree encouraging. This well-known observer spent two months on the mountain in the autumn of 1879, and concluded, as the result of his experience during that time—with the full concurrence of Professor Newcomb—that, "it is the finest observing location in the United States." Out of

\* Popular Astronomy, p. 145.

sixty nights he found forty-two as nearly perfect as nights can well be, seven of medium quality, and only eleven cloudy or foggy;\* his stay, nevertheless, embraced the first half of October, by no means considered to belong to the choice part of the season. Nor was his trip barren of discovery. A list of forty-two new double stars gave an earnest of what may be expected from systematic work in such an unrivalled situation. Most of these are objects which never rise high enough in the sky to be examined with any profit through the grosser atmosphere of the plains east of the Rocky Mountains; some are well-known stars, not before seen clearly enough for the discernment of their composite character; yet Mr. Burnham used the lesser of two telescopes—a 6-inch and an 18-inch achromatic—with which he had been accustomed to observe at Chicago.

The largest refracting telescope as yet actually completed has a light-gathering surface 27 inches in diameter. This is the great Vienna equatorial, admirably turned out by Mr. Grubb, of Dublin, in 1880, but still awaiting the commencement of its exploring career. It will, however, soon be surpassed by the Pulkowa telescope, ordered more than four years ago on behalf of the Russian Government from Alvan Clark and Sons, of Cambridgeport, Massachusetts. Still further will it be surpassed by the coming "Lick Refractor." It is safe to predict that the optical championship of the world is, at least for the next few years, secured to this gigantic instrument, the completion of which may be looked for in the immediate future. It will have a clear aperture of *three feet*. A disc of flint-glass for the object-lens, 38'18 inches across, and 170 kilogrammes in weight, was cast at the establishment of M. Feil, in Paris, early in 1882. Four days were spent and eight tons of coal consumed in the casting of this vast mass of flawless crystal; it took a calendar month to cool, and cost 2,000.† It may be regarded as the highest triumph so far achieved in the art of optical glass-making.

A refracting telescope there feet in

aperture collects rather more light than a speculum of four feet.\* In this quality, then, the Lick instrument will have—besides the Rosse leviathan, which, for many reasons, may be considered to be out of the running—but one rival. And over this rival—the 48-inch reflector of the Melbourne observatory—it will have all the advantages of agility and robustness (so to speak) which its system of construction affords; while the exquisite definition for which Alvan Clark is famous will, presumably, not be absent.

Already preparations are being made for its reception at Mount Hamilton. The scabrous summit of "Observatory Peak" has been smoothed down to a suitable equality of surface by the removal of 40,000 tons of hard trap rock. Preliminary operations for the erection of a dome, 75 feet in diameter, to serve as its shelter, are in progress. The water-supply has been provided for by the excavation of great cisterns. Buildings are rapidly being pushed forward from designs prepared by Professors Holden and Newcomb. Most of the subsidiary instruments have for some time been in their places, constituting in themselves an equipment of no mean order. With their aid Professor Holden and Mr. Burnham observed the transit of Mercury of November 7th, 1881, and Professor Todd obtained, December 6th, 1882, a series of 147 photographs (of which seventy-one were of the highest excellence) recording the progress of Venus across the face of the sun.

We are informed that a great hotel will eventually add the inducement of material well-being to those of astronomical interest and enchanting scenery. No more delightful summer resort can well be imagined. The road to the summit, of which the construction formed the subject of a species of treaty between Mr. Lick and the county of Santa Clara in 1875, traverses from San

\* Silvered glass is considerably more reflective than speculum-metal, and Mr. Common's 36-inch mirror can be but slightly inferior in luminous capacity to the Lick objective. It is, however, devoted almost exclusively to celestial photography, in which it has done splendid service. The Paris 4-foot mirror bent under its own weight when placed in the tube in 1875, and has not since been remounted.

\* The Observatory, No. 43, p. 613.

† Nature, vol. xxv. p. 537.

José a distance, as a bird flies, of less than thirteen miles, but doubled by the windings necessary in order to secure moderate gradients. So successfully has this been accomplished, that a horse drawing a light waggon can reach the observatory buildings without breaking his trot.\* As the ascending track draws its coils closer and closer round the mountain, the view becomes at every turn more varied and more extensive. On one side the tumultuous coast ranges, stooping gradually to the shore, magnificently clad with forests of pine and red cedar; the island-studded bay of San Francisco, and, farther south, a shining glimpse of the Pacific; on the other, the thronging pinnacles of the Sierras—granite needles, lava-topped bastions—fire-rent, water-worn; right underneath, the rich valleys of Santa Clara and San Joaquin, and, 175 miles away to the north (when the sapphire of the sky is purest), the snowy cone of Mount Shasta.

Thus, there seems some reason to apprehend that Mount Hamilton, with its monster telescope, may become one of the show places of the New World. *Absit omen!* Such a desecration would effectually mar one of the fairest prospects opened in our time before astronomy. The true votaries of Urania will then be driven to seek sanctuary in some less accessible and less inviting spot. Indeed, the present needs of science are by no means met by an elevation above the sea of four thousand and odd feet, even under the most translucent sky in the world. Already observing stations are recommended at four times that altitude, and the ambition of the new species of climbing astronomers seems unlikely to be satisfied until he can no longer find wherewith to fill his lungs (for even an astronomer must breathe), or whereon to plant his instruments.

This ambition is no casual caprice. It has grown out of the growing exigencies of celestial observation.

From the time that Lord Rosse's great reflector was pointed to the sky in February, 1845, it began to be distinctly felt that instrumental power had outrun

its opportunities. To the sounding of further depths of space it came to be understood that Atlantic mists and tremulous light formed an obstacle far more serious than any mere optical or mechanical difficulties. The late Mr. Lassell was the first to act on this new idea. Towards the close of 1852 he transported his beautiful 24-inch Newtonian to Malta, and, in 1859-60, constructed, for service there, one of four times its light capacity. Yet the chief results of several years' continuous observation under rarely favorable conditions were, in his own words, "rather negative than positive."\* He dispelled the "ghosts" of four Uranian moons which had, by glimpses, haunted the usually unerring vision of the elder Herschel, and showed that our acquaintance with the satellite families of Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune must, for the present at any rate, be regarded as complete; but the discoveries by which his name is chiefly remembered were made in the murky air of Lancashire.

The celebrated expedition to the Peak of Teneriffe, carried out in the summer of 1856 by the present Astronomer Royal for Scotland, was an experiment made with the express object of ascertaining "how much astronomical observation can be benefited by eliminating the lower third or fourth part of the atmosphere."† So striking were the advantages of which it seemed to hold out the promise, that we count with surprise the many years suffered to elapse before any adequate attempt was made to realize them.‡ Professor Piazz Smyth made his principal station at Guajara, 8,903 feet above the sea, close to the rim of the ancient crater from which the actual peak rises to a further height of more than 3,000 feet. There he found that his equatorial (five feet in focal length) showed stars fainter by *four magnitudes* than at Edinburgh. On the Calton Hill the companion of Alpha Lyrae (eleventh magnitude) could never, under any circumstances, be made out. At Guajara it was an easy object twenty-

\* Monthly Notices, R. Astr. Soc. vol. xiv. p. 133 (1854).

† Phil. Trans. vol. cxlviii. p. 455.

‡ Captain Jacob unfortunately died August 16, 1862, when about to assume the direction of a hill observatory at Poonah.

\* E. Holden, "The Lick Observatory," Nature, vol. xxv. p. 298.

five degrees from the zenith; and stars of the fourteenth magnitude were discernible. Now, according to the usual estimate, a step downwards from one magnitude to another means a decrease of lustre in the proportion of two to five. A star of the fourteenth order of brightness sends us accordingly only  $\frac{1}{32}$ th as much light as an average one of the tenth order. So that, in Professor Smyth's judgment, the grasp of his instrument was virtually *multiplied thirty-nine times* by getting rid of the lowest quarter of the atmosphere.\* in other words (since light falls off in intensity as the square of the distance of its source increases), the range of vision was more than sextupled, further depths of space being penetrated to an extent probably to be measured by thousands of billions of miles!

This vast augmentation of telescopic compass was due as much to the increased tranquillity as to the increased transparency of the air. The stars hardly seemed to twinkle at all. Their rays, instead of being broken and scattered by continual changes of refractive power in the atmospheric layers through which their path lay, travelled with relatively little disturbance, and thus produced a far more vivid and concentrated impression upon the eye. Their images in the telescope, with a magnifying power of 150, showed no longer the "amorphous figures" seen at Edinburgh, but such minute, sharply-defined discs as gladden the eyes of an astronomer, and seem, in Professor Smyth's phrase, to "provoke" (as the "cocked-hat" appearance surely baffles) "the application of a wire-micrometer" for the purposes of measurement.†

The lustre of the milky way and zodiacal light at this elevated station was indescribable, and Jupiter shone with extraordinary splendor. Nevertheless, not even the most fugitive glimpse of any of his satellites was to be had without optical aid.‡ This was

\* The height of the mercury at Guajara is 21.7 to 22 inches.

† Phil. Trans. vol. cxlviii. p. 477.

‡ We are told that three American observers in the Rocky Mountains, belonging to the Eclipse Expedition of 1878, easily saw Jupiter's satellites night after night with the naked eye. That their discernment is possible, even

possibly attributable to the prevalent "dust-haze, which must have caused a diffusion of light in the neighborhood of the planet more than sufficient to blot from sight such faint objects. The same cause completely neutralized the darkening of the sky usually attendant upon ascents into the more ethereal regions, and surrounded the sun with an intense glare of reflected light. For reasons presently to be explained, this circumstance alone would render the Peak of Teneriffe wholly unfit to be the site of a modern observatory.

Within the last thirty years a remarkable change, long in preparation,\* has conspicuously affected the methods and aims of astronomy; or, rather, beside the old astronomy—the astronomy of Laplace, of Bessel, of Airy, Adams, and Leverrier—has grown up a younger science, vigorous, inspiring, seductive, revolutionary, walking with hurried or halting footsteps along paths far removed from the staid courses of its predecessor. This new science concerns itself with the *nature* of the heavenly bodies; the elder regarded exclusively their *movements*. The aim of the one is *description*, of the other *prediction*. This younger science inquires what sun, moon, stars, and nebulae are made of, what stores of heat they possess, what changes are in progress within their substance, what vicissitudes they have undergone or are likely to undergo. The elder has attained its object when the theory of celestial motions shows no discrepancy with fact—when the calculus can be brought to agree perfectly with the telescope—when the courses of the heavens come strictly up to time, and their observed places square to a hair's-breadth with their predicted places.

It is evident that very different modes

under comparatively disadvantageous circumstances is rendered certain by the well-authenticated instance (related by Humboldt, "Cosmos," vol. iii. p. 66, Otte's trans.) of a tailor named Schön, who died at Breslau in 1837. This man habitually perceived the first and third, but never could see the second or fourth Jovian moons.

\* Sir W. Herschel's great undertakings, Bessel remarks ("Populäre Vorlesungen," p. 15), "were directed rather towards a physical description of the heavens, than to astronomy proper."



of investigation must be employed to further such different objects; in fact, the invention of novel modes of investigation has had a prime share in bringing about the change in question. Geometrical astronomy, or the astronomy of position, seeks above all to measure with exactness, and is thus more fundamentally interested in the accurate division and accurate centering of circles than in the development of optical appliances. Descriptive astronomy, on the other hand, seeks as the first condition of its existence to see clearly and fully. It has no "method of least squares" for making the best of bad observations—no process for eliminating errors by their multiplication in opposite directions; it is wholly dependent for its data on the quantity and quality of the rays focussed by its telescopes, sifted by its spectroscopes, or printed in its photographic cameras. Therefore, the loss and disturbance suffered by those rays in traversing our atmosphere constitute an obstacle to progress far more serious now than when the exact determination of places was the primary and all-important task of an astronomical observer. This obstacle, which no ingenuity can avail to remove, may be reduced to less formidable dimensions. It may be diminished or partially evaded by anticipating the most detrimental part of the atmospheric transit—by carrying our instruments upwards into a finer air—by meeting the light upon the mountains.

The study of the sun's composition, and of the nature of the stupendous processes by which his ample outflow of light and heat is kept up and diffused through surrounding space, has in our time separated, it might be said, into a science apart. Its pursuit is, at any rate, far too arduous to be conducted with less than a man's whole energies; while the questions which it has addressed itself to answer are the fundamental problems of the new physical astronomy. There is, however, but one opinion as to the expediency of carrying on solar investigations at higher altitudes than have hitherto been more than temporarily available.

The spectroscope and the camera are now the chief engines of solar research. Mere telescopic observation, though

always an indispensable adjunct, may be considered to have sunk into a secondary position. But the spectroscope and the camera, still more than the telescope, lie at the mercy of atmospheric vapors and undulations. The late Professor Henry Draper, of New York, an adept in the art of celestial photography, stated in 1877 that two years, during which he had photographed the moon at his observatory on the Hudson on every moonlit night, yielded *only three* when the air was still enough to give good results, nor even then without some unsteadiness; and Bond, of Cambridge (U. S.) informed him that he had watched in vain, through no less than seventeen years for a faultless condition of our troublesome enviring medium.\* Tranquillity is the first requisite for a successful astronomical photograph. The hour generally chosen for employing the sun as his own limner is, for this reason, in the early morning, before the newly emerged beams have had time to set the air in commotion, and so blur the marvellous details of his surface-structure. By this means a better definition is secured but at the expense of transparency. Both are, at the sea-level, hardly ever combined. A certain amount of haziness is the price usually paid for exceptional stillness, so that it not unfrequently happens that astronomers see best in a fog, as on the night of November 15th, 1850, when the elder Bond discovered the "dusky ring" of Saturn, although at the time no star below the fourth magnitude could be made out with the naked eye. Now on well-chosen mountain stations, a union of these unhappy divorced conditions is at certain times to be met with, opportunities being thus afforded with tolerable certainty and no great rarity, which an astronomer on the plains might think himself fortunate in securing once or twice in a lifetime.

For spectroscopic observations at the edge of the sun, on the contrary, the *sine qua non* is translucency. During the great "Indian eclipse" of August 18th, 1868, the variously colored lines were, by the aid of prismatic analysis, first described, which reveal the chemical constitution of the flamelike "prom-

\* Am. Jour. of Science, vol. xiii. p. 89.

inences," forming an ever-varying, but rarely absent, feature of the solar surroundings. Immediately afterwards, M. Janssen, at Guntoor, and Mr. Norman Lockyer, in England, independently realised a method of bringing them into view without the co-operation of the eclipsing moon. This was done by *fanning out* with a powerfully dispersive spectroscope the diffused radiance near the sun, until it became sufficiently attenuated to permit the delicate flame-lines to appear upon its rainbow-tinted background. This mischievous radiance—which it is the chief merit of a solar eclipse to abolish during some brief moments—is due to the action of the atmosphere, and chiefly of the watery vapors contained in it. Were our earth stripped of its "cloud of all-sustaining air," and presented, like its satellite, bare to space, the sky would appear perfectly black up to the very rim of the sun's disc—a state of things of all others (vital necessities apart) the most desirable to spectroscopists. The best approach to its attainment is made by mounting a few thousand feet above the earth's surface. In the drier and purer air of the mountains, "glare" notably diminishes, and the tell-tale prominence-lines are thus more easily disengaged from the effacing lustre in which they hang, as it were suspended.

The Peak of Teneriffe, as we have seen, offers a marked exception to this rule, the impalpable dust diffused through the air giving, even at its summit, precisely the same kind of detailed reflection as aqueous vapors at lower levels. It is accordingly destitute of one of the chief qualifications for serving as a point of vantage to observers of the new type.

The changes in the spectra of chromosphere and prominences (for they are parts of a single appendage) present a subject of unsurpassed interest to the student of solar physics. There, if anywhere, will be found the key to the secret to the sun's internal economy; in them, if at all, the real condition of matter in the unimaginable abysses of heat covered up by the relatively cool photosphere, whose radiations could, nevertheless, vivify 2,300,000,000 globes like ours, will reveal itself; revealing, at the same time, something more than

we know of the nature of the so-called "elementary" substances, hitherto tortured, with little result, in terrestrial laboratories.

The chromosphere and prominences might be figuratively described as an ocean and clouds of tranquil incandescence, agitated and intermingled with waterspouts, tornadoes, and geysers of raging fire. Certain kinds of light are at all times emitted by them, showing that certain kinds of matter (as, for instance, hydrogen and "helium"\*) form invariable constituents of their substance. Of these unfailing lines Professor Young counts eleven.† But a vastly greater number appear only occasionally, and, it would seem, capriciously, under the stress of eruptive action from the interior. And precisely this it is which lends them such significance; for of what is going on there, they have doubtless much to tell, were their message only legible by us. It has not as yet proved so; but the characters in which it is written are being earnestly scrutinised and compared, with a view to their eventual decipherment. The prodigious advantages afforded by high altitudes for this kind of work were illustrated by the brilliant results of Professor Young's observations in the Rocky Mountains during the summer of 1872. By the diligent labor of several years he had, at that time, constructed a list of one hundred and three distinct lines occasionally visible in the spectrum of the chromosphere. In seventy-two days, at Sherman (8,335 feet above the sea), it was extended to 273. Yet the weather was exceptionally cloudy, and the spot (a station on the Union Pacific Railway, in the Territory of Wyoming) not perhaps the best that might have been chosen for an "astronomical reconnaissance."‡

A totally different kind of solar research is that in aid of which the Mount Whitney expedition was organized in 1881. Professor S. P. Langley, director

\* The characteristic orange line ( $D_2$ ) of this unknown substance, has recently been identified by Professor Palmieri in the spectrum of lava from Vesuvius—a highly interesting discovery, if verified.

† The Sun, p. 193.

‡ R. D. Cutts, "Bulletin of the Philosophical Society of Washington," vol. i. p. 70.

of the Alleghany observatory in Pennsylvania, has long been engaged in the detailed study of the radiations emitted by the sun; inventing, for the purpose of its prosecution, the "bolometer,"\* an instrument twenty times as sensitive to changes of temperature as the thermopile. But the solar spectrum as it is exhibited at the surface of the earth, is a very different thing from the solar spectrum as it would appear could it be formed of sunbeams, so to speak, *fresh from space*, unmodified by atmospheric action. For not only does our air deprive each ray of a considerable share of its energy (the total loss may be taken at 20 to 25 per cent. when the sky is clear and the sun in the zenith), but it deals unequally with them, robbing some more than others, and thus materially altering their relative importance. Now it was Professor Langley's object to reconstruct the original state of things, and he saw that this could be done most effectually by means of simultaneous observations at the summit and base of a high mountain. For the effect upon each separate ray of transmission through a known proportion of the atmosphere being (with the aid of the bolometer) once ascertained, a very simple calculation would suffice to eliminate the remaining effects, and thus virtually secure an extra-atmospheric post of observation.

The honor of rendering this important service to science was adjudged to the highest summit in the United States. The Sierra Nevada culminates in a granite pile, rising, somewhat in the form of a gigantic helmet, fronting eastwards, to a height of 14,887 feet. Mount Whitney is thus entitled to rank as the Mount Blanc of its own conti-

\* This instrument may be described as an electric balance of the utmost conceivable delicacy. The principle of its construction is that the conducting power of metals is diminished by raising their temperature. Thus, if heat be applied to one only of the wires forming a circuit in which a galvanometer is included, the movement of the needle instantly betrays the disturbance of the electrical equilibrium. The conducting wires or "balance arms" of the bolometer are platinum strips  $\frac{1}{16}$ th of an inch wide and  $\frac{7}{16}$ th of an inch thick, constituting metallic *antennae* sensitive to the chill even of the fine dark lines in the solar spectrum, or to changes of temperature estimated at  $10^{\circ}$  of a degree Centigrade.

nent. In order to reach it, a railway journey of 3,400 miles, from Pittsburg to San Francisco, and from San Francisco to Caliente, was a brief and easy preliminary. The real difficulty began with a march of 120 miles across the arid and glaring Inyo desert, the thermometer standing at  $110^{\circ}$  in the shade (if shade there were to be found.) Towards the end of July 1881, the party reached the settlement of Lone Pine at the foot of the Sierras, where a camp for low-level observations was pitched (at a height, it is true, of close upon 4,000 feet), and the needful instruments were unpacked and adjusted. Close overhead, as it appeared, but in reality sixteen miles distant, towered the gaunt, and rifted, and seemingly inaccessible pinnacle which was the ultimate goal of their long journey. The illusion of nearness produced by the extraordinary transparency of the air was dispelled when, on examination with a telescope, what had worn the aspect of patches of moss, proved to be extensive forests.

The ascent of such a mountain with a train of mules bearing a delicate and precious freight of scientific apparatus, was a perhaps unexampled enterprise. It was, however, accomplished without the occurrence, though at the frequent and imminent risk, of disaster, after a toilsome climb of seven or eight days through an unexplored and, to less resolute adventurers, impassable waste of rocks, gullies, and precipices. Finally a site was chosen for the upper station on a swampy ledge, 13,000 feet above the sea; and there, notwithstanding extreme discomforts from bitter cold, fierce sunshine, high winds, and, worst of all, "mountain sickness," with its intolerable attendant debility, observations were determinedly carried on, in combination with those at Lone Pine, and others daily made on the highest crest of the mountain, until September 11. They were well worth the cost. By their means a real extension was given to knowledge, and a satisfactory definiteness introduced into subjects previously involved in very wide uncertainty.

Contrary to the received opinion, it now appeared that the weight of atmospheric absorption falls upon the upper or blue end of the spectrum, and that

the obstacles to the transmission of light waves through the air diminish as their length increases, and their refrangibility consequently diminishes. A yellow tinge is thus imparted to the solar rays by the imperfectly transparent medium through which we see them. And, since the sun possesses an atmosphere of its own, exercising an unequal or "selective" absorption of the same character, it follows that, if both these dusky-red veils were withdrawn, the true color of the photosphere would show as a very distinct *bleu*\*—not merely *bluish*, but a real azure just tinted with green, like the hue of a mountain lake fed with a glacier stream. Moreover, the further consequence ensues, that the sun is hotter than had been supposed. For the higher the temperature of a glowing body, the more copiously it emits rays from the violet end of the spectrum. The blueness of its light is, in fact, a measure of the intensity of its incandescence. Professor Langley has not yet ventured (that we are aware of) on an estimate of what is called the "effective temperature" of the sun—the temperature, that is, which it would be necessary to attribute to the surface of the radiating power of lamp-black to enable it to send us just the quantity of heat that the sun does actually send us. Indeed, the present state of knowledge still leaves an important hiatus—only to be filled by more or less probable guessing in the reasoning by which inferences on this subject must be formed; while the startling discrepancies between the figures adopted by different, and equally respectable, authorities sufficiently show that none are entitled to any confidence. The amount of heat received in a given interval of time by the earth from the sun is, however, another matter, and one falling well within the scope of observation. This Professor Langley's experiments (when completely worked out) will, by their unequalled precision, enable him to determine with some approach to finality. Pouillet valued the "solar constant" at 1.7 "calories"; in other works, had calculated that, our

\* Defined by the tint of the second hydrogen-line, the bright reversal of Fraunhofer's F. The sun would also seem—adopting a medium estimate—three or four times as brilliant as he now does.

atmosphere being supposed removed, vertical sunbeams would have power to heat in each minute of time, by one degree centigrade, 1.7 gramme of water for each square centimetre of the earth's surface. This estimate was raised by Crova to 2.3, and by Violle in 1877 to 2.5;\* Professor Langley's new data bring it up (approximately as yet) to three calories per square centimetre per minute. This result alone would, by its supreme importance to meteorology, amply repay the labors of the Mount Whitney expedition.

Still more unexpected is the answer supplied to the question: Were the earth wholly denuded of its aëriiform covering, what would be the temperature of its surface? We are informed in reply that it would be *at the outside* 50 degrees of Fahrenheit below zero, or 82 of frost. So that mercury would remain solid even when exposed to the rays—undiminished by atmospheric absorption—of a tropical sun at noon.† The paradoxical aspect of this conclusion—a perfectly legitimate and reliable one—disappears when it is remembered that under the imagined circumstances there would be absolutely nothing to hinder radiation into the frigid depths of space, and that the solar rays would, consequently, find abundant employment in maintaining a difference of 189 degrees ‡ between the temperature of the mercury and that of its environment. What we may with perfect accuracy call the *clothing function* of our atmosphere is thus vividly brought home to us; for it protects the teeming surface of our planet against the cold of space exactly in the same way as, and much more effectually than, a lady's sealskin mantle keeps her warm in frosty weather. That is to say, it impedes radiation. Or, again, to borrow another comparison, the gaseous envelope we breathe in (and chiefly the watery part of it) may be literally described as a "trap for

\* Annales de Chimie et de Physique, t. x. p. 360.

† S. P. Langley, "Nature," vol. xxvi. p. 316.

‡ Sir J. Herschel's estimate of the "temperature of space" was 239°F.; Pouillet's 224°F. below zero. Both are almost certainly much too high. See Taylor, "Bull. Phil. Soc. Washington," vol. ii. p. 73; and Croll, "Nature," vol. xxi. p. 521.

sunbeams." It permits their entrance (exacting, it is true, a heavy toll), but almost totally bars their exit. It is now easy to understand why it is that on the airless moon no vapors rise to soften the hard shadow-outlines of craters or ridges throughout the fierce blaze of the long lunar day. In immediate contact with space (if we may be allowed the expression) water, should such a substance exist on our enigmatical satellite, must remain frozen, though exposed for endless æons of time to direct sunshine.

Amongst the most noteworthy results of Professor Langley's observations in the Sierra Nevada was the enormous extension given by them to the solar spectrum in the invisible region below the red. The first to make any detailed acquaintance with their obscure beams was Captain Abney, whose success in obtaining a substance—the so-called "blue bromide" of silver—sensitive to their chemical action, enabled him to derive photographic impressions from rays possessing the relatively great wave-length of 1,200 millionths of a millimetre. This, be it noted, approaches very closely to the theoretical limit set by Cauchy to that end of the spectrum. The information was accordingly received with no small surprise that the bolometer showed entirely unmistakable heating effects from vibrations of the wave-length 2,800. The "dark continent" of the solar spectrum was thus demonstrated to cover an expanse nearly eight times that of the bright or visible part.\* And in this newly discovered region lie three-fifths of the entire energy received from the sun—three-fifths of the vital force imparted to our planet for keeping its atmosphere and ocean in circulation, its streams rippling and running, its forests growing, its grain ripening. Throughout this wide range of vibrations the modifying power of our atmosphere is little felt. It is, indeed, interrupted by great gaps produced by absorption *somewhere*; but since they show no signs of diminution at high altitudes, they are obviously due

to an extra-terrestrial cause. Here a tempting field of inquiry lies open to scientific explorers.

On one other point, earlier ideas have had to give way to better grounded ones derived from this fruitful series of investigation. Professor Langley has effected a redistribution of energy in the solar spectrum. The maximum of heat was placed by former inquirers in the obscure tract of the infra-red; he has promoted it to a position in the orange approximately coincident with the point of greatest luminous intensity. The triple curve, denoting by its three distinct summits the supposed places in the spectrum of the several maxima of heat, light, and "actinism," must now finally disappear from our text-books, and with it the last vestige of belief in a corresponding threefold distinction of qualities in the solar radiations. From one end to the other of the whole gamut of them, there is but one kind of difference—that of wave-length, or frequency in vibration; and there is but one curve by which the rays of the spectrum can properly be represented—that of energy, or the power of doing work on material particles. What the effect of that work may be, depends upon the special properties of such material particles, not upon any recondite faculty in the radiations.

These brilliant results of a month's bivouac encourage the most sanguine anticipation as to the harvest of new truths to be gathered by a steady and well-organized pursuance of the same plan of operations. It must, however, be remembered that the scheme completed on Mount Whitney had been carefully designed, and in its preliminary parts executed at Alleghany. The interrogatory was already prepared; it only remained to register replies, and deduce conclusions. Nature seldom volunteers information; usually it has to be extracted from her by skilful cross-examination. The main secret of finding her a good witness consists in having a clear idea beforehand what it is one wants to find out. No opportunities of seeing will avail those who know not what to look for. Thus, not the crowd of casual observers, but the few who consistently and systematically *think*, will profit by the effort now being

\*This is true only of the "normal spectrum," formed by reflection from a "grating" on the principle of interference. In the spectrum produced by refraction, the red rays are *huddled together* by the distorting effect of the prism through which they are transmitted.

made to rid the astronomer of a small fraction of his terrestrial impediments. It is, nevertheless, admitted on all hands that no step can at present be taken at all comparable in its abundant promise of increased astronomical knowledge to that of providing suitably elevated sites for the exquisite instruments constructed by modern opticians.

Europe has not remained behind America in this significant movement. An observatory on Mount Etna, at once astronomical, meteorological, and seismological, was nominally completed in the summer of 1882, and will doubtless before long begin to give proof of efficiency in its threefold capacity. The situation is magnificent. Etna has long been famous for the amplitude of the horizon commanded from it, and the serenity of its encompassing skies favors celestial no less than terrestrial vision. Professor Langley, who made a stay of twenty days upon the mountain in 1879-80, with the object of reducing to strict measurement the advantages promised by it, came to the conclusion that the "seeing" there is better than that in England (judging from data given by Mr. Webb) in the proportion of three to two—that is to say, a telescope of two inches aperture on Etna would show as much as one of three in England. Yet the circumstances attending his visit were of the least favorable kind. He was unable to find a suitable shelter higher up than Casa del Bosco, an isolated hut within the forest belt (as its name imports), at considerably less than half the elevation of the new observatory; the imperfect mounting of his telescope rendered observation all but impossible within a range of 30 degrees from the zenith, thus excluding the most serene portion of the sky; moreover, his arrival was delayed until December 25th, when the weather was thoroughly broken, high winds were incessantly troublesome, and only five nights out of seventeen proved astronomically available. It is, accordingly, reassuring to learn that while, with the naked eye, at ordinary levels, he could see but six Pleiades, with glimpses of a seventh and eighth, on Etna he steadily distinguished nine even before the moon had set;\*

and that the telescopic definition though not uniformly good, was on December 31st such as he had never before seen on the sun, "least of all with a blue sky;"\* the "rice-grain" structure came out beautifully under a power of 212; and for the spectroscopic examination of prominences, the fainter orange light of their helium constituent served almost equally well with the strong radiance of the crimson ray of hydrogen (C)—a test of transparency which those accustomed to such studies will appreciate.

The Etnean observatory is the most elevated building in Europe. It stands at a height above the sea of 9,655 ft., or 1,483 ft. above the monastery of the Great St. Bernard. Its walls enclose the well-known "Casa Inglese," where travellers were accustomed to spend the night before undertaking the final ascent of the cone, and occupy a site believed secure from the incursions of lava. Astronomical work is designed to be carried on there from June to September. For the Merz equatorial, 35 centimetres (13.8 inches) in aperture, which is *facile primus* of its instrumental equipment, a duplicate mounting has been provided at Catania, whither it will be removed during the winter months. The primary aim of the establishment is the study of the sun. Its great desirability for this purpose formed the theme of the representations from Signor Tacchini (then director of the observatory of Palermo, now of that of the Collegio Romano), which determined the Italian government upon trying the experiment. But we hear with pleasure that stellar spectroscopy will also come in for a large share of attention. The privilege of observation from the summit of Etna will not be enjoyed exclusively by the local staff. The Municipality of Catania who have borne their share in the expense of the undertaking, generously propose to give it somewhat of an international character, by providing accommodation for any foreign astronomers who may desire to enjoy a respite from the hampering conditions of low-level star-gazing. We cannot doubt that such exceptional facilities will be turned to the best account.

\* Am. Jour. of Science, vol. xx. p. 36.

\* Am. Jour. of Science, vol. xx. p. 41.



Eight years have now passed since General de Nansonty, aided by the engineer Vaussenat, established himself for the winter on the top of the Pic du Midi. Zeal for the promotion of weather-knowledge was the impelling motive of this adventure, which included, amongst other rude incidents, a snow-siege of little less than six months. It resulted in crowning one of the highest crests of the Pyrenees with a permanent meteorological observatory opened for work in 1881. It is now designed to render the station available for astronomical purposes as well.

The important tasks in progress at the Paris observatory have of late been singularly impeded by bad weather. During the latter half of 1882 scarcely four or five good nights per month were secured, and in December these were reduced to two.\* Moreover, M. Thollon, who, according to his custom, arrived from Nice in June for the summer's work, returned thither in September without having found the opportunity of making *one single* spectroscopic observation. Yet within easy and immediate reach was a post, already in scientific occupation, where as General de Nansonty reported, ordinary print was legible by the radiance of the milky way and zodiacal light alone, and fifteen or sixteen Pleiades could be counted with the naked eye. At length Admiral Mouchez, the energetic director of the Paris observatory, convinced of the urgent need of an adjunct establishment under less sulky skies, issued to MM. Thollon and Trépied a commission of inquiry into telescopic possibilities on the Pic du Midi. Their stay lasted from August 17th, to September 22d, 1883, and their experiences were summarised in a note (preliminary to a detailed report) published in the "Comptes Rendus" for October 16th, glowing with a certain technical enthusiasm difficult to be conveyed to those who have never strained their eyes to catch the vanishing gleam of a "chromospheric line" through a "milky" sky, and dim and tremulous air. The definition, they declared, was simply

\* Report of the Paris Observatory, "Astronomical Register," Oct. 1883; and "Observatory," No. 75.

marvellous. Not even in Upper Egypt had they seen anything like it. The sun stood out, clean-cut and vivid, on a dark blue sky, and so slight were the traces of diffusion, that, for observations at his edge the conditions approached those of a total eclipse. These advantages are forcibly illustrated by the statement that, instead of eight lines ordinarily visible in the entire spectrum of the chromosphere, more than thirty revealed themselves in the orange and green parts of it alone (D<sub>to</sub> F)! A fact still more remarkable is that prominences were actually seen, and their forms distinguished, though foreshortened and faint, on the very disc of the sun itself—and this not merely by such glimmering views as had previously, at especially favorable moments, tantalised the sight of Young and Tacchini, but steadily and with certainty. We are further told that, on the mornings of September 19th and 20th, Venus was discerned, without aid from glasses, within two degrees of the sun.

These extraordinary facilities of vision disappeared, indeed, as, with the advance of day, the slopes of the mountain became heated and set the thin air quivering; but were reproduced at night in the tranquil splendor of moon and stars.

The expediency of using such opportunities was obvious; and it has accordingly been determined to erect a good equatorial in this tempting situation, elevated 9,375 feet above the troubles of the nether air. The expense incurred will be trifling; no special staff will be needed; the post will simply constitute a dependency of the Paris establishment, where astronomers thrown out of work by the malice of the elements may find a refuge from enforced idleness, as well as, possibly, unlooked-for openings to distinction.

We must now ask our readers to accompany us in one more brief flight across the Atlantic. After a successful observation of the late transit of Venus at Jamaica, Dr. Copeland, the chief astronomer of Lord Crawford's observatory at Dun Echt, took advantage of the railway which now crosses the Western Andes at an elevation of 14,666 feet, to make a high-level tour of exploration in the interests of science.

Some of the results communicated by him to the British Association at Southport last year, and published, with more detail, in the astronomical journal "Copernicus," are extremely suggestive. At La Paz, in Bolivia, 12,050 feet above the sea, a naked-eye sketch of the immemorially familiar star-groups in Taurus, *made in full moonlight*, showed seventeen Hyades (two more than are given in Argelander's "Uranometria Nova") and ten Pleiades. Now ordinary eyes under ordinary circumstances see six, or at most seven, stars in the latter cluster. Hipparchus censured Aratus—who took his facts on trust from Eudoxus—for stating the lesser number, on the ground that in serene weather, and in the absence of the moon, a seventh was discernible.\* On the other hand, several of the ancients reckoned nine Pleiades, and we are assured that Moestlin, the worthy preceptor of Kepler, was able to detect, under the little propitious skies of Wurtemberg, no less than fourteen.† An instance of keensightedness but slightly inferior is afforded by a contemporary American observer: Mr. Henry Carvil Lewis, of Germantown, Pennsylvania, frequently perceives twelve of this interesting sidereal community.‡ The number of Pleiades counted is, then, without some acquaintance with the observer's ordinary range of sight, a quite indeterminate criterion of atmospheric clearness; although we readily admit that Dr. Copeland's detection of ten in the very front of a full moon gives an exalted idea of visual possibilities at La Paz.

During the season of *tempestades*—from the middle of December to the end of March—the weather in the Andes is simply abominable. Mr. Whympers describes everything as "bottled up in mist" after one brief bright hour in the early morning, and complains, writing from Quito, March 18th, 1880,§ that his exertions had been left unrewarded by a single view from any one of the giant peaks scaled by him. Dr. Copeland adds a lamentable account—doubly lamentable to an astronomer in

search of improved definition—of thunderstorms, torrential rains merging into snow or hail, overcast nocturnal skies, and "visible exhalations" from the drenched pampas. At Puno, however, towards the end of March, he succeeded in making some valuable observations, notwithstanding the detention—as contraband of war, apparently—of a large part of his apparatus. Puno is the terminal station on the Andes railway, and is situated at an altitude of 12,540 feet.

Here he not only discovered, with a 6-inch achromatic, mounted as need prescribed, several very close stellar pairs, of which Sir John Herschel's 18 inch speculum had given him no intelligence; but in a few nights' "sweeping" with a very small Vogel's spectro-scope, he just doubled the known number of a restricted, but particularly interesting, class of stars—if stars indeed they be. For while in the telescope they exhibit the ordinary stellar appearance of lucid points, they disclose, under the compulsion of prismatic analysis, the characteristic marks of a gaseous constitution; that is to say, the principal part of their light is concentrated in a few bright lines. The only valid distinction at present recognisable by us between stars and "nebulæ" is thus, if not wholly abolished, at least rendered of a purely conventional character. We may agree to limit the term "nebulæ" to bodies of a certain chemical constitution; but we cannot limit the doings of Nature, or insist on the maintenance of an arbitrary line of demarcation. From the keen rays of Vega to the undefined lustre of the curdling wisps of cosmical fog clinging round the sword-hilt of Orion, the distance is indeed enormous. But so it is from a horse to an oak tree; yet when we descend to volvoxes and diatoms, it is impossible to pronounce off-hand in which of the two great provinces of the kingdom of life we are treading. It would now seem that the celestial spaces have also their volvoxes and diatoms—"limiting instances," as Bacon termed such—bodies that share the characters, and hang on the borders of two orders of creation.

In 1867, MM. Wolf and Rayet, of Paris, discovered that three yellow stars in the Swan, of about the eighth magni-

\* Hipp. ad Phaenomena, lib. i. cap. xiv.

† Cosmos, vol. iii. p. 272 note.

‡ Am. Jour. of Science, vol. xx. p. 437.

§ Nature, vol. xxiii. p. 19.

tude possessed the notable peculiarity of a bright-line spectrum. It was found by Raspighi and Le Sueur to be shared by one of the second order of brightness in Argo ( $\gamma$  Argûs), and Professor Pickering, of Harvard, reinforced the species, in 1880-81, with two further specimens. Dr. Copeland's necessarily discursive operations on the shores of Lake Titicaca raised the number of its members at once from six to eleven or twelve. Now the smaller "planetary" nebulæ—so named by Sir William Herschel from the planet-like discs presented by the first-known and most conspicuous amongst them—are likewise only distinguished from minute stars by their spectra. Their light, when analysed with a prism, instead of running out into a parti-colored line, gathers itself into one or more bright dots. The position on the prismatic scale of those dots, alone serves to mark them off from the Wolf-Rayet family of stars. Hence the obvious inference that both nebulæ and stars (of this type) are bodies similar in character, but dissimilar in constitution—that they agree in the general plan of their structure, but differ in the particular quality of the substances glowing in the vast, incandescent atmospheres which display their characteristic bright lines in our almost infinitely remote spectroscopes. Indeed, the fundamental identity of the two species are virtually demonstrated by the "migrations" (to use a Baconian phrase) of the "new star" of 1876, which, as its original conflagration died out, passed through the stages, successively, of a Wolf-Rayet or *nebular star* (if we may be permitted to coin the term), and of a planetary nebula. So that not all the stars in space are suns—at least, not in the sense given to the word by our domestic experience in the solar system.

The investigation of these objects possesses extraordinary interest. As an index to the true nature of the relation undoubtedly subsisting between the lucid orbs and the "shining fluid" which equally form part of the sidereal system, their hybrid character renders them of peculiar value. Their distribution—so far restricted to the Milky Way and its borders—may perhaps afford a clue to the organisation of, and processes

of change in that stupendous collection of worlds. At present, speculation would be premature; what we want are facts—facts regarding the distances of these anomalous objects—whether or not they fall within the range of the methods of measurement at present available; facts regarding their apparent motions; facts regarding the specific differences of the light emitted by them; its analogies with that of other bodies; its possible variations in amount or kind. The accumulation of any sufficient information on these points will demand with every external aid, the patient labor of years; under average conditions at the earth's surface, it can scarcely be considered as practically feasible. The facility of Dr. Copeland's discoveries sufficiently sets off the prerogatives, in this respect, of elevated stations; it is not too much to say that this purpose—were it solely in view—would fully justify the demand for their establishment.

Towards one other subject which we might easily be tempted to dwell upon, we will barely glance. Most of our readers have heard something of Dr. Huggins's new method of photographing the corona. Its importance consists in the prospect which it seems to offer for substituting for scanty and hurried researches during the brief moments of total eclipse, a leisurely and continuous study of that remarkable solar appendage. The method may be described as a *differential* one. It depends for its success on the superior intensity of coronal to ordinary sunlight in the extreme violet region. And since it happens that chloride of silver is sensitive to those rays *only* in which the corona is strongest, the coronal form disengages itself photographically, from the obliterating splendor which effectually shrouds it visually, by the superior vigor of its impression upon a chloride of silver film.

Now if this ingenious mode of procedure is to be rendered of any practical avail, advantage must, above all, be taken of the finer air of the mountains. This for two reasons. First, because the glare which, as it were, smothers the delicate structure we want to obtain records of, is there at a minimum; secondly, because the violet rays by

which it impresses itself upon the "photographic retina"\* are there at a maximum. These, as Professor Langley's experiments show, suffer far more from atmospheric ravages than their less refrangible companions in the spectrum; the gain thus to them, relatively to the general gain, grows with every yard of ascent; the proportion, in other words, of short and quick vibrations in the light received becomes exalted as we press upwards—a fact brought into especial prominence by Dr. Copeland's solar observations at Vincocaya, 14,360 feet above the sea-level. Indeed, for all the operations of celestial photography, the advantages of great altitudes can hardly be exaggerated; and celestial photography is gradually assuming an importance which its first tentative efforts, thirty-four years ago, gave little reason to expect.

Thus, in three leading departments of modern astronomy—solar physics, stellar spectroscopy, and the wide field of photography—the aid of mountain observatories may be pronounced indispensable; while in all there is scarcely a doubt that it will prove eminently useful. There are, indeed, difficulties and drawbacks to their maintenance. The choice of a site, in the first place, is a matter requiring the most careful deliberation. Not all elevated points are available for the purpose. Some act persistently as vapor-condensers, and seldom doff their sullen cap of clouds. From any mountain in the United Kingdom, for instance, it would be folly to expect an astronomical benefit. On Ben Nevis, the chief amongst them, a meteorological observatory has recently been established with the best auguries of success; but it would indeed be a sanguine star-gazer who should expect improved telescopic opportunities from its misty summit.

Even in more favored climates, storms commonly prevail on the heights during several months of the year, and vehement winds give more or less annoyance at all seasons; the direct sunbeams sear the skin like a hot iron; the chill air congeals the blood. Dr. Copeland records that at Vincocaya, one after

noon in June, the black bulb thermometer exposed to solar radiation stood at  $199^{\circ}.1$  of Fahrenheit—actually  $13^{\circ}$  above the boiling-point of water in that lofty spot—while the dry bulb was coated with ice! Still more formidable than these external discomforts is the effect on the human frame itself of transportation into a considerably rarer medium than that for existence in which it was constituted. The head aches; the pulse throbs; every inspiration is a gasp for breath; exertion becomes intolerable. Mr. Whymper's example seems to show that these extreme symptoms disappear with the resolute endurance of them, and that the system gradually becomes injured to its altered circumstances. But the probationary course is a severe one; and even though life flow back to its accustomed channels, labor must always be painfully impeded by a diminution of the vital supply. And the minor but very sensible inconveniences caused by the difficulty of cooking with water that boils twenty or thirty degrees (according to the height below  $212^{\circ}$ , by the reluctance of fires to burn, and of tobacco to keep alight, and we complete a sufficiently deterrent list of the penalties attendant on literal compliance with the magnanimous motto, *Altiora petimus*.

That they will, nevertheless, not prove deterrent we may safely predict. Enthusiasm for science will assuredly overbear all difficulties that are not impossibilities. Dr. Copeland, taking all into account, ventures to recommend the occupation during the most favorable season—say from October to December—of an "extra-elevated station" 18,500 ft. above the sea, more than one promising site for which might be found in the vicinity of Lake Titicaca. For a permanent mountain observatory, however, he believes that 12,500 ft. would be the outside limit of practical usefulness. It is probable, indeed, that the Rocky Mountains will anticipate the Andes in lending the aid of their broad shoulders to lift astronomers towards the stars. Already a meteorological post has been established on Pike's Peak in Colorado, at an altitude of 14,151 ft. Telescopic vision there is said to be of rare excellence; we shall be surprised if its benefits be not ere long rendered available.

\* An expression used by Mr. Warren de la Rue.

After all, the present strait of optical astronomy is but the inevitable consequence of its astonishing progress. While instruments remained feeble and imperfect, atmospheric troubles were comparatively little felt; they became intolerable when all other obstacles to a vast increase in the range of distinct vision were removed. The arrival of that stage in the history of the telescope, when the advantages to be derived from its further development should be completely neutralised by the more and more sensibly felt disadvantages of our situation on an air-encompassed globe, was only a question of time. The point

was a fixed one: it could be reached later only by a more sluggish advance. Both the difficulty and its remedy were foreseen 167 years ago by the greatest of astronomers and opticians.

"If the theory of making telescopes," Sir Isaac Newton wrote in 1717,\* "could at length be fully brought into practice, yet there would be certain bounds beyond which telescopes could not perform. For the air through which we look upon the stars is in a perpetual tremor as may be seen by the tremulous motion of shadows cast from high towers, and by the twinkling of the fixed stars. The only remedy is a most serene and quiet air, such as may perhaps be found on the tops of the highest mountains above the grosser clouds."

—*Edinburgh Review.*

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GOETHE.

BY PROF. J. R. SEELEY.

III.

THE highest rank in literature belongs to those who combine the properly poetical with philosophical qualities, and crown both with a certain robust sincerity and common sense. The sovereign poet must be not merely a singer, but also a sage; to passion and music he must add large ideas; he must extend in width as well as in height; but, besides this, he must be no dreamer or fanatic, and must be rooted as firmly in the hard earth as he spreads widely and mounts freely towards the sky. Goethe, as we have described him, satisfies these conditions, and as much can be said of no other man of the modern world but Dante and Shakspeare.

Of this trio each is complete in all the three dimensions. Each feels deeply, each knows and sees clearly, and each has a stout grasp of reality. This completeness is what gives them their universal fame, and makes them interesting in all times and places. Each, however, is less complete in some directions than in others. Dante though no fanatic, yet is less rational than so great a man should have been. Shakspeare wants academic knowledge. Goethe, too, has his defects, but this is rather the place for dwelling on his peculiar merits. In respect of influence upon the world, he

has for the present the advantage of being the latest, and therefore the least obsolete and exhausted, of the three. But he is also essentially much more of a teacher than his two predecessors. Alone among them he has a system, a theory of life, which he has thought and worked out for himself.

From Shakspeare, no doubt, the world may learn, and has learnt, much, yet he professed so little to be a teacher, that he has often been represented as almost without personality, as a mere undisturbed mirror, in which all Nature reflects itself. Something like a century passed before it was perceived that his works deserved to be in a serious sense studied. Dante was to his countrymen a great example and source of inspiration, but hardly, perhaps, a great teacher. On the other hand, Goethe was first to his own nation, and has since been to the whole world, what he describes his own Chiron, "the noble pedagogue,"† a teacher and wise counsellor on all the most important subjects. To students in almost every department of literature and art, to unsettled spirits needing ad-

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\* Optice, p. 107 (2nd ed. 1719. "Author's Monitio" dated July 16, 1717.

† "Der grosse Mann, der edle Pedagog, Der, sich zum Ruhm, ein Heldenvolk erzogen."

vice for the conduct of life, to the age itself in a great transition, he offers his word of weighty counsel, and is an acknowledged authority on a greater number of subjects than any other man. It is the great point of distinction between him and Shakspeare that he is so seriously didactic. Like Shakspeare myriad-minded, he has nothing of that ironic indifference, that irresponsibility, which has been often attributed to Shakspeare. He is, indeed, strangely indifferent on many points, which other teachers count important; but the lessons which he himself considers important, he teaches over and over again with all the seriousness of one who is a teacher by vocation. And, as I have said, when we look at his teaching as a whole, we find that it has unity, that, taken together, it makes a system, not, indeed in the academic sense, but in the sense that a great principle or view of life is the root from which all the special precepts proceed. This has, indeed, been questioned. Friedrich Schlegel made it a complaint against Goethe, that he had "no centre;" but a centre he has; only the variety of his subjects and styles is so great, and he abandons himself to each in turn so completely, that in his works, as in Nature itself, the unity is much less obvious than the multiplicity. Now that we have formed some estimate of the magnitude of his influence, and have also distinguished the stages by which his genius was developed, and his influence in Germany and the world diffused, it remains to examine his genius itself, the peculiar way of thinking, and the fundamental ideas through which he influenced the world.

Never, perhaps, was a more unfortunate formula invented than when, at a moment of reaction against his ascendancy, it occurred to some one to assert that Goethe had talent but not genius. No doubt the talent is there; perhaps no work in literature exhibits a mastery of so many literary styles as "Faust." From the sublime lyric of the prologue, which astonished Shelley, we pass through scenes in which the problems of human character are dealt with, scenes in which the supernatural is brought surprisingly near to real life, scenes of humble life startlingly vivid,

grotesque scenes of devilry, scenes of overwhelming pathos; then, in the second part, we find an incomparable revival of the Greek drama, and, at the close, a Dantesque vision of the Christian heaven. Such versatility in a single work is unrivalled; and the versatility of which Goethe's writings, as a whole, gives evidence is much greater still. But to represent him, on this account, as a sort of mocking-bird, or ready imitator, is not merely unjust. Even if we give this representation a flattering turn, and describe him as a being almost superior to humanity, capable of entering fully into all that men think and feel, but holding himself independent of it all, such a being as is described (where, I suppose, Goethe is pointed at) in the Palace of Art, again, I say, it is not merely unjust. Not merely Goethe was not such a being, but we may express it more strongly and say: such a being is precisely what Goethe was not. He had, no doubt, a great power of entering into foreign literatures; he was, no doubt, indifferent to many controversies which in England, when we began to lead him, still raged hotly. But these were characteristic qualities, not of Goethe personally, but of Germany in the age of Goethe. A sort of cosmopolitan characterlessness marked the nation, so that Lessing could say in Goethe's youth that the character of the Germans was to have no character. Goethe could not but share in the infirmity, but his peculiarity was that from the beginning he felt it as an infirmity, and struggled to overcome it. That unbounded intolerance, that readiness to allow everything and appreciate every one, which was so marked in the Germans of that time that it is clearly perceptible in their political history, and contributed to their humiliation by Napoleon, is just what is satirized in the delineation of Wilhelm Meister. Jarno says to Wilhelm, "I am glad to see you out of temper; it would be better still if you could be for once thoroughly angry." This sentiment was often in Goethe's mouth; so far was he from priding himself upon serene universal impartiality. Crabbe Robinson heard him say what an annoyance he felt it to appreciate everything equally and to be able to hate nothing. He flattered

himself at that time that he had a real aversion. "I hate," he said, "everything Oriental" ("Eigentlich hasse ich alles Orientalische"). He goes further in the "West-östlicher Divan," where, in enumerating the qualities a poet ought to have, he lays it down as indispensable that he should hate many things ("Dann zuletzt ist unerlässlich dass der Dichter *manches hasse*"). True, no doubt that he found it difficult to hate. An infinite good nature was born in him, and, besides this, he grew up in a society in which all established opinions had been shaken, so that for a rational man it was really difficult to determine what deserved hatred or love. What is wholly untrue in that view of him, which was so fashionable forty years ago—"I sit apart holding no form of creed, but contemplating all"—is that this tolerance was the intentional result of cold pride or self-sufficiency. He does not seem to me to have been either proud or unsympathetic, and among the many things of which he might boast, certainly he would not have included a want of definite opinions—he, who was never tired of rebuking the Germans for their vagueness, and who admired young Englishmen expressly because they seemed to know their own minds, even when they had little mind to know. Distinctness, character, is what he admires, what through life he struggles for, what he and Schiller alike chide the Germans for wanting. But he cannot attain it by a short cut. Narrowness is impossible to him, not only because his mind is large, but because the German public in their good-natured tolerance have made themselves familiar with such vast variety of ideas. He cannot be a John Bull, however much he may admire John Bull, because he does not live in an island. To have distinct views he must make a resolute act of choice, since all ideas have been laid before him, all are familiar to the society in which he lives. This perplexity, this difficulty of choosing what was good out of such a heap of opinions, he often expresses: "The people to be sure are not accustomed to what is best, but then they are so terribly well-read!"\* But it is just

the struggle he makes for distinctness that is admirable in him. The breadth, the tolerance, he has in common with his German contemporaries; what he has to himself is the resolute determination to arrive at clearness.

Nevertheless, he may seem indifferent even to those whose minds are less contracted than was the English mind half a century ago, for this reason, that his aim, though not less serious than that of others, is not quite the same. He seldom takes a side in the controversies of the time. You do not find him weighing the claims of Protestantism and Catholicism, nor following with eager interest the dispute between orthodoxy and rationalism. Again when all intellectual Germany is divided between the new philosophy of Kant and the old system, and later, when varieties show themselves in the new philosophy, when Fichte and Schelling succeed to the vogue of Kant, Goethe remains undisturbed by all these changes of opinion. He is almost as little affected by political controversy. The French Revolution irritates him, but not so much because it is opposed to his convictions as because it creates disturbance. Even the War of Liberation cannot rouse him. Was he not then a quietest? Did he not hold himself aloof, whether in a proud feeling of superiority or in mere Epicurean indifference, from all the interests and passions of humanity? If this were the case, or nearly the case, Goethe would have no claim to rank in the first class of literature. He might pass for a prodigy of literary expertness and versatility, but he would attract no lasting interest. Such quietism in a man upon whom the eyes of a whole nation were bent, could never be compared to the quietism of Shakspeare, who belonged to the unimportant classes, and to whom no one looked for guidance.

But in truth the quietism of Goethe was the effect not of indifference or of selfishness, but of preoccupation. He had prescribed to himself in early life a task, and he declined to be drawn aside from it by the controversies of the time. It was a task worthy of the powers of the greatest man; it appeared to him, when he devoted himself to it, more useful and necessary than the special undertakings of theologian or philosopher.

\* "Zwar sind sie an das Beste nicht gewöhnt, Allein sie haben schrecklich viel gelesen."

At the outset he might fairly claim to be the only earnest man in Germany, and might regard the partisans alike of Church and University as triflers in comparison with himself. The French Revolution changed the appearance of things. He could not deny that the political questions opened by that convulsion were of the greatest importance. But he was now forty years old, and the work of his life had begun so early, had been planned with so much care and prosecuted with so much method, that he was less able than many men might have been to make a new beginning at forty. Hence he was merely disturbed by the change which inspired so many others, and to the end of his life continued to look back upon the twenty odd years between the Seven Years' War and the Revolution as a golden time, as in a peculiar sense his own time.\* The new events disturbed him in his habits without actually forcing him to form new habits; he found himself able, though with less comfort, to lead the same sort of life as before; and so he passed into the Napoleonic period and arrived in time at the year of liberation, 1813. Then, indeed, his quietism became shocking, and he felt it so himself; but it was now really too late to abandon a road on which he had travelled so long, and which he had honestly selected as the best.

What, then, was this task to which Goethe had so early devoted himself, and which seemed to him too important to be postponed even to the exigencies of the Revolutionary and Napoleonic periods? It was that task about which, since Goethe's time, so much has been said—self-culture. "From my boyhood," says Wilhelm, speaking evidently for Goethe himself, "it has been my wish and purpose to develop completely all that is in me. "Elsewhere he says, "to make my own existence harmonious." Here is the refined form of selfishness of which Goethe has been so often accused. And undoubtedly the phrase is one which will bear a selfish interpretation, just as a Christian may

be selfish when he devotes himself to the salvation of his soul. But in the one case, as in the other, it is before all things evident that the task undertaken is very serious, and that the man who undertakes it must be of a very serious disposition. When, as in Goethe's case it is self-planned and self-imposed, such an undertaking is comparable to those great practical experiments in the conduct of life which were made by the early Greek philosophers. Right or wrong, such an experiment can only be imagined by an original man, and can only be carried into effect by a man of very steadfast will. But we may add that it is no more necessary to give a selfish interpretation to this formula than to the other formulæ by which philosophers have tried to describe the object of a moral life. A harmonious existence does not necessarily mean an existence passed in selfish enjoyment. Nor is the pursuit of it necessarily selfish, since the best way to procure a harmonious existence for others is to find out by an experiment practised on oneself in what a harmonious existence consists, and by what methods it may be attained. For the present, at least, let us content ourselves with remarking that Goethe, who knew his own mind as well as most people, considered himself to carry disinterestedness almost to an extreme. What especially struck him in Spinoza, he says, was the boundless unselfishness that shone out of such sentences as this, "He who loves God must not require that God should love him again." "For," he continues, "to be unselfish in everything, especially in love and friendship, was my highest pleasure, my maxim, my discipline, so that that petulant sentence written latter, 'If I love you, what does that matter to you?' came from my very heart."

However this may be, when a man, so richly gifted otherwise, displays the rarest of all manly qualities—viz., the power and persistent will to make his life systematic, and place all his action under the control of a principle freely and freshly conceived, he rises at once into the highest class of men. It is the strenuous energy with which Goethe enters into the battle of life, and fights there for a victory into which others

\* "Zwanzig Jahre liess sich gehn  
Und genoss was mir beschieden;  
Eine Reihe völlig schön  
Wie die Zeit der Barmeciden."

—West. Div.



may enter, that makes him great, that makes him the teacher of these later ages, and not some foppish pretension of being above it all, of seeing through it and despising it. But just because he conceived the problem in his own manner, and not precisely as it is conceived by the recognized authorities on the conduct of life, he could take little interest in the controversies which those authorities held among themselves, and therefore passed for indifferent to the problem itself. He did not admit that the question was to form an opinion as to the conditions of the life after death, though he himself hoped for such a future life, for he wanted rather rightly to understand and to deal with the present life; nor did he want what is called in the schools a philosophy, remarking probably that the most approved professors of philosophy lived after all much in the same way as other people. It seemed to him that he was more earnest than either the theologians or the philosophers, just because he disregarded their disputes and grappled directly with the question which they under various pretexts evaded—how to make existence satisfactory.

He grasps it in the rough unceremonious manner of one who means business, and also in the manner which Rousseau had made fashionable. We have desires given us by God or Nature, convertible terms to him; these desires are meant to receive satisfaction, for the world is not a stupid place, and the Maker of the world is not stupid. This notion that human life is not a stupid affair, and that the fault must be ours if it seems so, that for everything wrong there must be a remedy,\* is a sort of fundamental axiom with him, as it is with most moral reformers. Even when he has death before his mind he still protests. "He is no more!" Ridiculous! Why 'no more?' 'It is all over.' What can be the meaning of that? Then it might as well never have existed. Give me rather an eternal void." And this way of thinking brings him at once, or so he thinks, into direct conflict with the reigning

system of morality, which is founded not on the satisfaction, but on the mortification of desire. He declares war against the doctrine of self-denial or abstinence. "Abstain, abstain!—that is the eternal song that rings in every ear. In the morning I awake in horror, and am tempted to shed bitter tears at the sight of day, which in its course will not gratify one wish, not one single wish." So speaks Faust, and Goethe ratifies it in his own person, when he complains that "we are not allowed to develop what we have in us, and are denied what is necessary to supply our deficiencies; robbed of what we have won by labor or has been allowed us by kindness, and find ourselves compelled, before we can form a clear opinion about it to give up our personality, at first in instalments, but at last completely; also that we are expected to make a more delighted face over the cup the more bitter it tastes, lest the unconcerned spectator should be affronted by any thing like a grimace." He adds that this system is grounded on the maxim that "All is vanity," a maxim which characteristically he pronounces false and blasphemous. That "all is *not* vanity" is indeed almost the substance of Goethe's philosophy. "His faith," so he tells the Houris who, at the gate of Paradise, requires him to prove his orthodoxy, "has always been that the world, whichever way it rolls, is a thing to love, a thing to be thankful for."\*

This doctrine again, is not in itself or necessarily a doctrine of selfishness, though it may easily be represented so. It may be true that all virtue requires self-denial; but for that very reason we may easily conceive a system of senseless and aimless self-denial setting itself up in the place of virtue. It is not every kind of self-denial that Goethe has in view, but the particular kind by which he has found himself hampered. His indignation is not moved when he sees abstinence practised in order to attain some great end; it is the abstinence which leads to nothing and aims at nothing that provokes him. He has given two striking dramatic

\* "Sicherlich es muss das Beste Irgendwo zu finden sein."

\* "Dass die Welt, wie sie auch kreise, Liebevoll und dankbar sei."

pictures of it. There is Faust, who cannot tolerate the emptiness of his secluded life; but does it appear that he rebels against it simply because it brings no pleasure to himself, even though it confers benefit upon others and upon the world? The burden of his complaint is that his abstinence does no good to anybody, that the studies for which he foregoes pleasure lead to no real knowledge; and expressly to make this clear, Goethe introduces the story of the plague, which Faust and his father had tried to cure by a drug, which did infinitely more harm than the plague itself. The other picture is that of Brother Martin in "Götz," the young monk who envies Götz his life so full of movement and emotion, while he is himself miserable under the restraint of his vows. Here, again, the complaint is that no good comes of such abstinence. The life of self-denial is conceived as an utter stagnation, unhealthy even from a moral point of view. It is contrasted with a life not of luxury, but of strenuous energy, at once wholesome and useful to the world.

So far, then, Goethe's position is identical with that which Protestants take up against monasticism, when they maintain that powers were given to be used, desires implanted in order that they might be satisfied. He does not, any more than they, assert that when some great end is in view it may not be nobler to mortify the desire than to indulge it. But he applies the principle more consistently, and to a greater number of cases than they had applied it. Not against celibacy or useless self-torture only, but against all omission to satisfy desire, against all sluggishness or apathy in enjoyment—understood always that no special end is to be gained by the self-denial—he protests. In his poem, called the "General Confession" ("Generalbeichte") he calls his followers to repent of the sin of having often let slip an opportunity of enjoyment, and makes them solemnly resolve not to be guilty of such sins in future. Here, at least, the reader may say, selfishness is openly preached; and perhaps this is the interpretation most commonly put upon the poem. Yet it is certainly unjust to pervert in this way

an intentional paradox, and, in fact, in that very poem Goethe introduces the most elevated utterance of his philosophy; for the vow which the penitents are required to take is that they will "wean themselves from half-measures and live resolutely in the Whole, in the Good, and the Beautiful!" Goethe, in short, holds, as many other philosophers have done, that an elevated morality may be based on the idea of pleasure not less than on the idea of duty.

This principle, not new in itself, led to very new and important results when it was taken up not by a mere reasoner but by a man of the most various gifts and of the greatest energy. By "pleasure" or "satisfaction of desire" is usually meant something obvious, something passive, merely a supply of agreeable sensations to each of the five senses. In Goethe's mouth the word takes quite a different meaning. He cannot conceive pleasure without energetic action, and the most necessary of all pleasures to him is that of imaginative creation. The desires, again, for which he claims satisfaction—what are they? Chief among them is the desire to enter into the secret of the universe, to recognize "what it is which holds the world together within." Such desires as these might be satisfied, such pleasures enjoyed, without any very culpable self-indulgence. And existence would be satisfactory, or, as he calls it, harmonious, if it offered continually and habitually food for desire so understood, which is almost the same thing as capacity. But there are hindrances. The chief of these is the supposition of self-denial. Of course every practical man knows that self-denial of a certain kind must be constantly practised in life. The small object must be foregone for the sake of the greater, the immediate pleasure for the sake of the remote, nay, the personal pleasure for the sake of the pleasure which is generous and sympathetic. But the timid superstition which sets up self-denial, divorced from all rational ends, as a thing good and right in itself, which makes us afraid of enjoyment as such, this is the chief hindrance, and against this Goethe launches his chief work "Faust." There is another hindrance,

less obvious and needing to be dealt with in another way, which Goethe therefore attacks usually in prose rather than in poetry.

Man, as Goethe conceives him, is essentially active. The happiness he seeks is not passive enjoyment, but an occupation, a pursuit adapted to his in-born capacities. It follows that a principal condition of happiness is a just self-knowledge. He will be happy, who knows what he wants and what he can do. Here again Goethe gives importance to a doctrine which in itself is obvious enough by the persistent energy with which he applies it. He has been himself bewildered by the multiplicity of his own tastes and aptitudes. He has wanted to do everything in turn, and he has found himself capable to a certain extent of doing everything. Hence the question—What is my true vocation? has been to him exceptionally difficult. In studying it he has become aware of the numberless illusions and misconceptions which hide from most men the true nature of their own aptitudes, and therefore the path of their happiness. He finds that the circumstances of childhood, and especially our system of education, which “excites wishes, instead of awakening tastes,” have the effect of creating a multitude of unreal ambitions, deceptive impulses and semblances of aptitudes. He finds that most men have been more or less misled by these illusions, have more or less mistaken their true vocation, and therefore missed their true happiness. On this subject he has collected a vast mass of observations, and, in fact, added a new chapter to practical morality. This is the subject of “*Wilhelm Meister*,” not the most attractive nor the most perfect, but perhaps the most characteristic, of Goethe’s works and, as it were, the textbook of the Goethian philosophy. It is said not to be widely popular in Germany. Most English readers lay it down bewildered, wondering what Goethe’s admirers can see in it so extraordinary, and astonished at the indifference to what we have agreed to call morality—that is, the part of morality which concerns the relations of the sexes—which reigns throughout it. I shall touch on this latter point later. Meanwhile, let me remark, that few

books have had a deeper influence upon modern literature than this famous novel. It is the first important instance of a novel which deals principally and on a large scale with opinions or views of life. How Wilhelm mistook his vocation, and how this mistake led to many others; how a secret society, the Society of the Tower, taught a doctrine on the subject of vocations, and of the method by which men are to be assisted in discovering their true vocations; how Wilhelm is assisted and by what stages he arrives at clearness—this is the subject of a long and elaborate narrative. It is throughout most seriously instructive; it is seldom very amusing; and we may add that the moral of the story is not brought out with very convincing distinctness. But it has been the model upon which the novel of the present day is formed. Written twenty years before the *Waverley Novels*, which are in the opposite extreme, since they make no serious attempt to teach anything and dwell upon everything which Goethe disregards, adventure, surprise, costume, it began to produce its effect among us when the influence of the *Waverley Novel* was exhausted. The idea now prevalent, which gives to the novel a practical as well as an artistic side, the idea which prompts us, when we wish to preach any kind of social or moral reform, to write a novel about it, seems to have made way chiefly through Goethe’s authority.

But the substance of “*Wilhelm Meister*” is even more important than the form. It presents the whole subject of morality under a new light, and as in this respect it is only the fullest of a number of utterances to the same effect made by Goethe, it can never be fully appreciated when it is considered by itself, but must be judged in the closest connection with his other works and with his life. Every attempt to treat such a subject as morality in an original manner has something alarming about it. Such attempts ought to be laid only before minds strong enough to consider them calmly, and yet of necessity they come to the knowledge of “the weak brethren,” who are frightened or unsettled by them. Moreover, such attempts are always likely to be one-sided. As it is usually an intense perception of something overlooked into the

orthodox morality that prompts them, the innovator is apt to be hurried into the opposite extreme, and to overlook in his turn what the orthodox morality has taught rightly. Goethe laid himself open to the charge of immorality. "Wilhelm Meister" was received with horror by the religious world; it was, if I remember right, publicly burnt by Count Stolberg. In England, Wordsworth spoke of it with disgust, and it still remains the book which chiefly justifies the profound distrust and aversion with which Goethe has been and is regarded among those who are Christian either in the dogmatic or in the larger sense. Not unnaturally it must be confessed.

But I do seriously submit that Christians should learn to be less timid than they are. In their absorbing anxiety for "the weaker brethren" they often seem to run the risk of becoming "weaker brethren" themselves. We ought not to come to the consideration of moral questions under the influence of panic and nervous fright. It is true that few books seem at first sight more directly opposed than "Wilhelm Meister" to that practical Christianity which we love to think of as beyond controversy, that spirit which, as it breathes from almost all Christian churches and sects alike, strikes us as undoubtedly the essential part of religion. At first sight the book seems secular, heathenish in an extraordinary degree. Let us, then, if we will, warn young people away from it; but let us ask ourselves at the same time how a man so gifted, so serious and also so good natured—for there is no appearance of rancor in the book, which even contains a picture, tenderly and pleasingly drawn, of Christian pietism—could come to take a view so different from that commonly accepted of questions about which we are all so anxious. Such a course may lead us to see mistakes made by modern Christianity, which may have led Goethe also into mistakes by reaction; whereas the other course, of simply averting our eyes in horror, can lead to no good.

We may distinguish between the positive and the negative part of this moral scheme. All that "Wilhelm Meister" contains on the subject of vocations seems valuable, and the prominence which he gives to the subject is im-

mensely important. In considering how human life should be ordered, Goethe begins with the fact that each man has an occupation, which fills most of his time. It seems to him, therefore, the principal problem to secure that this occupation should be not only worthy, but suited to the capacity of the individual and pursued in a serious spirit. What can be more simple and obvious? And yet, if we reflect, we shall see that moralists have not usually taken this simple view, and that in the accepted morality this whole class of questions is little considered. Duties to this person and to that, to men, to women, to dependents, to the poor, to the State—these are considered; but the greatest of all duties, that of choosing one's occupation rightly, is overlooked. And yet it is the greatest of duties, because on it depend the usefulness and effectiveness of the man's life considered as a whole, and, at the same time, his own peace of mind, or, as Goethe calls it, his inward harmony. Nevertheless, it is so much overlooked that in ordinary views of life all moral interest is, as it were, concentrated upon the hours of leisure. The occupation is treated as a matter of course, a necessary routine about which little can be said. True life is regarded as beginning when work is over. In work men may no doubt be honest or dishonest, energetic or slothful, persevering or desultory, successful or unsuccessful, but that is all; it is only in leisure that they can be interesting, highly moral, amiable, poetical. Such a view of life is, to say the least, unfortunate. It surrenders to deadness and dulness more than half of our existence.

In primitive times, when the main business of life was war, this was otherwise. Then men gave their hearts to the pursuit to which they gave their time. What was most important was also most interesting, and the poet when he sang of war sang of business too. Hence came the inimitable fire and life of Homeric and Shakspearian poetry. But when war gave place to industry, it seemed that this grand unity of human life is gone. Business, the important half of life, became unpoetical, from the higher point of view unin-

teresting—for how could the imagination dwell on the labors of the office or the factory?—and all higher interest was confined to that part of life in which energy is relaxed. Goethe's peculiar realism at once prompts and enables him to introduce a reform here. He denies that business is uninteresting, and maintains that the fault is in our own narrowness and in our slavery to a poetical tradition. It is the distinction of "Wilhelm Meister" that it is actually a novel about business, not merely a realistic novel venturing to approach the edge of that slough of guinness which is supposed to be at the centre of all our lives, but actually a novel about business as such, an attempt to show that the occupation to which a man gives his life is a matter not only for serious thought, but that it is a matter also for philosophy and poetry. That such a novel must at first sight appear tame and dull is obvious; it undertakes to create the taste by which it can be enjoyed, and will be condemned at once by all who are not disposed to give it a serious trial. But the question it raises is the fundamental question of modern life. Comprehensive and practical at once, Goethe's mind has found out that root of bitterness which is at the bottom of all the uneasy social agitations of the nineteenth century. We live in the industrial ages, and he has asked the question whether industry must of necessity be a form of slavery, or whether it can be glorified and made into a source of moral health and happiness.

It is commonly said that "Wilhelm Meister," seems to make Art the one object of life; but this is not Goethe's intention. He was himself an artist, and, as the work is in a great degree autobiographical, art naturally comes into the foreground, and the book becomes especially interesting to artists, but the real subject of it is vocations in general. In the later books, indeed, art drops into the background, and we have a view of feminine vocations. The "Beautiful Soul" represents the pietistic view of life; then Therese appears in contrast, representing the economic or utilitarian view; finally, Natalie hits the golden mean, being practical like Therese but less utilitarian, and, ideal like her aunt, the pietist, but less introspective. On

the whole, then, the lesson of the book is that we should give unity to our lives by devoting them with hearty enthusiasm to some pursuit, and that the pursuit is assigned to us by Nature through the capacities she has given us. It is thus that Goethe substitutes for the idea of pleasure that of the satisfaction of special inborn aptitudes different in each individual. His system treats every man as a genius, for it regards every man as having his own unique individuality, for which it claims the same sort of tender consideration that is conceded to genius. But in laying down such rules Goethe thinks first of himself. He has spent long years in trying to make out his own vocation. He has had an opportunity of living almost every kind of life in turn. It was not till he returned from Italy that he felt himself to have arrived at clearness. What was Goethe's vocation? Or, since happiness consists in faithful obedience to a natural vocation, what was Goethe's happiness? His happiness is a kind of religion, a perpetual rapt contemplation, a beatific vision. The object of this contemplation is Nature, the laws or order of the Universe to which we belong. Of such contemplation he recognizes two kinds, one of which he calls Art and the other Science. He was in the habit of thinking that in Art and Science taken together he possessed an equivalent for what other men call their religion. Thus, in 1817, on the occasion of the tercentenary of the Reformation, he writes a poem in which he expresses his devout resolution of showing his Protestantism, as ever, by Art and Science.\* It was because his view of Art was so realistic, that he was able thus to regard Art as a sort of twin-sister of Science. But the principle involved in this twofold contemplation of Nature is the very principle of religion itself, and in one sense it is true that no man was ever more deliberately and consciously religious than Goethe. No man asserted more emphatically that the energy of action ought to be accompanied by the energy of feeling. It is the consistent principle of his life that the whole man ought to act together,

\* "Will ich in Kunst und Wissenschaft, Wie immer, protestiren."

and he pushes it so far that he seems to forbid all division of labor in science. This is the position taken up in "Faust" which perhaps is seldom rightly understood. Science, according to "Faust," must not be dry analysis pursued at a desk in a close room; it must be direct wondering contemplation of Nature. The secrets of the world must disclose themselves to a loving gaze, not to dry thinking (*trocknes Sinnen*), man must converse with Nature "as one spirit with another," "look into her breast as into the bosom of a friend." How we should *not* study is conveyed to us by the picture of Wagner, who is treated with so much contempt. He is simply the ordinary man of science, perhaps we may think the modest practical investigator, of the class to which the advance of science is mainly due. But Goethe has no mercy on him—why? Because his nature is divided, because his feelings do not keep pace with his thoughts, because his attention is concentrated upon single points. Such a man is to Goethe "the dry creeper," "the most pitiable of all the sons of earth."

Thus it is, then, that Art and Science taken together, the living, loving, worshipping contemplation of Nature, out of which comes the knowledge of Nature, are to Goethe religion. But is not such a religion wholly different from religion as commonly understood, wholly different from Christianity?

It was, indeed, very different from such Christianity as he found professed around him. In his youth Goethe was acquainted with several eminently religious persons, Fräulein von Klettenberg, the Frankfurt friend of his family, Jung Stilling, and Lavater. He listened to these not only with his unflinching good humor, but at times with more conviction than "Dichtung und Wahrheit" would lead us to suppose. In some of his early letters he himself adopts pietistic language. But as his own peculiar ideas developed themselves, they separated him more and more from the religious world of his time. At the time of his Italian journey and for some years afterwards, we find him speaking of Christianity not merely with indifference, but with a good deal of bitterness. This hostility took rather a peculiar

form. As the whole disposition of his mind leads him towards religion, as he can no more help being religious than he can help being a poet, he does not reject religion but changes his religion. He becomes, or tries to become, a heathen in the positive sense of the word; for the description of Goethe as the Great Heathen is not a mere epithet thrown at him by his adversaries. He provoked and almost claimed it in his sketch of Winckelmann, where, after enthusiastic praise of the ancients and of Winckelmann as an interpreter of the ancient world, he inserted a chapter entitled, "Heidnisches," which begins thus: "This picture of the antique spirit, absorbed in this world and its good things, leads us directly to the reflection that such excellences are only compatible with a heathenish way of thinking. The self-confidence, the attention to the present, the pure worship of the gods as ancestors, the admiration of them, as it were, only as works of art, the submission to an irresistible fate, the future hope also confined to this world, since it rests on the preciousness of posthumous fame; all this belongs so necessarily together, makes such an indivisible whole, creates a condition of human life intended by Nature herself, that we become conscious, alike at the height of enjoyment, and in the depth of sacrifice and even of ruin, of an indestructible health." Clearly when he wrote this (about 1804) Goethe wished and intended to pass for a heathen. And, indeed, the antique attracts him scarcely at all from the historical side—he is no republican, no lover of liberty—but almost exclusively because it offers a religion which is to him the religion of health and joy.

Is it, then, true that Christianity is a system of morbid and melancholy introspectiveness, sacrificing all the freshness and glory of the present life to an awful future? He makes this assumption, and had almost a right to make it, since the Christianity of his time had almost exclusively this character. He was, however, himself half aware that there was all the difference in the world between the Christianity of his time and original Christianity or Christianity as it might be. And even at the time of his greatest bitterness he drops expressions

which show that he does not altogether relinquish his interest in Christianity, but keeps open for himself the alternative of appearing as a reformer rather than an assailant of it. In the third period and the old age his tone is a good deal more conciliating than in the passage above quoted. In the Autobiography he appears, on the whole, as a Christian, and even makes faint attempts here and there to write in a style that Christians may find edifying. He tells us expressly that he had little sympathy with the Encyclopædists, and, in a passage of the "West-östlicher Divan," he declares with real warmth that he "has taken into his heart the glorious image of our sacred books, and, as the Lord's image was impressed on St. Veronica's cloth, he refreshes himself in the stillness of the breast in spite of all negation and hindrance with the inspiring vision of faith." Again, when in the "Wanderjahre" he grapples constructively, but somewhat too late, with the problems of the nineteenth century, we find him assuming a reformed Christianity\* as the religion of the future.

May we then regard Goethe as one who in reality only opposed the corruptions of Christianity even when he seemed to oppose Christianity itself? Certainly *other worldliness* does not now appear, at least in England, as a necessary part of Christianity. Surely that contrast between the healthy spirit of antiquity and the morbidness of Christianity, which was like a fixed idea in the mind of Goethe's generation, need not trouble us now. Those sweeping generalizations belonged to the infancy of the historical sciences. Mediævalism does not now seem identical with Christianity. The sombre aspect of our religion is clearing away. Christian self-denial now appears not as the aimless, fruitless mortification of desire which Goethe detested, but as the heroic strenuousness which he practiced. The world which Christians renounce now appears to be, not the universe nor the present life, but only conventionalism and tyrannous fashion. With such a religion, Goethe's philosophy is sufficiently in harmony. According to these defini-

tions the spirit even of "Wilhelm Meister" is not secular. Even his avowal of heathenism comes to wear a different aspect, when we find him writing thus of the religion of the old Testament: "Among all heathen religions, for to this class belongs that of Israel as much as any, this one has great points of superiority," &c. (he mentions particularly its "excellent collection of sacred books"). So that, after all, Goethe may only have been a heathen as the prophet Isaiah was a heathen!

Thus hindrance after hindrance to our regarding Goethe as a great prophet of the higher life and of the true religion disappears. There remains one which is not so easily removed. What surprises the English reader in "Wilhelm Meister" is not merely the prominence given to Art, or the serious devotion to things present and to the present life, but also the extraordinary levity with which it treats the relations of men and women. The book might, in fact, be called thoroughly immoral, if the use of that word which is common among us were justifiable. More correctly speaking, it is immoral throughout on one point; immoral, in Goethe's peculiar, inimitable, good-natured manner. The levity is the more startling in a book otherwise so remarkably grave. Every subject but one is discussed with seriousness; in parts the solemnity of the writer's wisdom becomes quite oppressive; but on the relations of men and women he speaks in a thoroughly worldly tone. Just where most moralists grow serious, he becomes wholly libertine, indifferent, and secular. There is nothing in this novel of the homely domestic morality of the Teutonic races; a French tone pervades it, and this tone is more or less perceptible in the other writings of Goethe, especially those of the second period, with the exception of "Hermann und Dorothea." On this subject, the great and wise thinker descends to a lower level; he seems incapable of regarding it with seriousness; or if he does treat it seriously, as in the *Elective Affinities*, he startles us still more by a certain crude audacity.

It seems possible to trace how Goethe fell into this extraordinary moral heresy. Starting from the idea of the satisfaction

\* "An diese Religion halten wir fest, aber auf eine eigene Weise."

of desire, and with a strong prejudice against all systems of self-denial, he perceived, further, that chastity is the favorite virtue of mediævalism, that it is peculiarly Catholic and monastic. Then, as his mind turned more and more to the antique, he found himself in a world of primitive morals, where the woman is half a slave. He found that in the ancient world friendship is more and love less than in the modern—to this point, too, Winckelmann had called his attention—and, since he had adopted it as a principle that the ancients were healthy-minded and that the moderns are morbid, he jumped to the conclusion that the sentimental view of love is but a modern illusion. He accustomed his imagination to the lower kind of love which we meet with in classical poetry, the love of Achilles for Briseis, of Ajax for Tecmessa. In his early pamphlet against Wieland ("Götter, Helden und Wieland," 1773), we find him already upon this train of reasoning, and his conclusions are announced with the most unceremonious plainness. How seriously they were adopted may be seen from the "Roman Elegies," written fifteen years later. Among the many reactions which the eighteenth century witnessed against the spirit of Christianity, scarcely any is so startling and remarkable as that which comes to light in these poems. Here the woman has sunk again to her ancient level, and we find ourselves once more among the Hetaeræ of old Greek cities. After reading these wonderful poems, if we go through the list of Goethe's female characters we shall note how many among them belong to the class of Hetaeræ—Clärchen, Marianne, Philine, Gretchen, the Bayadere. And if we turn to his life, we find the man, who shrank more than once from a worthy marriage, taking a Tecmessa to his tent. The woman who became at last his wife was spoken of by him in a letter to the Frau von Stein, as "that poor creature." She is the very beauty celebrated in the "Roman Elegies."

This strange moral theory could not but have strange consequences. Love, as Goethe knows it, is very tender, and has a lyric note as fresh as that of a song-bird; but it passes away like the songs of spring. In his Autobiography, one love-passage succeeds another, each is

charmingly described, but each comes speedily to an end. How far in each case he was to blame is matter of controversy. But he seems to betray a way of thinking about women such as might be natural to an Oriental Sultan. "I was in that agreeable phase," he writes, "when a new passion had begun to spring up in me before the old one had quite disappeared. About Friederika he blames himself without reserve, and uses strong expressions of contrition; but he forgets the matter strangely soon. In his distress of mind he says he found riding, and especially skating, bring much relief. This reminds us of the famous letter to the Frau von Stein about coffee. He is always ready in a moment to shake off the deepest impressions and to receive new ones; and he never looks back. A curious insensibility, which seems imitated from the apparent insensibility of Nature herself, shows itself in his works by the side of the deepest pathos. Faust never once mentions Gretchen again, after that terrible prison scene; her remembrance does not seem to trouble him; she seems entirely forgotten, until, just at the end, among the penitents who surround the Mater Gloriosa, there appears one who has borne the name of Gretchen. In like manner—this shocked Schiller—when Mignon dies she seems instantly forgotten, and the business of the novel scarcely pauses for a moment.

We are also to remember that Goethe was a man of the old *régime*. If he who had such an instinctive comprehension of feminine character, at the same time treats women in this Oriental fashion, we are to remember that he lived in a country of despotic Courts, and also that he was entirely outside the movement of reform. Had he entered into the reforming movement of his age, he might have striven to elevate women, as he might have heralded and welcomed some of the ideas of 1789, and the nationality movements of 1808 and 1813. He certainly felt at times that all was not right in the status of women ("Der Frauen Schicksal ist beklagenswerth"), and how narrowly confined was their happiness ("Wie enggebunden ist des Weibes Glück"), as he certainly felt how miserable was the political conditions of Ger-



many. Nevertheless he did not take the path either of social or of political reform. He worked in another region, a deeper region. He was a reformer on the great scale in literature, art, education, that is, in culture, but he was not a reformer of institutions. And as he did not look forward to a change in institutions, his views and his very morality rested on the assumption of a state of society in many respects miserably bad.

But the effect of this aberration upon Goethe's character as a teacher and upon his influence has been most disastrous. And inevitably, for as it has been the practice in the Christian world to lay all the stress of morality upon that very virtue which Goethe almost entirely repudiates, he appears not only to be no moralist but an enemy of morality. And as he once brought a devil upon the stage, we identify him with his own Mephistopheles, though, in fact, the tone of cold irony is not by any means congenial to him. He has the reputation of a being awfully wise, who has experienced all feelings good and bad, but has survived them, and from whose writings there rises a cold unwholesome exhalation, the odor of moral decay. It is thought that he offers culture, art, manifold intellectual enjoyment, but at the price of virtue, faith, patriotism.

If I have taken a just view, the good and bad characteristics of his writings stand in a different relation. It is not morality itself that he regards with indifference, but one important section of morality. And he is an indifferentist here, partly because he is a man formed in the last years of the old *régime*, partly because he is borne too far on the tide of reaction against Catholic and monastic ideas. Nevertheless, he remains a moralist; and in his positive teaching he is one of the greatest moral teachers the world has ever seen. In his life he displayed some of the greatest and most precious virtues, a nobly conscientious use of great powers, a firm disregard of popularity, an admirable capacity for the highest kind of friendship. His view of life and literature is, in general, not ironical and not enervating, but sincere, manly, and hopeful. And his view of morality and religion, if we consider it calmly

and not in that spirit of agonized timidity which reigns in the religious world, will perhaps appear to be not now very dangerous where it is wrong, and full of fresh instruction where it is right. The drift of the nineteenth century, the progress of those reforms in which Goethe took so little interest, have tended uniformly to the elevation of woman, so that it seems now scarcely credible that at the end of the last century great thinkers can seriously have preferred to contemplate her in the half servile condition in which classical poetry exhibits her. On this point at least the world is not likely to become pagan again. On the other hand Carlyle himself scarcely exaggerated the greatness of Goethe as a prophet of new truth alike in morals and in religion. Just at the moment when the supernaturalist theory, standing alone, seemed to have exhausted its influence, and to be involving religion in its own decline, Goethe stood forth as a rapt adorer of the God in Nature.\* Naturalism in his hands appeared to be no dull system of platitudes, no empty delusive survival of an exploded belief, but a system as definite and important as Science, as rich and glorious as Art. Morality in his hands appeared no longer morbid, unnaturally solemn, unwholesomely pathetic, but robust, cheerful, healthy, a twin-sister of happiness. In his hands also morality and religion appeared inseparably united, different aspects of that free energy, which in him was genius, and in every one who is capable of it resembles genius. Lastly, his bearing towards Christianity, when he had receded from the exaggerations of his second period, was better, so long as it seemed hopeless to purge Christianity of its *other-worldliness*, than that of the zealots on either side. He entered into no clerical or anti-clerical controversies; but, while he spoke his mind with great frankness, did not forget to distinguish between clericalism and true Christianity, cherished no insane ambition of destroying the Church or founding a new religion,† and

\* "Was kann der Mensch im Leben mehr gewinnen.

Als dass ihm Gott-Natur sich offenbare?"

† "Von der Société St. Simonien bitte Dich fern zu halten;" so he writes to Carlyle.

counselled us in founding our future society to make Christianity a principal element in its religion, and not to

neglect the "excellent collection of sacred books" left us by the Hebrews.—*Contemporary Review.*

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BYGONE CELEBRITIES AND LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS. 1

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

I. DANIEL O'CONNELL — SERJEANT TALFOURD—ROBERT CARRUTHERS.

THE three gentlemen whose names appear at the head of this chapter of my reminiscences, breakfasted together at the table of Mr. Rogers, along with our host and myself, in the summer of 1845. They were all remarkable and agreeable men, and played a part more or less distinguished in the social life of the time. Mr. O'Connell called himself, and was called by his friends, the Liberator, but was virtually the Dictator, or uncrowned king, of the Irish people. Serjeant, afterwards Judge, Talfourd, was an eminent lawyer—a very eloquent speaker, and a poet of some renown. Mr. Robert Carruthers was the editor of the *Inverness Courier*, a paper of much literary influence; a man of varied acquirements and extensive reading, particularly familiar with the literature and history of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and more especially with the writings of Pope, his contemporaries and predecessors. Whenever Mr. Macaulay, while engaged on the "History of England," which, unfortunately, he did not live to complete, was in doubt about an incident, personal or national, that occurred during the reigns of James II., William and Mary, or Queen Anne, and was too busy to investigate for himself, he had only to appeal for information to Mr. Carruthers, and the information was at once supplied from the abundant stores of that gentleman's memory. I was well acquainted with all of these notables, but had never before met the three together.

Mr. O'Connell had long passed his prime in 1845—being then in his 70th year—but appeared to be in full bodily and mental vigor, and in the height of his power, popularity, and influence. He had for years been extravagantly

praised by one half of the nation and as extravagantly blamed and denounced by the other, and his support had been so absolutely necessary to the existence of the Whig and Liberal Ministry in England, that when this support seemed to be of doubtful continuance, or any indications of his present lukewarmness or future opposition were apparent, the baits of power, place, or high professional promotion were constantly dangled before his eyes, to keep him true to the cause to which he had never promised allegiance, but to which he had always adhered with more or less of zeal and consistency. For upwards of a quarter of a century his name figured more frequently in the leading columns of all the most prominent journals of London and the provinces than that of any statesman or public character of the time. As he jocularly but truly said of himself, he was the best abused man in the country; but though he did not choose to confess it, he was, at the same time, the most belauded. He was a man of a fine personal presence, of a burly and stalwart build, with quick glancing eyes full of wit, humor and of what may be called "rollicking" fun; and of a homely, persuasive, and telling eloquence, that no man of his day could be truly said to have equalled. The speeches of his great contemporary and countryman, Richard Lalor Shiel, were more elegant, scholarly, and ambitious; but they were above the heads of the commonalty, and often failed of their effect by being "caviare to the general," and sometimes tired or "bored" those who could understand and even appreciate them, by their great length and too obvious straining after effect. No exception of the kind could be taken to the speeches of Daniel—or, as he was affectionately called, "Dan" O'Connell. They were all clear as day, logical as a mathematical

demonstration, and warm as midsummer. If he had many of the faults he had all the virtues of his Celtic countrymen, and even in his strongest denunciations of his political opponents there was always a touch of humor that forced a laugh or a smile from the persons he attacked. He once, in Parliament, spoke of the great Duke of Wellington as "a stunted corporal with two left legs," and the Duke of Wellington, who was said to be proud of his legs, remarking to Lucas, the artist who had painted his portrait, pointing to his legs—without taking notice of the facial likeness—"those are my legs," had sense enough to laugh. The description, however, was not quite original, inasmuch as Pope, more than a hundred years previously, had applied the same epithet to Lintot the bookseller. Daniel O'Connell could excite at will the laughter or the indignation of the multitude, and was not in reality an ill-tempered or an ill-conditioned man, though he often appeared to be so when it suited his purpose. But though choleric he was never malicious.

On this occasion the conversation was almost entirely literary. O'Connell's voice was peculiarly sweet and musical, and in the recitation of poetry, of which he had a keen and critical appreciation, it was impossible to excel, and difficult to equal him, in either comic or pathetic passages. The manner in which he declaimed "The Minstrel Boy to the War Has Gone," "The Last Rose of Summer," and other favorite songs of Thomas Moore was perfect, and had almost as pleasant an effect upon the hearer's mind as if they had been sung by a well-trained singer. He was, in short, a delightful companion, and fascinated every society in which he felt himself sufficiently at ease to be induced to give free play to his wit, his humor, his imagination, and his wonderful power of mimicry.

Though seemingly at this time in the full high noon of his power and popularity, his influence was in reality on the wane, and circumstances over which he had no control, and which he had done nothing to produce, were at work to divert from his person and his cause the attention and the love of the Irish people. The first symptoms of the mys-

terious disease in the potato, which was unfortunately the chief food of the Irish millions, began to make themselves apparent, and to divert the attention of the Irish from political to more urgent questions of life and death. The too probable consequences of this great calamity tended necessarily to diminish the rent or tribute collected from the needy as well as the prosperous to recompense the "Liberator" for the sacrifices he had made in relinquishing the practice of his profession to devote his time, talent, and energies entirely to the parliamentary service of the people. Added to this, a race of younger and more impulsive men, fired by his example, had arisen to agitate the question of the Repeal of the Union on which he had set his heart, and scorning, in their impatience, the peaceful and legal methods which he employed, did their best to goad the impulsive people into open rebellion. Foremost among these were Mr. Smith O'Brien, whose futile treason came to an inglorious collapse in a cabbage garden; and next, the members of the party of Young Ireland, and the gifted poets of the "Nation," among whom were Mr. D'Arcy McGee, and Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, whose tuneful violence was far more agreeable to the youthful agitators of the new generation than the more prudent strategy of O'Connell. The potato disease and the fearful famine that followed on its devastating track, which sent at least a million of people to the United States and two millions into untimely graves in Ireland, preyed upon the spirit of the great agitator, impaired his health, and ultimately led to his death of a broken heart, at Genoa, in 1847, in the 72nd year of his age. He was, at the time, on a pilgrimage to Rome to crave the blessing of the Pope, but was not destined to reach the, to him, "holy city," the capital of his faith. His heart, however, was embalmed and taken to Rome, and his corpse conveyed to his native country for interment. I little thought on that joyous morning of 1845, when we sat seriously merry and intellectually sportive at the social board of Mr. Rogers in St. James's Place, that the end was so near, and that the light which shone so brilliantly was so speedily to be extin-

guished, and the sceptre of democratic authority to be so shattered that none could take it up when it fell from the hands which had so long wielded it.

The second of the guests this morning was also an orator, not celebrated for his power over crowds, but highly distinguished in the Senate and the Forum. Serjeant Talfourd did not speak often in Parliament or at public meetings, but when he did he was listened to with pleasure and attention. The scenes of his triumphs were the law courts, and especially the Court of Common Pleas, where he was the leading practitioner. He was noted among the members of the Bar and the attorneys for his power over the minds of jurymen, and his winning ways of extorting a favorable verdict for the client who was fortunate enough to have him for an advocate. He had room enough in his head both for law and literature—the law for his profit and his worldly advancement, and literature for the charm and consolation of his life. He was well known too, and highly esteemed by the leading literary men of his time, and took especial interest in the laws affecting artistic, musical, and literary copyright. He was largely instrumental in extending the previously allotted term of twenty-eight years to forty-two years, and for seven years after the death of the artist, composer, or author. This measure put considerable and well-deserved profits into the pockets of the heirs of Sir Walter Scott, and was said at the time to have been specially devised and enacted for that purpose and for that only. This, however, was an error which Serjeant Talfourd emphatically contradicted whenever it was hinted or asserted. It had, incidentally, that effect, which no one was churlish and ungrateful enough to grudge or lament, but was advocated in the interest of all men of letters, and of literature itself in its widest extent, and if it erred at all, only erred on the side of undue restriction to so short a period as forty-two years. It ought to have been extended to the third generation of the benefactors of their country, and probably will be so extended at a future time, when the rights of authors will be as strictly protected—and will be thought of at least as much importance—as the right

of landlords to their acres; of butchers, bakers, and tailors to be paid for their commodities; or those of doctors and lawyers to be paid for their time and talents.

Mr. Charles Dickens dedicated to Serjeant Talfourd the "Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club"—the early work by which his great fame was established—in grateful acknowledgment of the Serjeant's services to the cause of all men of genius, in the enactment of the new law of copyright. "Many a fevered head," he said, "and palsied hand will gather new vigor in the hour of sickness and distress, from your exalted exertions; many a widowed mother and orphaned child, who would otherwise reap nothing from the fame of departed genius but its too pregnant legacy of sorrow and suffering, will bear in their altered condition higher testimony to the value of your labors than the most lavish encomiums from lip or pen could ever afford."

Serjeant Talfourd was raised to the Bench in 1848, being then in his fifty-third year. This promotion had the natural consequence of removing him from the House of Commons. He was a singularly amiable man—of gentle, almost feminine character—of delicate health and fragile form. He possessed little or none of the staid or stern gravity popularly associated with the idea of a judge, and looked more like the poet that he undoubtedly was, than the busy lawyer or magistrate. He died suddenly in the year 1854, under circumstances peculiarly sad and pathetic. After attending Divine Service on Sunday, the 11th March, in the Assize town of Stafford, apparently in his usual health, he took his seat on the bench on the following morning, and proceeded to address the grand jury on the state of the calendar. It contained a list of more than one hundred prisoners, an unusually large number of whom were charged with atrocious offences, many of which were to be directly traced to intemperance. He took occasion, in the course of his remarks, to comment upon the growing estrangement in England between the upper and lower classes of society, and the want of interest and sympathy exhibited between the former and the latter, which he re-

garded as of evil augury for the future peace and prosperity of the country. While uttering these words he became flushed and excited—his speech became thick and incoherent, and he suddenly fell forward with his face on the desk at which he was sitting. He was removed at once to his lodgings in the immediate vicinity of the court, but life was found to be extinct on his arrival. Thus perished a singularly able and estimable man, universally beloved by his contemporaries.

Mr. Carruthers, who resided in the little town of Inverness, sometimes called by its inhabitants the "Capital of the Highlands," was often blamed by his intimate friends for hiding his great abilities in so small a sphere, and not launching boldly forth upon the great sea of London, which they considered a more suitable arena for the exercise of his talents and the acquirement of fame and fortune by the pursuits of literature. But he was not to be persuaded. He loved quiet; he loved the grand and solemn scenery of his beautiful native country, and perhaps if all the truth were told, he preferred to be a great man in a provincial town, than a comparatively small one in a mighty metropolis. In Inverness he shone as a star of the first magnitude. In London, though his light might have been as great, it might have failed to attract equal recognition. In addition to all these considerations, the atmosphere of great cities did not agree with his health, and the fine, free, fresh invigorating air of the sea and the mountains was necessary to his physical well-being. This he enjoyed to the full in Inverness. The editing of the weekly journal, which supplied him with even greater pecuniary results than were necessary to supply the moderate wants of himself and his household, left him abundant leisure for other and congenial work. He soon made his mark in literature, and became noted not only for the vigor and elegance of his style, but for his remarkable accuracy of statement, even in the minutest details of his literary and historical work. He edited, with copious and accurate notes, an edition of Pope, and of Johnson and Boswell's "Tour to the Hebrides," and greatly added to the value of those interesting books by notes

descriptive and anecdotal of all the places and persons mentioned in them. He also contributed largely to the valuable "Cyclopædia of English Literature" edited by Messrs. Chambers, of Edinburgh; besides contributing essays and criticisms to many popular serials and reviews, published in London and Edinburgh. He was one of the most admirable story tellers of his time, or indeed of any time, had a most retentive and abundantly furnished memory, and never missed the point of a joke, or overlaid it with inappropriate or unnecessary words or phrases. His fund of Scottish anecdotes—brimful of wit and humor—was apparently inexhaustible, and his stories followed each other with such rapidity as to suggest to the mind of the listener the beautiful lines of Samuel Rogers:

Couched in the hidden chambers of the brain  
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden  
chain,  
Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise,  
Each stamps its image as the other lies.

The good things for which Mr. Carruthers was famous were not derived from books, but from actual intercourse with men, and if collected, would have formed a finer and more diverting repertory of Scottish wit and humor, than has ever been given to the world. He was often urged to prepare them for publication, and as often promised to undertake the work, but always postponed it until he had more leisure than he possessed at the time of promising. But that day unfortunately never came. If it had come, the now celebrated work of Dean Ramsay on the same subject would have been eclipsed, or altogether superseded in the literary market.

His local knowledge, and the fascination of his conversation were so great, that every person of any note in the literary or political world who visited Inverness, came armed with a letter of introduction to Mr. Carruthers, or made themselves known to him during their stay in the Highlands. The first time that I travelled so far North, through the magnificent chain of freshwater lochs that are connected with each other by the Caledonian Canal, a leading citizen of Inverness, who was a fellow-passenger on the trip, seeing I was a stranger, took the pains to point out to

me all the objects of interest on the way, and to name the mountains, the straths, the glens, and the waterfalls on either side. On our arrival at Inverness, he directed my attention to several mountains and eminences visible from the boat when nearing the pier. "That," said he, "is Ben Wyvis, the highest mountain in Ros-shire; that is 'Tomna-hurich,' or the hill of the fairies; that is Craig Phadrig, once a vitrified fort of the original Celtic inhabitants; and that," pointing to a gentleman in the foremost rank of the spectators on the landing-place, "is Mr. Carruthers, the editor of the *Courier*!"

Mr. Carruthers used to relate with much glee that he escorted the great Sir Robert Peel to the battlefield of Culloden, and pointed out to him the graves of the highland warriors who had been slain in that fatal encounter. Seeing a shepherd watching his flocks feeding on the scant herbage of the Moor, he stepped aside to inform the man of the celebrity of his companion. The information fell upon inattentive ears. "Did you never hear of Sir Robert Peel?" inquired Mr. Carruthers. "Never *dud*!" (did), replied the shepherd. "Is it possible you never heard of him. He was once Prime Minister of England." "Well!" replied the shepherd, "he seems to be a very respectable man!"

On another occasion, he escorted Mr. Serjeant Talfourd and his friend Mr. John Forster, who was also the intimate friend of Mr. Charles Dickens, over the same scene, and was fond of telling the story that the same or some other shepherd shouted suddenly to another of the same occupation at a short distance on the Moor, "*Ian! Ian!*" Serjeant Talfourd, who was the author of the once celebrated tragedy of "*Ion*,"—with a bland smile of triumph or satisfaction on his face, turned to Mr. Forster, laid his hand upon his breast, and said, "Forster, *this is fame*." He did not know that *Ian* was the Gaelic for John, and that the man was merely calling to his friend by his Christian name.

Among the odd experiences of the little town in which he passed his days, Mr. Carruthers related that a gentleman, who had made a large fortune in

India, retired to pass the evening of his life in his native place. Finding the time hanging heavy on his hands, and being of an active mind, he established a newspaper, sometime about the year 1840. He grew tired of it after two or three years, and discontinued it in a day without a word of notice or explanation. With equal suddenness he resumed its publication in 1850, and addressed his readers, in his first editorial, "Since the publication of our last paper, nothing of importance has occurred in the political world." Nothing had occurred of more importance than the French Revolution of 1848—the dethronement and flight of King Louis Philippe—and convulsions in almost every country in Europe, Great Britain excepted.

Mr. Carruthers, who had received the degree of Doctor of Laws a few years previously, died in 1878, full of years and honors, regretted and esteemed by all the North of Scotland, and by a wide circle of friends and admirers in every part of the world where English literature is appreciated; and Scotsmen retain a fond affection for their native country, and the men whose lives and genius reflect honor upon it.

## II. PATRIC PARK, SCULPTOR.

I AM glad to be able in these pages to render tribute, however feeble, to one of the great but unappreciated geniuses of his time; a man of powerful intellect as well as powerful frame, a true artist of heroic mould and thought, who dwarfed the poor pigmies of the day in which his lot was cast by conceptions too grand to find a market: Patric Park, sculptor, who concealed under a somewhat rude and rough exterior as tender a heart as ever beat in a human bosom. Had he been an ancient Greek, his name might have become immortal. Had he been a modern Frenchman, the art in which he excelled would have brought him not only bread, but fortune. But as he was only a portrayer of the heroic in the very prosaic country in which his lot was cast, it was as much as he could do to pay his way by the scanty rewards of an art which few people appreciated, or even understood, and to waste upon the marble busts of rich men, who had a fancy for

that style of portraiture, the talents, or rather the genius, which, had encouragement come, might have produced epics in stone to have rivalled the masterpieces of antiquity.

Patrick, or, as he usually signed himself, Patric, Park was born in Glasgow in 1809, and I made his acquaintance in the *Morning Chronicle* office in 1842, when he was in the prime of his early manhood. He sent a letter to the editor to request the insertion of a modest paragraph in reference to a work of his which had found a tardy purchaser in Stirling, where it was destined to adorn the beautiful public cemetery of the city. The paragraph was inserted not as he wrote it, but with a kindly addition in praise of his work and of his genius. He came to the office next day to know the writer's name. And when the writer avowed himself, a friendship sprung up between the two, which suffered no abatement during the too short life of the grateful man of genius, who, for the first time, had been publicly recognized by the humble pen of one who could command, in artistic and literary matters, the columns of a powerful journal. Park's nature was broad and bold, and scorned conventionalities and false pretence. George Outram, a lawyer and editor of a Glasgow newspaper, author of several humorous songs and lyrics upon the odds and ends of legal practice, among which the "Annuity" survives in perennial youth in Edinburgh and Glasgow society, and brother of the gallant Sir James Outram, of Indian fame, used to say of Park, that he liked him because he was not smooth and conventional. "There is not in the world," he said to me on one occasion, "another man with so many delightful corners in his character as Park. We are all of us much too smooth and rounded off. Give me Park and genuine nature, and all the more corners the better."

Park had a very loud voice, and sang Scotch songs perhaps with more vehemence than many people would admire, but with a hearty appreciation that was pleasant to witness. It is related that a deputation of Glasgow bailies came up to London, with Lord Provost Lumsden at their head, in reference to the Loch Katrine Water Bill, for the supply of Glasgow with pure water, which was

then before Parliament, and that they invited their distinguished townsman to dine with them at the Victoria Hotel, Euston Square. After dinner Park was called upon for a song, and as there was nobody in the dining-room but one old gentleman, who, according to the waiter, was very deaf, Park consented to sing, and sang in his very best style the triumphant Jacobite ballad of "Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet," till, as one of the bailies said, "he made the rafters ring, and might have been heard at St. Paul's." The deaf gentleman, as soon as the song was concluded, is reported to have made his way to the table, and apologising for addressing a company of strangers, to have turned to Park and said, with extraordinary fervor and emotion, "May God Almighty bless you, sir, and pour his choicest blessings upon your head! For thirty years I have been stone deaf and have not heard the sound of the human voice. But I heard your song, every word of it; God bless you!"

Upon one occasion, when we were travelling together in the Western Highlands, the captain of one of the Hutcheson steamers was exceedingly courteous and attentive to his passengers, and took great pains to point out to those who were making this delightful journey for the first time all the picturesque objects on the route. At one of the landing-places the young Earl of Durham was taken on board, with his servants, and from that moment the captain had neither eyes nor ears for any other person in the vessel. He lavished the most obsequious and fulsome attention upon his lordship, and when Park asked him a question, cut him short with a snappish reply. Park was disgusted, and expressed his opinion of the captain in a manner more forcible than polite. As there was a break in the navigation in consequence of some repairs that were being effected in one of the locks, the passengers had to disembark and proceed by omnibus to another steamer that awaited their arrival at Loch Lochy. Park mounted on the box by the side of the driver, and was immediately addressed by the captain, "Come down out of that, you sir! That seat's reserved for his lordship!" Park's anger flashed forth like an electric spark,

"And who are *you*, sir, that you dare address a gentleman in that manner?" "I am the captain of the boat, sir, and I order you to come down out of that." "Captain, be hanged!" said Park, "the coachman might as well call himself a captain as you. The only difference between you is, that he is the driver of a land omnibus and that you are the driver of an aquatic omnibus." The young Earl laughed, and quietly took his place in the interior of the vehicle, leaving Park in undisputed possession of the box-seat.

His contempt for toadyism in all its shapes and manifestations was extreme. There was an engineer of some repute in his day, with whom he had often come into contact, and whom he especially disliked for his slavish subservience to rank and title. The engineer meeting Park on board of the boat, said, "Mr. Park, I wish you not to talk about me! I am told that you said, I was not worth a damn! Is it true?" "Well," replied Park, "it may be; but if I said so I underrated you. I think you are worth two damns, and I damn you twice!"

On another occasion, when attending a *soirée* at Lady Byron's, he was so annoyed at finding no other refreshment than tea, which he did not care for, and very weak port wine negus, which he detested as an unmanly and unheroic drink, that he took his departure, resolved to go in search of some stronger potation. The footman in the hall, addressing him deferentially in search of a "tip," said, "Shall I call your carriage, my lord?" "I'm not a lord," said Park, in a voice like that of a stentor. "I beg pardon, sir, shall I call your carriage?" "I have not got a carriage! Give me my walking stick! And now," he added, slipping a shilling into the man's hand, "can you tell me of any decent public-house in the neighborhood where I can get a glass of brandy-and-water? The very smell of her ladyship's negus is enough to make one sick."

Park resided for a year or two in Edinburgh, and procured several commissions for the busts of legal and other notabilities, and, what was in a higher degree in accordance with his tastes, for some life-size statues of characters in

the poems and novels of Sir Walter Scott, to complete the Scott monument in Princes Street. He also executed, without a commission, a gigantic model for a statue of Sir William Wallace, for whose name and fame he had the most enthusiastic veneration, with the idea that the patriotic feelings of the Scottish nation would be so far excited by his work as to justify an appeal to the public to set it up in bronze or marble (he preferred bronze,) on the Calton Hill, amid other monuments to the memory of illustrious Scotsmen. But the deeds of Wallace were too far back in the haze of bygone ages to excite much contemporary interest. The model was a noble work, eighteen feet high, and wholly nude. Some of his friends suggested to him that a little drapery would be more in accordance with Scottish ideas, than a figure so nude that it dispensed even with the customary fig-leaf. Park revolted at the notion of the fig-leaf, "a cowardly, indecent subterfuge," he said. "To the pure all things are pure, as St. Paul says. There is nothing impure in nature, but only in the mind of man. Rather than put on the fig-leaf I would dash the model to pieces." "But the drapery?" said a friend, the late Alexander Russel of the *Scotsman*. "What I have done I have done, and I will not spoil my design. Wallace was once a man, and if he had lived in the last century and I had to model his statue. I would have draped it or put it in armor as if he had been the Duke of Marlborough or Prince Eugene. But the memory of Wallace is scarcely the memory of a man but of a demigod. Wallace is a myth; and as a myth he does not require clothes." "Very true," said Russel, "but you are anxious to procure the public support and the public guineas, and you'll never get them for a naked giant." "Then I'll smash the model," said the indignant and dispirited artist. And he did so, and a beautiful work was lost to the world for ever.

At the time of our first acquaintance Park was somewhat smitten by the charms of a beautiful young woman in Greenock, the daughter of one of his oldest and best friends. The lady had no knowledge of art, and scarcely



knew what was meant by the word sculptor. She asked him, one day whether he cut marble chimney-pieces? This was too much. He was *désillusionné* and humiliated, and the amatory flame flickered out, no more to be re-lighted.

Park and I and three or four friends were once together on the top of Ben Lomond, on a fine clear day in August. The weather was lovely, but oppressively hot, and the fatigue of climbing was great, but not excessive. At the summit, so pure was the atmosphere that looking eastward we could distinctly see Arthur's Seat, overlooking Edinburgh, and the Bass Rock in the Firth of Forth, twenty miles beyond. Looking westward, we could distinctly see Ailsa Craig in the Firth of Clyde. Thus the eye surveyed the whole diameter of Scotland. By a strange effect of atmosphere the peak of Goatfell in Arran, separated optically from the mountain by a belt of thick white cloud, seemed to be preternaturally raised to a height of at least 20,000 feet above the sea. I pointed it out to Park. "Nonsense!" he said. "Why Goatfell would be higher than the Himalayas if your notion were correct." "But I know the shape of the peak," I replied; "I have been on the top of Goatfell at least half-a-dozen times, and would swear to it, as to the nose on your face." And as we were speaking the white cloud was dissipated, and the Himalayan peak seemed to descend slowly and take its place on the body of Goatfell, from which it had appeared to have been dis severed. "Well," he said, "things are not what they seem, and I maintain that it was as high as the Himalayas or Chimborazo while the appearance lasted."

The mountain at this time shone in pale rose-like glow, and Park, inspired by the grandeur of the scene, preached us a very eloquent little sermon, addressing himself to the sun, on the inherent dignity and beauty of sun-worship as practised by the modern Parsees and the ancient Druids. He concluded by a lament that his own art was powerless to represent or personify the grand forces of nature as the Greeks had attempted to do. "The Apollo Belvidere," he said, "is the representative of

a beautiful young man. But it is not Apollo. Art can represent Venus—the perfection of female beauty, and Mars—the perfection of manly vigor; but Apollo; no! Yet I think I would have tried Apollo myself if I had lived in Athens two thousand years ago."

"A living dog is better than a dead lion."

"True," said Park, "I am a living dog, Phidias is a dead lion. I have to model the un intellectual faces of rich cheesemongers, or grocers, or iron masters, and put dignity into them, if I can, which is difficult. And when I add the dignity, they complain of the bad likeness, so that I often think I'd rather be a cheesemonger than a sculptor."

I called at Park's studio one morning, and was informed that he every minute expected a visit from the great General Sir Charles James Napier—for whose character and achievements he had the highest admiration. He considered him by far the greatest soldier of modern times—and had prevailed upon the general to sit to him for his bust. Park asked me to stay and be introduced to him, and nothing loth, I readily consented. I had not long to wait. The general had a nose like the beak of an eagle—larger and more conspicuous on his leonine and intellectual face than that of the Duke of Wellington, whose nose was familiar in the purlieu of the Horse Guards. It procured for him the title of "conkey" from the street urchins, and I recognised him at a glance as soon as he entered. On his taking the seat for Park to model his face in clay, the sculptor asked him not to think of too many things at a time, but to keep his mind fixed on one subject. The general did his best to comply with the request, with the result that his face soon assumed a fixed and sleepy expression, without a trace of intellectual animation. Park suddenly startled him by inquiring, "Is it true, general, that you gave way—retreated in fact—at the battle of——? (naming the place, which I have forgotten). The general's eyes flashed sudden fire, and he was about to reply indignantly when Park quietly remarked, plying his modelling tool on the face at the time, "That'll do, general, the expression is admir-

able!" The general saw through the manoeuvre, and laughed heartily.

The general's statue in Trafalgar Square is an admirable likeness. Park was much disappointed at not receiving the commission to execute it.

Park modelled a bust of myself, for which he would not accept payment. He found it a very difficult task to perform. I had to sit to him at least fifty times before he could please himself with his work. On one occasion he lost all patience, and swearing lustily, *more suo*, dashed the clay into a shapeless mass with his fist. "D—n you," he said, "why don't you keep to one face? You seem to have fifty faces in a minute, and all different! I never but once had another face that gave me half the trouble."

"And whose was the other?" I inquired.

"Sir Charles Barry's" (architect of the Houses of Parliament at Westminster). "He drove me to despair with his sudden changes of expression. He was a very Proteus as far as his face was concerned, and you're another. Why don't you keep thinking of one thing while I am modelling, or why can't you retain one expression for at least five minutes?"

It was not till fully three months after this outburst that he took courage to begin again, growling and grumbling at his work, but determining, he said, not to be beaten either by Sir Charles or myself. "Poets and architects, and painters and musicians, and novelists," he said, "are all difficult subjects for the sculptor. Give me the face of a soldier," he added, "such a face as that of the Emperor Napoleon. There is no mistake about *that*; or, better still, that of Sir Charles James Napier! If there is not very much immortal soul, so called, in the faces of such men, there is a very great deal of body."

Park was commissioned by the late Duke of Hamilton to model a bust of Napoleon III., and produced, perhaps the very finest of all the fine portrait-busts which ever proceeded from his chisel. The Emperor impressed Park in the most favorable manner, and he always spoke of him in terms of enthusiastic admiration, as well for the innate heroism as for the tenderness of his

character. "All true heroes," he said, "are tender-hearted; and the man who can fight most bravely has always the readiest drop of moisture in his eye when a noble deed is mentioned or a chord of human sympathy is touched." The bust of Napoleon was lost in the wreck of the vessel that conveyed it from Dover to Calais, but the Duke of Hamilton commissioned the sculptor to execute a second copy from the clay model, which duly reached its destination.

Patric Park died before he was fifty, and when, to all appearance, there were many happy and prosperous years before him, when having surmounted his early difficulties, he might have looked forward to the design and completion of the many noble works to which he pined to devote his mature energies, after emancipation from the slavery of what he called "busting" the effigies of "cheesemongers." He had been for some months in Manchester, plying his vocation among the rich notabilities of that prosperous city, when one day, emerging from a carriage at the railway station, he observed a porter with a huge basket of ice upon his head, staggering under the load and ready to fall. Park rushed forward to the man's assistance, prevented him from falling, steadied the load upon his head by a great muscular exertion, and suddenly found his mouth full of blood. He had broken a blood-vessel; and stretching forth his hand, took a lump of ice from the basket, and held it in his mouth to stop the bleeding. He proceeded to the nearest chemist's shop for advice and relief, and was forthwith conveyed to his hotel delirious. A neighboring doctor was called in, Park beseeching him for brandy. The brandy was refused. A telegram was sent to his own physician in London. He came down by the next train, and expressed a strong opinion on seeing the body and learning all the facts, that the brandy ought to have been given. But he arrived too late. The noble, the generous, the gifted Park was no more, and an attached young wife and hundreds of friends, amongst whom the writer of these words was one of the most attached, were "left lamenting."—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

(To be concluded.)

## A FEMALE NIHILIST.

BY STEPNIAK.

## I.

On the 27th of July, in the year 1878, the little town of Talutorovsk, in Western Siberia, was profoundly excited by a painful event. A political prisoner, named Olga Liubatovitch, it was said had miserably put an end to her days. She was universally loved and esteemed, and her violent death therefore produced a most mournful impression throughout the town, and the *Ispravnik* or chief of the police, was secretly accused of having driven the poor young girl, by his unjust persecutions, to take away her life.

Olga was sent to Talutorovsk, some months after the trial known as that of the "fifty" of Moscow, in which she was condemned to nine years' hard labor for Socialist propagandism, a punishment afterwards commuted into banishment for life. Unprovided with any means whatever of existence, for her father, a poor engineer with a large family, could send her nothing, Olga succeeded, by indefatigable industry, in establishing herself in a certain position. Although but little skilled in female labor, she endeavored to live by her needle, and became the milliner of the semi-civilized ladies of the town, who went into raptures over her work. These fair dames were firmly convinced—it is impossible to know why—that the elegance of a dress depends above all things upon the number of its pockets. The more pockets there were, the more fashionable the dress. Olga never displayed the slightest disinclination to satisfy this singular taste. She put pockets upon pockets, upon the body, upon the skirts, upon the underskirts; before, behind, everywhere. The married ladies and the young girls were as proud as peacocks, and were convinced that they were dressed like the most fashionable Parisian, and, though they were less profuse with their money than with their praises, yet in that country, where living costs so little, it was easy to make two ends meet. Later on, Olga

had an occupation more congenial to her habits. Before entering the manufactories and workshops as a sempstress in order to carry on the Socialist propaganda, she had studied medicine for some years at Zurich, and she could not now do less than lend her assistance in certain cases of illness. This soon gave her a reputation, and at the request of the citizens, the police accorded to her the permission to fill the post of apothecary and phlebotomist, as the former occupant of that post, owing to habitual drunkenness, was fit for nothing. Not unfrequently she even took the place of the district doctor, a worthy man who, owing to old age and a partiality for brandy, was in such a state that he could not venture upon delicate operations, because his hands shook. She acted for him also in many serious cases baffling his antediluvian knowledge. Some of her cures were considered miraculous; among others, that of the district judge, whom, by determined treatment, she had saved after a violent attack of *delirium tremens*, a malady common to almost all men in that wild country.

In a word, Olga was in great favor with the peaceful citizens of Talutorovsk. The hatred of the police towards her was all the greater for that reason. Her proud and independent disposition would not permit her to submit to the stupid and humiliating exigencies of the representatives of the Government. Those representatives, barbarous and overbearing as they were, considered every attempt to defend personal dignity a want of respect toward themselves—nay, a provocation, and neglected no occasion of taking their revenge. There was always a latent war between Olga and her guardians, a war of the weak, bound hand and foot, against the strong, armed at all points; for the police have almost arbitrary power over the political prisoners who are under their surveillance. In this very unequal struggle, however, Olga did not always come off the worst, as often happens in the case of

those who, proud, daring, and fearing nothing, are always ready to risk everything for the merest trifle. One of these conflicts, which lasted four days and kept the whole of the little town in a state of excitement by its dramatic incidents, was so singular that it deserves to be related.

Olga had had sent from her parents a parcel of books, which, in her position, was a gift indeed. She went to the *Ispravnik* to get them, but met with an unforeseen obstacle. Among the books sent to her was a translation of the "Sociology" of Herbert Spencer, and the *Ispravnik* mistook it for a work on *Socialism*, and would not on any account give it up to her. In vain Olga pointed out to him that the incriminated book had been published at St. Petersburg with the license of the Censorship; that sociology and socialism were very different things, etc. The *Ispravnik* was stubborn. The discussion grew warm. Olga could not restrain some sharp remarks upon the gross ignorance of her opponent, and ended by telling him that his precautions were utterly useless, as she had at home a dozen books like that of Herbert Spencer.

"Oh! you have books like this at home, have you?" exclaimed the *Ispravnik*. "Very well; we'll come and search the house this very day."

"No," exclaimed Olga, in a fury; "you will do nothing of the kind; you have no right, and if you dare to come I will defend myself."

With these words she left the place, thoroughly enraged.

War was declared, and the rumor spread throughout the town, and everywhere excited a kind of timorous curiosity.

Directly Olga reached her home she shut herself up and barricaded the door. The *Ispravnik*, on his side, prepared for the attack. He mustered a band of policemen, with some *poniatye*, or citizen-witnesses, and sent them to the enemy's house.

Finding the entrance closed and the door barricaded, the valorous army began to knock energetically, and ordered the inmate to open.

"I will not open the door," replied the voice of Olga within.

"Open, in the name of the law."

"I will not open the door. Break it in! I will defend myself."

At this explicit declaration the band became perplexed. A council of war was held. "We must break open the door," they all said. But as all these valiant folks had families, wives, and children whom they did not wish to leave orphans, no one cared to face the bullets of this mad-woman, whom they knew to be capable of anything. Each urged his neighbor onward, but no one cared to go forward himself.

Recourse was had to diplomacy.

"Open the door, miss."

No reply.

"Please to open the door, or you will repent it."

"I will not open the door," replied the firm voice of the besieged.

What was to be done? A messenger was sent to the *Ispravnik* to inform him that Olga Liubatovitch had shut herself up in her house, had pointed a pistol at them, and had threatened to blow out the brains of the first who entered.

The *Ispravnik*, considering that the task of leadership would fall to him as supreme chief (and he also had a family), did not care to undertake the perilous enterprise. His army, seeing itself thus abandoned by its leader, was in dismay; it lost courage; demoralisation set in, and after a few more diplomatic attempts, which led to nothing, it beat a disgraceful retreat. A select corps of observation remained, however, near the enemy's citadel, intrenched behind the hedges of the adjoining kitchen-gardens. It was hoped that the enemy, elated by the victory in this first encounter, would make a sortie, and then would be easily taken, in flank and rear, surrounded, and defeated.

But the enemy displayed as much prudence as firmness. Perceiving the manœuvres of her adversaries, Olga divined their object, and did not issue from the house all that day, or the day after, or even on the third day. The house was provided with provisions and water, and Olga was evidently prepared to sustain a long siege.

It was clear that if no one would risk his life, which naturally no one was disposed to risk, nothing could be done save to reduce her by hunger. But who, in that case, could tell how long the scandal

of this flagrant rebellion would last? And then, who could guarantee that this Fury would not commit suicide instead of surrendering? And then, what complaints, what reprimands from superiors!

In this perplexity, the *Ispravnik* resolved to select the least among many evils, and on the fourth day he raised the siege.

Thus ended the little drama of July 1878, known in Siberia as the "Siege of Olga Liubatovitch." The best of the joke was, however, that she had no arms of a more warlike character than a pen-knife and some kitchen utensils. She herself had not the slightest idea what would have happened had they stormed her house, but that she would have defended herself in some way or other is quite certain.

The *Ispravnik* might have made her pay for her rebellion by several years of confinement, but how could he confess to his superiors the cowardice of himself and his subordinates? He preferred, therefore, to leave her in peace. But he chafed in secret, for he saw that the partisans of the young Socialist—and they were far from few—ridiculed himself and his men behind their backs. He determined to vindicate his offended dignity at all cost, and, being of a stubborn disposition, he carried out his resolve in the following manner.

A fortnight after the famous siege, he sent a message to Olga to come to his office at eight o'clock in the morning. She went. She waited an hour; two hours; but no one came to explain what she was wanted for. She began to lose patience, and declared that she would go away. But the official in attendance told her that she must not go; that she must wait; such were the orders of the *Ispravnik*. She waited until eleven o'clock. No one came. At last a subaltern appeared, and Olga addressed herself to him and asked what she was wanted for. The man replied that he did not know, that the *Ispravnik* would tell her when he came in. He could not say, however, when the *Ispravnik* would arrive.

"In that case," said Olga, "I should prefer to return some other time."

But the police officer declared that she must continue to wait in the ante-

chamber of the office, for such were the orders of the *Ispravnik*. There could be no doubt that all this was a disgraceful attempt to provoke her, and Olga, who was of a very irascible disposition, replied with some observations not of the most respectful character, and not particularly flattering to the *Ispravnik* or his deputy.

"Oh! that's how you treat the representatives of the Government in the exercise of their functions, is it?" exclaimed the deputy, as though prepared for this. And he immediately called in another policeman as a witness, and drew up a statement of the charge against her.

Olga went away. But proceedings were taken against her before the district judge, the very man whom she had cured of *delirium tremens*, who sentenced her to three days' solitary confinement. It was confinement in a dark, fetid hole, full of filth and vermin.

Merely in entering it, she was overcome with disgust. When she was released, she seemed to have passed through a serious illness. It was not, however, the physical sufferings she had undergone so much as the humiliation she had endured which chafed her proud disposition.

From that time she became gloomy, taciturn, abrupt. She spent whole days shut up in her room, without seeing anybody, or wandered away from the town into the neighboring wood, and avoided people. She was evidently planning something. Among the worthy citizens of Talutorovsk, who had a compassionate feeling towards her, some said one thing, some another, but no one foresaw such a tragic ending as that of which rumors ran on July 27.

In the morning the landlady entered her room and found it empty. The bed, undisturbed, clearly showed that she had not slept in it. She had disappeared. The first idea which flashed through the mind of the old dame was that Olga had escaped, and she ran in all haste to inform the *Ispravnik*, fearing that any delay would be considered as a proof of complicity.

The *Ispravnik* did not lose a moment. Olga Liubatovitch being one of the most seriously compromised women, he feared the severest censure, perhaps even dis-

missal, for his want of vigilance. He immediately hastened to the spot in order to discover if possible the direction the fugitive had taken. But directly he entered the room he found upon the table two letters signed and sealed, one addressed to the authorities, the other to the sister of Olga, Vera Liubatovitch, who had also been banished to another Siberian town. These letters were immediately opened by the *Ispravnik*, and they revealed the mournful fact that the young girl had not taken to flight, but had committed suicide. In the letter addressed to the authorities she said, in a few lines, that she died by her own hand, and begged that nobody might be blamed. To her sister she wrote more fully, explaining that her life of continuous annoyance, of inactivity, and of gradual wasting away, which is the life of a political prisoner in Siberia, had become hateful to her, that she could no longer endure it, and preferred to drown herself in the Tobol. She finished by affectionately begging her sister to forgive her for the grief she might cause her and her friends and companions in misfortune.

Without wasting a moment, the *Ispravnik* hastened to the Tobol, and there he found the confirmation of the revelation of Olga. Parts of her dress dangled upon the bushes, under which lay her bonnet, lapped by the rippling water. Some peasants said that on the previous day they had seen the young girl wandering on the bank with a gloomy and melancholy aspect, looking fixedly at the turbid waters of the river. The *Ispravnik*, through whose hands all the correspondence passed of the political prisoners banished to his district, recalled certain expressions and remarks that had struck him in the last letters of Olga Liubatovitch, the meaning of which now became clear.

There could no longer be any doubt. The *Ispravnik* sent for all the fishermen near, and began to drag the river with poles, casting in nets to recover the body. This, however, led to nothing. Nor was it surprising: the broad river was so rapid that in a single night it must have carried a body away—who knows how many leagues? For three days the *Ispravnik* continued his efforts, and stubbornly endeavored to make the

river surrender its prey. But at last, after having worn out all his people and broken several nets against the stones and old trunks which the river mocked him with, he had to give up the attempt as unavailing.

## II.

The body of Olga, her heart within it throbbing with joy and uncertainty, had meanwhile been hurried away, not by the yellow waters of the Tobol, but by a vehicle drawn by two horses galloping at full speed.

Having made arrangements with a young rustic whom, in her visits to the neighboring cottages in a medical capacity, she had succeeded in converting to Socialism, Olga disposed everything so as to make it be believed that she had drowned herself, and on the night fixed secretly left her house and proceeded to the neighboring forest, where, at a place agreed upon, her young disciple was awaiting her. The night was dark. Beneath the thick foliage of that virgin forest nothing could be seen, nothing could be heard but the hootings of the owls, and sometimes, brought from afar, the howling of the wolves, which infest the whole of Siberia.

As an indispensable precaution, the meeting-place was fixed at a distance of about three miles, in the interior of the forest. Olga had to traverse this distance in utter darkness, guided only by the stars, which occasionally pierced through the dense foliage. She was not afraid, however, of the wild beasts, or of the highwaymen and vagrants who are always prowling round the towns in Siberia. It was the cemetery-keeper's dog she was afraid of. The cemeteries are always well looked after in that country, for among the horrible crimes committed by the scum of the convicts one of the most common is that of disinterring and robbing the newly buried dead. Now the keeper of the cemetery of Talutorovsk was not to be trifled with; his dog still less so. It was a mastiff, as big as a calf, ferocious and vigilant, and could hear the approach of any one a quarter of a mile off. Meanwhile the road passed close to the cottage of the solitary keeper. It was precisely for the purpose of avoiding it that Olga, instead of following the road, had

plunged into the forest, notwithstanding the great danger of losing her way.

Stumbling at every step against the roots and old fallen trunks, pricked by the thorny bushes, her face lashed by boughs elastic as though moved by springs, she kept on for two hours with extreme fatigue, sustained only by the hope that she would shortly reach the place of meeting, which could not be far off. At last indeed, the darkness began to diminish somewhat and the trees to become thinner, and a moment afterwards she entered upon open ground. She suddenly stopped, looked around, her blood freezing with terror, and recognised the keeper's cottage. She had lost her way in the forest, and, after so many windings, had gone straight to the point she wished to avoid.

Her first impulse was to run away as fast as her remaining strength would enable her, but a moment afterwards a thought flashed through her mind which restrained her. No sound came from the cottage; all was silent. What could this indicate but the absence of the occupant? She stood still and listened, holding her breath. In the cottage not a sound could be heard, but in another direction she heard, in the silence of the night, the distant barking of a dog, which seemed, however, to be approaching nearer. Evidently the keeper had gone out, but at any moment might return, and his terrible dog was perhaps running in front of him, as though in search of prey. Fortunately from the keeper's house to the place of appointment there was a path which the fugitive had no need to avoid, and she set off and ran as fast as the fear of being seized and bitten by the ferocious animal would allow her. The barking, indeed, drew nearer, but so dense was the forest that not even a dog could penetrate it. Olga soon succeeded in reaching the open ground, breathless, harassed by the fear of being followed and the doubt that she might not find any one at the place of appointment. Great was her delight when she saw in the darkness the expected vehicle, and recognised the young peasant.

To leap into the vehicle and to hurry away was the work of an instant. In rather more than five hours of hard

driving they reached Tumen, a town of about 18,000 inhabitants, fifty miles distant from Talutorovsk. A few hundred yards from the outskirts the vehicle turned into a dark lane and very quietly approached a house where it was evidently expected. In a window on the first floor a light was lit, and the figure of a man appeared. Then the window was opened, and the man, having recognised the young girl, exchanged a few words in a low tone with the peasant who was acting as driver. The latter, without a word, rose from his seat, took the young girl in his arms, for she was small and light, and passed her on like a baby into the robust hands of the man, who introduced her into his room. It was the simplest and safest means of entering unobserved. To have opened the door at such an unusual hour would have awakened people, and caused gossip.

The peasant went his way, wishing the young girl all success, and Olga was at last able to take a few hours rest. Her first step had succeeded. All difficulties were far indeed, however, from being overcome; for in Siberia it is not so much walls and keepers as immeasurable distance which is the real gaoler.

In this area, twice as large as all Europe, and with a total population only twice that of the English capital, towns and villages are only imperceptible points, separated by immense deserts absolutely uninhabitable, in which if any one ventured he would die of hunger, or be devoured by wolves. The fugitive thus has no choice, and must take one of the few routes which connect the towns with the rest of the world. Pursuit is therefore extremely easy, and thus, while the number of the fugitives from the best-guarded prisons and mines amounts to hundreds among the political prisoners, and to thousands among the common offenders, those who succeed in overcoming all difficulties and in escaping from Siberia itself may be counted on the fingers.

There are two means of effecting an escape. The first, which is very hazardous, is that of profiting, in order to get a good start, by the first few days, when the police furiously scour their own district only, without giving information of the escape to the great centres, in the

hope, which is often realised, of informing their superiors of the escape and capture of the prisoner at the same time. In the most favorable cases, however, the fugitive gains only three or four days of time, while the entire journey lasts many weeks, and sometimes many months. With the telegraph established along all the principal lines of communication, and even with mere horse patrols, the police have no difficulty whatever in making up for lost time, and exceptional cleverness or good fortune is necessary in order to keep out of their clutches. But this method, as being the simplest and comparatively easy, as it requires few preparations and but little external assistance, is adopted by the immense majority of the fugitives, and it is precisely for this reason that ninety-nine per cent. of them only succeed in reaching a distance of one or two hundred miles from the place of their confinement.

Travelling being so dangerous, the second mode is much more safe—that of remaining hidden in some place of concealment, carefully prepared beforehand, in the province itself, for one, two, three, six months, until the police, after having carried on the chase so long in vain, come to the conclusion that the fugitive must be beyond the frontiers of Siberia, and slacken or entirely cease their vigilance. This was the plan followed in the famous escape of Lopatin, who remained more than a month at Irkutsk, and of Debagorio Mokrievitch, who spent more than a year in various places in Siberia before undertaking his journey to Russia.

Olga Liubatovitch did not wish, however, to have recourse to the latter expedient, and selected the former. It was a leap in the dark. But she built her hopes upon the success of the little stratagem of her supposed suicide, and the very day after her arrival at Tumen she set out towards Europe by the postal and caravan road to Moscow.

To journey by post in Russia, a travelling passport (*podorojna*) must be obtained, signed by the governor. Olga certainly had none, and could not lose time in procuring one. She had, therefore, to find somebody in possession of this indispensable document whom she could accompany. As luck would have

it, a certain Soluzeff, who had rendered himself famous a few years before by certain forgeries and malversations on a grand scale, had been pardoned by the Emperor and was returning to Russia. He willingly accepted the company of a pretty countrywoman, as Olga represented herself to him to be, who was desirous of going to Kazan, where her husband was lying seriously ill, and consented to pay her share of the travelling expenses. But here another trouble arose. This Soluzeff, being on very good terms with the gendarmes and the police, a whole army of them accompanied him to the post-station. Now Olga had begun her revolutionary career at sixteen, she was arrested for the first time at seventeen, and during the seven years of that career had been in eleven prisons, and had passed some few months in that of Tumen itself. It was little short of a miracle that no one recognised the celebrated Liubatovitch in the humble travelling companion of their common friend.

At last, however, the vehicle set out amid the shouts and cheers of the company. Olga breathed more freely. Her tribulations were not, however, at an end.

I need not relate the various incidents of her long journey. Her companion worried her. He was a man whom long indulgence in luxury had rendered effeminate, and at every station said he was utterly worn out, and stopped to rest himself and take some tea with biscuits, preserves, and sweets, an abundance of which he carried with him. Olga, who was in agonies, as her deception might be found out at any moment, and telegrams describing her be sent to all the post-stations of the line, had to display much cunning and firmness to keep this poltroon moving on without arousing suspicions respecting herself. When, however, near the frontier of European Russia, she was within an ace of betraying herself. Soluzeff declared that he was incapable of going any farther, that he was thoroughly knocked up by this feverish hurry-scurry, and must stop a few days to recover himself. Olga had some thought of disclosing everything, hoping to obtain from his generosity what she could not obtain from his sluggish selfishness. There is



no telling what might have happened if a certain instinct, which never left Olga even when she was most excited, had not preserved her from this very dangerous step.

A greater danger awaited her at Kazan. No sooner had she arrived than she hastened away to take her ticket by the first steambot going up the Volga towards Nijni-Novgorod. Soluzeff, who said he was going south, would take the opposite direction. Great, therefore, was her surprise and bewilderment when she saw her travelling companion upon the same steamer. She did everything she could to avoid him, but in vain. Soluzeff recognised her, and, advancing towards her, exclaimed in a loud voice :—

“What! you here? Why, you told me your husband was lying ill in the Kazan Hospital.”

Some of the passengers turned round and looked, and among them the gendarme who was upon the boat. The danger was serious. But Olga, without losing her self-possession, at once invented a complete explanation of the unexpected change in her itinerary. Soluzeff took it all in, as did the gendarme who was listening.

At Moscow she was well known, having spent several months in its various prisons. Not caring to go to the central station, which is always full of gendarmes on duty, she was compelled to walk several leagues, to economise her small stock of money, and take the train at a small station, passing the night in the open air.

Many were the perils from which, thanks to her cleverness, she escaped. But her greatest troubles awaited her in the city she so ardently desired to reach, St. Petersburg.

When a Nihilist, after a rather long absence, suddenly reaches some city without previously conferring with those who have been there recently, his position is a very singular one. Although he may know he is in the midst of friends and old companions in arms, he is absolutely incapable of finding any of them. Being “illegal” people, or outlaws, they live with false passports, and are frequently compelled to change their names and their places of abode. To inquire for them under their old names

is not to be thought of, for these continuous changes are not made for mere amusement, but from the necessity, constantly recurring, of escaping from some imminent danger, more or less grave. To go to the old residence of a Nihilist and ask for him under his old name would be voluntarily putting one’s head into the lion’s mouth.

Under such circumstances, a Nihilist is put to no end of trouble, and has to wander hither and thither in order to find his friends. He applies to old acquaintances among people who are “legal” and peaceful—that is to say, officials, business men, barristers, doctors, etc., who form an intermediate class, unconsciously connecting the most active Nihilists with those who take the least interest in public affairs. In this class there are people of all ranks. Some secretly aid the Nihilists more or less energetically. Others receive them into their houses, simply as friends, without having any “serious” business with them. Others, again, see them only casually, but know from whom more or less accurate information is to be obtained; and so on. All these people being unconnected with the movement, or almost so, run little risk of being arrested, and living as they do “legally”—that is to say, under their own names—they are easy to be found, and supply the Ariadne’s thread which enables any one to penetrate into the Nihilist labyrinth who has not had time, or who has been unable, to obtain the addresses of the affiliated.

Having reached St. Petersburg, Olga Liubatovitch was precisely in this position. But to find the clue in such cases is easy only to those who, having long resided in the city, have many connections in society. Olga had never stayed more than a few days in the capital. Her acquaintances among “legal” people were very few in number, and then she had reached St. Petersburg in the month of August, when every one of position is out of town. With only sixty kopecks in her pocket, for in her great haste she had been unable to obtain a sufficient sum of money, she dragged her limbs from one extremity of the capital to the other. She might have dropped in the street from sheer exhaustion, and been taken

up by the police as a mere vagabond, had not the idea occurred to her to call upon a distant relative whom she knew to be in St. Petersburg. She was an old maid, who affectionately welcomed her to the house, although, at the mere sight of Olga, her hair stood on end. She remained there two days; but the fear of the poor lady was so extreme that Olga did not care to stay longer. Supplied with a couple of roubles, she recommenced her pilgrimage, and at last met a barrister who, as luck would have it, had come up that day from the country on business.

From that moment all her tribulations ended. The barrister, who had known her previously, placed his house at her disposal, and immediately communicated the news of her arrival to some friends of his among the affiliated. The next day the good news spread throughout all St. Petersburg of the safe arrival of Olga Liubatovitch.

She was immediately supplied with money and a passport, and taken to a safe place of concealment, secure against police scrutiny.

### III.

It was at St. Petersburg that I first met her.

It was not at a "business" gathering, but one of mere pleasure, in a family. With the "legal" and the "illegal" there must have been about fifteen persons. Among those present were some literary men. One of them was a singular example of an "illegal" man, much sought for at one time, who, living for six or seven years with false passports, almost succeeded in legalising himself, as a valuable and well-known contributor to various newspapers. There was a barrister who, after having defended others in several political trials, at last found himself in the prisoner's dock. There was a young man of eighteen in gold lace and military epaulettes, who was the son of one of the most furious persecutors of the Revolutionary party. There was an official of about fifty, the head of a department in one of the ministries, who, for five years running, was our Keeper of the Seals—who kept, that is to say, a large chest full to the brim of seals, false marks, stamps, etc., manufactured by

his niece, a charming young lady, very clever in draughtsmanship and engraving. It was a very mixed company, and strange for any one not accustomed to the singular habits of the Palmyra of the North.

With the freedom characteristic of all Russian gatherings, especially those of the Nihilists, every one did as he liked and talked with those who pleased him. The company was split up into various groups, and the murmur of voice filled the room and frequently rose above the exclamations and laughter.

Having saluted the hosts and shaken hands with some friends, I joined one of these little groups.

I had no difficulty in recognising Olga Liubatovitch, for the portraits of the principal prisoners in the trial of the "fifty," of whom she was one of the most distinguished figures, circulated by thousands, and were in every hand.

She was seated at the end of the sofa, and, with her head bent, was slowly sipping a cup of tea. Her thick black hair, of which she had an abundance, hung over her shoulders, the ends touching the bottom of the sofa. When she rose it almost reached to her knees. The color of her face, a golden brown, like that of the Spaniards, proclaimed her Southern origin, her father and grandfather having been political refugees from Montenegro who had settled in Russia. There was nothing Russian, in fact, in any feature of her face. With her large and black eyebrows, shaped like a sickle as though she kept them always raised, there was something haughty and daring about her, which struck one at first sight, and gave her the appearance of the women belonging to her native land. From her new country she had derived, however, a pair of blue eyes, which always appeared half-closed by their long lashes, and cast fitting shadows upon her soft cheeks when she moved her eyelids, and a lithe, delicate, and rather slim figure, which somewhat relieved the severe and rigid expression of her face. She had, too, a certain unconscious charm, slightly statuesque, which is often met with among women from the South.

Gazing at this stately face, to which a regular nose with wide nostrils gave a

somewhat aquiline shape, I thought that this was precisely what Olga Liubavitch ought to be as I had pictured her from the account of her adventures. But on a sudden she smiled, and I no longer recognised her. She smiled, not only with the full vermilion lips of a brunette, but also with her blue eyes, with her rounded cheeks, with every muscle of her face, which was suddenly lit up and irradiated like that of a child.

When she laughed heartily she closed her eyes, bashfully bent her head, and covered her mouth with her hand or her arm, exactly as our shy country lasses do. On a sudden, however, she composed herself, and her face darkened and became gloomy, serious, almost stern, as before.

I had a great desire to hear her voice, in order to learn whether it corresponded with either of the two natures revealed by these sudden changes. But I had no opportunity of gratifying this desire. Olga did not open her mouth the whole evening. Her taciturnity did not proceed from indifference, for she listened attentively to the conversation, and her veiled eyes were turned from side to side. It did not seem, either, to arise from restraint. It was due rather to the absence of any motive for speaking. She seemed to be quite content to listen and reflect, and her serious mouth appeared to defy all attempts to open it.

It was not until some days afterwards, when I met her alone on certain "business," that I heard her voice, veiled like her eyes, and it was only after many months' acquaintance that I was able to understand her disposition, the originality of which consisted in its union of two opposite characteristics. She was a child in her candor, bordering on simplicity, in the purity of her mind, and in the modesty which displayed itself even in familiar intercourse and gave to her sentiments a peculiar and charming delicacy. But at the same time this child astounded the toughest veterans by her determination, her ability and coolness in the face of danger, and especially by her ardent and steadfast strength of will, which, recognising no obstacles, made her sometimes attempt impossibilities.

To see this young girl, so simple, so

quiet, and so modest, who became burning red, bashfully covered her face with both hands, and hurried away upon hearing some poetry dedicated to her by some former disciple—to see this young girl, I say, it was difficult to believe that she was an escaped convict, familiar with condemnations, prisons, trials, escapes, and adventures of every kind. It was only necessary, however, to see her for once at work to believe instantly in everything. She was transformed, displaying a certain natural and spontaneous instinct which was something between the cunning of a fox and the skill of a warrior. This outward simplicity and candor served her then like the shield of Mambrino, and enabled her to issue unscathed from perils in which many men, considered able, would unquestionably have lost their lives.

One day the police, while making a search, really had her in their grasp. A friend, distancing the gendarmes by a few moments, had merely only time to rush breathless up the stairs, dash into the room where she was, and exclaim, "Save yourself! the police!" when the police were already surrounding the house. Olga had not even time to put on her bonnet. Just as she was, she rushed to the back stairs, and hurried down at full speed. Fortunately the street door was not yet guarded by the gendarmes, and she was able to enter a little shop on the ground floor. She had only twenty kopecks in her pockets, having been unable, in her haste, to get any money. But this did not trouble her. For fifteen kopecks she bought a cotton handkerchief, and fastened it round her head in the style adopted by coquettish servant-girls. With the five kopecks remaining she bought some nuts, and left the shop eating them, in such a quiet and innocent manner that the detachment of police, which meanwhile had advanced and surrounded the house on that side, let her pass without even asking her who she was, although the description of her was well known, for her photograph had been distributed to all the agents, and the police have always strict orders to let no one who may arouse the slightest suspicion leave a house which they have surrounded. This was not the only time that she slipped like an eel through the fingers of

the police. She was inexhaustible in expedients, in stratagems, and in cunning, which she always had at her command at such times; and with all this she maintained her serious and severe aspect, so that she seemed utterly incapable of lending herself to deceit or stimulation. Perhaps she did not think, but acted upon instinct rather than reflection, and that was why she could meet every danger with the lightning-like rapidity of a fencer who parries a thrust.

#### IV.

The romance of her life commenced during her stay in St. Petersburg after her escape. She was one of the so-called "Amazons," and was one of the most fanatical. She ardently preached against love and advocated celibacy, holding that with so many young men and young girls of the present day love was a clog upon revolutionary activity. She kept her vow for several years, but was vanquished by the invincible. There was at that time in St. Petersburg a certain Nicholas Morosoff, a young poet and brave fellow, handsome, and fascinating as his poetic dreams. He was of a graceful figure, tall as a young pine-tree, with a fine head, an abundance of curly hair, and a pair of chestnut eyes, which soothed, like a whisper of love, and sent forth glances that shone like diamonds in the dark whenever a touch of enthusiasm moved him.

The bold "Amazon" and the young poet met, and their fate was decided. I will not tell of the delirium and transports through which they passed. Their love was like some delicate and sensitive plant, which must not be rudely touched. It was a spontaneous and irresistible feeling. They did not perceive it until they were madly enamoured of each other. They became husband and wife. It was said of them that when they were together inexorable Fate had no heart to touch them, and that its cruel hand became a paternal one, which warded off the blows that threatened them. And, indeed, all their misfortunes happened to them when they were apart.

This was the incident which did much to give rise to the saying.

In November 1879, Olga fell into the

hands of the police. It should be explained that when these succeed in arresting a Nihilist they always leave in the apartments of the captured person a few men to take into custody any one who may come to see that person. In our language, this is called a trap. Owing to the Russian habit of arranging everything at home and not in the cafés, as in Europe, the Nihilists are often compelled to go to each other houses, and thus these traps become fatal. In order to diminish the risk, safety signals are generally placed in the windows, and are taken away at the first sound of the police. But, owing to the negligence of the Nihilists themselves, accustomed as they are to danger, and so occupied that they sometimes have not time to eat a mouthful all day long, the absence of these signals is often disregarded, or attributed to some combination of circumstances—the difficulty, or perhaps the topographical impossibility, of placing signals in many apartments in such a manner that they can be seen from a distance. This measure of public security frequently, therefore, does not answer its purpose, and a good half of all the Nihilists who have fallen into the hands of the Government have been caught in these very traps.

A precisely similar misfortune happened to Olga, and the worst of it was that it was in the house of Alexander Kviatkovsky, one of the Terrorist leaders, where the police found a perfect magazine of dynamite, bombs, and similar things, together with a plan of the Winter Palace, which, after the explosion there, led to his capital conviction. As may readily be believed, the police would regard with anything but favorable eyes every one who came to the house of such a man.

Directly she entered, Olga was immediately seized by two policemen, in order to prevent her from defending herself. She, however, displayed not the slightest desire to do so. She feigned surprise, astonishment, and invented there and then the story that she had come to see some dressmakers (who had, in fact, their names on a door-plate below, and occupied the upper floor) for the purpose of ordering something, but had mistaken the door; that she did not know what they wanted with

her, and wished to return to her husband, etc.; the usual subterfuges to which the police are accustomed to turn a deaf ear. But Olga played her part so well that the *pristav*, or head of the police of the district, was really inclined to believe her. He told her that anyhow, if she did not wish to be immediately taken to prison, she must give her name and conduct him to her own house. Olga gave the first name which came into her mind, which naturally enough was not that under which she was residing in the capital, but as to her place of residence she declared, with every demonstration of profound despair, that she could not, and would not, take him there or say where it was. The *pristav* insisted, and, upon her reiterated refusal, observed to the poor simple thing that her obstinacy was not only prejudicial to her, but even useless, as, knowing her name, he would have no difficulty in sending some one to the Adressni Stol and obtaining her address. Struck by this unanswerable argument, Olga said she would take him to her house.

No sooner had she descended into the street, accompanied by the *pristav* and some of his subalterns, than Olga met a friend, Madame Maria A., who was going to Kviatkovsky's, where a meeting of Terrorists had actually been fixed for that very day. It was to this chance meeting that the Terrorists owed their escape from the very grave danger which threatened them; for the windows of Kviatkovsky's rooms were so placed that it was impossible to see any signals there from the street.

Naturally enough the two friends made no sign to indicate that they were acquainted with each other, but Madame Maria A., on seeing Olga with the police, ran in all haste to inform her friends of the arrest of their companion, about which there could be no doubt.

The first to be warned was Nicholas Morosoff, as the police in a short time would undoubtedly go to his house and make the customary search. Olga felt certain that this was precisely what her friend would do, and therefore her sole object now was to delay her custodians so as to give Morosoff time to "clear" his rooms (that is to say, destroy or take away papers and everything compromis-

ing), and to get away himself. It was this that she was anxious about, for he had been accused by the traitor Goldenberg of having taken part in the mining work connected with the Moscow attempt, and by the Russian law was liable to the penalty of death.

Greatly emboldened by this lucky meeting with her friend, Olga, without saying a word, conducted the police to the Ismailovsky Polk, one of the quarters of the town most remote from the place of her arrest, which was in the Nevsky district. They found the street and the house indicated to them. They entered and summoned the *dvornik* (doorkeeper), who has to be present at every search made. Then came the inevitable explanation. The *dvornik* said that he did not know the lady, and that she did not lodge in that house.

Upon hearing this statement, Olga covered her face with her hands, and again gave way to despair. She sobbingly admitted that she had deceived them from fear of her husband, who was very harsh, that she had not given her real name and address, and wound up by begging them to let her go home.

"What's the use of all this, madam?" exclaimed the *pristav*. "Don't you see that you are doing yourself harm by these tricks? I'll forgive you this time, because of your inexperience, but take care you don't do it again, and lead us at once to your house, or otherwise you will repent it."

After much hesitation, Olga, resolved to obey the injunctions of the *pristav*. She gave her name, and said she lived in one of the lines of the Vasili Ostrov.

It took an hour to reach the place. At last they arrived at the house indicated. Here precisely the same scene with the *dvornik* was repeated. Then the *pristav* lost all patience, and wanted to take her away to prison at once, without making a search in her house. Upon hearing the *pristav's* harsh announcement, Olga flung herself into an arm-chair and had a violent attack of hysterics. They fetched some water and sprinkled her face with it to revive her. When she had somewhat recovered, the *pristav* ordered her to rise and go at once to the prison of the district. Her hysterical attack recommenced. But the *pristav* would stand

no more nonsense, and told her to get up, or otherwise he would have her taken away in a cab by main force.

The despair of the poor lady was now at its height.

"Listen!" she exclaimed. "I will tell you everything now."

And she began the story of her life and marriage. She was the daughter of a rustic, and she named the province and the village. Up to the age of sixteen she remained with her father and looked after the sheep. But one day an engineer, her future husband, who was at work upon a branch line of railway, came to stop in the house. He fell in love with her, took her to town, placed her with his aunt, and had teachers to educate her, as she was illiterate and knew nothing. Then he married her, and they lived very happily together for four years; but he had since become discontented, rough, irritable, and she feared that he loved her no longer; but she loved him as much as ever, as she owed everything to him, and could not be ungrateful. Then she said that he would be dreadfully angry with her, and would perhaps drive her away if she went to the house in charge of the police; that it would be a scandal; that he would think she had stolen something; and so on.

All this, and much more of the same kind, with endless details and repetitions, did Olga narrate; interrupting her story from time to time by sighs, exclamations, and tears. She wept in very truth, and her tears fell copiously, as she assured me when she laughingly described this scene to me afterwards. I thought at the time that she would have made a very good actress.

The *pristav*, though impatient, continued to listen. He was vexed at the idea of returning with empty hands, and he hoped this time at all events her story would lead to something. Then, too, he had not the slightest suspicion, and would have taken his oath that the woman he had arrested was a poor simple creature, who had fallen into his hands without having done anything whatever, as so frequently happens in Russia, where houses are searched on the slightest suspicion. When Olga had finished her story the *pristav* began to console her. He said that her husband

would certainly pardon her when he heard her explanation; that the same thing might happen to any one; and so on. Olga resisted for a while, and asked the *pristav* to promise that he would assure her husband she had done nothing wrong; and more to the same effect. The *pristav* promised everything, in order to bring the matter to an end, and this time Olga proceeded towards her real residence. She had gained three hours and a half; for her arrest took place at about two o'clock, and she did not reach her own home until about half-past five. She had no doubt that Morosoff had got away, and after having "cleared" the rooms had thrice as much time as he required for the operation.

Having ascended the stairs, accompanied by the *dvorniks* and the police, she rang the bell. The door opened and the party entered, first the ante-chamber, then the sitting-room. There a terrible surprise awaited her. Morosoff in person was seated at a table, in his dressing gown, with a pencil in his hand and a pen in his ear. Olga fell into hysterics. This time they were real, not simulated.

How was it that he had remained in the house?

The lady previously mentioned had not failed to hasten at once and inform Morosoff, whom she found at home with three or four friends. At the announcement of the arrest of Olga they all had but one idea—that of remaining where they were, of arming themselves, and of awaiting her arrival, in order to rescue her by main force. But Morosoff energetically opposed this proposal. He said, and rightly said, that it presented more dangers than advantages, for the police being in numbers and reinforced by the *dvorniks* of the house, who are all a species of police agents of inferior grade, the attempt at the best would result in the liberation of one person at the cost of several others. His view prevailed, and the plan, which was more generous than prudent, was abandoned. The rooms were at once "cleared" with the utmost rapidity, so that the fate of the person arrested, which was sure to be a hard one and was now inevitable, should not be rendered more grievous. When all was ready and they were about

to leave, Morosoff staggered his friends by acquainting them with the plan he had thought of. He would remain in the house alone and await the arrival of the police. They thought he had lost his senses; for everybody knew, and no one better than himself, that, with the terrible accusation hanging over his head, if once arrested it would be all over with him. But he said he hoped it would not come to that—nay, he expected to get clear off with Olga, and in any case would share her fate. They would escape or perish together. His friends heard him announce this determination with mingled feelings of grief, astonishment, and admiration. Neither entreaties nor remonstrances could shake his determination. He was firm, and remained at home after saying farewell to his friends, who took leave of him as of a man on the point of death.

He had drawn up his plan, which by the suggestion of some mysterious instinct perfectly harmonised with that of Olga, although they had never in any way arranged the matter. He also had determined to feign innocence, and had arranged everything in such a manner as to make it seem as though he were the most peaceful of citizens. As he lived under the false passport of an engineer, he covered his table with a heap of plans of various dimensions, and, having put on his dressing-gown and slippers, set diligently to work to copy one, while waiting the arrival of his unwelcome guests.

It was in this guise and engaged in this innocent occupation that he was surprised by the police. The scene which followed may easily be imagined. Olga flung her arms round his neck, and poured forth a stream of broken words, exclamations, excuses, and complaints of these men who had arrested her because she wished to call upon her milliner. In the midst, however, of these exclamations, she whispered in his ear, "Have you not been warned?"

"Yes," he replied in the same manner, "everything is in order. Don't be alarmed."

Meanwhile he played the part of an affectionate husband mortified by this scandal. After a little scolding and then a little consolation, he turned to the

*pristav* and asked him for an explanation, as he could not quite understand what had happened from the disconnected words of his wife. The *pristav* politely told the whole story. The engineer appeared greatly surprised and grieved, and could not refrain from somewhat bitterly censuring his wife for her unpardonable imprudence. The *pristav*, who was evidently reassured by the aspect of the husband and of the whole household, declared nevertheless that he must make a search.

"I hope you will excuse me, sir," he added, "but I am obliged to do it; it is my duty."

"I willingly submit to the law," nobly replied the engineer.

Thereupon he pointed to the room, so as to indicate that the *pristav* was free to search it thoroughly, and having lit a candle with his own hand, for at that hour in St. Petersburg it was already dark, he quietly opened the door of the adjoining room, which was his own little place.

The search was made. Certainly not a single scrap of paper was found, written or printed, which smelt of Nihilism.

"By rights I ought to take the lady to prison," said the *pristav*, when he had finished his search, "especially as her previous behavior was anything but what it ought to have been; but I won't do that. I will simply keep you under arrest here until your passports have been verified. You see, sir," he added, "we police officers are not quite so bad as the Nihilists make us out."

"There are always honest men in every occupation," replied the engineer with a gracious bow.

More compliments of the same kind, which I need not repeat, were exchanged between them, and the *pristav* went away with most of his men, well impressed with such a polite and pleasant reception. He left, however, a guard in the kitchen, with strict injunctions not to lose sight of the host and hostess, until further orders.

Morosoff and Olga were alone. The first act of the comedy they had improvised had met with complete success. But the storm was far from having blown over. The verification of their passports would show that they were false. The inevitable consequence

would be a warrant for their arrest, which might be issued at any moment if the verification were made by means of the telegraph. The sentinel, rigid, motionless, with his sword by his side and his revolver in his belt, was seated in the kitchen, which was at the back, exactly opposite the outer door, so that it was impossible to approach the door without being seen by him. For several hours they racked their brains and discussed, in a low voice, various plans of escape. To free themselves by main force was not to be thought of. No arms had been left in the place, for they had been purposely taken away. Yet without weapons, how could they grapple with this big sturdy fellow, armed as he was? They hoped that as the hours passed on he would fall asleep. But this hope was not realised. When, at about half-past ten, Morosoff, under the pretext of going into his little room, which was used for various domestic purposes, passed near the kitchen, he saw the man still at his post, with his eyes wide open, attentive and vigilant as at first. Yet when Morosoff returned Olga would have declared that the way was quite clear and that they had nothing to do but to leave, so beaming were his eyes. He had, in fact, found what he wanted—a plan simple and safe. The little room opened into the small corridor which served as a sort of antechamber, and its door flanked that of the kitchen. In returning to the sitting-room, Morosoff observed that when the door of the little room was wide open, it completely shut out the view of the kitchen, and consequently hid from the policeman the outer door, and also that of the sitting-room. It would be possible, therefore, at a given moment, to pass through the antechamber without being seen by the sentinel. But this could not be done unless some one came and opened the door of the little room. Neither Olga nor Morosoff could do this, for if, under some pretext, they opened it, they would of course have to leave it open. This would immediately arouse suspicion, and the policeman would run after them and catch them perhaps before they had descended the staircase. Could they trust the landlady? The temptation to do so was great. If she consented to assist them,

success might be considered certain. But if she refused! Who could guarantee that, from fear of being punished as an accomplice, she would not go and reveal everything to the police? Of course she did not suspect in the least what kind of people her lodgers were.

Nothing, therefore, was said to her, but they hoped nevertheless to have her unconscious assistance, and it was upon that Morosoff had based his plan. About eleven o'clock she went into the little room, where the pump was placed, to get the water to fill the kitchen cistern for next day's consumption. As the room was very small, she generally left one of the two pails in the corridor, while she filled the other with water, and, of course, was thus obliged to leave the door open. Everything thus depended upon the position in which she placed her pail. An inch or two on one side or the other would decide their fate; for it was only when the door of the little room was wide open that it shut out the view of the kitchen and concealed the end of the antechamber. If not wide open, part of the outer door could be seen. There remained half an hour before the decisive moment, which both employed in preparing for flight. Their wraps were hanging up in the wardrobe in the antechamber. They had, therefore, to put on what they had with them in the sitting-room. Morosoff put on a light summer overcoat. Olga threw over her shoulders a woollen scarf, to protect her somewhat from the cold. In order to deaden as much as possible the sounds of their hasty footsteps, which might arouse the attention of the sentinel in the profound silence of the night, both of them put on their goloshes, which, being elastic, made but little noise. They had to put them on next to their stockings, although it was not particularly agreeable at that season, for they were in their slippers, their shoes having been purposely sent into the kitchen to be cleaned for the following day, in order to remove all suspicion respecting their intentions.

Everything being prepared, they remained in readiness, listening to every sound made by the landlady. At last came the clanging of the empty pails. She went to the little room, threw open the door, and began her work. The



moment had arrived. Morosoff cast a hasty glance. Oh, horror! The empty pail scarcely projected beyond the threshold, and the door was at a very acute angle, so that even from the door of the sitting-room where they were part of the interior of the kitchen could be seen. He turned towards Olga, who was standing behind him holding her breath, and made an energetic sign in the negative. A few minutes passed, which seemed like hours. The pumping ceased; the pail was full. She was about to place it on the floor. Both stretched their necks and advanced a step, being unable to control the anxiety of their suspense. This time the heavy pail banged against the door and forced it back on its hinges, a stream of water being spilt. The view of the kitchen was completely shut out, but another disaster had occurred. Overbalanced by the heavy weight, the landlady had come half out into the corridor. "She has seen us," whispered Morosoff, falling back pale as death. "No," replied Olga, excitedly; and she was right. The landlady disappeared into the little room, and a moment afterwards recommenced her clattering work.

Without losing a moment, without even turning round, Morosoff gave the signal to his companion by a firm grip of the hand, and both issued forth, hastily passed through the corridor, softly opened the door, and found themselves upon the landing of the staircase. With cautious steps they descended, and were in the street, ill clad but very light of heart. A quarter of an hour afterwards they were in a house where they were being anxiously awaited by their friends, who welcomed them with a joy more easy to imagine than to describe.

In their own abode their flight was not discovered until late in the morning, when the landlady came to do the room.

Such was the adventure, narrated exactly as it happened, which contributed, as I have said, to give rise to the saying that these two were invincible when together. When the police became aware of the escape of the supposed engineer and his wife, they saw at once that they had been outwitted. The *pristav*, who had been so thoroughly taken in, had a terrible time of it, and proceeded with the utmost eagerness to make investiga-

tions somewhat behindhand. The verification of the passports of course showed that they were false. The two fugitives were therefore "illegal" people, but the police wished to know, at all events, who they were, and to discover this was not very difficult, for both had already been in the hands of the police, who, therefore, were in possession of their photographs. The landlady and the *dvornik* recognised them among a hundred shown to them by the gendarmes. A comparison with the description of them, also preserved in the archives of the gendarmerie, left no doubt of their identity. It was in this manner the police found out what big fish they had stupidly allowed to escape from their net, as may be seen by reading the report of the trial of Sciriaeff and his companions. With extreme but somewhat tardy zeal, the gendarmes ransacked every place in search of them. They had their trouble for nothing. A Nihilist who thoroughly determines to conceal himself can never be found. He falls into the hands of the police only when he returns to active life.

When the search for them began to relax, Olga and Morosoff quitted their place of concealment and resumed their positions in the ranks. Some months afterwards they went abroad in order to legitimatise their union, so that if some day they were arrested it might be recognised by the police. They crossed the frontier of Roumania unmolested, stopped there some time, and having arranged their private affairs went to reside for awhile at Geneva, where Morosoff wished to finish a work of some length upon the Russian revolutionary movement. Here Olga gave birth to a daughter, and for awhile it seemed that all the strength of her ardent and exceptional disposition would concentrate itself in maternal love. She did not appear to care for anything. She seemed even to forget her husband in her exclusive devotion to the little one. There was something almost wild in the intensity of her love.

Four months passed, and Morosoff, obeying the call of duty, chafing at inactivity, and eager for the struggle, returned to Russia. Olga could not follow him with her baby at the breast,

and, oppressed by a mournful presentiment, allowed him to depart alone.

A fortnight after he was arrested.

On hearing this terrible news, Olga did not swoon, she did not wring her hands, she did not even shed a single tear. She stifled her grief. A single, irresistible, and supreme idea pervaded her—to fly to him; to save him at all costs; by money, by craft, by the dagger, by poison, even at the risk of her own life, so that she could but save him.

And the child? That poor little weak and delicate creature, who needed all her maternal care to support its feeble life? What could she do with the poor innocent babe, already almost an orphan?

She could not take it with her. She must leave it behind.

Terrible was the night which the poor mother passed with her child before setting out. Who can depict the indescribable anguish of her heart, with the horrible alternative placed before her of forsaking her child to save the man she loved, or of forsaking him to save the little one. On the one side was maternal feeling; on the other her ideal, her convictions, her devotion to the cause which he steadfastly served.

She did not hesitate for a moment. She must go.

On the morning of the day fixed she took leave of all her friends, shut herself up alone with her child, and remained with it for some minutes to bid

it farewell. When she issued forth, her face was pale as death and wet with tears.

She set out. She moved heaven and earth to save her husband. Twenty times she was within an ace of being arrested. But it was impossible for her efforts to avail. As implicated in the attempt against the life of the Emperor, he was confined in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul; and there is no escape from there. She did not relax her efforts, but stubbornly and doggedly continued them, and all this while was in agony if she did not constantly hear about her child. If the letters were delayed a day or two, her anguish could not be restrained. The child was ever present in her mind. One day she took compassion on a little puppy, still blind, which she found upon a heap of rubbish, where it had been thrown. "My friends laugh at me," she wrote, "but I love it because its little feeble cries remind me of those of my child."

Meanwhile the child died. For a whole month no one had the courage to tell the sad news. But at last the silence had to be broken.

Olga herself was arrested a few weeks afterwards.

Such is the story, the true story, of Olga Liubatovitch. Of Olga Liubatovitch, do I say? No—of hundreds and hundreds of others. I should not have related it had it not been so.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

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## AMONG THE TRAPPISTS.

A GLIMPSE OF LIFE AT LE PORT DU SALUT.

BY SURGEON-GENERAL H. L. COWEN.

THE monastic order of Trappists—a branch of the Cistercian—possesses monasteries in many parts of Europe, one, composed of German brethren, being in Turkey. Some of these establishments are agricultural or industrial associations; others are reformatories for juvenile delinquents; while some have been instituted for effecting works that might be dangerous to health and life, such as draining marshy lands where the fatal malaria broods.

The Monastery of La Trappe le Port du Salut, the subject of the present description, stands near the village of Entrammes, at Port Raingard, on the river Mayenne, on the borders of Maine, Anjou, and Brittany. Its site has been most picturesquely chosen in a charming nook, where the stream having rapidly passed through some rocky cliffs suddenly expands, and flows slowly through rich pasture-lands. With its church, farms, water-mill, cattle-sheds,

gardens, and orchards, the whole settlement looks like a hamlet surrounded with an enclosure (*cloître*) marking the limits of the ecclesiastical jurisdiction. A narrow passage between two high walls leads to the entrance-gate, bearing the inscription, "Hic est Portus Salutis,"—"Here is the haven of safety." A long chain with an iron cross for a handle being pulled and a bell rung, a porter opens a wicket, bows his head down to his knees—the obligatory salutation of the Trappist—and in silence awaits the ringer's interrogation. The latter may have come simply from curiosity, or he may be a traveller seeking for shelter and hospitality, a beggar asking alms, or even a wrong-doer in search of an asylum; he may be rich or poor, Christian, Jew, or Mohammedan—no matter! the porter at once grants admittance, conducts him to the guests' reception-room, and summons the hostelier.

A monk in white robes appears, his head shaven with the exception of a ring of hair. He bows as did the porter. If the visitor only contemplates a stay of a few hours no formality is gone through; a meal and refreshments are offered, and he is conducted over the monastery. But if he proposes to sleep there, the monk, whose rules are to consider that every guest has been guided to the place by our Lord Himself, says, "I must worship in your person Jesus Christ, suffering and asking hospitality; pray do not heed what I am about to do." He then falls prostrate on the ground, and so remains for a short time, in silent devotion. After this he leads the way to an adjoining room, and requests the visitor to write his name in a book, open here, as elsewhere in France, for the inspection of the police. The entry made, the father hostelier (as he is called) reads from "The Imitation of Jesus Christ" the first passage that attracts his eye. In the case of our informant it was "I come to you, my son, because you have called me." But whatever the text may be, he adds, "Let these words form the subject of your meditations during your stay at La Trappe."

The *Communauté* is the name of the monk's private buildings, where no strangers are permitted to penetrate, ex-

cept by special permission and accompanied by a father. Here perpetual silence is prescribed, save during the times of religious service, and the visitor is warned that in his tour around the domicile he is to kneel, pray, and make the sign of the cross when and where he sees his companion do so. This proceeding would at first sight seem to exclude from the monastery all non-Roman Catholics. The member of any religious communion, however, is welcome, provided he pays a certain deference to the rules, and as the Trappist guide walks in advance, and never turns round to observe how his guest is engaged, all derelictions in minor matters are purposely allowed to escape his notice. Were it otherwise, he would at once retrace his steps, lead the way to the entrance-door, show the visitor out, and without uttering a single word, bow and leave him there.

The church is a part of the *Communauté*, and is plain in architecture and simple in ornamentation. Here it is that each Trappist is brought to die. Whenever any monk is in the throes of death, an assistant of the hospital runs about the monastery striking with a stick on a board. At that well-known summons the brethren flock to the church, where their dying brother has been already laid on ashes strewn on the stones in the shape of a cross, and covered with a bundle of straw. A solemn joy lights up every face, and the Trappist passes away amid the thanksgiving of his companions who envy his happiness. It is the *finis coronat opus* of his life-work.

The Trappist must always be ready for the grave, and as he is to be buried in his religious vestments, so he is bound to sleep in those same vestments, even to the extent of keeping his shoes on. The dormitory is common to all, the abbot included. The beds are made of quilted straw, as hard as a board, and are separated by a wooden partition, without doors, reaching more than half way to the ceiling. There is not the least distinction of accommodation. The Superior rests not more luxuriously than the brethren, because equality rules here as elsewhere in the monastery. For La Trappe is a republic governed by a Chapter, the abbot being only the executive for all temporal affairs, and

wielding absolute power in spiritual matters alone. But although he holds authority from the see of Rome, yet he is elected by the brethren, who may if they choose elevate the humblest official of the monastery. There are no menial occupations, as the world esteems them, inside the religious houses of the order. The commonest duties may be performed by inmates of the highest social rank.

The Chapter House answers the double purpose of a hall for meetings and of a reading-room. The Chapter assembles daily at 5 A.M.—the fathers in their white gowns, the brethren in their brown ones—in order to discuss any matter, temporal or spiritual, interesting to the general community. When the secular business of the day has been gone through the abbot says, "Let us speak concerning our rules," implying that any derelictions which may have occurred during the past twenty-four hours are to be considered. Then all the monks in succession, as they may have occasion, accuse themselves of any neglect, even the most trivial. One may say, "Reverend Father," addressing the abbot, "I accidentally dropped my tools when working; another, "I did not bow low enough when Brother Joseph passed me;" a third, "I saw that Brother Antony carried a load that was too heavy, and I did not assist him." These and such like self-accusations may seem puerile, but they lead up to the preservation of some of the essential precepts of the order, unremitting attention while at labor, deferential demeanor and Christian courtesy towards brethren.

But if any brother may have omitted to mention derelictions of which he himself was not aware it then devolves upon his companions, with the view of maintaining rules, on the observance of which the happiness of all is concerned, to state to the abbot what those faults may have been. For instance, one will say, "When Brother Simeon comes to the Chapter he sometimes forgets to make the sign for the brethren who stood up on his arrival to sit down again, and yesterday Brother Peter remained standing for one hour, until another brother came in and made the sign to be seated." Thus warned Brother Simeon rises and kisses the in-

formant, thanking him in this way for kindly reproving him. These accusations are considered by the brethren as showing their zeal for reciprocal improvement.

The Trappist is bound to make the abbot acquainted at once with everything that occurs within the precinct of the monastery, and minutiae of the most trifling and sometimes even ludicrous nature must be reported without delay. To the same ear, and in private, must also be communicated those confessions in which personal feelings—even against himself—are concerned. To quote a single instance. It once so happened that a brother of Le Port du Salut took a dislike to Dom. H. M., the abbot, and came to tell him of it.

"Reverend Father, I am very unhappy."

"Why so, brother?"

"Reverend Father, I cannot bear the sight of you."

"Why so?"

"I do not know; but when I see you I feel hatred towards you, and it destroys my peace of mind."

"It is a temptation as bad, but not worse, than any other," replied the abbot; "bear it patiently; do not heed it; and whenever you feel it again come at once and tell me, and especially warn me if I say or do anything that displeases you."

The common belief that Trappists never speak is altogether erroneous. They do speak at stated times and under certain conditions, and they make use besides of most expressive signs, each of which is symbolical. Thus joining the fingers of both hands at a right angle, imitating as it does the roof of a house, means *house*; touching the forehead signifies the *abbot*; the chin, a *stranger*; the heart, a *brother*; the eyes, to *sleep*, and so on with some hundreds of like signs invented by Abbé de Rance, the founder of the order. Trappists converse in this manner with amazing rapidity, and may be heard laughing heartily at the comicality of a story told entirely by signs. Strange to say there is no austere gloom about the Trappist. His face invariably bears the stamp of serenity, often that of half-subdued gaiety. The life he leads is nevertheless a very hard one. No fire is allowed in

the winter except in the *chauffoir* or stove-room, and there the monks are permitted during excessive cold weather to come in for fifteen minutes only, the man nearest the stove yielding his place to the new-comer. The *chauffoir* and the hospital are the only artificially heated apartments in the building.

The Trappist takes but one meal and a slight refecton per day. He is the strictest of all vegetarians, for he is not allowed to partake of any other food except milk and cheese. From the 14th of September to the Saturday in Passion week, he must not even touch milk. Vegetables cooked in water, with a little salt, together with some cider apples, pears and almonds, being all that is permitted him, and during that long period he takes food but once daily. The diet is not precisely the same in all monasteries, certain modifications being authorised, according to the produce of the monastic lands. Thus at Le Port du Salut they brew and drink beer and at other places where wine is made they use that in very limited quantities, largely diluted with water.

Trappists wait in turn at table upon their brethren. No one, not even the abbot, is to ask for anything for himself, but each monk is bound to see that those seated on either side of him get everything they are entitled to, and to give notice of any omission by giving a slight tap upon the table and pointing with the finger to the neglected brother.

Any monk arriving in the refectory after grace prostrates himself in the middle of the room and remains there until the abbot knocks with a small hammer and thus liberates him. A graver punishment is inflicted now and again at the conclusion of dinner. The culprit, so called, lies flat on the stones across the doorway, and each brother and guest is compelled to step over him as he makes his exit. I say guest advisedly, for it is the privilege of all who receive hospitality at La Trappe to dine once—not oftener—in the monks' refectory. During meals one of the Brotherhood reads aloud, in accordance with Cistercian practice.

The dinner at Le Port du Salut consists generally of vegetable soup, salad without oil, whole-meal bread, cheese, and a modicum of light beer. Though

the cooking is of the plainest description the quality of the vegetables is excellent, and the cheese has become quite famous. The meal never lasts longer than twenty minutes, and when over, all remaining scraps are distributed to the poor assembled at the gate. Six hundred pounds weight of bread and several casks of soup are also distributed weekly, besides what the abbot may send to any sick person in the vicinity.

The ailing Trappist is allowed to indulge in what is called *Le Soulagement*, viz. two eggs taken early in the morning. In cases of very severe illness, and when under medical treatment in the hospital, animal food may be used; but the attachment to rules is so great that the authority of the Superiors has frequently to be exercised in order to enforce the doctor's prescription. In the words of Father Martin, the attendant of the hospital, "When a Trappist consents to eat meat, he is at death's very door."

The cemetery is surrounded on all sides by the buildings of the *Communauté*, so that from every window the monks may see their last resting place. The graves are indicated by a slight rising of the grass and by a cross bearing the saint's name assumed by the brother on his *profession*. Nothing else is recorded save his age and the date of his death. Threescore years and ten seem to be the minimum of life at La Trappe, and astonishing as this longevity may appear *primâ facie*, it is more so when one considers that the vocation of most postulants has been determined by a desire to separate themselves from a world, in which they had previously lost their peace of soul and their bodily health.

Under the regularity of monastic life, its labor, its tranquillity, and either despite the severity of the diet or in virtue of it, it is wonderful how soon the dejected and feeble become restored to health. Out of fifteen novices, statistics show that only one remains to be what is called a *profès*, the other fourteen leaving the monastery before the expiration of two years. A touching custom may be here mentioned. Trappists are told in their Chapter meeting, "Brethren, one of us has lost a father (or any other relation); let us pray for the departed soul." But none know the name of the bereft brother.

After having taken vows as a *profès* the Trappist holds a co-proprietorship in the buildings and lands of the association and must live and die in the monastery. Death is his goal and best hope. In order to remind him of it, a grave is always ready in the cemetery; but the belief is altogether erroneous that each Trappist digs his own grave. When the earth yawning for the dead has been filled, another pit is opened *by any one ordered for the task*. Each Trappist then comes and prays at the side of this grave which may be his own. Neither do Trappists when they meet each other say, "Brother, we must die," as is also generally accredited to them. This is, we think, the salute of the disciples of Bruno at La Grande Chartreuse.

The farm buildings of Le Port du Salut are many and various, including sheds for cattle, a corn-mill, and looms for the manufacture of the woollen and cotton clothing the monks wear. There is much land, outside, as well as inside the walls of the precinct, which the monks cultivate, and they may be often seen in their full robes, despite the heat of the summer, working steadfastly in the fields, and the abbot harder than any of them.

During the twenty-four hours of an ordinary working day the Trappist is thus employed. He rises generally at two A.M., but on feast days at midnight or at one o'clock in the morning according to the importance of the festival. He immediately goes to church, which is shrouded in darkness, except the light that glimmers from the small lamps perpetually burning before the altar as in all Roman Catholic churches. The first service continues until three o'clock; at that hour and with the last words of the hymn all the monks prostrate themselves on the stones and remain in silent meditation during thirty minutes. The nave is then lighted, and the chants are resumed until five A.M., when masses commence. The number of hours given to liturgic offices is, on an average, seven per day. Singing, but in a peculiar way, forms a part of the worship. All the musical notes are long and of equal duration, and this because the Trappist must sing hymns "for the love of God, and not for his own

delectation." Moreover, he must exert his voice to its utmost, and this being prolonged at intervals during seven hours per diem proves a greater fatigue than even manual labor.

The distribution of the labor takes place every day under the superintendence of the abbot, the prior, and the cellérier, the last named official having the care of all the temporalities of the place, and being permitted, like the Superior, to hold intercourse with the outer world. The cellérier stands indeed in the same relation to the monastery as does a supercargo to a ship.

Labor is regular or occasional. To the first the brethren are definitely appointed, and their work is every day the same; the latter, which is mainly agricultural, is allotted by the Superior according to age, physical condition, and aptitude, but it is imperative that every monk *must participate in manual labor*. Even a guest may, if he pleases, claim, what is considered as a *privilege*, three hours of work a day.

After dinner the Trappist gives one hour to rest, but the maximum never exceeds seven hours, and on feast days is materially reduced by earlier rising. The mid-day siesta over, labor continues until a quarter to five o'clock, which is the hour of refection. Then comes the last religious office of the day, the "Salve Regina," at which guests as well as brethren are expected to assist. The last word of the hymn at this service is the last word of the day. It is called "The Time of the Great Silence." Monks and guests then leave the church, smothering the sound of their footsteps as much as possible, and noiselessly retire to their respective resting places; lights are put out, except in case of special permission of the abbot, and a death-like quiet and gloom reigns everywhere throughout the habitation.

The life of guests at Le Port du Salut differs from that of a Trappist. There is a parlor common to all, with a fire burning in it during winter, but each one sleeps in a separate cell, and has three meals a day; he may eat eggs from Easter until September, and have his vegetables cooked with butter. Last, though not least, his wants are attended to, and his cell swept and

cleaned by the father and the brother of the hostellerie, who are also at liberty to hold conversation with him.

A guest may stay in the monastery for three days without giving any particulars of himself, for fourteen days if he chooses to disclose who and what he is, and for as much as three months if his circumstances seem to need it. After that time, if he be poor, he may be sent away to another monastery at the cost of the senders; but the abbot is free to extend a guest's visit to any duration.

Trappists are most useful citizens. They perform, per head, more labor than any farmer; they expend upon their own maintenance the very minimum necessary to support existence; they undertake at the cost of their lives works of great public utility, such as the draining of the extensive marshes of Les Dombes, in the south of France, and of La Metidja, at Staouëli, near Algiers, which they are converting into

fruitful fields. As horticulturists, agriculturists, dairymen, millers, and breeders of cattle they are unrivalled; for men whose faith is that to work is to pray, cannot fail to excel those with whom work is, if even necessary, a tiresome obligation. Lastly, in all new establishments, the Trappist only considers his monastery founded when a dead brother has taken possession of the land and lies buried in the first open grave.

Such is the real life of the Trappists. It is apparently a happy one; and it is with feelings of deep regret and of friendly remembrance that the departing guest, as he reaches a turning of the road, and sees the steeple of the monastery of Le Port du Salut disappear, stands for a moment to cast a last look upon that peaceful abode ere he wends his way again into the wide, wide world.—*Good Words.*

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#### THUNDERBOLTS.

THE subject of thunderbolts is a very fascinating one, and all the more so because there are no such things in existence at all as thunderbolts of any sort. Like the snakes of Iceland, their whole history might, from the positive point of view at least, be summed up in the simple statement of their utter nonentity. But does that do away in the least, I should like to know, with their intrinsic interest and importance? Not a bit of it. It only adds to the mystery and charm of the whole subject. Does any one feel as keenly interested in any real living cobra or anaconda as in the non-existent great sea-serpent? Are ghosts and vampires less attractive objects of popular study than cats and donkeys? Can the present King of Abyssinia, interviewed by our own correspondent, equal the romantic charm of Prester John, or the butcher in the next street rival the personality of Sir Roger Charles Doughty Tichborne, Baronet? No, the real fact is this: if there *were* thunderbolts, the question of their nature and action would be a wholly dull, scientific, and priggish one; it is their unreality alone that invests them with all the mysterious weirdness

of pure fiction. Lightning, now, is a common thing that one reads about wearily in the books on electricity, a mere ordinary matter of positive and negative, density and potential, to be measured in ohms (whatever they may be), and partially imitated with Leyden jars and red sealing-wax apparatus. Why, did not Benjamin Franklin, a fat old gentleman in ill-fitting small clothes, bring it down from the clouds with a simple door-key, somewhere near Philadelphia? and does not Mr. Robert Scott (of the Meteorological Office) calmly predict its probable occurrence within the next twenty-four hours in his daily report, as published regularly in the morning papers? This is lightning, mere vulgar lightning, a simple result of electrical conditions in the upper atmosphere, inconveniently connected with algebraical formulas in  $x$ ,  $y$ ,  $z$ , with horrid symbols interspersed in Greek letters. But the real thunderbolts of Jove, the weapons that the angry Zeus, or Thor, or Indra hurls down upon the head of the trembling malefactor—how infinitely grander, more fearsome, and more mysterious!

And yet even nowadays, I believe,

there are a large number of well-informed people, who have passed the sixth standard, taken prizes at the Oxford Local, and attended the dulllest lectures of the Society for University Extension, but who nevertheless in some vague and dim corner of their consciousness retain somehow a lingering faith in the existence of thunderbolts. They have not yet grasped in its entirety the simple truth that lightning is the reality of which thunderbolts are the mythical or fanciful or verbal representation. We all of us know now that lightning is a mere flash of electric light and heat; that it has no solid existence or core of any sort; in short, that it is dynamical rather than material, a state or movement rather than a body or thing. To be sure, local newspapers still talk with much show of learning about the "electric fluid" which did such remarkable damage last week upon the slated steeple of Peddington Torpida church; but the well-crammed schoolboy of the present day has long since learned that the electric fluid is an exploded fallacy, and that the lightning which pulled the ten slates off the steeple in question was nothing more in its real nature than a very big immaterial spark. However, the word thunderbolt has survived to us from the days when people still believed that the thing which did the damage during a thunderstorm was really and truly a gigantic white-hot bolt or arrow; and as there is a natural tendency in human nature to fit an existence to every word, people even now continue to imagine that there must be actually something or other somewhere called a thunderbolt. They don't figure this thing to themselves as being identical with the lightning; on the contrary, they seem to regard it as something infinitely rarer, more terrible, and more mystic; but they firmly hold that thunderbolts do exist in real life, and even sometimes assert that they themselves have positively seen them.

But if seeing is believing, it is equally true, as all who have looked into the phenomena of spiritualism and "psychical research" (modern English for ghost-hunting), know too well that believing is seeing also. The origin of the faith in thunderbolts must be looked for (like the origin of the faith in ghosts

and "psychical phenomena") far back in the history of our race. The noble savage, at that early period when wild in woods he ran, naturally noticed the existence of thunder and lightning, because thunder and lightning are things that forcibly obtrude themselves upon the attention of the observer, however little he may by nature be scientifically inclined. Indeed, the noble savage, sleeping naked on the bare ground, in tropical countries where thunder occurs almost every night on an average, was sure to be pretty often awaked from his peaceful slumbers by the torrents of rain that habitually accompany thunderstorms in the happy realms of everlasting dog-days. Primitive man was thereupon compelled to do a little philosophising on his own account as to the cause and origin of the rumbling and flashing which he saw so constantly around him. Naturally enough, he concluded that the sound must be the voice of somebody; and that the fiery shaft, whose effects he sometimes noted upon trees, animals, and his fellow-man, must be the somebody's arrow. It is immaterial from this point of view whether, as the scientific anthropologists hold, he was led to his conception of these supernatural personages from his prior belief in ghosts and spirits, or whether, as Professor Max Müller will have it, he felt a deep yearning in his primitive savage breast toward the Infinite and the Unknowable (which he would doubtless have spelt like the professor, with a capital initial, had he been acquainted with the intricacies of the yet uninvented alphabet); but this much at least is pretty certain, that he looked upon the thunder and the lightning as in some sense the voice and the arrows of an aerial god.

Now, this idea about the arrows is itself very significant of the mental attitude of primitive man, and of the way that mental attitude has colored all subsequent thinking and superstition upon this very subject. Curiously enough, to the present day the conception of the thunderbolt is essentially one of a *bolt*—that is to say, an arrow, or at least an arrowhead. All existing thunderbolts (and there are plenty of them lying about casually in country houses and local museums) are more or less arrow-



like in shape and appearance ; some of them, indeed, as we shall see by-and-by, are the actual stone arrow heads of primitive man himself in person. Of course the noble savage was himself in the constant habit of shooting at animals and enemies with a bow and arrow. When, then, he tried to figure to himself the angry god, seated in the storm-clouds, who spoke with such a loud rumbling voice, and killed those who displeased him, with his fiery darts, he naturally thought of him as using in his cloudy home the familiar bow and arrow of this nether planet. To us nowadays, if we were to begin forming the idea for ourselves all over again *de novo*, it would be far more natural to think of the thunder as the noise of a big gun, of the lightning as the flash of the powder, and of the supposed "bolt" as a shell or bullet. There is really a ridiculous resemblance between a thunderstorm and a discharge of artillery. But the old conception derived from so many generations of primitive men has held its own against such mere modern devices as gunpowder and rifle balls ; and none of the objects commonly shown as thunderbolts are ever round : they are distinguished, whatever their origin, by the common peculiarity that they more or less closely resemble a dart or arrowhead.

Let us begin, then, by clearly disembarassing our minds of any lingering belief in the existence of thunderbolts. There are absolutely no such things known to science. The two real phenomena that underlie the fable are simply thunder and lightning. A thunderstorm is merely a series of electrical discharges between one cloud and another, or between clouds and the earth ; and these discharges manifest themselves to our senses under two forms—to the eye as lightning, to the ear as thunder. All that passes in each case is a huge spark—a commotion, not a material object. It is in principle just like the spark from an electrical machine ; but while the most powerful machine of human construction will only send a spark for three feet, the enormous electrical apparatus provided for us by nature will send one for four five, or even ten miles. Though lightning when it touches the earth always seems to us

to come from the clouds to the ground, it is by no means certain that the real course may not at least occasionally be in the opposite direction. All we know is that sometimes there is an instantaneous discharge between one cloud and another, and sometimes an instantaneous discharge between a cloud and the earth.

But this idea of a mere passage of highly concentrated energy from one point to another was far too abstract, of course, for primitive man, and is far too abstract even now for nine out of ten of our fellow-creatures. Those who don't still believe in the bodily thunderbolt, a fearsome aerial weapon which buries itself deep in the bosom of the earth, look upon lightning as at least an embodiment of the electric fluid, a long spout or line of molten fire, which is usually conceived of as striking the ground and then proceeding to hide itself under the roots of a tree or beneath the foundations of a tottering house. Primitive man naturally took to the grosser and more material conception. He figured to himself the thunderbolt as a barbed arrowhead ; and the forked zigzag character of the visible flash, as it darts rapidly from point to point, seemed almost inevitably to suggest to him the barbs, as one sees them represented on all the Greek and Roman gems, in the red right hand of the angry Jupiter.

The thunderbolt being thus an accepted fact, it followed naturally that whenever any dart-like object of unknown origin was dug up out of the ground, it was at once set down as being a thunderbolt ; and, on the other hand, the frequent occurrence of such dart-like objects, precisely where one might expect to find them in accordance with the theory, necessarily strengthened the belief itself. So commonly are thunderbolts picked up to the present day that to disbelieve in them seems to many country people a piece of ridiculous and stubborn scepticism. Why, they've ploughed up dozens of them themselves in their time, and just about the very place where the thunderbolt struck the old elm-tree two years ago, too.

The most favorite form of thunderbolt is the polished stone hatchet or "celt" of the newer stone age men. I have never heard the very rude chipped and unpolished axes of the

older drift men or cave men described as thunderbolts : they are too rough and shapeless ever to attract attention from any except professed archæologists. Indeed, the wicked have been known to scoff at them freely as mere accidental lumps of broken flint, and to deride the notion of their being due in any way to deliberate human handicraft. These are the sort of people who would regard a grand piano as a fortuitous concourse of atoms. But the shapely stone hatchet of the later neolithic farmer and herdsman is usually a beautifully polished wedge-shaped piece of solid greenstone; and its edge has been ground to such a delicate smoothness that it seems rather like a bit of nature's exquisite workmanship than a simple relic of prehistoric man. There is something very fascinating about the naïf belief that the neolithic axe is a genuine unadulterated thunderbolt. You dig it up in the ground exactly where you would expect a thunderbolt (if there were such things) to be. It is heavy, smooth, well shaped, and neatly pointed at one end. If it could really descend in a red-hot state from the depths of the sky, launched forth like a cannon-ball by some fierce discharge of heavenly artillery, it would certainly prove a very formidable weapon indeed; and one could easily imagine it scoring the bark of some aged oak, or tearing off the tiles from a projecting turret, exactly as the lightning is so well known to do in this prosaic workaday world of ours. In short, there is really nothing on earth against the theory of the stone axe being a true thunderbolt, except the fact that it unfortunately happens to be a neolithic hatchet.

But the course of reasoning by which we discover the true nature of the stone axe is not one that would in any case appeal strongly to the fancy or the intelligence of the British farmer. It is no use telling him that whenever one opens a barrow of the stone age one is pretty sure to find a neolithic axe and a few broken pieces of pottery beside the mouldering skeleton of the old nameless chief who lies there buried. The British farmer will doubtless stolidly retort that thunderbolts often strike the tops of hills, which are just the places where barrows and tumuli (tumps, he calls

them) most do congregate; and that as to the skeleton, isn't it just as likely that the man was killed by the thunderbolt as that the thunderbolt was made by a man? Ay, and a sight likelier, too.

All the world over, this simple and easy belief, that the buried stone axe is a thunderbolt, exists among Europeans and savages alike. In the West of England, the laborers will tell you that the thunder-axes they dig up fell from the sky. In Brittany, says Mr. Tylor, the old man who mends umbrellas at Carnac, beside the mysterious stone avenues of that great French Stonehenge, inquires on his rounds for *pierres de tonnerre*, which of course are found with suspicious frequency in the immediate neighborhood of prehistoric remains. In the Chinese Encyclopædia we are told that the "lightning stones" have sometimes the shape of a hatchet, sometimes that of a knife, and sometimes that of a mallet. And then, by a curious misapprehension, the sapient author of that work goes on to observe that these lightning stones are used by the wandering Mongols instead of copper and steel. It never seems to have struck his celestial intelligence that the Mongols made the lightning stones instead of digging them up out of the earth. So deeply had the idea of the thunderbolt buried itself in the recesses of his soul, that though a neighboring people were still actually manufacturing stone axes almost under his very eyes, he reversed mentally the entire process, and supposed they dug up the thunderbolts which he saw them using, and employed them as common hatchets. This is one of the finest instances on record of the popular figure which grammarians call the *hysteron proteron*, and ordinary folk describe as putting the cart before the horse. Just so, while in some parts of Brazil the Indians are still laboriously polishing their stone hatchets, in other parts the planters are digging up the precisely similar stone hatchets of earlier generations, and religiously preserving them in their houses as undoubted thunderbolts. I have myself had pressed upon my attention as genuine lightning stones, in the West Indies, the exquisitely polished greenstone tomahawks of the old Carib marauders. But then, in this matter, I

am pretty much in the position of that philosophic sceptic who, when he was asked by a lady whether he believed in ghosts, answered wisely, "No, madam, I have seen by far too many of them."

One of the finest accounts ever given of the nature of thunderbolts is that mentioned by Adrianus Tollius in his edition of "Boethius on Gems." He gives illustrations of some neolithic axes and hammers, and then proceeds to state that in the opinion of philosophers they are generated in the sky by a fulgurous exhalation (whatever that may look like) conglobed in a cloud by a circumfixed humor, and baked hard, as it were, by intense heat. The weapon, it seems, then becomes pointed by the damp mixed with it flying from the dry part, and leaving the other end denser; while the exhalations press it so hard that it breaks out through the cloud, and makes thunder and lightning. A very lucid explanation certainly, but rendered a little difficult of apprehension by the effort necessary for realising in a mental picture the conglobation of a fulgurous exhalation by a circumfixed humor.

One would like to see a drawing of the process, though the sketch would probably much resemble the picture of a muchness, so admirably described by the mock turtle. The excellent Tollius himself, however, while demurring on the whole to this hypothesis of the philosophers, bases his objection mainly on the ground that if this were so, then it is odd that thunderbolts are not round, but wedge-shaped, and that they have holes in them, and those holes not equal throughout, but widest at the ends. As a matter of fact Tollius has here hit the right nail on the head quite accidentally; for the holes are really there, of course, to receive the haft of the axe or hammer. But if they were truly thunderbolts, and if the bolts were shafted, then the holes would have been lengthwise as in an arrowhead, not crosswise, as in an axe or hammer. Which is a complete *reductio ad absurdum* of the philosophic opinion.

Some of the *cerauniæ*, says Pliny, are like hatchets. He would have been nearer the mark if he had said "are hatchets" outright. But this *aperçu*, which was to Pliny merely a stray suggestion, became to the northern peoples

a firm article of belief, and caused them to represent to themselves their god Thor or Thunor as armed, not with a bolt, but with an axe or hammer. Etymologically Thor, Thunor, and thunder are the self-same word; but while the southern races looked upon Zeus or Indra as wielding his forked darts in his red right hand, the northern races looked upon the Thunder-god as hurling down an angry hammer from his seat in the clouds. There can be but little doubt that the very notion of Thor's hammer itself was derived from the shape of the supposed thunderbolt, which the Scandinavians and Teutons rightly saw at once to be an axe or mallet, not an arrowhead. The "fiery axe" of Thunor is a common metaphor in Anglo-Saxon poetry. Thus, Thor's hammer is itself merely the picture which our northern ancestors formed to themselves, by compounding the idea of thunder and lightning with the idea of the polished stone hatchets they dug up among the fields and meadows.

Flint arrowheads of the stone age are less often taken for thunderbolts, no doubt because they are so much smaller that they look quite too insignificant for the weapons of an angry god. They are more frequently described as fairy-darts or fairy-bolts. Still, I have known even arrowheads regarded as thunderbolts and preserved superstitiously under that belief. In Finland, stone arrows are universally so viewed; and the rainbow is looked upon as the bow of Tiermes, the thunder-god, who shoots with it the guilty sorcerers.

But why should thunderbolts, whether stone axes or flint arrowheads, be preserved, not merely as curiosities, but from motives of superstition? The reason is a simple one. Everybody knows that in all magical ceremonies it is necessary to have something belonging to the person you wish to conjure against, in order to make your spells effectual. A bone, be it but a joint of the little finger, is sufficient to raise the ghost to which it once belonged; cuttings of hair or clippings of nails are enough to put their owner magically in your power; and that is the reason why, if you are a prudent person, you will always burn all such off-castings of your body, lest

happily an enemy should get hold of them, and cast the evil eye upon you with their potent aid. In the same way, if you can lay hands upon anything that once belonged to an elf, such as a fairy-bolt or flint arrowhead, you can get its former possessor to do anything you wish by simply rubbing it and calling upon him to appear. This is the secret of half the charms and amulets in existence, most of which are real old arrowheads, or carnelians cut in the same shape, which has now mostly degenerated from the barb to the conventional heart, and been mistakenly associated with the idea of love. This is the secret, too, of all the rings, lamps, gems, and boxes, possession of which gives a man power over fairies, spirits, gnomes, and genii. All magic proceeds upon the prime belief that you must possess something belonging to the person you wish to control, constrain, or injure. And, failing anything else, you must at least have a wax image of him, which you call by his name, and use as his substitute in your incantations.

On this primitive principle, possession of a thunderbolt gives you some sort of hold, as it were, over the thunder-god himself in person. If you keep a thunderbolt in your house it will never be struck by lightning. In Shetland, stone axes are religiously preserved in every cottage as a cheap and simple substitute for lightning-rods. In Cornwall the stone hatchets and arrowheads not only guard the house from thunder, but also act as magical barometers, changing color with the changes of the weather, as if in sympathy with the temper of the thunder-god. In Germany, the house where a thunderbolt is kept is safe from the storm; and the bolt itself begins to sweat on the approach of lightning-clouds. Nay, so potent is the protection afforded by a thunderbolt that where the lightning has once struck it never strikes again; the bolt already buried in the soil seems to preserve the surrounding place from the anger of the deity. Old and pagan in their nature as are these beliefs, they yet survive so thoroughly into Christian times that I have seen a stone hatchet built into the steeple of a church to protect it from lightning. Indeed, steeples have always of course attracted the electric discharge

to a singular degree by their height and tapering form, especially before the introduction of lightning-rods; and it was a sore trial of faith to mediæval reasoners to understand why heaven should hurl its angry darts so often against the towers of its very own churches. In the Abruzzi the flint axe has actually been Christianised into St. Paul's arrows—*saetti de San Paolo*. Families hand down the miraculous stone from father to son as a precious legacy; and mothers hang them on their children's necks side by side with medals of saints and madonnas, which themselves are hardly so prized as the stones that fall from heaven.

Another and very different form of thunderbolt is the belemnite, a common English fossil often preserved in houses in the west country with the same superstitious reverence as the neolithic hatchets. The very form of the belemnite at once suggests the notion of a dart or lance-head, which has gained for it its scientific name. At the present day, when all our girls go to Girton and enter for the classical tripos, I need hardly translate the word belemnite "for the benefit of the ladies," as people used to do in the dark and unemancipated eighteenth century; but as our boys have left off learning Greek just as their sisters are beginning to act the "Antigone" at private theatricals, I may perhaps be pardoned if I explain, "for the benefit of the gentlemen," that the word is practically equivalent to javelin-fossil. The belemnites are the internal shells of a sort of cuttle-fish which swam about in enormous numbers in the seas whose sediment forms our modern lias, oolite, and gault. A great many different species are known and have acquired charming names in very doubtful Attic at the hands of profoundly learned geological investigators, but almost all are equally good representatives of the mythical thunderbolt. The finest specimens are long, thick, cylindrical, and gradually tapering, with a hole at one end as if on purpose to receive the shaft. Sometimes they have petrified into iron pyrites or copper compounds, shining like gold, and then they make very noble thunderbolts indeed, heavy as lead, and capable of doing profound mischief if properly directed. At other

times they have crystallised in transparent spar, and then they form very beautiful objects, as smooth and polished as the best lapidary could possibly make them. Belemnites are generally found in immense numbers together, especially in the marlstone quarries of the Midlands, and in the ias cliffs of Dorsetshire. Yet the quarrymen who find them never seem to have their faith shaken in the least by the enormous quantities of thunderbolts that would appear to have struck a single spot with such extraordinary frequency. This little fact also tells rather hardly against the theory that the lightning never falls twice upon the same place.

Only the largest and heaviest belemnites are known as thunder stones; the smaller ones are more commonly described as agate pencils. In Shakespeare's country their connection with thunder is well known, so that in all probability a belemnite is the original of the beautiful lines in "Cymbeline"—

Fear no more the lightning flash,  
Nor the all-dreaded thunder stone,

where the distinction between the lightning and the thunderbolt is particularly well indicated. In every part of Europe belemnites and stone hatchets are alike regarded as thunderbolts; so that we have the curious result that people confuse under a single name a natural fossil of immense antiquity and a human product of comparatively recent but still prehistoric date. Indeed, I have had two thunderbolts shown me at once, one of which was a large belemnite and the other a modern Indian tomahawk. Curiously enough, English sailors still call the nearest surviving relatives of the belemnites, the squids or calamaries of the Atlantic, by the appropriate name of sea-arrows.

Many other natural or artificial objects have added their tittle to the belief in thunderbolts. In the Himalayas, for example, where awful thunderstorms are always occurring as common objects of the country, the torrents which follow them tear out of the loose soil fossil bones and tusks and teeth, which are universally looked upon as lightning-stones. The nodules of pyrites, often picked up on beaches, with their false appearance of having been melted by intense heat, pass mus-

ter easily with children and sailor folk for the genuine thunderbolts. But the grand upholder of the belief, the one true undeniable reality which has kept alive the thunderbolt even in a wicked and sceptical age, is beyond all question the occasional falling of meteoric stones. Your meteor is an incontrovertible fact; there is no getting over him; in the British Museum itself you will find him duly classified and labelled and catalogued. Here, surely, we have the ultimate substratum of the thunderbolt myth. To be sure, meteors have no kind of natural connection with thunderstorms; they may fall anywhere and at any time; but to object thus is to be hypercritical. A stone that falls from heaven, no matter how or when, is quite good enough to be considered as a thunderbolt.

Meteors, indeed, might very easily be confounded with lightning, especially by people who already have the full-blown conception of a thunderbolt floating about vaguely in their brains. The meteor leaps upon the earth suddenly with a rushing noise; it is usually red-hot when it falls, by friction against the air; it is mostly composed of native iron and other heavy metallic bodies; and it does its best to bury itself in the ground in the most orthodox and respectable manner. The man who sees this parlous monster come whizzing through the clouds from planetary space, making a fiery track like a great dragon as it moves rapidly across the sky, and finally ploughing its way into the earth in his own back garden, may well be excused for regarding it as a fine specimen of the true antique thunderbolt. The same virtues which belong to the buried stone are in some other places claimed for meteoric iron, small pieces of which are worn as charms, specially useful in protecting the wearer against thunder, lightning, and evil incantations. In many cases miraculous images have been hewn out of the stones that have fallen from heaven; and in others the meteorite itself is carefully preserved or worshipped as the actual representative of god or goddess, saint or madonna. The image that fell down from Jupiter may itself have been a mass of meteoric iron.

Both meteorites and stone hatchets, as well as all other forms of thunder-

bolt, are in excellent repute as amulets, not only against lightning, but against the evil eye generally. In Italy they protect the owner from thunder, epidemics, and cattle disease, the last two of which are well known to be caused by witchcraft; while Prospero in the "Tempest" is a surviving proof how thunderstorms, too, can be magically produced. The tongues of sheep-bells ought to be made of meteoric iron or of elf-bolts, in order to insure the animals against foot-and-mouth disease or death by storm. Built into walls or placed on the threshold of stables, thunderbolts are capital preventives of fire or other damage, though not perhaps in this respect quite equal to a rusty horseshoe from a prehistoric battle-field. Thrown into a well they purify the water; and boiled in the drink of diseased sheep they render a cure positively certain. In Cornwall thunderbolts are a sovereign remedy for rheumatism; and in the popular pharmacopœia of Ireland they have been employed with success for ophthalmia, pleurisy, and many other painful diseases. If finely powdered and swallowed piecemeal, they render the person who swallows them invulnerable for the rest of his lifetime. But they cannot conscientiously be recommended for dyspepsia and other forms of indigestion.

As if on purpose to confuse our already very vague ideas about thunderbolts, there is one special kind of lightning which really seems intentionally to simulate a meteorite, and that is the kind known as fireballs or (more scientifically) globular lightning. A fireball generally appears as a sphere of light, sometimes only as big as a Dutch cheese, sometimes as large as three feet in diameter. It moves along very slowly and demurely through the air, remaining visible for a whole minute or two together; and in the end it generally bursts up with great violence, as if it were a London railway station being experimented upon by Irish patriots. At Milan one day a fireball of this description walked down one of the streets so slowly that a small crowd walked after it admiringly, to see where it was going. It made straight for a church steeple, after the common but scireligious fashion of all lightning,

struck the gilded cross on the topmost pinnacle, and then immediately vanished, like a Virgilian apparition, into thin air.

A few years ago, too, Dr. Tripe was watching a very severe thunderstorm, when he saw a fireball come quietly gliding up to him, apparently rising from the earth rather than falling towards it. Instead of running away, like a practical man, the intrepid doctor held his ground quietly and observed the fiery monster with scientific nonchalance. After continuing its course for some time in a peaceful and regular fashion, however, without attempting to assault him, it finally darted off at a tangent in another direction, and turned apparently into forked lightning. A fireball, noticed among the Glendowan Mountains in Donegal, behaved even more eccentrically, as might be expected from its Irish antecedents. It first skirted the earth in a leisurely way for several hundred yards like a cannon-ball; then it struck the ground, ricocheted, and once more bounded along for another short spell; after which it disappeared in the boggy soil, as if it were completely finished and done for. But in another moment it rose again, nothing daunted, with Celtic irrepressibility, several yards away, pursued its ghostly course across a running stream (which shows, at least, there could have been no witchcraft in it), and finally ran to earth for good in the opposite bank, leaving a round hole in the sloping peat at the spot where it buried itself. Where it first struck, it cut up the peat as if with a knife, and made a broad deep trench which remained afterwards as a witness of its eccentric conduct. If the person who observed it had been of a superstitious turn of mind, we should have had here one of the finest and most terrifying ghost stories on the entire record, which would have made an exceptionally splendid show in the Transactions of the Society for Psychical Research. Unfortunately, however, he was only a man of science, ungifted with the precious dower of poetical imagination; so he stupidly called it a remarkable fireball, measured the ground carefully like a common engineer, and sent an account of the phenomenon to that far more prosaic periodical, the "Quar-

terly Journal of the Meteorological Society." Another splendid apparition thrown away recklessly, forever!

There is a curious form of electrical discharge, somewhat similar to the fire-ball but on a smaller scale, which may be regarded as the exact opposite of the thunderbolt, inasmuch as it is always quite harmless. This is St. Elmo's fire, a brush of lambent light, which plays around the masts of ships and the tops of trees, when clouds are low and tension great. It is, in fact, the equivalent in nature of the brush discharge from an electric machine. The Greeks and Romans looked upon this lambent display as a sign of the presence of Castor and Pollux, "*fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera,*" and held that its appearance was an omen of safety, as everybody who has read the "*Lays of Ancient Rome*" must surely remember. The modern name, St. Elmo's fire, is itself a curiously twisted and perversely Christianized reminiscence of the great twin brethren; for St. Elmo is merely a corruption of Helena, made masculine and canonised by the grateful sailors. It was as Helen's brothers that they best knew the Dioscuri in the good old days of the upper empire; and when the new religion forbade them any longer to worship those vain heathen deities, they managed to hand over the flames at the masthead to an imaginary St. Elmo, whose protection stood them in just as good stead as that of the original alternate immortals.

Finally, the effects of lightning itself are sometimes such as to produce upon the mind of an impartial but unscientific beholder the firm idea that a bodily thunderbolt must necessarily have descended from heaven. In sand or rock, where lightning has struck, it often forms long hollow tubes, known to the calmly discriminating geological intelligence as fulgurites, and looking for all the world like gigantic drills such as quarrymen make for putting in a blast. They are produced, of course, by the melting of the rock under the terrific heat of the electric spark; and they grow narrower and narrower as they descend till they finally disappear. But to a casual observer, they irresistibly suggest the notion that a material weapon has struck the ground, and buried itself at

the bottom of the hole. The summit of Little Ararat, that weather-beaten and many-fabled peak (where an enterprising journalist not long ago discovered the remains of Noah's Ark), has been riddled through and through by frequent lightnings, till the rock is now a mere honeycombed mass of drills and tubes, like an old target at the end of a long day's constant rifle practice. Pieces of the red trachyte from the summit, a foot long, have been brought to Europe, perforated all over with these natural bullet marks, each of them lined with black glass, due to the fusion of the rock by the passage of the spark. Specimens of such thunder-drilled rock may be seen in most geological museums. On some which Humboldt collected from a peak in Mexico, the fused slag from the wall of the tube has overflowed on to the surrounding surface, thus conclusively proving (if proof were necessary) that the holes are due to melting heat alone, and not to the passage of any solid thunderbolt.

But it was the introduction and general employment of lightning-rods that dealt a final deathblow to the thunderbolt theory. A lightning-conductor consists essentially of a long piece of metal, pointed at the end, whose business it is, not so much (as most people imagine) to carry off the flash of lightning harmlessly, should it happen to strike the house to which the conductor is attached, but rather to prevent the occurrence of a flash at all, by gradually and gently drawing off the electricity as fast as it gathers, before it has had time to collect in sufficient force for a destructive discharge. It resembles in effect an overflow pipe, which drains off the surplus water of a pond as soon as it runs in, in such a manner as to prevent the possibility of an inundation, which might occur if the water were allowed to collect in force behind a dam or embankment. It is a flood-gate, not a moat: it carries away the electricity of the air quietly to the ground, without allowing it to gather in sufficient amount to produce a flash of lightning. It might thus be better called a lightning-preventor than a lightning-conductor: it conducts electricity, but it prevents lightning. At first, all lightning-rods used to be made with

knobs on the top, and then the electricity used to collect at the surface until the electric force was sufficient to cause a spark. In those happy days, you had the pleasure of seeing that the lightning was actually being drawn off from your neighborhood piecemeal. Knobs, it was held, must be the best things, because you could incontestably see the sparks striking them with your own eyes. But as time went on, electricians discovered that if you fixed a fine metal point to the conductor of an electric machine it was impossible to get up any appreciable charge, because the electricity kept always leaking out by means of the point. Then it was seen that if you made your lightning-rods pointed at the end, you would be able in the same way to dissipate your electricity before it ever had time to come to a head in the shape of lightning. From that moment the thunderbolt was safely dead and buried. It was urged, indeed, that the attempt thus to rob Heaven of its thunders was wicked and impious; but the common-sense of mankind refused to believe that absolute omnipotence could be sensibly defied by twenty yards

of cylindrical iron tubing. Thenceforth the thunderbolt ceased to exist, save in poetry, country houses, and the most rural circles; even the electric fluid was generally relegated to the provincial press, where it still keeps company harmoniously with caloric, the devouring element, nature's abhorrence of a vacuum, and many other like philosophical fossils: while lightning itself, shorn of its former glories, could no longer wage impious war against cathedral towers, but was compelled to restrict itself to blasting a solitary rider now and again in the open fields, or drilling more holes in the already crumbling summit of Mount Ararat. Yet it will be a thousand years more, in all probability, before the last thunderbolt ceases to be shown as a curiosity here and there to marvelling visitors, and takes its proper place in some village museum as a belemnite, a meteoric stone, or a polished axe head of our neolithic ancestors. Even then, no doubt, the original bolt will still survive as a recognised property in the stock-in-trade of every well-equipped poet.—  
*Cornhill Magazine.*

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### THE LOCAL COLOR OF "ROMEO AND JULIET."

BY WILLIAM ARCHER.

"ROMEO and Juliet" affords a good illustration of the fallacy which lies at the root of the Shakespearologists' panegyrics of the poet's "local color." We are told that every touch and tint is correctly and vividly Italian. Schlegel, Coleridge, and Philarète Chasles have sought to concentrate in impassioned word-pictures the coloring at once of "Romeo and Juliet" and of Italy. What Shakespeare designed to paint, in vivid but perfectly general hues, was an ideal land of love, a land of moonlight and nightingales, a land to which he had certainly travelled, perhaps before leaving the banks of the Avon. It happens that Italy, of all countries in the material world, most closely resembles this fairyland of the youthful fantasy. If we must place it on the earth at all, we place it there. Therefore did Shakespeare willingly accept the Italian

names for scene and characters provided in his original; and, therefore, our scenic artists very properly draw their inspiration from Italian orange groves and Italian palaces. But it is a fundamental error to regard Romeo and Juliet as specifically Italians, or their country as Italy and nothing but Italy. Their pure-humanity is of no race, their Italy has no latitude or longitude. Shakespeare could not if he would, and would not if he could, have given it the minutely accurate local color of which we hear so much.

Could not if he would, for even the most devout believers in his visit to Italy place it after the date of "Romeo and Juliet" and before that of "The Merchant of Venice." Now, to maintain that the poet evolved Italian local color out of his inner consciousness is merely a piece of the supernaturalism



which infects Shakespearology. Schiller, by diligent study and conversations with Goethe, grasped the cruder local colors of Switzerland, but Shakespeare had no means or opportunity for such study, and no Goethe to aid him. By lifelong love two modern Englishmen have attempted to construct an Italy in their imagination; Rossetti quite successfully, Mr. Shorthouse more or less so. Shakespeare had neither the motives nor the means for attempting any such feat.

But further, had Shakespeare known Italy as well as Mr. Browning, he would still have refrained from loading "Romeo and Juliet" with local color. His audience did not want it, could not understand it, would have been bewildered by it. The very youth of Juliet ("she is not fourteen") proves, it is said, that the poet thought of her as an early-developed Italian girl. Now, the physiological observation here implied is in itself questionable, and, had it conflicted with their preconceptions as to the due period of first love in girls, would have been incomprehensible, if not repellent, to an Elizabethan audience. We, though taught to regard it as "local color," are, by our social conventions, so accustomed to place the marriageable age later, that in our imagination we always add three or four years to Juliet's fourteen; and on the stage the addition is generally made in so many words. But the social conventions of Shakespeare's time tended in precisely the opposite direction. Anne, daughter of Sir Peter Warburton, was only twelve when, in 1539, she was married to Sir Edward Fitton. In Porter's "Angrie Women of Abington," published in 1599, some five years after the probable date of "Romeo and Juliet," it is explicitly stated that fifteen was the ordinary age at which girls married. That was the age of Lady Jane Grey at her marriage: the wife of Sir Simon d'Ewes was even younger; and a little research could easily supply a hundred other cases. In Johnson's "Crowne Garland of Goulden Roses" (1612) a girl who is single at twenty expresses her despair of ever being married. Thus we find that this renowned proof of Juliet's Italian nature resolves itself into a fam-

iliar trait of English social habit in the sixteenth century. Had it been otherwise, it would have been a fault and not a merit in a play which addressed itself, not to an ethnological society, but to a popular audience.

A touch which may possibly have conveyed to Shakespeare's audience a peculiarly Italian impression, is Lady Capulet's suggestion that Romeo should be poisoned. In the sixteenth century poisoning was commonly known in England as "the Italian crime," and was probably connected with Italy in the popular mind as are macaroni and organ-grinders at the present day. But poison is part of the stock-in-trade of the tragic dramatist, and plays a prominent part in the two most distinctly northern of the poet's works, "Hamlet" and "Lear." Again, the Apothecary's speech,—

Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law  
Is death to any he that utters them,  
is held up as a peculiarly Italian touch, no such law appearing in the English statute-book of the time. The fact is that Shakespeare found the idea in Brooke's "Tragicall Historye of Romeus and Juliet," and used it simply to heighten the terror of the situation.

The insult of "biting the thumb" is said, rather doubtfully, to be characteristically Italian; but what can be more English than the cry for "clubs, bills, and partisans" which immediately follows it? Lord Campbell, indeed, seeks to prove Shakespeare's minute knowledge of English law by the frequent and accurate references to it in this opening scene. The "grove of sycamore" under which Romeo is described as wandering, is said to be of unmistakably Italian growth; why, then, does Schlegel, though one of the originators of the local-color theory, seek to make it still more Italian by translating it "Kastanienhain"? Had Shakespeare possessed either the will or the ability to transport his hearers into specifically Italian scenes, would he have confined himself to mentioning one tree, which is neither peculiar to Italy nor a particularly prominent feature in Italian landscapes? Where are the oranges and olives, the poplar, the cypress, and the laurel? Where are the rushing Adige and the gleaming Alps? Where

is the allusion to the Amphitheatre, which could scarcely have been wanting had the poet known or cared anything about Verona except as the capital of his mythic love-land? It might as well be argued that he intended the local color to be peculiarly English because he makes Capulet call Paris an "Earl."

The truth is that when the reader's imagination is heated to a certain point, the colors which subtle associations have implanted in it flush out of their own accord, with no stronger stimulus from the poet than is involved in the mere mention of a name. There is a strict analogy in the Elizabethan theatre. Given poetry and acting which powerfully excited the feelings, and the placard bearing the name of "Agin-court" made all the glaring incongruities vanish, and conjured up in the mind of each hearer such a picture of the tented field as his individual imagination had room for. So it is with the Italy of "Romeo and Juliet." Our fancy being quickened by the mere glow of the poetry, the very name "Verona" places before us a vivid picture composed of all sorts of reminiscences of art, literature, and travel. The pulsing life of the two lovers—types of pure-humanity as general as ever poet fashioned—easily puts on a southern physiognomy with their Italian names. The might of a name has power to cloak even openly incongruous details. It is only on reflection, for instance, that we recognize in Mercutio a most un-Italian and distinctly Teutonic figure, an "angelsächsisch-treuerherzig" humorist, as Kreyssig truly says, who is even made to ridicule Italian manners and phrases with the true Englishman's provincial intolerance. Thus all of us, in reading "Romeo and Juliet," are haunted by visions of Italy, whose origin the commentators strive to find in individual touches of local color and costume, instead of in the powerful stimulus given to all sorts of latent associations by the whole force of the poet's genius. Even apart from travel, pictures and descriptions which do actually aim at local color have made us far more familiar with Italy than any Elizabethan audience can possibly have been. It is

scarcely paradoxical to maintain that the least imaginative among us gives to the love-land of "Romeo and Juliet" far more accurately Italian hues than it wore in the imagination of Shakespeare himself. In the same way I, for my part, never read Marlowe's "Jew of Malta" without forming a vivid picture of the narrow, sultry stairways of Valetta (which I have never seen), conjured up, not certainly by any individual touches of description in the text, but by the mere imaginative vigor of the whole presentation. Conversely, too, a work of small vitality, a second-rate French tragedy for instance, may be full of accurate local and historical allusion, and may yet transport us no whither beyond the cheerless steppes of frigid alexandrines. There is an art, and a high art, to which definite local color is essential, but Shakespeare's is of another order. If we want a masterpiece of strictly Italian coloring we must go, not to "Romeo and Juliet," but to Alfred de Musset's "Lorenzaccio."

Shakespeare, in short, presents us with so much, or so little, of the Italian manners depicted in Brooke and Paynter as would be readily comprehensible to his audience. The fact, too, that the whole love-poetry of the period was influenced by Cisalpine models gave to the forms of expression in certain portions of his work a slightly Italian turn. For the rest, he imbued the great erotic myth with the warmest human life, and left it to create an atmosphere and scenery of its own in the imagination of the beholder. No atmosphere or scenery can be more appropriate than those of an Italian summer, and therefore it is right that our scenic artists should strain their resources to reproduce its warm luxuriance of color. "For now these hot days is the mad blood stirring," says Benvolio, and if we choose to call this hot air a scirocco, why not? But Shakespeare knew nothing of scirocco or tramontana; he knew that warmth is the life-element of passion, and made summer in the air harmonise with summer in the blood. That is the whole secret of his "local color."—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

## WILLIAM SMITH AND WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

IN the year 1856 Lord Ellesmere, then President of the Shakspeare Society, received one day a little pamphlet bearing the at that time astounding title, "Was Lord Bacon the author of Shakspeare's Plays?" The writer's name was Smith. Mr. William Henry Smith, of 76 Harley Street, writer on Shakspeare, is the style he goes by in the Catalogue of the British Museum, to distinguish him from others of the name, whose works fill no less than eight volumes of that Catalogue, and have a special index all to themselves, thereby nobly confirming the truth of our Mr. Smith's answer to some irreverent critics who had jested on his patronym, that it was "a name which some wise and many worthy men have borne—which though not unique, is perfectly genteel." What Lord Ellesmere, either in his presidential or merely human capacity, thought of the pamphlet, we do not know; but Lord Palmerston (who had passed the threescore years then) is said to have declared himself convinced by it, though he is also said to have added that he cared not a jot who the author of the plays might have been provided he was an Englishman. By some of the critics poor Mr. Smith was very roughly handled, and what seems to have galled him most was an insinuation by Nathaniel Hawthorne (then at Liverpool as American Consul) that he had merely taken for his own the ideas of Miss Delia Bacon, whose book was not published till the year after Mr. Smith's pamphlet, but of whose speculation some rumors had before that come "across the Atlantic wave." This Mr. Smith (in his next publication, *Bacon and Shakspeare; an Inquiry touching Players, Playhouses, and Play-writers in the Days of Elizabeth*, 1857) most emphatically denied. He had never heard the name of Miss Bacon till he saw it in a review of his pamphlet: he could not for a long while find what or where she had written, and when he did so the alleged insinuation seemed to him too preposterous to be worth notice. Out of courtesy to Mr. Hawthorne, however, he made his denial public; Mr. Hawthorne returned the courtesy of acceptance, and so this

part of the great Baconian controversy slept in peace. In 1866 appeared in New York a book called *The Authorship of Shakspeare*, the work of a Mr. Nathaniel Holmes, which so enchanted Mr. Smith that he vowed "Providence had provided exactly the champion the cause required," and that for him it remained only "to retire to the rear of this unexpected American contingent," and to "make himself useful in the commissariat department." This American book had, among its other striking merits, this unique one—of being such that no man could possibly quarrel with it. "If argument," says Mr. Smith, "is ever to outweigh preconception and prejudice, the preponderance can only be in one direction"—perhaps the only judgment ever formulated by mortal man which it would be literally impossible to traverse. In this rearward position Mr. Smith modestly abode for eighteen years; but now—"now that the triumph seems so near at hand, we cannot resist coming to the front to congratulate those that have fought the battle upon their success, and, we candidly own, to show ourselves as a veteran who has survived the campaign, and is ready to give an honest account of the stores which still remain on his hands." This congratulation and these stores may be read and seen in another little pamphlet just published by Mr. Smith, and to be bought at Mr. Skeffington's shop in Piccadilly.

It is in no spirit of cavil or disparagement that we overhaul those stores, but solely out of curiosity. We have read Mr. Smith's last pamphlet, and read again his two earlier ones, with the most lively interest and amusement. Indeed, we have never for our part, been able to see the necessity for that "lyric fury" into which some of Mr. Smith's opponents have lashed themselves. His theory has amused thousands of readers—readers of Bacon (both Francis and Delia), of Shakspeare, and of Mr. Smith; it has harmed nobody; it has added fresh lustre to the memories of two great men. Surely, then, we should do ill to be angry, and to be angry with one so courteous and good-humored as

Mr. Smith would be a twofold impossibility. Moreover, we have always felt that there was a great deal to be said for the theory that Francis Bacon wrote the plays printed under the name of William Shakspeare, just as there is a great deal to be said for the converse of the theory, or for any other speculation with which the restless mind of man chooses for the moment to concern itself. After a certain lapse of years there can be no proof positive, no mathematical proof, that any man did or did not write anything. The mere fact of a work having gone for any length of time under such or such a name *proves* nothing; that the manuscript is confessedly in a particular man's handwriting, or the undisputed receipt of a manuscript from a particular man, really, when one comes to consider it, *proves* nothing, so far as authorship is concerned. Take the excellent ballad of "Kafoozleum," for instance. That, like Shakspeare's plays, was known and popular before it was printed; like those, it was printed anonymously; no manuscript of it is known to exist; the authorship is unknown. A hundred years hence who will be able to *prove* it was not written by Lord Tennyson, let us say? One line in it runs "A sound there falls from ruined walls." Why should not some speculative Smith a hundred years hence point to this line as proof conclusive that it must be the work of him who wrote, "The splendor falls on castle walls"? The parallel would be at least incomparably closer than any of those as yet found in the undisputed writings of Bacon and the alleged writings of Shakspeare. Let this be, however; we are not now concerned with any attempt to destroy Mr. Smith's theory, for which, we repeat, we still feel, as we have always felt, there is very much to be said—very much to be said, of course, on both sides; the puzzle is how very little Mr. Smith, and those about him, have found to say on their side.

And, in truth, little as Mr. Smith had found to say in 1856-57 he has found still less to add now in 1884. His "stores" are still very scanty. He has, indeed, satisfied himself (he had "an intuitive idea" of it in 1856) that Shakspeare could neither read nor write, beyond scrawling most illegibly his

own name (the reading he passes by), and curiously enough on the evidence, or rather hypothesis, of another Smith one William James! But, of course, as no scrap of Shakspeare's handwriting is known to exist beyond sixsignatures, all tolerably like each other, this hypothesis cannot stand for very much. Yet really this is the only fresh "fact" Mr. Smith has added to his stores in all these seven-and-twenty years. He recapitulates his old "facts" and, we must add, some of his old blunders, when he says "there is no record of his having been in any way connected with literature until the year 1600," forgetful of the mention of Shakspeare's name as author of *The Rape of Lucrece*, in the prelude to Willobie's *Avisa* (1594), the marginal reference to the same work in Clarke's *Polimanteia* (1595), and the long catalogue of the works then attributed to Shakspeare, as well as the very high praise given to him and them in Meres's *Palladis Tamia*, 1598. The allusions in Greene's *Groatworth of Wit* and Chettle's *Kind-Harts Dreame* we put by as hypotheses merely; but how curious it is to find the champions of this theory so strangely ignorant, or careless of facts familiar, we will not say to every student of Shakspeare's writings, because the word student in connexion with those works has come to have a rather distasteful sound in these Alexandrian days, but to every one who has ever had any curiosity about the man to whom these marvellous works are commonly attributed. Nor is this knowledge within the reach only of those who have money, leisure, or learning. Any one who is able to procure a ticket of admission to the Reading-Room of the British Museum may get it at first hand for himself; numberless books exist any one of which at the cost of a few shillings will furnish him with it at second-hand. We remember to have been much struck last year, when turning over the leaves of Mrs. Pott's edition of the *Promus*, with many proofs of the same ignorance of what one may call the very alphabet of the subject. Coleridge, as we all know now blundered much in the same way in his lectures on Shakspeare; but our knowledge both of the poet and his times has veay greatly increased since Coleridge lectured. Mr. Smith and

Mrs. Pott cannot now soothe themselves with the thought that it is better to err with Coleridge than to shine with Mr. Halliwell-Phillips or Mr. Furnivall; they have only themselves to blame if the world declines to take seriously a theory which its champions have been at so little serious pains to examine and support.

The well-known passage in the *Sonnets* (Bacon's or Shakspeare's)

And almost thence my nature is subdued  
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand,

receives curious confirmation from Mr. Smith's writings. He has studied Bacon's works so closely and long that he has insensibly infected himself with some of that great man's peculiarities. It is the vice, says Bacon, in the *Novum Organum*, of high and discursive intellects to attach too much importance to slight resemblances, a vice which leads men to catch at shadows instead of substances. Mr. Smith quotes this saying; yet how must this vice have got possession of his intellect when he drew up that list of "Parallel passages, and peculiar phrases, from Bacon and Shakspeare," which may be read in his *Bacon and Shakspeare!* Take one instance only:—In the *Life of Henry VII.* occurs this passage: "As his victory gave him the knee, so his purposed marriage with the Lady Elizabeth gave him the heart, so that both knee and heart did truly bow before him"; in *Richard II.* is this line, "Show heaven the humbled heart and not the knee"; and in *Hamlet* this, "And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee." Is it possible that Mr. Smith would seriously have us draw any inference from the fact that in these three passages the word "knee" occurs and in two of them the word "heart"? Really, he might as well insist that, because Mr. Swinburne has written "Cry aloud; for the old world is broken." and because Mr. Arnold has declared himself to be "Wandering between two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born," the author of *Dolores* and the author of the *Stanzas from the Grand Chartreuse* must be one and the same man! Again, Macaulay has noticed how, contrary to general custom, the later writings of Bacon are far superior to the earlier ones in richness of illustration. It is the same with Mr. Smith.

His first pamphlet, though direct and lucid enough, was singularly free from all illustration or ornament of any kind. His next contains passages of wonderful richness and imagination. Bacon, he says, is like an orange-tree, "where we may observe the bud, the blossom, and the fruit in every stage of ripeness, all exhibited in one plant at the same time." And he goes on in a strain of splendid eloquence:—"The stentorian orator in the City Forum, who, restoring his voice with the luscious fruit, continues his harangue to the applauding multitude, little reflects, that the delicate blossom which grew by its side, and was gathered at the same time, decorates the fair brow of the fainting bride in the far-off village church." Never surely before has the the familiar fruit of domestic life been so poetized since "Bon Gaultier" wrote of the subjects of the Moorish tyrant how they would fain have sympathized with his Christian prisoner:—

But they feared the grizzly despot and his  
myrmidons in steel,  
So their sympathy descended in the fruitage of  
Seville.

We cannot conclude without offering to Mr. Smith, in all humility, a little theory of our own, vague as yet and unsubstantial, but worth, we do venture to think, his consideration or the consideration of anybody who is in want of a theory to sport with. This is, that these plays, or at any rate a considerable number of them, were really and truly written by Walter Raleigh. We have not as yet had time to examine this theory very closely, or (like Mr. Smith with his) to find very much evidence in support of it. But of what we have done in that direction we freely make him a present. The following plays were all produced after the year 1603, the year when Raleigh was sent to the Tower for his alleged share in the Cobham plot:—*Othello*, *Measure for Measure*, *Lear*, *Pericles*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Macbeth*, *Cymbeline*, *Winter's Tale*, *Tempest*, *Henry VIII.*, *Taming of the Shrew*. It has been allowed on Mr. Smith's side that Bacon, amid all his variety of business, both public and private, must have been very hard put to it to find the mere time to write the plays. No man of that age could have had at that time so much leisure on his

hands as Raleigh. But that is not all. In the ninth chapter of his *Instructions to his Son*, on the inconveniences arising from the immoderate use of wine, is a passage which might almost be described as a paraphrase of Cassio's famous discourse on the same subject. Nor is this all. Raleigh had been in the Tower before, in 1592, on a rather delicate matter, in which Mistress Throckmorton, afterward Lady Raleigh, had a share. The injustice of his second imprisonment would naturally recall the first to his mind, equally or still more unjust as he probably thought. To the second he would hardly dare to allude; but what was more likely than that he should find a sort of melancholy pleasure in recalling the first? Now, if Mr. Smith will turn to the second scene of the first act of *Measure for Measure* (first acted in December 1604, and written therefore in the first year of Raleigh's imprisonment), he will find an allusion to the unfortunate cause of his first disgrace obvious to the dullest comprehension. The apparently no less obvious allusion in *Twelfth Night* to Cole's brutality at Raleigh's trial cannot, unfortunately, stand, as we know

for certain from John Manningham's Diary that the comedy was played in the Middle Temple Hall in the previous year. But from such evidence as we have given (and, did time and space serve we could add to it) we think a very good case could be made out for Raleigh, and we commend the making of it to Mr. Smith, who seems to have plenty of time to spare on such matters. At any rate if he will not have Shakspeare for the author of these plays, he must really now begin to think of getting some other Simon Pure than Bacon, if within a quarter of a century and more he has been able to find no better warranty for his theory than that he has given us. But we must entreat him to be a little more careful of poor Raleigh, if he discard our suggestion, than he has been of poor Shakspeare, the only evidence of whose existence he has declared to be the date of his death! But perhaps he is only following Plutarch, whom Bacon praises for saying "Surely I had rather a great deal men should say there was no such man at all as Plutarch, than that they should say there was one Plutarch that would eat his children as soon as they were born."—*Saturday Review*.

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### SOME SICILIAN CUSTOMS.

BY E. LYNN LINTON.

NATURALLY the most important events of human life are birth, marriage, death. Hence we find among all peoples who have emerged from primitive barbarism, ceremonies and customs special to these three supreme circumstances. These ceremonies and customs are of most picturesque observance and most quaint significance in the middle term of civilization;—amongst those who are neither savages not yet blocked out into fair form, nor educated gentfolk smoothed down to the dead level of European civilization; but who are still in that quasi-mythical and fetichistic state, when usages have a superstitious meaning beyond their social importance, and charms, signs, omens, and incantations abound as the ornamental flourishes to the endorsement of the law.

We will take for our book of reference

no certain Sicilian customs,\* one of Dr. Pitrè's exhaustive cycle. We could not have a better guide. Dr. Pitrè has devoted twenty good years of his life, health, and fortune to collecting and preserving the records of all the popular superstitions, habits, legends and customs of Sicily. Some of these are already things of the past; others are swiftly vanishing; others again are in full vigor. Dr. Pitrè's work is valuable enough now; in a short time it will be priceless to students and ethnologists who care to trace likenesses and track to sources, and who are not content with the mere surface of things without delving down to causes and meanings.

All women, the world over, who ex-

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\* "Usi Natalizi, Nuziali e Funebri del Popolo Siciliano descritti da G. Pitrè."

pect to become mothers, are curious as to the sex of the unborn child; and every old wife has a bundle of unfailing signs and omens which determine the question out of hand without leaving room for doubt. In Sicily these signs are as follows—among others of dubious modesty, which it is as well to leave in obscurity. If you suddenly ask an expectant mother: "What is the matter with your hand?" and she holds up or turns out the palm of her right hand, her child will be a boy. If she holds up her left hand or turns out the back of her right, it will be a girl. If she strews salt before the threshold, the sex of the first person who enters in at the door determines that of the unborn—a man for a boy, a woman for a girl. If she goes to draw water from the well, and throws a few drops over her shoulder without looking back, the sex of the first person who passes, after the performance of this "sortilegio," in like manner determines the sex of the child. After the first child, the line in which the hair grows at the nape of the neck of the preceding is an unfailing sign of that which is coming after. If it grows in a peak it presages a boy, if straight a girl. This is also one of the infallible signs in India. If the woman sees an ugly or a deformed creature, and does not say in an audible voice: "Diu ca lu fici,"—God has made it—she will produce a monster. If she repeats the charm, devoutly as she ought, she has saved her child from deformity.

The patron saint of expectant mothers in Sicily is S. Francisco di Paola. To secure his intervention in their behalf they go to church every Friday to pray specially to him. The first time they go they are blessed by putting on the cord or girdle proper to this saint; by receiving, before their own offering, two blessed beans, a few blessed wafers, and a small wax taper, also blessed, round which is twisted a slip of paper whereon is printed—"Ora pro nobis Sancte Pater Francisce di Paola." The cord is worn during the time of pregnancy; the candle is lighted during the pains of childbirth, when heavenly interposition is necessary; and the beans and wafers are eaten as an act of devotion which results in all manner of good to both mother and child.

In country places pregnant women who believe in the knowledge of the midwife rather than in the science of the doctor, are still bled at stated times, generally on the "even" months. Dr. Pitre knew personally one woman who had been bled the incredible number of two hundred and thirteen times during her pregnancy. She had moreover heart disease; and she offered herself as a wet-nurse.

The quarter in which the moon chances to be at the time of birth has great influence on the future character and career of the new-born. So have special days and months. All children born in March, which is the "mad" month of Italy ("Marzo è pazzo"), are predisposed to insanity. Woe to the female child who has the ill-luck to be born on a cloudy, stormy, rainy day! She must infallibly become an ugly woman, Woe to the boy who is born with the new moon! He will become a "loup garou," and he will be recognized by his inordinately long nails. But well is it for the child who first sees the light of day on a Friday—unlike ourselves, with whom "Friday's child is sour and sad"—or who is born on St. Paul's night. He will be bright, strong, bold and cheerful. He will be able to handle venomous snakes with impunity for his own part, and to cure by licking those who have been bitten. He will be able to control lunatics and to discover things secret and hidden; and he will be a chatterbox.

More things go to make a successful or unsuccessful "time" in Sicily than we recognize in England. A woman in her hour of trial is held and hindered as much as was ever poor Alcmena, when Lucina sat crosslegged before her gate, if a woman "in disgrazia di Dio"—that is, leading an immoral life—either in secret or openly, enters the room. The best counter-agent then is to invoke very loudly Santa Leocarda, the Dea Parvula of Catholicism. If she be not sufficiently powerful, and things are still delayed, then all the other saints, the Madonna, and finally God himself, are appealed to with profound faith in a speedy release. In one place the church bells are rung; on which all the women within earshot repeat an Ave. In another, the silver chain of La Madonna della Catena is the surest obstetrician; and

science and the doctor have no power over the mind of the suffering woman where this has all. To this day is believed the story of a poor mother who, when her pain had begun, hurried off to the church to pray to the Madonna della Catena for aid. When she returned home, the Holy Virgin herself assisted her, and not only brought her child into the world, but also gave her bread, clothes and jewels.

If the child be born weak or dying, and the need is therefore imminent, the midwife baptizes it. For which reason she must never be one who is deaf and dumb—nor one who stutters or stammers. Before baptism no one must kiss a new-born infant, seeing that it is still a pagan; which thing would therefore be a sin. In Modica the new-born child is no longer under the protection of the Madonna, but under that of certain mysterious beings called "Le Padrone della Casa." To ensure this protection the oldest of the women present lays on the table, or the clothes chest, nine black beans in the form of a wedge—repeating between her teeth a doggerel charm, which will prevent "Le Padrone della Casa" from harming the babe or its mother. Others, instead of black beans, put their trust in a reel or winder with two little bits of cane fastened to it crosswise, which they lay on the bed, and which also is certain to prevent all evil handling by these viewless forms. At Marsala, the night after that following the birth, the windows of the room where the infant lies are shut close, a pinch of salt is strewn behind the door, and the light is left burning, so that a certain malignant spirit called 'Nserra may not enter to hurt the new-born. In other places they hide in the woman's bed—generally under the pillow—a key, or a small ball, or a clove of garlic, or the mother's thimble, or scissors, all or any of which does the same good office of exorcism as the pinch of salt, and the light left burning. For the first drink, a whole partridge, beak and feet, is put into a pint of water, which is then boiled down to a cupful, and given to the woman as the best restorative art and science can devise. When she is allowed to eat solids she has a chicken, of which she is careful to give the neck to her husband. Were she herself to eat

it, her child's neck would be undeniably weak.

When taken to the church to be baptized, the infant, if a boy, is carried on the right arm—if a girl, on the left. In the church the father proper effaces himself as of no account in the proceedings; and the godfather carries off all the honors. The more pompous ceremonial at baptism occurs only at the birth of the first son. The Sicilian proverb has it: "The first son is born a baron."

Immediately after the baptism Sicilian Albanians dance a special dance; and when they go home they throw out roasted peas to the people. Hence: "When shall we have the peas?" is used as a periphrasis for: "When does she expect her confinement?" The water in which the "chrism," or christening cup is washed, is accounted holy, because of the sacred oil which it has touched. It is flung out on to a hedge, so that no foot of man may tread the soil which has received it. Also the water in which the child is first washed is treated as a thing apart. It is thrown on to the highway, if the babe be a boy; under the bed, or the oven, or in some other part of the house, if it be a girl;—the one signifying that a man must fare forth, the other that a woman must hide within.

When the child "grows two days in one," and "smiles to the angels" it is under the guardianship of certain other viewless, formless and mysterious creatures, who seem to be vagabonds and open-air doubles of the "Padrone della Casa." These are "Le Donne di fuori." The mother asks permission of these "Donne," before she lifts the child from the cradle. "In the name of God," she says, as she takes it up, "with your permission, my ladies." These "Donne di fuori," are not always to be relied on, for now they do, and now they do not, protect the little one. It is all a matter of caprice and humor; but certainly no mother who loved her child would omit this courteous entreaty to the "Donne" who are supposed to have had the creature in their keeping while she was absent, and it was sleeping.

Not everyone in Sicily can marry according to his desire and the apparent fitness of things; for there are old feuds between parish and parish, as bitter as



were ever those of Guelf and Ghibelline in times past ; and the devotees of one saint will have as little to say to the devotees of another as will Jew and Gentile, True Believer and Giaour. In early times this local rivalry was, naturally, more pronounced than it is at present ; but even now in Modica it is extremely rare if a San Giorgioaro marries a Sampietrana, or vice versâ—each considering the other as of a different and heretical religion. A marriage made not long ago between two people of these several parishes turned out ill solely on the religious question, the husband and wife not agreeing to differ, but each wanting to convert the other from the false to the true faith, and indignant because of ill-success. Just lately, says Dr. Pitrè, a Syracusan girl, whose patron saint was Saint Philip, and who was betrothed to a young man of the confraternity of the Santo Spirito, sent all adrift because, a few days before the marriage was to take place, she went to see her lover, lying ill in bed, and found hanging to the pillow a picture of the objectionable Santo Spirito. Whereat, furious and enraged she snatched down the picture, tore it into a thousand pieces which she trampled under foot, and then and there made it a sine quâ non that her husband-elect should substitute for this a picture of Saint Philip. This the young man refused to do ; and the marriage was broken off.

Here in Sicily, as elsewhere, the seafaring population have little or nothing to say to the landsfolk by way of marriage ; holding themselves more moral, more industrious, and in every way superior to those who live by the harvests of the earth or by the quick returns and easy profits of trade. But there is much more than this. The daughter of a small landed proprietor will not be given to the master of men in any kind of business, nor will the son of the former be suffered to marry the daughter of the latter. A peasant farmer, without sixpence, would not let his girl marry a well-to-do shepherd. A workman or rather a day laborer—"bracciante—" would not be received into the family of a muleteer, nor he again into one where the head was the keeper of swine or of cattle. The husbandman who can prune vines disdains the man who cannot dig,

let him be what he will ; the cow-herd disdains the ox-herd, and he again the man who looks after the calves. The shepherd is above the goat-herd ; and soon, down to the most microscopic differences, surpassing even those of caste-ridden India.

When conditions, however, are equal, and there are no overt objections to the desired marriage, the mother of the young man takes the thing in hand. She knows that her son wants to marry, because he is sullen, silent, rude, contradictory and fault-finding ; because last Saturday night he hitched up the ass to the hook in the house wall, instead of stabling it as he ought, and himself passed the night out of doors ; or because—in one place in Sicily—he sat on the chest, stamped his feet and kicked his heels, so that his parents, hearing the noise, might know that he was disturbed in his mind, and wanted to marry so soon as convenient. Then the mother knows what is before her, and accepts her duties as a good woman should.

She dresses herself a little smartly and goes to the house of the Nina or Rosa with whom her son has fallen in love, to see what the girl is like when at home, and to find out the amount of dower likely to be given with her. She hides under her shawl a weaver's comb, which, as soon as she is seated, she brings out, asking the girl's mother if she can lend her one like it ? This latter answers that she will look for one, and will do all she can to meet her visitor's wishes. She then sends the daughter into another room, and the two begin the serious business of means and dowry.

In olden times the girl who did not know how to weave the thread she had already spun had small chance of finding a husband, how great soever her charms or virtues. Power looms and cheap cloth have changed all this and substituted a more generalized kind of industriousness ; but, all the same, she must be industrious—or have the wit to appear so—else the maternal envoy will have none of her ; but leaving the house hurriedly, crosses herself and repeats thrice the Sicilian word for "Renounced." In Modica the young man's mother sets a broom against the girl's house-door at night which does the same

as the weaver's comb elsewhere ; and, if all other things suit, the young people are betrothed the following Saturday. And after they are betrothed the girl's mother goes to a church at some distance from her own home, where she stands behind the door, and, according to the words said by the first persons who pass through, foretells the happiness or the unhappiness of the marriage set on foot.

The inventory of the girl's possessions—chiefly house and body-linen—is made by a public writer, and always begins with an invocation to "Gesù, Maria, Giuseppe"—the Holy Family. It is sent to the bridegroom-elect wrapped in a handkerchief. If considered satisfactory, it is kept ; if insufficient, it is returned. If accepted as sufficient, there is a solemn conclave of the parents and kinsfolk of the two houses. The girl is seated in the middle of the room. Her future mother-in-law, or the nearest married kinswoman of the bridegroom if she be dead, takes down and then plaits and dresses her hair—all people who have been to Italy know what a universal office of maternal care is this of dressing the girl's hair ;—slips the engaged ring on her finger ; puts a comb in her head ; gives her a silk-handkerchief, and kisses her. After this the girl rises, kisses the hands of her future father-and mother-in-law, and seats herself afresh, between her own kinsfolk on her left, and those of her "promesso sposo," on her right. In some places is added to these manifestations a bit of flame-colored ribbon ("color rosso-fuoco ; colore obbligato"), which the future mother-in-law plaits into the girl's tresses while combing her hair, and which this latter never puts off till the day of the wedding. Formerly a "promessa sposa" wore a broad linen band across her brow and down her face, tied under her chin with a purple ribbon.

On her side the girl's mother gives the future son-in-law a scapulary of the Madonna del Carmine, fastened to a long blue ribbon. When the formal kiss of betrothal is given between the young people, the guests break out into "Ev-vivas !" and the wine and feasting begin. Formerly a "promessa sposa" shaved off one or both of her eyebrows. But this custom was inconvenient. If any-

thing happened to prevent the marriage it spoilt all chances for the future.

Gifts from the man to the woman are *de rigueur*—a survival of the old mode of barter or purchase. These gifts are generally of jewelry ; but sometimes the pair exchange useful presents of body-linen, &c. At Easter the man gives the woman either a luscious sweet called "cassata," or a "peccorella di pasta reale," that is a lamb couchant made of almond paste, crowned with a tinsel crown, carrying a flag, and colored after nature. At the Feast of St. Peter—the 29th of July ; not the same as Saints Peter and Paul—he gives keys made of flour and honey, or of almonds, or of caramel. On the 2nd of November—the day off All Souls'—he takes her sweet brown cakes with a white mortuary figure raised in high relief, as a child, or a man, or a death's head and cross bones, or a well-defined set of ribs to symbolize a skeleton, according to the nearest relative she may have lost. But in Mazarra no one who loved his bride would give her aught in the likeness of a cat, as this would presage her speedy death. Biscuits for St. Martin's day ; ginger-bread in true lovers' knots, tough and tasteless, and sugar *bambini* for Christmas ; huge hearts, of a rather coarse imitation of mincemeat, and sugared over, for the Feast of the Annunciation ; on the day of Saints Cosmo and Damian, medlars, quinces and the saints themselves done in honey and sugar—and so on ;—these are the little courtesies of the betrothal which no man who respected himself, or desired the love of her who was to be his wife, would dream of neglecting.

During the time of betrothal, how long so ever it may last, the young people are never suffered to be one moment alone, nor to say anything to each other which all the world does not hear. The man may go once a week to the girl's house ; where he seats himself at the corner of the room opposite to that where she is sitting ; but he may not touch her hand nor speak to her below his breath. In the country, when they cannot marry for yet awhile, they engage themselves from year to year. But they are always kept apart and rigorously watched.

Formerly marriages were somewhat earlier than now. Now they are delayed

until the young fellow has served his three years in the army. They used to be most general when he was twenty and she eighteen; and a proverb says that at eighteen a girl either marries or dies. The church did not sanction marriages earlier than these several ages, save in exceptional cases; and any one who assisted at the marriage of a girl below the age of eighteen, without the consent of her parents and guardians, was imprisoned for life and forfeited all he had. This law, however, was frequently broken in remote places, and especially about Palermo, where "the marriages of Monreale" have passed into a proverb. When a young girl, say of sixteen, marries and has a good childbirth, they say, "She has been to Monreale."

May and August are unlucky months in which to be married. September and the following three months are the most propitious. The prejudice against May dates from old classic times; while June was considered as fit by the Romans as it is now by the Palermitans. Up to the end of the sixteenth century the day of days was St. John the Baptist's. Two days in the week are unlucky for marriage—Tuesday and Friday:

"Nè di Venere nè di Marte  
Non si sposa nè si parte."

Sunday is the best day of all; especially in country places, where it is evidently the most convenient.

If the bride or one of the bridal party slips by the way, if the ring or one of the candles on the altar falls in church, the young couple may look out for sorrow. If two sisters are married on the same day, ill will fare the younger. If one candle shines with less brilliancy than the other, or one of the kneeling spouses rises before the other, that one whose candle has not burnt as it should, or the one who has risen before the partner, will die first or die soon.

In Piano de' Greci—the Greek Colony about twelve miles from Palermo—the young husband keeps his Phrygian cap on his head in church, as a sign that he too is now the head of a new family; and in olden times the bride used to come into church on horseback. In one place, Salaparuta, the bride enters in at the small door and goes out by the large; and she must perforce pass be-

neath the campanile, else she has not been married properly. In the Sicilian-Albanian colonies, after the wedding-rings—of gold for the man, of silver for the woman, as marking her inferior condition—have been placed on their fingers and the wedding crowns on their heads, the officiating priest puts a white veil on himself. He then steepes some bread in a glass of wine, and gives the young couple to eat three times; after which, invoking the name of the Lord, he dashes the glass to the ground. Then they all dance a certain dance, decorous, not to say lugubrious, consisting properly of only three turns made round and round as a kind of waltz, guided by the priest, with the accompaniment of two hymns, one to the Prophet Isaiah, and the other—Absit omen—to the Holy Martyrs. After the dance comes the Holy Kiss. The priest kisses the husband only, and he all the men and his bride. She kisses only all the women.

On their return from church "confetti" are thrown in the way before the newly-married couple; or if not, then boxes of sweetmeats—like the dragées of a French christening—are afterwards given to the parents and kinsfolk. In one place they throw dried peas, beans, almonds and corn—this last is the sign of plenty. Or they vary these with vegetables, bread and corn and salt mixed; or with corn and nuts; or "dolci" made of wheaten flour and honey. In Syracuse they throw salt and wheat—the former the symbol of wisdom, the latter of plenty. The Romans used to throw corn at their wedding feasts; and the nut-throwing of Sicily dates from the times when young Caius or Julius flung to his former companions those "nucis juglandes," as a sign that he was no longer a boy ready to play as formerly with them all. In Avola, the nearest neighbor goes up to the bride with an apron full of orange leaves, which she flings in her face, saying, "Continence and boy-children!" then strews the remainder before the house-door. To this ceremony is added another as significant—breaking two hen's eggs at the feet of the "sposi." At one place they sprinkle the threshold with wine before entering. Another custom at Avola, as sacred as our wedding-cake, is to give each of the guests a spoonful of "ammilata,"

almonds pounded up with honey. At Piano de Greci, and in the other Sicilian-Greek colonies, the mother-in-law stands at the door of the house waiting for her daughter-in-law to give her a spoonful of honey as soon as she enters, to which are added "ciambelle"—small cakes in the form of a ring. The bride's house is adorned with flowers, but it is a bad omen if two bits of wire get put by chance crosswise.

At dinner the bridegroom leaves the bride to go to his own home, but he returns in the middle of the meal to finish it with his bride; which seems a daft-like custom, serving no good purpose beyond the waste of time. They are very particular as to who shall sit on the right and who on the left of the bride, when, gayly dressed and set under a looking-glass, she sits like a doll to receive the congratulations of her friends. The first day of these receptions all the invitations are given by the mother of the bride; the second they are given by the mother of the bridegroom. There is good store of maccheroni and the like; and at Modica a plate is set to receive the contributions of the guests—like our Penny Weddings in the North. Some give money, some jewelry, etc., and the amount raised is generally of sufficient worth in view of the condition of the high contracting parties. In the evening they dance, when the "sposo" or "zitu," cap in hand, makes a profound bow to the bride or "zita," who rises joyously and dances "di tutta lena." After a few turns the "zitu" makes another profound bow and sits down; when the bride dances once round the room alone, then selects first one partner then another. "Non prigari zita pr' abballari." Songs and dances finished, the mother-in-law accompanies the bride to the bride-chamber. In default of her, this time-honored office devolves on the bridegroom's married sister or otherwise nearest relation. This is *de rigueur*; and there was an ugly affray at Palermo not so long ago on this very matter, which ended in the wounding and imprisonment of the bridegroom and his kinsfolk. Often all sorts of rude practical jokes are played, especially on old people or second marriages; some of which are horribly unseemly, and all are inconvenient. The bride stays eight

days in the house receiving visits, and having a "good time" generally; after which she goes to church dressed all in white. In the marriage contract it is specified to what festas and amusements the husband shall take her during the year; and in olden times was added the number of dishes she was to have at her meals, the number of dresses she was to be allowed during the year, down to the most minute arrangements for her comfort and consideration.

Now comes the last scene of all—the last rites sacred to the shuffling off this mortal coil, which close the trilogy of life.

Among old Sicilian rules was one which enjoined, after three days' illness, the Viaticum. This is eloquent enough of the rapidity with which Death snatched his victims when once he had laid his hand on their heads. The most common prognostications of death are: the midnight howling of a dog; the hooting of an owl; the crowing of a hen at midnight; to dream of dead friends or kinsfolk; to sweep the house at night; or to make a new opening of any kind in an inhabited house. Boys are of evil omen when they accompany the Viaticum, but as they always do accompany it, it would seem as if no one who has once received the Last Sacraments has a chance of recovery. He has not much; but it does at times happen that he breaks the bonds of death already woven round him and comes out with renewed life and vigor. Death is expected at midnight or at the first hours of the morning or at midday. If delayed, something supernatural is suspected. Had the dying man when in health burnt the yoke of a plough? Is there an unwashed linen-thread in his mattress? Perhaps he once, like care, killed a cat. If he delays his dying, the friends must call out his name in seven Litanies, or at least put his clothes out of doors. In any case he dies because the doctor has misunderstood his case and given him a wrong medicine; else Saints Cosmo and Damian, Saints Francisco and Paolo, would have saved him. When he dies the women raise the death-howl and let loose their hair about their shoulders. All his good qualities are enumerated and his bad ones are forgotten. He is dressed in white, and after he is dressed his shroud is sewn tight.

This pious work gains indulgences for those who perform it; and the very needle is preserved as a sacred possession. Sometimes, however, it is left in the grave-clothes to be buried with the corpse. In certain places the women are buried in their wedding-dress, which they have kept all these years to serve as their shroud. Seated or in bed the corpse is always laid out feet foremost to the door, and for this reason no one in Sicily makes a bed with the head to the window and the feet to the door. It would be a bad omen. About the corpse-bed stand lighted candles, or, however poor the family, at least one little oil lamp. The hired mourners, "repulatrici," were once so numerous and costly as to demand legislative interference and municipal regulation. To this day they tear their hair and throw it in handfuls on the corpse; and the sisters who lament their brothers—rustic Antigones and Electras—exhale their sorrows in sweet and mournful songs.

In past ages a piece of money was put into the mouth of the corpse—a survival of the fare which Charon was bound to receive. A virgin has a palm branch and a crown in her coffin; a child a garland of flowers. It is the worst possible omen for a bridal procession to meet a funeral. It has to be averted by making the "horns"—or "le fiche" (thrusting the thumb between the first two fingers) or by putting a pomegranate before the door or in the window. At Piano de' Greci certain little loaves or bread-cakes in the form of a cross are given to the poor on the day of a death. In Giacosa, behind the funeral procession comes an ass laden with food, which, after the burial, is distributed either here in the open or under cover in some house. The Sicilian-Albanians do not sit on chairs during the first days of mourning, but on the dead man's mattress. In some houses all is thrown into intentional confusion—turned upside down, to mark the presence of death. Others put out the mattress to show that the invalid is dead; others again remake the bed as for marriage, placing on it the crucifix which the sick man had held in his hand when dying. Woe to those who let the candle go out while burning at the foot of the bed! On the first day of mourning, there is one only of these corpse-lights; on the sec-

ond day two; on the third three. Men and women sit round—the men covered up in their cloaks with a black ribbon round their throats—the women with their black mantles drawn close over the head, all in deep mourning. For the first nine days, friends, also in strict mourning, throng the house to pay their formal visits of condolencè. The mourners do not speak nor look up, but sit there like statues, and talk of the dead in solemn phrases and with bated breath, but entering into the minute and sometimes most immodest details. The mourning lasts one or two years for parents, husband or wife, and brothers and sisters; six months for grandparents, and uncles and aunts; three months for a cousin.

Babies are buried in white with a red ribbon as a sash, or disposed over the body in the form of a cross. They lie in a basket on the table with wax candles set round, and their faces are covered with a fine veil. They are covered with flowers, and on the little head is also a garland of flowers. No one must weep for the death of an infant. It would be an offence against God, who had compassion on the little creature and took it to make of it an angel in Paradise before it had learned to sin. The announcement of its death is received with a cry of "Glory and Paradise!" and in some places the joybells are rung as for a festa. When taken to the Campo Santo, it is accompanied with music and singing.

The soul of the dead is to be seen as a butterfly, a dove, an angel. The soul of a murdered man hovers about the cross raised to his memory on the place of his murder; the soul of one righteously executed by the law, remains on earth to frighten the timid; the soul of the suicide goes plumb to hell, "casal-diavolo," unless the poor wretch repents at the supreme moment. Judas is condemned to hover always over the "tam-arix Gallica," on which he hanged himself, and which still bears his name; children go to the stars; while certain women believe that their souls will go up the "stairs of St. Japicu di Galizia," which plain people call the Milky Way.

These are the most striking and picturesque of the customs and usages collected by Dr. Pitré in his exhaustive and

instructive little book. What remains is either too purely local, or too little differentiated to be of interest to people not of the place. Also have been omitted a

few unimportant details of a certain "breadth" and naturalistic simplicity which would not bear translating into English.—*Temple Bar.*

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### THE FUTURE OF ELECTRICITY AND GAS.

MORE than eighty years ago, Davy first produced and exhibited the arc-light to an admiring and dazzled audience at the Royal Institution; and forty years later, at the same place, Faraday, by means of his memorable experiments in electro-dynamics, laid down the laws on which the modern dynamo-electric machine is founded. Though known at the beginning of the century, the electric light remained little more than a scientific curiosity until within the last ten years, during which period the dynamo-electric machine has been brought to its present perfection, and electric lighting on a large and economical scale thus rendered possible. The first practical incandescent lamps were produced only seven years ago, though the idea of lighting by incandescence dates back some forty years or more; but all attempts to manufacture an efficient lamp were rendered futile by the impossibility of obtaining a perfect vacuum. The year 1881 will long be remembered as that in which electric lighting by incandescence was first shown to be possible and practicable.

The future history of the world will doubtless be founded more or less on the history of scientific progress. No branch of science at present rivals in interest that of electricity, and at no time in the history of the world has any branch of science made so great or so rapid progress as electrical science during the past five years.

And now it may be asked, where are the evidences of this wonderful progress, at least in that branch of electricity which is the subject of the present paper? Quite recently, the wonders of the electric light were in the mouths of every one; while at present, little or nothing is heard about it except in professional quarters. Is the electric light a failure, and are all the hopes that have been placed on it to end in nothing? Assuredly not. The explanation of the

present lull in electric lighting is not far to seek; it is due almost solely and entirely to speculation. The reins, so to say, had been taken from the hands of engineers and men of science; the stock-jobbers had mounted the chariot, and the mad gallop that followed has ended in ruin and collapse. Many will remember the electric-light mania several years ago, and the panic that took place among those holding gas shares. The public knew little or nothing about electricity, and consequently nothing was too startling or too ridiculous to be believed. Then came a time of wild excitement and reckless speculation, inevitably followed by a time of depression and ruination. Commercial enterprise was brought to a stand-still; real investors lost all confidence; capital was diverted elsewhere; the innocent suffered, and are still suffering; and the electric light suffered all the blame. The government was forced to step in for the protection of the public; and the result of their legislation is the Electric Lighting Act which authorizes the Board of Trade to grant licenses to Companies and local authorities to supply electricity under certain conditions. These conditions have reference chiefly to the limits of compulsory and permissive supply, the securing of a regular and efficient supply, the safety of the public, the limitation of prices to be charged, and regulations as to inspection and inquiry.

That the electric light has not proved a failure may be gleaned from a rough survey of what has been done during the past two years, in spite of unmerited depression and depreciation. In this country, permanent installations have been established at several theatres in London and the provinces; the Royal Courts of Justice, the Houses of Parliament, Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle, the Bank of England, and other well-known buildings; while numerous railway stations, hotels, clubs, factories,

and private mansions throughout the country, have also adopted the new light either entirely or in part. In addition to this, over forty steamships have been fitted with the electric light during the past year; and the Holborn Viaduct, with its shops and buildings, has been lighted without interruption for the past two years. On the continent, in addition to a large number of factories, private houses and public buildings, numerous theatres at Paris, Munich Stuttgart; Brunn, Vienna, Berlin, Prague and Milan have been electrically lighted. In New York, an installation of ten thousand lights has been successfully running for the last year or two. Any one wishing to see the electric light to advantage and its suitability to interior decoration, should visit the Holborn Restaurant. This building, with its finely decorated rooms, its architectural beauties, and ornamental designs in the renaissance style, when viewed by the electric light, is without doubt one of the chief sights of London.

The electric light in the form of the well-known powerful and dazzling arc-light is the favorite illuminant for lighting harbors, railway stations, docks, public works, and other large spaces. But it is to the incandescent lamp that one must look par excellence for the "light of the future." It has been satisfactorily established that lighting by incandescence is as cheap as lighting by gas, provided that it be carried out on an extensive scale.

Very contradictory statements have from time to time been published as to the relative cost of lighting by electricity and gas; and a few remarks on the subject, without entering into detailed figures, will explain much of this discrepancy. These remarks will refer to electric lighting by incandescence.

In the first place, the lighting may be effected in one of three ways—(1) by primary batteries; (2) by dynamo-machines; or (3) by a combination of dynamo machines and secondary batteries. The expense of working with primary batteries is altogether prohibitory, except in the case of very small installations; while secondary batteries have not yet been made a practical success; so that the second method mentioned above is the only one at present in the field.

In the second place, a distinction must be made between isolated installations and a general system of lighting from central stations. Up to the present time, nearly all the lighting by electricity has been effected by isolated installations. If every man requiring one hundred or even several hundred lights were to set up his own gas-works and supply himself from them, the cost of lighting by gas would be enormously increased. Hence it is manifestly unfair to compare the cost of electric light obtained from isolated installations with gas obtained from gas-works supplying many thousands of lights; yet this is being constantly done. Central stations supplying at least, say, ten thousand lights, and gas-works on an equal scale, must be compared in order to arrive at a true estimate of the relative cost of electricity and gas. Several such extended installations are now being erected in London and elsewhere. With improved generating apparatus, and above all, with improved lamps, it is confidently anticipated that the electric light will eventually be cheaper than gas. Even if dearer than gas, it will be largely used for lighting dwelling-houses, theatres, concert halls, museums, libraries, churches, shops, showrooms, factories, and ships; while perhaps gas may long hold its own as the poor man's friend, since it affords him warmth as well as light.

The incandescent light is entirely free from the products of combustion which heat and vitiate the air; it enables us to see pictures and flowers as by daylight; it supports plants instead of poisoning them, and enables many industries to be carried on by night as well as by day. Add to this an almost perfect immunity from danger of fire and no fear of explosion. When it is realized that a gas flame gives out seventeen times as much heat as an incandescent lamp of equal light-giving power, and that an ordinary gas flame vitiates the air as much as the breathing of ten persons, some idea may be formed of the advantage of the electric light from a sanitary point of view. To this may be added absence of injury to books, walls and ceilings. Visitors to the Savoy Theatre in London will doubtless have seen the adaptability of this light for places of public amusement,

and it is now possible to sit out a play in a cool and pleasant atmosphere without incurring a severe headache. To theatrical managers the light offers in addition unusual facilities for producing spectacular effects, such as the employment of green, red, and white lamps to represent night, morning, and daylight. The freedom from weariness and lassitude after spending an evening in an electrically lighted apartment must be experienced in order to be appreciated. The electric light very readily adapts itself to the interior fittings and decorations of houses and public buildings, and it can be placed in positions where gas could not be used on account of the danger of fire. The old lines of gas-fittings should be avoided as far as possible, and the lights placed singly where required and not "bunched" together. For the lighting of mines, electricity must stand unrivalled, though little has as yet been done in this direction. Its speedy adoption either voluntarily or by Act of Parliament, with the employment of lime cartridges instead of blasting by gunpowder, will in the future render explosions in mines almost an impossibility. In some cases, gas may yet for some time compete with the electric light both in brilliancy and economy; for the electric light has spurred on the gas Companies to the improved lighting of many of our public streets and places.

With the general introduction of electricity for the purpose of lighting comes the introduction of electricity for the production of power; for the same current entering by the same conductors can be used for the production of light or of power, or of both. The same plant at the central stations will supply power by day and light by night, with evident economy. Electricity will thus be used for driving sewing-machines, grinding, mixing, brushing, cleaning, and many other domestic purposes. In many trades requiring the application of power for driving light machinery for short periods, electricity will be of the greatest value, and artisans will have an ever ready source of power at their command in their own homes.

Is electricity to supersede gas altogether? By no means, for gas is destined to play a more important part

in the future than it has done in the past. Following close upon the revolution in the production of light comes a revolution in the production of heat for purposes of warming and cooking, and for the production of power. Gas in the future will be largely used not necessarily as an illuminant, but as a fuel and a power producer. When gas is burned in an ordinary gas flame, ninety-five per cent. of the gas is consumed in producing heat, and the remaining five per cent. only in producing light. Gas is far more efficient than raw coal as a heating agent; and it is also far cheaper to turn coal into gas and use the gas in a gas-engine, than to burn the coal directly under the boiler of a steam-engine; for gas-engines are far more economical than steam-engines. Bearing these facts in mind it cannot but be seen that the time is not far distant when, both by rich and poor, gas will be used as the cheapest, most cleanly, and most convenient means for heating and cooking, and raw coal need not enter our houses; also that gas-engines must sooner or later supersede steam-engines, and gas thus be used for driving the machine that produces the electricity. In the case of towns distant not more than, say, fifty miles from a coal-field, the gas-works could with advantage be placed at the colliery, the gas being conveyed to its destination in pipes. Thus, coal need no longer be seen, except at the colliery and the gas-works. With the substitution of gas for coal, as a fuel, will end the present abominable and wasteful production of smoke. When smoke, "blacks," and noxious gases are thus done away with, life in our most populous towns may become a real pleasure. Trees, grass, and flowers will flourish, and architecture be seen in all its beauty. Personal comfort will be greatly enhanced by the absence of snuts, "pea-soup" fogs, and noxious fumes; and monuments, public buildings, and pictures saved from premature destruction.

The present method of open fires is dirty, troublesome, wasteful, and extravagant. With the introduction of gas as a heating agent, there will be no more carting about of coals and ashes, and no more troublesome lighting of fires with wood, paper, and matches. No more



coal-scuttles, no more smoky chimneys, no more chimney sweeps! On the other hand, the old open coal fire is cheerful, "pokable," and conducive to ventilation; while the Englishman loves to stand in front of it and toast himself. All this, however, may still be secured in the gas stoves of the future, as any one could easily have satisfied himself at the recent Smoke Abatement Exhibition in London. The gas stove of the future must be an open radiating stove, and not a closed stove, which warms the air by conduction and convection chiefly, and renders the air of a room dry and uncomfortable.

It has been frequently pointed out that our coal-fields are not inexhaustible;

but they doubtless contain a sufficient supply for hundreds of years to come. Long before the supply is likely to run short, other sources of nature will be largely drawn upon. These are the winds, waterfalls, tides, and the motion of the waves. The two former have to some extent been utilized; but little or nothing has been done or attempted with the latter. Before these can be to any extent made use of, means must be devised for storing energy in the form of electricity a problem which is now being vigorously attacked, but as yet without much practical success. That electricity has a great future before it cannot for a moment be doubted.—*Chambers's Journal*.

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## BEYOND THE HAZE.

### A WINTER RAMBLE REVERIE.

THE road was straight, the afternoon was gray,  
 The frost hung listening in the silent air;  
 On either hand the rimy fields were bare;  
 Beneath my feet unrolled the long, white way,  
 Drear as my heart, and brightened by no ray  
 From the wide winter sun, whose disc reclined  
 In distant copper sulleness behind  
 The broken network of the western hedge—  
 A crimson blot upon the fading day.

Three travellers went before me—one alone—  
 Then two together, who their fingers nursed  
 Deep in their pockets; and I watched the first  
 Lapse in the curtain the slow haze had thrown  
 Across the vista which had been my own.  
 Next vanished the chill comrades, blotted out  
 Like him they followed, but I did not doubt  
 That there beyond the haze the travellers  
 Walked in the fashion that my sight had known.

Only "beyond the haze;" oh, sweet belief!  
 That this is also Death; that those we've kissed  
 Between our sobs, are just "beyond the mist;"  
 An easy thought to juggle with to grief!  
 The gulf seems measureless, and Death a thief.  
 Can we, who were so high, and are so low,  
 So clothed in love, who now in tatters go,  
 Echo serenely, "Just beyond the haze,"  
 And of a sudden find a trite relief?

—*Cornhill Magazine*.

## MRS. MONTAGU.

MATTHEW ROBINSON, of West Layton in Yorkshire, married when he was eighteen, and before he was forty found himself father of a numerous family—seven sons and two daughters. His wife, whose maiden name was Drake, had inherited property in Cambridgeshire, and this seems to have been the cause of their settling at Cambridge about the year 1727. They may also have been induced to do so from the fact that Dr. Conyers Middleton, Mrs. Robinson's step-father, held the office of Public Librarian there. Conyers Middleton became subsequently celebrated by his "Life of Cicero"; but at this time he was chiefly known as the malignant enemy of the learned Bentley, Master of Trinity College, and as the author of various polemical tracts and treatises.

Middleton took an interest in the grandchildren of his deceased wife. His favorite among them was his god-daughter Elizabeth, the elder of the two girls. When first he saw her she was not quite eight years old. He was at once struck by her precocious intelligence, and undertook to begin her education. Her power of attention, and strength of memory, were tested in the following way. He kept her with him while conversing with visitors on subjects far beyond her grasp, and expected her both to listen, and to give him afterwards some account of what had passed. The exercise was a severe one, but his little pupil profited by it. Guided by him, she made her first steps in Latin, her knowledge of which, in after-life, was an inexhaustible source of pleasure. She often regretted that she had not learnt Greek as well.

A favorite amusement of the young Robinsons was that of playing at Parliament, their gentle mother sitting by and obligingly acting as Speaker, a title which her children habitually used when mentioning her among themselves. Often, when dispute waxed too warm, had she to interfere, and restore order among the senators, of whom Elizabeth was not the least eloquent.

Wimpole Hall, now the home of the Yorkes, was, in the early part of last

century, inhabited by Lord Oxford.\* In 1731, Mrs. Robinson went from Cambridge to pay a visit there, taking her daughter Elizabeth with her. Lord and Lady Oxford had an only child and heiress, Lady Margaret Harley, who, a few years later, became Duchess of Portland. Lady Margaret was eighteen, and Elizabeth Robinson eleven. In spite of the difference in their ages, they became friends at once. Lady Margaret was immensely diverted by Elizabeth's liveliness of mind, and restlessness of body, and—being addicted to dispensing nicknames—called her Fidget. Elizabeth was doubtless flattered by the notice the other accorded her. On getting back to Cambridge, she sat down to write a letter to her new friend, but had difficulty in finding something to say. One can imagine her chewing the feather of her pen, and rolling her eyes, in the agony of composition. At last she began:

"This Cambridge is the dullest place: it neither affords anything entertaining nor ridiculous enough to put into a letter. Were it half so difficult to find something to say as something to write, what a melancholy set of people should we be who love prating!"

Letter-writing soon ceased to cause her the slightest effort. This was well, for she was cut off for a period from all but epistolary intercourse with Lady Margaret, owing to her father's settling at a place he owned in Kent, Mount Morris, near Hythe. Had Mr. Robinson followed his inclination, he would have preferred living in London, for he much appreciated the society of his fellow-men. But prudence forbade this. Though comfortably off, he was not wealthy, and already his elder sons were treading on his heels. He fell to repining at times, declaring that living in the country was simply sleeping with his eyes open. His daughter Elizabeth (evidently now an authority in the household) would rally him sharply when he spoke so, and we learn from one of her letters that she had taken to putting saffron in his tea to enliven his spirits. His temper, for

\* Edward, second Earl. His father, Robert Harley, first Earl, was Treasurer under Queen Anne.

all that, continued most uncertain. Once, after promising to take her to the Canterbury Races, and the festivities which followed them, he changed his mind suddenly, and decided on remaining at home. Keenly disappointed was Elizabeth, who was so eager about dancing, that she fancied she had at some time or other been bitten by the tarantula. But philosophy came to her aid, and she confessed that writing a long letter to her dear duchess, was a more rational pleasure than "jumping and cutting capers."

Her health was not altogether satisfactory. An affection of the hip-joint was the cause of her being ordered to Bath in 1740. Neither the place itself, nor the lounging life led by the bathers, were much to her taste. It amused her, though, to comment satirically on the people she saw. Who, one wonders, were the good folks thus turned inside out?—

"There is one family here that affect sense. Their stock is indeed so low that, if they laid out much, they would be in danger of becoming bankrupt; but, according to their present economy, it will last them their lives. And everybody commends them—for who will not praise what they do not envy? To commend what they admire, is above the capacity of the generality."

On leaving Bath, she spent some weeks with the Duke and Duchess of Portland, at their grand house in Whitehall. During her visit she was ordered by the doctor to enter on a fresh course of baths—this time at Marylebone—and thither she used to proceed every morning in the ducal coach. The duchess accompanied her on the first occasion, and was "frightened out of her wits" at the intrepidity with which she plunged in. Lord Dupplin, who was given to rhyming, actually found material for an ode in the account he received of Miss Fidget's aquatic feats.

The following year, Mr. Robinson's younger daughter, Sarah, caught the smallpox. Elizabeth who, besides being rather delicate, had a considerable share of beauty to lose, was at once removed by her parents from Mount Morris, and sent to lodge in the house of a gentleman farmer living a few miles off—a certain Mr. Smith of Hayton. By most young women, familiar, as was she, with the delights of Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and

Marylebone Gardens, the life at Hayton would have been thought supremely dull; but Elizabeth had a mind too well stored to find time hang heavy. "I am not sorry," she writes, "to be without the appurtenances of equipage for a while, that I may know how much of my happiness depends upon myself, and how much comes from the things about me." Mr. Smith who enjoyed an income of four hundred a year, she describes as a busy, anxious person, very silent, and disposed to be niggardly. Mrs. Smith was a good sort of body, excellent at making cheeses and syllabubs. The two Miss Smiths were worthy damsels, yet hardly interesting to the pupil of Conyers Middleton. The house was as clean as a new pin; it contained much worm-eaten panelling and antique furniture, well rubbed and polished. The room assigned to Elizabeth was spacious though dark, owing to the masses of ivy veiling the windows. Here she reigned undisturbed; a big clock on the staircase-landing struck the hours with solemn regularity. From without came the cawing of rooks, and the grating noise of a rusty weathercock fixed in the stump of an old oak-tree. She wrote of course to the Duchess of Portland apologising for addressing her grace on paper "ungilded and unadorned." To Miss Donnellan,\* another favored correspondent, whose acquaintance she had made at Bath, she gives the following account of herself and her surroundings:

"I am forced to go back to former ages for my companions; Cicero and Plutarch's heroes are my only company. I cannot extract the least grain of entertainment out of the good family I am with; my best friends among the living are a colony of rooks who have settled themselves in a grove by my window. They wake me early in the morning, for which I am obliged to them for some hours of reading, and some moments of reflection, of which they are the subject. I have not yet discovered the form of their government, but I imagine it is democratical. There seems an equality of power and property, and a wonderful agreement of opinion. I am apt to fancy them wise for the same reason I have thought some men and some books so, because they are solemn, and because I do not understand them. If I continue here long, I shall grow a good naturalist. I have applied myself to nursing chickens,

\* The friend and correspondent of Dean Swift, Mrs. Delany, and other people of note in her day.

and have been forming the manners of a young calf, but I find it a very dull scholar."

At last, Sarah Robinson was pronounced convalescent; and the sisters, who were devoted to one another, were permitted to have an interview, in the open air, at a distance of six feet apart. Soon after, all fear of infection being gone, Elizabeth bid adieu to Hayton and its inmates (not forgetting the rook republic) and returned home.

Miss Robinson was not of a susceptible nature. There is reason to believe that, during her stay in London, she had several sighing swains at her feet. There is mention too, in one of her letters, of a certain clownish squire, a visitor at Hayton, who complimented her "with all the force of rural gallantry." But this gentleman she could only liken to a calf, and his attentions were received with polite indifference. Indeed, on the subject of marriage, she had decided opinions.

"When I marry," was her written declaration, "I do not intend to enlist entirely under the banner of Cupid or Plutus, but take prudent consideration, and decent inclination, for my advisers. I like a coach and six extremely; but a strong apprehension of repentance would not suffer me to accept it from many that possess it."

A suitor of an approved type soon presented himself. In the person of Edward Montagu, Esquire, the main requirements seemed combined. He was of good birth, being a grandson of the first Lord Sandwich: he was rich, and had prospects of increased wealth some day. He had a place in Yorkshire, another in Berkshire, and a house in town. He represented Huntingdon in Parliament. *Au reste*, he was a courteous gentleman, grave in aspect and demeanor, and some thirty years her senior. It may be added that he was a mathematician of distinction, happiest when alone pursuing his studies.

In August 1742, being then twenty-two, Elizabeth Robinson became Mrs. Montagu. It was not without a flutter of anxiety that she took even this prudent step, but the sequel showed that she had chosen wisely. A more generous, indulgent husband she could not have found. "He has no desire of power but to do good," was her report, after some experience of his temper, "and no use of it but to make happy."

She suffered a heavy bereavement, two years afterwards, in the loss of an infant boy, her only child. This affected her health, and we hear of frequent visits paid by her to Tunbridge Wells to drink the waters. Here is a picture of the folks she encountered on the Pantiles:

"Tunbridge seems the parliament of the world, where every country and every rank has its representative; we have Jews of every tribe, and Christian people of all nations and conditions. Next to some German, whose noble blood might entitle him to be Grand Master of Malta, sits a pin-maker's wife from Smock Alley; pickpockets, who are come to the top of their profession, play with noble dukes at brag."

The letters of Mrs. Montagu have been compared with those of her kinswoman by marriage, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, to the disadvantage of the latter. Of the two, Lady Mary is the livelier and wittier on paper, but her writings are disfigured by a coarseness which, with the other's taste, she might have avoided. Mrs. Montagu is seen at her best when addressing intimate friends. Her style is then easy and natural, and the good things that drop from her pen are worth picking up; but it is another affair when she writes to a stranger, especially one whom she intends to dazzle with her learning. She then drags in gods and goddesses to adorn her pages, uses metaphor to straining, and moralises at wearisome length.

The Montagus, though living in perfect harmony, afforded each other little companionship. When at Sandleford, their favorite residence near Newbury, in Berkshire, Mr. Montagu was all day long shut up in his study. His wife was thrown on her own resources for amusement. With country neighbors often stupid, and oftener rough, she had nothing in common. It is just possible that she felt the winged fiend *Ennui* hovering over her. Some remarks addressed to a correspondent on the necessity of occupation give that impression:

"It is better to pass one's life *à faire des riens, qu'à rien faire*. Do but do something; the application to it will make it appear important, and the being the doer of it laudable, so that one is sure to be pleased one's self. To please others is a task so difficult, one may never attain it, and perhaps not so necessary that one is obliged to attempt it."

To please others was no such difficult task for her, and she must have known it.

Cultivated society was the element in which she was made to move. She was always glad when the time arrived to get into her postchaise, and roll over the fifty-six miles that lay between Sandleford and her house in Hill Street, Berkeley Square. This habitation was at once stately and convenient; one room was furnished in the Chinese style: the walls were lively with pagodas, willow-trees, and simpering celestials. Here she collected around her the witty and the wise. Her *salon* quickly became the fashion. We find her on one occasion apologizing to a lady for not answering her letter, and explaining that, on the previous day, "the Chinese room was filled by a succession of people from eleven in the morning till eleven at night." She is said to have introduced the custom—which did not however take permanent root—of giving mid-day breakfasts. Madame du Boccage, a lady of eminence in the French literary world, who happened to be in England in 1750, gives a description of one of them in a letter to her sister Madame Duperron. It appears that bread-and-butter, cakes hot and cold, biscuits of every shape and flavor, formed the solid portion of the feast. Tea, coffee, and chocolate were the beverages provided. The hostess, wearing a white apron, and a straw hat (like those with which porcelain shepherdesses are crowned), stood at the table pouring out the tea. Madame du Boccage was much impressed by the fine table-linen, the gleaming cups and saucers, and the excellence of the tea, which in those days cost about sixteen shillings a pound. But especially did she admire the lady of the house, who deserved, she considered, "to be served at the table of the gods."

Mrs. Montagu had, all her life, been a student of Shakespeare, and an ardent admirer of his works. Her indignation may be imagined therefore when Voltaire dared to condemn what he was pleased to call *les farces monstrueuses* of the bard of Avon.\* It was contended by Voltaire that Corneille was immeasurably superior to Shakespeare as a dramatist, inasmuch as the latter set at naught Aristotle's unities of time and place,

\* This criticism was passed in reference to the comic scenes in "Henry IV." and "Henry V."

and otherwise violated accepted rules of dramatic composition. That the vigor and freedom which characterise Shakespeare's genius should be depreciated, and the stilted artificialities of the French school held up to admiration, was more than Mrs. Montagu could stand. She thus denounces the philosopher of Ferney, and his opinions, in a letter to Gilbert West:

"Foolish coxcomb! Rules can no more make a poet than receipts a cook. There must be taste, there must be skill. Oh, that we were as sure our fleets and armies could drive the French out of America as that our poets and tragedians can drive them out of Parnassus. I hate to see these tame creatures, taught to pace by art, attack fancy's sweetest child."

There was nothing for it but to enter the lists herself, and measure swords with the assailant. She accordingly set to work at her "Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakespeare," and very well she acquitted herself of the task. Her essay, though heavy, did credit to her taste and erudition. It was published in 1769, and had no small success. From first to last, six editions appeared. She treated Voltaire in it with surprising forbearance; yet he is said to have been extremely nettled at his sovereign dictum being called in question—and by a woman too! This was not her only literary performance. To the "Dialogues of the Dead," of which her friend Lord Lyttleton was the author, she contributed three, the brightest being that in which Mercury and Mrs. Modish are made to converse. Mrs. Modish is a typical woman of fashion of the day. Mercury summons her to cross the Styx with him, and she—surprised and unprepared—pleads in excuse divers trumpery engagements (balls, plays, card-assemblies, and the like), to meet which she neglects all her home duties. As several fine ladies tossed their heads on reading the dialogue, and declared the Modish utterances to be "abominably satirical," we may presume that the cap fitted.

In 1770, Mrs. Montagu had completely established her empire in the world of literature. A list of the remarkable people who assembled beneath her roof would fill a page. She was on terms of friendly intimacy with Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Hume, Reynolds, Walpole, Garrick, Dr. Burney,

Dr. Young, Bishop Percy, Lords Lyttleton, Bath, Monboddo, and a host more. Of the other sex may be named Mesdames Carter, Chapone, Barbauld, Boscawen, Thrale, Vesey, Ord, and Miss Burney. Dr. Doran, in his memoir of Mrs. Montagu, explains how her parties, and those given by Mrs. Vesey and Mrs. Ord, came to be called *Bluestocking Assemblies*. It seems that Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet, who was always a welcome guest at them, wore stockings of a bluish grey; and this peculiarity was fixed upon, by those disposed to deride such gatherings, as affording a good stamp wherewith to brand them. A *Bluestocking Club* never existed. There was a *Literary Club*, of which Sir Joshua Reynolds and Dr. Johnson were the promoters, and to this the so-called bluestockings of both sexes belonged.

It was in 1774 that Hannah More was first introduced to Mrs. Montagu. Hannah was the daughter of a schoolmaster in Gloucestershire, and had come up to town at the invitation of Garrick. Her ambition from her earliest childhood had been to mix in intellectual society, and win for herself, if possible, a place therein. This she succeeded in doing with a swiftness that will surprise those who have tried to read the plays and ballads by which she made her name. Her cleverness, sound sense, and fresh enthusiasm, attracted the "female Mæcænas of Hill Street" (so she styles Mrs. Montagu), who invited her to dinner, Johnson, Reynolds, and Mrs. Boscawen, being of the party.

"I feel myself a worm," she tells her sister, "the more a worm from the consequence which was given me by mixing with such a society. Mrs. Montagu received me with the most encouraging kindness. She is not only the finest genius, but the finest lady I ever saw. Her countenance is the most animated in the world—the sprightly vivacity of fifteen, with the judgment and experience of a Nestor. But I fear she is hastening to decay very fast; her spirits are so active that they must soon wear out the little frail receptacle that holds them."

Cards were discountenanced in Hill Street. After dinner, the company, augmented by fresh arrivals, divided itself into little groups, and much animated conversation went on. The hostess was especially brilliant, holding her own in a brisk argument against

four clever men. Hannah was amused at observing how "the fine ladies and pretty gentlemen" who could only talk twaddle, herded together.

Mrs. Montagu was generally happy in her friendships, which she made with caution, and only abandoned for good reason. It is hard to say what first caused a breach between her and Johnson, who sometimes smothered her with compliments, and as often, in chatting with Boswell, spoke of her with harshness and disrespect. She, it is stated, once pronounced his "*Rasselas*" an opiate, and the remark of course was not allowed to lie where it fell. In return, he fastened on her "*Essay on Shakespeare*," declaring that there was not one sentence of true criticism in the whole book. There is reason to suppose also that he was jealous of the respectful deference she showed to Garrick and Lyttleton. He certainly caused her pain later on, by the sneers he bestowed on the latter (then dead) in his "*Lives of the Poets*." He had shown her the manuscript of the *Life* in question, and the expressions in it which offended her she had marked for omission. He, however, thought fit to disregard her wishes, and sent it to press as originally written. On opening the book, and finding her idol alluded to as "poor Lyttleton," and accused of vanity and a cringing fear of criticism, she was naturally incensed. As it was not convenient to seek out the offender in Bolt Court, she asked him to dinner, and he had the temerity to go. The repast over, he attempted to engage her in conversation, but her icy manner repelled him. Retiring discomfited, he seated himself next General Paoli, to whom he remarked, "Mrs. Montagu, sir, has dropped me. Now, sir, there are people whom one should like very well to drop, but would not wish to be dropped by." After this, open war was declared on both sides. Malicious on-lookers, for sport's sake, fomented the disagreement. Foremost among these was Horace Walpole. He relates with infinite glee that, at a bluestocking assembly at Lady Lucan's, "Mrs. Montagu and Johnson kept at different ends of the chamber, and set up altar against altar." Johnson had many reasons for feeling grateful to Mrs. Montagu; it is

therefore satisfactory to know that, at the time of his death, he and she were on cordial terms again.

Not only could she dispute with the learned, and frolic with the fashionable, in town; but at Sandleford Mrs. Montagu kept the farm accounts, and rattled away glibly about agriculture. Then again at Denton, her husband's place in Northumberland, where he owned extensive coal-mines, it was she, not he, who visited the pits with the overseer, and discussed the prospects of trade. Her husband's apathy to what went on around him, and disinclination to move, irritated her, as is evident from the slightly petulant remarks she lets drop thereupon in her letters. She lost all patience with her brother William, the clergyman, who preferred a life of easy retirement to going ahead in his profession. "He leads," she writes, "a life of such privacy and seriousness as looks to the beholders like wisdom; but for my part, no life of inaction deserves that name." In 1774, her husband's health was visibly failing. He scarcely left the house, sought his bed at five o'clock in the evening, and did not leave it till near noon. He died the following year, bequeathing all his property, real and personal, to his widow. She, after an interval of seclusion at Sandleford, proceeded to the North, and busied herself in visiting her coal-mines, and feasting her tenants on a liberal scale. Her colliery people she blew out with boiled beef and rice-pudding. "It is very pleasant," she remarks, "to see how the poor things cram themselves, and the expense is not great. We buy rice cheap, and skimmed milk and coarse beef serve the occasion." Having projected various schemes of charity and usefulness among her vassals in Northumberland, she proceeded to Yorkshire, and with the state of affairs on her property there she was equally pleased. A prolonged drought, it is true, had this summer burnt the country to a brown crust; not a blade of grass was visible; cattle had to be driven miles to water. Yet her tenants asked no indulgence nor favor, but paid their rents like men, hoping philosophically that the next season would be better.

The following year, she was moving

in a different scene. She was in Paris, where her reputation as a *bel esprit* of the first rank was established. The doors of the greatest houses were thrown open to receive her, and she was hurried hither and thither in a manner bewildering.

Voltaire was prevented by age and decrepitude from appearing in public; but he heard of her arrival, and took the opportunity of addressing a letter to the Academy renewing his attack on Shakespeare. She was present when this letter (intended as a crushing response to her essay) was read. The meeting over, the president observed to her apologetically, "I fear, Madam, you must be annoyed at what you have just heard." She at once answered, "I, sir! Not at all. I am not one of M. Voltaire's friends!"

She had already named as her heir her nephew Matthew Robinson (the younger of the two sons of her third brother Morris), who assumed, by royal licence, the surname and arms of Montagu. In young Matthew, now a boy of fourteen, her hopes and affections were accordingly centred. His education was her first care. She sent him to Harrow, where he did dwell. In the holidays, she had him taught to ride and to dance, the latter exercise being essential, in her opinion, for giving young people a graceful deportment. She was indeed shocked at observing, on one of her later visits to Tunbridge Wells, that owing to there being a camp hard by at Coxheath, young ladies had adopted a military air, strutting about with their arms akimbo, humming marches, and refusing to figure in the courtly minuet.

When he was seventeen, Matthew Montagu was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge. Here again, without doing anything remarkable, he acquitted himself creditably, and never got into a single scrape. While he was thus progressing, his aunt was preparing to leave her residence in Hill Street, and move into a far finer mansion which she had purchased in Portman Square. This edifice, considerably altered and modernised, fills up the north-west angle of the square. It is conspicuous for its size, and the spacious enclosure surrounding it. Much building and decorating had

to be got through before the fortunate owner could migrate thither. In the following extract from a letter written at the time, she proves herself a sharp woman of business :

"My new house is almost ready. I propose to move all my furniture from Hill Street thither, and to let my house unfurnished till a good purchaser offers. Then, should I get a bad tenant, I can seize his goods for rent ; and such security becomes necessary in these extravagant times."

Meantime, extensive improvements were being carried on at Sandleford. Within the house, various Gothicisms, in imitation of Strawberry Hill, were contrived. Without, what with widening of streams, levelling of mounds, planting in and planting out, our good lady's purse-strings were kept perpetually untied. Yet she managed to keep well within her income. The celebrated landscape-gardener, "Capability" Brown, superintended matters.

"He adapts his scheme," she says, "to the character of the place and my purse. We shall not erect temples to heathen gods, build proud bridges over humble rivulets, or do any of the marvellous things suggested by caprice, and indulged by the wantonness of wealth."

The winter of 1782 found Mrs. Montagu established at her palace, for so her foreign friends called it, in Portman Square. Everything about it delighted her—the healthy open situation, the space and the magnificence. We hear of one room with pillars of old Italian green marble, and a ceiling painted by Angelica Kauffmann. At a later date, she further adorned it with those wondrous feather hangings, to form which, feathers were sought from every quarter, all kinds being acceptable, from the flaring plumage of the peacock and the parrot to the dingier garb of our native birds. It was with reference to this feathering of her London nest that the poet Cowper wrote :

"The birds put off their every hue,  
To dress a room for Montagu."

When Matthew Montagu left Cambridge, there was a talk of his making the grand tour. His aunt, however, decided that the atmosphere of home was less likely to be corrupting. The scheme was therefore abandoned, and he was sent forth instead into London society. The impression he made was such as to satisfy her. She was of course anxious that, if

he did marry, he should exercise judgment in his choice. When therefore he fixed his affections on a charming girl with fifty thousand pounds, she could raise no objections. He entered Parliament as member for Bossiney,\* and in 1787 he seconded the Address to the Throne in a maiden speech which appears to have attracted some attention ; members of both Houses called to congratulate his aunt upon his successful start in public life : "indeed, for several mornings," says she, "I had a levée like a Minister."

In process of time a grand-nephew made his appearance, and then Mrs. Montagu's cup of joy seemed to be full. From this point her life flowed smoothly onward to its close. Death had made sad havoc among those who had assembled around her once, yet the gaps were quickly filled. She entertained more splendidly than ever. Her parties differed from the old gatherings in Hill Street. Royalty honored her with its presence. Titles, stars, and decorations abounded : she herself had never been more sparkling ; yet the witty aroma being more diffused, smelt fainter. While welcoming the rich, she did not forget the poor. Every May Day, the courtyard before her house was thronged by a multitude of chimney-sweeps, with faces washed for the occasion, and for these a banquet of roast beef and plum pudding was provided.

It surprised her friends that one so fragile in appearance, who looked as though a breath of wind might blow her away, should be equal to the fatigues of a worldly existence. Hannah More, when first she knew her, had described her as "hastening to insensible decay by a slow but sure hectic." Twenty years after, on one of her brief visits to town, she found her hectic patient (aged seventy-six) "well, bright, and in full song." The excitement afforded by mixing with the giddy world had long since wearied and sickened the worthy Hannah, but to the mistress of Montagu House it had become a necessity. Without it she would have moped. She resigned her sceptre gradually and reluctantly. Sir Nathaniel Wraxall alludes in a rather malicious tone to the splendor of her at-

\* A Cornish borough, now disfranchised.



ture, when in extreme old age, and especially to the quantity of diamonds that flashed on head, neck, arms, and fingers. "I used to think," he says, "that these glittering appendages of opulence sometimes helped to dazzle the disputant whom her arguments might not always convince, or her literary reputation intimidate." At length failing strength obliged her to retire from a scene in which she had long shone the brightest star, and we hear of her less and less. She died in 1800, aged eighty.

The gap left by her in society has never been exactly filled—except possibly by Lady Blessington, who was a far shallower person than her predecessor, with sympathies less exclusively literary. The kindness Mrs. Montagu showed to struggling authors, and the assistance she lent them in time of need, are pleasant to remember. It was to her influence in a great measure, that Beattie owed the success of his "Minstrel," and Hannah More that of her windy play "Percy." She condescended to notice

the humblest efforts—like those, for instance, of Mrs. Yearsley, the ungrateful milk-woman of Bristol, in whose poetical effusions she discovered a surprising "force of imagination and harmony of numbers."

The literary *salon*, properly so called, appears to be a thing of the past. Society is now too large, and time too precious, to admit of its revival. Besides, workers, in literature appeal to a discerning public, and not to individual patrons and patronesses, for support. Even if such a revival were possible, a leader like Mrs. Montagu could hardly be found. It was Johnson himself who said of her :

"She exerts more mind in conversation than any person I ever met with ; she displays such powers of ratiocination, such radiations of intellectual excellence, as are amazing."

This is strong praise, and it agrees with the opinions of others hardly less celebrated. There are few, it would seem, at the present day, of whom the same could, with truth, be said.—*Temple Bar.*

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#### GENERAL GORDON AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

IN an article in the *Fortnightly Review* for the month of October, \* under the heading of "The Future of the Soudan," grave charges are made against General Gordon.

It is alleged in that article that General Gordon's proclamation at Khartoum, of the 18th or 19th of February last, will have a very injurious effect upon the condition of thousands of unhappy negroes from the upper regions of the Nile, who are, or will become, slaves. That General Gordon has undone by his own hands the work he devoted years of his life to accomplish. That his proclamation to the slaveholders showed that he was inclined to temporize with an injustice, and that the English Government have confirmed the right of man to sell man. It is further asserted that the issue of the proclamation secured General Gordon's safe arrival at Khartoum.

The writer advocates the total abolition of slavery in Egypt at once, without

any compensation. He is of opinion that General Gordon should not have accepted a commission from the Khedive. He thinks that if an equitable administration, under the British Government, cannot be established, it would be better to abandon the Soudan absolutely, and leave the native chiefs to themselves, even at the risk of there being a period of anarchy ; but further on he says there is no reason why we should allow the Soudan to sink into barbarism. And then he goes on to assume that some form of government might be established, separate from Egypt, and that thre ailway from Suakim to Berber ought to be made, if we wish to keep open the road to Khartoum, and our access to the heart of Africa. The writer considers that the garrisons of Kassala and Sennaar should have been relieved through Abyssinia, and that General Gordon was most unwisely empowered to settle the nomination of the future native administration of the country, in place of frankly withdrawing from the Soudan, and leaving the tribes to settle their government among themselves. The

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\* See ECLECTIC MAGAZINE for December, 1884.

writer then makes a direct charge against General Gordon to the effect that he, in a proclamation of February 26, said he had been compelled to send for British troops, who were then on the road, and would arrive in a few days. In conclusion, the writer of the article states that the despatch of the present expedition is a sufficient proof that General Gordon overrated his powers.

Now what are the facts?

According to the terms of the Convention \* between the British and Egyptian Governments for the suppression of the slave trade, dated August 4, 1877, it was agreed that slave-hunting should cease, and that any persons engaged therein should be treated as murderers, and it was further arranged that after certain dates—viz., August 4, 1884, in lower Egypt, and August 4, 1889, in the Soudan, all trafficking in slaves between family and family, should be illegal, and be punished with imprisonment. It was further resolved that a special ordinance should be published throughout the land of Egypt, in order to prepare the people for the change determined upon.

General Gordon, during the time that he was Governor-General of the Soudan, rigidly adhered to this Convention, and annually published a proclamation to the effect that the sale of slaves between family and family would determine in 1889. In Lower Egypt, where, by the terms of the Convention, the sale of slaves has already become illegal, no such proclamations have been promulgated, nor have any steps whatever been taken to put the terms of the Convention into force. Although General Gordon faithfully carried out the provisions of this article of the Convention, he was adverse to the conditions. He saw that they could not be carried out; and suggested that the only effectual way of abolishing slavery would be the following:—

1. The registration of all existing slaves.
2. Registers to be kept in each Government office of the names of slaves and their owners, with a description of each.
3. Every slave not registered within six months from a certain date to be free.
4. All slaves born after a certain date to be free.

And he suggested that the Convention should be cancelled, and that the foregoing proposals should take its place.

Prior to General Gordon's arrival in the Soudan in February last, it was rumored throughout that country by the emissaries of the Mahdi, that General Gordon would proclaim the freedom of all slaves, which form seven-eighths of the population of that province. In order to counteract this baneful influence, General Gordon, on his arrival at Khartoum, issued the proclamation\* complained of. What are its terms? It simply tells the people what they are by law entitled to—viz., "That whoever has slaves shall have full right to their services, and full control over them, and that no one shall interfere with their property." General Gordon had no power to cancel the Convention and abolish slavery. What he did was in accordance with a solemn convention entered into by the Governments of Great Britain and Egypt, and in no way referred to the making of new slaves, and still less to slave-hunting, against which nefarious traffic, as is well known, all his energies have been exercised.

It is not the case that the issue of the proclamation procured the safe arrival of General Gordon at Khartoum. The proclamation was not issued until after his arrival at Berber—most probably not until after his arrival at Khartoum itself.

With regard to the total abolition of slavery, without compensation, at once—the writer can hardly have considered the question. For a powerful nation like Great Britain to confiscate the personal property of a people, with whom slavery dates from the time of the Pharaohs, would be as impolitic as it would be unjust. We have no right, human or divine, to so deal with property that is not our own. We did not dare to act in this manner when we gave our slaves their freedom, we began by proposing a loan of £15,000,000, and we ended by a gift of £20,000,000.

With respect to General Gordon's commission as Governor-General which is objected to—how could he have derived any power without it? The number of Egyptian employés and troops could be counted by thousands, each

\* Egypt, No. 1, 1878.

\* Egypt, No. 9, 1884.

province being under the government of an Egyptian Pasha. How could he have issued any orders unless he derived his authority from the firman of the Khedive.

The writer advocates the evacuation of the Soudan upon any terms, even if such withdrawal would result in anarchy—always provided that Great Britain is not prepared to exercise a protectorate over it—and then he goes on to recommend the construction of the Suakim and Berber railway under any circumstances, with the view of opening the road to Khartoum, and giving us access to the heart of Africa. He seems to consider that the people of the Soudan would, after a time of anarchy, form good governments. It is asserted, on the contrary, that the country, at present a productive one, would revert into barbarism, and, after a scene of murder, rapine, and plunder, would become the resort of slave-hunters,\* who would carry on raids into all the surrounding provinces.

The writer does not say where the money is to come from for the construction of the railway, or how it is to be maintained. When he speaks of the garrisons of Sennaar and Kassala being withdrawn through Abyssinia, he apparently forgets the extreme hatred that exists between the natives of the Soudan and the Abyssinians. He seems to have forgotten the thousands of people whom General Gordon was sent to remove. Putting on one side the Egyptian garrisons in the Bahr-el-Gazelle, and at the equator, and other places, Colonel Coetlogen states † that the people to be removed from Khartoum and Sennaar alone consists of from 40,000 to 50,000 persons, and is of opinion that the evacuation would take two years to carry out, and could only be carried out at great risk, and with much bloodshed.

It is very difficult to explain the meaning of the proclamation of February 26, ‡ wherein General Gordon speaks of having sent for British troops who would in a few days be in Khartoum. It would seem as if the proclamation had been promulgated under some misapprehension or misunderstanding open to expla-

nation. General Gordon is not an Arabic scholar, and his interpreter may have inserted words that he did not use. Again, General Gordon may have intended to allude to Graham's force proceeding to Suakim,\* since the proclamation is addressed to the inhabitants of the Soudan generally, of which Suakim is an integral part; or he may refer to the 200 Indian troops that on the same day (February 26) he requests † may be sent to Wadi-Halfa.

As this incident has nothing to do with the future of the Soudan, nor with the slave proclamation, it would seem quite unnecessary for the writer of the article in the *Fortnightly Review* to go out of his way to charge General Gordon, an absent officer, with having proclaimed an untruth.

As to the statement that "the dispatch of the present expedition is a sufficient proof that General Gordon overrates his powers," it is not to be believed that the people of England will endorse any such unfair statement. On the contrary, they will be of opinion that General Gordon's prestige has never stood so high as it does at this time. It has certainly carried him through the perils of a terrible ordeal out of which it seems probable that he and his companions will emerge with undiminished reputation. Few persons will ever know the fearful anxiety which he has undergone during this time of trial—not on account of himself, but on account of those who were with him, and for whose lives he considered himself responsible. General Gordon never asked for any expedition to Khartoum. After Graham's victories, he requested that two squadrons of British cavalry should be sent to Berber, and 200 men to Wadi-Halfa. He himself remarked, he made these requests solely on account of the moral effect they would produce if acceded to.

It is difficult to know for what purpose the present expedition is sent, except it be to carry out the evacuation of this fertile country. It is to be hoped, however, in the interests of humanity, that the country may be retained under Egyptian rule, the more especially as

\* See Egypt, No. 12, p. 132-133.

† *Times*, September 12.

‡ See Egypt, No. 12, p. 226.

\* Egypt, No. 8, 6.

† *Ibid.*, No. 12, 169.

Khartoum is as essential to Egypt as our frontier position at Quetta is to India. Under Egyptian rule it returned a surplus revenue of over £100,000.

The question of Zebehr requires no comment, and it is too long a subject to go into.

In conclusion, It may be observed that, while General Gordon would perhaps deprecate any notice being taken of the article referred to, yet in his absence his friends do not consider it should be allowed to pass unobserved.—*Contemporary Review*.

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## WÜRZBURG AND VIENNA.

SCRAPS FROM A DIARY.

BY EMILE DE LAVELEYE.

GOING to Vienna to collect books and documents, with the intention of studying the results of Bosnia's occupation by Austro-Hungary, I take the Rhine route, and stop two days at Würzburg to see Ludwig Noiré and have a talk on Schopenhauer. The *Vater Rhein* is now changed beyond recognition: *quantum mutatus ab illo*. How different all is to when I visited it for the first time, years ago on foot, stopping at the stages mentioned in Victor Hugo's "Rhin," which had just appeared. All those grand peeps of Nature to be got on the old river, as it forced its majestic way through barriers of riven rocks and volcanic upheavals, have now almost wholly disappeared. The wine-grower has planted his vineyards even in the most secluded nooks, and built stone terraces where the rocks were too steep for cultivation. All along the banks, these giant staircases climb to the summits of peaks and ravines. The vines have stormed the position, and their aspect is uniform. The Burgs, built on heaps of lava, "the Maus" and "the Katze," those sombre retreats of the Burgraves of old, now covered with the green leaves of the vine, have lost their former wild aspect. The Lorelei manufactures white wine, and the syren no longer intoxicates sailors with the songs of her harp, but with the juice of the grape. There is nothing here now to inspire Victor Hugo's "Burgraves," or Heine's

"Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten,  
Dass ich so traurig bin;  
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten,  
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn."

Below, engineering skill has dammed in the waters of the river, and the basaltic

blocks form a black wall with white lines between the stones. Black and white! Even the old God of the Rhine has adopted the Prussian colors. Embankments have been constructed at the wide points of the river, for the purpose of increasing its depth, and of reconquering meadows, by the slow but natural process of raising the level by mud deposits. Between Mannheim and Cologne, the current has gained ten hours, and the dangers of navigation of legendary celebrity have disappeared. All along the embankments immense white figures inform navigators at what distance from them it is safe to pass. On each bank, too, runs a railway, and on the river itself pass steamers of every shape, form, and description—steamers with three decks, for tourists, as in the United States, little pleasure-boats, iron barges from Rotterdam, steam-tugs worked by paddle or screw, and dredgers of various proportions; all these hundreds of chimneys vomit a continuance of black smoke, which darkens the whole atmosphere. The carriage roads are in admirable order; not a rut is visible, and they are lined with fruit-trees, and with the same black and white basaltic blocks as the river. The Prussian colors again; but the aim is to point out the road for carriages on dark nights. When the way turns either to the right or the left, the trees on each side of it are painted white, so as to be distinctly visible. I have never anywhere seen a great river so thoroughly tamed, subdued, and utilized, so completely bent to man's necessities. The free Rhine of Arminius and of the Burgraves is as well disciplined as any grenadier of

Brandenburg. The economist and the engineer admire, but painters and poets bewail.

Buffon, in a page published in every "Cours de Littérature," sings a hosanna to cultivated Nature, and appears unable to find words strong enough to express his horror of Nature in its savage state, "brute" Nature as he calls it. At the present day, our impression is precisely the reverse of this. We seek on almost inaccessible summits, in the region of eternal snow, and in the very heart of hitherto unexplored continents, a spot where man has not yet penetrated, and where we may behold Nature in her inviolate virginity. We are stifled by civilization, wearied out with books, newspapers, reviews, and periodicals, letters to write and to read; railway travelling, the post, the telegraph, and the telephone, devour time and completely mince up one's life; any solitude for fruitful reflection is quite out of the question. Shall I find it, at least, among the fir-trees of the Carpathians, or beneath the shade of the old oaks of the Balkans? Industry is spoiling and soiling our planet. Chemical produce poisons the water, the dross from different works and factories covers the country, quarries split up the picturesque slopes of valleys, black coal smoke dulls the verdant foliage and the azure of the sky, the drainage of large cities turns our rivers into sewers, whence emerge the germs of typhus. The useful destroys the beautiful; and this is so general as at times to bring tears to the eyes. Have not the Italians on the lovely Isle of Sta. Heléna, near to the public gardens in Venice, erected works for the building of engines, and replaced the ruins of a fourth-century church by chimneys, whose opaque smoke, produced by the detestable bituminous coal of the Saar, would soon leave a sooty trace on the pink marble of the Doge's palace and on the mosaics of St. Mark, just as we see them on St. Paul's Cathedral in London, so ugly covered with sticky streaks. It is true that the produce of this industrial activity becomes condensed in revenue, which enriches many families, and adds considerably to the list of the bourgeois population inhabiting the capital. Here, on the banks of the Rhine, these revenues are represent-

ed by villas and castles, whose pseudo-Greek or Gothic architecture peeps out from among masses of exotic trees and plants in the most sought-after positions, near to Bonn, Godesberg, St. Goar or Bingen. Look! there is an immense feudal castle, beside which Stolzenfels, the Empress Augusta's favorite residence, would be a mere shooting box. This immense assemblage of turrets, galleries, roofs, and terraces must have cost at least £80,000. Has it sprung from coal or from Bessemer steel? It is situated just below the noble ruin of Drachenfels. Will not the dragon watching over the Niebelungen treasure in Nifelheim's den, avenge this impertinent challenge of modern plutocracy?

All that I see on my way up the Rhine leads me to reflect on the special characteristics of Prussian administration. The works which have so marvellously "domesticated" the river as to make it a type of what Pascal calls "un chemin qui marche," have taken between thirty and forty years, and have been carried out continuously, systematically and scientifically. In her public works, as in her military preparations, Prussia has succeeded in uniting two qualities which are only too often lacking—a spirit of consistency, and the love of progress. The desire to be as near as possible to perfection is apparent in the most minute details. Not unfrequently consistency, and a too close following of traditions, leads to routine which rejects innovations. Great strength is attained, and the chances of success are considerably increased if, while one aim is kept always in view, the best means to attain it are selected and applied without delay.

I have remarked, when speaking of parliamentary administration, that a lack of consistency was one reason of the feebleness of democracies. This should be guarded against as soon as it becomes apparent, or inferiority will ensue. A few trifling facts will show that the Prussians are as great lovers of useful novelties and of practical improvement as the Americans. On the Rhine, at the ferries the old ferry-boats have been replaced by little steamers, which are constantly crossing the river from one side to the other. At the railway sta-

tions, I notice that the trucks for luggage are made of steel, and are lighter and stronger than any I have seen elsewhere. The system for warming the railway compartments is also more perfected. Heated pipes run under the seats of the carriages, and the passengers can regulate the temperature by turning a needle on a disc from *Kalt* (cold) to *Warm* or *vice-versâ*. At the summit of the tower of the Town Hall of Berlin the different flagstaves for the flags hoisted on the fête days are ranged in order. Outside the highest gallery iron rings have been fitted all round in which to fix the staffs, each of which has a number corresponding to the same number on the ring it is to fit into. In this manner both rapidity and regularity are insured. Order and foresight are safe means to an end.

I intended going to see at Stuttgart a former member of the Austrian Cabinet, Albert Schüffle, who now devotes all his time to the study of social questions, and has published some very well-known works—among others, “*Capitalismus und Socialismus*,” and “*Bau und Leben des Socialen Körpers*” (“*Construction and Life of the Social Body*”), books which place him at the extreme left of Professorial Socialism. Unfortunately, he is at the baths in the Black Forest. But I stop at Würzburg to meet Ludwig Noiré, a philosopher and philologist, who has deigned to study political economy. The sight of the socialistic pass to which democratic tendencies are leading modern society, induces many philosophers to turn their attention to social questions. This is the case in France with Jules Simon, Paul Janet, Taine, Renouvier; in England with Herbert Spencer, William Graham, and even with that æstheticist of pre-Raphaelite art, Ruskin.

I hold that political economy should go hand in hand with philosophy, religion, and especially with morality; but as I cannot myself rise to these elevated spheres of thought, I am only too happy when a philosopher throws me out a bit of cord by which I may pull myself a little higher, above our work-a-day world. Ludwig Noiré has written a book, which is exactly what I needed in this respect, and which I hope to be able to speak of at greater length a little

later. It is entitled “*Das Werkzeug*” (“*The Tool*”). It shows the truth of Franklin’s saying: *Man is a tool-making creature*. Noiré says that the origin of tools dates from the origin of Reason and Language. At the commencement, as far back as one can conceive, man was forced to act on matter to obtain food. This action on Nature for the purpose of satisfying wants is labor. As men were living together in families and in tribes, labor was carried on in common. A person making a muscular effort very naturally pronounces certain sounds in connection with the effort he is making. These sounds, repeated and heard by the entire group, were after a time understood to signify the action of which they were the spontaneous accompaniment. Thus was language born from natural activity in view of supplying imperious needs, and the verb representing the action preceded all their words. The effort to procure the necessary and useful develops the reasoning powers, and tools soon became necessary. Wherever traces of pre-historic men are found, there is also to be found the flint implement. Thus reason, language, labor, and implements, all manifestations of an intelligence capable of progress; appeared almost simultaneously.

Noiré has developed this theory fully in another book, entitled, “*Ursprung der Sprache*” (“*Origin of Speech*”). When it was published, Max Müller stated in the *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*, that, although he considered this system too exclusive, yet it was far superior to either the onymatopœia or the interjection theory, and that it was certainly the best and the most probable one brought forward at present. I can but bow before this appreciation.

Noiré is a fanatical Kantian, and an enthusiastic admirer of Schopenhauer. He has succeeded in forming a committee for the purpose of erecting a statue in honor of the modern Heraculites. The committee, he says, *must* be international, for if as a writer Schopenhauer be German, as a philosopher he belongs to the entire world, and he asked me to join it. “I am exceedingly flattered by the proposal,” said I; “but I offer two objections. In the first place, a humble economist has not the right to

place his name side by side with such as are already on the list. Secondly, being an incurable disciple of Platonism, I fear that Schopenhauer did not remain in the Cartesian line of spiritualism. I feel persuaded that two notions, which, it appears, are at the present day very old-fashioned—I speak of a belief in God and in the soul's immortality—should form the basis of all social science. He who believes in nothing but matter cannot rise to a notion of what 'ought to be'—*i. e.*, to an ideal of right and justice. This ideal can only be conceived as a divine order of things imposing itself morally on mankind. The 'Revue Philosophique' of October, 1882, says, 'Positive Science, as understood at the present day, considers not what *should* be, but only what *is*. It searches merely the formula of facts. All idea of obligation, or of imperative prohibition, is completely foreign to its code.' Such a creed is a death-stroke to all notion of duty. I believe that faith in a future life is indispensable for the accomplishment of good works. Materialism weakens the moral sense, and naturally leads to general decay.'

"Yes," replied Noiré, "this is just the problem. How, side by side with the dire necessities of Nature, or with Divine omnipotence, can there be place for human personality and liberty? Nobody, neither Christian nor Naturalist, has yet been able satisfactorily to answer this. Hence has sprung, on the one hand, the predestination of the Calvinists and Luther's *De servo arbitrio*, and, on the other, determinism and materialism. Kant is the first mortal who fearlessly studied this problem and studied it satisfactorily. He plunged into the abyss, like the diver of Schiller, and returned, having vanquished the monsters he found there, and holding in his hand the golden cup from which henceforward Humanity may drink the Divine beverage of Truth. As nothing can be of greater interest to us than the solution of this problem, so our gratitude, be it ever so considerable, can never possibly equal the service rendered by this really prodigious effort of the human mind. Kant has provided us with the only arm which can combat materialism. It is full time we should make use of it, for this detestable doctrine is everywhere

undermining the foundations of human society. I venerate the memory of Schopenhauer, because he has inspired the truths revealed by Kant with more real life and penetrating vigor. Schopenhauer is not well known in either France or England. Some of his works have been translated, but no one has really understood him thoroughly, because to understand a philosopher it is necessary not only to admire but to be passionately attached to him. 'The folly of the Cross' is an admirable expression.

"Schopenhauer maintains that the will is the great source of all; it means both personality and liberty. We are here at once planted at the antipodes of naturalistic determinism. Free intelligence creates matter. *Spiritus in nobis qui viget, ille facit*. God is the great ideal. He does not make us move, but moves Himself in us. The more we appropriate to ourselves this Ideal, the freer we become; we are the reasonable and conscious authors of our actions, and liberty consists in this. Schopenhauer's moral law is precisely that of Christianity—a law of abnegation, of resignation and asceticism. What Christians call Charity, he designates as 'Pity.' He exhorts his followers to struggle against self-will; not to let their eyes dwell on the passing delusions of the outside world, but to seek their soul's peace by sacrificing all pursuits and interests which should fix their attentions solely on the changing scenes of this life. Are not these also the Gospel principles? Must they be rejected because Buddha also preached them? 'The sovereign proof of the truth of my doctrines,' says Schopenhauer, 'is the number of Christian persons who have abandoned all their earthly treasure, position and riches, and have embraced voluntary poverty, devoting themselves wholly to the service of the poor and the sick and needy, undaunted in their work of charity by the most frightful wounds, the most revolting complaints. Their happiness consists in self-abnegation, in their indifference to the pleasures of this life, in their living faith, in the immortality of their being, and in a future of endless bliss.'

"The chief aim of Kant's metaphysics," proceeds Noiré, "is to fix a

limit to the circle that can be embraced by man's reason. 'We resemble,' he says, 'fish in a pond, who can see, just to the edge of the water, the banks that imprison them, but are perfectly ignorant of all that is beyond.' Schopenhauer goes farther than Kant. 'True,' he says, 'we can only see the world from outside, and as a phenomenon, but there is one little loophole left open to us by which we can get a peep at substantial realities, and this loophole is each individual "Myself," revealed to us as "Will," which gives us the key to the "Transcendent." You say, dear colleague, that you are incurably Platonic; are you not then aware Schopenhauer constantly refers to the 'divine' Plato, and to the incomparable, the prodigious, *der erstaunliche* Kant. His great merit is to have defended idealism against all the wild beasts which Dante met with in the dark forest, *nella selva oscura*' into which he had strayed—materialism and sensualism, and their worthy offspring selfishness and bestiality. Nothing can be more false or dangerous than physics without metaphysics, and yet this truth proclaimed at the present day by great men merely provokes a laugh. The notion of duty is based on metaphysics. Nothing in Nature teaches it, and physics are silent on the subject. Nature is pitiless; brute force triumphs there. The better armed destroys and devours his less favored brother. Where then is right and justice? Materialists adopt as their motto the words which Frenchmen falsely accuse our Chancellor of having uttered, 'Might is Right.' Schopenhauer's 'Pity,' Christian 'Charity,' the philosopher's and jurist's 'Justice,' are diametrically opposed to instinct and the voice of Nature, which urge us to sacrifice everything to the satisfaction of animal appetites. Read the eloquent conclusion of the book of Lange, 'Geschichte des Materialismus.' If materialism be not vanquished while it is yet time, all the law courts, prisons, bayonets and grape-shot in the world will not suffice to prevent the downfall of the social edifice. This pernicious doctrine must be banished from the brains of learned men, where it now reigns supreme. It has started from thence, and has gradually obtained a hold on the public mind. It

is the duty of true philosophy to save the world."

"But," I replied, "Schopenhauer's philosophy will never be comprehended but by a small minority; for myself, I humbly confess I have never read but fragments translated."

"It is a pity you have never perused the original," answered Noiré, "the style is exceedingly clear and simple. He is one of our best writers. He has exposed the most abstruse problems in the best possible terms. No one has more thoroughly justified the truth of what our Jean Paul said of Plato, Bacon and Leibnitz, the most learned reflection need not exclude a brilliant setting to show it off in relief, any more than a learned brain excludes a fine forehead and a fine face. Unfortunately, M. de Hartmann, who popularized Schopenhauer, has too frequently rendered his ideas unintelligible by his Hegelian Jargon. Schopenhauer could not endure Hegelianism. Like an Iconoclast, he smashed to shivers its idols with a heavy club. He approved of violent expressions, and indulged in very strong terms. So, for instance, he liked what he calls *die göttliche Grobheit*, 'divine coarseness.' At the same time, he praises elegance and good manners, and even, strange to say, has translated a little manual on 'The Way to Behave in Society,' 'El Oraculo Manual,' published in 1658, by the Jesuit, Baltasar Gracian. 'There was a time,' he writes, 'when Germany's three great sophists, Fichte, Schelling, and especially Hegel, that seller of senselessness, *der freche unsinnige Schmierer*, that impertinent scribbler, imagined they would appear learned by becoming obscure. This shameless humbug succeeded in winning the adulations of the multitude. He reigned at the Universities, where his style was imitated. Hegelianism became a religion, and a most intolerant one. Whosoever was not Hegelian was suspected even by the Prussian State. All these good gentlemen were in quest of the Absolute, and pretended that they had found it, and brought it home in their carpet-bags.'

"Kant maintained that human reason can only grasp the relative. 'Error,' cry in chorus Hegel, Schelling, Jacobi and Schleiermacher, and *tutti quanti*. 'The Absolute! Why, I know it intimately;



it has no secrets from me,' and the different universities became the scenes of revolutions of the Absolute which stirred all Germany. If it were proposed to attempt to recall these illustrious maniacs to their right reason, the question was asked, 'Do you adequately comprehend the Absolute?' 'No.' 'Then hold your tongue; you are a bad Christian and a dangerous subject. Beware of the stronghold.' The unfortunate Beneke was so startled by this treatment that he went mad and drowned himself. Finally these great authorities quarrelled between themselves. They informed each other that they knew nothing of the Absolute. A quarrel on this subject was very often deadly. These battles resemble the discussion at Toledo between the Rabbi and the Monk in Heine's 'Romancero.' After they had both lengthily discussed and quarrelled, the king said to the queen: 'Which of the two do you think is right?' 'I think,' replied the queen, 'that they both smell equally unpleasantly.'

"This nebulous system of the Hegelian Absolute-seekers, reminding one of *Nephelokkygia*, 'the town in the clouds,' in Aristophanes' 'Birds,' has become a proverb with our French neighbors, who very rightly are fond of clearness. When anything seems to them unintelligible, they dub it as German metaphysics. Cousin did his best to clarify all this indigestible stuff, and serve it up in a palatable form.' But in so doing he lost, not his Latin, but his German and his French. I am sure you never understood that 'pure Being' was identical with 'no Being.' Do you recollect Grimm's story, 'The Emperor's Robe?' A tailor condemned to death promised, in order to obtain his pardon, to make the Emperor the finest robe ever seen. He stitched, and stitched, and stitched ceaselessly, and finally announced that the robe was ready, but that it was invisible to all, save to wise people. All the servants, officers, and chamberlains of the court came to examine this work of art with the ministers and high dignitaries, and one and all pronounced it magnificent. On the coronation day the Emperor is supposed to put on the costume, and rides through the town in procession. The streets and windows are crowded; no one will admit that he has less wis-

dom than his neighbor, and all repeat; 'How magnificent! Was ever anything seen so lovely?' At last a little child calls out, 'But the Emperor is naked,' and it was then admitted that the robe had never existed, and the tailor was hanged.

"Schopenhauer is the child revealing the misery, or rather the non-existence of Hegelianism, and his writings were consequently unappreciated for upwards of thirty years. The first edition of his most important work found its way to the grocer's shop and thence to the rubbish heap. It is our duty to-day to make amends for such injustice, and to render him the honor which is his due; his pessimism need not stay you. 'The world,' he says, 'is full of evil, and all suffer here below. Man's will is by nature perverse.' Is not this doctrine the very essence of Christianity? *Ingeni tomnis creatura*. He maintains that our natural will is selfish and bad, but that, by an effort over itself, it may become purified and rise above its natural state to a state of grace, of holiness, of which the Church speaks, *δευτέρος πλῶνς*. This is the deliverance, the Redemption, for which pious souls long, and it is to be attained by an indifference to and condemnation of the world and of self. *Spernere mundum, spernere se, spernere se sperni.*"\*

Before leaving Würzburg I visit the Palace, formerly the residence of the Prince-Bishops, and also several churches. The Palace, *die Residenz*, is immense, and seems the more so when one reflects that it was destined to ornament the chief town of a small bishopric. Built between the years 1720 and 1744,

\* I learn that the Committee has now been formed for the purpose of raising a statue to the memory of Schopenhauer. The following is a list of members:—Ernest Rénan; Max Müller of Oxford; Brahmane Ragot Rampal Sing; Von Benningsen, formerly President of the German Reichstag; Rudolf von Thering, the celebrated Romanist of Göttingen; Gyldea, the astronomer from Stockholm; Fungier, President of the Imperial Court (Reichsgericht) of Vienna; Wilhelm Gentz of Berlin; Otto Böhlingk of the Imperial Academy of Russia; Karl Hillebrand of Florence; Francis Bowen, Professor at Harvard College in the United States; Professor Rudolf Leuckart of Leipzig; Hans von Wolzogen of Bayreuth; Professor F. Zarncke of Leipzig; Ludwig Noiré of Mayence; and Emile de Laveleye of Liège.

after the plan of the palace of Versailles, it is very nearly as large. There is not such another staircase to be found anywhere. This, and the hall which precedes it, occupy the entire width of the building and a third of its length, and the effect is really of imperial magnificence. The trains of crowds of cassocked prelates and fine ladies could sweep here with ease. The cut stone balustrades are ornamented with statues. There is a suite of 350 reception-rooms—all for show, none for use. A certain number of these were decorated at the time of the French Empire. How mean the paintings on the ceilings, the pseudo-classic walls, and the mahogany furniture with brass ornaments, appear when compared to the apartments completed at the beginning of the eighteenth century, where the "chicorée" ornamentation exhibits all its seductions. I have never seen, all over Europe, anything in this style so perfect or better preserved. The curtains are in material of the period, and the chairs, sofas, and arm-chairs are covered to match. Each room is of a dominant color. There is a green one with metallic shades, like the wings of a Brazilian beetle. The *broché* silk on the furniture is to correspond. The effect is magical. In another, splendid Gobelin tapestry, after Lebrun, represents the triumph and the clemency of Alexander. Another, again, is all mirrors, even to the door-panels, but groups of flowers in oil-painting on the glass temper the excessive brilliancy. The stoves are really marvels of inventive genius and good taste, all in white and gold Saxony china. The blacksmith's art never produced anything finer than the immense wrought-iron gates which enclose the pleasure-grounds, with their terraces, lawns, grass-plots, fountains, and rustic retreats. This princely residence, which has been almost invariably vacant since the suppression of episcopal sovereignty, has remained perfectly intact. It has been deteriorated neither by popular insurrections nor by changes in taste. What finished models of the style of the Regency architects and furniture makers could find here to copy from!

The contemplation of all these grand-ours suggests two questions to my mind. Where did these Sovereigns of tiny States find the money to furnish them-

selves with splendors and luxuries which Louis XIV. might have envied? My colleague, George Schanz, Professor of Political Economy at the University of Würzburg, informs me that these bishops had scarcely any troops to maintain. "Make," he says, "builders, joiners, upholsterers, and carpenters of all our soldiers all over the land at the present day, and Germany might soon be covered with such palaces."

Second question: How could these bishops, disciples of Him "who had not where to lay His head," spend the money raised by taxation of the poor, on pomps and luxury worthy of a Darius or a Heliogabalus? Had they not read the Gospel condemnation of Dives, and the commentaries of the Church's Fathers? Was the Christian doctrine of humility and of charity, even to voluntary property, only understood in monasteries and convents? Those grandees of the Church must have been completely blinded by the mistaken sophism which leads to the belief that extravagance and waste benefits the working man, the real producer. This unfortunate error is only too harmful at the present day.

During the eighteenth century the majority of the churches of Würzburg were completely spoilt by being ornamented in that Louis XV. style, suited only to the interior of palaces. As Boileau says, "ce ne sont que festons, ce ne sont qu'astragales," gothic arches disappear beneath garlands of flowers, clouds with angel's draperies in relief and interlacings of "chicorée," the whole in plaster and covered with gilding. The altars are frequently entirely gilt. It is a perfect profusion of make-believe riches. In the towns the façades of some houses here and there are finished examples of this florid architecture. Doubtless the radiance of Versailles magnificence urged Germany to decorate her monuments and dwellings "à la Française," even after the Sun there had set.

From my windows, which look out on to the square before the palace, I see a battalion of troops march past to exercise. Even the guards at Berlin could not march more automatically. The legs and the left arm move exactly together, while the guns are held precisely at the

same angle by each soldier. Their steel barrels form a perfectly straight line as they glisten in the sunshine. The ranks of soldiers are absolutely rectilinear. The whole move in a body as if they were fastened on to a rail. It is perfection. What care and pains must have been bestowed before such a result could be attained! The Bavarians have naturally done their very best to equal and even to surpass the Prussians. They do not choose to be esteemed any longer as mere beer-drinkers, heavy, and somewhat dense. I wonder if this exceedingly severe drill, so effective on parade, is of use on a battle-field of the present day, where it is usual to disperse to attack. I am not competent to answer this question, but it is certain that rigid discipline accustoms the soldier to order and obedience; two very necessary virtues, especially in a democratic age. Obedience is still more wanted when the iron hand of despotism gives place to the authority of magistrates and laws. The mission of schools and military service is to teach this lesson to the citizens of Republics. The more the chief power loosens its hold, the more should free man bend at once to the exigencies necessary for the maintenance of order in the State. If this be not so, anarchy will result, and a return to despotism is then inevitable, for anarchy cannot be tolerated.

In the evening the sound of bugles is heard. It is the retreat sounding for the garrison troops. It is a melancholy farewell to the day passing away, and, religious, like a call to rest, from the night, which is fast falling. Alas! how sad it is to think that these trumpets thus harmoniously sounding the curfew will one day give the signal for battle and bloodshed! Men are still as savage as wild beasts, and with less motive, for they no longer devour their slaughtered enemy. I am a member of at least four societies whose object is to preach peace and recommend arbitration. No one listens to us. Even free nations prefer to fight. I admit perfectly that when the security or the existence of a country is at stake, it is impossible to have recourse to arbitration, although its decisions would be at least as just as those of violence and chance; but there are cases which I call "Jenkins's ears,"

since reading Carlyle's "Frederic the Great."\* In such as these, where the question is one of *amour propre*, of obstinacy, and frequently, I may say, also, of stupidity, arbitration might often prevent conflicts.

But if man is still hard on his fellow, he has become more tender towards animals. He has forbidden their being uselessly tortured. I take note of a touching example of this. I walk up to the Citadel, whence there is a splendid view over all Franconia. I cross the bridge over the Maine. In a street where the quaint pinions of the houses and gaudy sign-posts over the doors would delight the eye of a painter, I see a sort of sentry-box, on which is written in large characters, *Theirschutz-Verein* ("Society for the Protection of Animals"). A horse is standing there. Why? To be at the disposal of waggoners with a heavy load who are going up the slope to the bridge, and thus to prevent them ill-treating their horses. This seems to me far more ingenious and efficacious than the infliction of a fine.

Würzburg is not an industrial town. There appears to be no special reason why the population and the wealth of the city should increase rapidly, and yet the old town is surrounded with fine new quarters, fashionable squares, pretty walks and fine wide streets, handsome houses and villas. Here, as elsewhere,

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\* On April 20, 1731, the English vessel *Rebecca*, Captain Jenkins, is visited by the coast-guards of Havanna, who accuse the captain of smuggling military goods. They find none on board, but they ill-treat him by hanging him first to the yard and fastening the cabin boy to his feet. The rope breaks, however, and they then proceed to cut off one of his ears, telling him to take it to his king. Jenkins returns to London and claims vengeance. Pope writes verses about his ear, but England did not choose to quarrel with Spain just then, and all is apparently forgotten. Eight years after, some insults offered by the Spaniards to English vessels brought up again the topic of Jenkins's ear. He had preserved it in wadding. The sailors went about London wearing the inscription "ear for ear" on their hats. The large merchants and shipowners espoused their cause. William Pitt and the nation in general desire war with Spain, and Walpole is forced to declare it. The consequences are but too well-known. Bloodshed all over the world on land and sea. Jenkins's ear is indeed avenged. If the English people were poetical, says Carlyle, this ear would have become a constellation like Berenice's crown.

that singular phenomenon of our age, the immense increase in the number of well-to-do families, is distinctly apparent. If this continue in the same proportions, the "masses" of the future will not be composed of those who live on wages and salaries, but of those living on profit, interest, or revenue. Revolutions will become impossible, for the established order of things would have more protectors than assailants. These countless comfortable residences, these edifices of all kinds which spring up in every direction, with their luxurious and opulent appointments, all this wealth and well-being, is the result of the employment of machinery. Machinery increases production and economizes labor, and as the wages of labor have not diminished, the number of those who could live without working has increased.

Würzburg possesses an ancient University. It is a very old sixteenth-century building, situated in the centre of the town. As they recently did me the honor to confer on me the degree of *Doctor honoris causa*, I wished to see the Rector to offer him my thanks, but I had not the good fortune to meet him. On the Boulevard, special institutes have been constructed for each separate science, for chemistry, physics, and physiology. Immense sums have been spent in Germany to add a number of those separate institutes to the different Universities. The eminent professor of chemistry at Bonn, M. Kekulé, recently took me over the building constructed for his branch of science. With its Greek columns, and its palatial façade, it is considerably more extensive than the whole of the old University. The subsoil devoted to experimental and metallurgical chemistry resembles immense works or foundries. The professor's apartments are far more sumptuous than those of the first authorities. Neither the Governor, the Bishop, nor even the General himself, can boast of anything to be compared with them. In the drawing-rooms and dancing saloons the whole town might be assembled. This Institute has cost more than a million francs. In Germany it is very rightly considered that a professor who has experiments to make ought to live in the same building where are the laboratories

and lecture-rooms. It is only thus that he is able to follow analyses which need his supervision, at times even at night. Comparative anatomy and physiology have also each their palace. Several professors of natural sciences complain that it is really an excess. They say they are crushed by the extent and complications of their appurtenances, and especially by the cares and responsibilities they involve; nevertheless, if exaggeration there be, it is on the right side. Bacon's motto, "Knowledge is Power," becomes truer every day. The proper application of science is the chief source of wealth, and, consequently, of power. Nations, do you wish to be powerful and rich? Then encourage to the utmost your learned men.

I stop a day *en route* to revisit Nuremberg, the Pompeii of the Middle Ages. I will not speak of its many interesting churches, houses, towers, of the Woolding Chamber, nor of the terrible Iron Virgin, covered inside with spikes, like Regulus' barrel, which, in closing, pierced its victim through and through, and opened to drop the corpse into the torrent roaring a hundred feet below. Nothing gives a more vivid idea of the refined cruelty of these dark ages. But I have no wish to encroach upon Baedeker's prerogative. A word only as to what I see before the cathedral. I observe there a small Gothic monument, which reminds me of the Roman column of Igel, on the Mosel, near Trèves. It has a niche on each of the four sides, under glass. In the first niche is a thermometer, in the second an hygrometer, in the third a barometer, and in the fourth the day's telegrams from the observatory, and the meteorological maps. These instruments are enormous, from four to five feet in height at least, so that the figures may be large enough to be clearly legible. I have seen similar monuments in several German towns, and in Switzerland, at Geneva, in the gardens near the Rhone, at Vevey, close to the landing-stage, and at Neuchatel, on the promenade near the lake. It would be excellent if all towns would adopt them. I take every opportunity of urging this. Their cost is but trifling. A perfectly plain one can be made for £40, something more elegant might cost £80 or £100; they are a source of

amusement and a means of instructing the people, and a daily lesson in physics for all classes. The laboring man learns there far better than he would do at school the practical use of these instruments, which are most useful for agricultural purposes and for sanitary precautions.

Towards midnight I go on foot to the railway station, to take the express to Vienna. The old castle throws a black shadow over the town, the roofs of which seem to whiten in the silvery moonlight. This, I say to myself, is the birthplace of the Hohenzollern family. What a change has taken place in its destiny since its name first appeared in history, in 1170, when Conrad of Hohenzollern was made Burgraaf of Nuremberg! One of his descendants, Frederick, first Elector, left this town in 1412 to take possession of Brandenburg, which the spendthrift Emperor Sigismund had sold him for 400,000 florins of Hungarian gold. He had already borrowed half this sum from Frederick, who was as economical as the ant, and had even mortgaged the electorate as security. Being unable to repay his debt, and in want of more money to defray the costs of an expedition to Spain, he very willingly yielded up this inhospitable northern "Mark," the sands of the "Marquis of Brandenburg," which Voltaire so turned into ridicule. The Emperor could not suppose that from this petty Burgrave would spring a future wearer of the imperial crown. Economy is a small virtue made up of small privations, but which makes much of little—*Molti pochi fanno un assai*—"Mony a pickle maks a mickle," as the Scotch say. Though far too often forgotten or ignored by rulers, it is nevertheless even more necessary for nations than for individuals.

A short June night is soon passed in a sleeping car. I wake up and find myself in Austria. I perceive it at once from the delicious coffee and cream which is served me in a glass, by a fair young girl in a pink print dress and with bare arms. It very nearly equals in quality that of the *Posthof* at Carlsbad. We are very soon in view of the Danube, but the railway does not keep alongside it. Whatever the well-known waltz, "The Blue Danube," may say to the contrary, the river is not blue at all. Its

waters are yellow-green, like the Rhine, but how infinitely more picturesque is the "Donau!" No vineyards, no factories, and very few steamers. I saw but one, making its way with difficulty against the rapid current. The hills on either side are covered with forests and green meadows, and the branches of the willow trees sweep the water. The farmhouses, very far apart, have a rustic and mountain-like appearance. There is very little movement, very little trade; the peasant is still the chief producer of riches. On this lovely summer morning the sweet repose of this peaceful existence seduces and penetrates me. How delightful it would be to live quietly here, near these pine forests, and these beautiful meadows, where the cattle are at pasture! But on the other side of the river where there is no railway! There are several reasons for this great contrast between the Rhine and the Danube. The Rhine flows towards Holland and England, two markets that have been well established for upwards of three hundred years, and ready to pay a high price for all the river brings them. The Danube flows towards the Black Sea, where the population is exceedingly poor, and can scarcely afford to purchase what we should call here the necessaries of life. The produce of Hungary, even live cattle, is taken westward by rail to London. The transport by water is too long. Secondly, coal, the indispensable fuel of all modern industry, is cheaper on the Rhine than anywhere else. And thirdly, the Rhine, ever since the Roman conquest and at the earliest period of the Middle Ages, has been a centre of civilization, whereas that portion of the Danube the most valuable for traffic was, until yesterday, in the hands of the Turks.

At the Anstett Station I purchased the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, which is, I think, with the *Pester Lloyd*, the best edited and the pleasantest paper to read in the German language. The *Kölnische Zeitung* is exceedingly well-informed, and the *Allgemeine Zeitung* is also as complete and interesting as possible; but it is a terrible pell-mell of subjects, a dreadful muddle, where, for instance, many little paragraphs from France or Paris are disseminated haphazard in the six sheets. I would rather read three

*Times*' than one *Kölnische*, in spite of the respect with which that paper inspires me. I have scarcely unfolded my *Neue Freie Presse* than I find myself in the very heart of the struggle of nationalities, just as I was sixteen years previously, only that the strife is no longer, as it then was, between Magyars and Germans. The Deak dual compromise created a *modus vivendi*, which is still in force. The dispute is now between Tchecks and Germans on the one hand, and between Magyars and Croatsians on the other. The Minister Taaffe has decided to dissolve the Bohemian Parliament and there will be fresh elections. The national and feudal Tchecks banding together will overthrow the Germans, who will no longer possess more than a third of the votes in the Diet. The *Freie Presse* is perfectly disconsolate at this, and foresees the most terrible disasters in consequence: if not the end of the world, at least the upset of the monarchy. On account of these warnings, the numbers are seized by Government order three or four times a month, even although it be the organ of the Austrian "bourgeoisie." It is Liberal, but very moderate, like the *Débats* and the *Temps* in France. After two or three months have elapsed, the numbers seized are returned to the editor, only fit for the waste-paper basket. These confiscations (for they are, in fact, nothing more nor less, although effected through the Administration) are absolutely contrary to the law, as is proved by the reiterated acquittals. Their constant recurrence reminds one of the worst periods of the French Empire. Applied to a newspaper that defends Austrian interests with so much skill as the *Freie Presse*, they are more than surprising. If my friend, Eugène Pelletan, were aware of this he would no longer claim for France "liberty as in Austria," for which saying he suffered at the time three months' imprisonment. It is said that the influence of the Tchecks dictates these confiscations, and this alone is sufficient to show the violence of the enmity between the races. The Viennese with whom I travel declare that this enmity is far less bitter than it was fifteen years ago. At that period, I tell them, I travelled across the country without meeting a single Austrian. I

met with Magyars, Croatsians, Saxons, Tchecks, Tyrolians, Poles, Ruthenians, Dalmatians, but never with Austrians. The common country was ignored, the race was all in all. At the present day, my fellow-travellers tell me this is very much subdued. You will find plenty of excellent Austrians, they say, to-day amongst the Magyars, and to-morrow amongst the Tchecks.

The reader will permit a short digression here touching this nationality question. You meet with it everywhere in the dual Empire. It is the great preoccupation of the present, and it will be in fact the chief agent in determining the future of the population of the banks of the Danube and the Balkan peninsula. You Englishmen cannot well understand the full force of this feeling which is so strong in Eastern countries. England is for you your country, for which you live and for which, if needs, you die. This love of country is a religion which survives even when all other faith or religion has ceased to exist. It is the same in France. M. Thiers who, as a rule, so thoroughly grasped situations, never realized the immense force of these aspirations of races, which completely rearranged, before his eyes, the map of Europe on the nationality footing. Cavour and Bismarck were, however, well aware of this, and knew how to take advantage of this sentiment, in creating the unity of Italy and of Germany.

One evening, Jules Simon took me to call on M. Thiers, in rue St. Honoré, who asked me to explain the Flemish movement in Belgium. I did so, and he seemed to consider the question as most unimportant, quite childish in fact, and very much behind the age. He was at once both right and wrong. He was right because true union is one of minds, not of blood. Christ's saying is here admirably applicable: "Whosoever shall do the will of God the same is my brother and sister and mother" (St. Mark iii. 35).

I grant that mixed nationalities which, without consideration of diversity of language and race, rest, as in Switzerland, on an identity of historical reminiscences, of civilization and liberty, are of a superior order; they are types and forerunners of the final fusion when all mankind will be but one great family, or

rather a federation. But M. Thiers, being idealistic, like a true son of the French Revolution, was wrong in not taking into account things as they actually are, and the exigencies of the transitory situation.

This awakening of nationalities is the inevitable outcome of the development of democracy, of the press, and of literary culture. An autocrat may govern twenty different peoples without in the least troubling himself as to their language or race; but if once assemblies be introduced, everything is changed. Speech governs. Then what language is to be spoken? That of the people of course. Will you educate the young? It must be done in their mother tongue. Is justice to be administered? You cannot judge a man in a foreign language. You wish to represent him in Parliament and ask for his votes; the least he can claim in return is that he may understand what you say. And thus by degrees the language of the multitude gains ground and is adopted in Parliament, law-courts, and schools of every degree. In Finland, for instance, the struggle is between the Swedes, who form the well-to-do classes and live in the towns on the coast, and the rural population who are Finns. When visiting the country with the son of the eminent linguist, Castrén, who died while in Asia seeking out the origin of the Finn language, I found that the latter was more spoken than Swedish, even in the suburbs of large towns such as Abö and Helsingfors. All official inscriptions are in the two languages. The instruction in the communal schools is almost entirely in the Finn tongue. There are Finn gymnasiums, and even at the University, lectures in this language. There is also a national theatre, where I heard "Martha" sung in Finn. In Galicia, Polish has completely replaced German; but the Ruthenians have also put in a claim for their idiom. In Bohemia the Tcheck dialect triumphs so completely that German is in danger of being wholly cast aside. At the opening of the Bohemian Diet, the Governor made a speech in Tcheck and one in German. At Prague a Tcheck Uni-

versity has recently been opened next to the German one. The clergy, the feudals, and the population are strongly in favor of this national movement. The Archbishop of Prague, the Prince of Schwarzenberg, although himself a German, appoints none but Tcheck priests, even in the North of Bohemia where Germans dominate.

It is certain that in countries where two races are thus intermingled, this growing feeling must occasion endless dissensions, and almost insurmountable difficulties. It is a disadvantage to speak the idiom of a small number, for it is a cause of isolation. It would certainly be far better if but three or four languages were spoken in Europe, and better still if but one were generally adopted; but, until this acme of unity be attained, every free people called upon to establish self-government, will claim rights for its mother tongue, and will try to unite itself with those who speak it, unless the nation be already fully satisfied with its mixed but historical nationality like Switzerland and Belgium. Austria and the Balkan peninsula are now agitated with these claims for the use of the national tongue, and with aspirations for the formation of States based on the ethnic groups.

As we near Vienna the train runs through the most lovely country. A succession of small valleys, with little streamlets rippling through them, and on either side green lawns between the hills covered with woods, chiefly firs and oaks. One might imagine oneself in Styria or in Upper Bavaria. Soon, however, houses make their appearance, often charming *chalêts* buried in creeping plants, "Gloire de Dijon" roses, or jessamine and clematis. These become more and more frequent, and, near the suburban stations, there are quite little hamlets of villas. I know of no capital with such beautiful suburbs, save perhaps Stockholm. Nothing could be more delightful than Baden, Mööling, Brühl, Schönbrun, and all those little rustic nooks south of Vienna, on the road to the Sömering.—*Contemporary Review.*

## ANCIENT ORGANS OF PUBLIC OPINION.\*

BY PROF. R. C. JEBB.

DURING several weeks in the early part of this year, the attention of the English public was fixed with intense anxiety on the fortunes of one man, who had undertaken a perilous mission in the service of his country. When the Egyptian difficulty was at its worst, General Gordon had started for Khartoum, to aid the Government, by his personal influence, in the policy of rescuing the garrisons and retiring from the Soudan. The journey, while it reflected fresh honor on him, necessarily imposed a grave responsibility on those who had sanctioned it. Any moment might bring the news of his death. If such news came, it was generally thought and said, the Ministry would fall. In a country with the temperament of England, the mere existence of such a belief set one thinking. A year ago, Gordon's name, though familiar to the well-informed classes, would not have acted like a spell on the nation. But a popular biography of him which had appeared had given occasion for much writing in the newspapers. A short time had sufficed to make the broad facts of his career known throughout the length and breadth of the land. People knew that he had welded a loose Chinese rabble into an army which saved the reigning dynasty of China; that, alone of Christians, he is named in the prayers of Mecca; that he does not care for personal rewards; that he is fearless of death; and that he trusts in God. To impress these facts on the popular imagination had been the work of a few weeks; to concentrate the force of popular opinion, if he had been sacrificed, would have been the work of a few hours. Seldom, perhaps, has anything illustrated more vividly that great and

distinctive condition of modern existence in free countries,—the double power wielded by the newspaper press, at once as the ubiquitous instructor and as the rapid interpreter of a national mind. It was natural at such a time, for one whose pursuits suggested the comparison, to look from the modern to the ancient world, and to attempt some estimate of the interval which separates them in this striking and important respect. In the ancient civilisations, were there any agencies which exercised a power analogous in kind, though not comparable in degree, to that of the modern press? To begin with, we feel at once that the despotic monarchies of the ancient East will not detain us long. For them, national opinion normally meant the opinion of the king. We know the general manner of record which is found graven on stone, in connection with the images or symbols of those monarchs. As doctors seem still to differ a good deal about the precise translation of so many of those texts, it might be rash to quote any, but this is the sort of style which seems to prevail among the royal authors: "He came up with chariots. He said that he was my first cousin. He lied. I impaled him. I am Artakhshatrâ. I flayed his uncles, his brothers, and his cousins. I am the king, the son of Daryavush. I crucified two thousand of the principal inhabitants. I am the shining one, the great and the good." From the monarchical East, we turn with more curiosity to Greece and Rome. There, at least, there was a life of public opinion. Apart from institutions, which are crystallised opinion, were there any living, non-official voices in which this public opinion could be heard?

The Homeric poems are not only the oldest monuments of Greek literature, but also the earliest documents of the Greek race. Out of the twilight of the prehistoric past, a new people, a new type of mind, are suddenly disclosed in a medium of pellucid clearness. Like Athene springing adult and full-armed

\* The writer of these pages had the honor of delivering the annual Oration in the Sanders Theatre of Harvard University, under the auspices of the  $\Phi. \beta. \kappa.$  Society, on June 26, 1884. The following paper is the substance of the address then spoken, with such modifications as appeared appropriate to the present form of publication.



from the head of Zeus, this new race, when Homer reveals it, has already attained to a mature consciousness of itself, and is already equipped with the aptitudes which are to distinguish it throughout its later history. The genius of the Homeric Greek has essentially the same traits which recur in the ripest age of the Greek republics,—even as Achilles and Ulysses are personal ideals which never lost their hold on the nation. This very fact points the contrast between two aspects of Homeric life—the political and the social. In Homeric politics, public opinion has no proper place. The king, with his council of nobles and elders, can alone originate or discuss measures. The popular assembly has no active existence. But the framework of Homeric monarchy contains a social life in which public opinion is constantly alert. Its activity, indeed, could scarcely be greater under the freest form of government. And we see that this activity has its spring in distinctive and permanent attributes of the Hellenic race. It arises from quickness of perception and readiness of speech. The Homeric Greek feels keenly, observes shrewdly, and hastens to communicate his thoughts. An undertone of popular comment pervades the Homeric poems, and is rendered more impressive by the dramatic form in which it is usually couched. The average man, who represents public feeling, is expressed by the Greek indefinite pronoun, *τις*. “Thus would a man speak, with a glance at his neighbor,” is the regular Homeric formula. We hear opinion in the making. This spokesman of popular sentiment is constantly introduced at critical moments: for the sake of brevity we may call him by his Greek name *Tis*. When the fight is raging over the corpse of Patroclus, *Tis* remarks to his friends that they will be disgraced for ever if they allow the Trojans to carry off the body;—better die on the spot. Hector, in proposing a truce to Ajax, suggests that they should exchange gifts, and imagines what *Tis* will say: *Tis* will approve of it as a graceful courtesy between chivalrous opponents. Menelaus considers that another hero, Antilochus, has beaten him in a chariot race by unfair means; but thinks it necessary to take precautions against

*Tis* imagining that he has brought this complaint in the hope of prevailing by the influence of his rank. This is perhaps one of the most remarkable Homeric compliments to the penetration and to the influence of *Tis*. When the sounds of music and dancing, as at a marriage feast, are heard in the house of Odysseus in Ithaca, *Tis* is listening outside; and he blamed Penelope for her fancied hardness of heart, “because she had not had the courage to keep the great house of her gentle lord steadfastly till he should come home.” *Tis* is not always the mouthpiece of such elevated sentiments. With a frank truth to life and nature, Homer depicts *Tis* as indulging in an ignoble joy by stabbing the corpse of his once-dreaded foe, Hector, and remarking that he is safer to handle now than when he was burning the ships. In the *Odyssey*, when the maiden Nausicaa is conducting Odysseus to the city of her father Alcinous, we catch glimpses of a *Tis* who nearly approaches the character of Mrs. Grundy, with an element of spiteful gossip added. The fidelity with which *Tis* reflects public opinion is further seen in the circumstance that his solicitude for the rights of man is not strong enough to counteract his natural disposition to exalt over the fallen. Thersites was a commoner who presumed to speak his mind among his betters,—when one of them, Odysseus, dealt him a smart blow on the back, and caused him to resume his seat in tears. *Tis* laughed for joy, saying in effect that it served Thersites right, and that he probably would not do it again. The Tory sentiment of this passage makes it appropriate to quote the version of it by the late Lord Derby:—

“The Greeks, despite their anger, laughed  
aloud,

And one to other said, ‘Good faith, of all  
The many works Ulysses well hath done,  
Wise in the council, foremost in the fight,  
He ne’er hath done a better, than when now  
He makes this scurril babbler hold his peace.  
Methinks his headstrong spirit will not soon  
Lead him again to vilify the kings.”

Here it might be said that *Tis* figures as the earliest authentic example of a being whose existence has sometimes been doubted by British anthropologists, the Conservative working-man. But, if

we would be just to *Tis* in his larger Homeric aspects, we must allow that his sympathies are usually generous, and his utterances often edifying. As to the feeling with which *Tis* was regarded, Homer has a word for it which is hard to translate: he calls it *aidos*. This *aidos*—the sense of reverence or shame—is always relative to a standard of public opinion, *i.e.* to the opinion formed by the collective sayings of *Tis*; as, on the other hand, the listening to an inner voice, the obedience to what we call a moral sense, is Homerically called *nemesis*. And just as *Tis* is sometimes merely the voice of smug respectability, so *aidos* is sometimes conventional in a low way. When Diomedes is going by night to spy out the Trojan camp, several heroes offer to go with him, but only *one* can be chosen. Agamemnon tells him that he must not yield to *aidos*, and take the man of highest station rather than the man of highest merit: where *aidos* appears as in direct conflict with *nemesis*. But more often these two principles are found acting in harmony,—recommending the same course of conduct from two different points of view. There is a signal example of this in the *Odyssey*, which is also noteworthy on another ground, *viz.*, as the only episode in the Homeric poems which involves a direct and formal appeal from established right of might to the corrective agency of public opinion. The suitors of Penelope have intruded themselves into the house of her absent lord, and are wasting his substance by riotous living. Her son Telemachus convenes the men of Ithaca in public assembly, and calls on them to stop this cruel wrong. He appeals to *nemesis*, to *aidos*, and to fear of the gods. “Resent it in your own hearts; and have regard to others, neighboring folk who dwell around,—and tremble ye at the wrath of the gods.” The appeal fails. The public opinion exists, but it has not the power, or the courage, to act.

After the age which gave birth to the great epics, an interval elapses before we again catch the distinct echoes of a popular voice. Our Homeric friend *Tis* is silent. Or, rather, to be more exact, *Tis* ceases to speak in his old character, as the nameless representative

of the multitude, and begins to speak in a new quality. The individual mind now commences to express itself in forms of poetry which are essentially personal, interpreting the belief and feelings of the poet himself. *Tis* emerges from the dim crowd, and appears as Tyrtaeus, summoning the Spartans, in stirring elegy, to hear *his* counsels; or as Sappho, uttering *her* passion in immortal lyrics; or as Pindar, weaving *his* thoughts into those magnificent odes which glorify the heroes and the athletes of Greece. It is a capital distinction of classical Greek literature that, when its history is viewed as a whole, we do not find it falling into a series of artificial chapters, determined by imitation of models which were in fashion at this or that epoch. Greek literature is original, not derivative; we trace in it the course of a natural growth; we hear in it the spontaneous utterance of Greek life from generation to generation. The place of Pindar in this development has one aspect of peculiar interest. There is a sense in which he may be said to stand midway between Homeric epos and Athenian drama.\* His poetical activity belongs to the years which immediately preceded and followed the invasions of Greece by the hosts of Persia. A great danger had drawn the members of the Hellenic family closer together; a signal deliverance had left them animated by the memory of deeds which seemed to attest the legends of Agamemnon and Achilles; warmed by a more vivid faith in those gods who had been present with them through the time of trial; comforted by a new stability of freedom; cheered by a sense of Hellenic energies which could expand securely from the Danube to the Nile, from the Euxine to the Atlantic; exalted in thought and fancy by the desire to embody their joy and hope in the most beautiful forms which language and music, marble, ivory, and gold could furnish for the honor of the gods, and for the delight of men who, through the heroes, claimed a divine descent. The Greek mind, stirred to its centre by the

\* In an essay on “Pindar” in the *Journal of Hellenic Studies* (vol. iii.), from which some points are repeated in this paragraph, I have worked this out more in detail.

victorious efforts which had repelled the barbarian, could no longer be satisfied by epic narratives of the past. It longed to see the heroes moving; to hear them speaking; to throw back upon their world the vivifying light of contemporary reflection. In a word, the spirit of drama had descended upon Hellas; and already it breathes in Pindar, the poet of the games. Olympia, with its temples, its statues, and its living athletes, corresponded to the essence of Greek drama—action idealised by art and consecrated by religion. Pindar, the last of the great lyric poets, is the lyric exponent of an impulse which received mature expression from Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides.

The community which Athenian drama addressed was precisely in the mood which best enables a dramatist to exert political and moral force. There was much in its temper that might remind us of Elizabethan England; but I would venture to illustrate it here by words borrowed from the England of a later time. The greatest plea in the English language for the liberty of the press—or perhaps we should rather say, for the freedom of the mind—belongs to the close of that year which saw the hopes of the Parliamentarians, in their struggle with the Royalists, raised to an assurance of final success by the crushing defeat of Rupert. An enthusiastic confidence in the large destinies opening before the English people already fired the mind of the poet who was to end his days, like Samson

“Eyeless in Gaza, at the mill with slaves,  
Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke.”

Then, in 1644, Milton, thinking of the victory of Marston Moor, was rather like Aeschylus raising his dramatic paean for the victory of Salamis; and the glowing language in which he describes the new alertness of his country's spirit might fitly be applied to the Athens for which the great dramatists wrote. “As in a body, when the blood is fresh, the spirits pure and vigorous not only to vital but to rational faculties and those in the acutest and the pertest operations of wit and subtlety, it argues in what good plight and constitution the body is, so when the cherfulness of the people is

so sprightly up, as that it has not only wherewith to guard well its own freedom and safety but to spare, and to bestow upon the solidest and sublimest points of controversy and new invention, it betok'ns us not degenerated, nor drooping to a fatal decay, but casting off the old and wrincl'd skin of corruption to outlive these pangs and wax young again, entering the glorious waies of Truth and prosperous vertue destin'd to become great and honourable in these latter ages. Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant Nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an Eagle muing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazl'd eyes as the full midday beam, purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain it self of heav'nly radiance.”

In estimating the influence of Athenian drama on public opinion, we must, first of all, remember the fact which makes the essential difference between the position of the dramatist—viewed in this light—and that of the epic poet. The epic poet gave expression to a mass of popular belief and feeling in an age when they had as yet no direct organ, of utterance. But in the Athens of the dramatists the popular assembly was the constitutional organ of public opinion. Every Athenian citizen was, as such, a member of that assembly. The influence of the Athenian dramatist was thus so far analogous to that of the modern journalist, that it was brought to bear on men capable of giving practical effect to their sentiments. A newspaper publishes an article intended to influence the voters in a parliamentary division, or the constituents whom they represent. An Athenian dramatist had for his hearers, in the theatre of Dionysus, many thousands of the men who, the next day might be called upon to decide a question of policy in the assembly, or to try, in a law-court, one of those cases in which the properly legal issues were often involved with considerations of a social or moral kind. Even Tragedy, in its loftiest and severest form, might be the instrument, in a skilful hand, of inculcating views or tendencies which the poet advocated—nay, even of urging or opposing a

particular measure. Thus, in his *Furies*, Aeschylus finds occasion to encourage his fellow-citizens in their claim to a disputed possession in the Troad, and utters a powerful protest against the proposal to curtail the powers of the Areopagus. He becomes, for the moment, the mouthpiece of a party opposed to such reform. In verses like the following, every one can recognize a ring as directly political as that of any leading article or pamphlet. "In this place"—says the Athene of Aeschylus—that is, on the hill of Ares, the seat of the court menaced with reform—

"Awe kin to dread shall stay the citizens  
From sinning in the darkness or the light,  
While their own voices do not change the  
laws . . . .

Between unruliness and rule by one  
I bid my people reverence a mean,  
Not banish all things fearful from the State.  
For, with no fear before him, who is just?  
In such a righteous dread, in such an awe,  
Ye shall possess a bulwark of the land,  
A safeguard of the city, not possess'd  
By Scythia or the places of the south.  
This court, majestic, incorruptible,  
Instant in anger, over those who sleep  
The sleepless watcher of my land, I set."

Again, there are at least two tragedies of Euripides—the *Heracleidae* and the *Suppliants*—in which the strain of allusion to the politics of the Peloponnesian War is unmistakable. It is needless to dwell on the larger sense in which Euripides everywhere makes drama the vehicle of teachings—political, social, moral—which could nowhere have received such effective publicity as in the theatre. Nowadays, they would have been found in the pages of a newspaper or a magazine accepted as the organ of a party or a school. In the days of Voltaire, journalism, as free countries now understand it, had no more existence than in the days of Euripides; and, as a recent historian of French literature remarks, it has been thought that the tragedies of Voltaire owed their popularity chiefly to the adroit manner in which the author made them opportunities for insinuating the popular opinions of the time.\* We must not forget that peculiar feature of Greek drama, the Chorus, who may be regarded as a lineal descendant of the Homeric *Tis*. The

interest of the Chorus, in this connection, does not depend so much on the maxims that it uttered as on the fact that it constituted a visible link between the audience and the drama, bringing the average spectator into easier sympathy with the action, and thereby predisposing him to seize any significance which it might have for the life of the day. I have so far dwelt on this aspect of Athenian Tragedy, because we might be rather apt to regard it as a form of art altogether detached from contemporary interests, and to overlook the powerful influence—not the less powerful because usually indirect—which it must undoubtedly have exercised in expressing and moulding public sentiment.

But we must now turn to that other form of Athenian drama in which the resemblance to the power of the modern press is much more direct and striking—that which is known as the Old Comedy of Athens. Mr. Browning, in his *Apology of Aristophanes*, makes the great comic poet indicate the narrow limits to the influence of Tragedy on opinion. The passage is witty; and though, as I venture to think, it considerably underrates the effect of Tragedy in this direction, at least it well marks the contrast between the modes in which the two forms of drama wrought. When we think of the analogy between Aristophanes and the modern political journalist, one of the first things that strikes us is the high and earnest view which Aristophanes took of his own calling. He had gone through every stage of a laborious training before he presumed to come before the Athenian public. He had seen his predecessors fail, or fall from favor. So in the *Peace*, he claims that he has banished the old vulgar tomfoolery from the stage, and raised his art "like an edifice stately and grand." He saw clearly the enormous force which this literary engine, Comedy, might wield. He resolved that, in his hands, it should be directed to more elevated and more important aims. Instead of merely continuing the traditions of scurrilous buffoonery, in which virulent personality was often the only point, he would bring his wit to bear on larger aspects of politics and society.

But, while his wit and style had the

\* Saintsbury's *Short History of French Literature*, p. 405.

stamp of bold originality, Aristophanes is not the champion of original ideas. Rather his position depends essentially on the fact that he represents a large body of commonplace public opinion. He represents the great "stupid party," to use a name which the English Tories have borne not without pride, and glories to represent it; the stupid party, who are not wiser than their forefathers; who fail to understand how the tongue can swear, and the soul remain unsworn; who sigh for the old days when the plain seafaring citizen knew only to ask for his barley-cake, and to cry "pull away;" who believe in the old-fashioned virtues, and worship the ancient gods. He describes himself as the champion of the people, doing battle for them, like a second Hercules, against superhuman monsters. The demagogues, whom he lashes, try to represent him as slandering the country to foreigners; but he is the country's best friend. Athenians are hasty, fickle and vain. He has taught them not to be gulled by flattery. He has taught them to respect the rights and redress the wrong of their subjects. The envoys who bring the tribute from the island long to see him. The King of Persia, he says, asked two questions about the combatants in the Peloponnesian War. Which side had the strongest navy? and which side had Aristophanes? Thirlwall, in his *History of Greece*, denies that Aristophanic Comedy produced any serious effect. "We have no reason," he says, "to believe that it ever turned the course of public affairs, or determined the bias of the public mind, or even that it considerably affected the credit and fortunes of an obnoxious individual." Grote's opinion is much the same, except that he is disposed to credit Comedy with a greater influence on the reputations of particular men. The question is much of the same nature as might be raised concerning the precise effect of political writing in newspapers, or of literary reviews. The effect is one which it is impossible to measure accurately, but which may nevertheless be both wide and deep.

In the first place, we must dismiss the notion that Comedy could make no serious impression because the occasion was a sportive festival. The feelings of

Athenians at Comedy were not merely those of a modern audience at a burlesque or a pantomime. Comedy, like Tragedy, was still the worship of Dionysus. Precisely in those comedies which most daringly ridicule the gods—such as the *Birds* and the *Frogs*—we find also serious expressions of a religious sense, illustrating what might be called the principle of compensatory reverence. Again, the power of the Old Athenian Comedy is not to be gauged by any influence which it exercised, or sought, over special situations or definite projects. Indeed, it rarely attempted this. Almost the only extant instance occurs in the *Frogs* of Aristophanes, where he urges that a general amnesty should be granted to all citizens who had been implicated in the Revolution of the Four Hundred. In such a sense, it may be granted, Comedy might do little; but its real power operated in a totally different way. When a large body of people has common opinions or feelings, these are intensified in each individual by the demonstration that so many others share them. A public meeting tends in itself to quicken enthusiasm for a party or a cause, be the oratory never so flat and the sentiments never so trite. Aristophanes gave the most brilliant expression to a whole range of thought and feeling with which thousands of minds were in general sympathy. Can it be doubted that he contributed powerfully to strengthen the prejudice against everything that he regarded as dangerous innovation? Or, again, can it be doubted that he did much to give his fellow-citizens a more vivid insight into the arts of unscrupulous demagogues? The cajolers of the people, as depicted in the comedy of the *Knights*, are drawn in strong colors, but with fine strokes also: while the character of Demus, the People—their supposed dupe—is drawn with a tact which no satirist or political journalist has ever surpassed. If I have to stake the political power of Aristophanes on the evidence of one short passage, it should be that dialogue in which the *Knights* deplore the dotage of Demus, and Demus tells them that, while he seems to doze, he always has one eye open (vv. 1111—1150).

When a change of Ministry occurs in

England, no one would undertake to say exactly what share in that result is attributable to journalistic repetition and suggestion—to the cumulative impression wrought on the public mind, through weeks, months, and years, by the Conservative or the Liberal press. And he would be a bold man who presumed to say how little or how much the Old Comedy may have to do with the phenomena of oligarchic reaction in the latter part of the Peloponnesian War, or with the stimulation of all those sentiments which have their record in the death of Socrates. The confused travesty of Socrates in the *Clouds* corresponds, in its general features, with the confused prepossessions of which he was afterwards the victim. In this case, as in others, Comedy was not the origin, but the organ, of a popular opinion. It did not create the prepossessions; but it strengthened them by the simple process of reflecting them in an exaggerated form. Briefly, Aristophanic Comedy had many of the characteristics of vehement party journalism, but was directed either against persons, on the one hand, or against general principles and tendencies on the other—not against measures. Its most obvious strength lay in brilliant originality of form; but its political and social effect depended essentially on its representative value. It was the great ancient analogue of journalism which seems to lead opinion by skilfully mirroring it—unsparing in attack, masterly in all the sources of style, but careful, where positive propositions are concerned, to keep within the limits of safe and accepted generalities.

Just as the Old Comedy was losing its freedom of utterance, a new agency began to appear, which invites comparison with journalism of a calmer and more thoughtful type. Rhetoric, of which we already feel the presence in Athenian drama, had now become a developed art. Skill analogous to that of the modern journalist was often required, for purposes of speaking, by the citizen of a Greek republic.\* He might desire to urge his views in a public assembly where the standard of speaking was high

and the audience critical. He might be compelled to defend his fortunes, or even his life, before a popular jury of many hundreds, when the result would depend in no small measure on oratorical dexterity. Already a class of men existed who composed speeches for private persons to deliver in law-courts. The new art was naturally enlisted in the service of any party politics. A skilful writer now felt that there was a way of producing an effect which would be less transient than that of a speech in the assembly. From the end of the fifth century B.C. we begin to meet with a species of composition which may best be described as a political pamphlet.

The paper on the Athenian polity, which has come down under Xenophon's name, is an aristocratic manifesto against the democracy, which might have appeared in an ancient *Quarterly Review*. The paper on the *Revenues of Athens*, belonging to the middle of the fourth century B.C., is a similar article in favor of peace and the commercial interests. Many of the extant pieces of the orator Isocrates, in the fourth century B.C., though couched in the form of speeches, were meant to be read, not spoken, and are in reality highly finished political pamphlets. More, perhaps, than any other writer of antiquity, Isocrates resembles a journalist who is deeply impressed with the dignity and responsibility of his calling; who spares no pains to make his work really good; and who has constantly before his mind the feeling that his audience is wider, and his power greater, than if he was actually addressing a public assembly on the same theme. His articles—as we may fitly call them—are usually intended to have a definite effect at a particular moment. He wishes to make Athens and Sparta combine at once in an expedition to Asia. He wishes to strike in with a telling argument for peace at the moment when negotiations are pending between Athens and her allies. He desires to strengthen the hands of the party, at Athens and at Sparta, who refuse to recognize the restoration of Messene by the power of Thebes. In this last case, we know that a pamphlet on the other side was written by the

\* In the *Attic Orators*, vol. ii. p. 42, I pointed out this analogy.

rhetorician Alcidas. Here then is an example of literary controversy on contemporary public affairs.

Nor is it merely in regard to the political questions of the day that Isocrates performs the part of a journalist. He deals also with the social life of Athens. He expresses the feeling with which men of the old school observed a deterioration of manners connected, in their views, with the decay of Conservative elements in the democracy. He shows us the throngs of needy citizens, eagerly casting lots outside the law-courts for the privilege of employment as paid jurymen—while at the same time they are hiring mercenary troops to fight their battles abroad. He pictures the lavish display which characterized the festivals of the improvident city—where the amusement of the public had now become a primary art of statesmanship—when men might be seen blazing in gold-spangled robes, who had been shivering through the winter in rags. He brings before us the young men of a degenerate Athens—no longer engaged in vigorous exercises of mind and body, in hunting or athletics; no longer crossing the market-place with downcast eyes, or showing marks of deference to their elders—but passing their hours in the society of gamblers and flute-players, or lazily cooling their wine in the fountain by the Ilissus. He is, in brief, a voice of public opinion on all the chief matters which come within the province of the publicist. In order that such a writer should have an influence similar to that of a newspaper, it was enough that copies of his writings should be sufficiently multiplied to leaven the conversation of the market-place and of private society. Every possessor of a copy was a centre from which the ideas would reach the members of his own circle. And there is good evidence that, in the fourth century B.C., the circulation of popular writings throughout the Hellenic world was both wide and rapid. The copying industry, in the Greece of that age, doubtless fell far short of the dimensions to which the labor of cultivated slaves (the *literati*) afterwards raised it at Rome—where we hear of Augustus, for instance, confiscating no fewer than two thousand copies of a single work—the pseudo-

Sibylline books. But it was still amply sufficient to warrant a general comparison, in the sense just defined, between the influence of such a writer as Isocrates, and that of a modern journalist.

We have hitherto spoken only of the written rhetoric, in which the form of a speech was merely a literary fiction, like that adopted—in imitation of Isocrates—by Milton, when he chose to couch his *Arcopagitica* in the form of a speech addressed to the Lords and Commons of England. But in passing, we should note that the actually spoken rhetoric of antiquity—especially of Greece—bore a certain analogy to the more elaborate efforts of journalism. This depends on the fact that ancient usage fully recognised, and generally expected, careful premeditation; while the speaker, conscious of the demand for excellence of form, usually aimed at investing his speech with permanent literary value. Demosthenes and Cicero are both witnesses to this: Cicero, doubtless, piqued himself on a faculty of extemporising at need, but probably trusted little to it on great occasions; while with Demosthenes it was the rule, we are told, never to speak without preparation. Take the oration delivered by Lysias at the Olympian festival, where he is exhorting the assembled Greeks to unite against the common foes of Hellas in Sicily and in Persia. Here the orator is essentially an organ of patriotic opinion, and his highly-wrought address is a finished leading-article, for which the author sought the largest publicity.

In turning from Greece to Rome, we are prepared to find literature holding a different relation towards public opinion. The Greek temperament with its quick play of thought and fancy, had an instinctive craving to make the sympathy of thoughts continually felt in words, and to accompany action with a running comment of speech. The Roman, as we find him during Rome's earlier career of conquest, was usually content to feel that his action was in conformity with some principle which he had expressed once for all in an institution or a statute. His respect for authority, and his moral earnestness—in a word his political and social gravity—rendered him independent of the solace which

the lively Greek derived from a demonstrated community of feeling. Rome, strong in arms, severe, persistent, offering to people after people the choice of submission or subjugation; Rome, the head of the Latin name, the capital of Italy, the queen of the Mediterranean, the empress of a pacified, because disarmed, world; Rome, who never deemed a war done until conquest had been riveted by law which should be the iron bond of peace,—this idea was the true inspiration of the Roman; and, as the literature was matured, it was this which added order to strength, and majesty to order, in the genius of the Roman tongue. It is especially curious to observe the fate which Comedy experienced when it first appeared at Rome, and endeavored to assume something of the political significance which its parent, Greek Comedy, had possessed at Athens. The poet Naevius appeared just after the first Punic War. He was a champion of popular liberties against the domination of the Senate; and, in his plays, he treated some of the Senatorian chiefs with satire of a quality which, to judge from the extant specimens, was exceedingly mild. "Who had so quickly ruined the commonwealth?" was a query put in one of his comedies; and the reply was, "New speakers came forward—foolish young men." In another piece, he alluded to the applauses bestowed on him as proving that he was a true interpreter of the public mind, and deprecated any great man interfering with him. A very slave in one of his comedies, he added, was better off than a Roman citizen nowadays. Contrast these remarks with the indescribable insults which Aristophanes had boldly heaped on the Athenian demagogues. Mild as Naevius was, however, he was not mild enough for the "foolish young men." Having ventured to observe that the accession of certain nobles of high office was due to a decree of fate, he was promptly imprisoned; he was afterwards banished; and he died in exile. This seems to have been the first and last attempt of Roman Comedy to serve as an organ of popular opinion. The Roman reverence for authority was outraged by the idea of a public man being presented in a comic light on the boards of a theatre.

On the other hand, Roman feeling allowed a public man to be attacked, in speaking or in writing, with almost any degree of personal violence, provided that the purpose was seriously moral. Hence the personal criticism of statesmen, which at Athens had belonged to Comedy, passed at Rome into another kind of composition. It became an element of Satire.

The name of Satire comes, as is well known, from the *lanx satura*, the platter filled with first-fruits of various sorts, which was an annual thank-offering to Ceres and Bacchus. "Satire" meant a medley, or miscellany, and the first characteristic of Roman satire was that the author wrote in an easy, familiar way about any and every subject that was of interest to himself and his readers. As Juvenal says,—

"Men's hopes, men's fear—their fond, their fretful dream—

Their joys, their fuss—that medley is my theme."

Politics, literature, philosophy, society—every topic of public or private concern—belonged to the *Satura*, so long as the treatment was popular. Among all the forms of Roman literature, Satire stands out with a twofold distinction. First, it is genuinely national. Next, it is the only one which has a continuous development, extending from the vigorous age of the Commonwealth into the second century of the Empire. Satire is pre-eminently the Roman literary organ of public opinion. The tone of the Roman satirist is always that of an ordinary Roman citizen, who is frankly speaking his mind to his fellow-citizens. An easy, confidential manner in literature—as of one friend unbosoming himself to another—seems to have been peculiarly congenial to the ancient Italian taste. We may remember how the poet Ennius introduced into his epic a picture of the intimate converse between himself and the Roman general Servilius Geminus—a picture not unworthy of a special war-correspondent attached to head-quarters. Then Satire profited by the Italian gift for shrewd portraiture of manners. Take, for instance, the picture of a coquette, drawn some twenty centuries ago by Naevius:

"Like one playing at ball in a ring, she tosses about from one to another, and is at home with



all. To one she nods, to another she winks ; she makes love to one, clings to another . . . . To one she gives a ring to look at, to another blows a kiss ; with one she sings, with another corresponds by signs."\*

The man who first established Satire as an outspoken review of Roman life was essentially a slashing journalist. This was Lucilius, who lived in the latter years of the second century B.C. He attacked the high-born statesmen, who, as he put it, "thought that they could blunder with impunity, and keep criticism at a distance by their rank." On the other hand, he did not spare plebeian offenders. As one of his successors says, "he bit deep into the town of his day, and broke his jaw-tooth on them." Literature and society also came under his censures. He lashes the new affectation of Greek manners and speech, the passion for quibbling rhetoric, the extravagance of the gluttons and the avarice of the misers. Even the Roman ladies of the time do not wholly escape. He criticises the variations of their toilettes. "When she is with *you*, anything is good enough ; when visitors are expected, all the resources of the wardrobe are taxed." The writings of this trenchant publicist formed the great standing example of free speech for later Roman times. Horace eschews politics ; indeed, when he wrote, political criticism had become as futile as it was perilous ; but he is evidently anxious to impress on the Roman public that he is true to the old tradition of satire by fearlessly lashing folly and vice. Persius, who died at the age of twenty-eight in the reign of Nero, made Roman Satire a voice of public opinion in a brave and a pure sense. Horace had been an accomplished Epicurean, who found his public among easy-going, cultivated men of the world. Persius spoke chiefly to minds of a graver cast : he summoned Roman citizens to possess themselves of a moral and intellectual freedom which no Cæsar could crush, the freedom given by the Stoic philosophy,—that philosophy which had moulded the jurisprudence of the Republic, and was now the refuge of

thoughtful minds under the despotism of the Empire. Then we have once more a slashing publicist in Juvenal, who is national and popular in a broader sense than Horace or Persius. His fierce indignation is turned against the alien intruders, the scum of Greece and Asia, who are making Rome a foreign city, and robbing Roman citizens of their bread. He denounces the imported vices which are effacing the old Roman character. He is the last of the Roman satirists, and in much he resembles the first.

It may be noted that each of the three satirists of the Empire—Horace, Persius, Juvenal—gives us a dialogue between himself and an imaginary friend, who remonstrates with him for his rashness in imitating Lucilius, the outspoken satirist of the Republic. Horace, replies, in effect, "Never mind, I'm not afraid—Augustus will stand by me as Scipio and Laelius stood by Lucilius ;" but, in fact, Horace never strikes like Lucilius ; he keeps us smiling while he probes our faults ; "he gains his entrance, and plays about the heart ;" his censures even when keen, show cautious tact. Persius replies : "You need not read me if you do not like : but the joke is too good ; I *must* tell some one that Midas has the ears of an ass." When Juvenal is warned, we catch quite a different tone in the answer. After painting the Rome of his day, he says (I venture to give a version of my own) :—

"Nought worse remains : the men of coming times  
Can but renew our lusts, repeat our crimes.  
Vice holds the dizzy summit : spread thy sail,  
Indignant Muse, and drive before the gale !  
But who shall find, or whence—I hear thee  
ask—  
An inspiration level with the task ?  
Whence that frank courage of an elder Rome,  
When Satire, fearless, sent the arrow home ?  
'Whom am I bound,' she then could cry, 'to  
spare ?  
If high-placed guilt forgive not, do I care ?  
Paint *now* the prompter of a Nero's rage—  
The torments of a Christian were thy wage, —  
Pinned to the stake, in blazing pitch to stand,  
Or, on the hook that dragg'd thee, plough the  
sand . . .

\* \* \* \* \*  
No danger will attend thee if thou tell  
How to Aeneas warlike Turnus fell ;  
No spite resents Achilles' fateful day,  
Or Hylas, with his urn, the Naiads' prey :

\* Professor Sellar's rendering, *Roman Poets of the Republic*, p. 55.

But when Lucilius, all his soul afire,  
 Bared his good sword and wreak'd his gener-  
 ous ire,  
 Flush'd cheeks bewrayed the secrets lock'd  
 within,  
 And chill hearts shivered with their conscious  
 sin.  
 Hence wrath and tears. Ere trumpets sound,  
 debate:  
 Warriors, once armed, repent of war too late.  
 'Then shall plain speech be tried on those  
 whose clay  
 Rests by the Latin or Flaminian Way.'"

He did indeed try the plainest of speech, not only on dead tyrants and their ministers, but on the society of his own time. The elder Disraeli remarks that Richard Steele meant the *Tatler* to deal with three provinces—manners, letters, and politics; and that, as to politics, "it remained for the chaster genius of Addison to banish this disagreeable topic from his elegant pages." Horace was in this respect the Addison of Satire under the Empire. In Juvenal, the Italian medley once more exhibits, though with necessary modifications, the larger and more vigorous spirit of its early prime. The poetical epistle, which in Horace is so near to Satire, usually differed from it in having less of the chatty miscellaneous character, and in being rather applied to continuous didactic exposition. The prose epistle, which was often meant for publication even when formally private, also contributed not only to express, but to mould, public opinion. Epigrams and lampoons might happen to be vehicles of a general feeling; but they differ from the forms of literature here considered in being essentially personal, like the satirical poetry of early Greece.

There is yet another agency, common to Greece and Rome, at which we must glance—the Oracles. Often, of course, they had a most important part in directing public opinion at critical moments; but this was not all. There were occasions on which an oracle became, in a strict sense, the organ of a political party. Thus the noble Athenian family of the Alcmaeonidae bribed the Delphian priests to make the oracle an organ of public opinion in favor of freeing Athens from Peisistratus. Accordingly, whenever Spartans came to consult the god on any subject whatever, this topic was always worked

into the response. Apollo, in short, kept up a series of most urgent leading articles; and at last the Spartans were roused to action. Then, when Cleomenes, one of the two Spartan kings, wished to have his colleague Demaratus deposed, he made friends with an influential man at Delphi; the influential man bribed the priestess; and the oracle declared that Demaratus was not of the blood royal. In this case, the fraud was found out; the priestess was deposed; and when Cleomenes died mad, men said that this was the hand of Apollo. When the Persians were about to invade Greece, the Delphic oracle took the line of advising the Greeks to submit. The Athenians sent to ask what they should do, and the oracle said, "Fly to the ends of the earth." The Athenians protested that they would not leave the temple until they got a more comfortable answer. Hereupon an influential Delphian advised them to assume the garb of suppliants; and this time Apollo told them to trust to their wooden walls. Herodotus mentions between seventy and eighty oracles (I believe) of one sort or another, and less than half of these contain *predictions*. The predictions usually belong to one of two classes; first, those obviously founded on secret information or on a shrewd guess; and, secondly, those in which the oracle had absolutely no ideas on the subject, and took refuge in vagueness.

Any one who reads the column of Answers to Correspondents in a prudently conducted journal will recognize the principal types of oracle. In truth, the Delphic oracle bore a strong resemblance to a serious newspaper managed by a cautious editorial committee with no principles in particular. In editing an oracle, it was then, as it still is, of primary importance not to make bad mistakes. The Delphian editors were not infallible; but, when a blunder had been made, they often showed considerable resource. Thus, when Croesus had been utterly ruined, he begged his conqueror to grant him one luxury—to allow him to send to Delphi, and ask Apollo whether it was his usual practice to treat his benefactors in this way. Apollo replied that, in point of fact, he had done everything he could; he had

personally requested the Fates to put off the affair for a generation ; but they would only grant a delay of three years. Instead of showing annoyance, Croesus ought to be grateful for having been ruined three years later than he ought to have been. There are Irish landlords who would see a parable in these things. Sometimes we can see that Apollo himself is slightly irritated, as an editor might be by a wrong-headed or impertinent querist. Some African colonists had been pestering Apollo about their local troubles and his own former predictions ; and the response from Delphi begins with the sarcastic remark, " I admire your wisdom if you know Africa better than I do." The normal tendency of the Delphic oracle was to discourage rash enterprise, and to inculcate maxims of orthodox piety and moderation. The people of Cnidus wanted to make their peninsula an island by digging a canal, but found it very hard work ; and the oracle told them that if Zeus had meant the peninsula to be an island, he would have made it an island—which reminds one of some of the arguments against the Channel Tunnel. In one special direction, however, Delphi gave a real impulse to Hellenic progress. It was a powerful promoter of colonization : for instance, the first Greek settlements in Corsica and on the coast of Africa were directly due to Delphic oracles. We even find the oracle designating individuals for work abroad ; as when it nominated a man of Mantinea to reform the constitution of Cyrene. In Scotland we are wont to take a keen interest in everything that bears on colonial careers for young men ; and one day a Greek class had been reading about the Delphic oracle telling some Thracians to choose as their king the first man who should ask them to dinner. Miltiades had this privilege, and forthwith got the Thracian appointment. " Do you think," a thoughtful student asked, " that there could have been any collusion ?"

A brief mention is due to those Roman publications which, in form, came nearest to our newspapers—the official gazettes. Julius Caesar, when consul in 59 B.C., first caused the transactions of the Senate (*Acta Senatus*) to be regularly published ; before his time, there

had been only an occasional publication of its decrees. Augustus stopped the issue of this Senatorial Gazette, though the minutes continued to be regularly kept, at first by senators of the Emperor's choice, afterwards by a secretary specially appointed. Further, Julius Caesar instituted a regular official gazette of general news, the *Acta diurna*, which continued under the Empire. There was an official editor ; the gazette was exhibited daily in public, and copied by scribes, who sold it to their customers ; the original copy was afterwards laid up in the public archives, where it could be consulted. This gazette contained announcements or decrees by the Government, notices relating to the magistrature and the law-courts, and other matters of public interest ; also a register of births, marriages, and deaths, and occasionally other advertisements concerning private families. This gazette had a wide circulation. Tacitus, for example, says that a certain event could not be hidden from the army, because the legionaries throughout the provinces had read it in the gazette. But it was simply a bald record of facts ; there was no comment. Cicero, writing from Asia, complains that a private correspondent at Rome has sent him only such news as appears in a gazette—about matches of gladiators and adjournment of courts—and has given him no political intelligence.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1740 contains a short and quaint paper by Dr. Johnson, in which he transcribes some supposed fragments of a Roman gazette for the year 168 B.C. These were first published in 1615, and in 1692 were defended by Dodwell, but are now recognized as fifteenth-century forgeries. We have no genuine fragments of the Roman gazettes. None the less, Johnson's comparison of them with the English newspapers of 1740 may well suggest a reflection. The Roman gazette under the Empire did not give the transactions of the Senate, any more than it admitted political comment. In the newspapers of Johnson's time, the parliamentary reports were still very irregular and imperfect ; while criticism of public men was fain to take the disguise, however thin, of allegory. Thus the *Gentleman's Magazine* regaled its

readers, from month to month, with "Proceedings and Debates in the Senate of Lilliput." It was when the House of Commons had ceased to represent the public opinion of the country, that this opinion became resolved to have an outlet in the press. Parliament having ceased to discharge its proper function, the press became the popular court of appeal. The battle for a free press, in the full modern sense, was fought out between 1764 and 1771—beginning in 1764 with the persecution of Wilkes for attacking Bute in the *North Briton*, and ending with the successful resistance, in 1771, to the proclamation by which the Commons had forbidden the publication of their debates. Six printers, who had infringed it, were summoned to the bar of the House; five obeyed; and the messenger of the House was sent to arrest the sixth. The Lord Mayor of London sent the messenger to prison. The House of Commons sent the Lord Mayor to the Tower. But he was followed by cheering crowds. He was released at the next prorogation; and the day on which he left the Tower marked the end of the last attempt to silence the press. The next few years saw the beginning of the first English journals which exercised a great political and social power. The *Times* dates from 1788. Thus a period memorable for Americans has something of analogous significance for their kinsmen in England. For the English people, also, those years contained a Declaration of Independence; they brought us a title-deed of freedom greater, perhaps, than the barons of the thirteenth century extorted from John—the charter of a complete freedom in the daily utterance of public opinion.

The attempt here has been to indicate some of the partial equivalents for such an utterance which may be traced in classical literature. A student of antiquity must always in one sense, resemble the wistful Florentine who, with Virgil for his guide, explored the three-fold realm beyond the grave. His converse is with the few, the spirits signal for good or for evil in their time; the shades of the great soldiers pass before him,—he can scan them closely, and

imagine how each bore himself in the hour of defeat or victory on earth; he can know the counsels of statesmen, and even share the meditations of their leisure; the poets and the philosophers are present: but around and beyond these are the nameless nations of the dead, the multitudes who passed through the ancient world and left no memorial. With these dim populations he can hold no direct communion; it is much as if at times the great movements which agitated them are descried by him as the surging of a shadowy crowd, or if the accents of their anguish or triumph are borne from afar as the sound of many waters. So much the more, those few clear voices which still come from the past are never more significant than when they interpret the popular mind of their generation. The modern development of representative institutions has invested the collective sentiment of communities with power of a kind to which antiquity can furnish no proper parallel. But this fact cannot dispense the student of history from listening for the echoes of the market-place. And such attention cannot fail to quicken our sense of the inestimable gain which has accrued to modern life through journalism. It is easy to forget the magnitude of a benefit when its operation has become regular and familiar. The influence of the press may sometimes be abused; its tone may sometimes be objectionable. But take these three things—quickness in seeking and supplying information,—continual vigilance of comment,—electric sympathy of social feeling: where in the ancient world do we find these things as national characteristics, except in so far as they were gifts of nature to the small community of ancient Athens—gifts to which her best literature owes so much of its incomparable freshness and of its imperishable charm? It is mainly due to the agency of the press that these things are now found throughout the world,—these, which, in all lands where man has risen above barbarism, are the surest safeguards of civilization and the ultimate pledges of constitutional freedom.—*Fortnightly Review*.

## THREE GLIMPSES OF A NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE.

Does the reader chance to know that bit of England round about Haslemere, but an hour and a half's journey from the heart of London, where three counties meet, and the traveller may see at a glance, from many a hill-top, the most rich and beautiful parts of Sussex, the wildest and most picturesque of Surrey and Hampshire? At his feet lies spread the weald of Sussex, whilst the dark wooded promontories and long purple ridges of Blackdown, Marley, and Iron-hill curve round or jut out into this broad sea of fertility, and the distant South Downs close the view with wavy outline and fluted sides, bare of everything save fine turf, nibbling sheep, and the shadows of the clouds. Turning round, Surrey culminates, as it were, in Hind Head, with triple summit—no mere hill, but a miniature mountain in bold individuality of form. And when he climbs this vantage-ground, Hampshire lies unfolded before him as well as Surrey; Wolmer Forest—forest no longer, but brown moorland; ranges of chalk hills, conspicuous among them one with a white scar on its dark flank, which hides Selborne amid its trees; solemn distances seen against the sunset sky, clothed with a deep purple bloom, which haunt the memory like a strain of noble music.

No less beautiful and strikingly similar in general character is that part of Western Massachusetts wherein stands our New England village—Northampton—village in size and rural aspect, though the capital of Hampshire county. But the New England valley has one advantage over the weald of Sussex in its broad and beautiful river, with Indian name, Connecticut—Quonektacut, the long river—which winds through it. Mount Holyoke and Mount Tom, the Sugar Loaf and the Pelham range are its Blackdown, Marley, Hind Head, and South Downs. These hills are a couple of hundred feet or so higher than their English prototypes, ranging from 1000 to 1300 feet above the sea, and their old ribs are of harder and more ancient stuff than the chalk and greensand of the South Downs and Surrey hills; witness the granite or rather gneiss boulders

scattered broadcast over the land, sometimes in rugged upright masses, looking like some grey ruin, sometimes in small rounded fragments, bestrewn the uplands like a flock of sheep, and more rarely the black and still harder blocks of trap. In the museum at Amherst, just over the river, are preserved slabs with the famous bird-tracks—colossal footprints two feet long, found in the trias of this part of the Connecticut valley—all tending to prove that the sun shone down upon dry land here for some ages whilst the mother-country was still mostly a waste of waters; and that, geologically speaking, and so far as these parts at any rate are concerned, New England is old, and old England new, by comparison. Broad, fertile, level meadows border the river, and the hills are richly clothed with chestnut, birch, hemlock (somewhat like the yew in aspect), hickory (a kind of walnut), beech, oak, etc. It is hard to say whether the likeness or the unlikeness to an English landscape strikes the traveller more. There is the all-pervading difference of a dry and brilliant atmosphere, which modifies both form and color, substituting the sharp-edged and definite for the vague and rounded in distant objects, and brilliancy and distinctness of hue for depth and softness. Apart, too, from the brilliant and searching light, the leaves are absolutely of a lighter green, and grow in a less dense and solid mass; the foliage looks more feathery, the tree more spiral. Especially is this so with the American oak, which has neither the dome-like head, the sturdiness of bough, nor the dark bluish-green foliage of the English oak. If it be spring-time, no gorse is to be seen with golden blossom set among matted thorns, perfuming the sunshine; but everywhere abounding masses of the delicate pink-clustered, odorless, warlike kalmia, called there laurel, and growing to the full size of our laurels; and more shyly hidden, the lovely azalea or swamp-pink, as the country people call it. Instead of the daisy, the delicate little Housatonia, like Venus' looking-glass but growing singly, stars the ground; and for fra-

grance we must stoop down and seek the pale pink clusters of the trailing arbutus or May-flower, which richly reward the seeker. In July we miss the splendid purpling of the hills with heather blossom; but the pink spikes of the hardhack abound; gay lilies, lady's earrings, blue-fringed gentians, glowing cardinal flowers (*Lobelia cardinalis*), with slender petals of a deeper crimson than the salvia, and a host more new friends, or old friends with new ways grown democratic as befits them, scatter their beauty freely by the wayside and the margins of the brooks, instead of setting up as exclusives of the garden.

Nor are the differences less marked in the aspect of the cultivated land. The fertile valley has perhaps a look of greater breadth from not being intersected with hedges and having few fences of any kind, one crop growing beside another, and one owner's beside another's, like different beds in a nursery-garden. But the effect of these large undivided fields is to dwarf the appearance of the crops themselves. The patches of tall tasselled Indian corn, the white-blossomed buckwheat, and large-leaved tobacco, look diminutive. No haystacks, no wheat-ricks are to be seen; only here and there a lonely, prison-like tobacco barn or drying-house, full of narrow loopholes to let in air without light. Everything else is housed in the big barn that adjoins the farmhouse, which stands, not amid its own fields, but on the outskirts of the nearest town or village. Of wheat little is grown; of root-crops still less, for sheep-farming is not in favor. Tobacco, with its large, glossy dark leaves, like those of the mangel-wurzel, thrives well on the rich alluvial soil of the Connecticut valley; but, fluctuating as it is in value, exhaustive of the soil, and easily damaged by weather, the great gains of one year are often more than counterbalanced by the losses of the next. The Indian corn remains long upon the ground in autumn after it is cut, to ripen in stooks, much as beans do with us; and then come to light the pumpkins which were sown amongst it, and now lie basking and glowing in the sun like giant oranges. Glowing, too, in the splendid sunshine, are the apple-orchards, laden with fruit half as large

and quite as red as full-blown peonies. Never, even in the vale of Evesham or Herefordshire, have I seen any so beautiful.

As to the living creatures—feathered, four legged, or no-legged—there are some conspicuous differences which it does not take a naturalist to discover. Ten to one, indeed, if we come upon a rattlesnake; but a few are still left in snug corners of Mount Holyoke and Mount Tom, as anxious to avoid us as we them. The lively little chipmunk, diminutive first cousin to the squirrel, with black stripe along the back, is sure to make our acquaintance, for his kind seems as multitudinous as the rabbit with us, and is a worse foe to the farmer, because he has more audacity and a taste for the kernels of things, instead of merely the leaves. Strange new sounds greet the ear from katydid "working her chromatic reed"; from bull-frog with deep low, almost a roar; from grasshoppers and locusts, whose loud brassy whirr resounds all through the sunny hours with such persistency it seems at last a very part of the hot sunshine. The chirp of our grasshoppers is the mere ghost of a sound in comparison. At night fireflies glance in and out of the darkness; and, if we remain under the trees, mosquitoes soon make us unpleasantly aware of their existence. As to the birds, the flame-colored oriole, the delicately shaped blue-bird, flit by now and then as flashes of surprise and delight from the south; the rose-breasted grossbeak has a sweet note; the robin, not round as a ball and fierce and saucy, but grown tall, and slim, and mild—his breast not so red, his song not so sweet, his eye not so bright—is there. He is indeed a robin only in name,—really a species of thrush. A cheerful twittering, chirping, whistling, the tuning of the orchestra, a short sweet snatch or two of song I heard; but the steady, long-sustained outpour of rich melody from throats never weary, the chorus trilling joyously, with which our woods and hedgerows resound in spring and early summer, I listened for in vain. Perhaps the pathlessness of the woods and hills prevented my penetrating to the secluded haunts of the sweetest singers, such as the hermit-thrush, and I speak only of New England. Remem-

bering what John Burroughs has said on the subject, I will not venture to generalize the comparison.

#### GLIMPSE THE FIRST.

About two hundred and forty years ago, towards the close of Cromwell's life, and thirty-four years after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, the Boston and Plymouth Settlement found itself vigorous enough to send out offshoots; and having heard from the Dutch settlers of New York of this rich and well-watered valley discovered by them in 1614, the General Court appointed John Pynchon, Elizur Holyoke, and Samuel Chapin of Springfield, settled seventeen years before, to negotiate with the Indians for that tract of land called Nonotuck, where now stand six small towns and villages, chief and first built of which was Northampton. The price paid was a hundred fathoms of wampum (equal to about £20), ten coats, some small gifts, and the ploughing up of sixteen acres on the east side of the river. Wampum (Indian for white) consisted of strings of beads made of white shells and *suckauhock* black or blue money, of black or purple shells. Both were used for more purposes than trading with the Indians, coin being scarce. Eight white and four black beads were worth a penny; and a man as often took out a string of beads as a purse to pay an innkeeper or a ferryman, or to balance a trading account.

But Nonotuck was paid for with a good deal besides the wampum and the ploughing. For a hundred and twenty-four years there was almost incessant warfare with the Indians. Treacherous ambuscades lay in wait for the trader on his journey, stealthy dark-skinned assassins for the solitary husbandman, and not a few of these fertile fields were watered by the blood of its first tillers. He carried his weapons with him to his work and to the meeting-house, and expressed his gratitude for hair-breadth escapes, Puritan fashion, by the pious names he gave his children. Preserved Clapp, Submit Grout, Comfort Domo, Thankful Medad, are names that figure in the records of this and the neighboring villages; where we read also that one Praise-Ever Turner, and his servant Uzackaby Shakspeare, were killed by the Indians. Within sight of Northamp-

ton it was, just over the river, in the sister settlement of Hadley,—that beautiful old village, with street eighteen rods wide, set with a double avenue of superb elms, greensward in the middle and a road on either side, looking more like the entrance to a fine park than a village street,—here it was that a "deliverance" occurred, long believed by the people to have been miraculous. One Sunday, when nearly the whole scant population was gathered for worship in the meeting-house, a large body of Indians fell upon them, and, what with the panic and the want of a leader, all seemed lost, when a majestic, venerable figure, dressed in a strange rich garb, fully armed, appeared suddenly in their midst, assumed the command, rallied their scattered numbers, and led them on to victory; then vanished as suddenly as he had appeared, no man knew where or whence.\* No man but one—Mr. Russell, the minister. This venerable apparition was Goffe, once a general in Cromwell's army, and, like Whalley his companion in exile, one of the judges who condemned Charles to death, now forced, even in that far land, to hide for his life, since an active quest was maintained, in obedience to the Home Government for both Goffe and Whalley. For twelve years did good Mr. Russell shelter them, unknown to all but his own family. Whalley died in his house; but Goffe subsequently disappeared, and the rest of his career is unknown.

Altogether the hardy band found ample scope for carrying into practice the noble maxim of the Pilgrim Fathers rehearsed at Leyden: "All great and honorable actions are accompanied with great difficulties, and must be enterprised and overcome with answerable courages." In order to secure protection from Indians and wolves, the little community built its dwellings, not each isolated on its own farm-lands, but side by side, so as to form at once the main street; each house having its "home lot" or strip of "interval," as the rich meadow-land stretching down to the river was called, and its "wood-lot" on the hillside. Having chosen her

\* Sir Walter Scott, Fenimore Cooper, Miss Sedgwick, and Hawthorne in his story of "The Gray Champion," have all made use of this striking incident.

"select men to direct all the fundamental affairs of the town, to prevent anything which they judge shall be of damage, and to order anything which shall be for the good of the town; to hear complaints, arbitrate controversies, lay out highways, see to the scouring of ditches, the killing of wolves, and the training of children," Northampton proceeded at once to build herself a meeting-house "of sawen timber 26 feet long and 18 feet wide," for the sum of £14 sterling, to be paid in work or corn. There was no clock in the settlement; so the worshippers were called together, sometimes by a large cow-bell, sometimes by drum, and finally by trumpet, for the blowing of which Jedediah Strong had a salary of eighteen shillings a year. There was no minister for some years; and more finding in themselves a vocation for preaching than for listening, or at any rate for criticising than for meekly imbibing, disputes arose, the General Court was appealed to, and its decision enforced that the service should consist, besides praying and singing, of "the reading aloud of known godly and orthodox books;" and for those who failed to obey with seemly decorum the summons of Mr. Jedediah Strong's trumpet, severe was the chastisement. Joe Leonard and Sam Harmon, for instance, "who were seen to whip and whisk one another with a stick before the meeting-house door," were fined five shillings; and Daniel, "for idle watching about and not coming to the ordinances of the Lord," was adjudged worthy of stripes to the number "of five, *well laid on.*" In 1672 the town voted that there be some sticks set up in the "meeting-house, with fit persons placed near, to use them as occasion shall require, to keep the youth from disorder." Which staves were fitted with a hare's foot at one end and his tail at the other; the former to give a hard rap to misbehaving boys, the latter a gentle reminder to sleeping women.

Something besides repression was done, however, for the benefit of the youth of Northampton. The first school was started in 1663,—the master to receive £6 a year and his charges for tuition. Bridges were built and roads made by calling out every man to labor according to his estate; and those who

did not labor paid in grain at the rate of half-a-crown a-day for exemption. For more than sixty years Northampton had no doctor, only a "bone-setter": on the whole, a lucky circumstance, perhaps, considering what were the remedies then chiefly in vogue. Sylvester Judd, from whose "History of Hadley," and also from Dr. Holland's "History of Western Massachusetts," the foregoing details have been gathered, gives a curious list, taken from medical prescriptions of the time:—the fat of a wild cat, blood of a goat, of an ass, of a white pigeon taken from under the wing, the tongue and lungs of a fox, liver of an eel and of a wolf, horns of a bug (beetle), teeth of a sea-horse, bone from the heart of a stag, the left foot of a tortoise, &c.

After the Indian and the French and Indian wars were over, there was but a short interval of rest before the War of Independence began. The long rugged battle with the savage and the wilderness had done its work well in training men for the struggle which was to sunder all bonds, and convert the colony into a new nation, master of its own destiny. Northampton was not the scene of any battles; but bore its part in furnishing some brave and leading men, and money, or money's worth, to the army. After the war was over, came a time of depression and disorganization in public affairs and in trade, which culminated hereabouts in what is known as Shay's Rebellion, so named from its leader; but it was soon quelled, and peace and prosperity settled down upon Northampton and upon the whole land.

#### GLIMPSE THE SECOND.

If we lift a corner of the veil of time at the opening of the present century, we find our handful of settlers become a population of 4000,—there was no immigration in those days to swell the numbers by thousands and tens of thousands at a blow,—and possessed of resources for their social and intellectual welfare pretty much on a par with those of an English country town at that date of the same size: a little behind still in material comforts and luxuries, a little ahead in the amount of mental activity and the spirit of progress generated partly by more complete self-dependence, by the great and stirring times men



had just passed through, and by hereditary influence from the parent stock, which was the pick of Old England in these qualities.

The spirit of fellowship thrives where all are fellow-workers. There comes, it would seem, a happy transition time between the struggles, privations, isolation of the pioneers, and the wealth, luxury, and poverty (grim skeleton in the cupboard of advancing prosperity), when there yet remains a good measure of that sense of neighborhood necessarily developed, when no man is independent of the free help and good-will of others, no man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth,—a time, in short, when sociability is and “society” is not, and those to whom the lines have fallen in pleasant places can stretch out a friendly hand to the less fortunate without suspicion of condescension or patronage.

For sample, we will take a single group, the door of whose hospitable house has been set open for us by the privately printed memoirs of Mrs Anne Jean Lyman. The inmates are a judge, his wife, and a large family of children of all ages, for he has been twice married. The judge is a genuine product of the soil, his family having for at least three generations back been settled in Northampton. His wife, who is from the neighborhood of Boston, of Scotch ancestry on one side, and on the other descended from Anne Hutchinson (the eloquent woman-preacher, who, banished for heterodoxy from their settlement by the Pilgrim Fathers, was killed by the Indians in 1643), may be taken as a good but typical instance of the New England woman of that day—capable, practical, aspiring, intellectual, friendly above all.

There are no stirring adventures, no record of any achievements of genius in these memoirs, but the unpretending pages reflect a clear image of two fine characters, well adjusted to the social conditions amid which they lived. Both had beauty and dignity of person, warm sympathies, good brains, abundant energy, and a spirit of hospitality which made their home the focus where the worth and intellect of the village were wont to gather and to shine brightest and warmest. Northampton has now its row of thriving stores, to

which the people from neighboring villages flock on market-days, making a cheerful bustle. The elms, planted by the pioneers on either side the street, from the boughs of one of which Jonathan Edwards had preached to the Indians, now spread a goodly shade. A four-horse stage from Boston, ninety miles distant, comes in every evening with bugle horn sounding gaily. The driver is the personal friend of the whole town, for his tenacious memory never lets slip a single message or commission—save on one memorable occasion, when he forgot to bring back his wife who had been visiting in Boston, and so furnished the village with a long-enduring joke. The social judge, when he hears the horn, takes his hat and with alert step and cheerful face, glowing in the evening light, hastens to Warner’s Tavern where the coach draws up, to welcome the arrivals and bring any friend who may be among them to his own home—and any stranger too, who seems in ill-health or sorrow, and not likely to be made comfortable at an inn. When the judge and his wife go yearly to Boston, a throng of neighbors flock into the library overnight, where the packing goes on, not only to take an affectionate leave, but to bring parcels of every size and commissions of every variety,—a pattern with request to bring back dresses for a family of five; and “could they go to the orphan asylum and see if a good child of ten could be bound out till she was eighteen? and if so, bring her back.” One requests them to call and see a sick mother at Sudbury, another a sick sister at Ware. Finally, a little boy, with bundle as large as himself, asks “if this would be too big to carry to grandmother?” “I’ll carry anything short of a cooking-stove,” says the kind lady; and wherever the stage stops to change horses, she runs round to hunt up the sick friend or deliver the parcel.

Here is a picture, in brief, of a day of home-life at a later period when the children are mostly grown up and the judge has retired from the Bench. It is the grey dawn of a summer’s day, and the mother is already up and doing, while the rest of her large family, all but the husband, are still asleep. Dressed in short skirt and white *sacque*, she goes

with broom and duster to her parlor and dining-room, opens wide the windows to the sweet morning air and the song of the birds, and puts all in order. At six o'clock she calls up her two maids, puts on her morning-dress and white cap, takes the large work-basket that always stands handy in the corner—for she mends not only for the family but for the maids and the hired man—and works till breakfast, when often fifteen or twenty cheerful souls assemble round the table. After which, with help of children and grandchildren, the dishes are swiftly washed, the table cleared, and husband and wife are then wont to take their seat at the front door, that they may greet the passer-by or send messages to neighbors: she with the work-basket and the book that always lay handy under the work—some essay, poem, history, novel (for she is an omnivorous reader, and her letters intelligently discuss current literary topics)—or with the peas and beans to shell and string for dinner; he with the newspaper. Among the passers-by with whom they chat come, at certain seasons of the year, the judges of the Supreme Court and other notable men,—Baron Renné, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Emerson, too, while he was yet a young unknown Unitarian minister. Seldom does the large family sit down to dinner without guests, for any one who drops in is asked to stay, or some wearied-looking passer-by is pressed to step in. In the afternoon the mother's chosen seat is at the window of the west parlor looking towards the hills, and then the young people flock around while she reads aloud through the long summer afternoons. All must share in her enjoyment, and often is the wayfarer, some "good neighbor" or "intellectual starveling," beckoned in "just to hear this rich passage we are reading—it won't take long." If she finds any with a strong desire for knowledge, she never rests till the means to supply the want are found, and more than one youth of promise afterwards fulfilled owed his first good chance in life to this wise, generous-hearted woman.

#### GLIMPSE THE THIRD.

Northampton to-day carries her two hundred and thirty odd years lightly,

and, save for the lofty and venerable elms, looks as young as the youngest of towns. How, indeed, can anything but the trees ever look old in America, since the atmosphere does not furnish old Time with moisture enough to write the record of his flight in grey tones and weather stains, and lichens, and worn and crumbling edges? Hawthorne's "old manse" at Concord was the only ancient-looking house I saw. Either it had never been painted, or the paint was all worn off, and so the wooden walls had taken a silver-grey color, and, with its pictureque situation close to the Concord river and by the side of the field in which was fought the first battle in the War of Independence, it well deserves the honor and renown that have settled on it, both as associated with Emerson's ancestors, his own early days, and with Hawthorne's romance. But in general the yearly fresh coat of paint is a sort of new birth to the old houses, which makes them indistinguishable from modern ones, wood being still the material used in country-places for detached houses. But step inside some one or two of these pretty modest-looking cottages, under the shade of the Northampton elms, and you will find the low ceiling, the massive beams, small doors and windows, corner cupboards, and queer ups and downs along the passages, which tell that they were put up by hands long since mouldered in the grave, and make you feel as if you were at home again in some old Essex village.

Socially, the little town may be regarded as a kind of Cranford—but Cranford with a difference. There is the same preponderance of maiden ladies and widows—for what should the men do there? New England farming is a very slow and unprofitable affair compared with farming in the West, and there are no manufactures of any importance. There are the same tea-parties, with a solitary beau in the centre, "like the one white flower in the middle of a nosegay;" the same modest goodness, kindliness, refinement, making the best of limited means and of restricted interests. But even under these conditions the spirit of enterprise and of public spirit lurks in an American Cranford, and strikes out boldly in some direction or other. What would Miss

Jenkyns have said to the notion of a college which should embody the most advanced ideas for giving young women precisely the same educational opportunities as young men? She would justly have felt that it was enough to make Dr. Johnson turn in his grave. Yet such a scheme has been realized by one of the maiden ladies of Northampton or its immediate neighborhood, in Smith College — a really noble institution; where, also, the experiment is being tried of housing the students, not in one large building, but in a cluster of pretty-looking, moderate-sized homes, standing amid lawn and garden, where they are allowed, under certain restrictions, to enter into and receive the society of the village, so that their lives may not be a too monotonous routine and “grind.”

Another maiden lady has achieved a still more remarkable success, for she had no wealth of her own to enable her to carry out her idea—which was, to perfect and to introduce on a large scale the method, devised in Spain some hundred years ago, developed by Heinicke, a German, by Bell of Edinburgh, and by his son, in a system of “visible speech,”—for enabling the deaf and dumb to speak, not with the fingers but the voice, dumb no longer, and to hear with the eyes, so to speak, by reading the movements of the lips. Miss Harriet Rogers, who had never witnessed this method in operation, began by teaching a few pupils privately till her success induced a generous inhabitant of Northampton, Mr. Clarke, to come forward with £10,000 to found a Deaf and Dumb Institution, of which her little school formed the nucleus, and her unwearied devotion and special gifts the animating soul. Step into a class-room in one of these cheerful looking houses, surrounded by gay flower borders and well-kept lawns, standing on a hill just outside the town,—for here, too, the plan of a group of buildings has been adopted. About twenty children, boys and girls, are ranged, their faces eagerly looking towards a lady who stands on a raised platform. Her presence conveys a sense of that gentle yet resistless power which springs from a firm will, combined with a rich measure of sympathy and affection. She raises

her hand a little way, and then moves it slowly along in a horizontal direction. The children open their mouths and utter a deep sustained tone, a plaintive, minor, wild, yet not unmusical sound. She raises it a little higher, and again moves it slowly along. The children immediately raise the pitch of their voices and sustain a higher tone. Again the voices, following the hand, sustain a yet higher, almost a shrill note. Then the hand waves up and down rapidly, and the tones faithfully follow its lead in swift transition, till they seem lost in a maze of varying inflexions; but always the voices are obedient to the waving hand. The teacher then makes a round O with thumb and forefinger, gradually parting them like the opening of the mouth. This is the sign for crescendo and diminuendo. The voices begin softly, swell into a great volume of sound, then die away again, still with those peculiar plaintive tones; yet much do the children seem to enjoy the exercise, though, to most of them, remember, the room is all the while soundless as the grave. They learn to vary the pitch of their voices partly by feeling with the hand the vibrations of the throat and chest,—quick and in the throat for high tones, slow and in the chest for low ones—partly by help of Bell’s written signs, which represent the position peculiar to each sound of the various organs of speech—throat, tongue, lips, back of the mouth, &c. This was a class of beginners chiefly learning to develop and control their hitherto unused voices. Inexhaustible is the patience, wonderful the tact employed by Miss Rogers and her able assistants in the far more difficult task of teaching actual speech. A small percentage of the children will prove too slow and blunt of perception ever to master it, and will have to be sent where the old finger alphabet is still the method in use. Some, on the other hand, will succeed so brilliantly that it will be impossible for a stranger to detect that they were once deaf-mutes,—that they seize your words with their eyes, not with their ears, and have never heard the sound of human speech, though they can speak. And the great bulk will return to their homes capable of understanding in the main what is going on

around them, and of making themselves-intelligible to their friends without recourse to signs.

Our actual Cranford over the sea, then, has a considerable advantage over the Cranford of romance, in that her heroines do not wait for the (in fiction) inevitable, faithful, long-absent, mysteriously-returning-at-the-right-moment lover to redeem their lives from triviality, and renew their faded bloom. And, in the present state of the world's affairs, what is more needed than the single woman who succeeds in making her life worth living, honorably independent, and of value to others? Through such will certainly be given new scope and impetus to the development of woman generally, and in the long run, therefore, good results for all.

Among the solid achievements of Northampton must also be mentioned an excellent free library, with spacious airy reading-room, such as any city might be proud of. There is also a State lunatic asylum, with large farm attached, which not only supplies the most restorative occupation for those of the inmates who are capable of work, but defrays all the expenses of the institution, with an occasional surplus for improvements.

If I were asked what, after some years spent in America, impressed me most unexpectedly, I should say of the people, as of the New England landscape. So like! yet so different! I speak, of course, not of superficial differences, but of mental physiognomy and temperament. Given new conditions of climate, soil, space, with their subtle, slow, yet deep and sure modifying influences,—new qualities to the pleasures of life, new qualities to its pains and struggles, new social and political conditions, new mixing of old races, different antecedents, the primitive

wrestle with nature by a people not primitive but inheriting the habits and characteristics of advanced civilization,—and how can there but result the shaping of a new race out of old world stock, a fresh instrument in the great orchestra of humanity? Indicate these differences, these traits! says the impatient reader. They are too subtle for words, like the perfume of flowers, the flavor of fruit,—too much intermingled with individual qualities also, at any rate for mere descriptive words, though no doubt in time the imaginative literature of America will creatively embody them.

One lesson whoever has lived in, not merely travelled through America, must learn perforce. It is that the swift steamers, bringing a succession of more or less keen observers, the telegrams and newspapers, which we fondly imagine annihilate space and make us fully cognizant of the character and affairs of our far-off kindred are by no means such wonder-workers. In spite of newspapers, and telegrams, and travellers, and a common language and ancestry, we are full of misconceptions about each other. Nay, I found the actual condition of my own country drift slowly out of intelligible sight after a year or two's absence. Even if every word uttered and printed were true, that which gives them their significance cannot be so transmitted; whilst the great forces that are shaping and building up a people's life and character work silently beneath the surface, so that truly may it be said of a nation, as of an individual, "The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddeth not with its joy." Save by the help of vital literature—in that, at last, the souls of the nations speak to one another.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*



#### LAST WORDS ABOUT AGNOSTICISM AND THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY.

BY HERBERT SPENCER.

THOSE who expected from Mr. Harrison an interesting rejoinder to my reply, will not be disappointed. Those who looked for points skilfully made, which

either are, or seem to be, telling, will be fully satisfied. Those who sought pleasure from witnessing a display of literary power, will close his article gratified

with the hour they have spent over it. Those only will be not altogether contented who supposed that my outspoken criticism of Mr. Harrison's statements and views, would excite him to an unusual display of that trenchant style for which he is famous; since he has, for the most part, continued the discussion with calmness. After saying thus much it may seem that some apology is needed for continuing a controversy of which many, if not most, readers, have by this time become weary. But gladly as I would leave the matter where it stands, alike to save my own time and others' attention, there are sundry motives which forbid me. Partly my excuse must be the profound importance and perennial interest of the questions raised. Partly I am prompted by the consideration that it is a pity to cease just when a few more pages will make clear sundry of the issues, and leave readers in a better position for deciding. Partly it seems to me wrong to leave grave misunderstandings unrectified. And partly I am reluctant on personal grounds to pass by some of Mr. Harrison's statements unnoticed.

One of these statements, indeed, it would be imperative on me to notice, since it reflects on me in a serious way. Speaking of the *Descriptive Sociology*, which contains a large part (though by no means all) of the evidence used in the *Principles of Sociology*, and referring to the compilers who, under my superintendence, selected the materials forming that work, Mr. Harrison says:—

Of course these intelligent gentlemen had little difficulty in clipping from hundreds of books about foreign races sentences which seem to support Mr. Spencer's doctrines. The whole proceeding is too much like that of a famous lawyer who wrote a law-book, and then gave it to his pupils to find the "cases" which supported his law.

Had Mr. Harrison observed the dates, he would have seen that since the compilation of the *Descriptive Sociology* was commenced in 1867 and the writing of the *Principles of Sociology* in 1874, the parallel he draws is not altogether applicable: the fact being that the *Descriptive Sociology* was commenced seven years in advance for the purpose (as stated in the preface) of obtaining adequate materials for generalizations: sundry of which, I may remark in passing, have

been quite at variance with my pre conceptions.\* I think that on consideration, Mr. Harrison will regret having made so grave an insinuation without very good warrant; and he has no warrant. Charity would almost lead one to suppose that he was not fully conscious of its implications when he wrote the above passage; for he practically cancels them immediately afterwards. He says:—"But of course one can find in this medley of tables almost any view. And I find facts which make for my view as often as any other." How this last statement consists with the insinuation that what Mr. Harrison calls a "medley" of tables contains evidence vitiated by special selection of facts, it is difficult to understand. If the purpose was to justify a foregone conclusion, how does it happen that there are (according to Mr. Harrison) as many facts which make against it as there are facts which make for it?

The question here incidentally raised concerns the primitive religious idea. Which is the original belief, fetichism or the ghost-theory? The answer should profoundly interest all who care to understand the course of human thought; and I shall therefore not apologize for pursuing the question a little further.

Having had them counted, I find that in those four parts of the *Descriptive Sociology* which give accounts of the uncivilized races, there are 607 extracts which refer to the ghost-theory: illustrating the belief in a wandering double which goes away during sleep, or fainting, or other form of insensibility, and deserts the body for a longer period at death,—a double which can enter into and possess other persons, causing disease, epilepsy, insanity, etc., which gives rise to ideas of spirits, demons, etc., and which originates propitiation and worship of ghosts. On the other hand there are 87 extracts which refer to the worship of inanimate objects or belief in their

\* Elsewhere Mr. Harrison contemptuously refers to the *Descriptive Sociology* as "a pile of clippings made to order." While I have been writing, the original directions to compilers have been found by my present secretary, Mr. James Bridge; and he has drawn my attention to one of the "orders." It says that all works are "to be read not with a view to any particular class of facts but with a view to all classes of facts."

supernatural powers. Now even did these 87 extracts support Mr. Harrison's view, this ratio of 8 to 1 would hardly justify his statement that the facts "make for my [his] view as often as any other." But these 87 extracts do not make for his view. To get proof that the inanimate objects are worshipped for themselves simply, instances must be found in which such objects are worshipped among peoples who have no ghost-theory; for wherever the ghost-theory exists it comes into play and originates those supernatural powers which certain objects are supposed to have. When by unrelated tribes scattered all over the world, we find it held that the souls of the dead are supposed to haunt the neighboring forests—when we learn that the Karen thinks "the spirits of the departed dead crowd around him;" \* that the Society Islanders imagined spirits "surrounded them night and day watching every action;" † that the Nicobar people annually compel "all the bad spirits to leave the dwelling;" ‡ that an Arab never throws anything away without asking forgiveness of the Efrits he may strike; § and that the Jews thought it was because of the multitudes of spirits in synagogues that "the dress of the Rabbins become so soon old and torn through their rubbing;" || when we find the accompanying belief to be that ghosts or spirits are capable of going into, and emerging from, solid bodies in general, as well as the bodies of the quick and the dead; it becomes obvious that the presence of one of these spirits swarming around, and capable of injuring or benefiting living persons, becomes a sufficient reason for propitiating an object it is assumed to have entered: the most trivial peculiarity sufficing to suggest possession—such possession being, indeed, in some cases conceived as universal, as by the Eskimo, who think every object is ruled by "its or his, *inuk*, which word signifies "*man*," and also *owner or inhabitant*." ¶ Such being the

\* *Journal of Asiatic Society of Bengal*, xxiv. part ii., p. 196.

† Ellis, *Polynesian Researches*, vol. i. p. 525.

‡ *Journ. As. Soc. of Ben.*, xv. pp. 348-49.

§ Bastian, *Mensch*, ii. 109, 113.

|| *Supernatural Religion*, 2nd ed., vol. i. p. 112.

¶ Dr. Henry Rink, *Tales and Traditions of the Eskimo*, p. 37.

case, there can be no proof that the worship of the objects themselves was primordial, unless it is found to exist where the ghost-theory has not arisen; and I know no instance showing that it does so. But while those facts given in the *Descriptive Sociology* which imply worship of inanimate objects, or ascription of supernatural powers to them, fail to support Mr. Harrison's view, because always accompanied by the ghost-theory, sundry of them directly negative his view. There is the fact that an echo is regarded as the voice of the fetich; there is the fact that the inhabiting spirit of the fetich is supposed to "enjoy the savory smell" of meat roasted before it; and there is the fact that the fetich is supposed to die and may be revived. Further, there is the summarized statement made by Beecham, an observer of fetichism in the region where it is supposed to be specially exemplified, who says that:—

The fetiches are believed to be spiritual, intelligent beings, who make the remarkable objects of nature their residence, or enter occasionally into the images and other artificial representations, which have been duly consecrated by certain ceremonies. . . . They believe that these fetiches are of both sexes, and that they require food.

These statements are perfectly in harmony with the conclusion that fetichism is a development of the ghost-theory, and altogether incongruous with the interpretation of fetichism which Mr. Harrison accepts from Comte.

Already I have named the fact that Dr. Tylor, who has probably read more books about uncivilized peoples than any Englishman living or dead, has concluded that fetichism is a form of spirit-worship, and that (to give quotations relevant to the present issue)

To class an object as a fetish, demands explicit statement that a spirit is considered as embodied in it or acting through it or communicating by it.\*

. . . . A further stretch of imagination enables the lower races to associate the souls of the dead with mere objects.†

. . . . The spirits which enter or otherwise attach themselves to objects may be human souls. Indeed, one of the most natural cases of the fetish-theory is when a soul inhabits or haunts the relics of its former body.‡

\* Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. ii. p. 133.

† *Ibid.* p. 139.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 137.

Here I may add an opinion to like effect which Dr. Tylor quotes from the late Prof. Waitz, also an erudite anthropologist. He says :—

“According to his [the negro's] view, a spirit dwells or can dwell in every sensible object, and often a very great and mighty one in an insignificant thing. This spirit he does not consider as bound fast and unchangeably to the corporeal thing it dwells in, but it has only its usual or principal abode in it.”\*

Space permitting I might add evidence furnished by Sir Alfred Lyall, who, in his valuable papers published in the *Fortnightly Review* years ago on religion in India, has given the results of observations made there. Writing to me from the North-West provinces under date August 1, in reference to the controversy between Mr. Harrison and myself, he incloses copies of a letter and accompanying memorandum from the magistrate of Gorakhpur, in verification of the doctrine that ghost-worship is the “chief source and origin” of religion. Not, indeed, that I should hope by additional evidences to convince Mr. Harrison. When I point to the high authority of Dr. Tylor as on the side of the ghost-theory, Mr. Harrison says—“If Dr. Tylor has finally adopted it, I am sorry.” And now I suppose that when I cite these further high authorities on the same side, he will simply say again “I am sorry,” and continue to believe as before.

In respect of the fetichism distinguishable as nature-worship, Mr. Harrison relies much on the Chinese. He says :—

The case of China is decisive. There we have a religion of vast antiquity and extent, perfectly clear and well ascertained. It rests entirely on worship of Heaven, and Earth, and objects of Nature, regarded as organized beings, and not as the abode of human spirits.

Had I sought for a case of “a religion of vast antiquity and extent, perfectly clear and well ascertained,” which illustrates origin from the ghost-theory, I should have chosen that of China; where the State-religion continues down to the present day to be an elaborate ancestor-worship, where each man's chief thought in life is to secure the due making of sacrifices to his ghost after death, and where the failure of a first wife to bear a son who shall make these sacrifices, is held a legitimate reason for

taking a second. But Mr. Harrison would, I suppose, say that I had selected facts to fit my hypothesis. I therefore give him, instead, the testimony of a bystander. Count D'Alviella has published a *brochure* concerning these questions on which Mr. Harrison and I disagree.\* In it he says on page 15 :—

La thèse de M. Harrison, au contraire,—que l'homme aurait commencé par l'adoration d'objets matériels “franchement regardés comme tels,”—nous paraît absolument contraire au raisonnement et à l'observation. Il cite, à titre d'exemple, l'antique religion de la Chine, “entièrement basée sur la vénération de la Terre, du Ciel et des Ancêtres, considérés objectivement et non comme la résidence d'êtres immatériels.” [This sentence is from Mr. Harrison's first article, not from his second.] C'est là jouer de malheur, car, sans même insister sur ce que peuvent être des Ancêtres “considérés objectivement,” il se trouve précisément que la religion de l'ancien empire Chinois est le type le plus parfait de l'anémisme organisé et qu'elle regarde même les objets matériels, dont elle fait ses dieux, comme la manifestation inséparable, l'enveloppe ou même le corps d'esprits invisibles. [Here in a note Count D'Alviella refers to authorities, notamment Tiele, *Manuel de l'Histoire des Religions*, traduit par M. Maurice Vernes, Liv. II, et dans la *Revue de l'Histoire des Religions*, la *Religion de l'ancien empire Chinois* par M. Julius Happel (t. IV. no. 6).”]

Whether Mr. Harrison's opinion is or is not changed by this array of counter-opinion, he may at any rate be led somewhat to qualify his original statement that “Nothing is more certain than that man everywhere started with a simple lead worship of natural objects.”

I pass now to Mr. Harrison's endeavor to rebut my assertion that he had demolished a *simulacrum* and not the reality.

I pointed out that he had inverted my meaning by representing as negative that which I regarded as positive. What I have everywhere referred to as the All-Being, he named the All-Nothingness. What answer does he make when I show that my position is exactly the reverse of that alleged? He says that while I am “dealing with transcendental conceptions, intelligible only to certain trained metaphysicians,” he is “dealing with religion as it affects the lives of men and women in the world;” that “to ordinary men and women, an unknowable

\* *Harrison contre Spencer sur la Valeur Religieuse de L'Inconnaissable*, par le C<sup>te</sup>. Goblet D'Alviella. Paris, Ernest Leroux.

\* Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. ii. p. 144.

and inconceivable Reality is practically an Unreality ;" and that thus all he meant to say was that the " Everlasting Yes " of the " evolutionist," " is in effect on the public a mere Everlasting No," (p. 354). Now compare these passages in his last article with the following passages in his first article :—" One would like to know how much of the Evolutionist's day is consecrated to seeking the Unknowable in a devout way, and what the religious exercises might be. How does the man of science approach the All-Nothingness " (p. 502)? Thus we see that what was at first represented as the unfitness of the *creed* considered as offered to the select is now represented as its unfitness considered as offered to the masses. What were originally the " Evolutionist" and the " man of science " are now changed into " ordinary men and women " and " the public ;" and what was originally called the All-Nothingness has become an " inconceivable Reality." The statement which was to be justified is not justified but something else is justified in its stead.

Thus is it, too, with the paragraph in which Mr. Harrison seeks to disprove my assertion that he had exactly transposed the doctrines of Dean Mansel and myself, respecting our consciousness of that which transcends perception. He quotes his original words, which were " there is a gulf which separates even his all-negative *deity* from Mr. Spencer's impersonal, unconscious, unthinkable Energy." And he then goes on to say " I was speaking of Mansel's Theology, not of his Ontology. I said "*deity*," not the Absolute." Very well ; now let us see what this implies. Mansel, as I was perfectly well aware, supplements his ontological nihilism with a theological realism. That which in his ontological argument he represents as a mere " negation of conceivability," he subsequently re-asserts on grounds of faith, and clothes with the ordinarily-ascribed divine attributes. Which of these did I suppose Mr. Harrison meant by " all-negative deity " ? I was compelled to conclude he meant that which in the ontological argument was said to be a " negation of conceivability." How could I suppose that by " all-negative deity " Mr. Harrison meant the deity which Dean Mansel as a matter of

" duty " rehabilitates and worships in his official capacity as priest. It was a considerable stretch of courage on the part of Mr. Harrison to call the deity of the established church an " all-negative deity." Yet in seeking to escape from the charge of misrepresenting me he inevitably does this by implication.

In his second article Mr. Harrison does not simply ascribe to me ideas which are wholly unlike those my words express, but he ascribes to me ideas I have intentionally excluded. When justifying my use of the word " proceed," as the most colorless word I could find to indicate the relation between the knowable manifestations present to perception and the Unknowable Reality which transcends perception, I incidentally mentioned, as showing that I wished to avoid those theological implications which Mr. Harrison said were suggested, that the words originally written were " created and sustained ;" and that though in the sense in which I used them the meanings of these words did not exceed my thought, I had erased them because " the ideas associated with these words might mislead. Yet Mr. Harrison speaks of these erased words as though I had finally adopted them, and saddles me with the ordinary connotations. If Mr. Harrison defends himself by quoting my words to the effect that the Inscrutable Existence manifested through phenomena " stands towards our general conception of things in substantially the same relation as does the Creative Power asserted by Theology ;" then I point to all my arguments as clearly meaning that when the attributes and the mode of operation ordinarily ascribed to " that which lies beyond the sphere of sense " cease to be ascribed, " that which lies beyond the sphere of sense " will bear the same relation as before to that which lies within it, in so far that it will occupy the same relative position in the totality of our consciousness : no assertion being made concerning the mode of connexion of the one with the other. Surely when I have deliberately avoided the word " create " to express the connexion between noumenal cause and the phenomenal effect, because it might suggest the ordinary idea of a creating power separate from the created thing,



Mr. Harrison was not justified in basing arguments against me on the assumption that I had used it.

But the course in so many cases pursued by him of fathering upon me ideas incongruous with those I have expressed, and making me responsible for the resulting absurdities, is exhibited in the most extreme degree, by the way in which he has built up for me a system of beliefs and practices. In his first article occur such passages as—"seeking the Unknowable in a devout way" (p. 502); can anyone "hope anything of the Unknowable or find consolation therein?" (p. 503); and to a grieving mother he represents me as replying to assuage her grief, "Think on the Unknowable" (p. 503). Similarly in his second article he writes "to tell them that they are to worship this Unknowable is equivalent to telling them to worship nothing" (p. 357); "the worship of the Unknowable is abhorrent to every instinct of genuine religion" (p. 360); "praying to the Unknowable at home" (p. 376); and having in these and kindred ways fashioned for me the observances of a religion which he represents me as "proposing," he calls it "one of the most gigantic paradoxes in the history of thought" (p. 355). So effectually has Mr. Harrison impressed everybody by these expressions and assertions, that I read in a newspaper—"Mr. Spencer speaks of the 'absurdities of the Comtean religion,' but what about his own peculiar cult?"

Now the whole of this is a fabric framed out of Mr. Harrison's imaginations. I have nowhere "proposed" any "object of religion." I have nowhere suggested that anyone should "worship this Unknowable." No line of mine gives ground for inquiring how the Unknowable is to be sought "in a devout way," or for asking what are "the religious exercises;" nor have I suggested that anyone may find "consolation therein." Observe the facts. At the close of my article "Religion; a Retrospect and Prospect," I pointed out to "those who think that science is dissipating religious beliefs and sentiments" "that whatever of mystery is taken from the old interpretation is added to the new;" increase rather than diminution being the result. I said

that in perpetually extending our knowledge of the Universe, concrete science "enlarges the sphere for religious sentiment;" and that progressing knowledge is "accompanied by an increasing capacity for wonder." And in my second article, in further explanation, I have represented my thesis to be "that whatever components of this [the religious] sentiment disappear, there must ever survive those which are appropriate to the consciousness of a Mystery that cannot be fathomed and a Power that is omnipresent." This is the sole thing for which I am responsible. I have advocated nothing; I have proposed no worship; I have said nothing about "devotion," or "prayer," or "religious exercises," or "hope," or "consolation." I have simply affirmed the permanence of certain components in the consciousness which "is concerned with that which lies beyond the sphere of sense." If Mr. Harrison says that this surviving sentiment is inadequate for what he thinks the purposes of religion, I simply reply—I have said nothing about its adequacy or inadequacy. The assertion that the emotions of awe and wonder form but a fragment of religion, leaves me altogether unconcerned: I have said nothing to the contrary. If Mr. Harrison sees well to describe the emotions of awe and wonder as "some rags of religious sentiment surviving" (p. 358), it is not incumbent on me to disprove the fitness of his expression. I am responsible for nothing whatever beyond the statement that these emotions will survive. If he shows this conclusion to be erroneous, then indeed he touches me. This, however, he does not attempt. Recognizing though he does that this is all I have asserted, and even exclaiming "is that all!" (p. 358) he nevertheless continues to father upon me a number of ideas quoted above, which I have neither expressed nor implied, and asks readers to observe how grotesque is the fabric formed of them.

I enter now on that portion of Mr. Harrison's last article to which is specially applicable its title "Agnostic Metaphysics." In this he recalls sundry of the insuperable difficulties set forth by Dean Mansel, in his *Bampton Lectures*, as arising when we attempt to

frame any conception of that which lies beyond the realm of sense. Accepting, as I did, Hamilton's general arguments, which Mansel applied to theological conceptions, I contended in *First Principles* that their arguments are valid, only on condition that that which transcends the relative is regarded not as negative, but as positive; and that the relative itself becomes unthinkable as such in the absence of a postulated non-relative. Criticisms on my reasoning allied to those made by Mr. Harrison, have been made before, and have before been answered by me. To an able metaphysician, the Rev. James Martineau, I made a reply which I may be excused here for reproducing, as I cannot improve upon it—

Always implying terms in relation, thought implies that both terms shall be more or less defined; and as fast as one of them becomes indefinite, the relation also becomes indefinite, and thought becomes indistinct. Take the case of magnitudes. I think of an inch; I think of a foot; and having tolerably-definite ideas of the two, I have a tolerably-definite idea of the relation between them. I substitute for the foot a mile; and being able to represent a mile much less definitely, I cannot so definitely think of the relation between an inch and a mile—cannot distinguish it in thought from the relation between an inch and two miles, as clearly as I can distinguish in thought the relation between an inch and one foot from the relation between an inch and two feet. And now if I endeavor to think of the relation between an inch and the 240,000 miles from here to the Moon, or the relation between an inch and the 92,000,000 miles from here to the Sun, I find that while these distances, practically inconceivable, have become little more than numbers to which I frame no answering ideas, so, too, has the relation between an inch and either of them become practically inconceivable. Now this partial failure in the process of forming thought relations, which happens even with finite magnitudes when one of them is immense, passes into complete failure when one of them cannot be brought within any limits. The relation itself becomes unrepresentable at the same time that one of its terms becomes unrepresentable. Nevertheless, in this case it is to be observed that the almost-blank form of relation preserves a certain qualitative character. It is still distinguishable as belonging to the consciousness of extensions, not to the consciousnesses of forces or durations; and in so far remains a vaguely-identifiable relation. But now suppose we ask what happens when one term of the relation has not simply magnitude having no known limits, and duration of which neither beginning nor end is cognizable, but is also an existence not to be defined? In other words, what must happen if one term of

the relation is not only quantitatively but also qualitatively unrepresentable? Clearly in this case the relation does not simply cease to be thinkable except as a relation of a certain class, but it lapses completely. When one of the terms becomes wholly unknowable, the law of thought can no longer be conformed to; both because one term cannot be present, and because relation itself cannot be framed. . . . In brief then, to Mr. Martineau's objection I reply, that the insoluble difficulties he indicates arise here, as elsewhere, when thought is applied to that which transcends the sphere of thought; and that just as when we try to pass beyond phenomenal manifestations to the Ultimate Reality manifested, we have to symbolize it out of such materials as the phenomenal manifestations give us; so we have simultaneously to symbolize the connexion between this Ultimate Reality and its manifestations, as somehow allied to the connexions among the phenomenal manifestations themselves. The truth Mr. Martineau's criticism adumbrates, is that the law of thought fails where the elements of thought fail; and this is a conclusion quite conformable to the general view I defend. Still holding the validity of my argument against Hamilton and Mansel, that in pursuance of their own principle the Relative is not at all thinkable *as such*, unless in contradiction to some existence posited, however vaguely, as the other term of a relation, conceived however indefinitely; it is consistent on my part to hold that in this effort which thought inevitably makes to pass beyond its sphere, not only does the product of thought become a dim symbol of a product, but the process of thought becomes a dim symbol of a process; and hence any predicament inferable from the law of thought cannot be asserted.\*

Thus then criticisms like this of Mr. Martineau, often recurring in one shape or other, and now again made by Mr. Harrison, do not show the invalidity of my argument, but once more show the imbecility of human intelligence when brought to bear on the ultimate question. Phenomenon without noumenon is unthinkable; and yet noumenon cannot be thought of in the true sense of thinking. We are at once obliged to be conscious of a reality behind appearance, and yet can neither bring this consciousness of reality into any shape, nor can bring into any shape its connexion with appearance. The forms of our thought, moulded on experiences of phenomena, as well as the connotations of our words formed to express the relations of phenomena, involve us in contradictions when we try to think of that which is beyond phenomena; and yet

\* *Essays*, vol. iii. pp. 293-6.

the existence of that which is beyond phenomena is a necessary datum alike of our thoughts and our words. We have no choice but to accept a formless consciousness of the inscrutable.

I cannot treat with fulness the many remaining issues. To Mr. Harrison's statement that it was uncandid in me to implicate him with the absurdities of the Comtean belief and ritual, notwithstanding his public utterances, I reply that whereas ten years ago I was led to think he gave but a qualified adhesion to Comte's religious doctrine, such public utterances of his as I have read of late years, fervid in their eloquence, persuaded me that he had become a much warmer adherent. On his summary mode of dealing with my criticism of the Comtean creed some comment is called for. He remarks that there are "good reasons for declining to discuss with Mr. Spencer the writings of Comte;" and names, as the first, "that he knows [I know] nothing whatever about them" (p. 365). Now as Mr. Harrison is fully aware that thirty years ago I reviewed the English version of those parts of the Positive Philosophy which treat of Mathematics, Astronomy and Physics; and as he has referred to the pamphlet in which, ten years later, I quoted a number of passages from the original to signalize my grounds of dissent from Comte's system; I am somewhat surprised by this statement, and by the still more emphatic statement that to me "the writings of Comte are, if not the Absolute Unknowable, at any rate the Absolute Unknown" (p. 365). Doubtless these assertions are effective; but like many effective assertions they do not sufficiently recognize the facts. The remaining statements in this division of Mr. Harrison's argument, I pass over: not because answers equally adequate with those I have thus far given do not exist, but because I cannot give them without entering upon personal questions which I prefer to avoid.

On the closing part of "Agnostic Metaphysics" containing Mr. Harrison's own version of the Religion of Humanity, I have at remark, as I find others remarking, that it amounts, if not to an abandonment of his original position, still to an entire change of front.

Anxious, as he has professed himself, to retain the "magnificent word, Religion" (p. 504), it now appears that when "the Religion of Humanity" is spoken of, the usual connotations of the word are to be in a large measure dropped: to give it these connotations is "to foist in theological ideas where none are suggested by us" (p. 369). While, in his first article, one of the objections raised to the "neo-theisms" as well as "the Unknowable," was that there is offered "no relation whatever between worshipper and worshipped" (p. 505) (an objection tacitly implying that Mr. Harrison's religion supplies this relation), it now appears that humanity is not to be worshipped in any ordinary sense; but that by worship is simply meant "intelligent love and respect for our human brotherhood," and that "in plain words, the Religion of Humanity means recognising your duty to your fellow-man on human grounds" (p. 369). Certainly this is much less than what I and others supposed to be included in Mr. Harrison's version of the Religion of Humanity. If he preaches nothing more than an ecstatic philanthropy, few will object; but most will say that his name for it conveyed to them a much wider meaning. Passing over all this, however, I am concerned chiefly to point out another extreme misrepresentation made by Mr. Harrison when discussing my criticism of Comte's assertion that "veneration and gratitude" are due to the Great Being Humanity. After showing why I conceive "veneration and gratitude" are not due to Humanity, I supposed an opponent to exclaim (putting the passage within quotation marks) "But surely 'veneration and gratitude' are due somewhere," since civilized society, with all its products "must be credited to some agency or other." [This apostrophe, imagined as coming from a disciple of Comte, Mr. Harrison, on p. 373, actually represents as made in my own person!] To this apostrophe I have replied (p. 22) that "if 'veneration and gratitude' are due at all, they are due to that Ultimate Cause from which Humanity, individually and as a whole, in common with all other things has proceeded." Whereupon Mr. Harrison changes my hypothetical state-

ment into an actual statement. He drops the "if," and represents me as positively affirming that "veneration and gratitude" are due somewhere: saying that Mr. Spencer "lavishes his 'veneration and gratitude,' called out by the sum of human civilization, upon his Unknowable and Inconceivable Postulate" (p. 373). I should have thought that even the most ordinary reader, much more Mr. Harrison, would have seen that the argument is entirely an argument *ad hominem*. I deliberately and carefully guarded myself by the "if" against the ascription to me of any opinion, one way or the other: being perfectly conscious that much is to be said for and against. The optimist will unhesitatingly affirm that veneration and gratitude are due; while by the pessimist it will be contended that they are not due. One who dwells exclusively on what Emerson calls "the saccharine" principle in things, as illustrated for example in the adaptation of living beings to their conditions--the becoming callous to pains that have to be borne, and the acquirement of liking for labors that are necessary--may think there are good reasons for veneration and gratitude. Contrariwise, these sentiments may be thought inappropriate by one who contemplates the fact that there are some thirty species of parasites which prey upon man, possessing elaborate appliances for maintaining their hold on or within his body, and having enormous degrees of fertility proportionate to the small individual chances their germs have of getting into him and torturing him. Either view may be supported by masses of evidence; and knowing this I studiously avoided complicating the issue by taking either side. As anyone may see who refers back, my sole purpose was that of showing the absurdity of thinking that "veneration and gratitude" are due to the product and not to the producer. Yet, Mr. Harrison having changed my proposition "if they are due, etc.," into the proposition "they are due, etc.," laughs over the contradictions in my views which he deduces, and to which he time after time recurs, commenting on my "astonishing perversity."

In this division of Mr. Harrison's

article occur five other cases in which, after his manner, propositions are made to appear untenable or ludicrous; though anyone who refers to them as expressed by me will find them neither the one nor the other. But to show all this would take much trouble to small purpose. Indeed, I must here close the discussion, so far as my own desistence enables me. It is a wearisome and profitless business, this of continually going back on the record, now to show that the ideas ascribed to me are not the ideas I expressed, and now to show that the statements my opponent defends are not the statements he originally made. A controversy always opens side issues. Each new issue becomes the parent of further ones. The original questions become obscured in a swarm of collateral questions; and energies, in my case ill-spared, are wasted to little purpose.

Before closing, however, let me again point out that nothing has been said which calls for change of the views expressed in my first article.

Setting out with the statement that "unlike the ordinary consciousness, the religious consciousness is concerned with that which lies beyond the sphere of sense," I went on to show that the rise of this consciousness begins among primitive men with the belief in a double belonging to each individual, which, capable of wandering away from him during life, becomes his ghost or spirit after death; and that from this idea of a being eventually distinguished as supernatural, there develop, in course of time, the ideas of supernatural beings of all orders up to the highest. Mr. Harrison has alleged that the primitive religion is not belief in, and propitiation of, the ghost, but is worship of "physical objects treated frankly as physical objects" (p. 498). That he has disproved the one view and proved the other, no one will, I think, assert. Contrariwise, he has given occasion for me to cite weighty authorities against him.

Next it was contended that in the assemblage of supernatural beings thus originating in each tribe, some, derived from chiefs, were superior to others; and that, as the compounding and re-compounding of tribes gave origin to

societies having social grades and rulers of different orders, there resulted that conception of a hierarchy of ghosts or gods which polytheism shows us. Further it was argued that while, with the growth of civilization and knowledge, the minor supernatural agents became merged in the major supernatural agent, this single great supernatural agent, gradually losing the anthropomorphic attributes at first ascribed, has come in our days to retain but few of them; and, eventually losing these, will then merge into a consciousness of an Omnipresent Power to which no attributes can be ascribed. This proposition has not been contested.

In pursuance of the belief that the religious consciousness naturally arising, and thus gradually transformed, will not disappear wholly, but that "however much changed it must continue to exist," it was argued that the sentiments which had grown up around the conception of a personal God, though modified when that conception was modified into the conception of a Power which cannot be known or conceived, would not be

destroyed. It was held that there would survive, and might even increase, the sentiments of wonder and awe in presence of a Universe of which the origin and nature, meaning and destiny, can neither be known nor imagined; or that, to quote a statement afterwards employed, there must survive those emotions "which are appropriate to the consciousness of a Mystery that cannot be fathomed and a Power that is omnipresent." This proposition has not been disproved; nor, indeed, has any attempt been made to disprove it.

Instead of assaults on these propositions to which alone I am committed, there have been assaults on various propositions gratuitously attached to them; and then the incongruities evolved have been represented as incongruities for which I am responsible.

I end by pointing out as I pointed out before, that "while the things I have said have not been disproved, the things which have been disproved are things I have not said."—*Nineteenth Century*.

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#### LITERARY NOTICES.

THE CORRESPONDENCE AND DIARIES OF JOHN WILSON CROKER, SECRETARY TO THE ADMIRALTY FROM 1809 TO 1830; A FOUNDER AND FOR MANY YEARS A CHIEF CONTRIBUTOR TO THE QUARTERLY REVIEW; AND THE POLITICAL, LITERARY OR PERSONAL ASSOCIATE OF NEARLY ALL THE LEADING CHARACTERS IN THE LIFE OF HIS TIME. Edited by Louis J. Jennings. With portrait. Two volumes. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons*.

John Wilson Croker was one of the most noted men of his day, not perhaps to the world at large, but to those who knew him in the important relations he bore to the many distinguished personages of his era. He knew everybody worth knowing; he was often in the secret councils of the great; he had an official position of great confidence; he was a literary man of brilliant ability which he, however, sometimes used unscrupulously; he was the principal power in one of the great English reviews, which fifty years ago were formidable agencies in making and unmaking men and opinions. These things make his reminiscences highly

fascinating. He takes us into the best company, Wellington, Canning, Lyndhurst, Peel, Lord Ashburton, Lord Aberdeen, Sir James Graham, Guizot, Metternich, Sir Walter Scott, Isaac D'Israeli, Lockhart, Madame de Staël and innumerable others of similar celebrity. It need hardly be said that personal information, anecdotes and gossip about such people, who filled a large place in the public eye and mind, are all very fascinating. So we find, on opening these thick volumes anywhere, a mine of the deepest interest, and one can hardly go astray in turning over the pages. There can be no doubt that aside from the personal interest of these reminiscences, they constitute material of the richest character to the early history of our century. The only way properly to represent the value of such a work, is to give extracts from it indicating its quality, and this we shall propose to do. Among the things to which we shall first call attention, are the conversations with the Duke of Wellington, taken down as they occurred. The Iron Duke expressed the following opinion of his great antagonist, Napoleon, whom it seems he

thoroughly despised as a man, however much he admitted his military genius: "I never was a believer in him, and I always thought that in the long-run we should overturn him. He never seemed himself at his ease, and even in the boldest things he did there was always a mixture of apprehension and meanness. I used to call him *Jonathan Wild the Great*, and at each new *coup* he made I used to cry out 'Well done, Jonathan,' to the great scandal of some of my hearers. But, the truth was, he had no more care about what was right or wrong, just or unjust, honorable or dishonorable, than *Jonathan*, though his great abilities, and the great stakes he played for, threw the knavery into the shade." Again, he tells the following of Napoleon: "Buonaparte's mind was, in its details, low and ungentlemanlike. I suppose the narrowness of his early prospects and habits stuck to him; what we understand by *gentlemanlike* feelings he knew nothing at all about; I'll give you a curious instance.

"I have a beautiful little watch, made by Breguet, at Paris, with a map of Spain most admirably enamelled on the case. Sir Edward Paget bought it at Paris, and gave it to me. What do you think the history of this watch was—at least the history that Breguet told Paget, and Paget told me? Buonaparte had ordered it as a present to his brother, the King of Spain, but when he heard of the battle of Vittoria—he was then at Dresden in the midst of all the preparations and negotiations of the armistice, and one would think sufficiently busy with other matters—when he heard of the battle of Vittoria, I say, he remembered the watch he had ordered for one whom he saw would never be King of Spain, and with whom he was angry for the loss of the battle, and he wrote from Dresden to countermand the watch, and if it should be ready, to forbid its being sent. The best apology one can make for this strange littleness is, that he was offended with Joseph; but even in that case, a *gentleman* would not have taken the moment when the poor devil had lost his *châteaux en Espagne*, to take away his watch also."

In a letter to Croker, the duke tells the story of the truth of his order to the Household troops at Waterloo, "Up, Guards, and 'em," so often quoted as the *mot d'ordre* of that famous charge which finally decided the day: "I certainly did not draw my sword. I may have ordered, and I dare say I did order, the charge of the cavalry, and pointed out its direction; but I did not charge as a common trooper.

"I have at all times been in the habit of covering as much as possible the troops exposed to the fire of canon. I place them behind the top of the rising ground, and make them sit and lie down, the better to cover them from the fire.

"After the fire of the enemy's cannon, the enemy's troops may have advanced, or a favorable opportunity of attacking might have arrived. What I must have said, and possibly did say was, Stand up, Guards! and then gave the commanding officers the order to attack.

"My common practice in a defensive position was to attack the enemy at the very moment at which he was about to attack our troops."

Of Madame De Staël, of whom he saw much in London, he has many interesting anecdotes. He enlarges on her facial ugliness, redeemed by an eye of extraordinary brilliancy and meaning, her egotistic eloquence, her dazzling coruscations of wit, and her mannishness with a good deal of vigor. On the whole, Croker was not a great admirer of this brilliant woman, and declares that some of her most pungent sayings were audacious plagiarisms. He writes: "Moore in his lately published 'Life of Sheridan,' has recorded the laborious care with which he prepared his *bons-mots*. Madame de Staël condescended to do the same. The first time I ever saw her was at dinner at Lord Liverpool's at Coombe Wood. Sir James Mackintosh was to have been her guide, and they lost their way, and went to Addiscombe and some other places by mistake, and when they got at last to Coombe Wood they were again bewildered, and obliged to get out and walk in the dark, and through the mire up the road through the wood. They arrived consequently two hours too late and strange dragged figures, she exclaiming by way of apology, 'Coombe par ci, Coombe par là; nous avons été par tous les Coombes de l'Angleterre.' During dinner she talked incessantly but admirably, but several of her apparently spontaneous *mots* were borrowed or prepared. For instance, speaking of the relative states of England and the Continent at that period, the high notion we had formed of the danger to the world from Buonaparte's despotism, and the high opinion the Continent had formed of the riches, strength, and spirit of England; she insisted that these opinions were both just, and added with an elegant *élan*, "Les étrangers sont la postérité contemporaine." This striking expression I have since found in the journal of Camille Desmoulins."

Several very funny stories were told him by Sir Walter Scott, as among the traditions of Dr. Johnson's visit to Scotland, and certainly they well establish the reputation of this great man as a rude and unsocial bear, except when he chose to be otherwise: "At Glasgow, Johnson had a meeting with Smith (Adam Smith), which terminated strangely. John Millar used to report that Smith, obviously much displeased, came into a party who were playing at cards. The Doctor's appearance suspended the amusement, for as all knew he was to meet Johnson that evening, every one was curious to hear what had passed. Adam Smith, whose temper seemed much ruffled, answered only at first, 'He is a brute! he is a brute!' Upon closer examination it appeared that Dr. Johnson no sooner saw Smith than he brought forward a charge against him for something in his famous letter on the death of Hume. Smith said he had vindicated the truth of the statement. 'And what did the Doctor say?' was the universal query: 'Why, he said—he said—' said Smith, with the deepest impression of resentment, 'he said—"You lie!" 'And what did you reply?' 'I said, "You are a ———!"' On such terms did these two great moralists meet and part, and such was the classic dialogue betwixt them.

"Johnson's rudeness possibly arose from his retaining till late in life the habits of a pedagogue, who is a man among boys and a boy among men, and having the bad taste to think it more striking to leap over the little differences and courtesies which form the turnpike gates in society, and which fly open on payment of a trifling tribute. The *auld Dominie* hung vilely about him, and was visible whenever he was the coaxed man of the company—a sad symptom of a *parvenu*. A lady who was still handsome in the decline of years, and must have been exquisitely beautiful when she was eighteen, dined in company with Johnson, and was placed beside him at table with no little awe of her neighbor. He then always drank lemonade, and the lady of the house desired Miss S—h to acquaint him there was some on the sideboard. He made no answer except an indistinct growl. 'Speak louder, Miss S—h, the Doctor is deaf.' Another attempt, with as little success. 'You do not speak loud enough yet, my dear Miss S—h.' The lady then ventured to raise her voice as high as misses of eighteen may venture in the company of old doctors, and her description of the reply was that she heard an internal grumbling like Etna before explosion, which

rolled up his mouth, and there formed itself into the distinct words, 'When I want any, I'll ask for it,' which were the only words she heard him speak during the day. Even the sirup food of flattery was rudely repelled if not cooked to his mind. I was told that a gentleman called Pot, or some such name, was introduced to him as a particular admirer of his. The Doctor growled and took no further notice. 'He admires in especial your "Irene" as the finest tragedy of modern times,' to which the Doctor replied, 'If Pot says so, Pot lies!' and relapsed into his reverie."

Croker was in Paris during the days after Waterloo, just subsequent to the accession of the Bourbon dynasty, and he is full of anecdotes of the people he met there, among others Talleyrand and Fouché.

"July 17th.—We dined yesterday at Castle-reegh's with, besides the Embassy, Talleyrand, Fouché, Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr, and the Baron de Vitrolles, Lords Cathcart, Clancarty, Stewart, and Clive, and two ladies, the Princesse de Vaudemont, a fat, ugly old woman, and a Mademoiselle Chasse, her friend, a pretty young one. At so quiet a dinner you may judge there was not much interesting conversation, and accordingly I have not often been at a dinner of which I had less to tell. The wonder was to find ourselves at table with Fouché, who, to be sure, looks very like what one would naturally suppose him to be—a sly old rogue; but I think he seems to feel a passion of which I did not expect to find him capable; I mean *shame*, for he looks conscious and embarrassed. He is a man about 5ft. 7in. high, very thin, with a grey head, cropped and powdered, and a very acute expression of countenance. Talleyrand, on the other hand, is fattish for a Frenchman; his ankles are weak and his feet deformed, and he totters about in a strange way. His face is not at all expressive, except it be of a kind of drunken stupor; in fact, he looks altogether like an old fuddled, lame, village schoolmaster, and his voice is deep and hoarse. I should suspect that at the Congress his most natural employment would be keeping the unruly boys in order. We dined very late—that is, for Paris, for we were not at table till half-past six."

Macaulay hated Croker bitterly, on account of the latter's severe critiques on him in *The Quarterly*, and in no way was any love lost between the two men. This personal quarrel is described in an amusing way. Croker, by the way, was just as bitterly hated by Disraeli: though the former had been a highly esteemed

friend of Disraeli the elder, author of the "Curiosities of Literature." Among the amenities of the Macaulay squabble we have the following :

"Macaulay, as it clearly appears from his own letters, was irritated beyond measure by Croker ; he grew to 'detest' him. Then he began casting about for some means of revenge. This would seem incredible if he had not, almost in so many words, revealed the secret. In July, 1831, he wrote thus : 'That impudent, leering Croker congratulated the House on the proof which I had given of my readiness. He was afraid, he said, that I had been silent so long on account of the many allusions which had been made to Calne. Now that I had risen again he hoped that they should hear me often. *See whether I do not dust that valet's jacket for him in the next number of the Blue and Yellow.*' *Idetest him more than cold boiled veal.*' From that time forth he waited impatiently for his opportunity to settle his account with Mr. Croker.

"In the previous month of March he had been looking out eagerly for the publication of the 'Boswell.' 'I will certainly review Croker's "Boswell" when it comes out,' he wrote to Mr. Napier. He was on the watch for it, not with the object of doing justice to the book, but of 'dusting the jacket' of the author. But as his letters had not yet betrayed his malice to the world, he gravely began the dusting process by remarking, 'This work has greatly disappointed us.' What did he hope for, when he took it up, but precisely such a 'disappointment?' 'Croker,' he wrote, 'looks across the House of Commons at me with a leer of hatred, which I repay with a gracious smile of pity.' He had cultivated his animosity of Croker until it became a morbid passion. Yet it is conceivable that he did not intend posterity to see him in the picture drawn by his own hand, spending his time in the House of Commons straining his eyes to see if there was a 'leer' on Croker's countenance, and returning it with gracious smiles of pity."

Among the budget of anecdotes so profusely strewn through the book, the following may be given at random. The following is from a letter of Lady Ashburton to Croker, and reflects severely on one of the suave defects of Sir Robert Peel, then recently returned from office : "I must tell you an anecdote of Sir Bobby. If you read the list of people congregated to see his pictures, you will have seen there, not only all the artists, drawing-masters, men of science, but reporters and writers for

journals. Thackeray, who furnishes the wit for 'Punch,' told Milnes that the ex-Minister came up to him and said, with the blandest smile : 'Mr. Thackeray, I am rejoiced to see you. I have read with delight *every line* you ever wrote.' Thackeray would have been better pleased if the compliment had not included all his works ; so, to turn the subject, he observed that it must be a great gratification to live surrounded by such interesting objects of art. Sir R. replied : 'I can assure you that it does not afford me the same satisfaction as finding myself in such society as yours ! ! !' This seeking popularity by fulsome praise will not succeed."

Here we have a capital French story :

"Old Languet, the celebrated Curé of St. Sulpice, was remarkable and disagreeable for the importunity with which he solicited subscriptions for finishing his church, which is not yet finished. One day at supper, where Cardinal de Fleury was, he happened to say that he had seen his Eminence's portrait at some painter's. The old Cardinal, who was stingy in private as well as economical in public expenditure, was glad to raise a laugh at the troublesome old curé, and replied, 'I dare swear, then, you asked it (the picture) to subscribe ;' 'Oh, no, my Lord,' said Languet, 'it was too like !'"

The richness of the following situation could hardly be paralleled :

"Every one knows the story of a gentleman's asking Lord North who 'that frightful woman was?' and his lordship's answering, that is my wife. The other, to repair his blunder, said I did not mean *her*, but that monster next to her. 'Oh,' said Lord North, 'that monster is my daughter.' With this story Frederick Robinson, in his usual absent enthusiastic way, was one day entertaining a lady whom he sat next to at dinner, and lo ! the lady was Lady Charlotte Lindsay—the monster in question."

These chance excerpts (and just as good things lie scattered on every page, so as to make a veritable *embarras des richesses*), indicate the character of the book, and how amply it will repay, both for pleasure and instruction, the reader who sits down to peruse it. Few works of recent times are so compact and meaty in just those qualities which make a work valuable alike for reference and continuous perusal.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE. By J. Marion Sims, M.D., L.L.D.. Edited by his son,



H. Marion Sims, M.D. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

The great name of Dr. Marion Sims in gynæcology, or the treatment of women's diseases, has never been equalled in the same line in America, and the story of his life related in language of the plainest homespun is quite a fascinating record. Dr. Sims has several titles to fame, which we think will secure the perpetuity of his name in the annals of surgery and medicine. These are: his treatment and care of vesico-vaginal fistula, a most loathsome disease, before deemed incurable; his invention of the speculum; his exposition of the true pathology and method of treatment of trismus nascentium, or the lockjaw of infants; and the fact that he was the founder and organizer of "The Woman's Hospital, of the State of New York," the first institution ever endowed exclusively for the treatment of women's diseases.

J. Marion Sims was a native of Alabama, and was educated academically in the Charleston College. His account of his early struggles for an education (for though born of a well-to-do family, money was not over plenty in his father's home), is very entertaining, and the anecdotes of his juvenile life among a people full of idiosyncracies, are marked by humor and point. His medical education was completed at Jefferson College, Philadelphia, an institution which, ranking very high to-day, had no rival in the country half a century since. It is to be observed that Dr. Sims has a very graphic and simple method of telling his story, showing a genuine mastery of the fundamental idea of good writing, though he is always without pretence, and takes occasion from time to time to deplore his own faults as a literary worker. Yet no contributions to medical literature, aside from their intrinsic value have been more admired than his for their simple, clear force, and luminous treatment. After practising for several years as a country doctor, our great embryo surgeon moved to the city of Montgomery and began to devote himself more exclusively to operative surgery, the branch in which his talents so palpably ran. It was at Montgomery that he became specially interested in women's diseases, and began to experiment on methods of treating one of the most loathsome and hitherto incurable diseases, which afflict woman, vesico-vaginal fistula, a trouble so often produced by childbirth. Dr. Sims practised on slave women, and turned his house and yard into a veritable hospital, spending a large part

of his income in his enthusiastic devotion to the great discovery on the track of which he was moving. At last, he perfected the method of the operation, and made peculiar instruments for it. What had been impossible, he now performed with almost unerring certainty, and rarely lost a case. This became heralded abroad, and the name of Dr. Sims was discussed in New York and Philadelphia, as one who had made one of the most extraordinary discoveries in operative surgery.

His own health had been bad for years; and, as a Southern climate did not agree with him, he went to New York to live in 1852. Though at first he had a hard struggle, he fought his way with the same rugged pertinacity which he had previously shown. He was assailed with the bitterest professional jealousies, but, nothing daunted him, and he finally succeeded in founding his woman's hospital, through the help of the wealthy and generous women of New York. His great discovery was attempted to be stolen from him by his envious rivals, but he had no trouble in establishing his right to the glory. He overbore all the opposition made against him, and settled his own reputation as one of the greatest surgeons of this or any age. In 1861, when the war broke out, Dr. Sims, who was strong in his secession sympathies, determined to take his family to Europe, so bitter was the feeling against him in New York. He went to Paris, and in a very short time his remarkable and original method of treating vesico-vaginal fistula, by means of silver sutures, gave him a European reputation, and honors were showered on him from all sides. The great surgeons of Europe freely credited him with the glory of having struck out an entirely new and splendid path in surgery, and his operations in the leading hospitals of Paris, London, Brussels and Berlin, were always brilliant ovations, always attended by the most prominent men in the profession, and a swarm of enthusiastic students. He also secured a very lucrative private practice, and performed cures which were heralded as phenomenal in medical books and journals. At different times he was the physician of the Empress of the French, of the Queen of England, and of other royal and distinguished personages. Patients came to him from the most distant quarters, and though a large portion of his time was given to hospital practice, his fees were very large and lucrative. His fame was now established on a secure basis, and the greatest men in Europe freely acknowledged in Dr. Sims their peer. Though the most

seductive offers were made to him, to settle permanently both in London and Paris, his heart was among his own countrymen. So at the close of the war he returned to New York. His most important work thenceforward was in connection with the Woman's Hospital, though he treated innumerable private cases among the wealthy classes. The memoir proper ends with his Parisian career, and the rest of Dr. Sims's life is told in the preface. He died in 1883, and so indomitable was his professional devotion, that he took notes and memoranda of his own disease up to a brief period before death. The life of Dr. Sims, while interesting to the general reader, will be found peculiarly valuable and attractive by professional men. A large portion of the book is given to a detailed description of the various steps which he took in experimenting on vesicovaginal fistula, and of the difficulties which he so patiently and at last so triumphantly surmounted. In addition to his professional greatness, Dr. Sims was greatly beloved for the virtues of his private life. He was in the latter years a most sincere and devout Christian, and succeeded in avoiding that taint of scepticism, which so often shows itself in the medical fraternity.

OUR GREAT BENEFACTORS. SHORT BIOGRAPHIES OF THE MEN AND WOMEN MOST EMINENT IN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY, PHILANTHROPY, ART, ETC. Edited by Samuel Adams Drake, Author of "New England Legends and Folk-Lore," etc. With Nearly One Hundred Portraits Emblemmatically Embellished. Boston: *Roberts Brothers*.

This volume of something over five hundred pages, is very briefly, but yet truthfully, summed up in its title. The biographies are short and well written, and the author knows how to be graphic and picturesque without being in the least diffuse. He has selected the great leading personages in the arts of peace, who have exemplified human progress among the English speaking races, and given short sketches of them in chronological order. Boys will be specially interested in such a volume, and find in it both amusement and benefit. History has been defined as "philosophy teaching by example." If this is the case with history, it is still more true of biography, for the concrete flesh and blood facts are brought much nearer home to the imagination than can be possible in history. The sketches vary from five to fifteen pages long, and are com-

pletely given, omitting no essential fact in the career, or essential trait in the character of those treated. The book is beautifully embellished with portraits.

LIFE OF MARY WOOLSTONECRAFT. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Boston: *Roberts Brothers*.

This last volume in the "Famous Women" Series is one of much interest. The wife of William Godwin (the author of "Political Justice," "Caleb Williams," "St. Leon," and other books distinguished in their day) and the mother of the wife of the poet Shelley, her life was one of singular intellectual significance and full of pathetic personal romance. Mary Woolstonecraft was born and bred under conditions which fostered great mental and moral independence. She chafed under the restraints of her sex, and was one of the first to embody in her life and theories that protest against the position of comparative inequality in her sex, which has of recent years been the battle-cry of a very considerable body of both men and women. It is only just to say, however, that very few of her successors have carried the doctrine of personal rights so far as she did; for it is a fact beyond dispute that she lived openly as the mistress of two men successively, Gilbert Imlay an American, and William Godwin. The latter she married only to legalize the birth of the child which she expected soon to bring into the world, and whose birth was at the price of the mother's life. While her social errors are to be deplored, even those most downright in condemning such departures from the established order of things, when they look into all the circumstances of her life are disposed to palliate them. Certainly it must be admitted that, in spite of her deviation from that path which society so rigidly and properly exacts from woman, Mary Woolstonecraft was a person of singularly noble and pure instincts. We cannot go into the full explanation of this paradox, and only hope that many will read the full account of her life, if for no other reason, to find an illustration of the fact that a sinner may sometimes be as noble and upright as the saint, and that doctrinarianism in morals as well as in politics, finds many an exception to the truth of its logic. Mary Woolstonecraft worked enthusiastically for the elevation of her sex, nor did she ever seek to enforce as a rule to be followed, that freedom of action which she conceived to be justified by her own case. The earlier part of her life was singularly stormy and tragic, and when her lover, Imlay, whom

she looked on as her husband, deserted her, she attempted to commit suicide. When, at last, she met Godwin, her spirit had recovered from the shock she had received, she was recognized as an intellectual force in England, and her society was sought for and valued by many of the worthiest and most distinguished people in England. Her connection with Godwin, which was finally consecrated by marriage, was one of great personal and intellectual happiness. Her labors for the rights of woman, her fine appeals for national education, and her many tractates on not a few social, political, and moral questions, are marked by acuteness, breadth, and eloquence of statement. The author, Mrs. Pennell, has performed her labor with a nice and discriminating touch. While she does not pass lightly over the errors of her heroine, she recognizes what was peculiar in her position, and how a woman of her views could deliberately act in such a manner without essentially falling from her high pedestal as a pure woman. The author has given the world an interesting book not unworthy of the series, and one that happily illustrates the fact that two and two may make five and not four, though it would not do for the world to figure out its arithmetic on this principle.

**PRINCIPLES OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.** By John Stuart Mill. Arranged with Critical, Bibliographical and Explanatory Notes, and A Sketch of the History of Political Economy, by J. Laurence McLaughlin, Ph.D., Ass't. Professor of Political Economy in Harvard University. A Text-Book for Colleges. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

The views of John Stuart Mill, one of the clearest and strongest thinkers on this and kindred subjects, of our century, on political economy, have been so often discussed in all manner of forms, from elaborate disquisitions to newspaper articles, that it is not needed now to enter into any explanation of the differences which distinguished him from the rest of his brother philosophers. The object of the present edition is to add to the body of Mill's opinion the results of later thinking, which do not militate against his views; with such illustrations as fit the Mill system better for American students, by turning their attention to the facts peculiar to this country. Mill's two volumes have been abridged into one, and while their lucidity is not impaired, the system is put into a much more compact and readable form, care being taken to avoid technicality and abstractness. Prof. McLaughlin's own notes and

additions (inserted into the body of the text in smaller type) are printed in smaller type so as to be readily distinguished. This compact arrangement of Mill's economical philosophy will attract many readers, who were frightened by the large and complete edition.

**A REVIEW OF THE HOLY BIBLE. CONTAINING THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS.** By Edward B. Latch. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

Whether this work will be regarded as throwing any light on the sacred Scriptures, depends on the credulity of the reader, and his pious sympathies. After a casual perusal of the work, it is difficult to see any good end it serves, except so far as all exegetical comment may be of value. The number of such books is already legion, and their multiplication is a weariness to the flesh. The comments made by Mr. Leach, whom we judge by implication to be a layman, are such as any good orthodox preacher might make from his pulpit or in the prayer-meeting room. While they are not distinguished by any noticeable freshness and originality, they are soundly stated, accurate orthodoxy. We fancy that many a poor pious soul in the depths of country farm-houses will get spiritual refreshment, and certainly she will not be likely to find much to clash with her prejudices.

**THE YOUNG FOLKS' JOSEPHUS. THE ANTIQUITIES OF THE JEWS AND THE JEWISH WARS.** Simplified by William Shepard. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

Every year sees more of that sort of emasculation of standard historians, annalists and others, adapted to make their matter not only cleanly, but easily within the childish grasp. While there are many reasons to deplore the necessity of doing this on the same principle that one hates to see any noble work mutilated even of its faults, there is enough advantage to justify it perhaps. The author has simplified and condensed the history of the Jews by their great annalist with taste and good judgment, by no means as easy a task as it looks. We get all the stories of a special interest very neatly told, properly arranged in chronological order, and put in sufficiently simple language to meet the intelligence of youngsters. The work is handsomely illustrated, beautifully printed, and altogether a creditable piece of typography and binding. It will make a nice holiday book for reading boys and girls, and we fancy that this is the special reason for its being.

## FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

JAPANESE newspaper enterprise is making rapid progress. It is stated that no less than three vernacular newspapers published at Tokio and one at Kobe have sent special correspondents to report the events of the war in China.

FROM various quarters of the world reports are received of the operations of the Society for Propagating the French Language, which receives the full support of the Government and officials of the Republic. It is doing its work in some places where English would be expected to be maintained. For the promotion of our language no effort is made, as an attempt of the Society of St. George met with no practical result. It is true that the growth of population is adding to the hundred millions of the English-speaking races, but there are many regions where the language is neglected.

THE event in literary circles in Constantinople is the appearance of the second volume of the history of Turkey by Ahmed Jevdet Pasha. How many years he has been engaged on this work we do not know, but at all events a quarter of a century, and as he has been busy in high office throughout the time his perseverance is the more remarkable. He was among the first of the Ulema to acquire European languages, which he did for the express purpose of this work. He has also co-operated actively in promoting the local school of history.

AT the last meeting but one of the New Shakspeare Society, Mr. Ewald Flügel, of Leipsic, read some early eighteenth-century German opinions on Shakspeare which amused his hearers. They were from the works of his great-grandfather Mencke, a celebrated professor of his day, who was also the ancestor of Prince Bismarck's wife. In 1700 Mencke declared that "Certainly Dryden was the most excellent of English poets, in every kind of poetry, but especially as a writer of tragedies. In tragedy he was neither inferior to the French Corneille nor the English Shakspeare; and the latter he the more excelled inasmuch as he (Dryden) was more versed in literature." In 1702, Mencke reported Dryden's opinion that Shakspeare was inferior to Ben Jonson, if not in genius, yet certainly in art and finish, though Hales thought Shakspeare superior to every poet, then living or dead. In 1725, Mencke quoted Richard Carew's opinion (in Camden's *Remains*, 1614) that Catullus had found his equal in Shakspeare and Marlowe [Barlovius; Carew's "Barlow"]; and in his

dictionary, 1733, Mencke gave the following notice of Shakspeare, "William Shakspeare, an English dramatist, was born at Stratford in 1654, was badly educated, and did not understand Latin; nevertheless, he became a great poet. His genius was comical, but he could be very serious, too; was excellent in tragedies, and had many subtle and interesting controversies with Ben Jonson; but no one was any the better for all these. He died at Stratford in 1616, April 23, 53 years old. His comedies and tragedies—and many did he write—have been printed together in six parts in 1709 at London, and are very much appreciated."

THERE are now in London two societies for philosophical discussion—the Aristotelian and the Philosophical. The latter society was founded last winter under the chairmanship of Mr. J. S. Stuart-Glennie. Green's *Prolegomena to Ethics* having been the general subject of discussion during the year, the chairman brought the first year to a close last month with a valedictory address on "The Criteria of Truth." It is proposed to continue the discussion of this subject in taking up Mr. Herbert Spencer's *Psychology*, and beginning with Part VII., "General Analysis." The society meets at Dr. Williams's Library at eight o'clock on the fourth Thursday of every month from October to July.

MR. H. C. MAXWELL LYTE is now so far advanced with the history of the University of Oxford, upon which he has been engaged for some years, that an instalment of it, tracing the growth of the University from the earliest times to the revival of learning, is likely to be published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. early in the coming year. This volume will be complete in itself, and accordingly provided with an index of its own.

THE Cercle de la Librairie at Paris intends to open an exhibition of the designs of Gustave Doré for the illustration of books. Many noted French firms—Hachette, Mame, Jouvett, Hetzel, and Calmann Lévy—will contribute, and so will *Le Journal pour Rire*, the *Monde Illustré*, &c. Foreign publishers are also invited to take part.

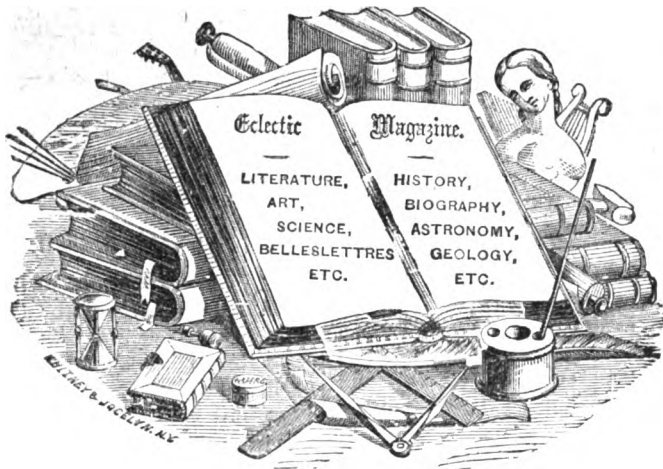
AT the opening of the winter season of the Arts Club in Manchester, Mr. J. H. Nodal stated that more books were written and published in Manchester than anywhere else in the kingdom, with the exception of London and Edinburgh, and that he believed that Manchester as a music-publishing centre came next to London.

## MISCELLANY.

HELIGOLAND AS A STRATEGICAL ISLAND.— Regarded from a *strategical* point of view, the situation of Heligoland, only a few miles off from the mouths of the Elbe and Weser rivers, and commanding the sea entrance to the important trade centres of Bremen and Hamburg, is of considerable importance. Although any hostile differences between England and Germany are not very probable, in military circles in Germany an agitation has been going on for some years to ensure its possession by that country, as a necessary part of the coast defence of the empire; and this suggestion has been powerfully supported by Vice-Admiral Henck in the *German Review*, vol. ii. 1882. It has been proposed to purchase the island from England, but a great many object to the cost of the purchase, and the expense of the fortifications. Some, indeed, go further than the military strategists, and say that the abolition of the Heligoland Constitution in 1868 was illegitimate, because it was in violation of old rights and explicit assurances; destitute of well-grounded justification, because its ostensible objects could have been more successfully attained by other means; inadequate, because it failed to secure in any considerable degree the results which it proposed to seek. It must be here mentioned that a very good reason against any cession, voluntary or by sale, of the island to Germany, is the probability of the misconstruction of such an act by France, who, liable at any moment to a war with that country, would see in England handing over Heligoland to her possible foe, for the purpose of being formed into a marine fortress to defend the mouths of the Elbe and the Weser, or into a naval dépôt, an aid to Germany in defence against that which France possesses, next to England, the most powerful means of attacking, namely, her preponderance in naval power. England and Germany are not likely to be embroiled in war. England and France are too closely connected all over the world to wish to be so. If Germany and France unfortunately come to blows again, England can exercise the benevolent neutrality of 1870, and proudly, firmly, but calmly, remain in possession of her distant island.— *Army and Navy Magazine*.

HOW THE COLDSTREAMS GOT THEIR MOTTO.—The Coldstreams were raised in the year 1650, in the little town near Berwick-on-

Tweed from whence the regiment takes its name. Their first colonel was the renowned George Monk (afterwards Duke of Albemarle), a General in the Parliamentary army and an Admiral of the fleet. It is owing to this latter fact that a small Union Jack is permitted to be borne on the Queen's color of the regiment, a proud distinction enjoyed by no other corps in the service. In the year 1660 brave Monk and his gallant Coldstreamers materially assisted in the happy restoration of the English monarchy, and to perform this patriotic and eminently loyal act they marched from Berwick-on-Tweed to London, meeting with a warm and enthusiastic greeting from the inhabitants of the towns and villages through which they passed. After the Restoration was accomplished the troops were paraded on Tower Hill for the purpose of taking the oath of allegiance to the King, and among those present were the three noble regiments that form the subject of this brief history. Having grounded their arms in token of submission to the new *regime*, they were at once commanded to take them up again as the First, Second and Third Regiments of Foot Guards. The First and Third Regiments obeyed, but the Coldstreamers stood firm, and their muskets remained upon the ground. "Why does your regiment hesitate?" inquired the King of General Monk. "May it please your Majesty," said the stern old soldier, "my Coldstreamers are your Majesty's devoted soldiers, but after the important service they have rendered your Highness they decline to take up arms as second to any other regiment in your Majesty's service!" "They are right," said the King, "and they shall be 'second to none.' Let them take up their arms as my Coldstream regiment of Foot Guards." Monk rode back to his regiment and communicated to it the King's decision. It had a magical effect. The arms were instantly raised amid frantic cries of "Long live the King!" Since this event the motto of the regiment has been *Nulli Secundus*, which is borne in gold letters upon its colors beneath the star and garter of the Royal House. There also appear upon its colors the names of "Lincelles," "Egypt" (with the Sphinx), "Talavera," "Barrosa," "Peninsula," "Waterloo," "Alma," "Inkerman," and "Sevastopol." In the year 1850 this regiment held its jubilee banquet to commemorate the two hundredth anniversary of its birth.— *London Society*.



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A FAITHLESS WORLD.

BY FRANCES POWER COBBE.

A LITTLE somnolence seems to have overtaken religious controversy of late. We are either weary of it or have grown so tolerant of our differences that we find it scarcely worth while to discuss them. By dint of rubbing against each other in the pages of the Reviews, in the clubs, and at dinner parties, the sharp angles of our opinions have been smoothed down. Ideas remain in a fluid state in this temperate season of sentiment, and do not, as in old days, crystallize into sects. We have become almost as conciliatory respecting our views as the Chinese whom Huc describes as carrying courtesy so far as to praise the religion of their neighbors and depreciate their own. "You, honored sir," they were wont to say, "are of the noble and lofty religion of Confucius. I am of the poor and insignificant religion of Lao-tze." Only now and then some fierce controversialist,

hailing usually from India or the colonies where London amenities seem not yet to have penetrated, startles us by the desperate earnestness wherewith he disproves what we had almost forgotten that anybody seriously believes.

As a result of the general "*laissez croire*" of our day, it has come to pass that a question has been mooted which, to our fathers, would have seemed preposterous: "Is it of any consequence what we believe, or whether we believe anything? Suppose that by-and-by we all arrive at the conclusion that Religion has been altogether a mistake, and renounce with one accord the ideas of God and Heaven, having (as M. Comte assures us) outgrown the theological stage of human progress; what then? Will it make any serious difference to anybody?"

Hitherto, thinkers of Mr. Bradlaugh's type have sung pæans of welcome for

the expected golden years of Atheism, when "faiths and empires" will

"Gleam  
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream."

Christians and Theists of all schools, on the other hand, have naturally deprecated with horror and dread such a cataclysm of faith as sure to prove a veritable Ragnarok of universal ruin. In either case it has been taken for granted that the change from a world of little faith, like that in which we live, to a world wholly destitute of faith, would be immensely great and far-reaching; and that at the downfall of religion not only would the thrones and temples of the earth, but every homestead in every land, be shaken to its foundation. It is certainly a step beyond any yet taken in the direction of scepticism to question this conclusion, and maintain that such a revolution would be of trivial import, since things would go on with mankind almost as well without a God as with one.

The man who, with characteristic downrightiness, has blurted out most openly this last doubt of all—the doubt whether doubt be an evil—is, as my readers will have recognized, Mr. Justice Stephen. In the concluding pages of one of his sledge-hammerings on the heads of his adversaries, in the *Nineteenth Century* for last June, he rung the changes upon the idea (with some reservations, to be presently noted) as follows:—

"If human life is in the course of being fully described by science, I do not see what materials there are for any religion, or, indeed, what would be the use of one, or why it is wanted. We can get on very well without one, for though the view of life which science is opening to us gives us nothing to worship, it gives us an infinite number of things to enjoy. . . . The world seems to me a very good world, if it would only last. It is full of pleasant people and curious things, and I think that most men find no great difficulty in turning their minds away from its transient character. Love, friendship, ambition, science, literature, art, politics, commerce, professions, trades, and a thousand other matters, will go equally well, as far as I can see, whether there is, or is not, a God or a future state."—*Nineteenth Century*, No. 88, p. 917.

Had these noteworthy words been written by an obscure individual, small weight would have attached to them. We might have observed on reading

them that the—not wise—person who three thousand years ago "said in his heart, there is no God," had in the interval plucked up courage to say in the magazines that it does not signify whether there be one or not. But the dictum comes to us from a gentleman who happens to be the very antithesis of the object of Solomon's detestation, a man of distinguished ability and unsullied character, of great knowledge of the world (as revealed to successful lawyers), of almost abnormal clear-headedness; and lastly, strangest anomaly of all! who is the representative of a family in which the tenderest and purest type of Protestant piety has long been hereditary. It is the last utterance of the devout "Clapham School," of Venn, Stephen, Hannah More and Wilberforce, which we hear saying: "I think we could do very well without religion."

As it is a widely received idea just now that the Evolution theory is destined to coil about religion till it strangle it, and as it has become the practice with the scientific party to talk of religion as politicians twenty years ago talked of Turkey, as a Sick Man destined to a speedy dissolution, it seems every way desirable that we should pay the opinion of Sir James Stephen on this head that careful attention to which, indeed, everything from his pen has a claim. Those amongst us who have held that Religion is of priceless value should bring their prepossessions in its favor to the bar of sober judgment, and fairly face this novel view of it as neither precious Truth nor yet disastrous Error, but as an unimportant matter of opinion which Science may be left to settle without anxiety as to the issue. We ought to bring our Treasure to assay, and satisfy ourselves once for all whether it be really pure gold or only a fairy substitute for gold, to be transformed some day into a handful of autumn leaves and scattered to the winds.

To estimate the part played by Religion in the past history of the human race would be a gigantic undertaking immeasurably above my ambition.\* A

\* The best summary of the benefits which the Christian religion has historically wrought for mankind is, I think, to be found in that eloquent book "Gesta Christi," by the great American philanthropist, Mr. Charles Brace.

very much simpler inquiry is that which I propose to pursue : namely, one into the chief consequences which might be anticipated to follow the downfall of such Religion, as at present prevails in civilized Europe and America. When these consequences have been, however imperfectly, set in array we shall be in a position to form some opinion whether we "can do very well without religion." Let me premise :—

1. That by the word Religion I mean definite faith in a Living and Righteous God ; and, as a corollary therefrom, in the survival of the human soul after death. In other words, I mean by "religion" that nucleus of simple Theism which is common to every form of natural religion, of Christianity and Judaism ; and, of course, in a measure also to remoter creeds, which will not be included in the present purview. Further, I do *not* mean Positivism, or Agnosticism, or Buddhism, exoteric or esoteric ; or the recognition of the "Unknown and Unknowable," or of a "Power not ourselves which makes for righteousness." These may, or may not, be fitly termed "religions ;" but it is not the results of their triumph or extinction which we are here concerned to estimate. I shall even permit myself generally to refer to all such phases of non-belief as involve denial of the dogmas of Theism above-stated as "Atheism ;" not from discourtesy, but because it would be impossible at every point to distinguish them, and because, for the purposes of the present argument, they are tantamount to Atheism.

2. That I absolve myself from weighing against the advantages of Religion the evils which have followed its manifold corruptions. Those evils, in the case even of the Christian religion, I recognize to have been so great, so hideous, that during their prevalence it might have been plausibly—though even then, I think, not truly—contended that they out-balanced its benefits. But the days of the worst distortions of Christianity have long gone by. The Christianity of our day tends, as it appears to me, more and more to resume the

character of the *Religion of Christ, i.e.*, the religion which Christ believed and lived ; and to reject that other and very different religion which men have taught in Christ's name. As this deep and silent but vast change comes over the spirit of the Christianity of modern Europe, it becomes better and better qualified to meet fearlessly the challenge, "Should we do well without religion in its Christian shape ?" But it is not my task here to analyze the results of any one type of religion, Christian, Jewish, or simply Theistic ; but only to register those of *Religion itself*, as I have defined it above, namely, faith in God and in immortality.

I confess, at starting on this inquiry, that the problem "Is religion of use, or can we do as well without it ?" seems to me almost as grotesque as the old story of the woman who said that we owe vast obligation to the Moon, which affords us light on dark nights, whereas we are under no such debt to the Sun, who only shines by day, *when there is always light*. Religion has been to us so diffused a light that it is quite possible to forget how we came by the general illumination, save when now and then it has blazed out with special brightness. On the other hand, all the moon-like things which are proposed to us as substitutes for Religion,—friendship, science, art, commerce, and politics,—have a very limited area wherein they shine at all, and leave the darkness around much as they found it. It is the special and unique character of Religion to deal with the whole of human nature *all our* pleasures and pains and duties and affections and hopes and fears, here and hereafter. It offers to the Intellect an explanation of the universe (true or false we need not now consider) ; and, pointing to Heaven, it responds to the most eager of its questions. It offers to the Conscience a law claiming authority to regulate every act and every word. And it offers to the Heart an absolutely love-worthy Being as the object of its adoration. Whether these immense offers of Religion are all genuine, or all accepted by us individually, they are quite unmatched by anything which science, or art, or politics, or commerce, or even friendship, has to bestow. The relation of religion to us is not one-sided like

The author has made no attempt to delineate the shadowy side of the glowing picture, the evils of superstition and persecution wherewith men have marred those benefits.



theirs, but universal, ubiquitous; not moon-like, appearing at intervals, but sun-like, forming the source, seen or unseen, of all our light and heat, even of the warmth of our household fires. Strong or weak as may be its influence on us as individuals, it is the greatest thing with which we have to do, from the cradle to the grave. And this holds good whether we give ourselves up to it or reject it. It is the one great acceptance, or "*il gran rifiuto*." Nothing equally great can come in our way again.

In an estimate of the consequences which would follow a general rejection of religion, we are bound to take into view the two classes of men—those who are devout and those who are not so—who would, of course, be diversely affected by such a revolution of opinion. As regards the first, every one will concede that the loss of so important a factor in their lives would alter those lives radically. As regards the second, after noting the orderly and estimable conduct of many of them, the observer might, *per contra*, not unfairly surmise that they would continue to act just as they do at present were religion universally exploded. But ere such a conclusion could be legitimately drawn from the meritorious lives of non-religious men in the present order of society, we should be allowed (it is a familiar remark) to see the behavior of a whole nation of Atheists. Our contemporaries are no more fair samples of the outcome of Atheism than a little party of English youths who had lived for a few years in Central Africa would be samples of Negroes. It would take several thousand years to make a full-blooded Atheist out of the scion of forty generations of Christians. Our whole mental constitutions have been built up on food of religious ideas. A man on a mountain top, might as well resolve not to breathe the ozone in the air, as to live in the intellectual atmosphere of England and inhale no Christianity.

As, then, it is impossible to forecast what would be the consequences of universal Atheism hereafter by observing the conduct of individual Atheists today, all that can be done is to study bit by bit the changes which must take place should this planet ever become, as is threatened, a *Faithless World*. In

pursuing this line of inquiry it will be well to remember that every ill result of loss of faith and hope which we may now observe will be *cumulative* as a larger and yet larger number of persons, and at last the whole community, reject religion together. Atheists have been hitherto like children playing at the mouth of a cavern of unknown depth. They have run in and out, and explored it a little way, but always within sight of the daylight outside, where have stood their parents and friends calling on them to return. Not till the way back to the sunshine has been lost will the darkness of that cave be fully revealed.

I shall now register very briefly the more obvious and tangible changes which would follow the downfall of religion in Europe and America, and then devote my available space to a rather closer examination of those which are less manifest; the drying up of those hidden rills which now irrigate the whole subsoil of our civilization.

The first visible change in the Faithless World, of course, would be the suppression of Public and Private Worship and of Preaching; the secularization or destruction everywhere of Cathedrals, Churches, and Chapels; and the extinction of the Clerical Profession. A considerable *hiatus* would undoubtedly be thus made in the present order of things. Public Worship and Preaching, however much weariness of the flesh has proverbially attended them, have, to say the least, done much to calm, to purify, and to elevate the minds of millions; nor does it seem that any multiplication of scientific Lectures or Penny Readings would form a substitute for them. The effacement from each landscape of the towers and spires of the churches would be a somewhat painful symbol of the simultaneous disappearance from human life of heavenly hope and aspiration. The extinction of the Ministry of Religion, though it would be hailed even now by many as a great reformation, would be found practically, I apprehend, to reduce by many perceptible degrees the common moral level; and to suppress many highly-aimed activities with which we could ill dispense. The severity of the strictures always passed on the faults

of clergymen testifies to the general expectation, not wholly disappointed, that they should exhibit a loftier standard of life than other men; and the hortative and philanthropic work accomplished by the forty or fifty thousand ministers of the various sects and churches in England alone, must form, after all deductions, a sum of beneficence which it would sorely tax any conceivable secular organization to replace in the interests of public morality.

Probably the Seventh Day Rest would survive every other religious institution in virtue of its popularity among the working classes, soon to be everywhere masters of legislation. The failure of the Tenth Day holiday in the first French Revolution would also forestall any further experiments in varying the hebdomadal interval so marvellously adapted to our mental and physical constitution. As, however, all religious meaning of the day would be lost, and all church-going stopped, nothing would hinder the employment of its hours from morning to night as Easter Monday and Whit Monday are now employed by the millions in our great cities. The nation would, therefore, enjoy the somewhat doubtful privilege of keeping fifty-six Bank Holidays instead of four in the year. Judicial and official oaths of all sorts, and Marriage and Burial rites, would, of course, be entirely abolished. A gentleman pronouncing the *Oraison Funèbre* outside the crematorium would replace the old white-robed parson telling the mourners;—

"Beneath the churchyard tree,  
In solemn tones, and yet not sad,  
Of what man is, what man shall be."

Another change more important than any of these, in Protestant countries, would be the reduction of the Bible to the rank of an historical and literary curiosity. Nothing (as we all recognize) but the supreme religious importance attached to the Hebrew Scriptures could have forced any book into the unique position which the Bible has now held for three centuries in English and Scottish education. Even that held by the Koran throughout Islam is far less remarkable, inasmuch as the latter (immeasurably inferior though it be) is the supreme work of the national literature, whereas we have adopted the literature

of an alien race. All the golden fruit which the English intellect has borne from Shakespeare downwards may be said to have grown on this priceless Semitic graft upon the Aryan stem.

But as nothing but its religious interest, over and above its historical and poetical value, could have given the Bible its present place amongst us, so the rejection of religion must quickly lower its popularity by a hundred degrees. Notwithstanding anything which the Matthew Arnolds of the future may plead on behalf of its glorious poetry and mines of wisdom, the youth of the future "Faithless World" will spare very little time from their scientific studies to read a book brimming over with religious sentiments which to them will be nauseous. Could everything else remain unchanged after the extinction of religion in England, it seems to me that the unravelling of this Syrian thread from the very tissue of our minds will altogether alter their texture.

Whether the above obvious and tangible results of a general relinquishment of religion would all be *disadvantageous* may, possibly, be an open question. That they would be *trifling*, and that things would go on much as they have done after they had taken place, seems to me, I confess, altogether incredible.

I now turn to those less obvious consequences of the expected downfall of religion which would take place silently.

The first of these would be the *belittling* of life. Religion has been to us hitherto (to rank it at its lowest), like a great mountain in a beautiful land. When the clouds descend and hide the mountain, the grandeur of the scene is gone. A stranger entering that land at such a time will commend the sweetness of the vales and woods; but those who know it best will say, "Ichabod!—The glory has departed." To do justice to the eminent man whose opinion concerning the practical unimportance of religion I am endeavoring to combat, he has seen clearly and frankly avowed this ennobling influence of religion, and, as a corollary, would, I presume, admit the *minifying* consequences of its general abandonment.\* If the window which

\* He says: "The leading doctrines of theology are noble and glorious;" and he acknowledges that people who were able to ac-

Religion opens out on the infinite expanse of God and Heaven, immeasurably enlarges and lightens our abode of clay, the walling of it up cannot fail to narrow and darken it beyond all telling. Human nature, ever pulled two ways by downward and by aspiring tendencies, cannot afford to lose all the aid which religious ideas offer to its upward flight. Only when they disappear will men perceive how the two thoughts—of this world as *God's world*, and of ourselves as Immortal beings,—have, between them, lighted up in rainbow hues the dull plains of earth. When they fade away, all things, Nature, Art, Duty, Love, and Death, will seem to grow grey and cold. Everything which casts a glamour over life will be gone.

Even from the point of view of Art (of which in these days perhaps too much is made), life will lose *poetry* if it lose religion. Nothing ever stirs our sympathies like it, or like a glimpse into the inner self of our brother man, as affected by repentance, hope, and prayer. The great genius of George Eliot revealed this to her; and, Agnostic as she was, she rarely failed to strike this resonant string of human nature, as in "Adam Bede," "Silas Marner," and "Janet's Repentance." French novelists who have no knowledge of it, and who describe the death of a man as they might do that of an ox, while they galvanize our imaginations, rarely touch the outer hem of our sympathies. Religion in its old anthropomorphic forms was the great inspirer of sculpture, painting, poetry, science, and almost the creator of architecture. Phidias, Dante, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Milton, Handel, and the builders of the Egyptian temples and mediæval cathedrals, were all filled with the religious spirit, nor can we imagine what they would have been without it. In the purer modern types of religion, while music and archi-

ture would still remain in its direct service, we should expect painting and sculpture to be less immediately concerned with it than in old days, because unable to touch such purely spiritual ideas. But the elevation, aspiration, and reverence which have their root in religion must continue to inspire those arts likewise, or they will fall into triviality on one side (as there seems danger in England), or into obscene materialism on the other, as is already annually exemplified on the walls of the Paris *Salon*.

Again, it will not merely belittle life, it will *carnalize* it to take Religion out of it. The lump without the leaven will be grosser and heavier than we have dreamed. Civilization, as we all know, bore under Imperial Rome, and may assume again any day, the hateful type in which luxury and cruelty, art and sensuality, go hand in hand. That it ever changed its character and has come to mean with us refinement, self-restraint, chivalry, and freedom from the coarser vices, is surely due to the fact that it has grown up *pari passu* with Christianity. In truth it needs no argument to prove that, as the bestial tendencies in us have scarcely been kept down while we believed ourselves to be immortal souls, they will have it still more their own way when we feel assured we are only mortal bodies.

And the life thus belittled and carnalized will be a more cowardly life than men have been wont to lead while they had a Providence over them and a heaven waiting for them. Already, I fear, we may see some signs of this new poltroonery of reflective prudence, which holds that death is the greatest of all evils, and disease the next greatest; and teaches men to prefer a "whole skin" to honor and patriotism, and health to duty. Writing of this Hygeiolatry elsewhere, I have remarked that it has almost come to be accepted as a canon of morals that any practice which, in the opinion of experts, conduces to bodily health, or tends to the cure of disease, becomes *ipso facto* lawful; and that there are signs apparent that this principle is bearing fruit, and that men and women are beginning to be systematically selfish and self-indulgent where their health is concerned, in modes not hither-

cept them are "ennobled by their creed." They are "carried above and beyond the petty side of life; and if the virtue of propositions depended, not upon the evidence by which they may be supported, but their intrinsic beauty and utility, they might vindicate their creed against all others" (p. 917). To some of us the notion of "noble and glorious" *fictions* is difficult to accept. The highest thought of our poor minds, whatever it be, has surely as *such* some presumption in favor of its truth.

to witnessed. In public life it is notorious that whenever a Bill comes before Parliament concerning itself with sanitary matters there is exhibited by many of the speakers, and by the journalists who discuss it, a readiness to trample on personal and parental rights in a way forming a new feature in English legislation, and well deserving of the rebuke it has received from Mr. Herbert Spencer. As to military courage, I fear it will also wane amongst us, as it seemed to have waned amongst the French atheistic soldiery at Metz and Sedan. Great as are the evils of war, those of a peace only maintained by the nations because it had become no longer possible to raise troops who would stand fire, would be immeasurably worse.

From the general results on the community, I now pass to consider those on the life of the individual which may be expected to follow the collapse of Religion.

Mr. Mallock in his "New Republic," made the original and droll remark that even Vice would lose much of its savor were there no longer any morality against which it might sin. As Morality will probably not expire—though its vigor must be considerably reduced—by the demise of its Siamese twin, Religion, it would seem that Vice need not fear, even in such a contingency, the entire loss of the pleasures of disobedience. Nevertheless (to speak seriously), it is pretty certain that the temperature of all moral sentiments will fall so considerably when the sun of religion ceases to warm them that not a few will perish of cold. The "Faithless World" will pass through a moral Glacial Period, wherein much of our present fauna and flora will disappear. What, for example, can become, in that frigid epoch of godlessness, of *Aspiration*, the sacred passion, the *ambition sainte* to become perfect and holy, which has stirred at one time or other in the breast of every son of God; the longing to attain the crowning heights of truth, goodness, and purity? This is surely not a sentiment which can live without faith in a Divine Perfection, existing somewhere in the universe, and an Immortal Life wherein the infinite progress may be carried on. Even the man whose opinions on the general unimportance of religion I am

venturing to question in these pages, admits frankly enough that it is not the heroic or saintly character which will be cultivated after the extinction of faith. Among the changes which he anticipates, one will be that "the respectable man of the world, the *lukewarm*, *nominal Christian*, who believed as much of his creed as happened to suit him, and *led an easy life*, will turn out to have been right after all." Precisely so. The *easy life* will be the ideal life in the "Faithless World," and the life of *Aspiration*, the life which is a prayer, will be lived no more. And the "lukewarm" men of the world, in their "easy lives," will be all the easier and more lukewarm for leading them thenceforth unrebuked by any higher example.

Again, Repentance as well as aspiration will disappear under the snows of atheism. I have written before on this subject in this REVIEW,\* and will now briefly say that Mr. Darwin's almost ludicrously false definition of Repentance is an illustration of the inability of the modern scientific mind to comprehend spiritual phenomena; much less to be the subject of them. In his *Descent of Man*, this great thinker and most amiable man describes Repentance as a natural return, after the satisfaction of selfish passions, to "the instinct of sympathy and good will to his fellows which is still present and ever in some degree active" in a man's mind. . . . "And then, a sense of dissatisfaction will inevitably be felt" (*Descent of Man*, p. 90). Thus even on the showing of the great philosopher of evolution himself, Repentance (or rather the "dissatisfaction" he confounds with that awful convulsion of the soul) is only to be looked for under the very exceptional circumstances of men in whom the "instinct of sympathy and good will to their fellows" is ever present, and moreover *reasserts itself after they have injured them*—in flat opposition to ordinary human experience as noted by Tacitus, *Humani generis proprium est odisse quem læseris*.

The results of the real spiritual phenomenon of Repentance (not Mr. Darwin's child's-play) are so profound and

\* "Agnostic Morality," CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, June, 1883.

far-reaching that it cannot but happen that striking them out of human experience will leave life more shallow. No soul will survive with the deeper and riper character which comes out of that ordeal. As Hawthorne illustrated it in his exquisite parable of *Transformation*, men, till they become conscious of sin, are morally little more than animals. Out of hearts ploughed by contrition spring flowers fairer than ever grow on the hard ground of unbroken self-content. There bloom in them Sympathy and Charity for other erring mortals; and Patience under suffering which is acknowledged to be merited; and lastly, sweetest blossom of all! tender Gratitude for earthly and heavenly blessings felt to be free gifts of Divine love. Not a little, perhaps, of the prevalent disease of pessimism is owing to the fact that these flowers of charity, patience, and thankfulness are becoming more and more rare as cultivated men cease to feel what old theologians used to call "the exceeding sinfulness of sin;" or to pass through any vivid experiences of penitence and restoration. As a necessary consequence they never see the true proportions of good and evil, joy and grief, sin and retribution. They weigh jealously human Pain; they never place human Guilt in the opposite scale. There is little chance that any man will ever feel how sinful is sin, who has not seen it in the white light of the holiness of God.

The abrogation of Public Worship was mentioned above as one of the visible consequences of the general rejection of religion. To it must here be added a still direr and deeper loss, that of the use of Private Prayer—whether for spiritual or other good, either on behalf of ourselves or of others; all Confession, all Thanksgiving, in one word all effort at communion of the finite spirit with the Infinite. This is not the place in which this subject can be treated as it would require to be were the full consequences of such a cessation of the highest function of our nature to be defined. It may be enough now to say that the Positivists in their fantastic device of addresses to the *grand être* of Humanity as a substitute for real prayer to the Living God, have themselves testified to the smaller—the subjective—

part of the value of the practice. Alas for our poor human race if ever the day should arrive when to Him who now "heareth prayer," flesh shall no longer come!

With Aspiration, Repentance, and Prayer renounced and forgotten, and the inner life made as "easy" as the outward, we may next inquire whether in the "Faithless World" the relations between man and man will either remain what they have been, improve or deteriorate? I have heard a secularist lecturer argue that the love of God has been a great hindrance to the love of man; and I believe it is the universal opinion of Agnostics and Comtists that the "enthusiasm of Humanity" will flourish and form the crowning glory of the future after religion is dead. It is obvious, indeed, that the social virtues are rapidly eclipsing in public opinion those which are personal and religious; and if Philanthropy is not to be enthroned in the "Faithless World," there is no chance for Veracity, Piety, or Purity.

But, not to go over ground which I have traversed already in this REVIEW, it will be enough now to remark that Mr. Justice Stephen, with his usual perspicacity, has found out that there is here a "rift within the lute," and frankly tells us that we must not expect to see Christian Charity after the departure of Christianity. He thinks that temperance, fortitude, benevolence, and justice will always be honored and rewarded, but—

"If a purely human morality takes the place of Christian morals, self-command and self-denial, force of character shown in postponing the present to the future (*gy.*, selfish prudence?) will take the place of self-sacrifice as an object of admiration. Love, friendship, good-nature, kindness, carried to the height of sincere and devoted affection will always be the chief pleasures of life, whether Christianity is true or false; but Christian charity is not the same as any of these or of all of them put together, and I think, if Christian theology were exploded, Christian charity would not survive it."

Even if the same sentiment of charity were kept alive in a "Faithless World," I do not think its ministrations would be continued on the same lines as hitherto. The more kind-hearted an atheist may be (and many have the kindest of hearts) the less, I fancy, he could endure to go

about as a comforter among the wretched and dying, bringing with him only such cold consolation as may be afforded by the doctrine of the "Survival of the Fittest." Every one who has tried to lighten the sorrows of this sad world, or to reclaim the criminal and the vicious, knows how immense is the advantage of being able to speak of God's love and pity, and of a life where the bereaved shall be reunited to their beloved ones. It would break, I should think, a compassionate atheist's heart to go from one to another death-bed in cottage or work-house or hospital, meet the yearning looks of the dying, and watch the anguish of wife or husband or mother, and be unable honestly to say: "This is not the end. There is Heaven in store." But Mr. Justice Stephen speaks, I apprehend, of another reason than this why Christian charity must not be expected to survive Christianity. The truth is (though he does not say it) that the charity of Science is not merely *different* from the charity of Religion; it is an *opposite* thing altogether. Its softest word is *Væ Victis*. Christianity (and like it I should hope every possible form of future religion) says, "The strong ought to bear the burdens of the weak. Blessed are the merciful, the unselfish, the tender-hearted, the humble-minded." Science says, "The supreme law of Nature is the Survival of the Fittest; and that law, applied to human morals, means the remorseless crushing down of the unfit. The strong and the gifted shall inherit the earth, and the weak and simple go to the wall. Blessed are the merciless, for they shall obtain useful knowledge. Blessed are the self-asserting, for theirs is the kingdom of this world, and there is no world after it."

These Morals of Evolution are beginning gradually to make their way, and to be stated (of course in veiled and modest language) frequently by those priests of science, the physiologists. Should they ever obtain general acceptance, and Darwinian morality take the place of the Sermon on the Mount, the old *droit du plus fort* of barbarous ages will be revived with more deliberate oppression, and the last state of our civilization will be worse than the first.

Behind all these changes of public and

general concern, lies the deepest change of all for each man's own heart. We are told that in a "Faithless World" we may interest ourselves in friendship, and politics, and commerce, and literature, science, and art, and that "a man who cannot occupy every waking moment of a long life with some or other of these things must be either very unfortunate in regard to his health, or circumstances, or else must be a poor creature."

But it is not necessary to be either unfortunate oneself or a very "poor creature" to feel that the wrongs and agonies of this world of pain are absolutely intolerable unless we can be assured that they will be righted hereafter; that "there is a God who judgeth the earth," and that all the oppressed and miserable of our race, aye, and even the tortured brutes, are beheld by Him. It is, I think, on the contrary, to be a "poor creature" to be able to satisfy the hunger of the soul after justice, the yearning of the heart for mercy, with such pursuits as money-getting, and scientific research, and the writing of clever books, and painting of pretty pictures. Not that which is "poorest" in us, but that which is richest and noblest, refuses to "occupy every moment of a long life" with our own ambitions and amusements, or to shut out deliberately from our minds the "Riddle of the painful Earth." A curse would be on us in our "lordly pleasure-house" were we to do it.

Even if it be possible to enjoy our own good fortune regardless of the woes of others, is it not rather a pitiful wreck and remnant of merely selfish happiness which it is proposed to leave to us? "The world," we are told, "is full of pleasant people and curious things," and "most men find no difficulty in *turning their minds away* from its transient character." Even our enjoyment of "pleasant people and curious things" must be held, then, on the condition of reducing ourselves—philosophers that we are, or shall be—to the humble level of the hares and rabbits!—

"Regardless of their doom the little victims play."

Surely the happiness of any creature, deserving to be called Rational, depends

on the circumstance whether he can look on Good as "the final goal of ill," or believe Ill to be the final goal of any good he has obtained or hopes for;—whether he walk on a firm, even if it be a thorny road, or tread on thin, albeit glittering ice, destined ere long to break beneath his feet? The faith that there is an ORDER tending everywhere to good, and that JUSTICE sooner or later will be done to all,—this, almost universal, faith to which the whole literature of the world bears testimony, seems to me no less indispensable for our selfish happiness than it is for any unselfish satisfaction in the aspect of human life at large. If it be finally baulked, and we are compelled to relinquish it for ever at the bidding of science, existence alike on our own account and that of others will become unendurable.

In all I have said hitherto, I have confined myself to discussing the probable results of the downfall of religion on men in general, and have not attempted to define what they would be to those who have been fervently religious; and who we must suppose (on the hypothesis of such a revolution) to be forcibly driven by scientific arguments out of their faith in God and the life to come. To such persons (and there are, alas! many already who think they have been so driven, and to whom the sad result is therefore the same) the loss must needs be like that of the darkening of the sun. Of all human sorrows the bitterest is to discover that we have misplaced our love; labored and suffered in vain; thrown away our heart's devotion. All this, and much more, must it be to *lose God*. Among those who have endured it there are, of course, as we all know, many who have reconciled themselves to the loss, and some tell us they are the happier. Yet, I think to the very last hour of life there must remain in every heart which has once *loved God* (not merely believed in or feared Him) an infinite regret if it can love Him no more; and the universe, were it crowded with a million friends, must seem empty when that Friend is gone.

As to human Love and Friendship, to which we are often bidden to turn as the best substitutes for religion, I feel persuaded that, above all other things they must deteriorate in a "Faithless

World." To apples of Sodom must all their sweetness turn, from the hour in which men recognize their transitory nature. The warmer and more tender and reverential the affection, the more intolerable must become the idea of eternal separation; and the more beautiful and admirable the character of our friend, the more maddening the belief that in a few years, or days, he will vanish into nothingness. Sooner than endure the agony of these thoughts, I feel sure that men will check themselves from entering into the purer and holier relations of the heart. Affection, predestined to be cast adrift, will throw out no more anchors, but will float on every wave of passion or caprice. The day in which it becomes impossible for men to vow that they will love *for ever* will almost be the last in which they will love nobly and purely at all.

But if these things hold good as regard the prosperous and healthy, and those still in the noon of life, what is to be said of the prospects in the "Faithless World," of the diseased, the poverty-stricken, the bereaved, the aged? There is no need to strain our eyes to look into the dark corners of the earth. We all know (though while we ourselves stand in the sunshine we do not often *feel*) what hundreds of thousands of our fellow-mortals are enduring at all times, in the way of bodily and mental anguish. When these overtake us, or when Old Age creeps on, and

"First our pleasures die, and then  
Our hopes, and then our fears,"

is it possible to suppose it will make "little difference" what we believe as to the existence of some loving Power in whose arms our feebleness may find support; or of another life wherein our winter may be turned once more to spring? If we live long enough, the day must come to each of us when we shall find our chief interest in our daily newspaper most often in the obituary columns, till, one after another nearly all the friends of our youth and prime have "gone over to the majority," and we begin to live in a world peopled with spectres. Our talk with those who travel still beside us is continually referring to the dead, and our very jests end in a sigh for the sweet old laughter which we shall never hear again. If in

these solemn years we yet have faith in God and Immortality, and as we recall one dear one after another, — father, mother, brother, friend, — we can say to ourselves, "They are all gone into the world of light; they are all safe and rejoicing in the smile of God;" then our grief is only mourning; it is not despair. Our sad hearts are cheered and softened, not turned to stone by the memories of the dead. Let us, however, on the other hand, be driven by our new guide, Science, to abandon this faith and the hope of eternal reunion, then, indeed, must our old age be utterly, utterly desolate. O! the mock-

ery of saying that it would make "no great difference!"

We have been told that in the event of the fall of religion, "life would remain in most particulars and to most people much what it is at present." It appears to me, on the contrary, that there is actually *nothing* in life which would be left unchanged after such a catastrophe.

But I have only conjured up the nightmare of a "Faithless World." GOD LIVES; and in His light we shall see light. — *Contemporary Review*.

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#### FOOD AND FEEDING.

WHEN a man and a bear meet together casually in an American forest, it makes a great deal of difference, to the two parties concerned at least, whether the bear eats the man or the man eats the bear. We haven't the slightest difficulty in deciding afterwards which of the two, in each particular case, has been the eater, and which the eaten. Here, we say, is the grizzly that eat the man; or, here is the man that smoked and dined off the hams of the grizzly. Basing our opinion upon such familiar and well-known instances, we are apt to take it for granted far too readily that between eating and being eaten, between the active and the passive voice of the verb *edo*, there exists necessarily a profound and impassable native antithesis. To swallow an oyster is, in our own personal histories, so very different a thing from being swallowed by a shark that we can hardly realise at first the underlying fundamental identity of eating with mere coalescence. And yet, at the very outset of the art of feeding, when the nascent animal first began to indulge in this very essential animal practice, one may fairly say that no practical difference as yet existed between the creature that ate and the creature that was eaten. After the man and the bear had finished their little meal, if one may be frankly metaphorical, it was impossible to decide whether the remaining being was the man or the bear, or which of the two had swallowed the other. The din-

ner having been purely mutual, the resulting animal represented both the litigants equally; just as, in cannibal New Zealand, the chief who ate up his brother chief was held naturally to inherit the goods and chattels of the vanquished and absorbed rival, whom he had thus literally and physically incorporated.

A jelly-speck, floating about at his ease in a drop of stagnant water under the field of a microscope, collides accidentally with another jelly-speck who happens to be travelling in the opposite direction across the same miniature ocean. What thereupon occurs? One jelly-speck rolls itself gradually into the other, so that, instead of two, there is now one: and the united body proceeds to float away quite unconcernedly, without waiting to trouble itself for a second with the profound metaphysical question, which half of it is the original personality, and which half the devoured and digested. In these minute and very simple animals there is absolutely no division of labor between part and part; every bit of the jelly-like mass is alike head and foot and mouth and stomach. The jelly-speck has no permanent limbs, but it keeps putting forth vague arms and legs every now and then from one side or the other; and with these temporary and ever-dissolving members it crawls along merrily through its tiny drop of stagnant water. If two of the legs or arms happen to knock up casually against one another, they coalesce at



once, just like two drops of water on a window-pane, or two strings of treacle slowly spreading along the surface of a plate. When the jelly-speck meets any edible thing—a bit of dead plant, a wee creature like itself, a microscopic egg—it proceeds to fold its own substance slimily around it, making, as it were, a temporary mouth for the purpose of swallowing it, and a temporary stomach for the purpose of quietly digesting and assimilating it afterwards. Thus what at one moment is a foot may at the next moment become a mouth, and at the moment after that again a rudimentary stomach. The animal has no skin and no body, no outside and no inside, no distinction of parts or members, no individuality, no identity. Roll it up into one with another of its kind, and it couldn't tell you itself a minute afterwards which of the two it had really been a minute before. The question of personal identity is here considerably mixed.

But as soon as we get to rather larger creatures of the same type, the antithesis between the eater and the eaten begins to assume a more definite character. The big jelly-bag approaches a good many smaller jelly-bags, microscopic plants, and other appropriate food-stuffs, and, surrounding them rapidly with its crawling arms, envelopes them in its own substance, which closes behind them and gradually digests them. Everybody knows, by name at least, that revolutionary and evolutionary hero, the amoeba—the terror of theologians, the pet of professors, and the insufferable bore of the general reader. Well, this parlous and subversive little animal consists of a comparatively large mass of soft jelly, pushing forth slender lobes, like threads or fingers, from its own substance, and gliding about, by means of these tiny legs, over water-plants and other submerged surfaces. But though it can literally turn itself inside out, like a glove, it still has some faint beginnings of a mouth and stomach, for it generally takes in food and absorbs water through a particular part of its surface, where the slimy mass of its body is thinnest. Thus the amoeba may be said really to eat and drink, though quite devoid of any special organs for eating or drinking.

The particular point to which I wish to draw attention here, however, is this: that even the very simplest and most primitive animals do discriminate somehow between what is eatable and what isn't. The amoeba has no eyes, no nose, no mouth, no tongue, no nerves of taste, no special means of discrimination of any kind; and yet, so long as it meets only grains of sand or bits of shell, it makes no effort in any way to swallow them; but the moment it comes across a bit of material fit for its food, it begins at once to spread its clammy fingers around the nutritious morsel. The fact is, every part of the amoeba's body apparently possesses, in a very vague form, the first beginnings of those senses which in us are specialised and confined to a single spot. And it is because of the light which the amoeba thus incidentally casts upon the nature of the specialised senses in higher animals that I have ventured once more to drag out of the private life of his native pond that already too notorious and obtrusive rhizopod.

With us lordly human beings, at the extreme opposite end in the scale of being from the microscopic jelly-specks, the art of feeding and the mechanism which provides for it have both reached a very high state of advanced perfection. We have slowly evolved a tongue and palate on the one hand, and French cooks and *pâté de foie gras* on the other. But while everybody knows practically how things taste to us, and which things respectively we like and dislike, comparatively few people ever recognize that the sense of taste is not merely intended as a source of gratification, but serves a useful purpose in our bodily economy, in informing us what we ought to eat and what to refuse. Paradoxical as it may sound at first to most people, nice things are, in the main, things that are good for us, and nasty things are poisonous or otherwise injurious. That we often practically find the exact contrary the case (alas!) is due, not to the provisions of nature, but to the artificial surroundings in which we live, and to the cunning way in which we flavor up unwholesome food, so as to deceive and cajole the natural palate. Yet, after all, it is a pleasant gospel that what we like is really good for us, and, when we have

made some small allowances for artificial conditions, it is in the main a true one also.

The sense of taste, which in the lowest animals is diffused equally over the whole frame, is in ourselves and other higher creatures concentrated in a special part of the body, namely the mouth, where the food about to be swallowed is chewed and otherwise prepared beforehand for the work of digestion. Now it is, of course, quite clear that some sort of supervision must be exercised by the body over the kind of food that is going to be put into it. Common experience teaches us that prussic acid and pure opium are undesirable food stuffs in large quantities; that raw spirits, petroleum, and red lead should be sparingly partaken of by the judicious feeder; and that even green fruit, the bitter end of cucumber, and the berries of deadly nightshade are unsatisfactory articles of diet when continuously persisted in. If, at the very outset of our digestive apparatus, we hadn't a sort of automatic premonitory adviser upon the kinds of food we ought or ought not to indulge in, we should naturally commit considerable imprudences in the way of eating and drinking—even more than we do at present. Natural selection has therefore provided us with a fairly efficient guide in this respect in the sense of taste, which is placed at the very threshold, as it were, of our digestive mechanism. It is the duty of taste to warn us against uneatable things, and to recommend to our favorable attention eatable and wholesome ones; and, on the whole, in spite of small occasional remissness, it performs its duty with creditable success.

Taste, however, is not equally distributed over the whole surface of the tongue alike. There are three distinct regions or tracts, each of which has to perform its own special office and function. The tip of the tongue is concerned mainly with pungent and acrid tastes; the middle portion is sensitive chiefly to sweets and bitters; while the back or lower portion confines itself almost entirely to the flavors of roast meats, butter, oils, and other rich or fatty substances. There are very good reasons for this subdivision of faculties in the tongue, the object being, as it

were, to make each piece of food undergo three separate examinations (like "smalls," "mods," and "greats" at Oxford), which must be successively passed before it is admitted into full participation in the human economy. The first examination, as we shall shortly see, gets rid at once of substances which would be actively and immediately destructive to the very tissues of the mouth and body; the second discriminates between poisonous and chemically harmless foodstuffs; and the third merely decides the minor question whether the particular food is likely to prove then and there wholesome or indigestible to the particular person. The sense of taste proceeds, in fact, upon the principle of gradual selection and elimination; it refuses first what is positively destructive, next what is more remotely deleterious, and finally what is only undesirable or over-luscious.

When we want to assure ourselves, by means of taste, about an unknown object—say a lump of some white stuff, which may be crystal, or glass, or alum, or borax, or quartz, or rocksalt—we put the tip of the tongue against it gingerly. If it begins to burn us, we draw it away more or less rapidly, with an accompaniment in language strictly dependent upon our personal habits and manners. The test we thus occasionally apply, even in the civilised adult state, to unknown bodies is one that is being applied every day and all day long by children and savages. Unsophisticated humanity is constantly putting everything it sees up to its mouth in a frank spirit of experimental inquiry as to its gustatory properties. In civilised life, we find everything ready labelled and assorted for us; we comparatively seldom require to roll the contents of a suspicious bottle (in very small quantities) doubtfully upon the tongue in order to discover whether it is pale sherry or Chili vinegar, Dublin stout or mushroom ketchup. But in the savage state, from which, geologically and biologically speaking, we have only just emerged, bottles and labels do not exist. Primitive man, therefore, in his sweet simplicity, has only two modes open before him for deciding whether the things he finds are or are not strictly edible. The first thing he does is to

sniff at them, and smell being, as Mr. Herbert Spencer has well put it, an anticipatory taste, generally gives him some idea of what the thing is likely to prove. The second thing he does is to pop it into his mouth, and proceed practically to examine its further characteristics.

Strictly speaking with the tip of the tongue one can't really taste at all. If you put a small drop of honey or of oil of bitter almonds on that part of the mouth, you will find (no doubt to your great surprise) that it produces no effect of any sort; you only taste it when it begins slowly to diffuse itself, and reaches the true tasting region in the middle distance. But if you put a little cayenne or mustard on the same part, you will find that it bites you immediately—the experiment should be tried sparingly—while, if you put it lower down in the mouth you will swallow it almost without noticing the pungency of the stimulant. The reason is, that the tip of the tongue is supplied only with nerves which are really nerves of touch, not nerves of taste proper; they belong to a totally different main branch, and they go to a different centre in the brain, together with the very similar threads which supply the nerves of smell for mustard and pepper. That is why the smell and taste of these pungent substances are so much alike, as everybody must have noticed; a good sniff at a mustard-pot producing almost the same irritating effects as an incautious mouthful. As a rule, we don't accurately distinguish, it is true, between these different regions of taste in the mouth in ordinary life; but that is because we usually roll our food about instinctively, without paying much attention to the particular part affected by it. Indeed, when one is trying deliberate experiments in the subject, in order to test the varying sensitiveness of the different parts to different substances, it is necessary to keep the tongue quite dry, in order to isolate the thing you are experimenting with, and prevent its spreading to all parts of the mouth together. In actual practice this result is obtained in a rather ludicrous manner—by blowing upon the tongue, between each experiment, with a pair of bellows. To such undignified expedients does the pursuit of science lead the ardent modern

psychologist. These domestic rivals of Dr. Forbes Winslow, the servants, who behold the enthusiastic investigator alternately drying his tongue in this ridiculous fashion, as if he were a blacksmith's fire, and then squeezing out a single drop of essence of pepper, vinegar, or beef-tea from a glass syringe upon the dry surface, not unnaturally arrive at the conclusion that master has gone stark mad, and that, in their private opinion, it's the microscope and the skeleton as has done it.

Above all things, we don't want to be flayed alive. So the kinds of tastes discriminated by the tip of the tongue are the pungent, like pepper, cayenne, and mustard; the astringent, like borax and alum; the alkaline, like soda and potash; the acid, like vinegar and green fruit; and the saline, like salt and ammonia. Almost all the bodies likely to give rise to such tastes (or, more correctly, sensations of touch in the tongue) are obviously unwholesome and destructive in their character, at least when taken in large quantities. Nobody wishes to drink nitric acid by the quart. The first business of this part of the tongue is, therefore, to warn us emphatically against caustic substances and corrosive acids—against vitriol and kerosene, spirits of wine and ether, capsicums and burning leaves or roots, such as those of the common English lords-and-ladies. Things of this sort are immediately destructive to the very tissues of the tongue and palate; if taken incautiously in too large doses, they burn the skin off the roof of the mouth; and when swallowed they play havoc, of course, with our internal arrangements. It is highly advisable, therefore, to have an immediate warning of these extremely dangerous substances, at the very outset of our feeding apparatus.

This kind of taste hardly differs from touch or burning. The sensibility of the tip of the tongue is only a very slight modification of the sensibility possessed by the skin generally, and especially by the inner folds over all delicate parts of the body. We all know that common caustic burns us wherever it touches; and it burns the tongue, only in a somewhat more marked manner. Nitric or sulphuric acid attacks

the fingers each after its own kind. A mustard plaster makes us tingle almost immediately ; and the action of mustard on the tongue hardly differs, except in being more instantaneous and more discriminative. Cantharides work in just the same way. If you cut a red pepper in two and rub it on your neck it will sting you just as it does when put into soup (this experiment, however, is best tried upon one's younger brother ; if made personally, it hardly repays the trouble and annoyance). Even vinegar and other acids, rubbed into the skin, are followed by a slight tingling ; while the effect of brandy, applied, say, to the arms, is gently stimulating and pleasurable, somewhat in the same way as when normally swallowed in conjunction with the habitual seltzer. In short, most things which give rise to distinct tastes when applied to the tip of the tongue, give rise to fainter sensations when applied to the skin generally. And one hardly needs to be reminded that pepper or vinegar placed (accidentally as a rule) on the inner surface of the eyelids produces a very distinct and unpleasant smart.

The fact is, the liability to be chemically affected by pungent or acid bodies is common to every part of the skin ; but it is least felt where the tough outer skin is thickest, and most felt where that skin is thinnest, and the nerves are most plentifully distributed near the surface. A mustard plaster would probably fail to draw at all on one's heel or the palm of one's hand ; while it is decidedly painful on one's neck or chest ; and a mere speck of mustard inside the eyelid gives one positive torture for hours together. Now the tip of the tongue is just a part of one's body specially set aside for this very object, provided with an extremely thin skin, and supplied with an immense number of nerves, on purpose so as to be easily affected by all such pungent, alkaline, or spirituous substances. Sir Wilfrid Lawson would probably conclude that it was deliberately designed by Providence to warn us against a wicked indulgence in the brandy and seltzer aforesaid.

At first sight it might seem as though there were hardly enough of such pungent and fiery things in existence to

make it worth while for us to be provided with a special mechanism for guarding against them. That is true enough, no doubt, as regards our modern civilized life ; though, even now, it is perhaps just as well that our children should have an internal monitor (other than conscience) to dissuade them immediately from indiscriminate indulgence in photographic chemicals, the contents of stray medicine bottles, and the best dried West India chilies. But in an earlier period of progress, and especially in tropical countries (where the Darwinians have now decided the human race made its first *début* upon this or any other stage), things were very different indeed. Pungent and poisonous plants and fruits abounded on every side. We have all of us in our youth been taken in by some too cruelly waggish companion, who insisted upon making us eat the bright, glossy leaves of the common English arum, which without look pretty and juicy enough, but within are full of the concentrated essence of pungency and profanity. Well, there are hundreds of such plants, even in cold climates, to tempt the eyes and poison the veins of unsuspecting cattle or childish humanity. There is buttercup, so horribly acrid that cows carefully avoid it in their closest cropped pastures ; and yet your cow is not usually a too dainty animal. There is aconite, the deadly poison with which Dr. Lamson removed his troublesome relatives. There is baneberry, whose very name sufficiently describes its dangerous nature. There are horse-radish, and stinging rocket, and biting wall-pepper, and still smarter water-pepper, and wormwood, and nightshade, and spurge, and hemlock, and half a dozen equally unpleasant weeds. All of these have acquired their pungent and poisonous properties, just as nettles have acquired their sting, and thistles their thorns, in order to prevent animals from browsing upon them and destroying them. And the animals in turn have acquired a very delicate sense of pungency on purpose to warn them beforehand of the existence of such dangerous and undesirable qualities in the plants which they might otherwise be tempted incautiously to swallow.

In tropical woods, where our " hairy

quadrumanous ancestor" (Darwinian for the primæval monkey, from whom we are presumably descended) used playfully to disport himself, as yet unconscious of his glorious destiny as the remote progenitor of Shakespeare, Milton, and the late Mr. Peace—in tropical woods, such acid or pungent fruits and plants are particularly common, and correspondingly annoying. The fact is, our primitive forefather and all the other monkeys are, or were, confirmed fruit-eaters. But to guard against their depredations a vast number of tropical fruits and nuts have acquired disagreeable or fiery rinds and shells, which suffice to deter the bold aggressor. It may not be nice to get your tongue burnt with a root or fruit, but it is at least a great deal better than getting poisoned; and, roughly speaking, pungency in external nature exactly answers to the rough gaudy labels which some chemists paste on bottles containing poisons. It means to say, "This fruit or leaf, if you eat it in any quantities, will kill you." That is the true explanation of capsicums, pimento, colocynth, croton oil, the upas tree, and the vast majority of bitter, acrid, or fiery fruits and leaves. If we had to pick up our own livelihood, as our naked ancestors had to do, from roots, seeds, and berries, we should far more readily appreciate this simple truth. We should know that a great many more plants than we now suspect are bitter or pungent, and therefore poisonous. Even in England we are familiar enough with such defences as those possessed by the outer rind of the walnut; but the tropical cashewnut has a rind so intensely acrid that it blisters the lips and fingers instantaneously, in the same way as cantharides would do. I believe that on the whole, taking nature throughout, more fruits and nuts are poisonous, or intensely bitter, or very fiery, than are sweet, luscious, and edible.

"But," says that fidgety person, the hypothetical objector (whom one always sets up for the express purpose of promptly knocking him down again), "if it be the business of the forepart of the tongue to warn us against pungent and acrid substances, how comes it that we purposely use such things as mustard, pepper, curry-powder, and vinegar?"

Well, in themselves all these things are, strictly speaking, bad for us; but in small quantities they act as agreeable stimulants; and we take care in preparing most of them to get rid of the most objectionable properties. Moreover, we use them, not as foods, but merely as condiments. One drop of oil of capsicum is enough to kill a man, if taken undiluted; but in actual practice we buy it in such a very diluted form that comparatively little harm arises from using it. Still, very young children dislike all these violent stimulants, even in small quantities; they won't touch mustard, pepper, or vinegar, and they recoil at once from wine or spirits. It is only by slow degrees that we learn these unnatural tastes, as our nerves get blunted and our palates jaded; and we all know that the old Indian who can eat nothing but dry curries, devilled biscuits, anchovy paste, pepper-pot, mulligatawny soup, Worcestershire sauce, preserved ginger, hot pickles, fiery sherry, and neat cognac, is also a person with no digestion, a fragmentary liver, and very little chance of getting himself accepted by any safe and solvent insurance office. Throughout, the warning in itself is a useful one; it is we who foolishly and persistently disregard it. Alcohol, for example, tells us at once that it is bad for us; yet we manage so to dress it up with flavoring matters and dilute it with water that we overlook the fiery character of the spirit itself. But that alcohol is in itself a bad thing (when freely indulged in) has been so abundantly demonstrated in the history of mankind that it hardly needs any further proof.

The middle region of the tongue is the part with which we experience sensations of taste proper—that is to say, of sweetness and bitterness. In a healthy, natural state all sweet things are pleasant to us, and all bitters (even if combined with sherry) unpleasant. The reason for this is easy enough to understand. It carries us back at once into those primæval tropical forests where our "hairy ancestor" used to diet himself upon the fruits of the earth in due season. Now, almost all edible fruits, roots, and tubers contain sugar; and therefore the presence of sugar is, in the wild condition, as good a rough test of whether

anything is good to eat as one could easily find. In fact, the argument cuts both ways: edible fruits are sweet because they are intended for man and other animals to eat; and man and other animals have a tongue pleurably affected by sugar because sugary things in nature are for them in the highest degree edible. Our early progenitors formed their taste upon oranges, mangoes, bananas, and grapes; upon sweet potatoes, sugar-cane, dates, and wild-honey. There is scarcely anything fitted for human food in the vegetable world (and our earliest ancestors were most undoubted vegetarians), which does not contain sugar in considerable quantities. In temperate climates (where man is but a recent intruder, we have taken, it is true, to regarding wheat bread as the staff of life; but in our native tropics enormous populations still live almost exclusively upon plantains, bananas, breadfruit, yams, sweet potatoes, dates, coconuts, melons, cassava, pine-apples, and figs. Our nerves have been adapted to the circumstances of our early life as a race in tropical forests; and we still retain a marked liking for sweets of every sort. Not content with our strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, currants, apples, pears, cherries, plums, and other northern fruits, we ransack the world for dates, figs, raisins, and oranges. Indeed, in spite of our acquired meat-eating propensities, it may be fairly said that fruits and seeds (including wheat, rice, peas, beans, and other grains and pulse) still form by far the most important element in the food-stuffs of human populations generally.

But besides the natural sweets, we have also taken to producing artificial ones. Has any housewife ever realised the alarming condition of cookery in the benighted generations before the invention of sugar? It is really almost too appalling to think about. So many things that we now look upon as all but necessities—cakes, puddings, made dishes, confectionery, preserves, sweet biscuits, jellies, cooked fruits, tarts, and so forth—were then practically quite impossible. Fancy attempting nowadays to live a single day without sugar; no tea, no coffee, no jam, no pudding, no cake, no sweets, no hot toddy before one goes to bed; the bare idea of it is

too terrible. And yet that was really the abject condition of all the civilised world up to the middle ages. Horace's punch was sugarless and lemonless; the gentle Virgil never tasted the congenial cup of afternoon tea; and Socrates went from his cradle to his grave without ever knowing the flavor of peppermint bull's eyes. How the children managed to spend their Saturday *as*, or their weekly *obolus*, is a profound mystery. To be sure, people had honey; but honey is rare, dear, and scanty; it can never have filled one quarter the place that sugar fills in our modern affections. Try for a moment to realise drinking honey with one's whiskey-and-water, or doing the year's preserving with a pot of best Narbonne, and you get at once a common measure of the difference between the two as practical sweeteners. Nowadays, we get sugar from cane and beetroot in abundance, while sugar-maples and palm-trees of various sorts afford a considerable supply to remoter countries. But the childhood of the little Greeks and Romans must have been absolutely unlighted by a single ray of joy from chocolate creams or Everton toffee.

The consequence of this excessive production of sweets in modern times is, of course, that we have begun to distrust the indications afforded us by the sense of taste in this particular as to the wholesomeness of various objects. We can mix sugar with anything we like, whether it had sugar in it to begin with or otherwise; and by sweetening and flavoring we can give a false palatableness to even the worst and most indigestible rubbish, such as plaster-of-Paris, largely sold under the name of sugared almonds to the ingenuous youth of two hemispheres. But in untouched nature the test rarely or never fails. As long as fruits are unripe and unfit for human food, they are green and sour; as soon as they ripen they become soft and sweet, and usually acquire some bright color as a sort of advertisement of their edibility. In the main, bar the accidents of civilisation, whatever is sweet is good to eat—nay more, is meant to be eaten; it is only our own perverse folly that makes us sometimes think all nice things bad for us, and all wholesome things nasty. In a state of nature, the exact

opposite is really the case. One may observe, too, that children, who are literally young savages in more senses than one, stand nearer to the primitive feeling in this respect than grown-up people. They unaffectedly like sweets; adults, who have grown more accustomed to the artificial meat diet, don't as a rule, care much for puddings, cakes, and made dishes. (May I venture parenthetically to add, any appearance to the contrary notwithstanding, that I am not a vegetarian, and that I am far from desiring to bring down upon my devoted head the imprecation pronounced against the rash person who would rob a poor man of his beer. It is quite possible to believe that vegetarianism was the starting-point of the race, without wishing to consider it also as the goal; just as it is quite possible to regard clothes as purely artificial products of civilization, without desiring personally to return to the charming simplicity of the Garden of Eden.)

Bitter things in nature at large, on the contrary, are almost invariably poisonous. Strychnia, for example, is intensely bitter, and it is well known that life cannot be supported on strychnia alone for more than a few hours. Again, colocynth and aloes are far from being wholesome food stuffs, for a continuance; and the bitter end of cucumber does not conduce to the highest standard of good living. The bitter matter in decaying apples is highly injurious when swallowed, which it isn't likely to be by anybody who ever tastes it. Wormwood and walnut-shells contain other bitter and poisonous principles; absinthe, which is made from one of them, is a favorite slow poison with the fashionable young men of Paris, who wish to escape prematurely from "*Le monde où l'on s'ennuie.*" But prussic acid is the commonest component in all natural bitters, being found in bitter almonds, apple pippins, the kernels of mango-stones, and many other seeds and fruits. Indeed, one may say roughly that the object of nature generally is to prevent the actual seeds of edible fruits from being eaten and digested; and for this purpose, while she stores the pulp with sweet juices, she encloses the seed itself in hard stony coverings, and makes it nasty with bitter

essences. Eat an orange pip, and you will promptly observe how effectual is this arrangement. As a rule, the outer rind of nuts is bitter, and the inner kernel of edible fruits. The tongue thus warns us immediately against bitter things, as being poisonous, and prevents us, automatically, from swallowing them.

"But how is it," asks our objector again, "that so many poisons are tasteless, or even, like sugar of lead, pleasant to the palate?" The answer is (you see, we knock him down again, as usual) because these poisons are themselves for the most part artificial products; they do not occur in a state of nature, at least in man's ordinary surroundings. Almost every poisonous thing that we are really liable to meet with in the wild state we are warned against at once by the sense of taste; but of course it would be absurd to suppose that natural selection could have produced a mode of warning us against poisons which have never before occurred in human experience. One might just as well expect that it should have rendered us dynamite-proof, or have given us a skin like the hide of a rhinoceros to protect us against the future contingency of the invention of rifles.

Sweets and bitters are really almost the only tastes proper, almost the only ones discriminated by this central and truly gustatory region of the tongue and palate. Most so-called flavorings will be found on strict examination to be nothing more than mixtures with these of certain smells or else of pungent, salty, or alkaline matters, distinguished as such by the tip of the tongue. For instance, paradoxical as it sounds to say so, cinnamon has really no taste at all, but only a smell. Nobody will ever believe this on first hearing, but nothing on earth is easier than to put it to the test. Take a small piece of cinnamon, hold your nose tightly, rather high up, between the thumb and finger, and begin chewing it. You will find that it is absolutely tasteless; you are merely chewing a perfectly insipid bit of bark. Then let go your nose, and you will find immediately that it "tastes" strongly, though in reality it is only the perfume from it that you now permit

to rise into the smelling-chamber in the nose. So, again, cloves have only a pungent taste and a peculiar smell, and the same is the case more or less with almost all distinctive flavorings. When you come to find of what they are made up, they consist generally of sweets or bitters, intermixed with certain ethereal perfumes, or with pungent or acid tastes, or with both or several such together. In this way, a comparatively small number of original elements, variously combined, suffice to make up the whole enormous mass of recognisably different tastes and flavors.

The third and lowest part of the tongue and throat is the seat of those peculiar tastes to which Professor Bain, the great authority upon this important philosophical subject, has given the names of relishes and disgusts. It is here, chiefly, that we taste animal food, fats, butters, oils, and the richer class of vegetables and made dishes. If we like them, we experience a sensation which may be called a relish, and which induces one to keep rolling the morsel farther down the throat, till it passes at last beyond the region of our voluntary control. If we don't like them, we get the sensation which may be called a disgust, and which is very different from the mere unpleasantness of excessively pungent or bitter things. It is far less of an intellectual and far more of a physical and emotional feeling. We say, and say rightly, of such things that we find it hard to swallow them; a something within us (of a very tangible nature) seems to rise up bodily and protest against them. As a very good example of this experience, take one's first attempt to swallow cod-liver oil. Other things may be unpleasant or unpalatable, but things of this class are in the strictest sense nasty and disgusting.

The fact is, the lower part of the tongue is supplied with nerves in close sympathy with the digestion. If the food which has been passed by the two previous examiners is found here to be simple and digestible, it is permitted to go on unchallenged; if it is found to be too rich, too bilious, or too indigestible, a protest is promptly entered against it, and if we are wise we will immediately desist from eating any more of it. It is here that the impartial tribunal of nature

pronounces definitely against roast goose, mince pies, *pâté de foie gras*, sally lunn, muffins and crumpets, and creamy puddings. It is here, too, that the slightest taint in meat, milk, or butter is immediately detected; that rancid pastry from the pastrycook's is ruthlessly exposed, and that the wiles of the fishmonger are set at naught by the judicious palate. It is the special duty, in fact, of this last examiner to discover, not whether food is positively destructive, not whether it is poisonous or deleterious in nature, but merely whether it is then and there digestible or undesirable.

As our state of health varies greatly from time to time, however, so do the warnings of this last sympathetic adviser change and flicker. Sweet things are always sweet, and bitter things always bitter; vinegar is always sour, and ginger always hot in the mouth, too, whatever our state of health or feeling; but our taste for roast loin of mutton, high game, salmon cutlets, and Gorgonzola cheese varies immensely from time to time, with the passing condition of our health and digestion. In illness, and especially in sea-sickness, one gets the taste carried to the extreme: you may eat grapes or suck an orange in the chops of the Channel, but you do not feel warmly attached to the steward who offers you a basin of greasy ox-tail, or consoles you with promises of ham sandwiches in half a minute. Under those too painful conditions it is the very light, fresh, and stimulating things that one can most easily swallow—champagne, soda-water, strawberries, peaches, not lobster salad, sardines on toast, green Chartreuse, or hot brandy-and-water. On the other hand, in robust health, and when hungry with exercise, you can eat fat pork with relish on a Scotch hillside, or dine off fresh salmon three days running without inconvenience. Even a Spanish stew, with plenty of garlic in it, and floating in olive oil, tastes positively delicious after a day's mountaineering in the Pyrenees.

The healthy popular belief, still surviving in spite of cookery, that our likes and dislikes are the best guide to what is good for us, finds its justification in this fact, that whatever is relished will prove on the average wholesome,



and whatever rouses disgust will prove on the whole indigestible. Nothing can be more wrong, for example, than to make children eat fat when they don't want it. A healthy child likes fat, and eats as much of it as he can get. If a child shows signs of disgust at fat, that proves that it is of a bilious temperament, and it ought never to be forced into eating it against its will. Most of us are bilious in after life just because we were compelled to eat rich food in childhood, which we felt instinctively was unsuitable for us. We might still be indulging with impunity in thick turtle, canvas-back ducks, devilled white-bait, meringues, and Nesselrode puddings, if we hadn't been so persistently overdosed in our earlier years with things that we didn't want and knew were indigestible.

Of course, in our existing modern cookery, very few simple and uncompounded tastes are still left to us; everything is so mixed up together that only by an effort of deliberate experiment can one discover what are the special effects of special tastes upon the tongue and palate. Salt is mixed with almost everything we eat—*sal sapit omnia*—and pepper or cayenne is nearly equally common. Butter is put into the peas, which have been previously adulterated by being boiled with mint; and cucumber is unknown except in conjunction with oil and vinegar. This makes it comparatively difficult for us to realise the distinctness of the elements which go to make up most tastes as we actually experience them. Moreover, a great many eatable objects have hardly any taste of their own, properly speaking, but only a feeling of softness or hardness, or glutinousness in the mouth, mainly observed in the act of chewing them. For example, plain boiled rice is almost wholly insipid; but even in its plainest form salt has usually been boiled with it, and in practice we generally eat it with sugar, preserves, curry, or some other strongly flavored condiment. Again, plain boiled tapioca and sago (in water) are as nearly tasteless as anything can be; they merely yield a feeling of gumminess; but milk, in which

they are oftenest cooked, gives them a relish (in the sense here restricted), and sugar, eggs, cinnamon, or nutmeg are usually added by way of flavoring. Even turbot has hardly any taste proper, except in the glutinous skin, which has a faint relish; the epicure values it rather because of its softness, its delicacy, and its light flesh. Gelatine by itself is merely very swallowable, we must mix sugar, wine, lemon-juice, and other flavorings in order to make it into good jelly. Salt, spices, essences, vanilla, vinegar, pickles, capers, ketchups, sauces, chutneys, lime-juice, curry, and all the rest are just our civilised expedients for adding the pleasure of pungency and acidity to naturally insipid foods, by stimulating the nerves of touch in the tongue, just as sugar is our tribute to the pure gustatory sense, and oil, butter, bacon, lard, and the various fats used in frying to the sense of relish which forms the last element in our compound taste. A boiled sole is all very well when one is just convalescent, but in robust health we demand the delights of egg and bread-crumbs, which are, after all only the vehicle for the appetising grease. Plain boiled macaroni may pass muster in the unsophisticated nursery, but in the pampered dining-room it requires the aid of toasted parmesan. Good modern cookery is the practical result of centuries of experience in this direction; the final flower of ages of evolution, devoted to the equalisation of flavors in all human food. Think of the generations of fruitless experiment that must have passed before mankind discovered that mint sauce (itself a cunning compound of vinegar and sugar) ought to be eaten with leg of lamb, that roast goose required a corrective in the shape of apple, and that while a pre-established harmony existed between salmon and lobster, oysters were ordained beforehand by nature as the proper accompaniment of boiled cod. Whenever I reflect upon such things, I become at once a good Positivist, and offer up praise in my own private chapel to the Spirit of Humanity which has slowly perfected these profound rules of good living.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

## BYGONE CELEBRITIES AND LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS.

BY CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.

## III.

NAPOLEON III.—LORD WILLIAM PITT LENNOX.—ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

It was during the unsettled times that preceded the great French Revolution of 1848—I think it was in January of that year—that one of Mr. Rogers's breakfasts was attended by Prince Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, afterwards Napoleon III.; Dr. Whately, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin; Lord William Pitt Lennox, the son of the Duke of Richmond (who distinguished himself at the battle of Waterloo, and died many years afterwards as Governor-General of Canada); and myself. I was previously acquainted with all these gentlemen, and had met the Prince a few days previously at the house of Mr. John MacGregor, formerly Secretary of the Board of Trade, and member of Parliament for Glasgow. The Prince, who was then forty years of age, had long been a resident in London as an exile, spoke English exceedingly well, had thoroughly studied the working of the British constitution, and had learned to respect and apparently to love the English people. He was very taciturn and undemonstrative; his dull grey eyes seemed to have little speculation in them, and to have been given to him, if such an expression may be used, to look inwards upon himself rather than outwards upon the world. They brightened up at rare intervals when anything was said that particularly interested him. On this occasion the talk of the breakfast table turned a good deal upon French politics and the probability, more or less imminent, of a revolutionary outbreak in Paris, consequent upon the unwise opposition of Louis Philippe and his too obsequious minister, M. Guizot, to the question of the extension of the franchise and the reform of the French Parliament. As I had within a fortnight or three weeks returned from Paris, where I had associated with some leading liberal politicians, among others with Béranger the poet and the Abbé de Lamennais, my opinion upon the situation was asked, I think,

by Mr. Rogers, and whether I thought the agitation would subside. "Not," I said, "unless the King yields." "He won't yield, I think," said the Prince; "he does not understand the seriousness of the case." I told the Prince that Béranger, who knew the temper and sympathised with the opinions of the people, had predicted the establishment of a Republic, consequent upon the downfall of the monarchy, within less than a twelvemonth. Lamennais did not give the King so long a lease of power, but foresaw revolution within six months. The Prince remarked that "if there were barricades in the streets of Paris, such as those by which his way to the throne was won in 1830, the King would not give orders to disperse the mob by force of arms." "Why do you think so?" asked Mr. Rogers. "The King is a weak man, a merciful man. He does not like bloodshed. I often think he was a fool not to have had me shot after the affair of Strasburg. Had our cases been reversed I know that I would have had him shot without mercy." I thought little of this remark at the time, but in after years, when the exiled Prince became the powerful emperor, my mind often reverted to this conversation, and I thought that if King Louis Philippe had done what the Prince considered he ought to have done—and as he would have been fully justified by law, civil and military, as well as by state policy, in doing—the whole course of European history would have been changed. Personally, the Prince was highly esteemed by all who knew him. Stern as a politician, and in pursuit of the great object of his ambition, as in the famous *coup d'état* of 1851 by which he raised himself at a bound from the comparatively humble and uncertain chair of a President to the most conspicuous imperial throne in the world—he was, in private life, of a singularly amiable temper. He never forgot in his prosperity the friends or even the acquaintances of his adversity; never ceased to remember any benefit that had been conferred upon him, and not only to be

grateful for it, but to show his gratitude by acts of kindness and generosity, if the kindness or generosity could be of benefit to the fortunes of the persons on whom it was bestowed. When he sought the hand in marriage of a Princess of the House of Austria, and the honor was declined for the occult and unwhispered reason that he was a parvenu and an upstart, and that his throne was at the mercy of a revolution (and what throne is not?), he married for pure love and affection a noble lady of inferior rank, and raised her to a throne which she filled for many years with more grace and splendor than any contemporary sovereign born in the purple of royalty had ever exhibited, Queen Victoria alone excepted.

The Prince thoroughly understood the character of the French people. Napoleon I. had called the English a nation of shopkeepers. Napoleon III. knew that the French were entitled in a far greater degree than the English to that depreciatory epithet. He knew that in their hearts they did not care so much for liberty and fraternity as they did for "equality,"—that what they wanted in the first place was peace, so that trade and industry might have a chance to prosper; and secondly, that France as a nation might be the predominant power in Europe. For the first reason, they required a master who would maintain order; for the second reason, they idolised the name of the first Napoleon. These two things were patent to the mind of Napoleon III., and formed the keystone of his domestic and foreign policy.

When London, about three months after the breakfast at Mr. Rogers', was threatened, on April 10, 1848, by an insurrectionary mob of Chartists, under the guidance of a half-crazy Irishman, named Feargus O'Connor, who afterwards died in a lunatic asylum, the Prince volunteered to act as a special constable, for the preservation of the peace, in common with many thousands of respectable professional men, merchants, and tradesmen. I met him in Trafalgar Square, armed with the truncheon of a policeman. On this occasion, the Duke of Wellington, then commander-in-chief of the British army, had taken the precaution to station the

military in sufficient numbers at all the chief strategical points of the metropolis ready, though concealed from the notice of the multitude, to act on an emergency. Happily their services were not required. The sovereign was popular; the upper and middle classes were unanimous; a large section of the laboring classes had no sympathy with Chartism, and the display of the civic force, with bludgeons and staves only, without firearms of any kind, was quite sufficient to overawe the rioters. I stopped for a minute to exchange greetings with the Prince, and said I did not think from all that I had heard that the Chartists would resort to violence, and that their march through the streets would be orderly. The Prince was of the same opinion, and passed upon his beat among other police special constables in front of the National Gallery.

As Lord William Lennox was of the breakfast party, I took the opportunity to ask him a question with regard to a disputed point. I had lately visited Brussels, the city in which I had passed my school-boy days, and which was consequently endeared to my mind by many youthful associations. The mother of Lord William, the beautiful Duchess of Richmond, had given a great ball on the night preceding the battle of Waterloo, in June, 1815, at which Lord William, then in his sixteenth year, was present. Every lover of poetry will remember the splendid description of this ball and of the subsequent battle which occurs in the third canto of Byron's "Childe Harold." The passage is unsurpassed in any language for the vigor, the picturesqueness, and the magnificence of its thought and diction, and in its relation to one of the most stupendous events in modern history.

There was a sound of revelry by night,  
 And Belgium's capital had gather'd then  
 Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright  
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave  
 men;  
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when  
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
 Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake  
 again,  
 And all went merry as a marriage bell;  
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a  
 rising knell.

It has been generally asserted and believed that the ball was given by the

duchess in the grand hall of the stately Hôtel de Ville in the Grande Place, and when in Brussels I heard the assertion repeated by many people, though denied by others. One old citizen, who remembered the battle well, affirmed it to have been at the Hôtel de Ville, which he saw brilliantly lighted up for the occasion, and passed among the crowd of equipages that filled the Grande Place, when setting down and taking up the ladies who graced the assembly with their presence. Another equally old and trustworthy inhabitant declared that to his personal knowledge the ball was given in the "Palais d'Aes," a large building that adjoins the palace of the King of the Belgians, and is now used as a barrack; while a third affirmed it to have been held in the handsome hotel, adjoining the Chamber of Deputies, which was formerly occupied by Sir Charles Bagot, the British Ambassador to Brussels and the Hague in 1830. Thinking there could be no better authority than one who was present on the occasion, one, moreover, who was so nearly allied to the giver of the entertainment, I asked Lord William to decide the point. He replied at once that all these assertions were unfounded. His father, the Duke, took a large house in a back street, called the "Rue de la Blanchisserie" (street of the laundry), abutting on the boulevard, opposite the present Botanic Garden, and that the ball took place in the not extraordinarily spacious drawing-room of that mansion. He said, moreover, that the lines—

Within the window'd niche of that high hall  
Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain,

conveyed an idea of magnitude which the so-called "high hall" did not in reality possess.

Archbishop Whately here said: "If we may be permitted without breach of good manners to speak of Waterloo in the presence of Prince Napoleon, I may remark that the correction of the very minor error just made by Lord William, though exceedingly interesting is not of great importance. Though contradicted again and again, the report still circulates, and is still believed, that the Duke of Wellington was surprised on the eve of the battle of Waterloo by the rapid march of the emperor, and was thus taken at a disadvantage."

"I never believed the report," said the Prince, "though I have my own views about the battle. I visited Waterloo in the winter of 1832, with what feelings you may imagine."

"The truth as regards the alleged surprise," said the Archbishop, "appears to be, as Lord Byron explained in a note to the passage in 'Childe Harold,' that the Duke had received intelligence of Napoleon's march, and at first had the idea of requesting the Duchess of Richmond to countermand the ball; but, on reflection, considered it desirable that the people of Brussels should be kept in ignorance of the course of events. He, therefore, desired the duchess to let the ball proceed, and gave commands to all the general officers who had been invited to appear at it, each taking care to quit the room at ten o'clock quietly, and without giving any notification, except to each of the under officers, to join their respective divisions *en route*. There is no doubt that many of the subalterns who were not in the secret were surprised at the suddenness of the order."

"I heard, when I visited the field of Waterloo less than a month ago," I said, "that many of the officers joined the march in their dancing shoes, so little time was left for them to obey orders."

"It has been proved to the satisfaction of every real inquirer into the facts," said Mr. Rogers, "that as far as the duke himself and his superior officers were concerned, there was no surprise in the matter. You know the daring young lady, who presumed on her beauty to be forgiven for her impertinence, who asked the Duke point-blank at an evening party whether he had not been surprised at Waterloo. 'Certainly not!' he replied 'but I am now.'"

"A proper rebuke," said Lord William, "I hope the lady felt it."

Byron, in the beautiful stanzas to which allusion has been made, describes the wood of Soignes, erroneously called Soignies, in the environs of Brussels, a portion of the great Forest of Ardennes: And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,

Dewy with Nature's tear-drops as they pass,  
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,  
Over the unreturning brave.

In a note to this passage he speaks of Ardennes as famous in Boiardo's

“Orlando,” as immortal in Shakespeare’s “As You Like It.” Whatever may have been the case with Boiardo, it is all but certain that Shakespeare’s “Arden” was not the Ardennes near Brussels, but the forest of Arden, in Warwickshire, near his native town of Stratford-on-Avon. He frequented this “Arden” in his youth, perhaps in chasing the wild deer of Sir Thomas Lucy, perhaps in love-rambles with Anne Hathaway. Portions of this English forest still remain, containing in a now enclosed park—the property of a private gentleman—some venerable oak trees, one of which as I roughly measured it with my walking-stick is upwards of thirty feet in circumference within a yard of the ground. This tree, with several others still standing, must have been old in the days of Shakespeare; and in the shadow of which he himself may have reclined in the happy days ere he went to London in search of fame and fortune. “Arden,” spelled Ardennes in French, is a purely Celtic word, meaning the high forest, from *Ard*, high, and *Airdean*, heights. The English district is still called “Arden,” and the small town of Henley, within its boundaries, is described as Henley-in-Arden to distinguish it from the many other Henleys that exist in England.

Lord William Lennox married the once celebrated cantatrice, Miss Wood, from whom he was divorced. He was a somewhat voluminous author of third-rate novels, and a frequent contributor to the periodical press. He died in 1880, in his eighty-first year.

Dr. Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, was the author of a very able treatise on Logic and Rhetoric, long the text-book of the schools; and also of a once famous *jeu d’esprit* entitled “Historic Doubts concerning Napoleon Buonaparte,” in which he proved irrefragably by false logic likely to convince idle and unthinking readers, that no such person as Napoleon Buonaparte ever did exist or could have existed. In this clever little work he ridiculed, under the guise of seeming impartiality and critical acumen, the many attempts that had been made, especially by French writers of the school of Voltaire, to prove that Jesus Christ was a purely imaginary

character, as much a myth as the gods of Grecian and Roman mythology. Mr. Greville, in his “Memoirs of the Courts of George III., George IV., and William IV.,” records that he met Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, at a dinner-party, and describes him “as a very ordinary man in appearance and conversation, with something pretentious in his talk, and as telling stories without point.” Nevertheless he admitted him to be “a very able man.” My opinion of the Archbishop was far more favorable. The first thing that struck me with regard to him was the clear precision of his reasoning, as befitted a man who had written with such undoubted authority on Logic and Rhetoric, and the second his rare tolerance for all conscientious differences of opinion on religious matters. Two years previously I had sat next to him on the platform of the inaugural meeting held by the members of The Athenæum at Manchester in support of that institution. Several bishops had been invited, and had signified their intention to be present, but all of them except Dr. Whately had withdrawn as soon as it was publicly announced that Mr. George Dawson, a popular lecturer and Unitarian preacher of advanced opinions, was to address the audience. Mr. Dawson, who was at the time a very young man, spoke with considerable eloquence and power, and impressed the audience favorably, the Archbishop included. “I think,” said Dr. Whately, turning to me at the conclusion of the speech, “that my reverend brethren would have taken no harm from being present to-night, and more than one of them, whom I could name, would be all the better if they could preach with as much power and spirit, as this boy has displayed in his speech.” On another occasion, when I was in Dublin in 1849, I heard that several ultra-orthodox Protestant clergymen in the city had been heard to express regret that Dr. Whately was so lax in his religious belief, and set so bad an example to his clergy. I asked in what manner, and was told in reply that he had publicly spoken of Dr. Daniel Murray, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, then in his 81st year, as “a good man, a very good man,”

adding the hope that he himself should be found worthy to meet Murray in Heaven.

This large-minded prelate died in 1863, in his seventy-seventh year.

#### IV.

THE REV. HENRY HART MILMAN—  
THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE—  
THOMAS MILLER.

It was in the summer of 1844, a few days after the interment in Westminster Abbey of Thomas Campbell, the poet, author of the "Pleasures of Hope" and many other celebrated poems, that I received an invitation to breakfast with Samuel Rogers, to meet the Rev. Dr. Milman, the officiating clergyman on that solemn occasion. There were two other guests besides myself; the Rev. Alexander Dyce, well known as a commentator on Shakespeare, and Mr. Thomas Miller—originally a basket-maker—who had acquired considerable reputation as a poet and novelist and a hard-working man of letters.

Dr. Milman was at the time rector of St. Margaret's—the little church that stands close to Westminster Abbey and interferes greatly with the view of that noble cathedral. He was afterwards Dean of St. Paul's, and was known to fame as the author of the successful tragedy of "Fazio," of many poetical volumes of no great merit, and of a "History of the Jews" and a "History of Christianity," both of which still retain their reputation.

The conversation turned principally on the funeral of the poet, at which both Mr. Dyce and myself had been present. The pall-bearers were among the most distinguished men of the time, for their rank, their talent, and their high literary and political positions. They included Sir Robert Peel, Lord Brougham, Lord Campbell, the Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Strangford, and the Duke of Buccleuch, the last named the generous nobleman—noble in nature as well as in rank—who had offered, when a lad in his teens, to pay the debts of his illustrious namesake, Sir Walter Scott, when the great novelist had fallen upon evil days in the full flush of his fame and popularity. A long procession of authors, sculptors, artists, and other dis-

tinguished men followed the coffin to the grave. Many Polish exiles were conspicuous among them. As Dr. Milman pronounced the affecting words of the burial service, "ashes to ashes, dust to dust," a Polish gentleman made his way through the ranks of mourners, and drawing a handful of earth from a little basket which he carried, exclaimed in a clear voice, "This is Polish earth for the tomb of the friend of Poland," and sprinkled it upon the coffin. This dramatic incident recalled to my mind, as it no doubt did to that of other spectators, Campbell's unwearied exertions in the cause of Poland, and of the indignant lines in the "Pleasures of Hope,"

Hope for a season bade the world farewell,  
And Freedom shriek'd when Kosciusko fell.

Mr. Rogers, reminded, perhaps, of a grievance by the presence at the breakfast table of Dr. Milman, seemed to brood over an injustice that he thought had been done him with reference to the late poet. When Campbell, under the pressure of some pecuniary difficulty, complained of the scanty rewards of literature, and especially of poetry, Mr. Rogers was reported to have recommended him to endeavor to procure employment as a clerk. This was thought to be very unfeeling; but on this occasion Mr. Rogers explained to the whole company that he had been misunderstood, and that he had not meant any unkindness. "I myself," he said, "was a clerk in my early days, and never had to depend upon poetry for my bread; and I only suggested that in Mr. Campbell's 'case,' and in that of every other literary man, it would be much better if the writing of poetry were an amusement only and not a business."

"No doubt," said Mr. Dyce, "but men of genius are not always the masters of their own youth, and cannot invariably choose their careers or make choice of a profession which requires means and time to qualify for it. You, for instance, Mr. Rogers, when a clerk, were clerk to your father, and qualified yourself under his auspices for partnership in, or succession to the management of, his prosperous bank. Mr. Campbell had no such chances."

"It is a large question," said Dr. Milman. "The love of literature in a

man of genius, rich or poor—especially if poor, is an all-absorbing passion; and shapes his life, regret it as we may. Literature has rewards more pleasant than those of money, pleasant though money undoubtedly is. If money were to be the 'be-all' and 'end-all' of life, it would be better to be a rich cheesemonger or butcher than a poor author. But no high-spirited, intelligent, and ambitious youth could be of this opinion and shape his life by it. Sensitive youths drift into poetry, as prosaic and adventurous youths drift into the army or the navy."

"The more's the pity," replied Mr. Rogers, "as by drifting into poetry they too often drift into poverty and misery. I trust, however, you will all understand that the idle and the malevolent gossips did, and do me, gross injustice when they say that I recommended Campbell to accept a clerkship rather than continue to rely upon poetry. I never thought of doing so. I merely expressed a general wish that every man of genius, not born to wealth, should have a profession to rely upon for his daily bread."

"A wish that all men would agree in," said Mr. Dyce, "and that after all had no particular or exclusive reference to Mr. Campbell. He did not find the literature which he adorned utterly unprofitable. He made money by his poetry and by his literary labor generally, besides gaining a pension of three hundred pounds per annum on the Civil List, and the society of all the most eminent men of his time, which he could not have done as a cheesemonger or a butcher, however successful he might have become in these pursuits."

"These are all truisms," said Mr. Rogers, somewhat sharply, as if annoyed. "What I complain of is that the world, the very ill-natured world, should have spread abroad the ridiculous story that I recommended Mr. Campbell, in his declining years, to apply for a clerkship."

"I think no one believes that you did so," said Dr. Milman, "or that you could have done so. Your sympathy with men of letters is well known and has been proved too often, not by mere words only, but by generous deeds, for such a story to obtain credence."

"Falsehoods," replied Mr. Rogers, still with a tone of bitterness, "are not cripples. They run fast, and have more legs than a centipede. I saw it stated in print the other day that I depreciate Shakespeare and think him to have been over-rated. I know of no other foundation for the libel than that I once quoted the opinion expressed of him by Ben Jonson, his dearest friend and greatest admirer. Though Ben Jonson called Shakespeare 'the Swan of Avon,'

Soul of the age,  
The applause, delight, and wonder of the stage,  
and affirmed that :

He was not for an age, but for all Time, he did not hesitate to express the wish, in answer to one who boasted that Shakespeare had never blotted a line, 'would to Heaven he had blotted a thousand.' Ben Jonson saw the spots on the glorious face of the sun of Shakespeare's genius, and was not accused of desecrating his memory because he did so; but because I quoted that very saying and approved of it, I have been accused of an act of treason against the majesty of the great poet. Surely my offence was no greater than that of Ben Jonson! If there were treason in the thought, it was treason that I shared with him who had said he loved Shakespeare with as much love as was possible to feel on this side of idolatry."

"I think," remarked Dr. Milman, "that such apparently malevolent repetitions of a person's remarks are the results of careless ignorance or easy-going stupidity, rather than of positive ill-nature or a wilful perversion of the truth."

"It is very curious," said Mr. Dyce, "how very few people can repeat correctly what they hear, and that nine people out of ten cannot repeat a joke without missing the point or the spirit of it."

"And what a widely prevalent tendency there is to exaggerate, especially in numbers. If some people see a hundred of anything, they commonly represent the hundred as a thousand and the thousand as ten thousand."

"Not alone in numbers," interposed Mr. Rogers, "but in anything. If I quoted Ben Jonson's remark in relation to Shakespeare once only, the rumor spreads that I quoted it frequently; and

so the gossip passes from mouth to mouth with continual accretion. Perhaps I shall go down to posterity as an habitual reviler and depreciator of Shakespeare."

"Perhaps you won't go down to posterity at all," said Mr. Dyce, good-naturedly.

"Perhaps not," replied Mr. Rogers, "but if my name should happen to reach that uncertain destination I trust I may be remembered, as Ben Jonson is, as a true lover of Shakespeare. But great as Shakespeare is, I don't think that our admiration should ever be allowed to degenerate into slavish adoration. We ought neither to make a god of him nor a fetish. And I ask you, Mr. Dyce, as a diligent student of his works and an industrious commentator upon them, whether you do not think that very many passages in them are unworthy of his genius. If Homer nods, why not Shakespeare?"

"I grant all that," replied Mr. Dyce, "nay more! I assert that many of the plays attributed to him were not written by him at all. And more even than that. Several of his plays were published surreptitiously, and without his consent, and never received his final corrections or any revision whatever. The faults and obscurities that are discoverable even in the masterpieces of his genius, were not due to him at all, but to ignorant and piratical booksellers, who gave them to the world without his authority, and traded upon his name. Some also must be attributed to the shorthand writers who took down the dialogue as repeated by the actors on the stage. It is curious to reflect how indifferent Shakespeare was to his dramatic fame. He never seems to have cared for his plays at all, and to have looked at them, to use the slang of the artists of our days, as mere '*pot-boilers*,' compositions that brought him in money, and enabled him to pay his way, but in which he took no personal pride whatever."

"His heart was in his two early poems—'*Venus and Adonis*,' and the '*Rape of Lucrece*,'" said Dr. Milman, "the only compositions, it should be observed, that were ever published by his authority, and to which he appended his name. His sonnets, which

some people admire so much—an admiration in which I do not share—were published surreptitiously, without his consent, and probably more than one-half of them were not written by him. Some of them are undoubtedly by Marlowe, and some by authors of far inferior ability. Shakespeare's name was popular at the time; there was no law of copyright, and booksellers did almost what they pleased with the names and works of celebrated men; and what seems extraordinary in our day, the celebrated men made no complaint—most probably because there was no redress to be obtained for them if they had done so. The real law of copyright only dates from the eighth year of the reign of Queen Anne, 1710, or nearly a century after Shakespeare's death."

"But authors in those early days, even in the absence of a well-defined law of copyright," said Mr. Miller, "received payment for their works; witness the receipt of John Milton for five pounds on account of '*Paradise Lost*'—now in the possession of our host—and which we have all seen."

"But that was long after the death of Shakespeare," said Mr. Dyce, "and it does not appear that Shakespeare ever received a shilling for the copyright of any of his works. Perhaps he received gratuities from the Earls of Southampton and Pembroke, and the other rich young men about town, for whom it is supposed that he wrote many of his sonnets. That he also must have received considerable sums for his representation of his plays at the Globe Theatre is evident from the well-ascertained fact that he retired from theatrical business with a competent fortune and lived the life for some years of a prosperous country gentleman."

As it has been asserted in my presence by an eminent literary man, within a month of the present writing, that Samuel Rogers systematically depreciated Shakespeare, and that he was above all things a cynic, I think it right, in justice to his memory, to repeat the conversation above recorded. Though it took place nearly forty years ago, I wrote down the heads of it in my notebook on the very day when it occurred; and by reperusal of it I have refreshed my memory so as to be certain of its



accuracy. Mr. Rogers doubtless said very pungent and apparently ill-natured things in his time; no professed wit, such as he was, can always, or indeed very often, refrain from shooting a barbed dart either to raise a laugh and to strengthen an argument, or to dispense with one; but there was no malevolence in the heart, though there might appear to be some on the tongue, of Samuel Rogers. To love literature, and to excel in poetical composition, were unailing passports to his regard, his esteem, and if necessary, his purse. One of the guests of the morning on which these conversations took place, and who bore his part in them, was a grateful recipient and witness of his beneficence. Thomas Miller, who began life as a journeyman basket-maker, working for small daily wages in the fens of Lincolnshire, excited the notice of his neighbors by his poetical genius, or it may have been only talent, and by their praises of his compositions, filled his mind with the desire to try his literary fortune in the larger sphere of London. He listened to the promptings of his ambition, came to the metropolis, launched his little skiff on the wide ocean of literary life, and by dint of hard work, indomitable perseverance, unailing hope, and incessant struggles, managed to earn a modest subsistence. He speedily found that poetry failed to put money in his purse, and prudently resorted to prose. When prose in the shape of original work—principally fiction—just enabled him to live from day to day, he took refuge in the daily drudgery of reviewing in the *Literary Gazette*, then edited by Mr. Jerdan, a very bad paymaster. He had not been long in London before he made the acquaintance of Mr. Rogers, and after a period of more or less intimacy, received from that gentleman the good, though old, and as it often happens, the unwelcome advice that he should cease to rely wholly upon literature for his daily bread. As poor Miller could not return to basket-making—except as an employer of other basket-makers, for which he had not sufficient, or indeed any, capital—and as, moreover, he had no love for any pursuits but those of litera-

ture, he resolved, if he could manage it, to establish himself as a bookseller and publisher. Mr. Rogers, to whom he confided his wish, approved of it, and generously aided him to accomplish it, by the advance without security of the money required for the purpose. The basket-maker carried on the business for a few years with but slight success, and once informed me that he had made more money by the sale of note paper, of sealing-wax, of ink, and of red-tape, than he had made by the sale of his own works, or those of anybody else.

Mr. Rogers established another poet in the bookselling and publishing business, but with far greater success than attended his efforts in the case of the basket-maker. Mr. Edward Moxon, a clerk or shopman in the employ of Messrs. Longman, who wrote in his early manhood a little book of sonnets that attracted the notice of Mr. Rogers, to whom they had been sent by the author with a modest letter, became by the pecuniary aid and constant patronage of the "Bard of Memory," one of the most eminent publishers of the time. He was known to fame as "the Poet's publisher," and issued the works not only of Mr. Rogers himself, but of Campbell, Wordsworth, Southey, Savage, Landor, Coleridge, and many other poetical celebrities. He also published the works of Ben Jonson, Marlowe, Beaumont and Fletcher, Peele, and other noted dramatists of the Elizabethan era.

The friendly assistance, delicately and liberally administered in the hour of need, by Samuel Rogers to the illustrious Richard Brinsley Sheridan is fully recorded in the life of the latter by Thomas Moore; that which was administered, though under less pressing circumstances, to Thomas Campbell, has found a sympathetic historian in Dr. William Beattie. Rogers, in spite of the baseless libel concerning Shakespeare, had not a particle of literary envy in his composition. His dislike to Lord Byron was not literary but personal, and is adequately explained—and almost justified—by the gross and unprovoked attacks which Byron directed against him.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

## AN ACTOR IN THE REBELLION OF 1798.

BY LETITIA McCLINTOCK.

IN a tiny hovel on the mountain-side just above the romantic glens of Banagher, in the wildest part of the country Londonderry, lives Paddy O'Heany, aged a hundred and three years. Paddy is an intelligent old man who must have enjoyed his existence thoroughly, and taken a vivid interest in the stirring scenes of his early life. No clod of the valley is he even now, not like many old people who cannot be aroused to any enthusiasm about either past or present events. Being in quest of an actor in the terrible scenes of '98, and having tried several very old people without result, we hoped to find in Paddy a story-teller.

"Paddy," said our friend Mrs. S—, "is the oldest inhabitant in the parish; he was a youth of nineteen at the time of the Rebellion, and can relate graphic tales of adventures in which he took part. One of them, the history of Jack McSparron, will make your blood run cold; but there, I'll say no more; you shall judge for yourself. Paddy was one of the United Irishmen; has been, it is said, a Ribbonman and a Fenian since then, and is now, in all probability, a Land Leaguer. At any rate, his sympathies are with the Land League, so that you must be careful what you say if you want him to talk; but I need not give you any hints, you will know how to draw him out."

Looking down from Paddy's cottage door upon the richly wooded glens of Banagher, the traveller is struck by the extent and beauty of the view. Below lies a ruined church, a little to its right the glens—four dark lines of wood branching off from a common meeting-point, and running up the mountain in different directions, and to the left the quaint country town of Dungiven. Above the town rises the majestic mountain range of Benbraddagh; while yet farther to the left, and like pale, smoke-tinted phantoms, are the hills of Magilligan, and the shadowy coast-line. This was the view we saw from Paddy's low doorway, and with a little reluct-

ance we turned away from contemplating it, to enter the smoky cabin.

Paddy was a fine old man with thick, grizzled hair, a better-formed profile than many of his class, and a hale, hearty voice. He was totally blind, but his keen face was so full of intelligence that it was easy to forget that he could not see. His daughter, herself a very old woman, moved his arm-chair near the door, and we sat beside him facing the scene above described. The turf smoke, of which the kitchen was full, blew past us to find its outlet at the door. A turf stack was built against the end of the dresser just behind Paddy's chair. A calf was walled off by a little rampart of boards from the rest of the room, and the cock and hens had already flown to their roost directly above our heads. The atmosphere and neighborhood might have been objected to by squeamish people, but in the pursuit of knowledge what will not one dare?

The old woman stood behind her father's chair ready to jog his memory, if necessary. A present of tobacco, tea, and sugar touched the patriarch's heart; he was quite willing to take the desired journey into the regions of the past.

"Do I mind the time o' the Uniting? Is that what the lady wants to know? Ay, bravely I mind it. I mind it far better nor things that happened yesterday. I was ane o' the United Men mysel', an' I was sent wi' a big wheen o' the boys to keep the pass on the White Mountain when the army was expected from Derry to destroy us. I had my pike, an' the maist part o' the boys had guns."

"Were you not afraid to meet the soldiers?"

"Feared? Was I feared? Troth an' faix I was, sorely feared; but it wad ha' been as much as your life was worth to let on that you were feared. I mind us leaning against the heather, an' the big rocks an' mountains rising up all roun' us, an' the cold night an' the darkness comin' on, an' feen a word

was spoke amang us, for we be to keep the pass."

"Well?"

"Weel, at long an' at last, Jack McSparron came running back (he was put to watch); 'an', says he, 'the army's comin' now; there's the tramp o' the horses,' says he. Wi' that we to the listening, an' we all heered the tramp o' the cavalry; an' the company o' the United Men just melted away like snow off a ditch. Jack an' one or two others tried to keep us thegether, but it couldna be done; the boys was too feared. I ran wi' the rest, an' I never stopped till I was in my father's house sittin' into the chimney-corner aback o' my mother. After that there was soldiers passing we'er door nearly every day, an' they said they were marching to burn Maghera to the ground."

"Why was Maghera to be burned to the ground?"

"I dinna rightly know, but I think the United Men was strong in it. But counter-orders came that it was na to be destroyed, an' then the army came back to Dungiven."

"Were you acquainted with Jack McSparron?"

"Is it Jack McSparron that was flogged in Dungiven Street? Ay, I mind that weel."

His withered hands clutched the arms of his chair as he bent forward, with his sightless eyes fixed, and the fire of eagerness in his keen face. He was gone upon a journey into the distant past, and a scene of horror passed before his mental vision.

"Those times were worse nor these," he said; "there were murders, too, in parts o' the country, but there was another way o' working then. I told you that the army came over frae England, an' they took up the men that was for the Uniting, an' there was short work wi' them. Ay, ay, I mind the day Jack was flogged in Dungiven Street because he wouldna tell the names o' the men that was banded wi' him. One o' them was a meeting minister, it was said; an' there was farmers an' laboring men, too. For the whole country about Dungiven was strong for the United Irishmen as they called them. I was wi' them mysel', but I was never took."

"There were some Presbyterians among them?"

"Eh?" and his hand went up to his ear.

"The lady's axin' if there wasn't Presbyterians wi' the United Men, father," said his daughter.

"Troth, was there, ma'am! it was allowed that there was ministers an' farmers an' shopkeepers o' them. Jack was a Presbyterian himsel'."

"How was he taken prisoner?"

"I dinna just mind, but I think it was at a meeting they had at a house in Feeny. The alarm was given that the soldiers was coming, and all fled an' got away but Jack. He was a fine boy of nineteen years of age, the support o' his mother. He was stiff in his turn, too, far stiffer nor I could ha' been, for he swore he'd die afore he'd tell upon his comrades. Ay, he was stiffer nor me."

"True for you, father," laughed the old woman, leaning over Paddy's chair; "you'd ha' told sooner nor be scourged."

We recalled Paddy's naïve history of his flight from the pass on the White Mountain and mentally agreed with her. Paddy, however, was an Irishman pure, while Jack McSparron was descended from the Scottish Covenanters, and had inherited from them the fortitude of an Ephraim MacBriar.

"Go on, Paddy; your story is most interesting."

The old man smiled, but he was hardly thinking of his visitors, the picture brought back by memory so engrossed him.

"Jack wouldna gie the names o' his comrades, an' he was sentenced to be flogged till he would tell. I mind Niel Sweeney, that was a comrade boy o' mine, an' me went to Dungiven to see the flogging. We seen Jack in a cart an' his mother wi' him, an' all the way along the road she was laying her commands upon him to die before he'd betray his comrades. The army was marching all round the cart, an' people frae all the farmhouses an' cottierhouses was following. Then we got into Dungiven. I mind the crowds that was looking on, an' me an' Niel among them."

"Jack got so many lashes, an' then

they'd stop an' the officer would ax him if he would tell now, an' the old woman would call out, 'Dinna give in, Jack. Die like a man, my son. Think o' the curses o' the widows an' orphans that wad follow you;' an' the poor boy would make answer, 'Ay, mother, I'll die before I tell.'"

"Dear, dear, but that mother was the hard-hearted woman!" interrupted Paddy's daughter, glancing at her grandson, who happened to pass the door at that moment with a creel of turf on his back.

Paddy did not heed her interruption; he was embarked on the full tide of recollection—the horrible scene lived again before him. "They gave him a great many lashes," he continued; "I dinna mind how many hundred it was, an' each time they stopped he was asked if he would tell, an' his mother still bid him die like a man, an' his answer was still the same. At long an' at last the officer called out 'Stop! would you kill a game bird?' an' he was took down an' put in the guard-room for the night.

"Niel an' me was invited in to tak' a look at him, an' we seen him lying on his face on a table wi' an ointment shirt on that the soldiers had thrown over him. The officers gave orders that the whole country was to see him if they liked. I think they wanted to scare the United Men.

"He was to be took to Limavady the next day for the sentence to be carried out there, so the whole country took a holiday again to see the rear o' the flogging. Jack an' his mother was in the cart, an' the army marchin' wi' them, an' me an' Niel an' a crowd o' neighbors following along the road to Limavady.

"The mother called out to us, 'I'm going wi' his living funeral,' says she; 'but I'll gie him the same advice I did yesterday,' says she.

"When we reached Limavady he was tied up, an' we were watching for the lash to fall, when there was a great shout an' we seen a man galloping up the street as hard as his horse could go, waving something white over his head. It was a pardon come from Dublin for Jack McSparron."

"I am glad the pardon came, for he

was an heroic youth, rebel though he was."

"Ay," cried the old man, "he wouldna' be an informer. There's few o' his sort left in Ireland now, more's the pity—more's the pity!"

The fire in his voice told us plainly where his sympathies really were. Not, certainly, with murdered landlords, bailiffs, or non-land-league farmers!

"Did Jack live to be an old man?"

"Ay, did he. He died it'll be sixteen year past next Candlemas. There's a daughter o' his married on a farmer not very far from this. The McSparrons in this parish is all proud o' being his friends. When ane o' them shows himsel' a gude comrade or neighbor, the people says, 'Ay, he's o' the blood of Jack McSparron.'"

#### TRAGEDIES AT MAGHERA.

MRS. MAJILTON was in a state of much excitement one day in the summer of '98 because parties of soldiers were passing her house one after another. Her house was close to the high-road, half-way between Feeny and Dungleigh, and stood in a comfortable little farmyard. She was a Church Protestant, dreadfully afraid of the rebels, and consequently very glad to see the red-coats in the country. They had been marching past her house all morning, and she had stood at the door with the baby in her arms, wishing them "God speed."

The men had exchanged a cheerful greeting with her now and then, and as they went by she caught some of their conversation; the word Maghera was repeated over and over again. They were marching to Maghera; no time must be lost; they could not delay for refreshment or rest. The day wore on, and a party of stragglers stopped at her door, young lads, mere recruits, who had lagged behind the main body, not being able to endure the hardships of their forced march from Londonderry as well as the older men. Their sergeant, a bronzed veteran, asked the good woman to give them a drink of water, for the love of God.

"I have sworn at the poor fellows till I'm hoarse, ma'am; but they're giving up, and I must let them rest a minute."

Mrs. Majilton ran to lay the baby in

its cradle ; then she opened the barrel, filled a large bowl half full of oatmeal, poured water upon it, and handed it to the men, who sat down in the yard, and passed the bowl from one to another.

"That's both meat and drink," said they, gratefully.

"Our orders are to hurry on to Maghera without stopping, for we've got to burn it to the ground," said the sergeant.

"God bless me, sir, what's occurring at Maghera?"

She knew that Maghera was a country town farther off than Dungiven. Some of her neighbors had been there, but she had never travelled so far herself. The sergeant told her that news had reached Derry that the rebels were in force at Maghera, and were murdering all who refused to join them. There were few newspapers in those days, and no penny post ; rumor spread and perhaps exaggerated the evil tidings. It was said that a young girl combing her hair beside her hearth had been shot dead by a party of men who came to look for her father. They looked in at the window, saw her, and murdered her out of revenge because her father had escaped them. "And now," concluded the sergeant, "our orders are that Maghera is to be destroyed."

Mrs. Majilton, who knew her Bible well, remembered the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah, and of Nineveh—that wicked city ; and she thought the soldiers were the Lord's instruments to execute His judgment upon Maghera.

When the party of recruits got as far as Dungiven they found that counter-orders had come—Maghera was *not* to be burnt after all ; but sufficient troops to quiet the country were to be sent on, while the remainder halted at Dungiven. We shall accompany two of the soldiers who pressed forward. As they neared the town, scenes of desolation met them on every hand—deserted houses, smouldering thatch, burnt stackyards. They were told that the rebels had taken to the mountains when they heard the troops were coming. The men separated ; some explored one road, some another, hoping to inclose the enemy in a net.

As Privates John Buckley and Tom

Green advanced up one of these mountain roads they were appalled by the terrible loneliness of the place. Here a farmhouse stood empty, its door hanging off the hinges ; there were blackened circles where stacks of corn had been ; again they saw a cottage with a smouldering thatch, and no sign of life near, excepting a starved cat that prowled about the door.

The rebels had clearly passed that way ; those were the marks they had left behind them. At length, where the lane seemed about to lose itself in a mountain pass, they came to a cottage whose door stood open. It looked like a comfortable small farmer's homestead : a pretty garden, gay with common flowers, was at one side of the house ; there were laburnums and lilacs just out of blossom ; red and white roses in full blossom ; tall orange lilies with bursting buds ; rows of peas and beans and plots of cabbages. The whole place had a civilized air, and reminded the Englishmen of their own homes. The pretty green railing and rustic gate ; the orderly stackyard and offices, gave an impression of neatness, taste, and comfort unusual in that country.

The men went into the kitchen of the farmhouse. There was no fire upon the hearth. The turf had burnt to ashes under a great black pot of potatoes that hung upon the crook, and two children sat disconsolately leaning against each other beside the cold hearth.

Buckley explored the "room," and Green the loft ; there was no trace of human being to be found ; the children were the only inmates of the place.

The eldest child, a little girl of about four years old, with pretty blue eyes and curly hair, looked up curiously, but did not move. Her tiny brother was too languid to raise his head from her shoulder.

"Are you alone in the house?" asked Green.

Ay," replied the child.

"Where are your father and mother?"

"They are sleeping in the garden ; they ha'been there this good wee while," answered the little one, fixing her serious eyes upon them. "Come, an' I'll show you where they are."

She got up, gave her hand confidently to the man, and led him to the garden,

the other soldier following ; and behind the cabbages they found a man and woman lying in a heap, stiff and cold, having evidently been piked to death.

"Come back to the house, my little dear," cried Green, drawing the poor innocent away from the cruel sight. Her little brother still sat where they had left him, leaning his sick head against the wall. He was very faint and weak.

"Have you nothing to eat?" asked the men.

"My mammy has bread an' butter in the kist, but she has the key in her pocket," replied the little girl. They broke open the chest and found the food ; but they had arrived too late to save the boy : he died in Buckley's arms before they reached Maghera. Green carried the girl and presented her to his company. Each soldier subscribed toward her maintenance, and she grew up among them, the pet and plaything of all. She accompanied the regiment to England at the close of the rebellion, and nothing further was known of her by her old neighbors.

#### MICKY O'DONNELL'S WAKE.

WILDEST of all the wild Donegal coast is the region lying between Fannet Lighthouse and Knockalla Fort. There are impassable bogs and mountain fastnesses which strangers cannot explore, but that are safe resorts for illicit distillers, the blue wreaths of smoke from whose stills may be seen curling against a dark background. In the years '97 and '98 these fastnesses were favorite haunts of the United Irishmen.

Fannet had a particularly bad name in those unsettled times. The Church Protestants were, of course, loyal, but they formed only a handful of the population ; and the Presbyterians were, many of them, banded with the rebels. The Fannet landlords raised a company of yeomen, consisting of the Protestants aforesaid, and placed themselves at their head.

Help was at hand. Lord Cavan was sent over from England in command of soldiers ; Knockalla Fort was garrisoned ; and the yeomanry were called up to receive their arms and ammunition.

"You needna be giving the like of us arms, my lord," said old Anthony Gallagher, "for the Catholics will take them from us."

Lord Cavan was amused at the fellow's outspokenness, and replied that he had come over to make Fannet so quiet that not one of the rebels would venture so much as to speak. The yeomen got their guns and bayonets, and the soldiers were ready to support them. Lord Cavan, a stern and fierce soldier, kept his word ; he quieted Fannet so that the Catholics did not dare to speak. The Protestants had been reduced to an abject state of terror before his arrival by the horrible murder of Dr. Hamilton their rector, a zealous magistrate, who was followed to the house of a neighboring clergyman and shot. He went to spend the night with a brother-rector at some distance from Fannet, and the rectory was surrounded by United Irishmen, who clamored that the Doctor should be given up to them.

"Those are Fannet men ; I know their voices," said he. The door was soon burst open ; the attacking party rushed in, found the family in the garrets, and dragged their captive downstairs. He clung with both hands to the banisters, and one of the women servants took a candle and held the flame to his fingers till he was forced to let go his hold. He was taken to the lawn and his brains were blown out.

This atrocity had determined the Government to send troops to Fannet.

It was soon after this that Anthony Gallagher and the troop he served in were at Kerrykeel fair and were attacked by a party of the rebels. The yeomen were commanded to draw their bayonets and beat them off, and all the United Men retreated and got away except a man called Micky O'Donnell from Ballywhoriskey, at the Bottom of Fannet. He was found dead on the street, pierced through the heart. Lord Cavan rode up at that moment, followed by men from the Fort. "Take that corpse with you, boys," said he, "an' hang it in chains from the walls of Knockalla Fort. It will be a warning to the rest of the villains." Anthony and two soldiers were left in charge of the corpse, but the villagers assembling in force, there

was a rescue, and Micky O'Donnel was carried off before the yeomen got back, attracted by the noise of shouting, to protect their comrades. Lord Cavan was in a rage when he heard what had happened, and swore a round oath that that corpse should yet hang in chains from Knockalla Fort as a warning to the rest of Fannet; and he despatched a party to recover it.

It was known that Micky O'Donnel belonged to the Bottom of Fannet, so the party set out along the banks of Mulroy, where they fell in with the yeomen, and all went on together. But every house along the road was empty, and there were no men at work in the fields; it was like a country of the dead.

Along the wild Atlantic shore; among the bent-covered sand hills; up to the miserable row of hovels called the town of Shanna, went the soldiers; but still not a human being was to be seen. The whole population had taken to the mountains.

At length they reached the last cabin in the village of Ballywhoriskey, and there they discovered the dead man laid

out on the wretched bed, with two tall candles burning at his head.

"Feen a crathur" (we quote the words of Anton Gallagher, our informant, son of the Anthony who was present at the scene)—"feen a crathur was in the house but the corpse on the bed an' two ould women waking it. The women cried an' lamented, an' went on their knees to the officer to lave the poor corpse where it was to get Christian burial; an' the gentleman thought it a pity o' them, an' left the wake wantin' Micky after all. "It was my father tould me the story."

"Have you got your father's gun and bayonet?"

"Ay, ma'am, in troth I have! If you ladyship honors me wi' a visit you'll see them hanging up over the chimney. I wouldna part wi' them for goold. There's many a winter's night the Catholics coming home frae the market will stop at we'er door an' cry, "King William's men, come out!" an' then it's all the mother an' me can do to keep the boys from taking down their grandfather's gun, an' going out to meet them."—*Belgravia*.

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## SAMUEL JOHNSON

BY EDMUND GOSSE.

IT is exactly one hundred years ago since Dr. Johnson wrote his last letter to Lucy Porter, in which he announced to her that he was very ill, and that he desired her prayers. Less than a fortnight later, on the 13th of December, 1784, he was dead. All through the year his condition had given his friends more than anxiety. The winter of 1783 had been marked by collapse of the constitution; to the ceaseless misery of his skin was now added an asthma that would not suffer him to recline in bed, a dropsy that made his legs and feet useless through half of the weary day. It is somewhat marvellous that he got through this terrible winter, the sufferings of which are painfully recorded in his sad correspondence. It is difficult to understand why, just when he wanted companionship most, his friends seem all to have happened to desert him. Of

the quaint group of invalids in mind and body to whom his house had been a hospital, all were gone except Mrs. Desmoulins, who was bedridden; and we may believe that their wrangling company had never been so distasteful to himself as to his friends. Boswell and Mrs. Thrale, as we know, had more or less valid reasons for absence, and Boswell, at least, was solicitous in inquiry. We must, however, from whatever cause, think of Johnson, who dreaded solitude, as now almost always alone, mortified by spiritual pains no less acute than his physical ones, torturing his wretched nights with Baxter's *Call to the Unconverted*, and with laborious and repeated diagnosis of his own bodily symptoms. It is strange to think that, although he was the leading man of letters in England, and the centre of a whole society, his absence from the

meetings of his associates seems scarcely to have been noticed. It was not until in February he was relieved that he allowed himself to speak of the danger he had passed through. Then he confessed his terror to Lucy Porter, in the famous words, "Pray for me; death, my dear, is very dreadful; let us think nothing worth our care but how to prepare for it;" and asked Boswell to consult the venerable physician, Sir Alexander Dick, as to the best way of avoiding a relapse.

Boswell felt it a duty to apply not to Dick only, but to various leading doctors. In doing so he reminded them, with his extraordinary foppishness, of "the elegant compliment" which Johnson had paid to their profession in his *Life of Garth*, the poet-physician. The doctors, with one accord, and thinking without doubt far more of Johnson himself than of Garth, clustered around him with their advice and their prescriptions, and the great man certainly received for the brief remainder of his days such alleviation as syrup of poppies and vinegar of squills could give him. Mrs. Boswell, encouraged by a more favorable account of his health, invited him down to Auchinlech in March. He could not venture to accept, but he was pleased to be asked, and recovered so much of his wonted fire as to fancy, in a freak of strange inconsistency, that he would amuse himself by decorating his London study with the heads of "the fathers of *Scottish literature*." To Langton, who—as Johnson justly thought, with unaccountable "circumduction"—had made inquiries about his old friend through Lord Portmore, he expressed a hope of panting on to ninety, and said that "God, who has so wonderfully restored me, can preserve me in all seasons." It is very pathetic to follow the old man through the desolate and wearisome months; nor can we easily understand, from any of the records we possess, why he was allowed to be so much alone. On Easter Monday, after recording without petulance that his great hope of being able to go out on the preceding day had been doomed to disappointment, he goes on to say, "I want every comfort. My life is very solitary and very cheerless. . . . I am very weak, and have not passed the door since the 13th of December."

Bright weather came in May, and Johnson went to Islington for a change of air. Boswell came back to town, and the sage was able to go to dinner-parties day after day, without at first exasperating his symptoms. In June he went to Oxford, on the famous occasion when he told the people in the coach that "Demptster's sister had endeavored to teach him knotting, but that he had made no progress;" and at Oxford, as we know, he talked copiously, and with all his old vivacity. No doubt, though Boswell does not like to confess it, the constant dissipation, intellectual and mildly social, of those two summer months was mischievous to the frail revival of his health. At the dinner of the Literary Club, June 22, every one noticed how ill he looked. Perhaps the true cause of this was a secret chagrin which we can now appreciate, the final apostasy of Mrs. Thrale from his friendship. At all events, Reynolds and Boswell were sufficiently frightened to set their heads together for the purpose of getting their old friend off to Italy. We are divided between satisfaction that the inevitable end did not reach the old man sociable in the midst of strange faces and foreign voices, and bewildered indignation at the still mysterious cabal which wrecked so amiable an enterprise. If Lord Thurlow was shifty, however, other friends were generous. Dr. Brocklesbury, the physician, pressed Johnson to become his guest that he might the more carefully attend upon him. From Ashbourne, whither he had been prevailed upon to go, he kept this last-mentioned friend well posted in the sad fluctuations of his health, and we see him gradually settling down again into wretchedness. His mind recurred constantly to the approaching terror. To Dr. Burney he writes in August, "I struggle hard for life. I take physic and take air; my friend's chariot is always ready. We have run this morning twenty-four miles, and could run forty-eight more. *But who can run the race with death?*" Reflections of this class fill all his letters of that autumn; and in October he sums up his condition in saying to Heberden that "the summer has passed without giving him any strength." It is strange that still no one seemed to notice what is plain to us



in every line of his correspondence, that Johnson was dying. With himself, however, the thought of death was always present; and even in discussing with Miss Seward so frivolous a theme as the antics of a learned pig, Johnson was suddenly solemnized by recollecting that the pig had owed its life to its education. One hardly knows whether to smile or to sigh at the quaint and suggestive peroration: "The pig, then, has no cause to complain; protracted existence is a good recompense for very considerable degrees of torture." To protract existence was now all Johnson's thought, and he set his powerful will to aid him in the struggle. His only hopes were those which his strength of will supplied him with. "I will be conquered," he said, "I will not capitulate."

It was not till he reached London in November that he consented to capitulate. The terror of death was now upon him, indeed. "Love me as well as you can," he wrote to Boswell; "teach the young ones to love me." On the 8th of November he closed the diary of his symptoms—his *ægri ephemeris*—now become worse than useless. His suffering, dejection, and restless weakness left his brain, however, unclouded, and less than a week before the end he corrected an error in a line from Juvenal which Dr. Brocklesbury had carelessly recited. The chronicle of the rapid final decline is given with great simplicity and force by Hoole in that narrative of the last three weeks of the life of Dr. Johnson which he contributed to the *European Magazine* in 1799, and which Mr. Napier has reprinted in one of the many appendices to his invaluable edition. At last, exactly a year after his original attack of asthma, the end came at seven o'clock in the evening of Monday, the 13th of December.

Devoid, as it is, of all the elements of external romance, there is perhaps no record of the extinction of genius which attracts more universal interest than this death of Samuel Johnson. So much of frivolity or so much of cant attends most of us even to the tomb, that the frank terror, expressed through a long life by this otherwise most manly and courageous person, has possessed a great fascination for posterity. The haunting

insincerity of verse, particularly of eighteenth-century verse, had extracted even from Johnson, in the pages of *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, the usual rose-colored commonplace about death being "Kind Nature's signal for retreat;" but he completely cleared his own mind of cant, even though a little clung about his singing robes. Boswell has given us an extraordinary instance of his habitual and dismal apprehensions in the celebrated conversation in 1769, which started with a discussion of David Hume's supposed indifference to the idea of death. Not less familiar are the passionate asseverations with which Johnson startled Mrs. Knowles and Miss Seward in 1778 by repeating again and again that to exist in pain is better, far better, than to cease to exist altogether. These and other revelations of Johnson's conversation have perhaps led us to exaggerate his habitual terror. There are, at least, instances to be drawn from less hackneyed sources which display his attitude towards eternity less painfully. Of these perhaps the most remarkable is that recorded in the *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*, when, on a calm Sunday afternoon, sailing from Ramsay to Skye, Johnson delivered himself of a little homily. The text was a passage from *The Cypress Grove* of Drummond of Hawthornden, which Boswell had happened to quote. Drummond had said that a man should leave life as cheerfully as a visitor who has examined an antiquary's cabinet sees the curtain drawn again, and makes way to admit fresh pilgrims to the show. Johnson stripped the conceit to the skin, as he was in the habit of doing:—

"Yes, sir, if he is sure he is to be well after he goes out of it. But if he is to grow blind after he goes out of the show-room, and never to see anything again, or if he does not know whither he is to go next, a man will not go cheerfully out of a show-room. No wise man will be contented to die if he thinks he is to go into a state of punishment. Nay, no wise man will be contented to die, if he thinks he is to fall into annihilation, for however unhappy any man's existence may be, he would rather have it than not exist at all. No; there is no rational principle by which a man can die contented, but a trust in the mercy of God, through the merits of Jesus Christ."

The baldness of this statement, the resolute contempt of the author of it for the mere dress and ornament of lan-

guage, throw not a little light upon the reason why, after the lapse of a hundred years, we still listen with so quick an interest and so personal an affection to all that is recorded of Johnson's speech. The age in which we live cannot be entirely given up to priggishness and the dry rot of sentiment, so long as any considerable company in it are wont to hang upon Johnson's lips, without being offended by his jocular brutality, his strenuous piety, or his unflinching enmity to affectation. Of course a class still exists, perhaps it never was more numerous than it now is, whose nerves and lungs can endure the strong light and tonic air of Johnson's vigorous genius, and who rejoice to think that no one ever tamed their tiger-cat. To these such an anniversary as the present, not needed to remind them of one who is almost as real to them as any of their own relations, is yet valuable as giving them a landmark from which they may look back and judge the effect that distance has upon the apparent and relative size of such a figure. This can be the only excuse, in a brief note such as this must be, for dealing with facts and personages which are the absolute commonplaces of literary history. We may know our Boswell by heart, and be prepared to pass a searching examination in *Rasselas* and in the *Rambler*, and yet be ready to listen for a moment with surprise to the voice which reminds us that a century has passed away since the great pontiff of literature died.

How then does the noble and familiar figure strike us in looking backward from the year 1884? In "constant repercussion from one coxcomb to another," have the sounds which he continued to make through a career of stormy talk ceased to preserve all their value and importance for us? How does he affect our critical vision now that we observe in relief against him such later talkers as Coleridge, De Quincey, and Carlyle? To these questions it is temperament more than literary acumen which will suggest the replies; and the present writer has no intention at this particular moment of attempting to forestall the general opinion of the age. His only object in putting forth this brief note is to lay stress on the curious importance of temperament in dealing with

what seems like a purely literary difficulty. The personality of all other English writers, in prose and verse, even of Pope, even of De Quincey, must eventually yield in interest to the qualities of their writing. In Dr. Johnson alone the writings yield to the personality, and in spite of the wonder of foreign critics such as M. Taine, he remains, and will remain, although practically unread, one of the most potent of English men of letters.

Must we not admit now, at the close of a century, that it is practically impossible to read him? Among the lesser men that surrounded him, there are many who have outstripped him in literary vitality. In verse he lags far behind Gray and Collins, Churchill and Chatterton; nay, if the *Wanderer* were by Johnson and *London* by Savage, the former would possess more readers than the latter now attracts. In prose, who shall venture to say that Johnson is the equal of Fielding, Smollett, Hume, Goldsmith, Gibbon, or Burke? We know that he is far less entertaining, far less versatile and brilliant, than any one of these. The *Discourses* of his direct disciple Reynolds are more often read, and with more pleasure, than those essays of *The Rambler* from which their style was taken. As a dramatist, as a novelist, Johnson ranks below Douglas Home, below the inventor of *Peter Wilkins*. For years he labored upon what was not literature at all, for other years on literature which the world has been obliged, against its will, to allow to disappear. When all is winnowed away which has become, in itself, interesting only to scholars, there remains *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, a gnomic poem of tedious morality, singularly feeble in the second joint of almost every recurring distich; *Rasselas*, a *conte* in the French taste, insufferable in its lumbering machinery and pedantic ethics; the *Lives of the Poets*, in which prejudice, ignorance, and taste combine to irritate the connoisseur and bewilder the student. Such, with obvious exaggeration, and with wilful suppression of exceptional facts, the surviving literary labors of Johnson may be broadly described to be. The paradox is that a Johnsonian may admit all that, and yet hold to it that his hero is the principal Englishman

of letters throughout the rich second half of the eighteenth century. In this Johnson is unique. Coleridge, for instance, was much more than a writer of readable works in prose and verse; but let an age arrive in which the *Ancient Mariner*, *Christabel*, and the *Biographia Literaria* are no longer read or admired, and Coleridge will scarcely be able, on the score of his personality alone, to retain his lofty position among men of letters. Yet this is what Johnson promises to succeed in continuing to do. No one will ever say again, with Byron, that the *Lives of the Poets* is "the finest critical work extant," but that does not make Johnson ever so little a less commanding figure to us than he was to Byron.

Let us consider for one moment the case of the unfortunate tragedy of *Irene*. There are very few of us who are capable of placing our hands upon our bosoms in the open sight of heaven and swearing that we have ever read it quite through. The *Mourning Bride* still counts its admirers, and even *Cato*, but not *Irene*. Who among the staunchest and strongest Johnsonians can tell what hero it was that confessed, and upon what occasion, "I thought (forgive me, fair!) the noblest aim, The strongest effort of a female soul

Was but to choose the graces of the day,"

without peeping furtively at the text? Nevertheless *Irene* lives and always will live in the memory of men. But while other dramas exist on the strength of their dramatic qualities, this of Johnson's lives on the personal qualities of the author himself. It is not the blank, blank verse, nor the heroine's reflections regarding the mind of the Divine Being, nor the thrilling Turkish fable, nor the snip-snap dialogue about prodigies between Leontius and Demetrius, that preserves the memory of this tragedy. It is the anecdote of how Walmsley asked, melted by the sorrows of *Irene*, "How can you possibly contrive to plunge her into deeper calamity?" and how Johnson answered, with a reference to his friend's office, "Sir, I can put her into the spiritual court!" It is the eagerness which George III. expressed to possess the original MS. of the play. It is the monstrous folly which made Cave suppose that the Royal Society would be a likely body to purchase the copyright of it. It is the screams of the audience

at Drury Lane when they saw Mrs. Pritchard with the bowstring round her neck. It is the garb in which Johnson insisted on dressing to look on at the performance, in a scarlet waistcoat, and with a gold-laced hat on his head. It is the tragedian's unparalleled frankness about the white silk stockings. These are the things which we recall when *Irene* is mentioned, and if the play had been performed in dumb show, if it had been a ballet, an opera, or a farce, its place in literary history would be just where it is, no higher and no lower. Such is the curious fate which attends all Johnson's works, the most interesting of them is not so interesting as the stories which cluster around its authorship.

This personal interest which we all feel in the sayings and doings of Johnson is founded so firmly on his broad humanity that we need not have the slightest fear of its cessation or diminution. The habits of thought and expression which were in vogue in the eighteenth century may repeat themselves, as some of us expect, in the twentieth, or our children may become more captious, more violent, more ungraceful in their tastes than we are ourselves. The close of the preface to the *Dictionary* may cease to seem pathetic, or may win more tributes of tears than ever. The reputation of Johnson does not stand or fall by the appetite of modern readers for the *Life of Savage* or even for the *Letter to Lord Chesterfield*. It depends on the impossibility of human beings ever ceasing to watch with curiosity "the very pulse of the machine" when it is displayed as Johnson displayed it through the fortunate indiscretions of his friends, and when it is on the whole so manly, wholesome, brave, honest, and tender as it was in his. There will always be readers and admirers of what Johnson wrote. Let us welcome them; but let us not imagine that Johnson, as a great figure in letters, depends upon their suffrages. The mighty Samuel Johnson, the anniversary of whose death both hemispheres of the English-speaking race will solemnise on the 13th of this month, is not the author of this or that laborious contribution to prose or verse, but the convulsive invalid who "seesawed" over the Grotius, the courageous old Londoner who trusted his

bones among the stormy Hebrides, the autocrat of the Literary Club, the lover of all the company of blue-stockings, the unequalled talker, the sweet and formidable friend, the truculent boon-companion, the child-like Christian, who, for all his ghostly terrors, contrived at last "to die contented, trusting in the mercy of God, through the merits of Jesus Christ."

If the completed century finds us with any change at all of our feelings regarding him, it is surely merely this, that the passage of time is steadily making his faults seem more superficial and accidental, and his merits more striking, more essential, more pathetic and pleasing.—*Fortnightly Review*.

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## THE DEMOCRATIC VICTORY IN AMERICA.

BY WILLIAM HENRY HURLBURT.

THE United States being, and having been from the outset of their history, a Democratic Republic, it may well puzzle a European reader to understand why American "Republicans" should bewail a "Democratic" triumph, or American "Democrats" exult in the overthrow of a "Republican" party.

Yet it may not be impertinent to suggest that in no country are the names of political parties or factions commonly selected by a committee of philologists with an eye to making the national politics intelligible. What notions of English history are conveyed by the mere names of "Whig" and "Tory" or even of "Liberal" and "Conservative" to a person unfamiliar with the political history of England? What light is thrown on the history of Byzantium by talking of the "Blues" and the "Greens," or on the history of Florence by casual references to the "Bianchi" and the "Neri"?

When one asks for the origin of such names, history is apt to give him no better answer than that of the small African child who was invited by a sympathetic lady to explain how she came to have six toes on one of her feet—"they grew so!"

This is so emphatically true of American political parties that my readers must pardon me if I take them back to the "beginnings of things" for an accurate perspective of the recent Presidential election in the United States, and of its significance.

The existing Constitution of the American Union was adopted in 1789 by the citizens of thirteen new-born Republics who had grown up to manhood

in the then anomalous condition of subjects of the British Crown enjoying all the privileges and immunities of local self-government in thirteen distinct and independent colonies which differed among themselves in origin, in social traditions and habits, and in religion, almost as widely as Wales differs from Ireland, or Ireland from Scotland. These colonies had co-operated from time to time with the mother country for the common defence against a common enemy, colonial France. And they had been united under a temporary political bond in the great revolutionary war of 1776, by a common spirit of resistance to that Parliamentary despotism, tempered by corruption, which after the English Revolution of 1688 and the establishment of the House of Hanover assumed to itself the place originally held by the British Crown in the allegiance of these stalwart "Home-Rulers" beyond the Atlantic.

At the peace of Versailles in 1783 Great Britain found herself compelled to recognize the independence of all and of each of these colonies, which thenceforth took their places in the family of nations as separate and sovereign states. They were recognized in this capacity not in block, but severally and individually, each by its own territorial designation; and from the moment of such recognition each of them felt that it was absolutely free, and "of right ought to be free," saving so far as it had bound itself to the then existing confederacy of 1778, to adopt any form of government which might suit the humor of its citizens, and to form any alliances advantageous to its own interests. The States

were, indeed, at that moment bound together for certain specified purposes by a federal compact formed during the war in 1778; but this compact sate so lightly upon them that it was not only impossible to compel the several States into an exact fulfilment of confederate obligations, but very difficult even to induce them to get themselves properly represented under it for legislative and executive purposes at the then federal capital of Annapolis in Maryland. A striking illustration of this is given in a private letter, now in my possession, written by Thomas Jefferson of Virginia, the author of the Declaration of Independence of 1776, and eventually the founder of that great Democratic party under the Union of 1789, which now once more, after a quarter of a century of extra constitutional experiments in government, has been commissioned by the voters of the United States, in the election to the Presidency of Governor Cleveland of New York, to restore in all its parts, and re-establish on its original and enduring foundations, the sway of the Federal Constitution of 1789. Writing from Annapolis to a friend in Virginia in regard to the negotiations at Paris which had secured the recognition of American Independence, Mr. Jefferson, in December 1783, complains bitterly of the indifference of the States to this momentous event. Under the ninth article of the then existing confederate compact of 1778, the assent of nine States represented in the Congress at Annapolis assembled was necessary to the ratification of any treaty with a foreign power. The time fixed for the ratification by Congress of the Treaty of Versailles was rapidly running out at the date of the letter to which I refer, and the Congress had been long in session. "We had yesterday, for the first time, seven States," exclaims Mr. Jefferson; and he goes on to express his concern lest the necessary quorum of nine States should not be assembled before the expiration of the term fixed for ratification in the treaty by which, after seven years of an exhausting war, their independence was to be established!

I dwell on this point in order to emphasise the truth, vital to any intelligent appreciation of the great change now impending in the administration of pub-

lic affairs in the United States, that the commonwealths by which the American Union was established were, from the first, in the opinion of their inhabitants, sufficient each unto itself; and this because each of these commonwealths was indeed a well-organised body politic, the members of which had long managed their domestic affairs under one or another form of chartered authority, after their own fashion; and, for the protection within their own borders of life and of property, had adjusted to their several situations and necessities the maxims and principles of English liberty defined and guarded by law. These States were the creators, not the creatures of that "more perfect Union" which (the Confederacy of 1778 failing) was finally formed by them after all its features had been discussed, debated, and redebated, not only in a Convention of the States assembled for that purpose in 1787, but in the several States subsequently, with a fulness, vigor of thought, and intelligence which, in the opinion of others than my own countrymen, make the volumes of Elliott's *Debates on the Constitution* the most valuable treasury of constitutional politics in existence.

The framers of the American Constitution of 1789 were no rude uneducated settlers, summoned from the axe and the plough to improvise an orderly government. The traditions of the older States went back to the struggle between the prerogative and the taxpayers of England under the Stuart kings. Virginia, the "Old Dominion" of Elizabeth and the Restoration, with her Established Church, her College of William and Mary, and her legends of the Cavaliers, was in no hurry to believe that her consequence could be much enhanced by any merger of her sovereignty in that of a federal union with Charles the Second's Crown colony of Rhode Island, and with the gallant little community which keeps green on the banks of the Delaware the memory of the self-sacrificing and heroic Thomas West. The colonial story of the great central State of New York had made its sturdy people familiar with those ideas of federated liberty on which the fabric of Netherlandish independence had been founded. The curious in such matters have found an indication of the extent to which the

spirit of the Netherlands influenced the framers of the new American republic in the fact that when the style and title to be taken by the American President were under consideration, Washington inclined to the notion that the Chief Magistrate should be addressed and known as "His High Mightiness."

Nor were the citizens of the youngest of the colonies disposed to put the control of their persons and their purses unreservedly into the hands of any imperial central authority.

After the Constitution of 1789 (to take the date from the day, April 30, 1789, on which Washington was inaugurated at New York as the first President of the United States) had been definitely adopted by eleven States, the two States of North Carolina and Rhode Island still withholding their ratification of the instrument, remained as foreign powers outside of the Union, the former until the 21st of November 1789, and the latter until the 29th of May 1790.

A notable date this last!

Never was a great compact more opportunely framed and ratified!

Almost upon the morrow of these final adhesions to the "more perfect Union," the storm of the French Revolution broke upon the world, bringing with it great international convulsions which affected every nerve and fibre of the social, political, and industrial life of America, and tested to the utmost every seam and joint in the fabric of the new American Republic. The excesses of Jacobinism in France strengthened the doubts and fears of many excellent persons in America who had small faith in the capacity of the people for self-government on a grand scale, and who accepted the Constitution of 1789 not as a final and trustworthy frame of polity, but because, while they thought it, to use the language of one of the ablest of their number, "frail and worthless in itself," they hoped to see it lead up to the eventual establishment of some such "splendid central government" as in our own times Mr. Seward, the true founder of the "Republican" party which has just been defeated in the United States, used to dream of and did his best to build up.

The influence of these doubts and fears upon the politics of the new

American Republic was fortunately met and countered by the genius and the faith of a group of great American statesmen, the friends and associates of Thomas Jefferson; and the fundamental divergence between the controlling ideas of the two great parties which now occupy the field of American politics goes back to this closing decade of the eighteenth century. When the existing Constitution was first submitted by the Convention of 1787 to the people and to the States, those who, with Alexander Hamilton of New York, and James Madison of Virginia, advocated its adoption were called "Federalists," and those who, with Samuel Adams of Massachusetts, and Patrick Henry of Virginia, opposed it as threatening the rights and sovereignty of the States, were called Anti-Federalists. After its adoption the latter party took the name of "Strict Constructionists," their object being to bind down the administration of the new system to the closest and most rigid interpretation of the powers conferred by the States upon the Federal Government; while their opponents were styled "Broad Constructionists." Both parties happily had such confidence in the patriotism and wisdom of Washington that he came into power as first President by a unanimous vote, and selected his first cabinet from the leaders of both the great parties which had contended over the adoption and the construction of the new Constitution. At the first session of the first Congress, in 1789, ten amendments to the Constitution were adopted, embodying a Bill of Rights to secure the liberties of the citizens of the several States, and explicitly reserving to the several States "respectively," or to the people, "all the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution nor prohibited by it to the States." These amendments Thomas Jefferson counselled the friends of Home Rule and State Rights to accept as an adequate guarantee of both. His wise advice was taken, and the great political party which was formed under the Constitution took, at his suggestion, the name of the "Republican Party." The name was appropriate enough to that party which held each State of the new Union to be indeed an independent "Republic," and

regarded the "Federal" Government as the agent and protector of the "Republican" independence of each State.

It gathered to itself a kind of passion, too, in the popular heart from the then very general conviction that the leaders, at least, of the "Federalist" party secretly desired to see these "Republicans" disappear into some form of centralised monarchy.

As the French Revolution grew more portentous and interesting, and its agents busied themselves with efforts to draw America into the European contest as an ally, or rather as a dependency, of Republican France, the political antagonism of the "Federalists" and the "Republicans" grew dangerously high and hot. Men wore French or English Cockades in the streets of New York and Philadelphia. A distinguished public man of Massachusetts once told me that his earliest recollection of any political event took him back to a day on which a friend of his father, who was a leading Federalist of Massachusetts, met him in the streets coming home from school, and, giving him a bright Spanish dollar, said, "Now, Jack, run as fast as you can to your father's court, and tell him from me that Robert Spear's head has been cut off, and he must give you just such another dollar!" News came at long intervals then from Europe to America, and the tidings of the fall of Robespierre had that morning reached Boston.

Under the stress of these emotions the "Republicans" took to denouncing the "Federalists" as "Monocrats" and "Anglomen," and the "Federalists" retorted by reviling their opponents as "Jacobins" and "Democrats."

The "Federalist" party held its own during the two Presidencies of Washington, and elected John Adams to succeed the "Father of his country" in 1796. Under the Presidency of Mr. Adams the "Federalists" lost their heads, and the "Republicans" in the year 1800 took possession of power under the first Presidency of Thomas Jefferson. They had for some time been known commonly as "Democratic Republicans," and in the ninth Congress which met under the second Presidency of Jefferson in 1805 they boldly took the name of "Democrats," in the spirit of good

Bishop Willegis, who put the wagoner's wheel into his coat-of-arms, and like the "Gueux," the "Huguenots," and the "Roundheads," extracting "glory out of bitterness."

From that time to this the "Democratic" party has continued to be what Jefferson made it, the party of "Home Rule" as opposed to centralisation, and of a strict construction of the organic law by which the provisions and the limitations of Federal power are sanctioned and defined, as against that plausible paternalism under cover of which, in the language of a great living leader of the Democratic party, Senator Bayard of Delaware, "the general government assumes guardianship and protection over the business of the private citizen, and functions of control over matters of domestic and local interest."

If I have enabled my readers to estimate aright the vital importance attached by the people of the several States in the formation of the Constitution to the recognition of the rights and the reserved sovereignty of the States, they will not be surprised to learn that when Thomas Jefferson established the Democratic party upon this recognition as its fundamental principle he secured for the Democratic party such a profound and permanent hold upon the confidence and the affections of the American people as can never be shaken while the Union remains what it was meant to be. For forty years after his first Presidency, no combinations succeeded in wresting from the Democrats the control of the executive authority. The only apparent exception to this statement confirms it. In the Presidential election of 1824, the electoral ticket of General Jackson, the leading Democratic candidate, received a considerable majority of the votes of the people; but as there were four candidates in the field, and General Jackson did not secure a majority of the votes of all the electoral colleges, the choice of a President went, under the Constitution, into the lower House of Congress, in which the members vote for a President not individually as representing the people, but by delegations as representing the sovereign States. John Quincy Adams secured a majority of the delegations;

but such was the popular indignation that in the next House of Representatives President Adams found himself confronted by an overwhelming opposition; and at the end of his term of office General Jackson was made President by a majority of more than two to one against him. Jackson was twice elected, and transmitted his power to his Secretary of State, Martin Van Buren of New York, in the election of 1836. Between the years 1840 and 1860 the predominance of the Democratic party was but twice disturbed. In 1840 the Democratic President Van Buren, being a candidate for re-election, was defeated after a very severe struggle by General Harrison, the candidate of a conglomerate party which, for lack of a better, had taken the name of the "Whig" party, and which represented in a general way the Anti-Democratic classes of the country, and more particularly the banking interests and the Protectionists, of whom more hereafter. The real and brilliant leader of this party, Henry Clay of Kentucky, had been deprived of the presidential nomination through the machinations of a nominating device unknown to the Constitution, called a "Presidential Convention;" and though the Whig candidate secured a great majority in the electoral colleges, thanks to the skill with which his managers played upon the financial distress of the country caused by a great business panic in 1837, yet when he unexpectedly died at the end of a single short month after his inauguration, the Vice-President elected with him and who succeeded him, Mr. Tyler of Virginia, originally a Democrat, was found to be opposed to the rechartering of a United States Bank; and a bill passed by both Houses for that purpose, which had been indeed the main purpose of the leading Whigs in promoting the election of Harrison and Tyler, was twice vetoed by him. This was the first lesson given to the American people of the potential importance of the Vice-Presidency in case of the death or disability of the President. Curiously enough, the same lesson, which has been repeated several times since, has, in every instance, with one exception, followed upon the election of a President by Anti-Democratic votes.

Henry Clay, who was enthusiastically nominated and supported by the "Whig" party for the Presidency at the close of President Tyler's administration in 1844, was defeated by the Democratic nominee, Mr. Polk of Tennessee, under whom the annexation of the magnificent Republic of Texas to the United States was consummated, with its inevitable corollary of a war with Mexico, that republic refusing to acknowledge the right of the people of Texas to sever their connection with the Mexican States. This war led immediately to the cession by Mexico to the United States of New Mexico, California, and the Northern Pacific coast of the old Spanish dominions in North America, and ultimately to the settlement of the boundary lines on the Pacific between the dominions of Great Britain and the United States. At the close of President Polk's administration, the "Whigs," who had been disheartened and "demoralised" by the defeat of their "magnetic" leader, Henry Clay, in 1844, made a second effort to capture executive power. The occasion was offered to them by a schism in the Democratic party, which had begun on personal grounds when Ex-President Van Buren, who desired a renomination, was set aside in 1844 for Mr. Polk, and which was intensified on broader issues by the determination of many Northern Democrats not to permit the extension of slavery into the vast and splendid territories acquired under President Polk.

It is far from being true, as I shall presently show, that the "Republican" party, so called, of our own times, which has just been defeated under Mr. Blaine, originated the political action in the United States which finally led to the extinction of slavery as an act of war by President Lincoln. The "Republican" party of our own times, deriving its origin from the "Federalists" of the last century, through the "Whigs" of 1840, has been recently and not unfairly described by Mr. John Bright as the "party of Protection and Monopoly." This is so far true that it represents those tendencies to a plausible paternalism in government, and to a consolidation of the Federal power at the expense of Home Rule and State



sovereignty, which found expression in Federalism at the beginning of our history ; which threatened the secession of New England and the establishment of an " Eastern Empire " when Louisiana was purchased from France under President Jefferson ; which waged the " war of the banks " against President Jackson ; and which founded the " Whig " party of Henry Clay upon the doctrine that the Federal Government might lawfully and constitutionally levy taxes upon the consumers of imported goods for the express purpose of enhancing the profits of domestic manufacturers.

Governor Wright, a Democratic predecessor of Governor Cleveland in the executive chair of the " Empire State," who had supported the renomination of Ex-President Van Buren in 1844, led, until his sudden and lamented death in 1847, the opposition of Northern sentiment, after the annexation of Texas, to any extension of slavery beyond the limits assigned to it by the famous " Missouri Compromise " of 1820. The Whig forerunners of Mr. Blaine were discreetly silent on the subject, and the question was thrown into the arena of political discussion and agitation by a Democratic Member of Congress from Pennsylvania, Mr. Wilmot, who, during the boundary negotiations with Mexico, introduced and moved the adoption of a " proviso," that " no part of the territory to be acquired should be open to the introduction of slavery."

This " proviso " was obviously unnecessary to the exclusion of slavery from any " part of the territory to be acquired," for negro slavery had been long before abolished in New Mexico and in California under Mexican law ; and the Democratic party of the United States had laid it down as a cardinal principle of Democratic policy, involved indeed, as many Democrats thought, in the principle of Home Rule, that there was " no power in Congress to legislate upon slavery in the Territories." The introduction of the " proviso " therefore led, and could lead, solely to an immediately sterile, but eventually most dangerous, inflammation of the public mind on the question of the relations of slavery, as an institution already existing within the Union, to the politics of the country. The " proviso " was defeated

in Congress ; but the discussion had aroused the abolitionists of the North on the one hand, and the extreme pro-slavery men at the South on the other side, into loud and angry debate ; and the opportunity of " forcing an issue " was seized by Mr. Calhoun of South Carolina, a man of the highest character and of keen intellect, who honestly believed that the South must be sooner or later driven in self-defence to withdraw from the Union, and who had brought his State and himself in 1832, on the question of the right of a State to " nullify " a Federal law, within striking distance of the executive authority wielded by the iron hand of President Jackson.

Mr. Calhoun introduced into the Senate, on the 19th of February, 1847, a series of resolutions denying the right of Congress to pass any law which would have the effect of preventing any citizen of a slave State from carrying slaves as his property into any territory. No vote was taken on these resolutions, but they served Mr. Calhoun's purpose of awakening public sentiment at the South to the threatening attitude of the anti-slavery sentiment at the North.

The " Whigs," with whom Mr. Lincoln then acted, profited adroitly by this excitement in both sections. They avoided the subject of slavery altogether, and nominated for the Presidency in 1848 General Taylor, a slaveholder of Louisiana, who had won a wide and well-deserved popularity as a military commander in the Mexican war, and a man of " moderate " views on all subjects. With him they associated Mr. Fillmore, a respectable citizen of New York. The friends of Ex-President Van Buren united in that State with the anti-slavery men in an independent nomination of Ex-President Van Buren and Mr. Charles Francis Adams, as the candidates of a new third party which took the name of the " Free Soil " party. This party declared that Congress had no right to interfere with slavery in the States in which it already existed ; that it was the duty of Congress to prohibit slavery in the Territories ; and that Congress had a constitutional right to abolish slavery in the Federal district of Columbia, which is the seat of the Federal Government. The result of all this was the election of

Taylor and Fillmore, who received 163 votes in the electoral colleges against 127 cast for Cass and Butler, the Democratic candidates, and a popular plurality over those candidates of less than 150,000 in a total of somewhat less than 3,000,000 votes.

But the "Whig" triumph was short-lived. The gold discoveries in California gave such a sudden and tremendous impetus to the settlement of the new Pacific empire of the Union as "forced the hand" of the new Administration; and General Taylor dying in July 1849, while Congress and the country were hotly contending over the social and political organization of that new empire, his successor, Mr. Fillmore, with Daniel Webster as his Secretary of State, threw the weight of the Administration against the anti-slavery agitation and in favor of what were called the "Compromise Measures" of 1850. These measures admitted California without extending to the Pacific the boundary line between free and slave territory fixed by the "Missouri Compromise" of 1820, and left slavery untouched in the Federal district. Of course such a compromise neither quieted the alarms of the slaveholding South nor satisfied the aggressive abolitionists of the North. But the country accepted it, and at the next Presidential election, in 1852, the Democratic candidate, General Pierce of New Hampshire, was elected by an overwhelming majority, carrying four of the New England States, the great Middle States of New York and Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, and Illinois at the West, all the Southern States, excepting Kentucky and Tennessee, and the new State on the Pacific, California. He received 254 electoral votes against 42 thrown for his Whig antagonist, General Scott, who had led the armies of the Union to their crowning victories in Mexico, and who had been a conspicuous military personage in the United States ever since the second war of 1812 with Great Britain.

There could scarcely have been a more decisive proof than this election gave that the Democratic party of the United States is really the permanent and enduring "party of the people," without distinction of sections; for the

tremendous victory won by General Pierce was distinctly due to the general, though, as it proved, the mistaken, impression of the masses of the people, that the irritating question of slavery in its Federal relations had been taken out of the arena of politics by the "Compromise Measures" of 1850. This was so clear that the opponents of the Democratic party, representing the shattered elements of the Whig party and the friends, as Mr. Bright would say, of "Protection and Monopoly," changed front suddenly and concentrated all their efforts on a revival and extension of the anti-slavery agitation, as being the only programme which offered them a hope of breaking down again, even for a time, the ascendancy of Democratic principles. In this effort they were naturally seconded not only by the Northern abolitionists, but by the extreme partisans of slavery at the South. The value of slave property had been enormously increased by the sudden development of trade and manufactures all over the world, and especially in Great Britain and the United States, which resulted from the gold discoveries in California and Australia, and from the adoption, first in the United States under a great Democratic Secretary of the Treasury, Robert J. Walker, in 1846, of a liberal tariff, and then, in Great Britain, of what is not perhaps with perfect accuracy called the "Free Trade" policy of Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden. One might almost say that the cotton manufacturers of Lancashire and New England fell into a conspiracy to delude the slaveholders of the South into those dreams of a vast slaveholding empire surrounding the Gulf of Mexico, which began, at the period of which I now write, to shake the foundations of the Union by fascinating the minds of grasping and ambitious men in that part of the United States.

In February, 1853, before the inauguration of President Pierce, a Democratic Senator, Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, who had been an unsuccessful candidate for the Presidential nomination in the preceding year, took the occasion presented by a bill for organizing a new Western Territory, Nebraska (which included the two now existing States of Nebraska and of Kansas), to propose a

repeal of the old "Missouri Compromise," to which I have more than once alluded. By this measure—a "Federalist," not a Democratic measure—adopted in 1820, it was provided that slavery should never be carried into any Territory north of the fixed line of 36° 30' north latitude. I have already mentioned that Congress refused to extend this line to the Pacific during the discussions which attended the admission of California in 1850; and I am sure that no one who knew Senator Douglas will differ from me now, when I say that he undoubtedly hoped by urging the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, which was voted by Congress the 25th of May, 1854, to get the whole question whether slavery should or should not be introduced into new Territories, and so into the new States of the Union, relegated from the domain of Congressional action into that of "popular sovereignty." It was not the purpose either of the small minority at the South who desired disunion as the first step towards the founding of a "semi-tropical empire," or of the more considerable minority at the North who preferred the risk of disunion to the toleration of slavery under the American flag, that this question should be taken out of the domain of Congressional action, and the expectations of Senator Douglas were disappointed. The repeal of the "Missouri Compromise" simply turned Kansas into a battle-ground. It led rapidly up to a succession of armed conflicts within that Territory between organised bands of Northern and of Southern "emigrants," which set fire to the popular passions in both sections of the country, "swamped" the attempt of a section of the now disbanding "Whig" party to capture power by organising the prejudices of race and of religion into a secret political order of "Native Americans," or "Know-nothings," and gave vitality and success to the more serious and sustained efforts of a much larger section of the "Whigs," who devoted themselves to founding a new party which should combine the permanent objects "of Protection and Monopoly" with the temporary and immediate object of restricting slavery within the limits of the then existing slave States. Thanks to

this section of the "Whigs," the modern "Republican Party" was formed in 1854, which, after precipitating the country into civil war by the election of President Lincoln (against whom it revolted, as I shall show, when he had carried through to victory the terrible task it imposed upon him), after retarding the pacification of the Union for years by its policy of military "reconstruction" at the South, and after inflicting upon the taxpayers of the United States burdens undreamed of by the original "Whigs" in their most extravagant days of "paternalism," has now finally come to the ground under the candidacy of two of its most thoroughly representative leaders, Mr. Blaine and General Logan.

The chief spirit of the new "Republican" party was Ex-Governor Seward, the leader of the Whigs of New York, a consummate politician, "honest himself," as one of his special friends said of him, "but indifferent to honesty in others," who labored with uncommon skill and adroitness for six years to build the new organisation up into Presidential proportions, only to experience the common fate of such party leaders in the United States, and to find himself set aside by his own Republican Convention of 1860, at Chicago, in favor of the then relatively obscure Western candidate Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois.

The old name, "Republican" used by the party of Jefferson was taken by the new party for the express purpose of dissimulating, as far as might be, its "Whig" parentage, and of thus recommending it to the widespread and growing anti-slavery element among the Democrats of the North and West. The Whig origin and tendencies of the new party, however, clearly appeared in the demand made in its first platform of 1856 for "appropriations by Congress for the improvement of rivers and harbors." It selected as its first Presidential candidate in 1856 Colonel John C. Fremont of California, an officer of the army who had married the daughter of an eminent Democratic senator, Mr. Benton of Missouri, and who had acquired a kind of romantic popular prestige as "the Pathfinder of the Rocky Mountains" by an expedition across the continent. With him was associated as Vice-

Presidential candidate a man of more political weight and force, Mr. Dayton, a Whig leader, of New Jersey, who afterwards rendered the country distinguished services as Minister to France under President Lincoln. Mr. Buchanan of Pennsylvania was nominated by the Democrats to succeed President Pierce in 1856. In the "platform" then adopted the Democratic party met the "Protectionist" tendency of the new "Republican" organisation by declaring "that justice and sound policy forbid the Federal Government to foster one branch of industry to the detriment of another;" denounced the attempt of the Whig "Know-Nothings" to organise a crusade against Catholics and citizens of alien birth; and in the matter of slavery reaffirmed "the compromise of 1850," and committed itself to "the determined conservation of the Union and the non-interference of Congress with slavery in the territories or the district of Columbia."

The new "Republican party" in its "platform" of 1856, let me here observe, raised no question touching slavery where slavery then existed, but pronounced it to be "both the right and the imperative duty of Congress to prohibit in the Territories those twin relics of barbarism, polygamy and slavery;" this latter attack on the Mormons being a bid for votes at the West and an appeal to the religious prejudices of the East.

A third remnant of the old "Whigs," meeting in Baltimore in September 1856, appealed to the country to beware of "geographical parties," adopted the nomination made by the Whig "Know-Nothings" of Ex-President Fillmore, and asserted that in Kansas "civil war" was "raging," and that the Union was "in peril." The contest was conducted by the Republicans at the North very much on the lines on which the first Whig victory of 1840 had been won—by the organisation, that is, of "Pathfinder Clubs" and processions, with brass bands, bonfires, and all the paraphernalia of "politics by picnic," and a large popular vote was cast for the Republican candidate. But Mr. Buchanan, nevertheless had a majority of nearly 500,000 votes over Colonel Fremont at the polls in a total vote of

about three millions, and he was elected President by 174 votes in the Electoral College, eight votes being cast by Maryland for Mr. Fillmore, and 114 votes being cast for Colonel Fremont, if the five votes of Wisconsin were properly included in that number—a very grave question as to that point being raised by the undisputed fact that the electoral votes of Wisconsin, which, under an obviously wise precept of the Constitution, ought to have been cast on the same day with the electoral votes of all the other States of the Union (December 3, 1856), were not cast until the next day (December 4) because the electors were prevented by a snowstorm from reaching the capital of the State in season to comply with the behest of the organic law.

Events moved rapidly after the election of President Buchanan. In spite of a great financial panic in 1857, the commerce of the United States, under the salutary régime established by Democratic Secretaries of the Treasury, advanced beyond all former precedent. The net imports of the United States increased from 298,261,364 dollars in 1856, the year of Mr. Buchanan's election, to 335,233,232 dollars in 1860, the last year of his administration, and the exports from 310,596,330 dollars in 1856 to 373,189,274 dollars in 1860. The sea-going tonnage of the Union ran up to that of Great Britain;\* and never had the country been so prosperous as during this period of Democratic ascendancy and relative fiscal freedom.

But while the managers of the new sectional Republican party worked night and day to develop and consolidate their voting power at the North and West, and availed themselves skilfully of every exciting incident in the history of the day to fan the passions of the people into flame, a sharp conflict was raging within the Democratic ranks between the Administration and the followers of Senator Douglas, which the leaders of the disunion movement at the South carefully and skilfully fomented, and

\* British tonnage increased from 4,272,962 in 1850 to 5,710,968 in 1860; American tonnage from 3,485,266 in 1850 to 5,297,177 in 1860. On the 30th of June, 1883, twenty years after the civil war, American tonnage stood at 4,235,487!

which culminated in an open secession from the Democratic National Convention at Charleston in April 1860.

The Convention was adjourned to meet at Baltimore in June. There a second secession of Southern delegates occurred, followed by the nomination for the Presidency of Senator Douglas. A few days later the seceders, meeting in a Convention of their own, nominated Vice-President Breckenridge of Kentucky. In the meantime on the 9th of May a convention of "moderate men" of all shades of opinion had assembled in Baltimore, and nominated two eminent members of the disbanded Whig party, Mr. Bell of Tennessee and Mr. Edward Everett of Massachusetts, for the Presidency and the Vice-Presidency; while the now confident Republicans, gathered in Convention at Chicago on the 16th of May, had selected not Ex-Governor Seward of New York, but Abraham Lincoln of Illinois, as their candidate.

Of course, with such a prospect of success before them as the Democratic disorganisation offered, the managers of this Convention of the Republicans adroitly threw all questions but the "burning questions" of the hour as far as possible into the background of their operations. But while they declared themselves in favor of the preservation of "the Federal Constitution, the rights of the States, and the union of the States," they did not forget to record their desire for such an "adjustment" of the "duties on imports" as "should encourage the development of the industrial interests of the whole country," under which rather vague phraseology lay concealed the purpose of organising a new tariff for protection—a purpose which was carried into effect by the Republicans at Washington as soon as the subsequent secession from Congress of the Southern members made it practicable.

With the first election of Abraham Lincoln in November 1860, and his inauguration in March, 1861, we come upon a sudden and complete "solution of continuity" in the political history of the United States. Of the total popular vote of the country, amounting to 4,680,193, thrown on the 4th of November, 1860, Mr. Lincoln received but 1,866,

452, being thus left in a popular minority of no fewer than *two million, two hundred and thirteen thousand, seven hundred and fifty-one votes!* It is impossible in the face of these figures to doubt that if the tremendous issue of peace and war between the two great sections of the Union, which really lay hidden in the ballot-boxes of the Union on that November day, had been never so dimly perceived by the American people, the verdict of the nation would have made an end that day of the new "Republican" party. But neither Mr. Lincoln himself, nor Mr. Seward, nor any considerable number of the Republican voters of the North and the West believed, or could be made to believe, in the reality of this issue. It came upon them all and upon the country at last, after all the agitation and all the warnings of years, like "a thief in the night," and coming upon the country it suspended for four long and dismal years the normal action of the constitution, and the normal development therefore of public opinion through the channels of constitutional politics.

It is juggling with phrases to say that from the 5th of March, 1861, to the 15th of April, 1865, Mr. Lincoln was, in any true sense of the words, a President of the United States with a political party at his back. He was to all intents and purposes a war dictator of the Northern and Western States, maintaining with all the resources of those sections of the country the fabric of the American Union against the armed and persistent efforts of thirteen sovereign States banded together in a confederacy to make an end of its authority and its existence so far as concerned its relations with them and with their inhabitants. To this colossal task Mr. Lincoln brought, as I think the most impartial critics of his administration in my own party now admit, most rare and remarkable gifts of character and of mind. It has been not uncommon among those who, since his death, have constituted themselves the special eulogists of this extraordinary man, to represent him as struggling from the first, not merely against the enormous difficulties arrayed in his path by the energy, and wealth, and determination of the seceding Confederacy, but against the ill-will and infidelity to his

trust of the Democratic President whom Mr. Lincoln was elected by the North and the West to succeed. This is not the place for any vindication in this point of President Buchanan. He has had no lack of critics within the ranks of my own party. But no man who was present during that fateful winter of 1860-61 in Washington, and who was really conversant with men and things there, will need to be told that but for President Buchanan's fidelity to his constitutional oath, and to the behest of the party which elected him in 1856 to "uphold the Union," the Civil War would probably have begun in Washington itself before Mr. Lincoln set foot within the capital.

On the day of Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, a day never to be forgotten by any American who witnessed the scene, it was the presence by the side of Mr. Lincoln of his great Northern Democratic rival, Senator Douglas, which more than all the bayonets of the troops assembled for the protection of Washington by General Scott, under orders from President Buchanan, convinced the most intelligent of the Southern men that the Union was not to be dissolved like snow in the sunbeams, and gave all the weight of the Democratic masses of the North and West to the new President's deliberate declaration that the forts and property of the United States would be "held and occupied" by all the power of the unseceded States.

The one member of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet who from the beginning foresaw the gravity of the impending contest, and who put the whole pressure of his personal influence upon the new President almost to the extent of compelling him into asserting his authority by force of arms, was not the Whig who had organized the "Republican" party, Mr. Seward. It was Mr. Montgomery Blair, a "Democrat" by training, the son of the confidential adviser of President Jackson and the brother of a Democratic general in the Union armies who was afterwards nominated for the Vice-Presidency on the same ticket with Governor Seymour of New York in 1868 by the Democratic party. Mr. Montgomery Blair himself left Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet in July 1864, escaped the war made by the "Republican" party under Sumner and Stevens upon the friends of

President Lincoln, after the assassination of the President by a melodramatic madman, and became a trusty ally of Governor Tilden of New York, the Democratic candidate who was elected to the Presidency of the United States in 1876 by a popular majority of nearly 300,000 votes in a total poll of a little over 8,000,000, and by a majority of one vote in the electoral colleges, only to be defrauded of his office by the audacious tampering of a cabal of Republican office-holders with the votes of three Southern States.

It is not my purpose, and it would swell this paper beyond all reasonable limits, to sketch here, even in outline, the political annals of the quarter of a century which stretches now between the election of Abraham Lincoln in 1860 and the election of Governor Cleveland in 1884. I may assume my readers to have a general knowledge of the main features of this period of American history. No intelligent man can be familiar even with the distorted and partial presentation of those features which has hitherto passed current on both sides of the Atlantic, without asking himself what the magic virtue can be which has carried the great Democratic party of the United States steadily onward through so many years of exclusion from executive power and such storms of systematic obloquy, enabling it amid the passions of a fierce sectional conflict to retain such a popular support throughout the North and West as has persistently threatened the tenure of the Federal authority by its all-powerful and never over-scrupulous opponents, giving it again and again control of the popular branch of the Federal Congress, and commanding for it, as soon as the restoration of the Union became in truth an accomplished fact, an unquestioned majority of the suffrages of the American people.

My object has been to indicate the true answer to this question by setting forth the foundations on which the Democratic party of the United States was planted by its great leaders in the very dawn of our national history.

No man ever learned by practical experience of the responsibilities of power to appreciate the solidity of these foundations more thoroughly than President

Lincoln. A "Whig" by his early political affiliations and an active and successful politician in times of high party excitement, President Lincoln was not a partisan by temperament, and nothing is more certain than that he came during his practical war-dictatorship to very sound conclusions as to the essentially ephemeral character of the political organisation which had lifted him into that trying and dangerous post. He had no respect at all for professional "philanthropists," and not much for loudly "philanthropic" politicians. The abolitionist agitators of the North instinctively disliked and distrusted him. The ablest of their number, Mr. Wendell Phillips, sneered at him as being not "honest exactly, but Kentucky honest." It was no confidence in President Lincoln, but the political necessity of the moment, which compelled the extreme Anti-Democratic leaders of the Republican party to acquiesce in his renomination in November 1864, with a Democratic ex-Senator from the South, Andrew Johnson of Tennessee, as his associate on the Presidential ticket. Of this fact President Lincoln himself was well aware. Nor was he blind to the popular and political significance of that Presidential election of 1864. In spite of all that could be done by an army of Federal office-holders larger than the armed force which Mr. Seward at the outset of the civil war had imagined would be adequate to "suppress the rebellion;" in spite of the combined influence of the "Republican" local governments in the Northern and Western States; in spite of military force brought to bear openly upon the polls in regions undisturbed by war; in spite of the overshadowing fact that the issues of the great civil war were still being fought out in the field, the Democratic party of the North and West confronted the Republican President at the polls in November 1864 with a popular vote of nearly two millions out of four millions cast in those sections of the Republic! The exact figures show that General M'Clellan, whose popularity with the Democratic party was based upon his fame as the creator of the Union army of the Potomac and upon his expressed loyalty to the principles of the Constitution as the Democratic party holds them,

received, in November 1864, 1,802,237 votes in the North and West, or within a few thousands of the 1,866,452 votes which were cast for Mr. Lincoln himself in November 1860!

President Lincoln had shrewd sense enough to see that as the maintenance of the authority of the Union had only been made possible to him by the unswerving determination of the Northern and Western Democratic party that the authority of the Union should be maintained under the Constitution, so the restoration of peace within the Union could only be achieved by accepting the Democratic construction of the position and the rights of all the States in the Union under the Constitution, of the seceded as well as of the unseceded States; and he had patriotism enough to resolve that peace should be restored within the Union, no matter what became of the ephemeral "Republican" party which had been called into existence and carried into power chiefly by the force of the sectional passions which had found final expression in the civil war. He had gone beyond the Constitution under the war power in abolishing slavery, and he knew that in abolishing slavery he had abolished the vital impulse to which the "Republican" party owed its existence. He knew too that the extreme "Republican" partisans by whom he was surrounded knew this as well as he, and he was thoroughly aware that there were among them men like Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania, who were prepared and determined if possible to keep the sectional passions which slavery had evoked alive and burning after slavery itself should have disappeared, and to organise for themselves a new lease of power at the expense of the peace of the country and of the happiness and prosperity of millions of their fellow-countrymen.

At the beginning of the war President Lincoln had met the challenge thrown down to him by the Confederate War Department on the lines indicated by a great Democratic jurist, the late Judge Black of Pennsylvania, in his "Opinion upon the Powers of the President," prepared at the request of President Buchanan, in whose Cabinet Judge Black had successively held the posts of Attorney-General and of Secretary of State.

If one of the States (wrote Judge Black) should declare her independence, your action cannot depend upon the rightfulness of the cause upon which such declaration is based. Whether the retirement of a State from the Union be the exercise of a right reserved in the Constitution, or a revolutionary movement, it is certain that you have not in either case the authority to recognise her independence or to absolve her from her Federal obligations. Congress or the other States in Convention assembled must take such measures as may be necessary and proper. In such an event I can see no course for you but to go straight onward in the path which you have hitherto trodden—that is, execute the laws to the extent of the defensive means placed in your hands, and act generally upon the assumption that the present constitutional relations between the States and the Federal Government continue to exist until a new order of things shall be established either by law or by force.

The seceding States attempted to establish "a new order of things by force," and maintained that attempt for four years with such resolution, pertinacity, and courage as more than once brought them within what an eminent English statesman would perhaps call such a "measurable distance" of success as may well explain the conviction expressed in England at one period of the struggle, that Jefferson Davis had "established a nation."

Upon the failure of the Confederate experiment, President Lincoln, in spite of the bitter and threatening hostility to him of a number of the most conspicuous leaders of the Republican party in and out of Congress, wisely and consistently determined to adhere to the position involved in Judge Black's opinion that the constitutional relations between the States and the Federal Government could not be and had not been shaken by the contest. After the Confederate Government had abandoned Richmond, he visited that capital as President of the United States, and in words made pathetic and historical by the deplorable and senseless crime which was so soon to shock the country and the civilised world, proclaimed his intention to administer the Government "with malice towards none, with charity for all." In his last public speech, delivered on the 11th of April, 1865, two days only before his assassination, he spoke of the seceded States as already restored to their places in the Union, and said of them in his quaint and homely fashion

that, "finding themselves safely at home, it would be utterly immaterial whether they had been abroad." Mr. Gideon Welles of Connecticut, to whom the portfolio of the Navy had been given by President Lincoln in his first Cabinet, as a representative of the Democratic wing of the then newly-organized "Republican" party, tells us that at a Cabinet meeting held on the last day of President Lincoln's life, April 13, 1865, the President urged all the members of the Cabinet to exert their influence to get all the State Governments of the lately seceded States of the South "going again before the annual meeting of Congress in December." This meant, of course, that President Lincoln intended and expected the lately seceded States to send to Washington their proper and constitutional quota of senators and representatives freely elected under the local franchise in each of those States. His purpose was to secure the ratification by the seceded States of the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution abolishing slavery formally, and then to accept them as in all respects States within the Union. In the Emancipation Proclamation of the 22nd of September, 1862, which President Lincoln had issued avowedly as a war measure, he had taken pains to declare that his object in prosecuting the war as "Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy" of the United States, was, had been, and would be, "practically to restore the constitutional relation between the United States and each of the States and the people thereof in which that relation was or might be suspended."

This was not at all the object of the unscrupulous and reckless leaders who took command of the "Republican" party upon the death of President Lincoln, and under whom Mr. Blaine first made a figure upon the field of Federal politics.

A clear line will be drawn by the historian between the war administration of the President who upheld the Union and the dismal epoch of Southern reconstruction which followed—an epoch of unconstitutional Congressional despotism, mitigated only from time to time by the personal authority of General Grant. The story of the relations of General Grant as President of the United



States with the party which found itself compelled to take advantage of his unbounded popularity as the surest means of retaining its grasp upon authority at Washington will one day constitute a most interesting and instructive chapter in the history of government, but it lies outside the scope of this paper. That General Grant would gladly have co-operated with President Lincoln in carrying out his plan of re-establishing the Union on Democratic and constitutional lines may be inferred not only from the fact which he has stated, that the only vote he ever cast before the civil war was for a Democratic President, but from the more significant fact that he was so fully convinced of the readiness of the Southern States to accept the results of the civil war in good faith, that, immediately after the accession of President Johnson in 1865, he urged upon the President the importance of throwing a combined army of Union and of Confederate soldiers into Mexico for the purpose of expelling the French under Bazaine, and compelling Maximilian to abandon the hopeless attempt to found an empire in the land of the Montezumas which eventually cost that gallant but unfortunate prince his life. President Johnson eagerly adopted General Grant's suggestion, but the Secretary of State Mr. Seward, opposed it, and Mr. Seward's objection was fatal. "It cost Maximilian his life," General Grant tells us, "and gave Napoleon the Third five more years of power in France." He might have added that it cost the people of the Southern States ten years of the most odious and corrupting mal-administration recorded in modern history—mal-administration which, but for the solid political capacity and the traditional common sense and patriotism of the Americans of the Southern States, must have reduced the fairest portion of the North American continent to a social and industrial chaos without precedent in the annals of modern civilization.

The evil influences of that dark epoch extended themselves in all directions North and South, cropping out in organised official peculations, in shameless political dishonesty, in reckless speculation, in monstrous lobbying, and in incredible excesses of public extrav-

agance, based upon such a system of inordinate and unconstitutional taxation as no American in his senses could have been brought, before the outbreak of the civil war, to believe would ever for a moment be tolerated by the American people.

It was to make an end of all this that the people of the United States in 1876 elected one Democratic Governor of New York to the Presidency. Defeated then of their will by the Republican agents of reconstruction, the people of the United States had now at last in 1884 compelled their voice to be heard and to be respected. With the inauguration of Governor Cleveland in March 1885, the Federal Government of the United States will be once more organised upon the enduring Democratic foundations of respect for Home Rule at the South and at the North, in the East and in the West, and of a strict limitation of the functions of the Federal Government to the powers granted and prescribed to it by the Constitution.

If I have done anything like justice in this necessarily hasty sketch to the origin and development of the Democratic party of the United States, my readers will not need to be told that its advent to power at this time opens a new and most important chapter in the annals of the American Republic. It involves much, very much more than the transfer of executive power from one to another set of administrative officers.

It closes definitely an era of such political disease and corruption in the United States as I have preferred rather to indicate than to dwell upon here. Work of that sort, in my judgment, may as well be confined to the domestic laundry. Quite enough of it has been done for the edification of mankind at large by certain of my countrymen who have hitherto found it more convenient to bewail the political profligacy of those to whom "respectable Republicans" chose to surrender the control of the Republican party after the murder of President Lincoln "cried havoc and let slip the dogs of faction" than to co-operate resolutely with the great Democratic party in making the Union once more solid, and settling it upon its only possible foundations—Home Rule and

a strict construction of the Constitution.

It is easy to draw dramatic pictures of the demoralisation of American politics ; but there is more significance surely for thoughtful men in the returns, which show that the candidacy of Mr. Blaine and Mr. Logan has cut down the plurality of the Republican party in "moral" Massachusetts from more than fifty thousand to ten thousand votes ; in Illinois, from over forty thousand to fifteen thousand ; in Michigan, from more than fifty thousand to barely two thousand ; in Ohio, from more than thirty thousand to eleven thousand. It has made the Democratic Governor of New York President by an electoral majority of 37 votes and a popular plurality of about 400,000 votes. Less is to be learned of the deep and lasting currents of popular thought and feeling in the United States from an elaborate study of the absurd abominations of Republican "Reconstruction" at the South than from the handwriting of fire on the polling-places of the Empire State which illuminated the Belshazzar's Feast of Mr. Blaine's "millionaires" on the eve of the Presidential Election of 1884 !

In a certain sense, President Cleveland will occupy a position not unlike that of President Lincoln at the outset of his first Presidency. But the task of the Democratic chief magistrate who goes to Washington with a great historical party at his back, to restore the well-understood metes and bounds of the Federal authority over thirty-eight free and independent States will be a less troublesome and in its immediate results ought to be an infinitely more benign and grateful task, than that of the reluctant war dictator who found himself, against all his expectations, driven by angry sections, with a mixed and undisciplined mob of placemen, of monopolists, and of philanthropists behind him, into cutting with the sword the Gordian knot of slavery, at the risk of severing with it forever the golden bands of the Union, and those "mystic chords of memory" of which he spoke with such a wistful pathos in his inaugural address. Some points of resemblance may be found, too, between the personal histories of Lincoln and of Cleveland. Like Mr. Lin-

coln, Governor Cleveland comes of an old American stock. His family name smacks of Yorkshire, and his direct ancestors established themselves in Massachusetts nearly two hundred years ago. One of the family, a Cambridge man, and a clergyman of the Anglican Church, died at Philadelphia under the roof of his friend Benjamin Franklin twenty years before the American Revolution. Another, who sat in the Legislature of Connecticut, and who was a minister of the Independents, is remembered as an early advocate in that "land of steady habits" of the abolition of African slavery, and this at a time when the worthy citizens of Massachusetts thought it expedient to keep the Bay State clear of negro blood by ordaining in their organic law that any African "not a subject of our faithfully the Emperor of Morocco" who ventured twice across the Massachusetts border should be on each occasion whipped, imprisoned and sent away, and that if this did not restrain his ardor, he should upon his third advent be so dealt with as to put an effectual stop to his travels.

Richard Cleveland, a grandson of the Connecticut abolitionist, married the daughter of an Irish bookseller in Philadelphia, Miss Neale, and was the father of the new President of the United States. He was settled as a Presbyterian minister in the New Jersey village of Caldwell, and there on the 18th of March, 1838, Grover Cleveland was born. His father left New Jersey when he was but a child, and went in the service of the religious body to which he belonged to live in New York. The circumstances of the family were much better, I need not say, than those amid which the youth of Lincoln, the son of an emigrant Virginian, was passed in the wilds of Kentucky and Southern Illinois. But Grover Cleveland, like Lincoln, was early thrown upon his own resources. When he was a lad of sixteen his father died, and he was left to conquer for himself the education he was determined to have, and to make his own way in the world with such small help as a brother and an uncle could afford him, both of them battling with life, and both of them counting, not in vain, upon the young

student's aid in the maintenance of his widowed mother and her young family.

His twenty-first year found the future President admitted to the Bar in Buffalo, the chief city of Western New York. His distinguished himself from the outset of his professional career by his indomitable industry and his devotion to duty. These qualities soon secured for him the honorable but laborious post of Assistant District Attorney. He was not blinded by the glamor and glitter of the "great Civil War" to the rascalities of Reconstruction, but adopted the Democratic faith in politics, though living in a strongly Republican city. In 1870 he was elected Sheriff of Buffalo, and twelve years afterwards, having returned meanwhile to a successful practice at the Bar, the best citizens of Buffalo of all parties rallied to his support as the Democratic candidate for the Mayorality, in a contest which curiously prefigured, on a smaller arena, the Presidential campaign of 1884. The taxpayers of Buffalo had been systematically plundered by a Republican "municipal ring," just as the taxpayers of New York many years ago were plundered by the Democratic municipal ring of Tweed and Sweeney, of which so much and such unscrupulous use has been made by Republican writers and speakers to vilify the Democratic party. It has not usually occurred to these ingenious party trumpeters to insist upon the fact that the "Tweed ring" was broken and that its members were brought to chastisement mainly through the persistent efforts of two distinguished Democrats.

One of these was the late Charles O'Connor, in his time the acknowledged leader of the American Bar, and a Democratic candidate for the Presidency in opposition to the headlong and absurd nomination of Horace Greeley, a lifelong Whig Protectionist, into which a Democratic Convention allowed itself to be cajoled, despite the manly protest of such true Democratic leaders as Senator Bayard at Baltimore in 1872. The other was Mr. Samuel J. Tilden, whose services against the Tweed ring led first to his election by the Democratic party as Governor of New York in 1874, and then to his election as

President of the United States in 1876, the year of the great electoral fraud.

The task which these distinguished Democrats assumed in New York Mr. Cleveland took up in Buffalo, and carried through with such impartial energy and courage that before the expiration of the first year of his term of office as Mayor, he was invited by the Democrats of New York to enter upon the larger stewardship of the State executive. He had been chosen mayor of Buffalo in 1881, by a majority of 3,500 votes. He was chosen Governor of New York in 1882 by a majority of nearly 200,000 in a total poll of 893,000 votes. His opponent was Mr. Folger, a leading Republican, who had sat with distinction on the bench of the highest State Tribunal in New York, and who died the other day as Secretary of the Treasury in the Cabinet of President Arthur; and it is an open secret that the tremendous overthrow of the Republican candidate was partially due to the machinations of the friends of Mr. Blaine who had been dropped for cause from the Cabinet of President Arthur with some emphasis in December of the preceding year. It was the calculation of Mr. Blaine that the defeat of the President's candidate in the President's own State of New York in 1882 would materially damage Mr. Arthur's chances and strengthen his own of securing a Republican Presidential nomination at Chicago in 1884. It was a good calculation, but whether the retrospect of the gubernatorial campaign of 1882 in New York is as gratifying now to Mr. Blaine as it was two years ago may perhaps be doubted.

As Governor of New York, Mr. Cleveland has shown himself what he was as Mayor of Buffalo—rigidly honest, indefatigable, simple in his personal tastes and habits, disdainful of the silly state, and the petty parade of official importance into which too many public servants of the United States have suffered themselves to be seduced during the reign of King Mammon at Washington. It has been his custom to walk every morning from the Executive Mansion to the Governor's Rooms in the Capitol at Albany, and to spend the day there, incessantly occupied, but always visible to those who have had

any real occasion to see him. It will be a wholesome thing to see the Presidential office once more administered in this unostentatious fashion. Mr. Cleveland may be called a representative of the Young Democracy, since he will go into the White House a bachelor, like the last Democratic President, Mr. Buchanan, but a young bachelor, the youngest President indeed yet elected. In his fidelity to the traditions of Jefferson, who rode up to the Capitol on horseback to be inaugurated, "hitched his horse to a post," took the oath and went about his business, Mr. Cleveland will be supported by the new Vice-President—ex-Governor Hendricks of Indiana, who represents the staunch and experienced Democratic leaders who have borne the brunt of the intense political warfare of the last quarter of a century with unwavering courage and signal ability. As a representative in Congress, as a senator of the United States, as Governor of the great Western State of Indiana, and as the Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency on the same ticket with Governor Tilden in 1876, Mr. Hendricks has linked his name with the best traditions, and drawn to himself the general confidence of his party. On the 6th of February, 1869, what is called a "concurrent resolution" (which may be passed without requiring the assent of the President) was introduced into the Senate under the "Reconstruction" legislation of 1868, directing the President of the Senate to deal in a particular manner with the vote of Georgia as "a State lately in rebellion" and to allow that electoral vote to be alluded to only if the counting or omitting to count it would not effect the decision of the election in favor of either candidate. The candidates were General Grant and Governor Seymour of New York. Mr. Hendricks, then a Senator from Indiana, sustained with memorable force and conviction the right of Georgia to her proper and unqualified voice in the election. One Republican Senator alone voted against the "concurrent resolution," and that Senator, Mr. Trumbull of Illinois, is now a recognized leader of the Democratic party in the State which gave Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency. At the second election

of Grant—Horace Greeley having died immediately after the choice of the electors—most of the votes given against General Grant were given to Mr. Hendricks; and in the Democratic Convention of 1876 Mr. Hendricks who was the second choice of a majority of the Convention after Governor Tilden, was eventually nominated, almost against his will, for the Vice-Presidency. He is a man of fine presence and dignified manners, who will preside with ability and tact over that Upper House of the national Legislature which stands as the fortress of Home Rule and State Rights, founded upon the ideal constituency of State sovereignty, and set more safely beyond the reach of the gusts of popular passion than the hereditary principle in Europe.

The first duty of the President Elect will be the selection of his Cabinet officers. Under the American system these officers do not sit in Congress, and, with the exception of the Secretary of the Treasury, they are simply agents of the Executive. But it is customary to select them from the most prominent and influential men of the party, and with reference to the party strength in different sections of the country. To recite the names of the men, any one of whom would be accepted by public opinion in the United States as a fitting Cabinet Minister of the new President, would really be almost to call the roll of the Democratic Senators, now thirty-six in number out of a Senate of Seventy-six members, and of the Democratic Chairmen of Committees in the House, which as newly elected will be Democratic by a majority of between thirty and forty votes. The names of Mr. Bayard of Delaware, the leading candidate after Governor Cleveland at Chicago; Mr. Thurman of Ohio, long the leading Democratic, with Senator Edmunds as the Republican, "law lord" of the Senate, and the author of an Act enforcing upon the great Pacific railway corporations their obligations to the Government, which it has been left for a Democratic Executive to carry into effect; General McClellan; Mr. Pendleton of Ohio, to whom the country chiefly owes whatever measure of reasonable Civil Service reform it enjoys; Mr. McDonald of Indiana, Mr. Lamar of

Mississippi, Mr. Hewitt and Mr. Kernan of New York, Mr. Garland of Arkansas, Mr. Beck of Kentucky, Mr. Palmer of Illinois, have been already discussed in the open councils of the party, and intelligent Americans of all opinions will admit that a Cabinet framed of such materials would deserve and command universal confidence. There are many other active and experienced party men whom it might be troublesome to replace in one or the other House of Congress, but there need be no fear that the new President will be at a loss to find able counsellors to aid him in discharging his great trust.

The policy of the new Administration is involved and indicated in the traditions of the party. In our foreign relations the United States under a Democratic President will ask nothing of Europe except a cordial maintenance of treaties, an extension of commercial relations under equitable conditions, a full recognition of the accepted rules of international law, a sedulous exemption everywhere of the persons and property of American citizens from unnecessary annoyance by arbitrary power. The State Department under President Cleveland may be expected to be administered, not in the swash-buckling and speculative fashion which the Republican supporters of Mr. Blaine extolled during the late canvass as brilliant and enterprising, but in the self-respecting, self-contained, and dignified spirit which controlled our foreign relations under ex-Governor Marcy of New York thirty years ago, and which so honorably distinguished the administration of the same department under ex-Governor Fish of New York from that of sundry other high officers of State in the time of President Grant.

Upon the Treasury Department will fall the responsibility of dealing wisely and firmly with the most important domestic issue inherent in the resumption of executive power by the party of the Constitution. This can hardly be more authoritatively stated than it was a fortnight ago by the Vice-President Elect, Mr. Hendricks, in a speech delivered by him to the people at Indianapolis after the election:—

The watchword of the party in this contest, as in the contest of eight years ago, has been

reform—executive, administrative, and revenue reform; an honest construction of the laws, and an honest administration of them. The revenue now collected exceeds the wants of an economical administration by \$85,000,000. Because of this the Democrats say: "Let there be revenue reform; let that reform consist in part in the reduction of taxation." Is it not patent to every man that there ought to be a reform here? The Democratic party this year came before the country with a clear and straightforward statement of the reform they intended to accomplish. In the national platform they declared that reform they would have. It was, first, that the taxation shall not exceed the wants of the Government economically administered; second, that taxation shall be for public purposes alone, and not for private gain or advantage; third, that in the adjustment care shall be taken to neither hurt labor nor harm capital; and fourth, that taxation shall be heaviest on articles of luxury and lightest on articles of necessity.

For now a quarter of a century the "Party of Protection and Monopoly" has persistently transgressed the limits set to the Federal authority by the Constitution, and used the earnings of labor and of capital, in the form of excessive taxes, to fertilise and fatten private enterprises.

This must stop. And when this stops, the manufacturers of England and of Europe may make up their minds to meet the competing exports of the United States in all those markets of the world from which American exports have been excluded by American legislation ever since the Whig-Republicans of 1861 laid their grasp upon our fiscal policy. It cannot stop too soon. The official returns of the exports of the United States show that during the fiscal year which ended on the 30th of June 1884, the exports of domestic merchandise from the United States to all parts of the world fell off in value \$79,258,780, as compared with the exports for the year ending the 30th of June, 1883. Our exports of machinery fell off nearly a million dollars; of general manufactures of iron and steel more than a million and a quarter of dollars. There was a good deal of gunpowder burned in the year 1883-4, but the value of our exports of it fell off a quarter of a million of dollars. The value of our exports of flax and hemp fell from \$547,111 in 1882-3 to \$67,725 in 1883-4; our exports of agricultural implements declined during the last year more than

a million of dollars in value ; our exports of cotton goods, colored and uncolored, more than twelve hundred thousand dollars. Clearly Protection does not develop the manufactures of the United States. It "protects" the manufacturers (which is quite a different thing) against and at the expense of the consumers of the United States, and gives point to the Duke of Somerset's assertion that "in no country has the power of capital been more invidiously exerted" than in the United States. If our foreign manufacturing friends had any money to spend on American politics, they would have done well to throw it into one pool with the contributions of Mr. Blaine's two hundred millionaires !

Alexander Hamilton, the Federalist Secretary of the Treasury under Washington, was the first apostle of Protection in America, but in approaching the subject he "walked delicately," like Agag. The Americans of 1789 established absolute free trade between all the sovereign States of the new Republic ; nay more, during the negotiations for peace at Versailles in 1783, the American Commissioners offered Great Britain absolute free trade between the new States "and all parts of the British dominions, saving only the rights of the British chartered companies." David Hartley, the philosophic writer on "Man," one of the British Commissioners, had wisdom enough to see the immense importance of this offer, and urged the British Government to close with it. Lord Shelburne, I believe, agreed with him. But the king peremptorily refused to entertain a proposition which, had it been accepted, must have changed the whole subsequent course of the history of the two countries.

Down to 1809 no import duties were levied in the United States except for purposes of revenue only. High rates of duty were levied in 1816 after the war of 1812, not for "protection," but in order to meet the exigencies of a most dangerous financial situation. In 1824, Henry Clay, backed by New England and the middle States, carried through a tariff to "protect American industry." This was followed up by the tariff of 1828, known as the "Bill of Abominations." But the Democrat-

ic sense of the country clearly saw that as the power to levy protective taxes must be derived from the revenue power it is of necessity incidental, and that as the incident cannot go beyond that to which it is incidental, Congress cannot constitutionally levy duties avowedly for Protection ; and the Democratic party has never since departed, and never can depart, from this doctrine in its party action. In 1833, under President Jackson, "Protection" went down with Nullification. In 1846, under President Polk, the liberal Democratic tariff of Secretary Walker was framed, under which our exports increased from \$99,299,766 in 1845, to \$196,689,718 in 1851, and our net imports from \$101,907,734 to \$194,526,639. In 1856, under Democratic rule, our net imports were \$298,261,364, in specie value, and our exports \$310,586,330. In that year the Democratic Convention declared "the time has come for the people of the United States to declare themselves in favor of progressive free trade throughout the world." Under Republican Protection, despite the development of the population, our net imports fell from \$572,080,919 in 1874, to \$455,407,836 in 1876, and our exports from \$704,463,120 (mixed values, gold and inflated currency) to \$655,463,969 ; and in 1876 the Democratic Convention declared, "We demand that all Custom House taxation shall be only for revenue." Of course trade can never be said to be free excepting where, as in the internal commerce of the United States, no tax is levied on trade ; and therefore so long as any revenue is raised by duties it is absurd, as Senator Sherman said in discussing the tariff question in 1867, to talk of a "free trade tariff." But it cannot be denied that under the Democratic Revenue Tariff of 1846 a revenue of at least \$140,000,000 would easily now be raised, and Senator Sherman, in the speech to which I refer, admitted that "the wit of man could not possibly frame a tariff" which should produce that sum "without amply protecting our domestic industry." If this happens as an incident to raising such a revenue, American manufacturers will do well to be thankful for it. Had the monopolists succeeded in getting Mr.

Blaine into the White House to thwart legislative reform of tariff taxation for four years more, a worse thing would have overtaken them. For it is unquestionable that a spirit of resistance to protective monopolies is moving through the country, and especially through that nursery of empire, the great North-West, which will not much longer be denied. The Democratic Convention at Chicago wisely took note of this when it made Mr. Vilas of Wisconsin, one of the most eloquent and popular of North-Western Democrats, permanent chairman of the body; and Mr. Vilas has stated the purposes and the convictions of the North-West with plainness of speech:—

The tariff (he says) is a form of slavery not less hateful because the whip is not exposed. No free people can or will bear it. There is but one course. The plan of protective robbery must be utterly eradicated from every law for taxation. With unflinching steadfastness,

but moderately, without destructive haste or violence, the firm demand of freedom must be persistently pressed, until every dollar levied in the name of Government goes to the Treasury, and the vast millions now extorted for a class are left in the pockets of the people who earn the money. Resolute to defend the sacred rights of property, we must be resolute to redress the flagrant wrongs of property.

These are strong words. But they are only the echo from the land of the Great Lakes in 1884 of the liberal principles embodied by Jefferson in the Declaration of Independence in 1776 and sanctioned by the Constitution of the United States in 1789. Those principles are the life of the Democratic party. The Democratic party can only be opposed by opposing those principles. It can only be crushed by crushing them; and it is their inextinguishable vitality which guarantees the permanence of our indissoluble Union of indestructible States.—*Nineteenth Century.*

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RONSARD: ON THE CHOICE OF HIS TOMB.

*"Antres, et vous fontaines."*

BY J. P. M.

YE caverns, and ye founts  
That from these rocky mounts  
Well forth, and fall below  
    With glassy flow;

YE forests, and ye waves  
Whose stream these meadows laves;  
Ye banks and copses gay,  
    Hear ye my lay.

When Heaven and my last sun  
Shall tell my race is run,  
Snatched from the dwelling bright  
    Of common light;

No marble chiselled be,  
That boastfulness may see  
A grander pomp illumine  
    My lowly tomb.

But may, in marble's stead,  
Some tree with shading head  
Uplift its leafy screen,  
    For ever green.

And from me, grant, O Earth !  
 An ivy plant its birth,  
 In close embraces bound  
     My body round :

And may enwreathing vine  
 To deck my tomb entwined,  
 That all around be made  
     A trellised shade.

Thither shall swains, each year,  
 On my feast-day draw near,  
 With lowing herds in view,—  
     A rustic crew ;

Who, hailing first the light  
 With Eucharistic rite,  
 Addressing thus the Isle,\*  
     Shall sing, the while :—

*“ How splendid is thy fame,  
 O tomb, to own the name  
 Of one, who fills with verse  
     The Universe !*

*“ Who never burned with fire  
 Of envious desire  
 For glorious Fate affords  
     To mighty lords ;*

*“ Nor ever taught the use  
 Of love-compelling juice ;  
 Nor ancient magic art  
     Did e'er impart ;*

*“ But gave our meads to see  
 The Sister Graces three  
 Dance o'er the swarded plains  
     To his sweet strains.*

*“ Because he made his lyre  
 Such soft accords respire,  
 As filled us and our place  
     With his own grace.*

*“ May gentle manna fall,  
 For ever, on his pall ;  
 And dews, exhaled in May,  
     At close of day.*

\* “ The poet doubtless here refers to his Priory of St. Cosme-en-l'Isle ; of which, Duperron, in his funeral oration on Ronsard, has said : ‘ This Priory is placed in a very agreeable situation on the banks of the river Loire, surrounded by thickets, streams, and all the

natural beauties which embellish Touraine, of which it is, as it were, the eye and the charm.’ Ronsard, in fact, returned thither to die.”—Sainte-Beuve, ‘ Poésie Française au XVI<sup>e</sup>. Siècle ’ (Paris, 1869), p. 307.



*“ Be turf, and murmuring wave,  
The fence around his grave :  
Wave, ever flowing seen—  
Turf, ever green.*

*“ And we, whose hearts so well  
His noble fame can tell,  
As unto Pan, will bear  
Honors, each year.”*

So will that choir strike up ;  
Pouring from many a cup  
A lamb's devoted blood,  
With milky flood,

O'er me, who then shall be  
Of that High City free,  
Where happy souls possess  
Their blissfulness.

Hail hurtles not, nor there  
Fall snow, in that mild air ;  
Nor thunder-stroke o'erwhelms  
Those hallowed realms :

But evermore is seen  
To reign, unfading green ;  
And, ever blossoming,  
The lovely Spring.

Nor there do they endure  
The lusts that kings allure  
Their ruined neighbors' State  
To dominate :

Like brothers they abide ;  
And, though on earth they died,  
Pursue the tasks they set  
While living yet.

There, there, Alcæus' lyre  
I'll hear, of wrathful fire ;  
And Sappho's chords, which fall  
Sweeter than all.

How those blest souls, whose ear  
Shall strains so chanted hear,  
In gladness must abound  
At that sweet sound ;

When Sisyphus the shock  
Forgetteth, of his rock ;  
And Tantalus by thirst  
Is no more curst !

The sole delicious Lyre  
Fulfils the heart's desire ;  
And charms, with joy intense,  
The listening sense.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

## WÜRZBURG AND VIENNA: SCRAPS FROM A DIARY.

BY EMILE DE LAVELEYE.

## II.

I ARRIVE at Vienna at 10 o'clock and alight at the "Münsch" hotel, a very old-established one, and very preferable, in my opinion, to those gigantic and sumptuous "Ring" establishments where one is a mere number. I find awaiting me a letter from the Baron de Neumann, my colleague of the University of Vienna, and a member of the *Institut de Droit International*. He informs me that the Minister Taaffe will await me at 11 o'clock, and the Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. de Kálnoky, at 3 P.M. It is always well to make the acquaintance of Ministers when visiting foreign countries. It is the means of obtaining the key to doors generally closed, to consulting documents otherwise inaccessible, and to getting out of prison if by mistake you happen to be one day thrown therein.

The Home Office is a sombre-looking palace, situated in the Judenplatz, a dark and narrow street in old Vienna; the apartments are spacious, correct but bare; the furniture severe, simple but pure eighteenth century style. It resembles the abode of an ancient family who must live carefully to keep out of debt. How different to the Government Offices in Paris, where luxury is displayed everywhere in gilt panellings, Lyons velvets, painted ceilings and magnificent staircases—as, for instance, at the Financial and Foreign Offices. I prefer the simplicity of the official buildings of Vienna and Berlin. The State ought not to set an example of prodigality. The Comte Taaffe is in evening dress, as he is going to a conference with the Emperor. He, nevertheless, receives my letter of introduction from one of his cousins most amiably, and also the little note I bring him from my friend Neumann, who was his professor of public law. The present policy of the Prime Minister, which gives satisfaction to the Tscheks and irritates the Germans so much, is not unjustifiable. He reasons thus:—What is the best means to ensure the com-

fort and contentment of several persons living together in the same house? Is it not to leave them perfectly free to regulate their lives just as they think well? Force them to live all in the same way to take their meals and amuse themselves together, and they will be certain, very shortly, to quarrel and separate. How is it that the Italians of the Canton of Tesino never think of uniting with Italy? Because they are perfectly satisfied to belong to Switzerland. Remember that Austria's motto is *Viribus unitis*. True union would be born of general contentment. The sure way to satisfy all is to sacrifice the rights of none. "Yes," I said, "if unity could be made to spring from liberty and autonomy it would be indestructible."

Count Taaffe has long been in favor of federalism. Under the Taaffe-Potocki Ministry, in 1869, he had sketched a plan of reforms with the object of extending the sway of provincial governments.\* In some articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in 1868-9 I tried to show that this was the best solution of the question. Count Taaffe is still young; he was born in 1833, Feb. 24. He is descended from an Irish family and is a peer of that country, with the title of Viscount Taaffe of Correw and Baron of Ballymote; but his ancestors left their home and lost their Irish estates on account of their attachment to the Stuarts. They took service, then, under the Dukes of Lorraine, and one of them distinguished himself at the siege of Vienna in 1683. Count Edward, the present Minister, was born at Prague. His father was President of the Supreme Court of Justice. He himself commenced his career in the Hungarian Administration under the Baron Bach, who, seeing his great aptitudes and his perseverance, procured him rapid advancement. Taaffe became successively Vice-Gover-

\* I give a brief sketch of this in my book, "La Prusse et l'Autriche depuis Sadowa," vol. i., p. 265.

nor of Bohemia, Governor of Salzburg, and finally Governor of Upper Austria. Called to the Ministry of the Interior in 1867, he signed the famous "Ausgleich" of December 21, which forms the basis of the present Dual Empire. After the fall of the Ministry, he was appointed Governor of the Tyrol, and held that post to general satisfaction for a space of seven years. On his return to power he again took up the portfolio of the Interior, and was also appointed President of the Council. He continued to pursue his federalist policy, but with more success than in 1869. The concessions he makes to the Tscheks are a subject of both grief and wonder in Vienna. It is said that he does it to secure their votes for the revision of the law of primary education in favor of reactionary clericalism. Those who are of this opinion must forget that he has clearly shown his leaning to federalism for more than sixteen years.

What is more astonishing is the contradiction between Austria's home and foreign policy. At home the Slav movement is encouraged. All is conceded to it, with the exception of the re-establishment of the realm of St. Wenceslas, the road to which is, however, being prepared. Abroad, on the contrary, and especially beyond the Danube, this movement is opposed and suppressed as much as possible, even at the risk of dangerously increasing Russia's influence and popularity. This contradiction may be explained after this wise. The "Common" Ministry of the Empire is entirely independent of the Ministry of Cis-Leithania. This "Common" Ministry, presided over by the Chancellor, is composed of three Ministers—viz., those of Foreign Affairs, Finances, and War; it alone settles foreign policy, and the Hungarian element is dominant here. Count Taaffe's principal residence is at Ellisham in Bohemia. "Bailli" of the Order of Malta, he possesses the Golden Fleece. He is, in fact, in every respect, an important personage. In 1860 he married the Countess Irma de Czaky of Keresztszegk, by whom he has had a son and five daughters. He has, thus, one foot in Bohemia and the other in Hungary. All unanimously admit his

extraordinary aptitudes, his indefatigable energy, and his clever administration; but in Vienna they complain that he is too aristocratic, and has too great a weakness for the clergy. Probably a statue as high as the Hradsin Cathedral will be raised in his honor at Prague, if he persuades the Emperor to be crowned there.

At three o'clock I proceeded to see Count Kálnoky at the Foreign Office in the Ballplatz. It is very well situated, near to the Imperial residence, in a wide street, and in sight of the Ring. Large reception rooms, solemn-looking and cold; gilded chairs and white and gold panellings, red curtains, polished floorings, and no carpets. On the walls, portraits of the Imperial family. While waiting to be announced, I think of Metternich. It was here he resided. In 1812 Austria decided the fall of Napoleon. Now, again, she holds in her hands the destinies of Europe; for the balance changes as she moves towards the north, the east, or the west; and I am about to see the Minister who directs her foreign policy. I expected to find myself in the presence of an imposing-looking person, with white hair, and very stiff; so I was agreeably surprised on being most affably received by a man of about forty, dressed in a brown morning suit, with a blue cravat. An open and very pleasing expression, and eyes brimming over with wit. All the Kálnoky family have this particularity, it appears. He possesses the quiet, refined, yet simple and modest distinction of manner of an English nobleman. Like many Austrians of the upper class, he speaks French like a Parisian. I think this is due to their speaking six or seven languages equally well, so that the particular accent of each becomes neutralized. The English and the Germans, even when they know French thoroughly, have still a foreign accent when speaking it; not so the Austrians. Count Kálnoky asks what are my plans for my journey. When he hears that I intend studying the question of the Eastern railways, he says:

"That is our great preoccupation at the present moment. In the West they pretend that we are anxious for conquest. This is absurd. It would be very difficult for us to make any which

would satisfy the two parties in the Empire, and it is in fact greatly to our interest that peace should be maintained. But we are dreaming of different sorts of conquests, which, as an economist, you can but approve. I speak of conquests we are desirous of making for our industries, trade, and civilization. For this to be possible, we want railways in Servia, Bulgaria, Bosnia, and Macedonia; and, above all, a connection with the Ottoman lines. Engineers and diplomatists are already at work, and will soon succeed, I hope. I do not think any one will complain or throw blame on us when a Pullman car takes him comfortably from Paris to Constantinople in three days. We are working for the benefit of the Western world."

It has been said that speech was given to diplomatists to conceal their thoughts. I believe, though, that when Austrian statesmen deny any ideas of conquest and annexation in the East, they are expressing the true intentions of the Imperial Government. The late Chancellor de Haymerlé expressed similar opinions when I saw him in Rome in 1879, and in a letter which I received from him shortly before his death. Baron Haymerlé was better acquainted with the East and the Balkan Peninsula than any one. He had lived there many years, first as dragoman of the Austrian Embassy, and afterwards as a Government envoy, and he was a perfect master of all the different languages of the East.

The present Chancellor, Count Kálnoky, of Körospatak, is of Hungarian origin, as his name indicates; but he was born at Littowitz, in Moravia, December 29, 1832. Most of his landed estates are in that province, amongst others Prödlitz, Ottaslawitz and Szabatta. He has several brothers, and a very lovely sister who has been twice married, first to Count Jean Waldstein, the widower of a Zichy, who was already 62 years of age, and, secondly, to the Duke of Sabran. Chancellor Kálnoky's career has been very extraordinary. He left the army in 1879, with the grade of Colonel, and took up diplomacy. He obtained a post at Copenhagen, where he appeared destined to play a very insignificant part in political affairs.

Shortly after, however, he was appointed to St. Petersburg, the most important of all diplomatic posts, and, on the death of Haymerlé, he was called to Vienna as Foreign Minister, and thus in three years he advanced from the position of a cavalry officer, brilliant and elegant it is true, but with no political influence, to be the arbiter of the destinies of the Austrian Empire, and consequently of those of Europe. How may this marvellously rapid advancement, reminding one of the tales of the Grand Viziers in the "Arabian Nights," be accounted for? It is generally considered to be due to Andrassy's friendship. But the real truth is very little known. Count Kálnoky is even cleverer as a writer than as speaker. His despatches from foreign Courts were really finished models. The Emperor, a most indefatigable and conscientious worker, reads all the despatches from the Ambassadors, and was much struck with those from St. Petersburg, noting Kálnoky as destined to fill high functions in the State. At St. Petersburg he charmed every one by his wit and amiability, and in spite of the distrust felt for his country became *persona grata* at the Court there. When he became Chancellor, the Emperor gave him the rank of Major-General.

It was thought in the beginning that his friendship for Russia might lead him to come to terms with that Power, and perhaps also with France, and to break off the alliance with Germany; but Kálnoky does not forget that he is Hungarian and the friend of Andrassy, and that the pivot of Hungarian policy, since 1866, has been a close alliance with Berlin. In the summer of 1883 the German papers more than once expressed vague doubts as to Austria's fidelity, and public opinion at Vienna, and more especially as Pesth, was rather astir on the subject. Kálnoky's visit to Gastein, where the Emperor Wilhelm showed him every mark of affection, and his interview with M. de Bismarck, where everything was satisfactorily explained, completely silenced these rumors. At the present, the young Minister's position is exceedingly secure. He enjoys the Emperor's full confidence, and, apparently, that of the nation also, for, in the last session of

the Trans- and Cis-Leithanian Delegations he was acclaimed by all parties, even by the Tscheks who are just now dominant in Cis-Leithania. Count Kálnoky is hitherto unmarried, which fact, it is said, renders Vienna mothers despairing and husbands uneasy.

I pass my evenings at the Salm-Lichtensteins'. I had already the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the Altgräfin in Florence, and I am very glad to have an opportunity of meeting her husband, a member of Parliament very deeply interested in the Tscheko-German question. He belongs to the Austrian Liberal party, and severely blames Taaffe's policy, and the alliance that the Feudal party, and especially members of his own and of his wife's families, have concluded with the ultra-Tscheks. "Their aim is," he says, "to obtain the same situation for Bohemia as for Hungary. The Emperor would go to Prague to receive the crown of St. Wenceslas. An autonomous government would be re-established in Bohemia under the direction of a Diet, as in Hungary. The Empire would become triune instead of dual. Save for questions common to all, the three States would be independent of each other, united only in the person of the Sovereign. Such an arrangement answered admirably in the Middle Ages, when it was usual; but at the present day, when we are surrounded on all sides by great united Powers, as France, Russia, Prussia and Italy, it is senseless to advocate it. I admit of federation for small neutral States like Switzerland, or for a large country embracing an entire Continent, like the United States; but I consider that for Austria, situated, as she is, in the heart of Europe, exposed on all sides to complications and to the greed and envyings of her many neighbors, it would be absolute perdition. My good friends of the Feudal party, supported by the clergy, hope that when autonomy is established in Bohemia, and the country is completely withdrawn from the influence of the Liberals of the Central Parliament, they themselves will be the masters there, and the former order of things will be reset on foot. I think they make a very great mistake. I believe that when the Tscheks have at-

tained the end they have in view, they will turn against their present allies. They are at heart all democrats, varying in shade from pale pink to bright scarlet; but all will band together against the aristocracy and the clergy, and will make common cause with the German population of our towns, who are almost all Liberals. The country inhabitants would also in a great measure join them, and thus the aristocracy and the clergy would be inevitably vanquished. If necessary the ultra-Tscheks would call up the memories of John Huss and of Ziska, to ensure the triumph of their party.

"Strange to say," he continues, "the majority of the old families heading the national movement in Bohemia are of German origin, and do not even speak the language they wish to be made official. The Hapsburg dynasty, our capital, our civilization, the initiative and persistent perseverance to which Austria owes its creation—are not all these Germanic? In Hungary, German, the language of our Emperor, is forbidden; it is excluded also in Galicia, in Croatia, and will soon be so also in Carinthia, in Transylvania, and in Bohemia. The present policy is perilous in every respect. It is deeply wounding to the German element, which is nothing less than the enlightened classes, commerce, money—the power, in fact, of modern times. If autonomy is established in Bohemia, it will deliver over the clergy and the aristocracy to the Tschek democrats and Hussites."

"All that you say," I answer, "is perfectly clear. I can offer but one objection, which is: that from time to time in the affairs of humanity certain irresistible currents are to be met with. They are so irresistible that nothing subdues them, and any impediment in their way merely serves to increase their force. The nationality movement is one of these. See what a prodigious re-awakening! One might almost compare it to the resurrection of the dead. Idioms buried hitherto in darkness spring forth into light and glory. What was the German language in the eighteenth century, when Frederick boasted that he ignored it, and prided himself on writing French as perfectly as Voltaire? True, it was Luther's

language; yet it was not spoken by the upper and educated classes. Forty years ago, what was the Hungarian tongue? The despised dialect of the pastors of the Puzta. German was the only language spoken in good society and in Government offices, and, at the Diet, Latin. At the present day the Magyar dialect is the language of the press, of the parliament, of the theatre, of science, of academies, of the university, of poetry, and of fiction; henceforth the recognized and exclusive official language, it is imposed even upon the inhabitants of Croatia or Transylvania, who have no wish for it. Tschek is gradually securing for itself the same place in Bohemia as Magyar had attained in Hungary. A similar phenomenon is taking place in Croatia, the dialect there, formerly merely a popular *patois*, now possesses a university at Agram, poets and philologists, a national press, and a theatre. The Servian tongue, which is merely Croatian written in Cyrillic characters, has become the official, literary, parliamentary, and scientific language of Servia. It is in precisely the same position as its elder brothers, French and German, in their respective countries. It is the same for the Bulgarian idiom in Bulgaria and Roumelia, for the Romanian in Romania, for Polish in Galicia, for Finn in Finland, and soon also in Flanders, where, as elsewhere, the literary reawakening precedes political claims. With a constitutional government, the nationality party is sure to triumph, because there is a constant struggle between the political opponents as to which shall make the most concessions in order to secure votes for themselves. This has been also the case in Ireland. Tell me, do you think it possible that any Government would be able to suppress so deeply grounded, so universal a movement, whose root is in the very heart of long-enslaved races, and which must fatally develop as what is called modern civilization progresses? What is to be done, then, to quell this irresistible pressing forward of races all claiming their place in the sunshine? Centralize and compress them, as Schmerling and Bach tried to do? It is too late for that now. The only thing is to make compromises with these divers nationali-

ties, as Count Taaffe is trying to do, being careful, at the same time, to protect the rights of the minority."

"But," answers the Altgraf, "in Bohemia we Germans are in a minority, the Tscheks could crush us mercilessly."

The following day I called on M. de V., an influential Conservative member of Parliament. He appears to me even more distressed than Count Salm. "An Austrian of the old school, a sincere black and yellow, I am, and even, says M. de V., what you call in your extraordinary Liberal jargon, a Reactionist. My attachment to the Imperial family is absolute, as being the common centre of all parties in the State. I am attached to Count Taaffe, because he is the representative of Conservative principles; but I deplore his federalistic policy, which, if pursued, will certainly lead to the disintegration of the Empire. My audacity even goes so far as to declare that Metternich was a clever man. Our good friends, the Italians, reproached him with having said that Italy is a mere geographical expression. But of our empire, which he made so powerful, and, on the whole, so happy, not even that will be left, if this system of chopping it into pieces be followed much longer. It will become a kaleidoscope instead of a State, a mere collection of dissolving views. Do you recollect Dante's lines?

'Quivi sospiri, pianti ed alti guai  
Risonavan per l'aer senza stelle.  
Diverse lingue, orribile favelle,  
Parole di dolore, accenti d'ira,  
Voci alte e fioche, e suon di man con elle.'

"This is the state of things that is being prepared for us. You would hardly, perhaps, believe that this mania is now so violently raging that the Germans in Bohemia, dreading the future power of the Tscheks, have requested autonomy for that portion of the country where they are in a majority. On the other hand the Tscheks would never suffer the division of their realm of St. Wenceslas, so this is another cause of quarrel. This struggle of races is but a return to barbarous ages. You are a Belgian and I an Austrian; could we not therefore agree to manage a business or direct an institution together?"

"Of course," I reply. "When a certain degree of culture is attained, the important point is conformity of feeling rather than a common language, but at the outset, language is the means of arriving at intellectual culture. The motto of one of our Flemish societies affirms this most energetically: *De taal is gausch het volk* ('Language is everything for a people'). In my opinion, reason and virtue are the important points, but without language and letters there can be no progress in civilization."

I take note of a curious little incident, which shows how exceedingly bitter this animosity of races has become. The Tscheks of Vienna, who number about 30,000 requested a grant from the town council to assist them to found a school, where the instruction would be given in their language. The Rector of the University of that city spoke in favor of this request at the meeting of the council. The students of the Tschek University of Prague, apprised of this, forwarded him a vote of thanks; but in what language? Not in Tschek, the Rector would not have understood a word; nor in German the language of the oppressors; in French, as being a foreign idiom and neutral everywhere. The vote—certainly very justifiable—of the Rector in favor of a Tschek school in Vienna, was so highly disapproved of by his colleagues that he was forced to resign his post.

I go next to see Baron von Neumann, one of the pillars of our Institute of International Law. Besides his vast legal knowledge he possesses the precious faculty of speaking all European languages with equal facility, and has also at his disposal a treasure of quotations from the most varied literature. In the different towns in which the Institute has met, he has replied to the authorities appointed to receive us in their own language, and generally as fluently as a native. Baron Neumann takes me to the University of which he is one of the chief ornaments. It is situated quite near the Cathedral, and is a very ancient building, which will shortly be abandoned for the sumptuous edifice in course of construction on the Ring. I am introduced to Professor Lorenz-von Stein, author of the best work that has ever been written on Socialism, "Der

Socialismus in Frankreich," and also several works on public law and political economy, which are very highly considered in Germany. I am also very pleased to make the acquaintance of my youthful colleague M. Schleinitz, who has just published an important work on the development of landed property. Baron Neumann transmits me a letter from Baron Kállay, the Financial Minister, appointing an interview with me before I leave; but I see first M. de Serres, the director of the Austrian railways, who will be able to give me some details as to the connection between the Hungarian and Servian and the Ottoman lines: a question of the very first importance for the future of the East, and which I have promised myself to study.

The Austrian Railway Companies' offices are in a palace on the Place Schwarzenberg, the finest part of the Ring. Their interior arrangements are quite in keeping with the outside appearance. Immense white marble staircases, spacious and comfortable offices, and the furniture in the reception-rooms all velvet and gold. What a contrast between this modern luxury and the simplicity of the Ministerial offices! It is the symbol of a serious economic revolution. Industry takes priority of politics. M. de Serres spreads out a map of the railway system on the table. "See," he says, "this is the direct line from Pesth to Belgrade; it crosses the Danube at Peterwardein and the Save at Semlin; it was necessary therefore to construct two immense bridges, the piles of which have been constructed by the Fives-Lille Company. The Belgrade-Nisch section will be very soon inaugurated. At Nisch there will be a bifurcation of two lines, one continues to Sofia and the other, branching off, joins the Salonica-Nitrovitza branch at Uskub or at Varosch. The line is to run along the Upper Morava by Lescovatz and Vraina. The latter town can then be easily connected with Varosch on the Salonica line, the distance between these two places being quite trifling. This branch line, which will be quickly terminated, is of capital importance. It will be the nearest route to Athens, and even to Egypt and the extreme East; and will ultimately, in

all probability, beat not only Marseilles but Brindisi. The other section of the line, from Nisch to Sofia and Constantinople, presents great difficulties. In the first place, the Pass through which the Nischava flows before reaching Pirot is so wild, narrow, and savage, as to challenge the skill of our engineers. Then, after leaving Pirot, the line must rise over some of the last heights of the Balkans to reach the plain of Sofia; the rocks here, too, are very bad. Beyond, on the high plateau, there will be no difficulty, and a line was half completed by the Turks ten years ago, between Sofia and Sarambay (the terminus of their system); fifteen or sixteen months would suffice to finish it. To be brief, this year we shall be able to go by rail all through Servia as far as Nisch. A year later, if no time be lost, we shall reach Salonica, and, two years afterwards, Constantinople."

I thanked M. de Serres for all these interesting details. "The completion of these lines," I said, "will be an event of capital interest for the Eastern world. It will be the signal for an economic transformation far otherwise important than political combinations, and will hasten the accomplishment of an inevitable result—the development and the supremacy of the dominant races. Your Austrian railways and Hungary will be the first to benefit, but very soon the whole of Europe will share the advantages which will accrue from the civilization of the Balkan peninsula."

I call after this on Baron Kállay. I am very pleased to have an opportunity of seeing him, for I am told on all sides that he is one of the most distinguished statesmen of the empire. He is a pure Magyar, descended from one of Arpad's companions, who came to Hungary towards the close of the ninth century. They must have been a careful and thrifty family, for they have been successful in retaining their fortune, an excellent precedent for a Financial Minister! When quite young, Kállay displayed an extraordinary taste for learning, and he was anxious to know everything; he worked very hard at the Slav and Eastern languages, and translated Stuart Mill's "Liberty" into Magyar, and for his literary labor he

obtained the honor of being nominated a member of the Hungarian Academy.

Having failed to be elected deputy in 1866, he was appointed Consul-General at Belgrade, which post he held for eight years. This period was not lost to science, for he spent it in collecting matter for a history of Servia. In 1874 he was elected deputy in the Hungarian Diet and took his place on the Conservative benches, now the Moderate Left. He started a newspaper, the *Kelet Nepe* (The People of the East), in which he depicted the part Hungary ought to play in Eastern Europe.

It will be remembered that when the Turko-Russian war broke out, followed by the occupation of Bosnia in 1876, the Magyars were most vehement in their manifestations of sympathy with the Turks, and the opposition was most violent in attacking the occupation. The Hungarians were so bitterly hostile to this movement, because they thought it would be productive of an increase in the number of the Slav inhabitants in the Empire. Even the Government party was so convinced of the unpopularity of Andrassy's policy that they durst not openly support it. Just at this time, Kállay took upon himself to defend it in the House. He told his party that it was senseless to favor the Turkish cause. He proved clearly that the occupation of Bosnia was a necessity, even from a Hungarian point of view; because this State forms a corner separating Servia from Montenegro, and thus being in the hands of Austria-Hungary, prevents the formation of an important Slave State which might exercise an irresistible attraction on the Croats, who are of the same race and speak the same language. He explained his favorite projects, and spoke of the commercial and civilizing mission of Hungary in the East. This attitude of a man who knew the Balkan peninsula by heart and had deeply studied all the questions referring to it, was most irritating to many members of his party, who continued for some little time Turcophile; but the speech produced a profound impression on the nation in general, and public opinion was considerably modified. Baron Kállay was designated by Count Andrassy as the Austrian representative in the Commission on Roumelian affairs,



and, on his return to Vienna, he was appointed chief of a section in the Foreign Office. He published his history of Serbia in Hungarian; it has since been translated into German and Serbian, and, even at Belgrade, it was admitted to be the best that exists. He also published, about this time, an important pamphlet in German and Hungarian, on the aspirations of Russia in the East during the past three centuries. Under the Chancellor Haymerlé he became Secretary of State, and his authority increased rapidly. Count Szlavy, formerly Hungarian Minister, a very capable man, but with little acquaintance with the countries beyond the Danube, was then Financial Minister; and, as such, was the sole administrator of Bosnia. The occupation was a total failure. It entailed immense expense, the taxes were not paid into the exchequer, it was said that the money was detained by the Government officials as during the reign of the Turks, and both the Trans-Leithanian and Cis-Leithanian Parliaments showed signs of discontent. Szlavy resigned his post. The Emperor very rightly thinks an immense deal of Bosnia. It is his hobby, his special interest. During his reign Venetian Lombardy has been lost, and his kingdom, consequently, diminished. Bosnia is a compensation for this, and possesses the great advantage of adjoining Croatia, so that it could easily be absorbed into the empire; whereas, with the Italian provinces, this was totally impossible. The Emperor then looked around him for the man capable of setting Bosnian affairs in order, and at once selected Kállay, who was appointed to replace Szlavy.

The first act of the new Minister was personally to visit the occupied province of which he speaks all the varied dialects, and to converse with the Catholics, Orthodox and Mahommedans there. He thus succeeded in reassuring Turkish landholders, in encouraging the peasantry to patience, in reforming abuses and turning the thieves out of the temple. Expenses became at once reduced and the deficit diminished, but the undertaking might well be compared to the cleansing of the Augean stables. Baron Kállay employed great tact and consideration, coupled with relentless

firmness. To be able to set a clock in thorough order it is necessary to be perfectly acquainted with its mechanism. Last year he was warned that a tiny cloud was appearing in Montenegro. A fresh insurrection was dreaded. He started at once to ascertain the exact position of affairs for himself, and he took his wife with him to give his visit a non-official character. Lady Kállay is as intelligent as she is beautiful, and as courageous as intelligent; this latter is indeed a family quality: Countess Bethlen, she is descended from the hero of Transylvania, Bethlen Gabor. Their journey through Bosnia would form the subject of a poem. While on his way from ovation to ovation, he succeeded in stamping out the lighted wick which was about to set fire to the powder. Since then, it appears, matters there have continued to improve; at all events, the deficit has disappeared, the Emperor is delighted, and every one tells me that if Austria succeed in retaining Bosnia she will certainly owe it to Kállay, and that a most important rôle is assuredly reserved for him in the future administration of the empire. He believes in a great destiny for Hungary, but he is by no means an ultra-Magyar. He is prudent, thoughtful, and is well aware of the quagmires by the way. His Eastern experience is of great service to him. I call on him at his offices, in a little narrow street and on the second floor. The wooden staircase is dark and narrow. I cannot help comparing it in my mind to the magnificent palace of the Railway Company, and I must confess my preference for this. I am astonished to find him so young; he is but forty-three years old. The old empire used to be governed by old men, but this is no longer the case. Youth has now the upper hand, and is responsible, doubtless, for the present firm and decisive policy of Austria-Hungary. The Hungarians hold the reins, and their blood has preserved the ardor and decision of youthful people. It seemed to me that I breathed in Austria an air of revival.

Baron Kállay spoke to me first of the Zadrugas, the family communities which existed everywhere in India, as has so well been shown by Sir Henry Maine. "Since you published your book on

Primitive Property" (which was, he says, at the time perfectly accurate), "many changes have taken place—the patriarchal family living on its collective and unalienable domain is rapidly disappearing. I regret this quite as much as you can do, but what can be done?"

Speaking of Bosnia, "We are blamed," he says, "for not having yet settled the agrarian question there, but Ireland is sufficient proof of the difficulties to be met with in solving such problems. In Bosnia these are further complicated by the conflict between the Mussulman and our Western laws. One must be on the spot and study these vexed questions there, fully to realize the hindrances to be met with at every step. For instance, the Turkish law constitutes the State the owner of all forests, and I am especially desirous of retaining rights on these for the purpose of preserving them; on the other hand, in accordance with a Slav custom, the villagers claim certain rights on the forests. If they merely cut the wood they needed for household purposes, only slight harm would be done; but they ruthlessly cut down trees, and then turn in their goats to eat and destroy the young shoots, so that there is never any chance of the old trees being replaced. These wretched animals are the plague of the country. Wherever they manage to penetrate, nothing is to be found but brushwood.

"As the preservation of these woods is of the first necessity in so mountainous a region we intend to pass a law to this end, but the difficulty will be to enforce it. It would almost necessitate an army of keepers and constant struggles in every direction. What is really lacking in this fine country so favored by Nature is a *gentry* who would set an example of agricultural progress, as in Hungary. I will give you an example in proof of this. As a boy I remember that a very heavy old-fashioned plough was used on our land. In 1848, compulsory labor was abolished, wages increased, and we had to cultivate ourselves. We at once sent for the most perfected American iron ploughs, and at the present day these alone are employed even by the peasants. Austria has a great mission to fulfil in Bosnia, which will in all proba-

bility benefit general Europe even more than ourselves. She must, by civilizing the country, justify her occupation of it."

"For myself," I replied, "I have always maintained, in opposition to my friends the English Liberals, that the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina to Dalmatia was a necessity, and I fully explained this at a period when the question was not at all under discussion,\* but the essential point of all is the making of a railway and roads to connect the interior with the ports on the coast. The Serayevo-Mortar line is absolutely a necessity."

"I am quite of your opinion," answers Baron Kállay, "*mai danari*, all cannot be done in a day. We have but just completed the Brod-Serayevo line, which takes passengers in a day from Vienna to the centre of Bosnia. It is one of the first boons conferred by the occupation, and its consequences will be almost measureless."

I refer to a speech he has recently pronounced at the Academy of Pesth. In it he develops his favorite subject, the great mission Hungary is destined to fulfil in the future; being connected with the East through the Magyars and with the West through her ideas and in-

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\* "It is absolutely necessary for Dalmatia to become connected with Bosnia. As a Montenegrin guide one day remarked to Miss Muir Mackenzie, 'Dalmatia without Bosnia, is like a face without a head, and Bosnia without Dalmatia is a head without a face.' There being no communication between the Dalmatian ports and the inland villages, the former with their fine names are but unimportant little towns stripped of all their former splendor. For instance, Ragusa, formerly an independent Republic, has a population of 6,000 inhabitants; Zara 9,000; Zebeniko 6,000; and Cattaro, situated in the most lovely bay in Europe, and with a natural basin sufficiently spacious to accommodate the navy of all Europe, has but 2,078 inhabitants. In several of these impoverished cities, beggars have taken up their abode in the ancient palaces of the princes of commerce; and the lion of St. Mark overlooks these buildings falling into ruins. This coast, which has the misfortune to adjoin a Turkish province, will never regain its former position until good roads and railways have been constructed between its splendid ports and the fertile inland territory, whose productiveness is at present essentially hampered by the vilest imaginable administration." —*La Prusse et l'Autriche depuis Sadowa*, ii. p. 151. 1868.

stitutions, she must be a link between the Eastern and Western worlds. This theory provoked a complete overflow of attacks against Magyar pride from all the German and Slav papers. "These Hungarians," they said, "imagine themselves to be the centre of the universe and their Hungaria, the entire world, *Ungarischer Globus*. Let them return to their steppes, these Asiatics, these Tartars, these first cousins of the Turks." In the midst of all this vehemence, I am reminded of a little quotation from a book of Count Zays, which most accurately paints the ardent patriotism of the Hungarians at once, their honor and strength, but which develops a spirit of domination and makes them detested by other races. The quotation is as follows: "The Magyar loves his country and his nationality better than humanity, better than liberty, better than himself, better even than God and his eternal salvation." Kállay's high intelligence prevents his falling into this exaggerated Chauvinism. "No one understood me," he says, "and no one chose to understand. I was not talking politics. I had no desire to do so in our Academy at a scientific and literary meeting. I simply announced an undeniable fact. Situated at the point of junction of a series of different races and for the very reason that we speak a non Indo-Germanic idiom—call it even Asiatic, if you will—we are compelled to be acquainted with all the languages of Western Europe. Our institutions, our educational systems, belong to the Western world. At the same time, by some mysterious connection with our blood, Eastern dialects are very easily accessible and comprehensible to us. I have over and over again remarked that I can grasp much more clearly the meaning of an Eastern manuscript or document by translating it into Magyar, than if I read a German or English translation of it."

The "Ring," and how this splendid boulevard has been made, is certainly a question worthy of an economist's inquiries. What changes since 1846! At that period, from the heights of the old ramparts that had sustained the famous siege of 1683, one could obtain a panorama of the entire city, with its

extensive faubourgs separated from the centre by a dusty esplanade where the Hungarian regiments, with their tight blue trousers, drilled every evening. The Volksgarten, where Strauss played his waltzes, and the Grecian temple with Canova's statue, have been left intact; but a boulevard twice as wide as those in Paris runs along the entire length; ample space has been reserved for the erection of public monuments and the remainder of the land sold at enormous prices. The State and the town have constructed public edifices vying with each other in magnificence; two splendid theatres, a town hall, which will certainly cost fifty million francs; a palace for the university, two museums, and a House of Parliament for the Reichsrath. All around the Ring in addition to the buildings just mentioned, are Archdukes' palaces, immense hotels, and private residences, which, from their grand proportions and the richness of their decorations, are monuments themselves. I know of nothing comparable to the Ring in any other capital. Where did Austria find the necessary funds for all these constructions? The State and the town made a most successful speculation: the price paid to them for the ground on the esplanade almost covered all their expenses, but the purchasers of that ground and the constructions placed upon it—who paid for all that? The hundreds of millions of francs represented by this land and by the public buildings and private dwellings on it, all that must spring from the savings of the country. This affords a clear proof that in spite of the unfortunate wars, the loss of Venetian Lombardy and the Krach of 1873, in spite also of home difficulties and the persistent deficit, continuing from year to year, Austria has become much wealthier. The State is a beggar, but the nation has accumulated capital which expands itself in all these splendors of the Ring. As on the banks of the Rhine, all this is due to machinery. As man can with his new and powerful tools procure nourishment and clothing for a less sum, he can devote a larger portion of his revenue and labor to his board, his pleasures, to art and various institutions.

All that I succeeded in ascertain-

ing in Vienna with respect to the present situation of Bosnia served to confirm the views I already entertained as to that country. The interests of civilization, and especially those of the Southern Slavs, command our approval of this occupation. We arrive at this conclusion by an argument which appears to me irrefutable. Was it, yes or no, of importance that Bosnia should be freed from the Turkish yoke? No friend of humanity in general and of the Slavs can answer this question otherwise than in the affirmative. Who then is to carry out this freedom? Russia is not to be thought of. The forming of Bosnia into an independent State would be still worse, for it would be simply delivering up the rayas without the slightest defence to the Mussulman Beks. The most tempting plan seemed to be to

unite it to Servia, but in that case Bosnia would have been separated from its neighbor Dalmatia, and the Servian Government would have been compelled to undertake the difficult task of keeping its ancient enemies, the Mussulman Bosniacs, in check. The only other solution was the present one. Austria-Hungary can neither Magyarize nor Germanize Bosnia. She brings it safety, order, education and roads; or, in other words, the elements of modern civilization. Is not this all the Slavophiles can possibly desire? Thus will be formed a new nation, which will grow up side by side with Croatia and Dalmatia, fortifying these two countries as it develops, and serving at the same time as a connecting link between them.—*Contemporary Review*.

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#### ENGLISHMEN AND FOREIGNERS.

THERE has always been in the minds of those who have amused themselves with speculating upon the ultimate destiny of mankind a dim belief that a good time is coming, when wars shall cease, distinctions of race fade away, frontiers be abolished, and all nations, kindreds, and languages be united in the great family of humanity, ruled by "the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World." I should not care to be the president of that assembly. But indeed there seems little likelihood that the Millennium will begin yet awhile, or that we, as Englishmen, shall have any immediate cause to regret our geographical position. As matters stand at present, isolation has its obvious advantages, and, judging by analogy, we should neither feel more friendly towards our neighbors nor understand them better if we could shake hands with them across an imaginary line, instead of bowing politely to them from the other side of the waves which Britannia rules.

*Comprendre c'est pardonner.* Perhaps so; but we are a very long way from understanding one another as yet. The simple beauty of Free Trade is not recognised; standing armies have increased; potential armies include whole nations, and ingenious persons continue to busy

themselves in devising machines for the wiping out of the largest possible number of their fellow-creatures in the briefest possible space of time. In short, it may safely be prophesied that the dawn of universal peace will be deferred until there shall be a common consent to keep the ninth commandment, which is as much as to say that we shall none of us live to see the Greek Kalends.

But we are progressing towards the goal, some sanguine people affirm. The movement of the earth, which is spinning through space at the rate of over a thousand miles a minute, is imperceptible to the atoms that crawl upon its surface; the movements of society are hardly to be detected by its component parts, which vanish and are replaced continually. What we do know is that we ourselves are bustling about much more frequently and rapidly than our forefathers did. We have all become more or less of rolling stones; and the moss of ignorance and prejudice is being rubbed off us day by day. It seems natural to assume that this must be so; but, as a matter of fact, is it so? Do Mr. Cook's excursionists obtain the smallest insight into the habits and character of Continental nations? and

do the more ambitious ladies and gentlemen who would scorn to be "personally conducted" anywhere, and who hastily survey mankind from China to Peru every year, bring back with them any notion of what a Chinaman or a Peruvian is like beyond such as might have been gathered from photographs purchased in Regent Street? Steam power has enabled us to see many races of men, but it has made it infinitely more difficult for us to know them. There is, or there formerly was, in use among the Genevese a queer kind of carriage, surrounded on three sides by leathern curtains, in which the occupant sits as in a wagonette, contemplating only that portion of the landscape which directly faces him; and it is narrated that an Englishman once hired one of these conveyances, and, after making the complete circuit of Lake Lemman, inquired innocently where it was. The modern English traveller labors under a somewhat similar disadvantage. He spends his holidays abroad. He rubs elbows with the natives in the streets; he gazes at the outside of their houses and at their closed doors; but he has his back turned to them, as it were, the whole time; he is among them, but he is not of them. They are not interested in him. Nor is he ambitious of making their acquaintance. It is not upon them that he depends for society. When his doctor orders him to go south for the winter he has no change to dread or hope for, except a change of scene and climate. Wherever he may go he will be tolerably sure to find a more than sufficient assemblage of his fellow-countrymen, an English club, a rubber of whist in the afternoon if he wishes for it, lawn-tennis grounds innumerable, possibly even a pack of hounds; and he will be invited to dinners and balls, at which he may perchance from time to time meet a stray foreigner or two, just as he might in London.

With this state of things the generality of us are very well contented. We no longer think, as Lord Chesterfield did, that "it is of much more consequence to know the *mores multorum hominum* than the *urbes*;" and the instructions issued by that shrewd old gentleman to his son, when the latter was completing his education in foreign parts, are simply

amazing to fathers who live in the latter part of the nineteenth century. "I hope," says he, "that you will employ the evenings in the best company in Rome. Go to whatever assemblies or *spectacles* people of fashion go to. Endeavor to outshine those who shine there the most; get the *garbo*, the *gentilezza*, the *leggiadria* of the Italians. . . . Of all things I beg of you not to herd with your countrymen, but to be always either with the Romans or with the foreign ministers residing at Rome," and so forth. Fancy advising a young man of the present day to "get the *garbo* of the Italians," and imagining that he would, or could, do any such thing!

Lord Chesterfield, no doubt, was able to procure admission for his son into "the best company" at Rome and elsewhere; but in the præ-railway era most European capitals were very hospitably disposed towards persons of less distinction. Provided that these were decent sort of folks, and that they were received by their ministers, no further questions were asked, and every facility was afforded them for acquiring the *garbo* of the Italians and whatever other distinctive attributes the French or Germans may have been supposed to possess. It is probable that they did not take much advantage of these opportunities, for the English are not naturally imitative; but at all events they learnt something about the manners and customs of their entertainers. Most of us have seen letters written by our grandfathers—possibly even by our fathers—which testify, with that old-fashioned fulness of style which cheap postage has killed, what a much more amusing experience travel was then than it is now. The writers had all kinds of small adventures, incidents, and impressions to recount; they jogged leisurely along the highroads of Europe in their heavy travelling carriages, keeping their eyes open as they went; when they reached a famous city they did not set to work to calculate in how few days the sights of that city could be seen and done with, but hired for themselves a house or an *appartement*, prepared for a long stay, and presented their letters of introduction. Of course they were in a small minority. Half a century ago it was not everybody who had time enough or money enough to leave home

for an indefinite period. But, as far as the promotion of universal brotherhood is concerned, the knowledge of the few may perhaps be as useful as the superficial familiarity of the many.

As a means to the above end increased facility of locomotion seems to have failed. Some time-honored superstitions have, it is true, been swept away thereby; we no longer imagine that frogs form the staple article of a Frenchman's diet, while the French, on their other side, do not now accuse us of selling our wives at Smithfield, although their belief that we prefer raw to cooked meat appears to be ineradicable. Yet there are very few Englishmen—so few that one might venture to make a list of them—who can be said to be at home in French society or to be capable of following the drift of French opinion. This last, it must be confessed, is not an easy feat, and indeed can hardly be accomplished by anything short of a prolonged residence in the country. Foreigners naturally form their opinion of a nation as much from reading as from personal observation, and probably there is no people so ill-represented by its press at the French. Any one who should read for a year the "Times," the "Daily News," the "Standard," and "Punch," to say nothing of the weekly reviews, would be able, at the end of that time, to pronounce a fairly accurate judgment upon English politics and English habits of thought. Can it be supposed that, after a twelvemonth's patient study of the "Journal des Débats," the "République Française," the "Figaro," and the "Vie Parisienne," the inquiring stranger would be in an equally favorable position as regards our neighbors across the water? English novels, again, may be said to mirror English life faithfully, upon the whole, but if a man should base his estimate of French society upon a study of the best French novelists he would arrive at a conclusion almost grotesquely unlike the truth.

For the French novelist, for all his so-called realism, takes neither his characters nor his scenes from everyday life, his contention being that, were he to do so, he would produce a work so insufferably dull that no one would buy it. Writing, not as we do *virginibus pueris-*

*que*, but for readers who like the dots to be placed upon the i's, he sets before them a succession of pictures from life, drawn often with great power and insight into human nature, nearly always with scrupulous exactitude of detail, and asserts—what cannot be denied—that they are true pictures. It is a pity that they are usually unpleasant pictures, and that they are liable to be misinterpreted by readers who adopt the too common course of arguing from the particular to the general. There is no occasion to dispute the accuracy of the scenes portrayed in such books as "Le Nabab" or "Les Rois en Exil," or to doubt that the author could, if he chose, point to the living or dead originals of his chief characters and declare that he has maligned none of them; but when we find him, year after year dwelling and insisting upon what is most ignoble in his fellow-creatures, we are surely entitled to accuse him of a *suppressio veri* and a *suggestio falsi*. With the single exception of "Tartarin de Tarascon," which is a burlesque, I do not remember one of M. Daudet's books, from "Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné," down to "Sapho," his last and infinitely his worst production, which does not leave behind it a profound impression of sadness. "C'est la faute de la vie, qui dicte," he said once, in answer to this reproach, as though life had but one side, or as though the literal truthfulness of a photograph conveyed all that there is to be seen in a landscape. But indeed some people, as we know, have the misfortune to be color-blind, and to them, no doubt, the outlines of the world must seem to be filled in rather with shade than with light. One may pay a willing homage to M. Daudet's genius and yet suspect that life, if he had chosen to listen, might have dictated to him different stories from those which he has published, and one may question whether his sons will be much the better for reading "Sapho" even "quand ils auront vingt ans."

The subject of French fiction, its tendencies and its influences, is too long a one to be more than glanced at here. The wit, the brilliancy, the charm of style of About, Octave Feuillet, Cherbuliez, Jules Clarétie, and others of less repute are familiar to most educated

men. Not all of them are such pessimists as M. Daudet; yet those who know what *ordinary* French life is will find only a faint reflection of it in the novels of the above-named writers, unless it be here and there in the pages of the first. It is always best to avoid making statements which, from their very nature, are not susceptible of proof; but, after associating pretty constantly with French people for a matter of twenty years, I will take upon me to say that I doubt very much whether the marriage-vow is broken more frequently in France than elsewhere. That weary old tale of conjugal infidelity, which appears to be as essential to the French novelist as the more legitimate love affair and marriage at the end of the third volume are to his British confrère, might, I believe, be told with as much or as little truth of other countries. There is an old story of an artist who sent a sketch of some Indian scene to one of the illustrated papers, and afterwards complained that it had been tampered with before publication, a group of palms having been introduced into the background, whereas those trees were unknown in the region which he had depicted. "That is very possible, Mr. —," replied the editor; "but let me tell you that the public expects palms in an Oriental landscape, and *will have them.*" Not being a publisher, I am not in a position to affirm that the French public expects, and will have, a breach of the seventh commandment in its novels; but there is every reason to infer that such is the opinion of French authors.

Of course it may be urged that, in literature as in forms of government, people commonly get what they deserve, and that a public which demands the kind of nutriment alluded to must be an unhealthy and immoral sort of public. It should, however, be borne in mind that there is a much larger portion of the French than of the English public which never reads novels at all. Whether the immense sale commanded by such works as "*L'Assommoir*" and "*Nana*" is or is not a sign of national decadence is a question which will not be too hastily answered by any one who remembers the various phases through which literature has passed in other

lands, but none need hesitate to say that the effect produced by them upon outside opinion of France and the French has been eminently unfavorable. It is not with impunity that a nation can delight, or seem to delight, in the contemplation of foulness. France. "*ce pays de gens aimables, doux, honnêtes, droits, gais, superficiels, pleins de bon cœur,*" to quote M. Renan, who knows his countrymen well and does not always flatter them, is becoming more and more regarded as a sink of iniquity, and those who watch the development of her manners, as illustrated by some of her most popular novelists, are beginning to ask themselves whether any good can come out of Nazareth. In England more especially this feeling is gaining ground. If we are little, or not at all, better acquainted with the French people than we were fifty years ago, we are a good deal better acquainted with the French language. We read all the new French books, particularly the new French novels (sometimes we have to keep them under lock and key, and peruse them stealthily after the other members of the family have gone to bed), and it is hardly surprising that we should take our neighbors at what appears to be their own valuation. Englishmen, sober, reticent—a trifle Pharisaical, it may be—cannot pardon writers who take pleasure in stripping poor human nature of its last shred of dignity and exhibiting it to the world under its most revolting aspects. These things are true, the naturalistic school of novel writers say. What then? we may return. Most people know that hideous forms of vice exist; but most people think it is safer and wiser not to talk about them. As for those who do not know, for what conceivable reason should they be told? And so the Englishman, when he takes his walk through the streets of Paris, feels that he would just as soon have nothing to do with the unclean persons who, as he presumes inhabit that city.

The truth is that there has never been any real sympathy between these two nations, so nearly united in geographical position and by some political ties and so widely separated in all other respects. Perhaps our one and only point of resemblance is our common inability to

adapt ourselves to ways that are not our ways. A Frenchman, wherever he goes, is always a Frenchman, and an Englishman is always an Englishman. In this particular the Americans have the advantage of us. With their keenness of observation, their restless curiosity, their desire to pick out and appropriate whatever seems to them best in foreign lands, the Americans have fewer prejudices and fewer antipathies than we who live in the Old World. Their extreme sensitiveness does not often take the form of self-consciousness; they readily pick up the tone of the society that they frequent, and, although they are not as a rule, first-rate linguists, they soon acquire enough knowledge of a language to enable them to converse easily with the inhabitants of the country in which they are sojourning. Moreover, they are less prone than we are to save themselves trouble by accepting other people's views, and, whatever their opinion may be worth, are generally able at least to give grounds for holding it.

In the case of our kinsmen on the other side of the Atlantic we have of late years unquestionably made a great advance towards mutual understanding, and, it may be added, friendship. Possibly we are none the worse friends for having disliked one another very cordially not so long ago. There is a prevalent impression in this country that the quarrel was one-sided, that the Americans were irritated (excusably perhaps) by our recognition of the Confederate States as belligerents, as well as by the general sympathy that was felt in England for the Southern cause, and that we really never said half such unpleasant things about them as they did about us. But if they expressed their aversion more loudly than we did it is not so certain that ours was any less deep; and in our present liberal and enlightened mood we can afford to admit that most of us had but a poor opinion of our cousins, from a social point of view, twenty years back. I happened, towards the close of the civil war, to be in a German city much frequented both by English and Americans, who could hardly be induced to speak to one another. The British chaplain of the place—remembering, I

suppose, that the Americans who attended his services contributed something towards the defrayal of the expenses connected therewith—took it into his head one Sunday to pray for the President of the United States, a custom which has since become universal among mixed congregations on the Continent. In those days it was an innovation, and an English gentleman who was present marked his disapproval of it by thumping his stick on the floor and saying aloud, "I thought this was an English church!" after which he picked up his hat and walked out. It is only fair to his compatriots to add that in the very pretty quarrel which ensued they declined to support him; but I doubt whether it was so much with his sentiments that they were displeased as with his disregard for religious propriety. How the affair ended I do not know. Let us hope that bloodshed was averted, and that the irate Briton was brought to see that there could be no great harm in paying the same compliment to the President of the United States as we are accustomed to pay to Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics. Squabbles of this kind are, happily, now rare. The "Alabama" claims were settled long ago; Americans in large numbers visit our shores every year, and are to be met with pretty frequently in London society, where they are kind enough to say that they have a lovely time; some are almost domiciled among us, and have recorded in print their intimate acquaintance with our mode of life in London and in the country. Perhaps their criticisms were a trifle too subtle for us just at first, but now that the subtlety has been discovered and proclaimed we quite delight in it. We, for our parts, think no more of crossing the Atlantic than we used to think of crossing the Channel; we partake of the boundless hospitality that awaits us on the other side, and do not fail to let our entertainers know how pleased we are with them before we re-embark. We used to add a kindly expression of surprise at finding them so agreeable, but we don't do this any more now. If the perennial interchange of civilities is sometimes broken by a stage aside we pretend not to hear it, and it may safely be asserted that we have as much



real affection for one another as commonly subsists between collaterals. That, of course, is saying no more than that we shall probably continue to be friends until a cause for dispute arises; but more than this cannot, surely, be said of any two nations upon the earth's surface, and, fortunately, there is little prospect of a difference between England and America which may not be peaceably settled.

Since the war of 1870 our eyes have been turned towards Germany with the interest and admiration which success must ever command. Our military system has been remodelled upon the German system; we have crowned our soldiers with a helmet somewhat resembling the *Pickelhaube*, which is, I believe, found to be quite as inconvenient as that celebrated head gear, and which is certainly several degrees more unsightly. Also we have a high respect for Prince Bismarck, considering him as the greatest statesman of the age, and drinking in eagerly the reports of his utterances vouchsafed to us by Dr. Busch and others. I have not, however, observed as yet any sign that we—as represented by our Government—are inclined to display flattery in its sincerest form by adopting the Chancellor's decisive method of dealing with any little difficulties that may arise.

In point of consanguinity the people whom he has succeeded in uniting into a nation are not a long way removed from us; in times past they have frequently been our allies; they have, moreover, given us our reigning dynasty. Perhaps, upon the whole we get on better with them than with any other continental race. Many English families repair to Germany for educational purposes, are received at the smaller courts, visited by the high-nobly born *Herrschaft* with whom they are brought into contact, and thus gain some idea of German ways. It has been said that a sailor is the best of good fellows anywhere except on board his own ship, when he is apt to become—well, not quite so good a fellow. The contrary rule would appear to apply to the German, who is a kindly, pleasant, person at home, but whose demeanor when abroad leaves something to be desired. We have all met him in Italy or Switzer-

land, and we are all aware that his manners, like Mr. Pumblechook's, "is given to blustering." We have suffered from the loud, harsh voice with which Nature has afflicted him, as well as from his deep distrust of fresh air and his unceremonious method of making his way to the front at railway stations. But in their own country the Germans show to much greater advantage. They are well-disposed towards strangers; not a few of them have the sporting proclivities which are a passport to the British heart; they are easily pleased, and are, in the main, amiable, unassuming people. It is much to their credit that their sober heads were never turned by victories which would assuredly have sent a neighboring nation half crazy. Of course there are Germans and Germans, and the inhabitants of the State which holds the chief rank in the Empire have never been renowned for prepossessing manners or for an excess of modesty. Even they, however, have a good deal of the innocent unsuspectingness which is one of the charms of the Teutonic character. Not long ago I chanced to be speaking to a Prussian gentleman about the ill-feeling which existed at that time between his country and Russia, and which seemed likely enough to culminate in an outbreak of hostilities. He assured me that the ill-feeling was entirely on the Russian side.

"We have nothing against them," he declared, "and we want nothing from them; but they are angry with us, and that is easily explained. They cannot get on without us; they are obliged to employ our people everywhere instead of their own, and they are furious because they have to acknowledge the superiority of the German intellect."

I remarked that the superiority of the German intellect was manifest; whereupon he shrugged his shoulders quickly, and snorted in the well-known Prussian fashion, as who should say, "Could any one be such a fool as to doubt it?"

I went on to observe that in philosophy, science, and music Germany led mankind. He agreed with me, and added, "Also in the art of war."

"The Germans," I proceeded, "are the best-educated people in the world;" and he replied, "No doubt."

"And they are the pleasantest company."

"Certainly," answered he, "that is so."

"And what adds so much to the attractiveness of their conversation," I continued, "is their delicate wit and keen perception of irony."

I confess that after I had made this outrageous speech I shook in my shoes and looked down at my plate. I ought never to have said it, and indeed I would not have said it if he had not led me on until it became irresistible. But there was no occasion for alarm. When I raised my eyes to my neighbor's face I found it irradiated with smiles. He laid his hand on my arm quite affectionately.

"What you say is perfectly true," he cried; "but do you know you are the very first stranger I have ever met who has had the sense to discover it?"

And then he explained to me that the Germans were absurdly considered by Frenchmen and other superficial observers to be a rather dull-witted and heavy race.

Now I really do not see how any one is to help liking a nation so happily self-complacent. The Prussians are said to be arrogant and overbearing; but I don't think they are so, unless they are rubbed the wrong way; and what pleasure is there in rubbing people the wrong way? When Victor Hugo announces that France is supreme among nations, when he invites us to worship the light that emanates from the holy city of Paris, and hints that we might do well to worship also the proclaimer of that light, we are half shocked and half incredulous. The bombast seems too exaggerated to be sincere; it has the air of challenging and expecting contradiction. We find it impossible to believe that any sane man can really mean much of what this great poet tells us that he means. French vanity—and Victor Hugo, whether at his highest or at his lowest, is always essentially French—is not amusing. It is the kind of vanity which is painful to witness, and which cannot but be degrading to those who allow themselves to give way to it. But in the placid North German self-approval there is a child-like element, which is not unpleasing nor even

wholly undignified. It may provoke a smile; but the smile is a friendly one. These excellent stout professors and bearded warriors who are so thoroughly pleased with themselves, and who never suspect that anybody can be laughing at them, command our sympathies—perhaps because John Bull himself is not quite a stranger to the sensations that they experience.

Yet, when all is said and done, John Bull remains John Bull. German philosophy, French wit, American acuteness, the "*garbo* of the Italians"—these things are not for him, nor is he specially desirous of assimilating them. He is as God made him, and has an impression that worse types have been created. At the bottom of his heart—though he no longer speaks it out as freely as of yore—there still lurks the old contempt for "foreigners." As I have already made so bold as to say, I do not think that the hustle and bustle of the present age have brought him any clearer comprehension of these foreigners than his forefathers possessed, or that the advent of the universal republic has been at all hastened by the rise of democracy and the triumph of steam. Certainly all men are human, and all dogs are dogs; but you will not convert a bulldog into a setter by taking him out shooting, nor a mastiff into a spaniel by keeping them in one kennel. It is doubtless well that those who own a large number of dogs should encourage familiarity among them, and restrain them from delighting to bark and bite, and it might also be a good thing to induce them, if possible, to recognise each other's respective utilities. But they never do recognise these. On the contrary, they contemplate one another's performances with the deepest disdain, and if we could see into the workings of their canine minds we should very likely discover that each is perfectly satisfied with himself, and as convinced that his breed is superior to all others as Victor Hugo is that Paris is the light of the world.

Recent inventions have dealt some heavy blows at time and space, but have not as yet done much towards abolishing national distinctions of character. One result of them, as melancholy as it is inevitable, is the slow

vanishing of the picturesque. The period of general dead-level has set in ; old customs have fallen into abeyance and old costumes are being laid aside. The "Ranz des Vaches" no longer echoes among the Swiss mountains ; the Spanish *sombrero* has been discarded in favor of a chimney-pot hat : the Hungarian nobles reserve their magnificent frippery for rare state occasions, and the black coat, deemed so significant a sign of the times by Alfred de Musset, is everywhere replacing the gay clothing of a less material era. But, for all that,

mastiffs are mastiffs and spaniels spaniels. Democracy claims to be cosmopolitan : perhaps some of us may live long enough to see what the boast is worth. If it be permitted to ground a prophecy upon the lessons of history, we may say that co-operation is possible only so long as interests are identical, and that the mainspring of all human collective action is, and will be, nothing more or less than that selfishness which, as Lord Beaconsfield once told us, is another word for patriotism. — *Cornhill Magazine.*

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### FRENCH DUELLING.

BY H. R. HAWEIS.

ONE of the liveliest little duels we have lately heard of is that which took place in October between the journalist M. Rochefort and Captain Fournier. It appears that the gallant captain felt himself aggrieved by some free expressions in the "Intransigeant," challenged the editor, and both belligerents went out with swords, whereupon Rochefort pinked Fournier, Fournier slashed Rochefort, both lost a teaspoonful or so of blood, and honor appears to have been satisfied.

In the eyes of the average Briton there is always something absurd about a duel. He either thinks of the duel in "The Rivals," or as it is occasionally witnessed at Toole's theatre, or of Mark Twain's incomparable "affair" with M. Gambetta ; but it seldom occurs to any one in this country to think of a duel as being honorable to either party, or capable of really meeting the requirements of two gentlemen who may happen to have a difference of opinion.

The Englishman kicks his rival in Pall Mall, canes him in Piccadilly, or pulls his nose and calls him a liar at his club. He is then had up for assault and battery, his grievance is well aired in public, he is consoled by the sympathy of an enlarged circle of friends, pays a small fine, and leaves the court "without a stain upon his character." If, on the other hand, his rival is in the right, the damages are heavy, and his friends say, "Pity he lost his temper

and made a fool of himself," and there the matter ends. In either case outraged justice or wounded honor is attended to at the moderate cost of a few sovereigns, a bloody nose, or a smashed hat.

We think on the whole it is highly creditable to England that this should be so. The abolition of duelling by public opinion is a distinct move up in the scale of civilisation.

Perhaps we forget how very recent that "move up" is.

When it ceased to be the fashion to wear swords in the last century, pistols were substituted for these personal encounters. This made duelling far less amusing, more dangerous, and proportionally less popular. The duel in England received practically its *coup de grâce* with the new Articles of War of 1844, which discredited the practice in the army by offering gentlemen facilities for public explanation, apology, or arbitration in the presence of their commanding officer. But previous to this "the duel of satisfaction" had assumed the most preposterous forms. Parties agreed to draw lots for pistols and to fight, the one with a loaded, the other with an unloaded weapon.

This affair of honor (?) was always at short distances and "point-blank," and the loser was usually killed. Another plan was to go into a dark room together and commence firing. There is a beautiful and pathetic story told of two men,

the one a "kind" man and the other, a "timid" man, who found themselves unhappily bound to fight, and chose the dark-room duel. The kind man had to fire first, and, not wishing to hurt his adversary, grouped his way to the chimney-piece and, placing the muzzle of his pistol straight up the chimney, pulled the trigger, when, to his consternation, with a frightful yell down came his adversary the "timid" man, who had selected that fatal hiding-place.

Another grotesque form was the "medical duel," one swallowing a pill made of bread, the other swallowing one made of poison. When matters had reached this point, public opinion not unnaturally took a turn for the better, and resolved to stand by the old obsolete law against duelling, whilst enacting new bye-laws for the army, which of course reacted powerfully, with a sort of professional authority, upon the practice of bellicose civilians.

The duel was originally a mere trial of *might*, like our prize fight; it was so used by armies and nations, as in the case of David and Goliath, or as when Charles V. challenged Charlemagne to single combat. But in mediæval times it got to be also used as a test of *right*, the feeling of a judicial trial by ordeal entering into the struggle between two persons, each claiming right on his side.

The judicial trial by ordeal was abandoned in the reign of Elizabeth, but the practice of private duelling has survived in spite of adverse legislation, and is exceedingly popular in France down to the present day. The law of civilised nations has, however, always been dead against it. In 1599 the parliament of Paris went so far as to declare every duellist a rebel to his majesty; nevertheless, in the first eighteen years of Henri Quatre's reign no fewer than 4,000 gentlemen are said to have perished in duels, and Henri himself remarked, when Creyin challenged Don Philip of Savoy, "If I had not been the king I would have been your second." Our ambassador, Lord Herbert, at the court of Louis XIII., wrote home that he hardly ever met a French gentleman of repute who had not either killed his man or meant to do so! and this in spite of laws so severe that the two greatest duellists of the age, the Count

de Boutteville and the Marquis de Beuron, were both beheaded, being taken *in flagrante delicto*.

Louis XIV. published another severe edict in 1679, and had the courage to enforce it. The practice was checked for a time, but it received a new impulse after the close of the Napoleonic wars. The dulness of Louis Philippe's reign and the dissoluteness of Louis Napoleon's both fostered duelling. The present "opportunist" Republic bids fair to outbid both. You can hardly take up a French newspaper without reading an account of various duels. Like the suicides in Paris, and the railway assaults in England, duels form a regular and much appreciated item of French daily news.

It is difficult to think of M. de Girardin's shooting dead poor Armand Carell—the most brilliant young journalist in France—without impatience and disgust, or to read of M. Rochefort's exploit the other day without a smile.

The shaking hands in the most cordial way with M. Rochefort, the compliments on his swordsmanship, what time the blood flowed from an ugly wound, inflicted by him as he was mopping his own neck, are all so many little French points (of honor?) which we are sure his challenger, Captain Fournier, was delighted to see noticed in the papers. No doubt every billiard-room and café in Paris gloated over the details, and the heroes, Rochefort and Fournier, were duly fêted and dined together as soon as their respective wounds were sufficiently healed.

Meanwhile John Bull reads the tale and grunts out loud, "The whole thing is a brutal farce and the 'principals' are no better than a couple of asses."

Now, admitting that there are some affronts which the law cannot and does not take cognisance of, in these days such affronts are very few. That terrible avenger, public opinion, is in this nineteenth century a hundred-handed and a hundredfold more free, powerful, and active than it used to be, before the printing-press, and, I may add, railways, telegraphs, and daily newspapers. But of all cases to which duelling, by the utmost stretch of honorable license, could be applied—a mere press attack is perhaps the least excusable.

Here are the French extolling the freedom of the English press by imitating—or trying to imitate—English independence and the right to speak and act and scribble *sans gêne*—and it turns out, that an honorable member in the Senate cannot lose his temper, or a journalist write a smart article, without being immediately requested to fight. “*Risum teneatis, amici!*” and this is the people who think themselves fit for liberty, let alone equality and fraternity! (save the mark!)

The old town clerk at Ephesus in attempting to compose a dispute of a rather more serious character some eighteen hundred years ago, between a certain Jew and a Greek tradesman, spoke

some very good sense when he appealed to both disputants thus: “If Demetrius have a matter against any man the law is open, and there are deputies: let them implead one another.”

Next time M. Rochefort pokes fun at Captain Fournier in the “*Intransigent*,” we advise the captain, instead of pinking that witty but scurrilous person, to try the law of libel. If he wins he will get money in his purse, which is better than an ugly gash in his side; if he loses he will go home to consider his ways and perchance amend them, under the stimulus of a just public rebuke—a sadder and perhaps a *wiser* man: that, indeed, both he and Rochefort might easily be.—*Belgravia*.

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### JOHN WYCLIFFE: HIS LIFE AND WORK.

THE quincentenary of the death of John Wycliffe occurring on the 31st day of this month (December 1884), invites us to review the work with which the name of Wycliffe is associated and identified. “John Wycliffe,” says Dean Hook, “may be justly accounted one of the greatest men that our country has produced. He is one of the very few who have left the impress of their minds, not only on their own age, but on all time.”\* He is also one of the few who are known to us only in their work, and by their work. For it may be said that, apart from Wycliffe’s work, we know nothing of the man. His work is his memorial: in it he lives.

Wycliffe’s work may be viewed in its relation to the University—Oxford; to the Crown—the national independence; to the hierarchy—the clergy; and to the laity—the people. According to this method of survey and review, Wycliffe appears successively in history as a student and scholastic disputant; as a politician and patriot; as a theologian and reformer; and as a Christian evangelist and preacher of grace, righteousness, and truth. These successive phases of Wycliffe’s work correspond with the events of his life; and they indicate the progress of the great work to which Wycliffe had dedicated his

powers. This, again, implies that it was only step by step—little by little—that Wycliffe’s views assumed that form in which they were developed and expressed in the later years of his life.

It is impossible to determine either the date of Wycliffe’s first admission to Oxford or the college in which he first studied. Of his early life at the university, as of his earlier life at home, we know nothing. According to the statements of some of his biographers, Wycliffe was born in the year 1324, in the hamlet of Spreswell, near old Richmond, in Yorkshire. In 1340, he went to Oxford, and was one of the first commoners received into Queen’s college—an institution opened that year for the first time. After a short attendance in Queen’s, he joined himself to Merton, and became a fellow of that famous College. The historian Fuller says that Wycliffe was a graduate of Merton, but he makes no mention of his having been at an earlier time connected with Queen’s College. “We can give no account,” he says, “of Wycliffe’s parentage, birthplace, or infancy; only we find an ancient family of the Wycliffes in the bishopric of Durham,\* since by match united to the Brackenburies, persons of prime quality in those parts. As for this our Wycliffe, history

\* Lives of the Archbishops, iii. 76.

\* Camden’s Britannia.

at the very first meets with him a man, and full grown, yea, graduate of Merton College in Oxford."\* Of the six Oxford colleges of that time, Merton had acquired for itself a splendid and well-deserved reputation. "And, indeed, malice itself cannot deny that this college, or little university, rather, doth equal, if not exceed, any one foundation in Christendom, for the famous men bred therein."† Roger Bacon (1280), *Doctor Mirabilis*; John Duns Scotus (1308), *Doctor Subtilis*; Water Burley (1337), *Doctor Approbatus*; William of Ockham (1347), *Doctor Singularis* or *Pater Nominalium*; and Thomas Bradwardine (1350), *Doctor Profundus*,—were all bred in Merton College. John Wycliffe seems to have early entertained and cherished the ambition to add his name to the number of those renowned doctors who as students had preceded him in Merton College. If this was his ambition, he attained to the object of his desire when, by his contemporaries, he was recognised as *Doctor Evangelicus*. It would appear that, at an early period in his life, he had, after much deliberation, made choice of the Bible or the Gospel as his great theme. To be a "Biblicist," or Bible student and interpreter, was not considered a high or honorable distinction by the schoolmen—the men of "culture" of that age. But to think for himself and to choose for himself was a notable characteristic of the young Yorkshireman, John Wycliffe. In making his choice and in linking himself indissolubly to the Word and "cause of God,"‡ he seems to have been much influenced by the example and by the teaching of Bradwardine. But he made it his aim to be a proficient, and, if possible, a master in all attainable science and learning. That he had been a thorough student of the Trivium and Quadrivium is proved by his works, for they all bear the impress of the disciplined scholastic and the skilful dialectician. In all respects he was a worthy successor of the distinguished band of men who had been his

predecessors in Merton. The writings of Wycliffe show that he had studied very carefully the works of Roger Bacon, of Duns Scotus, and of William of Ockham. But the same writings show that he had early learned to call no man master—for while he accepts much from Duns Scotus, he also accepts much from William of Ockham. Truth seems to have been the object of his early, eager, and constant pursuit.

The first notable and formal recognition of Wycliffe's eminence within the university, is found in his appointment to be Warden or Master of Balliol. In this honorable office he continued only for a few years—1360–1362. From Balliol he received nomination to the rectorship of the parish of Fylingham, in Lincolnshire. Soon after his appointment to a pastoral cure, he resigned his position as Master of Balliol. Wycliffe's connection with the diocese of Lincoln, through his being rector of Fylingham, seems to have had an important influence on the progressive development of his ecclesiastical and religious life. A former Bishop of Lincoln—1235–1254—Grossetête (Greathead), was spoken of by Roger Bacon as "the only man living" in that age "who was in possession of all the sciences." The writings of this great and good bishop are continually quoted or referred to by Wycliffe.

A most significant testimony to the standing influence and reputation of Wycliffe in the university was given in 1365 by Simon Islip, Archbishop of Canterbury, who appointed him Warden of Canterbury Hall. In the Archbishop's letter of institution, Wycliffe is described, "as one in whose fidelity, circumspection, and prudence his Grace very much confided, and on whom he had fixed his eyes on account of the honesty of his life, his laudable conversation, and his knowledge of letters." The significance and worth of this testimony can hardly be overestimated. It is all the more significant because of the circumstances in which it was given, and the nomination to which it was designed to give effect. In founding Canterbury Hall, Islip had appointed Woodhull—a monk of Canterbury—to be Warden. With him three other monks and eight secular scholars were associated in the

\* Church History, Book IV. 1.

† Ibid., Book III. century xiii.

‡ Causa Dei—the title of Bradwardine's great work.

government of the hall. After a trial of four years of this mixed administration, finding that it did not work well, more particularly because of the jealousies, contentions, and collisions between the monks and the secular associates, Islip, in the exercise of a right which he had reserved to himself, displaced the Warden and the three other monks, and appointed Wycliffe in the place of Woodhull; and three secular priests, Selby, Middleworth, and Benger, to be associates or fellows in the room of the three monks. This action on the part of the Archbishop gave great offence to the monks of Christ Church and to the whole order of the Friars. It was regarded as virtually and in effect an act by which the Archbishop of Canterbury gave the weight of his high position and great authority to those who in Oxford were the resolute and strenuous opponents of the mendicant friars. Consequences that could not have been foreseen by any concerned in this action flowed from it. For not long after Wycliffe's appointment to the Wardenship of Canterbury Hall, Archbishop Islip died on the 26th April 1366, and was succeeded in November by Simon Langham, who had been monk, prior, and abbot of Westminster. By this Archbishop, Wycliffe and the three secular priests who had been so recently appointed to govern Canterbury Hall were removed. Woodhull and his associates were reinstated in the position from which they had been expelled by Islip, and, in violation of the founder's will, the eight secular scholars were ejected. The hall thus became virtually a monastic institution. Wycliffe's appeal to the papal court at Avignon was of no avail. After a protracted process and long delay, the Pope gave judgment against him in 1370. We cannot better conclude this chapter in Wycliffe's life than by quoting the words of Godwin. They will prepare us for what comes next in the order of events:—

“From Canterbury College, which his predecessor had founded, he (Langham) sequestered the fruits of the benefice of Pageham, and otherwise molested the scholars there, intending to displace them all and to put in monks, which in the end he brought to pass. John Wycliffe was one of them that were so displaced, and had withstood the Archbishop

in this business with might and main. By the Pope's favor and the Archbishop's power, the monks overbore Wycliffe and his fellows. If, then, Wycliffe were angry with Pope, Archbishop, monks, and all, you cannot marvel.”\*

Notwithstanding the very reasonable remark of Godwin that we need not wonder much if Wycliffe, considering the treatment which he had received at the hands of the Pope, the Archbishop, and the monks, should be angry against them all, there is no proof or evidence whatever in support of the allegation of his adversaries, that his antagonism to the friars and his attitude towards the Pope proceeded from irritated feeling, discontent, and disappointed ambition. On the contrary, the absence of all such feelings is one of the most remarkable and characteristic distinctions of his numerous writings.

Wycliffe's nomination by Islip to the Wardenship of Canterbury Hall is dated the 9th of December 1365. In that year Pope Urban V. revived and urged a claim against Edward III. which had been in abeyance for thirty-three years. This was the demand that Edward should pay the feudal tribute or annual fee which for the crown of England he owed to Urban the Fifth of that name, exercising the functions of Bishop of Rome in the place of the papal captivity at Avignon. The Servant of servants at Avignon—moved by that necessity which knows no law, or by an equally lawless covetousness and ambition—demanded of Edward III. of England payment of the feudal tribute-money alleged to be due by that monarch to the Holy See. The demand of the Pope was for payment of the sum of a thousand marks annually due, and for payment of the arrears that had accumulated for thirty-three years, or since Edward, ceasing to be a minor, had exercised his sovereign rights as monarch of England. This papal claim was accompanied with an intimation to the King of England that, in case of his failing to comply with the pontifical demand, he should appear to answer for his non-fulfilment of this duty in the presence of his feudal lord and sovereign, the Pope

\* A Catalogue of the Bishops of England, by Francis Godwin, now Bishop of Landaff: 1615.

of Rome, at Avignon. It is difficult to say whether the arrogance or the folly of Pope Urban V., in reviving and urging this claim at this time was the greater of the two. Edward III., even in his decrepitude, and in the midst of the reverses which marked his declining years, was not likely to crouch, like John, under the ignominious burden laid on him in the time of his adversity by the Papacy. The Pope's claim proved the occasion of uniting the King and the nation in a common assertion and vindication of the national independence, and of the inalienable rights and prerogatives of the English Crown. It was the occasion of Wycliffe's first public appearance as the champion of the royal supremacy and national independence against the usurpation and arrogance of the Court of Rome. The papal claim was submitted by Edward to the Parliament which met at Westminster in May 1366. After deliberation, the answer of the Parliament—the Lords and Commons of England—to the demand of the Pope, concluded with these weighty and well-measured words:—

“Forasmuch as neither King John nor any other king could bring this realm and kingdom in such thraldom and subjection but by common consent of Parliament, the which was not done; therefore, that which he did was against his oath at his coronation, besides many other causes. If, therefore, the Pope should attempt anything against the King, by process or other matters in deed, the King, with all his subjects, should with all their force and power resist the same.”\*

At the time when this resolution was come to, Wycliffe was Warden of Canterbury Hall. At this time, also, he stood in some very special relation to the King, as the King's private secretary or chaplain—“*Peculiaris Regis Clericus*.” And his argument—“*Determinatio de Dominio*”—in vindication of the Crown and the national independence, consists mainly of a statement skilfully compiled by him out of what, according to the report which he had heard, had been spoken by the secular lords in a certain meeting of council—“*Quam audivi in quodam consilio a*

*Dominis secularibus esse datam.*” Soon after the decision of Parliament to repudiate the Pope's claim, a monastic and anonymous doctor, writing in support of the papal demand, challenged Wycliffe by name—singling him out from all others—to refute, if he could, the argument urged by him on the part of the Pope; and to vindicate, if he could, the action of the English Parliament in refusing to pay the feudal tribute demanded by Urban the Fifth. Wycliffe showed no hesitation in accepting the challenge of this anonymous doctor. And it must be confessed that he conducts his argument with consummate skill, moderation, and ability. His challenger had laid down the position that “every dominion granted on condition, comes to an end on the failure of that condition. But our lord the Pope gifted our king with the kingdom of England, on condition that England should pay so much annually to the Roman See. Now this condition in process of time has not been fulfilled, and the King, in consequence, has lost long ago all rightful dominion in England.” Wycliffe's answer is, briefly, that England's monarch is King of England, and has dominion there, not by the grace of the Pope, but by the grace of God. Two other positions were maintained by this polemical monk—namely, that the “civil power may not under any circumstances deprive ecclesiastics of their lands, goods or revenues; and that in no case can it be lawful for an ecclesiastic to be compelled to appear before a secular judge.” Against these claims of exemption and immunity, Wycliffe urges with irresistible force the argument, that as the King is under God supreme in his kingdom, all causes, whether relating to persons or to property, must be under his dominion, and subject to his jurisdiction. Wycliffe, in beginning his reply, says: “Inasmuch as I am the King's own clerk, I the more willingly undertake the office of defending and counselling *that the King exercises his just rule in the realm of England when he refuses to pay tribute to the Roman Pontiff.*” Wycliffe constructs his argument out of what, as reported to him, had been spoken at a conference or council of the barons or the lords temporal of the realm. It is

\* Cotton's Abridgment of Records, p. 102, quoted by Lewis, in his Life of Wycliffe, p. 19.



not Wycliffe but the noblemen of England who refute the monk and repudiate the Pope's illegitimate and arrogant demand. An abstract of the speeches of seven of the barons met in council is so given as to be an exhaustive and unanswerable argument against the papal claims. "Our ancestors," said the first lord, "won this realm, and held it against all foes by the sword. Julius Cæsar exacted tribute by force; but force gives no perpetual right. Let the Pope come and take it by force; I am ready to stand up and resist him." The second lord thus reasoned: "The Pope is incapable of such feudal supremacy. He should follow the example of Christ, who refused all civil dominion; the foxes have holes, and the birds of the air their nests, but He had not where to lay His head. Let us rigidly hold the Pope to his spiritual duties, boldly oppose all his claims to civil power." In support of this the third lord said: "The Pope calls himself the Servant of the servants of the Most High: his only claim to tribute from this realm is for some service done; but what is his service to this realm? Not spiritual edification, but draining away money to enrich himself and his Court, showing favor and counsel to our enemies." To this the fourth lord added: "The Pope claims to be the suzerain of all estates held by the Church; these estates, held on mortmain, amount to one-third of the realm. There cannot be two suzerains; the Pope, therefore, for these estates is the King's vassal; he has not done homage for them; he may have incurred forfeiture." The fifth argument is more subtle: "If the Pope demands this money as the price of King John's absolution, it is flagrant simony; it is an irreligious act to say, 'I will absolve you on payment of a certain annual tribute.' But the King pays not this tax; it is wrung from the poor of the realm: to exact it is an act of avarice rather than salutary punishment. If the Pope be lord of the realm, he may at any time declare it forfeited, and grant away the forfeiture." Following up this view of the case, the sixth lord says: "If the realm be the Pope's, what right had he to alienate it? He has fraudulently sold it for a fifth part of its

value. Moreover, Christ alone is the suzerain; the Pope being fallible, yea, peccable, may be in mortal sin. *It is better as of old to hold the realm immediately of Christ.*" The seventh lord concluded the argument by a bold denial of the right of King John to surrender or give way the sovereignty of the realm: "He could not grant away the sovereignty of England; the whole thing—the deed, the seals, the signatures—is an absolute nullity."\*

It cannot now be known how far Wycliffe's conduct in connection with the claim for the payment of the feudal tribute influenced the papal decision in his appeal; but that decision was given after the publication of Wycliffe's treatise, "De Dominio." And there can be no doubt that from May 1366, Wycliffe was marked at Avignon as a dangerous man. To be nearer to Oxford he exchanged, in 1368, the rectory of Fylingham for that of Ludgershall in Buckinghamshire, and he became Doctor in Divinity about the year 1370. The ability, prudence, and courage with which Wycliffe had vindicated the action of the Parliament and of the Crown against the papal claim, as asserted and defended by the anonymous monk, recommended him as singularly qualified to be one of the Royal Commissioners appointed in 1374 to meet with the papal Nuncios at Bruges, to negotiate a settlement of the questions in dispute between England and the Papacy. In this Commission the name of Wycliffe holds the second place, being inserted immediately after that of the Bishop of Bangor. The negotiations terminated in a sort of compromise, according to which it was concluded "that for the future the Pope should desist from making use of *reservations of benefices*, and that the King should no more confer benefices by his writ *Quare impedit*." Although this was but a very partial and unsatisfactory settlement of the matters in dispute, yet the part taken by Wycliffe in the negotiations at Bruges appears to have met with the approbation of the King and his advisers. For in Novem-

\* See Milman's Latin Christianity, Book XIII. chap. vi., and the document itself as given in the Appendix (No. 30) to the Life of Wycliffe, by Lewis.

ber 1375, he was presented by the King to the prebend of Aust, in the Collegiate Church of Westbury, in the diocese of Worcester. He had previously, in April 1374, received from the Crown, in the exercise of the patronage that devolved on it during the minority of Lord Henry Ferrars, nomination to the rectory of Lutterworth, and had resigned his charge of Ludgershall.

In the same year in which the treaty was concluded (1376), a most elaborate and detailed indictment against the usurpations and exactions of the Papacy and its minions was submitted to Parliament, and after being considered, was passed in the form of a petition to the King, craving that measures of effective redress and remedy should be taken against the notorious and intolerable evils complained of. The Parliament which presented this complaint and petition to the King so commended itself to the people of England that it received the singular designation of "The Good Parliament." Although the royal answer to the petition was far from being satisfactory or encouraging, yet the Parliament that met in January 1377 presented another petition to the King, craving that the statutes against *Provisions* passed at former times should be put into effective operation, and that measures should be taken against certain cardinals who had violated those statutes, and against those who in England collected the papal revenues, and by so doing oppressed and impoverished the English people. So vividly do the propositions of these two Parliaments express and represent the ideas and opinions of Wycliffe, that Dr. Lechler concludes that he was a member of both of these Parliaments. But there is no necessity for this inferential assumption. Wycliffe's doctrines respecting the kingly sovereignty and national independence, and his sentiments regarding the intolerable abuses of the papal officials, were by this time the doctrines and the sentiments of not a few among the lords and commons of England. And without being himself a member of Parliament, Wycliffe had ample opportunity and means for using his influence to stimulate, direct, and guide those who in the National Assembly gave voice to the complaint and claim of the

English people as against the usurpation and exactions of the Papacy. To this sort of influence on the part of Wycliffe, as also to the weight attached to his judgment in a case involving a knowledge of canon and civil law, significant testimony was borne by the action of the first Parliament of Richard II., which met at Westminster on the 13th of October 1377. By this Parliament the question was referred to the judgment of Dr. Wycliffe, "Whether the kingdom of England, on an imminent necessity of its own defence may lawfully detain the treasure of the kingdom, that it be not carried out of the land, although the lord Pope required its being carried out on the pain of censures, and by virtue of the obedience due to him?" As might be expected, Wycliffe answered that it was lawful, and demonstrated this by the law of Christ, urging at the same time the common maxim of divines, that alms are not required to be given but to those who are in need, and by those who have more than they need. "By which," says Lewis, "it appears that Dr. Wycliffe's opinion was, that Peterpence paid to the Pope were not a *just due*, but only an *alms*, or charitable gift."\*

The action of the English Parliament referring this question to the judgment of Wycliffe, is all the more interesting and significant if respect be had to the time and circumstances in which Wycliffe's opinion was required by Parliament. It was not only after the death of Edward III., which occurred on the 21st of June 1377, but also after the almost tragical though picturesque incident in Wycliffe's life, when, accompanied and protected by the Duke of Lancaster and Lord Henry Percy, he appeared in the Ladye Chapel of St. Paul's Cathedral on the 19th of February in the same year, to answer for himself and his doctrines before a convention of ecclesiastics, presided over by Simon Sudbury, Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by Courtenay, the Bishop of London. It was, also, after no fewer than five papal bulls, dated at Rome on the 22d of May, had been sent

\* See Lewis's Life of Wycliffe, p. 55, and Foxe's Acts and Monuments, vol. i. p. 584.

forth against Wycliffe. These things give great significancy to the action of Richard II.'s first Parliament, when for its guidance it desired to have the opinion of Wycliffe respecting the lawfulness of refusing to comply with certain papal exactions.

The position and influence of Wycliffe, his standing in the University and among the representatives and leaders of the people, may be judged of by the elaborate and complicated measures taken against him. One of the Pope's missives was addressed to the King, another to the University of Oxford and no fewer than three to the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London. These documents were accompanied by a schedule or syllabus of nineteen articles which had been reported to the Pontiff, "erroneous, false, contrary to the faith, and threatening to subvert and weaken the estate of the whole Church," said to be held and taught by Wycliffe. Acting on these instructions, and proceeding in the business with the greatest wariness, the Archbishop summoned Wycliffe to appear before a synod to be held in the chapel at Lambeth early in the year 1378.\* On this occasion the Duke of Lancaster and Lord Percy were not with him to protect him, but he received effective though tumultuous and boisterous help from the citizens, who might be heard by the bishops shouting such sentences as, "The Pope's briefs ought to have no effect in the realm without the King's consent;" "Every man is master in his own house." But even more effective help than that of the angry citizens was at hand. "In comes a gentleman and courtier, one Lewis Clifford, on the very day of examination, commanding them not to proceed to any definitive sentence against the said Wycliffe." Never before were the bishops served with such a *prohibition*; all agreed the messenger durst not be so stout with such a *mandamus* in his mouth, but because backed with the power of the prince that employed him. The bishops, struck with a panic-fear, proceeded no further" †—or as a con-

temporary historian (Walsingham) says: "Their speech became soft as oil; and with such fear were they struck, that they seemed to be as a man that heareth not, and in whose mouth are no reproofs." Wycliffe passed as safely out of Lambert Chapel as on a former occasion he had passed out of the Ladye Chapel of St. Paul's. Not long after the sudden conclusion of this Lambeth synod, intimation of the Pope's death, on the 27th March 1378, was received in England. This so arrested the process against Wycliffe, that no further action was taken under the five elaborate bulls of Pope Geogory XI. A new chapter in the life and work of Wycliffe begins with the great papal schism of 1378.

Till recently it was supposed that Wycliffe had early assumed the attitude towards the friars which had been taken by Richard Fitzralph, who, after he had been Chancellor of Oxford in 1333, and Archbishop of Armagh in 1347, died at Avignon in 1359. This supposition now appears to be historically without ground; and Dr. Lechler's researches tend to show that Wycliffe's controversy with the friars belonged not to the earlier but to the later period of his life. This view agrees with all that we know of the method according to which Wycliffe conducted and developed his great argument against the Papacy. Wycliffe's study of the papal claims, pretensions, usurpations, and exactions, led him to investigate the grounds and foundations not only of the political, but also of the ecclesiastical and spiritual, power and authority of the Popedom. In his reply in 1366 to the anonymous monk champion of the Papacy, he had represented or reported, with manifest approbation, the statement of one of the secular lords, declaring that the Pope was a man and peccable (*peccabilis*), and that he might be in mortal sin, and liable to what that involves. After he had taken his degree of Doctor in Divinity in 1370 or 1371, he expounded and vindicated from the Scriptures the doctrines which, by his long study of the Divine Word, he had been led to receive as articles of faith founded on the written Word of God. These views, derived directly and immediately from Holy Scripture, he illustrated by quota-

\* The date of this meeting has not been determined with certainty.

† Fuller's Church History, Book IV. cent. xiv.

tions from the early fathers—more particularly from the writings of Ambrose, Jerome, Augustine, and Gregory, the four fathers of the Latin Church. From the time when he became Doctor in Divinity, "he began," says a contemporary opponent, "to scatter forth his blasphemies." And as we know, it was after his return from Bruges in 1376 that he began to speak of the Pope not merely as peccable—fallible, and liable to sin—but as "Antichrist, the proud, worldly priest of Rome."

It has been said that the language of Wycliffe in his tract entitled "*De Papa Romana et Schisma Papae*" was too strong, too vehement and sweeping; and that his work was, in tendency and effect, destructive rather than constructive. So far is it from being true that his language is that of passion, or of vehemence proceeding from passion, that, on the contrary, it is the language of a reflective, circumspect, and keen-eyed observer of the evils and abuses of the papal system, which he contrasted with the primitive and apostolic model of the Church. When compared with the language of some other assailants of the Papacy, Wycliffe's fiercest invectives are but the calm, measured, and temperate declaration of truth and reality, spoken by one who so loved the truth, and was so earnest in his endeavors for the reformation of the Church and the morals of the clergy, that he avowed himself willing, if need be, to lay down his life, if by so doing he could promote the attainment of this end. If the portraiture of the Papacy and of the papal dignitaries, officials, and underlings, given by Petrarch, in his "*Letters to a Father*," be compared with the statements of Wycliffe, we shall be constrained to say that the Oxford professor uses the language of reserve characteristic of the well-bred and well-disciplined Englishman who means to give practical effect to his words, as distinguished from the language used by Petrarch, who neither intended, nor had the courage, to add deeds to his words. Historically, Wycliffe's work appears to have been more destructive than constructive. But this was not because Wycliffe set himself to root out, to pull down, and to destroy, without, at the same time setting himself to build and

to plant. The reason why Wycliffe's work appears historically defective or incomplete as a constructive work is that, by the malice, ingenuity, and power of his adversaries, his work in planting and in building—that is to say, his work as constructive—was to the utmost impeded, pulled down, or rooted up. "And," says Milton, "had it not been the obstinate perverseness of our prelates against the divine and admirable spirit of Wycliffe, to suppress him as a schismatic and innovator, perhaps neither the Bohemian Huss and Jerome, no, nor the name of Luther or of Calvin, had been ever known; the glory of reforming all our neighbors had been completely ours."\*

The last six years of Wycliffe's life—1378–1384—were packed full with work. For in these years, besides developing and expounding his ideas of the Church, the Papacy, and the hierarchy, and prosecuting his controversy with the mendicant friars, he trained and sent forth evangelists, "poor priests" to preach the Gospel in all places of the land; he expounded and taught the doctrine of Scripture concerning the Eucharist or the "real presence" in relation to the bread and the wine in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; he professed and taught theology in Oxford; he preached and discharged the duties of an evangelical pastor in Lutterworth; and with the assistance of a few fellow-laborers, who entered into his purpose and shared with him in the desire for the evangelisation of the people of England, he translated the Scriptures out of the Latin Vulgate into the English tongue. "His life," and more especially this part of it, "shows that his religious views were progressive. His ideal was the restoration of the pure moral and religious supremacy to religion. This was the secret, the vital principle, of his anti-sacerdotalism; of his pertinacious enmity to the whole hierarchical system of his day."† Hence as his views of truth became deeper, wider, and more fixed, instead of attacking

\* Milton's Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing.

† Milman's *Latin Christianity*, Book XIII. chap. iv.

Popes and prelates, he assailed the Papacy and the hierarchy; and instead of attacking friars, he attacked mendicancy itself—denouncing it in common with the Papacy as contrary to the doctrines of the Word of God, and inconsistent with the order instituted by Christ within the Church, which is the house of God, — the pillar and ground of the truth.

When Wycliffe appeared to answer for himself before the Pope's delegates at Lambeth, in 1378, he is said to have presented a written statement explanatory of the articles charged against him. The first sentence of that documentary confession is: "First of all, I publicly protest, as I have often done at other times, that I will and purpose from the bottom of my heart, by the grace of God, to be a sincere Christian, and, as long as I have breath, to profess and defend the law of Christ so far as I am able."\*

A document of a somewhat similar kind, called by Wycliffe "A Sort of Answer to the Bull sent to the University," was presented by him to Parliament.

It is as a true and sincere Christian, and as a faithful and laborious Christian pastor and evangelist, that Wycliffe appears before us in the closing period of his truly heroic life. The written word of God is now to him the supreme, perfect and sufficient rule of faith and morals: it is what, in his protestation, he calls "the law of Christ." The watchword of his life—the standard test, rule, directory, and measure of faith and duty—is the Word of God written. His appeal is, first and last, to that Word—"To the law and to the testimony; if men speak not according to that Word, there is no light in them;" they are but blind guides of the blind. He had evidently made progress in his study of the writings of Augustine, and had so profited by the study that he is bold to say that "The dictum of Augustine is not infallible, seeing that Augustine himself was liable to err"—"Locus a testimonio Augustini non est infallibilis, cum Augustinus sit errabilis." The Bible is a charter written by God; it is

God's gift to us: "Carta a Deo scripta et nobis donata per quam vindicabimus regnum Dei." This is what a pre-eminently illustrious poet denotes by the words—"Thy gift, Thy tables." "The law of Christ is the *medulla* of the laws of the Church." "Every useful law of holy mother Church is taught, either explicitly or implicitly, in Scripture." It is impossible that the dictum or deed of any Christian should become, or be held to be, of authority equal to Scripture. He is a *mixtum theologus*—a motly or medley theologian—who adds traditions to the written Word. He is *theologus purus* who adheres to the Scripture. "Spiritual rulers are bound to use the sincere Word of God, without any admixture in their rule or administration. To be ignorant of the Scriptures is to be ignorant of Christ. "The whole of Scripture is one word of God." "The whole of the law of Christ is one perfect word proceeding from the mouth of God." "It is impious to mutilate or pervert Scripture, or to wrest from it a perverse meaning." The true preachers are *Viri evangelici, Doctores evangelici*. Ignorance of Holy Scripture, or the absence of faith in the written Word of God, is, he says, "beyond doubt, the chief cause of the existing state of things." Therefore it was his great business, in life or by death, to make known to his fellow-countrymen the will of God revealed in the Scriptures of Truth. The highest service to which man may attain on earth is to preach the law of God. This is the special duty of the priests, in order that they may produce children of God—this being the end for which Christ espoused to Himself the Church."

Next to the exclusive supremacy of Scripture, the truth which is set forth with perhaps the most marked prominence in the teaching of Wycliffe, is the truth concerning the Lord Jesus Christ as the one Mediator between God and man. Christ is not only revealed in the Word; he is Himself the Mediating Word—the way, and the truth, and the life. And what Wycliffe says of the Apostle Paul, that he lifts the banner of his Captain, in that he glories only in the cross of Christ, admits, as Dr. Lechler remarks, of being justly applied to

\* See the Document itself in Lewis's Life of Wycliffe, pp. 59-67.

Wycliffe himself; for his text is the evangel, and his theme is Christ. Like Luther afterwards, Wycliffe lived through the truth which he proclaimed. In his case the order was, first the Word, then Christ. In Luther's it was, first the Word, then justification by faith. The German's experience implied the logical order of the Englishman's experience. For the logic of this faith is the Word of grace, the Christ of grace, the righteousness of grace. Luther's work implies, develops, and completes the work of Wycliffe, so that it holds true that the one without the other is not made perfect.

In the year 1380, after recovery from a severe illness, Wycliffe published a tract in which he formulated his charges against the friars under fifty distinct heads, accusing them of fifty heresies; and many more, as he said, if their tenets and practices be searched out. "Friars," says he, towards the conclusion of this tract, "are the cause, beginning, and maintaining of perturbation in Christendom, and of all the evils of this world; nor shall these errors be removed until friars be brought to the freedom of the Gospel and the clean religion of Jesus Christ."

Wycliffe did not indulge in mere denunciation. His invectives were with a view to the work of reformation. Accordingly, at the time when he published the fifty charges against the friars he was actively training, organising, and sending out agents—"poor priests" to instruct the people in the knowledge of the Gospel, and by so doing undo the works of the friars, and promote evangelical religion and social virtue. At first these itinerant preachers were employed in some places, as in the immense diocese of Lincoln, under episcopal sanction.\* But so effectively and extensively did they propagate the evangelical doctrines of Wycliffe, that in Archbishop Courtenay's mandate to the Bishop of London in 1382, they are denounced as "unauthorised itinerant preachers, who set forth erroneous, yea, heretical, assertions in public sermons, not only in churches, but also in public squares, and other profane places; and

who do this under the guise of great holiness, but without having obtained any episcopal or papal authorisation." It was against Wycliffe's "poor priests" or itinerant preachers that the first royal proclamation in 1382 (statute it cannot be called), at the instance of Courtenay, for the punishment of heresy in England, was issued. The unprecedented measures taken against the "poor priests" bear most significant testimony to the effect produced by their teachings throughout the kingdom. It would be interesting to know how far, if at all, Wesley's idea of itinerant preachers was founded on, or proceeded from, the idea and the experiment of Wycliffe. At any rate, these poor priests were not organised, nor was their action modelled, according to any of the guilds, fraternities, or orders that had been formed or that had been in operation before the time of Wycliffe. The idea was truly original, and "the simplicity of the institution was itself a stroke of consummate genius."\*

Having acted out his own principles that the student who would attain to the knowledge of the meaning of Scripture must cultivate humility of disposition and holiness of life, putting away from him all prejudicate opinions, and all merely curious and speculative theories and casuistical principles of interpretation, Wycliffe opened and studied the Bible with the desire simply to know and to do the will of God. It is no wonder if, with these sentiments, Wycliffe in his later years, when engaged continually in reading, studying, expounding, and translating the Scriptures, should come to perceive the contrariety of the papal or mediæval doctrine concerning the Eucharist to the doctrine of Scripture.

Wycliffe's views respecting transubstantiation having undergone a great change between the years 1378 and 1381, he felt bound in conscience to make known what he now came to believe to be the true doctrine concerning the Eucharist. For, as he says in the "Trialogus," "I maintain that among all the heresies which have ever appeared in the Church, there was never

\* Shirley's Introduction to Fasciculi Zizaniorum, p. 49.

\* Wycliffe's Place in History, by Professor Burrows, p. 101.

one which was more cunningly smuggled in by hypocrites than this, or which in more ways deceives the people; for it plunders the people, leads them astray into idolatry, denies the teaching of Scripture, and by this unbelief provokes the Truth Himself oftentimes to anger." \* In accordance with all this, Wycliffe in the spring of 1381 published twelve short theses or conclusions respecting the Eucharist and against transubstantiation." †

All Oxford was moved by these conclusions. By the unanimous judgment of a court called and presided over by William de Bertram, the Chancellor, they were declared to be contradictory to the orthodox doctrine of the Church, and as such were prohibited from being set forth and defended in the university, on pain of suspension from every function of teaching, of the greater excommunication, and of imprisonment. By the same mandate all members of the university were prohibited, on pain of the greater excommunication, from being present at the delivery of these theses in the university. When this mandate was served on Wycliffe, he was in the act of expounding the doctrine of Scripture concerning the Lord's Supper. The condemnation of his doctrine came upon him as a surprise; but he is reported to have said that neither the Chancellor nor any of his assessors could refute his arguments or alter his convictions. Subsequently he appealed from the Chancellor to the King. In the meantime, finding himself "tonguetied by authority," he wrote a treatise on this subject in Latin, ‡ and also a tract in English entitled "The Wicket," for the use of the people. Wycliffe's doctrinal system may be said to have attained to its completeness when, rejecting the idea of transubstantiation, he accepted those simple and Scriptural views of the Eucharist which, apart from papalism or medievalism, have in all ages prevailed within the Catholic

Church—that is, within the society or congregation of believers in Christ, irrespectively of name, place, time, ceremony, or circumstance. While this is so, "it is impossible," as Dr. Lechler truly says, "not to be impressed with the intellectual labor, the conscientiousness, and the force of will, all equally extraordinary, which Wycliffe applied to the solution of this problem. His attack on the dogma of transubstantiation was so concentrated, and delivered (with so much force and skill) from so many sides, that the scholastic conception was shaken to its very foundations." \* He anticipated in his argument against the medieval dogma, and in favor of the primitive and catholic faith concerning the Eucharist, the views of the greatest and best of the Reformers, leaving to them little more to do than to gather up, expound, develop, and apply his principles.

Soon after the proceedings which we have noted were taken against Wycliffe, the country was threatened with anarchy by what is known as the Wat Tyler and Jack Straw insurrection. It is enough to say that Wycliffe had nothing whatever to do with the exciting of that reckless uprising. All his studies, meditations, and labors were designed to promote righteousness and peace, truth and goodwill, order and liberty, in England and all over the earth.

In the tract, "A Short Rule of Life, for each man in general, for priests and lords and laborers in special, How each shall be saved in his degree," addressing the "laborer," he says:—

"If thou art a *laborer*, live in meekness, and truly and willingly, so thy lord or thy master, if he be a heathen man, by thy meekness, willing and true service, may not have to grudge against thee, nor slander thy God, nor thy Christian profession, but rather be stirred to come to Christianity, and serve not Christian lords with grudgings, not only in their presence, but truly and willingly, and in absence; not only for worldly dread, or worldly reward, but for dread of conscience, and for reward in heaven. For God that putteth thee in such service knoweth what state is best for thee, and will reward thee more than all earthly lords may if thou dost it truly and willingly for His ordinance. And in all things beware of grudging against God and His visitation in great

\* Trialogus, iv. cap. ii., Oxford, p. 248.

† See these as given by Lewis—Conclusiones J. Wiclefi de Sacramento Altaris, Appendix No. 19, p. 318, ed. 1820.

‡ Confessio Magistri Johannes Wyclyff. See Appendix No. 21 in Lewis. Of this confession the concluding words are—"Credo, quod finaliter veritas vincet eos."

\* Lechler's John Wycliffe and his Precursors, vol. ii. p. 193.

labor, in long or great sickness, and other adversities. And beware of wrath, of cursing, of speaking evil, of banning man or beast, and ever keep patience, meekness, and charity, both to God and man."

As we cannot afford space to give what is said to "lords," whom he counsels to

"live a rightful life in their own persons, both in respect to God and man, keeping the commandments of God, doing the works of mercy, ruling well their five senses, and doing reason, and equity, and good conscience to all men,"—

we merely give here his concluding words:—

"And thus each man in the three states ought to life, to save himself, and to help others; and thus should life, rest, peace, and love, be among Christian men, and they be saved, and heathen men soon converted, and God magnified greatly in all nations and sects that now despise Him and His law, because of the false living of wicked Christian men."

These are not the sentiments or utterances of a man in fellowship with John Ball, Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, or any other such demagogues, rebels, or sowers of sedition.

The truth, as stated by Milman,\* is, that this spasm or "outburst" of "thralled discontent" was but a violent symptom of the evils which it was the aim and design of Wycliffe to uproot and remove, by disseminating and inculcating everywhere the principles and precepts of the Gospel. Writing in defence of the "poor priests" or evangelists whom he had trained and sent out, Wycliffe says:—

"These poor priests destroyen most, by God's law, rebely of servants agenst lords, and charge servants to be sujet, though lords be tyrants. For St Peter teacheth us, Be ye servants suget to lords in all manner of dread, not only to good lords, and bonoure, but also to tyrants, or such as drawn from God's school. For, as St. Paul sieth, each man oweth to be suget to higher potestates, that is, to men of high power, for there is no power but of God, and so he that agen stondesth power, stondesth agenst the ordinance of God, but they that agenstond engetten to themselves damnation. And therefore Paul biddeth that we be suget to princes by need, and not only for wrath but also for conscience, and therefore we paien tributes to princes, for they ben ministers of God." But "some men that ben out of charity slandren 'poor priests' with this

error, that servants or tenants may lawfully withhold rent and service fro their lords, when lords be openly wicked in their living;" and "they maken these false lesings upon 'poor priests' to make lords to hate them, and not to meyntane truth of God's law that they teachen openly for worship of God, and profit of the realm, and stabling the King's power in destroying of sin."\*

Among the victims of the rage of the rabble in the Wat Tyler insurrection was Simon Sudbury, the Archbishop of Canterbury. "He was," says Godwin, "a man admirably wise and well spoken." But "though he were very wise, learned, eloquent, liberal, merciful and for his age and place reverend, yet might it not deliver him from the rage of this beast with many heads—the multitude—than which being, once incensed, there is no brute beast more cruel, more outrageous, more unreasonable."†

William Courtenay, Bishop of London, succeeded Sudbury as Archbishop of Canterbury. Courtenay, a high-tempered, haughty, and resolute man, lost no time in bringing the powers of his new and high position to bear against the doctrines and adherents of Wycliffe. His pall from Rome having been delivered to him at Croydon on the 6th of May 1382, he summoned a synod to meet in the Grey Friars (mendicants) in London, on the 17th of May, to deliberate and determine on the measures to be taken for the suppression of certain stranger and dangerous opinions "widely prevalent among the nobility and commons of the realm." During the sittings of this synod a great and terrible earthquake shook the place of meeting and the whole city. Many of the high dignitaries and learned doctors assembled, interpreting this event as a protest from heaven against the proceedings of the council, would fain have adjourned the meeting and its business. But the Archbishop, with ready wit, interpreting the omen to suit his own purpose, said, "the earth was throwing off its noxious vapors, that the Church might appear in her perfect purity." With these words Courtenay

\* "How Servants and Lords shall keep their degrees." See Lewis, pp. 224, 225.

† Godwin's Catalogue of the Bishops of England, 1615.

\* Latin Christianity, Book XIII. chap. vi.



allayed the fears of the more timid members of the synod, and the business went forward. Of four and twenty articles extracted from Wycliffe's writings, ten were condemned as heretical, and the other fourteen were judged erroneous. It is unnecessary to say that among the articles condemned as heretical were the doctrines of Wycliffe concerning the Eucharist, and more particularly his denial of transubstantiation. Among the condemned tenets there are some which Wycliffe never held or affirmed in the sense put upon them by the "Earthquake Council." Some of the determinations of this synod were so framed as to imply or insinuate that Wycliffe was implicated in the insurrection of the previous year, and that he was an enemy to temporal as well as to the ecclesiastical authority—in other words, that he was a traitor as well as heretic. An imposing procession, and a sermon by a Carmelite friar, served to give solemnity and publicity, pomp and circumstance, to the decrees of the synod.

Dr. Peter Stokes, a Carmelite preacher, furnished with the Archbishop's mandate and other artillery, was sent to bombard Oxford or to take it by storm. But neither the scholars nor the Chancellor (Rigge) were disposed to surrender the university without a struggle in defence of its rights and liberties. The reception given to Dr. Stokes was not at all satisfactory or assuring to the mind of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who indignantly gave expression to his sorrow and his anger in the words: "Is, then, the University of Oxford such a fautor of heresy that Catholic truths cannot be asserted within her walls?" Assuming to himself the ominous title of "Inquisitor of heretical pravity within his whole province of Canterbury," he proceeded to deal with Oxford as if it were nothing more than one of the outlying parishes of his episcopal province. The chancellor and several members of the university were summoned to appear before him and to purge themselves of the suspicion of heresy. But Chancellors like Rigge, although courteous, are not readily compliant with what seems to invade the privileges and prerogatives of their office. If Chancellor Rigge, after his

return to Oxford from London, gave formal effect to the injunctions of the Archbishop, by intimating to Nicolas Hereford and Philip Repington that he was under the necessity of suspending them from all their functions as members of the university, he promptly resented the insolence of Henry Crompton, who in a public lecture had applied the epithet "Lollards" to those who maintained the views of Wycliffe, by suspending him from all university functions.\* Against this sentence Crompton sought and found refuge in an appeal to Courtenay and to the Privy Council. Hereford, Repington, and John Aston were summoned to appear before the Archbishop. Aston was declared to be a teacher of heresy, and he afterwards recanted. Repington also recanted after a time, and was promoted to great honors in the Church. Hereford, having gone to Rome to plead his case before the Pope, was there imprisoned; but it would seem that some time afterwards he managed to escape from prison, for in 1387 he is mentioned as the leading itinerant preacher of the Lollards. Thus within a few months after Courtenay entered on the discharge of the functions of his high office, he had greatly intimidated the adherents and fellow-laborers of Wycliffe in the university. But opinion rooted in conviction is not easily suppressed. While the more prominent representatives of Wycliffe's adherents were either driven out of the country or coerced into submission, and to the recantation of opinions which they had held and taught, Wycliffe himself stood firm and erect amidst the tempest that raged around. As if in calm defiance of the Archbishop and his commissaries, he indited a petition to the King and the Parliament, in which he craves their assent to the main articles contained in his writings, and proved by authority—the Word of God—and reason to be the Christian faith; he prays that all persons now bound by vows of religion may have liberty to accept and follow the more perfect law of Christ; that tithes be bestowed according to their

\* Crompton became some time after this a zealous preacher of the doctrines maintained by Wycliffe.

proper use, for the maintenance of the poor; that Christ's own doctrine concerning the Eucharist be publicly taught; that neither the King nor the kingdom obey any See or prelate further than their obedience be grounded on Scripture; that no money be sent out of the realm to the Court of Rome or of Avignon, unless proved by Scripture to be due; that no Cardinal or foreigner hold preferment in England; that if a bishop or curate be notoriously guilty of contempt of God, the King should confiscate his temporalities; that no bishop or curate should be enslaved to secular office; and that no one should be imprisoned on account of excommunication.\*

This is Wycliffe's petition of right to the King and to the Parliament of England. We know nothing exactly like this document in the history of the past five hundred years. In one or two of the claims set forth in it, the document which bears to it the greatest resemblance is an anonymous petition addressed to King James in 1609, being "An Humble Supplication for Toleration and Liberty to enjoy and observe the Ordinances of Christ Jesus, in the administration of His Churches in lieu of human Constitutions." But compared with Wycliffe's petition, that other is narrow and restricted in its range. This of Wycliffe is, like his work, for all time. In it he seems to have gathered up the principles that governed his life, and to have expressed them so that this document may be regarded as a summary of principles, a sort of Enchiridion for the use of the statesmen and people of England.

It is more than doubtful whether Wycliffe appeared before the Archbishop at Oxford in 1382; and it is certain that no recantation ever proceeded from his lips or pen. In the absence of any adequate reason hitherto assigned for Wycliffe's immunity or personal safety in a time so perilous, may the reason have been that, silenced in Oxford by the decree of the preceding year, Wycliffe left the university, and, retiring to his rectory of Lutter-

worth, enjoyed there the protection of the Bishop of Lincoln, John Bokingham? Within the very extensive diocese of Lincoln, we know that for a time Wycliffe's "poor priests" enjoyed the episcopal protection. Is it too much to suppose that John Bokingham, who protected and gave episcopal sanction to Wycliffe's preachers, extended his protection to Wycliffe himself? This "John Bokingham if this were the Bishop of Lincoln accounted of some very unlearned, was a doctor of divinity of Oxford, a great learned man in scholastical divinity, as divers works of his still extant may testify, and for my part, I think this bishop to be the man. The year 1397, the Pope bearing him some grudge, translated him perforce from Lincolne unto Lichfield, a bishopric not half so good. For curst heart he would not take it, but, as though he had rather have no bread than half a loaf, forsook both, and became a monk at Canterbury. He was one of the first founders of the bridge at Rochester."\* Our conjecture if probable or true to fact, would explain not a little that has hitherto perplexed the biographers of Wycliffe.

But apart from this conjecture and all similar guesses and suggestions, perhaps the real cause of Wycliffe's safety was the regard cherished for him by many of the nobility and leaders of the people, and the esteem in which he was held by the King's mother—"the fair maid of Kent"—whose message, conveyed by Sir Lewis Clifford, brought the proceedings of the Lambeth Synod to an abrupt termination. Nor must the protecting influence of Richard's wife, the Queen—Ann of Bohemia—be ignored. For in his book "Of the Three-fold Love" Wycliffe says: "It is possible that the noble Queen of England, the sister of Cæsar, may have and use the Gospel written in three languages—Bohemian, German, and Latin. But to hereticate her on that account would be Luciferian folly." But after all the circumstances of the case have been considered, we may say with Fuller: "In my mind it amounted to little less than a miracle, that during this storm on his disciples,

\* See Milman. See also the Petition itself in Select English Works of John Wycliffe, vol. iii. edited by Thomas Arnold.

\* Godwin's Catalogue of the Bishops of England.

Wycliffe their master should live in quiet. Strange that he was not drowned in so strong a stream as ran against him, whose safety under God's providence is not so much to be ascribed to his own strength in swimming as to such as held him up by the chin—the greatness of his noble supporters." \* It would appear as if King Richard himself must be reckoned one at least among Wycliffe's "noble supporters." This seems to be implied in what appears to be a reference to himself, made in one of his last-written treatises, the "Frisolous Citations," being the citations addressed by the Popes to those who were offensive to them. In that remarkable treatise the arguments in favor of papal citations are shown to be untenable and sophistical, and the assumption of temporal power by the Pope, as exercised in the citation of those not subject to his jurisdiction, is shown to be unjustifiable. From all this the conclusion is, that the Church should return to primitive and apostolic simplicity—the simplicity of the Gospel of Christ without the Pope and his statutes. In the fourth chapter he maintains that three things warrant any one cited to refuse obedience to the citation: necessary business, illness, and the prohibition of the sovereign of the realm: "Primum est gravis necessitas, quæ videtur maxima in custodia Christi ovium, ne a lupis rapacibus lanientur. Secundum est infirmitas corporis, propter quam deficit citato dispositio data a domino ad taliter laborandum. Et tertium est preceptio regia, quando rex precepit, sicut debet, suo legio, ne taliter extra suam provinciam superflue evagetur. Et omnes istæ tres causæ vel aliqua earum in qualibet citatione hujusmodi sunt reperte, et specialiter cum rex regum prohibeat taliter evagari." All this he applies to his own case, in language implying that he had been cited to appear to answer for himself before the Pope: "Et sic dicit quidam debilis et claudus citatus ad hanc curiam, quod prohibitio regia impedit ipsum ire, quia, rex regum necessitat et vult efficaciter, quod non vagat. Dicit etiam quod domi oportet ipsum eligere Pontificam Iesum

Christum, quod est gravis necessitas eo, quod cum ejus omissione vel negligentia non potest Romanus Pontifex vel aliquis angelus dispensare." \* The words seem to imply not only that he was cited to appear before the Pope, but that in declining to obey the papal summons, he could plead bodily infirmity, the will of the King of kings, and also the prohibition of the only earthly sovereign to whom he owed a subject's duty. Shirley, writing in 1858, says—"From his retreat at Lutterworth they summoned him before the papal court. The citation did not reach him till 1384." † If so, then his tract "De Citationibus Frivolis" was one of the last of the many writings that proceeded from his pen.

Before we make the briefest possible reference to the last and greatest work of Wycliffe—his translation of the Bible—we may here allude to the marvellous productiveness of the mind of this great Englishman of the fourteenth century. In this respect, as in other characteristics of his genius, there is only one other name in English literature that is entitled to take rank and place beside John Wycliffe, and that is the name of William Shakespeare. Chaucer and Langland and Gower, the contemporaries of Wycliffe, wrote much, and wrote so as not only to prove the previously unknown capabilities of the half-formed English language for giving expression to every variety of poetical conception, but these illustrious poets also so wrote as to be the forerunners and the leaders of those who, since the time when the English mind was set free by the Reformation, have marched, and continue to march, as the poets of England in splendid equipage in their proud procession through the ages. But the intellectual and literary productiveness of Chaucer and Langland and Gower comes far short of the truly extraordinary productiveness of the genius of Wycliffe. Nothing but ignorance of what Wycliffe did for the highest forms of thought in the University, for the dignity and independence of the State,

\* Fuller's Church History, Book IV. cent. xiv.

\* Wycliffe's Latin Works, edited for the Wycliffe Society by Dr. Buddensieg, vol. ii. pp. 555, 556.

† Introduction to Fasc. Zizan., p. 44.

for truth and freedom in the Church, and for virtue and godliness among the English people, and through them among all the nations of the world, can account for the indifference to the name and memory of Wycliffe, which prevails not in Oxford alone, but throughout the country :—

“ To the memory of one of the greatest of Englishmen, his country has been singularly and painfully ungrateful. On most of us the dim image looks down, like the portrait of the first of a long line of kings, without personality or expression. He is the first of the Reformers. To some he is the watchword of a theological controversy, invoked most loudly by those whom he would most have condemned. Of his works, the greatest, ‘ one of the most thoughtful of the middle ages,’ has twice been printed abroad, in England never.\* Of his original English works, nothing beyond one or two tracts has seen the light. If considered only as the father of English prose, the great Reformer might claim more reverential treatment at our hands. It is not by his translation of the Bible, remarkable as that work is, that Wycliffe can be judged as a writer. It is in his original tracts that the exquisite pathos, the keen delicate irony, the manly passion of his short nervous sentences, fairly overmasters the weakness of the unformed language, and gives us English which cannot be read without a feeling of its beauty to this hour.” †

The mind of Wycliffe was constitutionally of large capacity—strong, many-sided, intense. The strength and the luminousness of his understanding, operating through an emotional nature of great tranquillity and depth, found for themselves unimpeded expression in the force and energy of a self-determining and resolute will. His deliberations, not his passions, prompted, directed, and controlled his actions. Hence the decisiveness of his conclusions ; hence also the heroic pertinacity with which he adhered to his convictions, and, whether amidst compliments or curses, prosecuted his work. For to him personally, *dominion* signified the lordship of the intellect over the emotions, the sovereignty of conscience over the intellect, and the monarchy of God over all. The “ possessioner ” of rich and varied mental endowments, he put forth

all to use. For in all the departments of learning and science, John Wycliffe was second to none whose names adorn the annals of Oxford University and are the glory of England. Wycliffe’s works, when known in Oxford and in this country will not only vindicate what we have said, but will show that if his constitutional abilities were singularly great, his industry was indefatigable, and his studious course splendidly progressive. “ Proscribed and neglected as he afterwards became, there was a time when Wycliffe was the most popular writer in Europe.” \* Contact with his mind through his works, seems to have had a remarkably infectious influence on the men of his time and on the following generation. Hence the unexampled measures taken not by William Courtenay alone, but by successive Popes and by the Council of Constance (1415), to suppress the heresies of Wycliffe. This influence of contact with his spirit in his writings, shows itself very notably in the case of the able and critical historian, Milman. Milman’s own mind was of great capacity and force. But the vigor and enthusiasm of that mind seem to reveal themselves more in the chapter on Wycliffe than in any other section of his great work. There is an unusual glow—one might say fervor—as of sympathetic appreciation, in the greater part of that chapter. †

Shirley’s statement that “ Wycliffe is a very voluminous, a proscribed, and a neglected writer,” is verified by the catalogue which Shirley himself, at the cost of considerable labor scattered over a period of some ten or twelve years, compiled, and published in 1865. By compiling and publishing this catalogue, Professor Shirley rendered great service not only to the memory of Wycliffe but also to English literature. Bale, Bishop of Ossory (1563), the author of many most valuable but now little appreciated, because little known, works, in his “ Summarium,” † first published in 1547, gives a list of 242 of Wycliffe’s

\* In so far as the printing of this work is concerned, the reproach of England was wiped off by the Clarendon Press in 1869 ; but it was a German, Dr. Lechler, who edited this great work, the “ Trialogus.”

† Shirley, Introduction to Fasc. Zizan., p. 47.

\* Shirley’s Catalogue of the Original Works of John Wycliffe. Preface, p. 6, Oxford : 1865.

† Milman’s Latin Christianity, Book XIII. chap. vi.

‡ Illustrium Majoris Britanniae Scriptorum Summarium in Quasdam Centurias Divisum.

writings, with their titles. Lewis, in 1820, by some modifications and additions of Bale's list, extends the number to 284. A catalogue was also prefixed by Baber to his reprint of Wycliffe's New Testament (Purvey's amended edition) in 1810. And Dr. Vaughan (who has got but scrimp justice at the hands of some), in his "Life and Opinions of Wycliffe," 1828 and 1831, and in his "John de Wycliffe: a Monograph," 1853, gave catalogues which had the effect of setting a few others to work in the endeavor to determine with certainty the number of the genuine writings left by Wycliffe. This work was undertaken and prosecuted with no little labor and critical ability by Professor Shirley; but death at an early time arrested the progress of the work which he had projected—the editing and publishing of "Select Works of Wycliffe." Men die, but the work dies not. To the third volume of "Select English Works of John Wycliffe," 1871, edited by Thomas Arnold, there is prefixed a "List of mss. of the Miscellaneous Works," and a "Complete Catalogue of the English Works ascribed to Wycliffe, based on that prepared by Dr. Shirley, but including a detailed comparison with the list of Bale and Lewis"\* Of Dr. Lechler's services in this as in every other respect we do not speak: they are inestimable. The example set by him, and by Dr. Budensieg of Dresden, and Dr. Loserth of Czernowitz, ought to stimulate Englishmen, and more especially the graduates, fellows, and doctors of Oxford, to vindicate the University against the charge so justly and repeatedly made against it, of having treated with indifference and neglect the name and memory of one of her most illustrious sons. It is anything but creditable to Oxford that German scholars and princes should do the work which ought to be done by Englishmen—and of all Englishmen by the men of Oxford. Do these learned men know that in English literature there is a short treatise bearing the title "The Dead Man's Right"?† It is time that

they should study it, and give to it such effect as only the men of Oxford can give, in relation to the memory of the man who asserted and maintained, in perilous and most hazardous times, the rights of Oxford University against those who would reduce that noble institution, that renowned seat of learning, to the level of one of the outhouses of the Vatican Palace or of the Pope's privy chamber, at Avignon or at Rome.

From the lists or catalogues of Wycliffe's works, it is evident that his writing was like his mind—steadily, splendidly progressive. To the earlier period of his life belong the works on logic, psychology, metaphysics, and generally what may be called his philosophical writings. To the second period of his life belong his applied philosophy in the form of his treatises on politico-ecclesiastical questions. To the third period belong his works on scientific theology; and to the fourth and concluding period belong his works on applied theology, or practical and pastoral divinity.

"The earliest work to which, so far as I know, a tolerably exact date can be assigned, is the fragment "De dominio," printed by Lewis, and which belongs to the year 1366 or 1367. We may confidently place the whole of the philosophical works, properly so called, before this date. About the year 1367 was published the "De Dominio Divino," precluding to the great "Summa Theologiæ,"—the first book of which, "De Mandatis," appears to have been written in 1369; the seventh, the "De Ecclesia," in 1378; the remainder at uncertain intervals during the next five years. The "Triologus," and its supplement belong probably to the last year of the Reformer's life."\*

In a letter of Archbishop Arundel, addressed to Pope John XXIII. in 1412, it is said of Wycliffe that, "In order to fulfil the measure of his wickedness, he *invented* the translation of the Bible into the mother tongue." Of this, the great

vol. ii. of 'Heliconia,' edited by T. Park, 1815. The preface bears a marked resemblance to the famous epilogue to 2 Henry IV.

\* Shirley: Preface to a Catalogue of the Original Works of John Wycliffe. The "Triologus" must have been written, some have it, between 1382 and 1384. This is shown by Vaughan and Lechler.

\* Select English Works of John Wycliffe. Introduction, vol. iii.

† This is the first of "the most rare and re-fined works" that collectively make 'The Phoenix Nest,' published in 1593. Reprinted in

and crowning work of Wycliffe's life, Knighton says:—

"Christ delivered his Gospel to the clergy and doctors of the Church, but this Master John Wycliffe translated it out of Latin into English, and thus laid it out more open to the laity, and to women who could read, than it had formerly been to the most learned of the clergy, even to those of them that had the best understanding. In this way the Gospel-pearl is cast abroad, and trodden under foot of swine, and that which was before precious both to clergy and laity, is rendered, as it were, to the common jest of both. The jewel of the Church is turned into the sport of the people, and what had hitherto been the choice gift of the clergy and of divines, is made for ever common to the laity."\*

It was for this very end that the "Word of God written" might be forever common to the people, as accessible to them as to the most privileged orders, that Wycliffe seems at an early time in his life to have entertained the great idea and formed the purpose of giving to his countrymen a version of Holy Scripture in the English language. For, although we cannot here enter into details, it would appear from the careful, learned, and elaborate preface to the magnificent edition of Wycliffe's Bible by Forshall and Madden,† that the progressiveness characteristic of Wycliffe's views and work was apparent in the translation of the Bible. With all deference to the opinions of those who believe that man's works spring full-formed from the human brain, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter, there is reason for believing that so early as 1356, or about that time, Wycliffe began his work of translating the Scriptures, and that, with many interruptions or intermissions, he continued to prosecute his great enterprise till he had the joyful satisfaction of seeing the translation of the New Testament completed in 1380. The idea had grown in his mind, and the work grew under his hand. He could now put a copy of the Evangel into the hands of each evangelist whom he sent

forth. Up to this time he could but furnish his poor preachers with short treatises and detached portions of Scripture. But now he could give them the whole of the New Testament in the language of the people of England. It was a great gift, and it was eagerly desired by multitudes who had been perishing for lack of knowledge. And but for the opposition of the hierarchy, the book and the evangelist might now have had free course in England. The work of translating the Old Testament was being prosecuted by Nicolas Hereford, when he was cited to appear before the Archbishop. Two ms. copies of Hereford's translation in the Bodleian Library "end abruptly in the book of Baruch, breaking off in the middle of a sentence.\* It may thence be inferred that the writer was suddenly stopped in the execution of his work; nor is it unreasonable to conjecture, further, that the cause of the interruption was the summons which Hereford received to appear before the synod in 1382."

"The translation itself affords proof that it was completed by a different hand, and not improbably by Wycliffe himself. Hereford translates very literally, and is usually careful to render the same Latin words or phrases in an uniform manner. He never introduces textual glosses. The style subsequent to Bar. iii. 20 is entirely different. It is more easy, no longer keeps to the order of the Latin, takes greater freedom in the choice of words, and frequently admits textual glosses. In the course of the first complete chapter the new translator inserts no less than nine such glosses. He does not admit prologues. The translation of this last part of the Old Testament corresponds with that of the New Testament, not only in the general style, but also in the rendering of particular words."†

Wycliffe's work was really done when the whole Bible was published in the English language. And although he set himself to improve, correct, and amend his own and Hereford's translation, yet he could now, as at no previous time, say, "Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace." Not long after this he died in peace at Lutterworth, in Lei-

\* Knighton, quoted by Dr. Buddensieg.

† The Holy Bible, containing the Old and New Testaments, with the Apocryphal Books, in the earliest English versions, made from the Latin Vulgate, by John Wycliffe and his followers. Edited by the Rev. Josiah Forshall and Sir Frederick Madden. In four volumes. Oxford—at the University Press: 1850.

\* Bar. iii. 20. The last words are "in place of them. The young . . ." rendered in the Geneva version—"Other men are come up in their steads. When they were young they saw the light."

† Forshall and Madden's edition of Wycliffe's Bible. Preface, pp. 17, 18.

cestershire, on the 31st of December 1384. And notwithstanding the ridicule of all who snarl at Mr. Foxe for counting him a martyr in his calendar, he really lived a martyr's life, and died a martyr's death: he lived and died a faithful witness of the truth. If he was not in spirit a martyr, there never was a martyr in the history of the Church; and if his persecutors were not in spirit tyrants whose purpose was to add Wycliffe's name to the roll of martyrs, there never were those who persecuted the saints unto bonds, imprisonment, and death. What else means the decree of the Council of Constance in 1415, which not only cursed his memory, as that of one dying an obstinate heretic, but ordered his body (with this charitable caution, "if it may be discerned from the bodies of other faithful people"), to be taken out of the ground and thrown far off from any Christian burial? In obedience to this decree—being, as Godwin says, required by the Council of Sena so to do\*—Richard Fleming, Bishop of Lincoln, Diocesan of Lutterworth in 1428, sent officers to ungrave the body of Wycliffe. To Lutterworth they come, take what was left out of the grave, and burning it, cast the ashes into the Swift, a neighboring brook running hard by. "Thus hath this brook conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, and these into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wycliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over." †

With Fuller's graphic record of the action of the servants of Bishop Fleming of Lincoln we might conclude our review of the work of this truly great and good man; but we cannot conclude without saying that the decree of the Constance Council and the action of the Lincoln bishop reveal at the same time the power of Wycliffe's doctrines and the impotence of the papal opposition to Wycliffe and to Lollardism. Truth dies not: it may be burned, but, like the sacred bush on the hillside of Horeb, it is not consumed. It may fall in the street; it may be trodden under foot of

men; it may be put into the grave; but it is not dead,—it lives, rises again, and is free. The bonds only are consumed; and the grave-clothes and the napkin only are left in the sepulchre. The word itself liveth and abideth forever. It has in it not only an eternal vitality, but also a seminal virtue. It is the seed of the kingdom of God. Some of the books of Wycliffe were put into the hands of John Hus in the University of Prague. Of Hus it may be said that, like the prophet, he ate the books given to him. He so appropriated them, not in the spirit only, but also in the letter, that the doctrines, and even the verbal expressions, of Wycliffe, were reproduced and proclaimed by him in Bohemia. This is demonstrated by Dr. Loserth in his recent work, "Wycliffe and Hus." \*

The story of the Gospel in Bohemia is really a record of the work of Wycliffe in a foreign land, where he was regarded as little less than "a fifth evangelist." The heresies of Wycliffe, condemned by the Council of Constance, were the Gospel for which John Hus and Jerome of Prague died the death of martyrs. But not only so.

"When I studied at Erfurth," says Martin Luther, "I found in the library of the convent a book entitled the 'Sermons of John Hus.' I had a great curiosity to know what doctrines that arch-heretic had propagated. My astonishment at the reading of them was incredible. I could not comprehend for what cause they burnt so great a man, who explained the Scriptures with so much gravity and skill. But as the very name of Hus was held in so great abomination, that I imagined the sky would fall and the sun be darkened if I made honorable mention of him, I shut the book with no little indignation. This, however, was my comfort, that he had written this perhaps before he fell into heresy, for I had not yet heard what passed at the Council of Constance." †

Germany through Luther owes much to John Wycliffe. Germany acknowledges the obligation, and through Lechler, Buddensieg, Loserth, and others, it is offering its tribute of gratitude to the memory of the earliest of the Reformers. For, although the fact is ignored by many, the Reformation was but the ex-

\* Godwin's Catalogue of the Bishops of England.

† Fuller, Book IV. cent. xv.

\* Wycliffe and Hus. From the German of Dr. Johann Loserth, Professor of History at the University of Czernowitz. 1884.

† Luther's Preface to the Letters of Hus.

position and developed application of the doctrines of John Wycliffe. It was Shakespeare who said of the great Lollard chief of England—Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham—"Oldcastle died a martyr!"\* But it is one of the most coldly severe and critical of historians who says:—

"No revolution has ever been more gradually prepared than that which separated almost one-half of Europe from the communion of the Roman See; nor were Luther and Zwingle any more than occasional instruments of that change, which, had they never existed, would at no great distance of time have been effected under the names of some other Reformers. At the beginning of the sixteenth century, the learned doubtfully and with caution, the ignorant with zeal and eagerness, were tending to depart from the faith and rites which authority prescribed. But probably not even Germany were so far advanced on this course as England. Almost a hundred and fifty years before Luther, nearly the same doctrines as he taught had been maintained by Wycliffe, whose disciples, usually called Lollards, lasted as a numerous though obscure and proscribed sect, till, aided by the confluence of foreign streams, they swelled into the Protestant Church of England. We hear indeed little of them during some part of the fifteenth century; for they generally shunned persecution, and it is chiefly through records of persecution that we learn the existence of heretics. But immediately before the name of Luther was known, they seem to have become more numerous; since several persons were burned for heresy, and others abjured their errors, in the first years of Henry VIII.'s reign." †

Corresponding with what is stated by Hallam, is the fact that John Knox begins his history of the Reformation in Scotland by giving, in what he calls "Historiæ Initium," a chapter on the history of Lollardism in Scotland:—

"In the scrolls of Glasgow is found mention of one whose name is not expressed, that, in the year of God 1422, was burnt for heresy; but what were his opinions, or by what order he was condemned, it appears not evidently. But our chronicles make mention that in the days of King James the First, about the year of God 1431, was deprehended in the University of St. Andrews, one Paul Crow, a Bohemian, who was accused of heresy before such as then were called Doctors of Theology. His accusation consisted principally that he followed *John Hus* and *Wycliffe* in the opinion of the Sacrament, who denied that the substance of bread and wine were changed by virtue of any words, or that confession should be made

to priests, or yet prayers to saints departed. . . . He was condemned to the fire, in the which he was consumed, in the said city of Saint Andrews, about the time aforewritten."

Proceeding with his narrative, Knox gives a picturesque description of what occurred in Court, when no fewer than thirty persons were summoned in 1494 by Robert Blackburn, Archbishop of Glasgow, to appear before the King and his great council. "These," he says, "were called the Lollards of Kyle. They were accused of the articles following, as we have received them forth of the register of Glasgow." Among the thirty-four articles charged against them are many of the doctrines so ably expounded and maintained by Wycliffe. "By these articles, which God of His merciful providence caused the enemies of His truth to keep in their registers, may appear how mercifully God hath looked upon this realm, retaining within it some spunk of His light even in the time of greatest darkness." The Lollards of Kyle, partly through the clemency of the King, and partly by their own bold and ready-witted answers, so dashed the bishop and his band out of countenance, that the greatest part of the accusation was turned to laughter. For thirty years after that memorable exhibition there was "almost no question for matters of religion" till young Patrick Hamilton of gentle blood and of heroic spirit, appeared on the scene in 1527. "With him," says Knox, "our history doth begin."\*

"No friendly hand," says Dr. Shirley, "has left us any even the slightest memorial of the life and death of the great Reformer. A spare, frail, emaciated frame, a quick temper, a conversation 'most innocent,' the charm of every rank—such are the scanty but significant fragments we glean of the personal portraiture of one who possessed, as few ever did, the qualities which give men power over their fellows. His enemies ascribed it to the magic of an ascetic habit; the fact remains engraven on every line of his life.† His bitterest

\* Knox's History of the Reformation in Scotland, being volume first of his Works, collected and edited by David Laing. Edinburgh, 1846.

† Shirley's Introduction to Fasc. Zizan., pp. 45, 46.

\* See Epilogue to Henry IV. Part II.

† Hallam's Constitutional History of England, chap. ii. 57, 58, 6th ed.



enemies cannot refrain from involuntary tributes of admiration extorted from them by the singular and unsullied excellence of the man whose doctrines and doings as a reformer they detested. Like the "amiable and famous Edward, by-named, not of his color, but of his dreaded acts in battle, the Black Prince,"\* Wycliffe was in nothing black save in his dreaded doctrines and works of reformation. Apart from these, "all tongues—the voice of souls"—awarded him the praise due to lofty genius, exemplary virtue, and personal godliness. His heretical deeds were the occasion of all the obloquy heaped upon his name and memory:—

"In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds,  
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds."

If we cannot as yet cherish the hope that, besides erecting in Oxford some visible monument to the memory of Wycliffe, the University should, as an example to Cambridge and to the Scottish universities, institute a Wycliffe Lecture-ship for the exposition of the works of the great Reformer, it is surely not too much to expect that Oxford should give all possible countenance and support to the project for the printing and the publication of Wycliffe's unprinted and unpublished writings. This, in the meantime, is perhaps the best tribute that can be offered to the memory of Wycliffe. For, as Dr. Shirley said, some nineteen years ago, "The Latin works of Wycliffe are, both historically and theologically, by far the most important; from these alone can Wycliffe's theological position be understood: and it is not, perhaps, too much to say, that no writings so important for the history of doctrine are still buried in manuscript."† These neglected, unknown, and hitherto inaccessible works, are being printed under competent editorship by "The Wycliffe Society."—They have more than a mere theological interest. They are important in their relation to the thought which developed itself in the reformation of religion, in the revival of learning, and in the assertion, maintenance, and defence of constitutional liberty in England.

For from the relation of his work to the University, to the independence of the nation and the sovereignty of the Crown, to the Church and to the people of England, a manifold interest must for ever belong to the name, the life, and the work of John Wycliffe. Corresponding with all this is the manifold obligation of the University, the Crown, the Church, and the people of England. For Wycliffe was the first of those self-denyng and fearless men to whom we are chiefly indebted for the overthrow of superstition, ignorance, and despotism, and for all the privileges and blessings, political and religious, which we enjoy. He was the first of those who cheerfully hazarded their lives that they might achieve their purpose, which was nothing less than the felicity of millions unborn—a felicity which could only proceed from the knowledge and possession of the truth. He is one of those "who holdly attacked the system of error and corruption, though fortified by popular credulity, and who, having forced the stronghold of superstition, and penetrated the recesses of its temple, tore aside the veil that concealed the monstrous idol which the world had so long ignorantly worshipped, dissolved the spell by which the human mind was bound, and restored it to liberty! How criminal must those be who, sitting at ease under the vines and fig-trees planted by the labors and watered with the blood of those patriots, discover their disesteem of the invaluable privileges which they inherit, or their ignorance of the expense at which they were purchased, by the most unworthy treatment of those to whom they owe them, misrepresent their actions, calumniate their motives, and load their memories with every species of abuse!"\* While we look to the men of Oxford for a thorough though tardy and late vindication of Wycliffe's name and services to the University and to learning, we expect from the people of England a more effective and permanent memorial of Wycliffe and his work than can be raised by any number of scholars or members of the University. Wycliffe lived for God and for the people. He taught the English people how to use the English tongue for the expres-

\* Speed's Chronicle, p. 672—ed. 1632.

† Preface to A Catalogue of the Original Works of John Wycliffe: 1865.

\* M'Crie's Life of John Knox, Period I.

sion of truth, liberty, and religion. He was the first to give to the people of England the Bible in the English language. What a gift was this! He was in this the pioneer of Tyndale, of Coverdale, and of all those who have lived and labored for the diffusion of the Word of God among their fellow-men. The British and Foreign Bible Society is really Wycliffe's monument. His Bible, as translated from the Vulgate, was itself an assertion of that independence for which

Wycliffe lived and died. To him may be applied the words of Milton—

“ Servant of God, well done! well hast thou fought

The better fight; who single hast maintained  
Against revolted multitudes the cause  
Of truth; in word mightier than they in arms:  
And for the testimony of truth hast borne  
Universal reproach, far worse to bear  
Than violence; for it was all thy care  
To stand approv'd in sight of God, though worlds  
Judged thee perverse.”\*

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

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### CURIOSITIES OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

CONSIDERING the world-wide reputation of the Bank of England, it is remarkable how little is generally known as to its internal working. Standing in the very heart of the largest city in the world—a central landmark of the great metropolis—even the busy Londoners around it have, as a rule, only the vaguest possible knowledge of what goes on within its walls. In truth, its functions are so many, its staff so enormous, and their duties so varied, that many even of those who have spent their lives in its service will tell you that, beyond their own immediate departments, they know but little of its inner life. Its mere history, as recorded by Mr. Francis, fills two octavo volumes. It will be readily understood, therefore, that it would be idle to attempt anything like a complete description of it within the compass of a magazine article. There are, however, many points about the Bank and its working which are extremely curious and interesting, and some of these we propose briefly to describe.

The Bank of England originated in the brain of William Paterson, a Scotchman—better known, perhaps, as the organiser and leader of the ill-fated Darien expedition. It commenced business in 1694, its charter—which was in the first instance granted for eleven years only—bearing date the 27th July of that year. This charter has been from time to time renewed, the last renewal having taken place in 1844. The original capital of the Bank was but one million two hundred thousand pounds, and it carried on its business in a single room in Mercer's Hall, with a staff of fifty-four

clerks. From so small a beginning has grown the present gigantic establishment, which covers nearly three acres, and employs in town and country nearly nine hundred officials. Upon the latest renewal of its charter, the Bank was divided into two distinct departments, the Issue and the Banking. In addition to these, the Bank has the management of the national debt. The books of the various government funds are here kept; here all transfers are made, and here all dividends are paid.

In the Banking department is transacted the ordinary business of bankers. Here other banks keep their “reserve,” and hence draw their supplies as they require them. The Issue department is intrusted with the circulation of the notes of the Bank, which is regulated as follows. The Bank in 1844 was a creditor of the government to the extent of rather over eleven million pounds, and to this amount and four million pounds beyond, for which there is in other ways sufficient security, the Bank is allowed to issue notes without having gold in reserve to meet them. Beyond these fifteen million pounds, every note issued represents gold actually in the coffers of the Bank. The total value of the notes in the hands of the public at one time averages about twenty-five million pounds. To these must be added other notes to a very large amount in the hands of the Banking department, which deposits the bulk of its reserve of gold in the Issue department, accepting notes in exchange.

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\* Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book VI.

All Bank of England notes are printed in the Bank itself. Six printing-presses are in constant operation, the same machine printing first the particulars of value, signature, &c., and then the number of the note in consecutive order. The paper used is of very peculiar texture, being at once thin, tough, and crisp; and the combination of these qualities, together with the peculiarities of the watermark, which is distributed over the whole surface of the paper, forms one of the principal guarantees against imitation. The paper, which is manufactured exclusively at one particular mill, is made in oblong slips, allowing just enough space for the printing of two notes side by side. The edges of the paper are left untrimmed, but, after printing, the two notes are divided by a straight cut between them. This accounts for the fact, which many of our readers will doubtless have noticed, that only one edge of a Bank-note is smooth, the other three being comparatively ragged. The printing-presses are so constructed as to register each note printed, so that the machine itself indicates automatically how many notes have passed through it. The average production of notes is fifty thousand a day, and about the same number are presented in the same time for payment.

No note is ever issued a second time. When once it finds its way back to the Bank to be exchanged for coin, it is immediately cancelled; and the reader will probably be surprised to hear that the average life of a Bank-note, or the time during which it is in actual circulation, is not more than five or six days. The returned notes, averaging, as we have stated, about fifty thousand a day, and representing, one day with another, about one million pounds in value, are brought into what is known as the Accountant's Sorting Office. Here they are examined by inspectors, who reject any which may be found to be counterfeit. In such a case, the paying-in bank is debited with the amount. The notes come in from various banks in parcels, each parcel accompanied by a memorandum stating the number and amount of the notes contained in it. This memorandum is marked with a certain number, and then each note in the parcel is stamped to correspond, the stamping-

machine automatically registering how many are stamped, and consequently drawing immediate attention to any deficiency in the number of notes as compared with that stated in the memorandum. This done, the notes are sorted according to number and date, and after being defaced by punching out the letters indicating value, and tearing off the corner bearing the signature, are passed on to the "Bank-note Library," where they are packed in boxes, and preserved for possible future reference during a period of five years. There are one hundred and twenty clerks employed in this one department; and so perfect is the system of registration, that if the number of a returned note be known, the head of this department, by referring to his books, can ascertain in a few minutes the date when and the banker through whom it was presented; and if within the period of five years, can produce the note itself for inspection. As to the "number" of a Bank-note, by the way, there is sometimes a little misconception, many people imagining that by quoting the bare figures on the face of a note they have done all that is requisite for its identification. This is not the case. Bank-notes are not numbered consecutively *ad infinitum*, but in series of one to one hundred thousand, the different series being distinguished as between themselves by the date, which appears in full in the body of the note, and is further indicated, to the initiated, by the letter and numerals prefixed to the actual number. Thus  $\frac{2}{10}$  90758 on the face of a note indicates that the note in question is No. 90758 of the series printed on May 21, 1883, which date appears in full in the body of the note.  $\frac{2}{10}$  in like manner indicates that the note forms part of a series printed on February 19, 1883. In "taking the number" of a note, therefore, either this prefix or the full date, as stated in the body of the note, should always be included.

The "Library" of cancelled notes—not to be confounded with the Bank Library proper—is situated in the Bank vaults, and we are indebted to the courtesy of the Bank-note Librarian for the following curious and interesting statistics respecting his stock. The stock of paid notes for five years—the period during which, as before stated, the notes

are preserved for reference—is about seventy-seven million seven hundred and forty-five thousand in number. They fill thirteen thousand four hundred boxes, about eighteen inches long, ten wide, and nine deep. If the notes could be placed in a pile one upon another, they would reach to a height of five and two-third miles. Joined end to end they would form a ribbon twelve thousand four hundred and fifty-five miles long, or half way round the globe; if laid so as to form a carpet, they would very nearly cover Hyde Park. Their original value is somewhat over seventeen hundred and fifty millions, and their weight is about ninety-one tons. The immense extent of space necessary to accommodate such a mass in the Bank vaults may be imagined. The place, with its piles on piles of boxes reaching far away into dim distance, looks like some gigantic wine-cellar or bonded warehouse.

As each day adds, as we have seen, about fifty thousand notes to the number, it is necessary to find some means of destroying those which have passed their allotted term of preservation. This is done by fire, about four hundred thousand notes being burnt at one time, in a furnace specially constructed for that purpose. Formerly, from some peculiarity in the ink with which the notes were printed, the cremated notes burnt into a solid blue clinker; but the composition of the ink has been altered, and the paper now burns to a fine gray ash. The fumes of the burning paper are extremely dense and pungent; and to prevent any nuisance arising from this cause, the process of cremation is carried out at dead of night, when the city is comparatively deserted. Further, in order to mitigate the density of the fumes, they are made to ascend through a shower of falling water, the chimney shaft being fitted with a special shower-bath arrangement for this purpose.

Passing away from the necropolis of dead and buried notes, we visit the Treasury, whence they originally issued. This is a quiet-looking room, scarcely more imposing in appearance than the butler's pantry in a West-end mansion, but the modest-looking cupboards with which its walls are lined, are gorged with hidden treasure. The possible value of the contents of this room may

be imagined from the fact that a million of money, in notes of one thousand pounds, forms a packet only three inches thick. The writer has had the privilege of holding such a parcel in his hand, and for a quarter of a minute imagining himself a millionaire—with an income of over thirty thousand per annum for life! The same amount might occupy even less space than the above, for Mr. Francis tells a story of a lost note for thirty thousand pounds, which, turning up after the lapse of many years, was paid by the Bank *twice over!* We are informed that notes of even a higher value than this have on occasion been printed, but the highest denomination now issued is one thousand pounds.

In this department is kept a portion of the Bank's stock of golden coin, in bags of one thousand pounds each. This amount does not require a very large bag for its accommodation, but its weight is considerable, amounting to two hundred and fifty-eight ounces twenty pennyweights, so that a million in gold would weigh some tons. In another room of this department—the Weighing Office—are seen the machines for detecting light coin. These machines are marvels of ingenious mechanism. Three or four hundred sovereigns are laid in a long brass scoop or semitube, of such a diameter as to admit them comfortably, and self-regulating to such an incline that the coins gradually slide down by their own weight on to one plate of a little balance placed at its lower extremity. Across the face of this plate two little bolts make alternate thrusts, one to the right, one to the left, but at slightly different levels. If the coin be of full weight, the balance is held in equipoise, and the right-hand bolt making its thrust, pushes it off the plate and down an adjacent tube into the receptacle for full-weight coin. If, on the other hand, the coin is ever so little "light," the balance naturally rises with it. The right-hand bolt makes its thrust as before, but this time passes harmlessly *beneath* the coin. Then comes the thrust of the left-hand bolt, which, as we have said, is fixed at a fractionally higher level, and pushes the coin down a tube on the opposite side, through which it falls into the light-coin receptacle. The coins thus condemned

are afterwards dropped into another machine, which defaces them by a cut half-way across their diameter, at the rate of two hundred a minute. The weighing machines, of which there are sixteen, are actuated by a small atmospheric engine in one corner of the room, the only manual assistance required being to keep them supplied with coins. It is said that sixty thousand sovereigns and half-sovereigns can be weighed here in a single day. The weighing-machine in question is the invention of Mr. Cotton, a former governor of the Bank, and among scientific men is regarded as one of the most striking achievements of practical mechanics.

In the Bullion department we find another weighing-machine of a different character, but in its way equally remarkable. It is the first of its kind, having been designed specially for the Bank by Mr. James Murdoch Napier, by whom it has been patented. It is used for the purpose of weighing bullion, which is purchased in this department. Gold is brought in in bars of about eight inches long, three wide, and one inch thick. A bar of gold of these dimensions will weigh about two hundred ounces, and is worth, if pure, about eight hundred pounds. Each bar when brought in is accompanied by a memorandum of its weight. The question of quality is determined by the process of assaying; the weight is checked by means of the weighing-machine we have referred to. This takes the form of an extremely massive pair of scales, working on a beam of immense strength and solidity, and is based, so as to be absolutely rigid, on a solid bed of concrete. The whole stands about six feet high by three wide, and is inclosed in an air-tight plate-glass case, a sash in which is raised when it is desired to use the machine. The two sides of the scale are each kept permanently loaded, the one with a single weight of three hundred and sixty ounces, the other with a number of weights of various sizes to the same amount. When it is desired to test the weight of a bar of gold, weights to the amount stated in the corresponding memorandum, *less half an ounce*, are removed from the latter scale, and the bar of gold substituted in their place. Up to this point the beam of the scale is

kept perfectly horizontal, being maintained in that position by a mechanical break; but now a stud is pressed, and by means of delicate machinery, actuated by water-power, the beam is released. If the weight of the bar has been correctly stated in the memorandum, the scale which holds it should be exactly half an ounce in excess. This or any less excess of weight over the three hundred and sixty ounces in the opposite scale is instantly registered by the machine, a pointer travelling round a dial until it indicates the proper amount. The function of the machine, however, is limited to weighing half an ounce only. If the discrepancy between the two scales as loaded is greater than this, or if on the other hand the bar of gold is more than half an ounce less than the amount stated in the memorandum, an electric bell rings by way of warning, the pointer travels right round the dial, and returns to zero. So delicate is the adjustment, that the weight of half a penny postage stamp—somewhat less than half a grain—will set the hand in motion and be recorded on the dial.

The stock of gold in the bullion vault varies from one to three million pounds sterling. The bars are laid side by side on small flat trucks or barrows carrying one hundred bars each. In a glass case in this vault is seen a portion of the war indemnity paid by King Coffee of Ashantee, consisting of gold ornaments, a little short of standard fineness.

One of the first reflections that strike an outsider permitted to inspect the repository of so much treasure is, "Can all this wealth be safe?" These heaps of precious metal, these piles of still more precious notes, are handled by the officials in such an easy-going, matter-of-course way, that one would almost fancy a few thousand would scarcely be missed; and that a dishonest person had only to walk in and help himself to as many sovereigns or hundred pound notes as his pockets could accommodate. Such, however, is very far from being the case. The safeguards against robbery, either by force or fraud, are many and elaborate. At night the Bank is guarded at all accessible points by an ample military force, which would no doubt give a good account of any intruder rash enough to attempt to gain an entrance.

In the event of attack from without, there are sliding galleries which can be thrust out from the roof, and which would enable a body of sharpshooters to rake the streets in all directions.

Few people are aware that the Bank of England contains within its walls a graveyard, but such is nevertheless the fact. The Gordon riots in 1780, during which the Bank was attacked by a mob, called attention to the necessity for strengthening its defences. Competent authorities advised that an adjoining church, rejoicing in the appropriate name of St. Christopher-le-Stocks, was in a military sense a source of danger, and accordingly an Act of Parliament was passed to enable the directors to pur-

chase the church and its appurtenances. The old churchyard, tastefully laid out, now forms what is known as the Bank "garden," the handsome "Court Room" or "Bank Parlor" abutting on one of its sides. There is a magnificent lime-tree, one of the largest in London, in the centre of the garden, and tradition states that under this tree a former clerk of the Bank, *eight feet high*, lies buried. With this last, though not least of the curiosities of the Bank, we must bring the present article to a close. We had intended briefly to have referred to sundry eventful pages of its history; but these we are compelled, by considerations of space, to reserve for a future paper.—*Chambers's Journal*.

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### [THE RYE HOUSE PLOT.

BY ALEXANDER CHARLES EWALD.

TOWARDS the close of the autumn of 1682, the discontent which the domestic and foreign policy of the "Merry Monarch" had excited among his subjects at last began to assume a tangible and aggressive form. The aim of our second Charles was nothing less than to overthrow the English constitution, to render himself free of parliamentary control, to bias English justice, to make his lieges slaves, and to attain his disloyal ends, if need be, by the aid of France, whose pensioner he was. Nor had he been at this time unsuccessful in his object. In spite of the hostility of the country party—as the opponents of the court were styled—the Duke of York was not debarred from succession to the throne; for, thanks to the eloquence of the brilliant Halifax, the Exclusion Bill had been rejected. The law had also been turned into a most potent engine of oppression by causing it to interpret, not justice, but the wishes of the King; only such judges were appointed as would prove obedient to the royal will, and only such juries were summoned as might be trusted to carry out the royal behests. The Anglican clergy rallied round the throne, and everywhere taught the doctrine of passive obedience and the heinousness of resistance to the divine right of kings. A secret treaty

with Louis of France had rendered Charles, by its pecuniary clauses, entirely independent of his subjects. The disaffection of London had been crushed by its Lord Mayor being converted to the policy of the court, and by the nomination of the sheriffs, not at Guildhall, but at Whitehall—an interference which made every corporation in the kingdom tremble for its stability. For the last ten years the leaders of the country party had waged war to the knife against this organised despotism on the part of the monarch, yet all opposition had proved unavailing. The unscrupulous and vindictive Shaftesbury,—

In friendship false, implacable in hate,  
Resolved to ruin or to rule the State,

had led the attack, and endeavored in vain to stir up the nation against its sovereign; then, mortified at the failure of his efforts, had withdrawn to the Continent, and there perished a victim to disappointed revenge and dissatisfied ambition. The amiable Lord William Russell had, in his place in Parliament, openly opposed the court, and warned the country of the dangers that would ensue should the arbitrary government of Charles be longer tolerated. Algernon Sydney, Essex, and Hampden had followed suit; but their teaching

and invective had been delivered to no purpose; the power and the bribes of the throne, acting upon the natural servility of man, had been too puissant and convincing not to be effectual in crushing all resistance. Victory, therefore, at present rested with the King, not with his opponents.

And now it was that this disaffection, which had so long been futile in its efforts at revolt, began to trouble the minds of men of a far different character from the recognised chiefs of the country party. At that time there were certain desperadoes haunting the taverns of the east of London, who, after much secret council and drinking together, had come to the conclusion that the simplest solution of the national difficulty was to murder the King and his brother, the Duke of York, and then—but not till then—the throne being vacant, to consider what form of constitution should be adopted. The leader of the band was one whose name will live as long as the great satire of Dryden is remembered. Anglican priest, Dissenting divine, political agitator, spy informer, as mischievous as he, was treacherous, Robert Ferguson belonged to that class which every conspiracy seems to enroll; foremost in advice, last in action, brave when there is no danger, but the first to fly and purchase safety by a base and compromising confession. On this occasion he was the treasurer of the conspirators,—

Judas that keeps the rebels' pension-purse;  
 Judas that pays the treason-writer's fee;  
 Judas that well deserves his namesake's tree.

The rest of the crew call for no special mention. Among the more prominent we find Josiah Keeling, a citizen and salter of London, who was deep in the counsels of the plotters, and who repaid their confidence by informing the Government, at the first sign of peril, of what had been discussed and planned; Colonel Walcot, an old officer of Cromwell; Colonel Romsey, a soldier of fortune who had fought with distinction in Portugal; Sir Thomas Armstrong, "a debauched atheistical bravo;" Robert West, a barrister in good practice; Thomas Shepherd, a wine merchant; Richard Rumbald, an old officer in Cromwell's army, but at this time a malt-

ster; Richard Goodenough, who had been under-sheriff of London; John Ayloff, a lawyer, the very man who, on one occasion, to show how complete was the vassalage of England to France, had placed a wooden shoe in the chair of the Speaker of the House of Commons; and Ford, Lord Grey of Wark, who had brought himself conspicuously before the public by debauching his wife's sister. Added to this list were barristers, soldiers of fortune, bankrupt traders, and the men who, having nothing to lose and everything to gain, look upon agitation and conspiracy as a form of industry likely to lead to solid advantages. Such was the reckless band which met to "amend the constitution," and "restore our Protestantism," during the quiet hours of many an autumn evening, in the parlors of the Sun Tavern "behind the Royal Exchange," the Horseshoe Tavern "on Tower Hill," the Mitre Tavern "within Aldgate," the Salutation "in Lombard Street," the Dolphin "behind Bartholomew Lane," and in other well-known hostels. The only two toasts permitted at the gatherings were "To the man who first draws his sword in defence of the Protestant religion against Popery and slavery," and "To the confusion of the two brothers at Whitehall." In order to prevent their conversation being overheard by any inquisitive stranger, the conspirators adopted a peculiar language which they alone could understand. A blunderbuss was a "swan's quill," a musket "a goose-quill," pistols "crow-quills," powder and bullets, "ink and sand;" Charles was either "the churchwarden at Whitehall," or "a blackbird;" whilst James, Duke of York, was "a goldfinch." The object of these meetings was at last decided upon; it was resolved that the King and his brother should be assassinated, or, in the slang employed by the plotters, "a deed of bargain and sale should be executed to bar both him in possession and him in remainder."\*

This resolution carried, the next question which came up for settlement was how the design should be accomplished. Much discussion ensued, but after fre-

\* *A True Account of the Rye House Plot*, by Thomas Sprat, Bishop of Rochester, 1685.

quent deliberations a scheme of action was drawn up. It was known that the King, on his return from racing at Newmarket, would have to pass the farm of Richard Rumbald, called the Rye House. This farm was situated in a prettily timbered part of Hertfordshire, about eighteen miles from London, and derived its name from the Rye, a large meadow adjoining the holding. Close to this paddock ran the by-road from Bishop's Stortford to Hoddesdon, which was constantly used by Charles and his brother when they drove to or from Newmarket. Thus the royal couple, on such occasions, would fall within easy pistol-shot of any assailant secreted within the farm. The Rye House, from the nature of its situation, also seemed to favor conspiracy. It was an old strong building, standing alone, and encompassed with a moat; towards the garden it was surrounded by high walls "so that twenty men might easily defend it for some time against five hundred." From a lofty tower in the house an extensive view was commanded; "hence all who go or come may be seen both ways for more than a mile's distance." In approaching the farm, when driving from Newmarket to London, it was necessary to cross a narrow causeway, at the end of which was a toll-gate; "which having entered, you go through a yard and a little field, and at the end of that, through another gate, you pass into a narrow lane, where two coaches could not go abreast." On the left hand of this lane was a thick hedge, whilst on the right stood a low, long building used for corn chambers and stables, with several doors and windows looking into the road. "When you are past the long building you go by the moat and the garden wall: that is very strong, and has divers holes in it, through which a great many men might shoot." Along by the moat and wall the road continued to the river Ware, which had to be crossed by a bridge; a little lower down another bridge, spanning the New River, had to be traversed; "in both which passes a few men may oppose great numbers." Behind the long building was an outer courtyard, into which a considerable body of horse and foot could be drawn up unperceived from the road, "whence they might easily issue

out at the same time into each end of the narrow lane."\*

The Rye House, affording such excellent opportunities, was accordingly fixed upon as the rendezvous for "those who were to be actors in the fact." Arms and ammunition, covered with oysters, were to be taken up the river Ware by watermen in the secret of the conspiracy, and landed at the farm; men were to ride down from London at night in small detachments, so as to escape observation, and then hide themselves in the out-buildings around the holding; the servants of the farm, on the day appointed for the "taking off" of the King and his brother, were to be sent out of the way and despatched to market; whilst the anything but hen-pecked maltster promised, when the critical moment came, "to lock Mrs. Rumbald upstairs."† So far all was satisfactorily arranged as to the assembling of the conspirators. The next question that had to be determined was as to the execution of the infamous design. This was soon arranged. The plotters had ascertained the exact hour the King and the Duke of York were to quit Newmarket; a brief calculation was sufficient for them therefore to arrive at the hour when the royal coach would be driven past the road running under the windows of the Rye House; still, to make matters more sure, a couple of watchers were to be stationed in the tower of the farm, and give the signal when the quarry was in view. Upon the approach of the coach with its attendant equeries, the men especially selected for the immediate work of assassination were to steal out of their cover and hide themselves behind the wall which ran along the road; the wall was to be provided with convenient loopholes, and the conspirators were to stand with their muskets ready. "When his Majesty's coach should come over

\* *State papers, Charles II.*, June 1683—"A Particular Account of the Situation of the Rye House."

† *Rye House Papers*. Examination of Robert West of the Middle Temple. A special collection among the State Papers. It may be remembered that when this collection was examined an original treatise of Milton was discovered among the documents—a find which led to Macaulay's essay on Milton.



against the wall, three or four of those behind it were to shoot at the postilion and the horses; if the horses should not drop then, there were to be two men with an empty cart in the lane near the place, who in the habit of laborers should run the cart athwart the lane and so stop the horses. Besides those that were to shoot the postilion and the horses, there were several appointed to shoot into the coach where his Majesty was to be, and others to shoot at the guards that should be attending the coach." The fell work accomplished, the farm with its outbuildings was to be at once vacated, the conspirators were to jump into their saddles, and make their way to London by the Hackney Marshes as fast as their horses could lay to the ground. If this plan was adopted, it was hoped "they might get to London as soon as the news could." \*

Still the murder of Charles and his brother was only the beginning of the end. The death of the King was to be the signal for a general rising. The city and suburbs were to be divided into twenty districts, with a captain and eight lieutenants at the head of each district; the men to be armed and ready at an hour's notice for any raid that might be commanded. The sum of twenty thousand pounds, which had been subscribed by the disaffected, was to be distributed among the captains to expend as they thought best. The night before the return of the King from Newmarket, a body composed of two thousand men, drawn from these several districts, were to be secreted in empty houses, "as near the several gates of the city and other convenient posts as could be; the men were to be got into those houses and acquainted with the plot to take off the King at Rye House; such as refused should be clapt into the cellars, and the rest sally out at the most convenient hour, and seize and shut up the gates.†

The moment the revolt had broken out the different captains were to muster their men and march them to the several places of rendezvous fixed upon; some were to be stationed in St. James's

Square, others in Covent Garden, others again in Southwark, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and the Royal Exchange, whilst those named at Moorfields were to take possession of the arms in the Artillery Ground. A large body of cavalry was, at the same time, to be on the alert and scour the streets, so as to prevent the King's party from embodying or the Horse Guards from doing their duty. The bridges over the Thames were to be secured, and fagots taken into the narrow streets around Eastcheap for purposes of conflagration, if necessary.\* All these measures appeared comparatively easy of execution to the conspirators; one detail in the enterprise, however, seems greatly to have perplexed them. As long as the Tower was in the hands of the King's guards, any rise in the city might prove a failure. To obtain possession of the Tower was therefore one of the most prominent features in the discussions held at the various hostels which the conspirators frequented. Some suggested that fagots should be heaped about the gates of the building at dead of night, and then set on fire; others that it should be bombarded from the Thames; whilst a third proposed that men should be lodged in Thames Street, and secretly fall upon the guard. "Several ways," witnesses Robert West,† "were proposed to surprise and take the Tower of London. One was to send ten or twelve men armed with pistols, pocket daggers and pocket blunderbusses into the Tower under the pretence of seeing the armory; another number should go to see the lions, who, by reason of their not going into the inner gate, were not to have their swords taken from them, that the persons who went to see the armory should return into the tavern just within the gate, and there eat and drink till the time for the attempt was come, that some persons should come in a mourning coach, or some gentleman's coach to be borrowed for this occasion under pretence of making a visit to some of the lords in the Tower; and just within the gate some of the persons issuing out of the tavern should kill one of the

\* *Rye House Papers.* Examination of Josiah Keeling and Robert West.

† *Ibid.*

\* *Rye House Papers.* Examination of Josiah Keeling and Robert West.

† *Ibid.*

horses and overturn the coach, so as the gate could not be shut; and the rest of the persons within and those who went to see the lions should set upon the guards, that upon a signal of the coach driving down a party of men (lodged in empty houses near the Tower) should be ready to rush out, and upon the noise of the first shot immediately run down to the gate and break in; this way, if at all put in execution, was to be in the daytime about two o'clock, because after dinner the officers are usually dispersed or engaged in drinking, and the soldiers loitering from their arms."

Another suggestion was "that several men should enter actions against one another in St. Catherine's Court, held for the Tower liberty within the Tower, and that at the court day, at which time great liberty is allowed to all persons to come in, a party of men should go as plaintiffs and defendants, and witnesses who should come in under pretence of curiosity, and being seconded by certain stout fellows working as laborers in the Tower, should attempt the surprise."\* It would, however, appear that all these proposals, after full consideration, were deemed impracticable, for we learn that no definite decision was arrived at, but the capture of the Tower was left to the chapter of accidents. The first step, said the plotters, was to begin the revolt; then events, at present unforeseen, would spring up and favor the development of the insurrection. "Only let the football be dropped," said one, "and there would be plenty to give it a kick."†

The King and his brother shot down, and the city in the hands of the conspirators, punishment was then swiftly to overtake those who had favored the past policy of Charles. The late Lord Mayor of London, who had specially shown himself the creature of the court in willing to yield the charter of the corporation, was to be killed. A similar fate was to befall the existing Lord Mayor, also guilty of the same subservience; with this addition, that after death "his skin should be flayed off and stuffed and hung up in Guildhall, as one who had betrayed the rights and privileges of the

city." The office of chief magistrate of the city thus vacant, it was to be filled by one Alderman Cornish; should he refuse to accept the dignity, he was to be "knocked on the head." Certain members of the corporation, who "had behaved themselves like trimmers, and neglected to repeal several by-laws," were to be forced to appear publicly and admit the fact: in the event of their declining to be thus humiliated, they also were to be "knocked on the head." The civic authorities chastened by this process of correction applied to the cranium, the bench was next to fall under the ire of the plotters. All such judges as had been guilty of passing arbitrary judgments, and of identifying the law with the royal will, were to be brought to trial, "and their skins stuffed and hung up in Westminster Hall." Then came the turn of the ecclesiastics; in the vicious hour of mob rule the Church is always one of the first and greatest sufferers. On this occasion "bishops, deans, and chapters were to be wholly laid aside," their lands confiscated, and such sums as it was the custom to apply to educational purposes were to be appropriated "to public uses in ease of the people from taxes." Men who had made themselves unpopular during the late Parliament as greedy pensioners of the Crown were to be "brought to trial and death, and their skins stuffed and then hung up in the Parliament House as betrayers of the people and of the trust." It was also thought "convenient" that certain Ministers of State, such as my Lord Halifax, and my Lord Hyde, should be "taken off." To complete the programme, should funds be lacking, a raid was to be made upon the city magnates, for, said these advocates of communism, "there was money and plate enough among the bankers and goldsmiths." This scheme of revenge and spoliation was to be rigidly carried out; and those to whom it was entrusted were to fulfil it as they would "obey the commandments."\*

The insurrection once an accomplished fact, and the prerogative of the Crown, with all its attendant evils, overthrown, the reforms which

\* *Rye House Papers.* Examination of Josiah Keeling and Robert West.

† *Ibid.* Examination of Thomas Shepherd.

\* *Rye House Papers.* Examination of Robert West and Josiah Keeling.

had inspired the movement were immediately to be put in force. The House of Commons was no longer to be the creature of the throne, but of the nation. The people were to meet annually at a certain time to choose members of Parliament "without any writ or particular direction to do so." The Parliament thus chosen was to assemble for a stated time; nor was it to be dissolved, prorogued, or adjourned except by its own consent. Parliament was to consist of an upper and lower House; but "only such nobility should be hereditary as were assisting in this design; the rest should only be for life, and upon their death the House of Lords should be supplied from time to time with new ones out of the House of Commons." To Parliament should be entrusted "the nomination, if not the election, of all judges, sheriffs, justices of the peace, and other greater or lesser offices, civil or military." Acts passed by both Houses of Parliament should be a perpetual law, without any necessity for the sanction of the Crown. A council selected from the Lords and Commons were to act as the advisers of the sovereign. The militia were to be in the hands of the people. Every county was to choose its own sheriffs. Parliament was to be held once a year, and to sit as long as it had anything to do. All peers who had acted contrary to the interest of the people were to be degraded. In matters of religion complete toleration was to be accorded to everyone. England was to be a free port, and all foreigners who willed it should be naturalized. Finally, the only imports to be levied were the excise and land taxes.\*

The example set by London in rising against the despotism of the Crown was to be followed by the rest of the country. The Earl of Argyll agreed first for thirty thousand, then for ten thousand pounds, "to stir the Scots," who were hotly in favor of revolt, "though they had nothing but their claws to fight with rather than endure what they did." In the west of England, Bristol, Taunton, and Exeter were full of agents of the disaffected; whilst in the north, Chester, York, and Newcastle were ready at a

moment's notice to act in union with London. In the south, Portsmouth was the only town as yet which had voted in favor of the plot. The east of England was quiet. It was agreed that upon the death of Charles his illegitimate son, the Duke of Monmouth, should be crowned king, but owing to the jealousy of the council appointed to curb the prerogative, and to the measures of the reformers, it was said that the royal bastard would be more a "Duke of Venice" than an English monarch.\*

Whilst these schemes were being fashioned within the parlors of the "Dolphin," the "Rising Sun," and the rest of the City taverns, a very different order of men were at the same time deliberating how to pull the nation out of the slough of despotism into which it had been plunged. Upon the death of Shaftesbury, who had been during the last years of his life the most prominent of the foes of the court, especially of the Duke of York, and the most potent among the disaffected in the city of London, the leaders of the Whig party, aware of the danger which menaced them from "froward sheriffs, willing juries, mercenary judges, and bold witnesses," determined not to let the cause which Shaftesbury had advocated fall to the ground. They held frequent meetings at different places of rendezvous, and formed themselves into a select committee, which was known by the name of the "Council of Six." The members of this council were the Duke of Monmouth, who was intriguing for the crown, Lord Essex, Algernon Sydney, Lord William Russell, Lord Howard, and young Hampden, the grandson of the opponent of ship-money. What the deliberations of this council were it is now difficult to ascertain, owing to the prejudiced sources from which information had to be derived; the official accounts of the plot, drawn up at the request of the King by Ford, Lord Grey, and by Sprat, the servile Bishop of Rochester, are not to be implicitly believed in; nor is the evidence of the witnesses produced by the Crown at the trials of Sydney and Russell a whit more trustworthy. There can be no doubt, however, that consultations

\* *Rye House Papers*. Examination of Robert West and Zachary Bourn.

\* *Rye House Papers*. Examination of Lord Howard, Alexander Gordon, and Robert West.

were frequently held among the Six as to the best course to pursue for resisting a Government which aimed at nothing less than arbitrary power. If we are to credit the men who sold their testimony to the Crown, and the men who purchased life by turning King's evidence, the aim of the Council was to organise an insurrection all over the country, and with the help of the discontented Presbyterians in Scotland to put an end to the tyranny of Charles and his Popish brother. What was the exact extent of their designs we know not, but in all probability the statement by Lady William Russell is not far from the truth. "There was," said her ladyship, "much talk about a general rising, but it only amounted to loose discourse, or at most embryos that never came to anything."

Nor have we, though the testimony is partial, much reason to doubt the assertion. Considering the condition of England at that time, and the conflicting views of the Six who constituted the council, it would have been difficult for any decided and unanimous scheme of action to have been prepared. Though the conduct of Charles had caused much discontent and distress, yet the nation at large felt itself powerless to oppose the evil. The Whigs were in a minority, whilst the Royalists were a most formidable party, in whose hands were all the military and naval resources of the kingdom. To levy war upon the Merry Monarch, as had forty years before been levied upon his father, was a scheme which bore failure on its very face, and could not have been seriously entertained by keen and cautious men like Russell or Sydney. The Six in all probability contented themselves with merely forming estimates of the strength of their followers, and with knitting together a confederacy which absolute necessity might call into action. We must also remember that the members of the Council were not in such harmony with each other as to render it probable that they had fixed upon any distinct plan of rebellion. Monmouth was in favor of a monarchy with himself as monarch. Algernon Sydney had no other object before him but the realisation of his cherished idea of a republic; and frankly declared that it was indifferent to him whether James Duke of York or James Duke of Mon-

mouth was on the throne. Essex was very much the same way of thinking as Sydney. Russell and Hampden wished for the exclusion of the Duke of York, as a Papist, from the throne, the redress of certain grievances, and the return of the Constitution within its ancient lines; whilst Howard, the falsest and most mercenary of men, was ready to vote for any change of government which could be harmlessly effected, and by which his own interests would not be forgotten. Many years after the execution of her husband, Lady William Russell said, with reference to these men and the measures they proposed, that she was convinced it was but talk, "and 'tis possible that talk going so far as to consider if a remedy to suppress evils might be sought, how it could be found."

To return to the Rye House plotters. We are told by those given to speculation and organisation that in all calculations a large allowance should be made for that which upsets most plans—the unforeseen. On this occasion the conspirators were so sanguine of their scheme as never to imagine it might be put to nought by pure accident. The farm had been engaged, the men instructed, the necessary hiding-places prepared, and all things were ready for the murderous deed. Suddenly the unforeseen occurred, and all the careful measures of the would-be regicides were rendered abortive. Owing to his house having caught fire, Charles was obliged to leave Newmarket eight days earlier than he had intended, and thus, thanks to this happy conflagration, passed unscathed by the Rye House, then completely deserted; his Majesty was comfortably ensconced at Whitehall, toying with his mistresses and sorting their bonbons, whilst his enemies, unconscious of his escape, were congratulating themselves that in another week their work would be done, and their victim fall an easy prey to their designs.

And now the result ensued which invariably attends upon treason which has failed and which fears detection. It was an age when plots were freely concocted against the Crown and those in supreme authority, yet, often as conspiracies were entered into, there were always witnesses ready to come forward and swear away the lives of their former accomplices, to divulge what they had

pledged themselves to keep secret, and if need be to follow in every detail the example of the biggest scoundrel of the seventeenth century, Doctor Titus Oates of Salamanca. Among the minor persons engaged in the Rye House plot was, as we have said, Josiah Keeling; he was now fearful of the fate which might befall him should the authorities at Whitehall get wind of the past deliberations, and accordingly with that prudence which characterised him he was determined to be first in the field to make a clean breast of all that had been planned and suggested. First he went to Lord Dartmouth, of the Privy Council, and told his tale, and then was referred by that statesman to his colleague, Mr. Secretary Jenkins. Jenkins took down the deposition of the man, but said that unless the evidence was supported by another witness, no investigation of the matter could be proceeded with. Keeling was, however, equal to the occasion, and induced his brother John, a turner in Blackfriars, to corroborate his statements. The plot now authenticated by the two requisite witnesses, the Secretary of State thought it his duty to communicate the affair to the rest of the advisers of the Crown. It appears, however, that a few days after his confession the conscience of the younger brother, John Keeling, pricked him, and he secretly availed himself of the first opportunity to inform Richard Goodenough that the plot had been discovered by the Government, and advised all who had been engaged in it to fly beyond sea.

This news coming to the ears of Colonel Romsey and Robert West, who were bosom friends, the two, unconscious of the revelations of the Keelings, thought it now prudent to save their own skins by informing ministers of all that had occurred, and, indeed, to make their story the more palatable to the Government, of a little more than had occurred. Accordingly they wended their way to Whitehall, and there told how the house at Rye had been offered them by Rumbald, the maltster; how at this house forty men well armed and mounted, commanded in two divisions by Romsey and Walcot, were to assemble; and how on the return of the King from Newmarket, Romsey with his division was to stop the coach, and murder

Charles and his brother, whilst Walcot was to busy himself in engaging with the guards. So far the narrative of the informers tallied with the confessions of the Keelings. But Romsey and West, aware how hateful Lord William Russell, Algernon Sydney, and the rest of the cabal were to the Government, by their open opposition to the home and foreign policy of the court, essayed to give the impression that the Council of Six were also implicated in the detestable designs of the Rye House plotters.\* When unscrupulous men in supreme power are anxious to gratify their animosity, any evidence calculated to bring foes within reach is acceptable. The hints of Romsey and West were sufficient for the purpose, and orders were instantly issued by the Secretaries of State for the arrest of the Six. The first victim was Lord William, who was at once taken before the council for examination; but as he denied all the charges brought against him, he was forthwith sent to the Tower. Algernon Sydney next followed. He had been seized whilst at his lodgings, and all his papers sealed and secured by a messenger. Once before the council, he answered a few questions, "respectfully and without deceit," but his examination was brief, for on his refusal to reply to certain queries put to him, he also was despatched to the Tower. Monmouth, having received timely warning, had placed the North Sea between him and the court. Ford, Lord Grey, had been brought before the council, had been examined and sent to the Tower, but managing to bribe his guards, had escaped. Lord Essex and Hampden were imprisoned: shortly after his confinement, Essex, who was subject to constitutional melancholy, committed suicide by cutting his throat. Lord Howard was still at large, protesting that there was no plot, and that he had never heard of any. Orders were, however, issued for his arrest, and when the officers came to his house, they found him secreted up the chimney in one of his rooms. As Keeling had informed against the Rye House plotters, so Lord Howard now informed against the Six. Weeping at the fact that he was a prisoner, he

\* *Rye House Papers.* Examination of Col. Romsey and Robert West.

promised to reveal all ; his revelations were considered so satisfactory that within a few days after their being taken down by the council, both Lord William Russell and Algernon Sydney were put upon their trial for high treason.

Russell was the first to stand at the bar. It appears that one evening he had been present at the house of Thomas Shepherd in Abchurch Lane, where the Rye House conspirators were occasionally in the habit of meeting and discussing their plans. He had gone thither to taste some wine. "It was the greatest accident in the world I was there," said Russell at his trial, "and when I saw that company was there I would have been gone again. I came there to speak with Mr. Shepherd, for I was just come to town." His excuse was raised in vain. Romsey, Shepherd, and Howard were playing into the hands of the Crown, and each did his best by hard swearing and false testimony to make the prisoner's conviction certain. The gallant colonel asserted that he had seen his lordship at the house of Shepherd, where discourse was being held by the cabal of conspirators as to surprising the King's guards and creating an insurrection throughout the country. Thomas Shepherd next followed, and gave very much the same evidence as Romsey—that his house in Abchurch Lane was let as a place of rendezvous for the disaffected ; that the substance of the discourse of those who met there was how to surprise the guards and organise a rising ; that two meetings were held at his house, and that he believed the prisoner attended both, but that he was certainly at the meeting when they talked of seizing the guards. Then Lord Howard was called as a witness. He said that he was one of the Six, and had attended the meetings at the house of Shepherd ; at such meetings it had been agreed to begin the insurrection in the country before raising the city, and there had also been some talk of dealing with the discontented Scotch ; at these deliberations no question was put or vote collected, and he of course concluded by the presence of Lord William that the prisoner gave his consent like the rest to the designs of the cabal.

In his defence Russell denied that he ever had any intention against the life of

the King ; he was ignorant of the proceedings of the Rye House plotters, and his mixing with the conspirators on the sole occasion he had visited Shepherd at Abchurch Lane was purely due to accident. He had gone thither about some wine. He did not admit that he had listened to any talk as to the possibility of creating an insurrection ; but even had he made such an admission, talk of that nature could not be construed into treason, for by a special statute (the old statute of treasons) passed in the reign of Edward III., "a design to levy war is not treason ;" besides, such talk had not been acted upon ; they had met to consult, but they acted nothing in pursuance of that consulting. The attorney-general held a different view, and asserted it had often been determined that to prepare forces to fight against the King was a design within the statute of Edward III. to kill the King. The presiding judge, as a creature of the court, was, of course, of the same opinion ; he summed up the evidence, deeming it unfavorable to the prisoner ; and the jury, basing their verdict upon the tone of the bench, brought in a sentence of guilty of high treason. In spite of every effort that affection could inspire and interest advocate, Lord William Russell ended his days on the scaffold. "That which is most certain in the affair is," writes Charles James Fox in his history of James II., "that Russell had committed no overt act indicating the imagining the King's death even according to the most strained construction of the statute of Edward III. ; much less was any such act legally proved against him ; and the conspiring to levy war was not treason, except by a recent statute of Charles II., the prosecutions upon which were expressly limited to a certain time which in these cases had elapsed ; so that it is impossible not to assent to the opinion of those who have ever stigmatised the condemnation and execution of Russell as a most flagrant violation of law and justice."

The same measure was now meted out to Algernon Sydney as had been dealt to Russell. In the eyes of the bench, conspiring to levy war and conspiring against the King's life were considered one and the same thing. It was in vain that Sydney asserted that he had not

conspired to the death of the King, that he had not levied war, and that he had not written anything to stir up the people against the King. It was in vain that even the Rye House plotters had to confess they knew nothing of him, and had never seen him at the different meetings. Canting Nadab, however—as Dryden, in his immortal satire, calls Lord Howard—was there, ready to swear away a colleague's life or do any other dirty trick provided his own skin and estate were not forfeited for past misdeeds; his evidence was the chief trump card on which the court relied to score the game. Accordingly his lordship began his testimony by relating what had passed at the meetings of the Six, as to the best means for defending the public interest from invasion, and the advisability of the rising breaking out first in the country instead of in the city. He also stated that it was the special province of Algernon Sydney to deal with the malcontent Scots, and had carried out this task through the agency of one Aaron Smith, who had gone north and been provided with funds for the purpose. This assertion, though Howard candidly said he only spoke from hearsay, was deemed sufficient by the advisers of the Crown to place Sydney's head in jeopardy. As the law, however, demanded that in all trials for high treason there should be *two* witnesses against the prisoner before sentence could be passed, and as no other witness had the baseness to act the part so well played by Lord Howard, it was necessary for the court to resort to some expedient which would sufficiently answer its purpose of convicting Sydney. The Court was equal to the emergency. Search was made among Sydney's papers, and it was discovered that he had written a treatise—his famous discourse on Government—which particularly discussed the paramount authority of the people and the legality of resisting an oppressive Government. A few isolated passages of the work were read here and there, the extracts given were garbled, and, thanks to the coloring of the prosecution, the case against the prisoner looked black indeed. Entering upon his defence, Sydney, like Russell, denied that he had ever conspired to the death of Charles; nor was he a

friend of Monmouth, with whom he had spoken but three times in his life: he objected to the evidence of Howard, which was based upon hearsay, but if such testimony were true, he was but one witness, and the law required two. As for regarding a mangled portion of his treatise as a second witness, it was iniquitous. "Should a man," he cried, "be indicted for treason for scraps of papers, innocent in themselves, but when pieced and patched with Lord Howard's story, made a contrivance to kill the King? Let them not pick out extracts, but read the work as a whole. If they took Scripture to pieces, they could make all the penmen of the Scripture blasphemous. They might accuse David of saying there is no God; the evangelists of saying that Christ was a blasphemer and seducer, and of the apostles that they were drunk." Then he ended by denying that he had any connection with the malcontents in Scotland. "I have not sent myself," he said, "nor written a letter into Scotland ever since 1659; nor do I know one man in Scotland to whom I can write, or from whom I ever received one." He refuted the charges brought against him in vain. The notorious Jeffries was now the presiding judge, and never was summing up from the bench more culpably partial or more flagrantly at variance with the clauses of the judicial oath. "I look upon the meetings of the Six," said Jeffries to the jury, "and the meetings of the Rye House plotters as having one and the same end in view; I place implicit faith in the evidence of Howard; I deny that it is necessary that there shall be two witnesses to convict a prisoner of high treason; and as for the treatise of Sydney, I declare it is sufficient to condemn the author as being guilty of compassing and imagining the death of the King." Upon the jury retiring to consider their verdict, Jeffries sternly informed them that he had explained the law, and that they were bound to accept his interpretation of it. Thus left without any option in the matter, the jury returned at the end of half an hour into court, and brought in a verdict of guilty. After a brief confinement, Algernon Sydney was beheaded on Tower Hill, Dec. 7, 1683.

Thus ended one of the most iniquitous

and unjust trials that the annals of justice ever had to record. "The proceedings in the case of Algernon Sydney," writes Fox, "were most detestable. The production of papers containing speculative opinions upon government and liberty, written long before, and perhaps never intended to be published, together with the use made of those papers in considering them as a substitute for the second witness to the overt act, exhibited such a compound of wickedness and nonsense as is hardly to be paralleled in the history of judicial tyranny. But the validity of pretences was little attended to at that time in the case of a person whom the court had devoted to destruction ; and upon evidence such as has been stated was this great and excellent man condemned to die." Upon the accession of " the Deliverer " to the

throne, an Act was passed annulling and making void the attainder of Algernon Sydney on account of its having been obtained "without sufficient legal evidence of any treason committed by him," and "by a partial and unjust construction of the statute declaring what was his treason." The fate of the Rye House conspirators was very various. Some fled never to return, and were outlawed like Ferguson and Goodenough ; others confessed, and were pardoned like Romsey ; whilst a third offered in vain to purchase life by turning informers, as was the case with Walcot and Armstrong. Two years later those who had been outlawed, and were living in exile, again tried their hand at insurrection by aiding Monmouth in his revolt. —*Gentleman's Magazine.*

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MR. ARNOLD'S LAY SERMON.

MR. ARNOLD'S lay sermon to "the sacrificed classes" at Whitechapel contrasts doubly with the pulpit sermons which we too often hear. It is real where these sermons are unreal, and frankly unreal where these sermons are real. It does honestly warn the people to whom it was addressed, of the special danger to which "the sacrificed classes" are exposed, whenever they in their turn get the upper-hand, the danger of simply turning the tables on the great possessing and aspiring classes. "If the sacrificed classes," he said, "under the influence of hatred, cupidity, desire of change, destroy, in order to possess and enjoy in their turn, their work, too, will be idolatrous, and the old work will continue to stand for the present, or at any rate their new work will not take its place." It must be work done in a new spirit, not in the spirit of hatred or cupidity, or eagerness to enjoy and appropriate the privileges of others, which can alone stand the test of time and judgment. So far, Mr. Arnold was much more real than too many of our clerical preachers. He warned his hearers against a temptation which he knew would be stirring constantly in their hearts, and not against abstract temptations which he had no reason to think

would have any special significance to any of his audience.

On the other hand, if he were more real in what was addressed to his particular audience than pulpit-preachers often are, he resorted once more, with his usual hardened indifference to the meaning of words and the principles of true literature, to that practice of debasing the coinage of religious language, and using great sayings in a new and washed-out sense of his own, of which pulpit-preachers are seldom guilty. This practice of Mr. Arnold's is the only great set-off against the brilliant services he has rendered to English literature, but it is one which we should not find it easy to condemn too strongly. Every one knows how, in various books of his, Mr. Arnold has tried to "verify" the teaching of the Bible, while depriving the name of God of all personal meaning ; to verify the Gospel of Christ, while denying that Christ had any message to us from a world beyond our own ; and even,—wildest enterprise of all,—so to rationalise the strictly theological language of St. John as to rob it of all its theological significance. Well, we do not charge this offence on Mr. Arnold as in any sense whatever an attempt to play fast-and-loose with words ; for he



has again and again confessed to all the world, with the explicitness and vigor which are natural to him, the precise drift of his enterprise. But we do charge it on Mr. Arnold as in the highest possible sense a great literary misdemeanor, that he has lent his high authority to the attempt to give to a great literature a pallid, faded, and artificial complexion, though, with his view of it, his duty obviously was to declare boldly that that literature teaches what is, in his opinion, false and superstitious, and deserves our admiration only as representing a singularly grand, though obsolete, stage in man's development. Mr. Arnold is as frank and honest as the day. But frank and honest as he is, his authority is not the less lent to a non-natural rendering of Scripture infinitely more intolerable than that non-natural interpretation of the Thirty-nine Articles which once brought down the wrath of the world of Protestants on the author of "Tract 90." In this Whitechapel lecture Mr. Arnold tells his hearers that in the "preternatural and miraculous aspect" which the popular Christianity assumes Christianity is not solid or verifiable, but that there is another aspect of Christianity which is solid and verifiable, which aspect of it makes no appeal to a preternatural [*i. e.*, supernatural] world at all. Then he goes on, after eulogising Mr. Watts's pictures,—of one of which a great mosaic has been set up in Whitechapel as a memorial of Mr. Barnett's noble work there,—to remark that good as it is to bring home to "the less refined classes" the significance of Art and Beauty, it is none the less true that "whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again," and to suggest, of course, by implication, that there is a living water springing up to everlasting life, of which he who drinks shall never thirst. Then he proceeds thus:—

"No doubt the social sympathies, the feeling for Beauty, the pleasure of Art, if left merely by themselves, if untouched by what is the deepest thing in human life—religion—are apt to become ineffectual and superficial. The art which Mr. Barnett has done his best to make known to the people here, the art of men like Mr. Watts, the art manifested in works such as that which has just now been unveiled upon the walls of St. Jude's Church, has a deep and powerful connection with religion. You have seen the mosaic, and have read, perhaps, the scroll which is attached to it. There is the

figure of Time, a strong young man, full of hope, energy, daring, and adventure, moving on to take possession of life; and opposite to him there is that beautiful figure of Death, representing the breakings-off, the cuttings short, the baffling disappointments, the heart-piercing separations from which the fullest life and the most fiery energy cannot exempt us. Look at that strong and bold young man, that mournful figure must go hand in hand with him for ever. And those two figures, let us admit if you like, belong to Art. But who is that third figure whose scale weighs deserts, and who carries a sword of fire? We are told again by the text printed on the scroll, 'The Eternal [the scroll, however, has 'the Lord'] is a God of Judgment; blessed are they that wait for him.' It is the figure of Judgment, and that figure, I say, belongs to religion. The text which explains the figure is taken from one of the Hebrew Prophets; but an even more striking text is furnished us from that saying of the Founder of Christianity when he was about to leave the world, and to leave behind him his Disciples, who, so long as he lived, had him always to cling to, and to do all their thinking for them. He told them that when he was gone they should find a new source of thought and feeling opening itself within them, and that this new source of thought and feeling should be a comforter to them, and that it should convince, he said, the world of many things. Amongst other things, he said, it should convince the world that Judgment comes, and that the Prince of this world is judged. That is a text which we shall do well to lay to heart, considering it with and alongside that text from the Prophet. More and more it is becoming manifest that the Prince of this world is really judged, that that Prince who is the perpetual ideal of selfishly possessing and enjoying, and of the worlds fashioned under the inspiration of this ideal, is judged. One world and another have gone to pieces because they were fashioned under the inspiration of this ideal, and that is a consoling and edifying thought.<sup>1</sup>

Now, when we know, as Mr. Arnold wishes us all to know, that to him "the Eternal" means nothing more than that "stream of tendency, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness," that "Judgment" means nothing but the ultimate defeat which may await those who set themselves against this stream of tendency, if the stream of tendency be really as potent and as lasting as the Jews believed God to be, we do not think that the consoling character of this text will be keenly felt by impartial minds. Further, we should remember that according to Mr. Arnold, when Christ told his disciples that the Comforter should "reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment; of sin because they believed not on me,

of righteousness because I go to the Father, and ye see me no more; of judgment because the prince of this world is judged," we should understand this as importing, to those at least who agree with Mr. Arnold, only that, for some unknown reason, a new wave of feeling would follow Christ's death, which would give mankind a new sense of their unworthiness, a new vision of Christ's holiness, and a new confidence in the power of that "stream of tendency, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness," in which Christ's own personality would then be merged; and further, that this powerful stream of tendency would probably sweep away all institutions not tending to righteousness but opposing an obstacle to that tendency. Well, all we can say is that, in watering-down in this way the language of the Bible, Mr. Arnold, if he is doing nothing else, is doing what lies in his power to extinguish the distinctive significance of a great literature. The whole power of that literature depends from beginning to end on the faith in a Divine Being who holds the universe in his hand, whose will nothing can resist, who inspires the good, who punishes the evil, who judges kingdoms as he judges the hearts of men, and whose mind manifested in Christ promised to Christ's disciples that which his power alone availed to fulfil. To substitute for a faith such as this, a belief—to our minds the wildest in the world, and the least "verifiable"—that "a stream of tendency" effects all that the prophets ascribed to God, or, at least, so much of it as ever will be effected at all, and that Christ, by virtue merely of his complete identification with this stream of tendency, is accomplishing posthumously, without help from either Father, Son, or Spirit, all that he could have expected to accomplish through the personal agency of God, is to extract the kernel from the shell, and to ask us to accept the empty husk for the living grain. We are not reproaching Mr. Arnold for his scepticism. We are reproaching him as a literary man for trying to give currency in a debased form to language of which the whole power depends on its being used honestly in the original sense. "The Eternal" means one thing when it means the everlasting and supreme

thought and will and life; it is an expression utterly blank and dead when it means nothing but a select "stream of tendency" which is assumed, for no particular reason, to be constant, permanent, and victorious. "Living water" means one thing when it means the living stream of God's influence; it has no salvation in it at all when it means only that which is the purest of the many tendencies in human life. The shadow of judgment means one thing when it is cast by the will of the supreme righteousness; it has no solemnity in it when it expresses only the sanguine anticipation of human virtue. There is no reason on earth why Mr. Arnold should not water-down the teaching of the Bible to his own view of its residual meaning; but then, in the name of sincere literature, let him find his own language for it, and not dress up this feeble and superficial hopefulness of the nineteenth century in words which are undoubtedly stamped with an ardor and a peace for which his teaching can give us no sort of justification. "Solidity and verification," indeed! Never was there a doctrine with less bottom in it and less pretence of verification than his; but be that as it may, he must know, as well as we know, that his doctrine is as different from the doctrine of the Bible as the shadow is different from the substance. Has Mr. Arnold lately read Dr. Newman's great Oxford sermon on "Unreal Words"? If not, we wish he would refer to it again, and remember the warning addressed to those who "use great words and imitate the sentences of others," and who "fancy that those whom they imitate had as little meaning as themselves," or "perhaps contrive to think that they themselves have a meaning adequate to their words." It is to us impossible to believe that Mr. Arnold should have indulged such an illusion. He knows too well the difference between the great faith which spoke in prophet and apostle, and the feeble faith which absorbs a drop or two of grateful moisture from a "stream of tendency" on the banks of which it weakly lingers. Mr. Arnold is really putting Literature,—of which he is so great a master,—to shame, when he travesties the language of the prophets, and the evangelists, and of our Lord

himself, by using it to express the dwarfed convictions and withered hopes of modern rationalists who love to repeat the great words of the Bible, after they have given up the strong meaning of

them as fanatical superstitions. Mr. Arnold's readings of Scriptures are the spiritual *assignats* of English faith.—*Spectator*.

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AUTHORS AS SUPPRESSORS OF THEIR BOOKS.

BY W. H. OLDING, LL.B.

ALIKE in the annals of forgery—State forgery of "real" evidence—and in the annals of the British drama, "The Golden Rump" has a history very well known. It was a farce, the representation of which was made the excuse for the passing of the Act whereunder the licensing of theatrical performances was established. At the same time it was a farce which those in power had directly induced its author to compose. That there was no one to imagine or tolerate a play sufficiently rampant to justify the proposal to fetter, which Party Government imagined it well to execute—that this was believed, becomes a testimony to the potency of customary self-regulation. Now conversely, and carrying the analogy to all branches of literature, it may be asserted that the suppression of books by authors themselves is likely to be comparatively frequent just in those countries in which the State does not much concern itself with suppression by its authority. If this analogy have force it must, to Englishmen, be peculiarly gratifying—though the elements of restraint have prevailed in our history to an extent far beyond general belief—at a time when Dr. Reusch's excellent Index of books prohibited by the authority of Pope, Archbishop, or Continental University is extracting from the competent critics of all countries the homage which untiring assiduity, monumental learning, and rich moderation compel.

However, into the measurement of this comparative frequency, *causes* essentially enter. These, in England, as in other realms, have abounded. Now, of all the motives which have led authors to consign their compositions to the flames, one of the most frequent, if one of the least seductive, has been the ridicule and elaborate discouragement with which parents have received the

knowledge of their offspring's first essays. The feeling which prompts this is not one to be altogether blamed: it has its partial justification even in the distaste with which the recipient children lay open their treasure-house to those who in days of feebleness have guarded them. For there is, as Tom Tulliver felt, a "family repulsion which spoils the most sacred relations of our lives," and which is only broken down by some community of art levelling with the sense of a universality wherein all distinction of discipleship is lost, or else by dire circumstance shattering into shapelessness beyond disguise. This, perhaps, rather than quicker sensitiveness, is why it is that young Mozart met response, but the little Burney girl did not. Only to Susanna, her sister, would Fanny breathe her secret, and anxious was she because her mother gained sufficient inkling to induce her periodically to tell the evils of a scribbling turn of mind. But, as with Petrarch centuries before, some time in her fifteenth year the promptings of obedience gained the day. "She resolved," says Charlotte, her niece and editor, "to make an auto da fé of all her manuscripts, and, if possible, to throw away her pen. Seizing, therefore, an opportunity when Dr. and Mrs. Burney were from home, she made over to a bonfire in a paved play-court the whole stock of her compositions, while faithful Susanna stood by, weeping at the conflagration. Among the works thus immolated was one tale of considerable length, the 'History of Caroline Evelyn,' the mother of 'Evelina.'"

As if further to justify the halting or rebuking posture which at first is apt to prove provocative of indignation, remarkable diffidence in maturer life has pushed its way into sight where early

publications have been due to parental sympathy. The historian of Greece, Connop Thirlwall, Bishop of St. David's, was taught Latin at the age of three: at four could "read Greek with an ease and fluency which astonished all who heard him," and at seven began the composition of didactic homilies. Now to this precocity was allied a taste for verse, especially as shown in Dryden and in Pope; and the result was the issue of a work, edited and prefaced by the father, entitled "Primitiæ: or Essays and Poems on Various Subjects, Religious, Moral and Entertaining; by Connop Thirlwall, eleven years of age." But not only did these effusions lead to no riper verse, but it is understood the Bishop disliked the little book, and by no means enjoyed seeing copies of it. That he went to the length of Thomas Lovell Beddoes we are not prepared to say. *He*, when a freshman at Oxford, first owned himself an author by sending to the press the "Improvisatore." "Of this little memento of his weakness, as he used to consider it," says his biographer, "Beddoes soon became thoroughly ashamed, and long before he left Oxford he suppressed the traces of its existence, carrying the war of extermination into the bookshelves of his acquaintance, where, as he chuckled to record, it was his wont to leave intact its externals (some gay binding perhaps of his own selection), but thoroughly eviscerated, every copy on which he could lay his hands."

Gymnasiarch as well as poet, it was natural that Pehr Henrik Ling, the Swede, should do whatever he did with energy. Still, the burning of eleven volumes by the time the age of twenty-one was reached must be allowed to show as much vigor and striving after excellence in the language of the gods as in what has been humorously termed "the language of nudges." Indeed, the author of the epic "Asar" does not seem to have thrown any work into general circulation until he arrived at thirty, and then only on the pressure offered by some friends, without his knowledge, having got up a subscription for the publication of one of his poems, when, says he, "I could not honorably refuse." Yet there must have been much of interest in these now perished

volumes, for not only had their author, early as school-days, experienced something of the bitterness of life—of a political, life, which was shared by the people—in being driven from Wexio because he would not betray innocent youngsters who had been comrades, but in the wandering outcast career which for some years following he had strange and drear experience, which, acting on a nature poetic and passionate, can hardly but have expressed itself now in soothing verse, now in melancholy, but ever in rich and true. It could at least be wished, if but for the purpose of forwarding that life-resulting interchange of matter which men of science assure us ceaselessly proceeds, that some of those who compose under feeble inspiration, or under inspiration which has lost its fire with lapse of time and change of circumstance, and which, though a spiritless yeast, tempts to use as a ferment, would be as little sparing in their sacrifices, so that it should not be held up as a thing for boast, as we perceive it of late to have been in the case of the Rev. Dr. Tiffany, that some five hundred pages of *sermons* have been delivered to the irrevocable pyre.

There is the semblance of a common motive inducing men to destroy their early work, and give over the labor of their hands to consumption on approach of death. But in the latter case there is usually more concentration and intensity of purpose. The purpose unquestionably may have this added intensity merely in meanness; but there is also scope for more valorous self-judgment. The argument is clearly seized by Dugald Stewart thus:—

It is but seldom that a philosopher who has been occupied from his youth with moral or political inquiries succeeds completely to his wish in stating to others the grounds upon which his own opinions are founded; and hence it is that the known principles of an individual who has approved to the public his candor, his liberality, and his judgment, are entitled to a weight and an authority independent of the evidence which he is able, upon any particular occasion, to produce in their support. A secret consciousness of this circumstance, and an apprehension that by not doing justice to an important argument the progress of truth may be rather retarded than advanced, have probably induced many authors to withhold from the world the unfinished results of their most valuable labors, and to

content themselves with giving the general sanction of their suffrages to truths which they regarded as peculiarly interesting to the human race.

This finely balanced observation—kind, penetrating, lacking warmth, that it may appear more general, more forcible—was made apropos of Adam Smith. It appears from a letter to Hume that as early as 1773 Smith, who died in 1790, had determined that the bulk of the literary papers about him should never be published. And he would in after-life seem carefully to have separated, as he esteemed it worthy or not, whatever work he did. Among the papers destined to destruction one may guess—for though Smith, to the end a slow composer, had the habit of dictating to a secretary as he paced his room, the contents of his portfolios were not certainly known to any—were the lectures on rhetoric which he read at Edinburgh in 1748, and those on natural religion and jurisprudence which formed part of his course at Glasgow. But his anxiety to blot out the trace of even these, which he was too conscientious not at one time to have deemed sound, so increased as his last painful illness drew the threads of life out of his willing hand, that Dr. Hutton says he not only entreated the friends to whom he had entrusted the disposal of his MSS., to destroy them with some small specified exceptions, in the event of his death; but at the last could not rest satisfied till he learnt that the volumes were in ashes; and to that state, to his marked relief, they were accordingly reduced some few days before his death.

This anxiety of Smith's, who had justly confidence in his executors, has frequently been entertained very reasonably indeed with regard to reminiscences, the spicy character of which often requires the publication to be long posthumous, but tempts the graceless to make it not so. Rochefoucauld's "Mémoires," which have, however, more of the chronicle and less of the journal than is generally relished, were certainly delayed, as the event turned out, long enough after his death, in appearing in any tolerable form. But it had been like not to be so. While he was still living he found that at the shop of Widow Barthelin, relict of a printer

of Rouen, his work had been secretly put to press by the orders of the Comte de Brienne. The Count had furtively made a copy from the manuscript borrowed from Arnaud d'Andilly, to whom Rochefoucauld had submitted it for the purposes of correction—"Particulièrement pour la pureté de la langue." Measures as furtive were necessary to recover it. The Duke accordingly pounced on the printer, gave Widow Barthelin twenty-five pistoles, carried off the whole of the edition, and stored it in a garret of the Hôtel de Liancourt at Paris. We doubt if it is generally known that this edition, wherein the widow had shown few signs of care, was entitled, "Relation des guerres civiles de France, depuis août 1649 jusqu'à la fin de 1652." In curious contrast is the fact that sometimes a relative destroys what the author has shown no vigilant scrupulousness in suppressing. It was perhaps esteemed by the "very devout lady of the family of St. John," who was mother to the notable Rochester, on whose death Bishop Burnet has so improvingly written, that the final scenes of her son made it unsuitable that any of his papers should be kept—especially the history of the intrigues of the court of Charles II. reported by Bolingbroke to have been written by him in a series of letters to his friend Henry Saville.

Nor let it be supposed that this would have been so adverse to the desires of Rochester himself. The late James Thompson, author of the "City of Dreadful Night," destroyed before his death all that he had written previous to 1857, though he has been very virulent against a sample king who of malice prepenze with gross ingratitude thus treated the donor of a priceless if imaginary gift:—

A writer brought him truth;  
And first he imprisoned the youth;  
And then he bestowed a free pyre  
That the works might have plenty of fire,  
And also to cure the pain  
Of the headache called thought in the brain.

Pierius Valerianus tells us that Antonius Marosticus, when held in high esteem and loved of all men, enjoying the dainties of life at the court of some Cardinal, and dallying with existence which he had rooted hopes would hence-

forth be peaceful, was carried off within three days by a sudden epidemic. The doleful deed, Pierius says, was made more distressful by the fact that sanitary considerations required the cremation of all the dead man's books with the dead man's body. How far the sense of tragedy may lie in this melancholy incident, the death of Shelley helps one to appreciate. His corpse was washed ashore near the Via Reggio, four miles from that of his friend Williams, which lay close to the tower of Migliarino, at the Bocca Lericcio. The attitude was memorable. His right hand was clasped in his heart. Bent back and thrust away, as if in haste, was in a side pocket the last volume of the poet Keats. It had been lent by Leigh Hunt, who had told the borrower to keep it till he should return it by his own hands. This impossible, and Hunt refusing to receive it through others, it was burnt with the body amid frankincense and myrrh.

It was fit that the pathetic in death should spring from a cause so troublous in life. Again and again was Shelley wounded by the forced suppression of his work. Doubtless merit is not extreme in the two-act tragedy of "Œdipus Tyrannus, or Swellfoot the Tyrant." But its fate was as subtle and sure as that of Œdipus himself. Written abroad, it was transmitted to England, printed and published anonymously, and stifled at the very dawn of its existence by the "Society for the Suppression of Vice," who threatened a prosecution upon it, if not immediately withdrawn. The friend who had taken the pains of bringing it out did not deem it worth the cost, to pocket and nerve, of a contest, and it was laid aside—only to be revived in Mrs. Shelley's second edition. It is said, indeed, that but seven copies are extant, one of which Mr. Buxton Forman, the industrious and intelligent editor to whom the best students of Shelley feel themselves the most beholden, secured, by search through the vast stores of Mr. Lacy, the dramatic publisher of the Strand—one of the very last plays in the very last boxes—a mere paper pamphlet, devoid of a wrapper, carried away at the cost of a sixpence, proving to be the treasure. And far was the Œdipus from being the sole

cause of trouble in respect of the works of its author. Posthumous Poems of Shelley were suppressed on the application of Sir Timothy, his father. The Posthumous Letters, which excellent forgers had contrived to manufacture from articles written after the decease of the poet, exercising an amount of ingenuity described as "most extraordinary," and receiving the reward of the labor of their hands from Sir Percy Shelley, or from Mr. Moxon, were called in on the discovery of the fraud. "Laon and Cythna" was cancelled to make way for the "Revolt of Islam." "Queen Mab," which had been written when Shelley was eighteen, though completed only when in his twenty-first year, was surreptitiously published while its author was in Italy—copies having been distributed among his friends—and though adjudged by the Court of Chancery, from which an injunction was sought for restraint of this irregular edition, to be disentitled to privilege on the futile score of an immorality shocking to the British constitution, it and its notes were, so late as 1840, the subject of prosecutions and convictions to all who openly, being men of fair fame, ventured to publish it, as Mr. Moxon experienced.

The poets, indeed, of Shelley's time were peculiarly unfortunate. It is a sound enough deduction of law that what is evil—is filthy, or blasphemous, or scandalous—cannot be for the benefit of the public to learn of, nor therefore an object of the law, which is built on the needs of society, to extend its protection to—a protection which has in view the advantages of private individuals only as members of society. But in this refusal of the active bestowment of privilege the guardian of public morals in an individual man, in no sense a representative of his country—a judge of the old Court of Chancery. Now in active suppression, in punishment for enticing the public to things contaminating and none the less subtle because presented in intellectual form, there is indeed the benefit of the presence of a judge, but the issue is with a jury. And the unfortunate interval, or breach, through which public morals are so roughly assailable is measured (usually at least) by the *sum* of the differences

between a publication disentitled to privilege or worthy of punishment, and the judgment of an individual or the opinion of the country. In this vast moral interval, to say nothing of the interval of time which rapidity in administration, on the one hand, and slowness in administration on the other, scarcely ever fail to involve, there is an enticement to the indifferent part of the population, or to that bold and heroic part which dares to set up its private and painfully honest judgment against the judgment of a Chancery judge—to trade upon the bruited knowledge of a suspected well of evil, unchecked by unpalatable astringency in consumption of the draught. With the narrowness of men like Lords Eldon and Ellenborough, and the rebellious attitude held by a nation consciously approaching to the dawn of an age of a freedom of thought greater because more nobly and wit-wisely sanctioned, this breach was disastrously great, and beckoned the way to a flood of mischances directly or affectively extensive.

Now, a highly curious result of the working of these doctrines was seen in cases in which—not as with Shelley, nor as with Byron, who vainly sought in February 1822 to suppress the edition of "Cain" which the pirate, Benbow, had printed, and who in the same year saw his "Vision" first refused by the publishers of the Row, then given to John Hunt, then placed by John and his brother in the first number of the *Liberal*, and then made the subject of a true bill returned by a Middlesex grand jury on an indictment preferred by the "Constitutional Association"—in cases in which, I say, the authors, from change of opinion, were opposed to any publication of their earlier works. The most prominent instance of this occurs, of course, in the "Wat Tyler" of Laureate Southey. In the height of his pantisocratic schemes, and full of Socialist feelings, Southey had written this dramatic poem, and placed the manuscript in the hands of his brother-in-law, Robert Lovell; he took it to Mr. Ridgway, the London publisher. When Southey visited the Metropolis shortly afterwards, the year was 1794, Mr. Ridgway was in Newgate. Thither Southey went, and either found incar-

cerated in the same apartment with his publisher, or took with him, the Rev. Mr. Winterbottom, a dissenting minister. It was agreed that "Wat Tyler" should be published anonymously. The piece, however, appears to have been forgotten, and wholly to have escaped the memory of both publisher and Southey. But it had crept—so Cottle, Hone, and Browne may best be reconciled—into the hands of Mr. Winterbottom, who taking it with him, when years had passed, while on a visit to friends at Worcester, beguiled some dull hour by reading the piece for the amusement of the company, who were well pleased to pamper their dislike to Southey by chuckling at his rattling in political opinions. But generosity clearly demanded that this pleasant spirit of carping should have a sphere extended far beyond a Worcestershire company. So thought two of the guests, who, obtaining the manuscript, with great devotion sacrificed the long hours of night by transcribing it, being careful the while to preserve the privacy which attends the most highly charitable actions. Through their hands the transcription reached the publisher, and no sooner had his edition appeared than Southey became naturally anxious to lay the ghost of his former beliefs. For that purpose, with the advice of his friends, he applied for an injunction. Lord Eldon refused to grant it, on the plea that "a person cannot recover damages upon a work which in its nature is calculated to do injury to the public." The decision of the Court encouraged the vendors to redouble their efforts, and not fewer than 60,000 copies are said to have been sold during the excitement the case created. As for poor Southey, he defended himself as best he could in the *Courier*, and underwent the further suspense of seeing a prosecution urged against him by turbulent spirits in the legislature—Lord Brougham first, and Mr. William Smith after. The ridicule was all the more increased by the fact that Southey had recently published in the *Quarterly Review* an article in most striking contrast. And it is noticeable that in his *American Quarterly Review* Dr. Orestes A. Brownson printed opinions destructive of his early views, which had also

been in sympathy with Socialistic and transcendental movements, as well as with Unitarianism, and threw cold water upon, and indeed endeavored in his own country altogether to suppress, the work by which in this country he is best known, "Charles Elwood; or, the Infidel Converted."

Certainly few authors have had better justification for a change of opinion than Adrian Beverland. In a work quite unfit for general reading, which purported to be issued "Eleutheropoli, in Horto Hesperidum, typis Adami, Evæ, Terræ filii, 1678," he had maintained with nasty nicety that view of original sin which Henri Corneille Agrippa in his "Declamatio de originali Peccato" had nearly as undisguisedly maintained before him. For this performance he was cast into prison at Leyden, and would have fared badly enough had he not found means of escape. His work, however, was sufficiently thought of to provoke from Leonard Rysseus a "justa detestatio libelli sceleratissimi," just as a previous work had called from Allard Uchtman a "Vox clamantis in deserto, ad sacrorum ministros, adversus Beverlandum." Passing these by, Beverland himself was contented to write stinging libels against the Leyden magistrates and professors, and then to flee to London, where he engaged himself principally in collecting odious pictures. But after a time came a measure of repentance, and though no excessive purity can be claimed for an "Admonition" published by Bateman, of London, in 1697, yet the preface or "advertisement" does certainly contain a strong condemnation of his "Peccatum originale." Fifteen years after, he died in a state of deep poverty, a madman—impressed with the horrible idea that he was pursued by two hundred men allied by oath to slay him.

A state more interesting that either stanch advocacy or loud condemnation of a position once relied on is that of hesitation. It is one peculiarly unlikely to express itself, because the tendency of hesitation is to refrain; or if expressing itself to arrest attention, because subtle or feeble qualifications refer their interest to the themes they hedge and do not centre in themselves. But when a mind throws itself with

force into a posture of racked doubt, and bids us be aware that the struggle, not the issue, is of utter worth, or when with yet greater fervor of expectancy a revelation, we know not whence, we know not whither, is awaited with every nerve full-strained, the world more surely than by either other mood becomes a gallery rocked with hearkening spectators. I think there is something of this earnest hesitation in a career it is not difficult, at this distance of time, to utilize—Lord Herbert of Cherbury's. There is a very human weakness in his self-debate upon the publication of the "De Veritate," but there is a very human need—and, moreover, a need made personal (as are all needs), though founded in philanthropy. Truly the more sacred experience is—unless it can reach to that intensity and presentness which thrills all who stand enclosed in the thin line of its horizon—the more clearly it is desecrated by the common tread, and seems a thing to mock at. So is it with the scene which Herbert himself describes.

Being thus doubtful in my chamber, one fair day in the summer, my casement being open towards the sun, the sun shining clear, and no wind stirring, I took my work, "De Veritate," in my hand, and kneeling on my knees, devoutly said these words: "O Thou eternal God, Author of the light which now shines upon me, and Giver of all inward illuminations, I do beseech Thee, give me some sign from heaven; if not, I shall suppress it." I had no sooner spoken these words, but a loud, though yet gentle noise, came from heaven (for it was like nothing on earth), which did so comfort and cheer me, that I took my petition as granted, and that I had the sign I demanded; whereupon also I resolved to print my book.

An aspect of mind combining both resolution and diffidence, which has led to the obliteration of literary work, is reliance on a friend's counsel. An amusing example of this is related in the ecclesiastical history of Nicephorus Callistus concerning Marsilius Ficinus. This gentleman had translated Plato into Latin, and came to his learned friend Musurus Candidotus to know his opinion of it. Candidotus, after perusing some few leaves, perceived that it would not satisfy the expectation of the learned, and was even of opinion that it was so



slubbered over as to resemble the original (as Cicero the younger did his father) in nothing but in name. He accordingly took up a sponge, dipped it in an ink-pot, and blotted out the first page. This done, he turns to Ficinus. "Thou seest," quoth he "how I have corrected the first page; if thou wilt, I will correct the rest in like sort." Now Ficinus was fully as mild in temper as slender in scholarship. "No reason," says he, "that Plato should be disgraced through my default; refine away." And according to his words was it done.

It would appear from Scaliger that even had not Ficinus commenced his out-sponged work afresh, literature would not have lamentably lost. Far, indeed, would this have been from true, had the influence of a friend prevailed to wipe from among the works of Gray "The Progress of Poetry," and "The Bard." I will not deny of its setting the sentence in which Walpole communicates the likelihood of such a fate.

One quality I may safely arrogate to myself: I am not *afraid to praise*. Many are such timid judges of composition, that they hesitate to wait for the public opinion. Show them a manuscript, though they highly approve it in their hearts, they are afraid to commit themselves by speaking out. Several excellent works have perished from this cause; a writer of real talents being often a mere sensitive plant with regard to his own productions. Some cavils of Mason (how inferior a poet and judge!) had almost induced Gray to destroy his two beautiful and sublime odes. We should not only praise, but hasten to praise.

In modern days the function of Mason is more generally filled by adverse public critics. The case of the late Edward Fitzgerald, who by an unfavorable review was induced to withdraw from circulation his "Six Dramas of Calderon," and probably altogether to withhold from the public his rendering of "La Vida es Sueño," and "El Mágico Prodigioso," is until the present unhappily in point.

More melancholy still are those episodes of literary history which present the wearied author consigning with forced smile and show of acquiescence—"coactus volo"—the products of his craft to an untimely end. English history does not lack its instances of these heroic souls in motley, these Herculesees with their distaffs. There is John Sel-

den, and there is Reginald Pecock: let us bare the mishaps of these representatives.

In the time of James I., the clergy were pleased to advance to the utmost the doctrine of the divine right of tithes—a divinity entailed in a pedigree of patriarchal ages, Jewish priesthood, and Christian priesthood. Upon so venerable a claim so cogently revived, lawyers yet looked with jealousy. For they saw in every claim by divine right, where royal and sub-royal patrons were unconcerned, a limitation of human rights, with their correlative human duties very apt to be regulated by positive law. Selden, partaking of the legal spirit—coincident this once with the historic—produced his "History of Tithes," a plain narrative, margented with copious authorities, which established abundantly the duty of paying tenths—but established on the distasteful ground of human authority. James, who patronised divinity partly to show the ardor with which he in his one turn could venerate, partly for the reflected strength wherewith it encircled himself, partly from conceit and cowardice, and partly from better motives, summoned the author to appear before him in December 1618, at his palace at Theobalds. Introduced by Ben Jonson and Edward Hayward, Selden maintained the test of two conferences at Theobalds, and one at Whitehall with the monarch in person; but this in nowise prevented his being called, on January 28, 1618, before seven members of the High Commission Court in whose presence he was induced to make and sign this declaration.

My good Lords, I most humbly acknowledge the error which I have committed in publishing "The History of Tithes," and especially in that I have at all, by showing any interpretation of Holy Scriptures, by meddling with councils, fathers, or canons, or by what else soever occurs in it, offered any occasion of argument against any right of maintenance, *jure divino*, of the minister of the Gospel; beseeching your Lordships to receive this ingenuous and humble acknowledgment, together with the unfeigned protestation of my grief, for that through it I have so incurred both his Majesty's and your Lordships' displeasure conceived against me in behalf of the Church of England.

Beside this forced submission, the authority which had exacted it prohibited

the book. Further, Selden was forbidden to publish anything in his own defence, while public invitation—pluckily used—was given to any who should choose to attack either him or his history with all the virulence of pocket and party polemics. Nor was this all, but Selden stooped at the bidding of the king to uphold opinions, no doubt on three small points, which he had seemed to impugn in his greater work. It is pleasant to add that he circulated among his friends in manuscript answers to the attacks which were published against him.

The fall of Pecock was more abject, and less relieved. About 1449 he had written—not printed, of course—"The Repressor." He had in design to defend the clergy from the aspersions, as he conceived them, of the "Bible-man" or Lollards. With this view he vindicated the use of images, the going on pilgrimages, and the retention of the various ranks of the hierarchy in their full directive authority. In 1450 he remained in sufficient esteem—though indeed his treatise was not much circulated for four or five years—to be transferred to the see of Chichester. From that time, however, his good fortune deserted him. The Duke of York conceived it well to cover his strides towards the crown, with the redress of grievances; and the disgrace of Pecock's patrons, the Duke of Suffolk and the Bishop of Norwich, together with the personal dislike the king contracted towards him, made Chichester a safe object of attack. While all things were thus working for the good man's evil, the council met at Westminster in the autumn of 1457, whence by general acclamation Pecock was expelled. He was cited to appear before Archbishop Bourchier on November 11, and the character of his offence became more definitised. He had held cheap the authority of the old doctors, he had denied that the Apostles' Creed was made by the Apostles, and at the same time he had magnified the office of reason—rather than singly of the Scriptures, or rather than singly of the Church—as an ultimate test. Accordingly, to this citation he appeared, armed with nine of his books, into which it must be confessed were introduced some newly-

conceived passages and some erasures. A committee of Bishops, to whom the matter was then referred, reported adversely; and after further disputation the archbishop offered Pecock his choice of making a public abjuration of his errors, or of being first degraded, and then delivered over to the secular arm "as the food of fire, and fuel for the burning." He chose the abjuration: a preliminary confession was forthwith made, a written confession was added at Lambeth on the 3rd of December, and on the next day, Sunday, arrayed in his episcopal habit, in the presence of 20,000 persons, he knelt at the feet of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London, Rochester, Durham, and of his "own pure and free will, and without any man's coercion or dread," made his recantation. In this he had declared that he presumed of his own natural wit to prefer the judgment of reason before the Testaments and the authority of the Church; had published many perilous doctrines and books containing enumerated heresies; and now considered himself grievously to have sinned and wickedly to have deceived the people of God, but returned to the unity of the mother Holy Church and renounced both the rehearsed heresies and all other "spices," or kinds of heresy, and exhorted all men not to trust in his books, neither to keep or read them in any wise, but to bring them in haste to the Primate or his agents; in that he publicly assented that his books should be deputed unto the fire, and openly be burnt as an example and terror to all others. The recantation ended, a fire was kindled at the Cross. With his own hands Pecock delivered three folios and eleven quartos of his own composition to the executioner, who took and threw them in the flames, while the Bishop exclaimed aloud "My pride and presumption have brought upon me these troubles and these reproaches." Little could he then think that in some future day England would, at public cost, republish the chief of the books his own lips had condemned.

But the punishment of Pecock did not end here. It was perhaps not much to him that the University of Oxford (which has consistently shown a spirit

of illiberality, or at least a burning disposition, throughout its eras almost down to the present age) should in solemn procession, its Chancellor at its head, march to a place where four roads met—the Quatre-voix or Carfax—and there burn to ashes every copy of his works on which hands could be laid. But, deprived of his bishopric, it was necessary that directions should be given for his personal fare. These came to the Abbot of Thorney, to whose Cambridge-shire Abbey the cleric was sent. He was to live for ever in one closed chamber, so contrived that he might hear Mass; to be attended by one sad man to make his bed; to be forbidden all books but a breviary, a mass-book, a psalter, a legend, and a Bible; to be refused any thing to write with or on; but to be allowed a sufficiency of food and fire. And in this dolorous state there is all reason to suppose his closing days were spent.\*

It is recorded of St. Briccius, that when a boy he saw the devil behind the altar, noting the misdemeanors of people on a piece of parchment. This seems to have stirred in him a desire for parchment that he in turn might write; but so firmly did the devil by his teeth stick to the stolen goods, that on the achievement of mastery by his juvenile but saintly competitor, the horny, wicked head was knocked against the wall, at which painful juncture St. Martin, ever valorous, so conjured the devil that he caused him *willy nilly* to blot out what he had written. What then, one wonders, was the devil's code of which the people's acts were breaches. What his diabolic, though discarded standard? The prescience of St. Briccius or St.

Martin would doubtless be required to tell. But it is plain he too is fabled as possessed with desire to bend the will of men in obedience to some crystallized tradition, some extraneous rule. And yet, what is this principle of tradition, this authority-binding, which in this form and that defeats equally Fanny Burney or Gray, Shelley, Southey, or Selden? It is something which, no matter what its ineptness to the circumstances of the present, cannot yield; which is made up of the circumstances of the past, and has in its whole as much as in every shred the inevitability of the past, which pushes by informed private judgment and reason—perhaps on the wiser plea that, ourselves a product of the past, the accumulated and sifted wisdom of that past, the residue of eclecticism on eclecticism, must be most appropriate to guide; or else perhaps on the more foolish, that makes a creed osseous in one infinitely remote exercise of one man's inspired thoughts. As if, in the latter alternative, the very strength was not the very weakness of the argument which reduces after all everything to single and perhaps sullied private judgment; and as if in the former the very strength was not again the very weakness of the argument which cuts off arbitrarily as the last point of systematized knowledge (more often not at the last) its own method of history. For does it not result that if it be truly said, there is nothing new under the sun, there must in all cases be selection, and if selection be thus the real principle of action, why is some portion of accessible knowledge, some portion even of *received* knowledge, to be cast without the bounds of usable materials, as though to prohibit us too perchance, from strengthening that uniformity or preponderance in independent selections to which tradition owes its strength? Thirlwall may act as Peacock, and Beddoes as Fitzgerald—but both the virtue of action and the virtue of restraint are lost.

Herodotus, if we may believe Blakesley and Professor Sayce, though the "Father of History," by no means illustrates tradition at its best. Different, however, would it be, could we make up our minds, backed by the later authority of Canon Rawlinson to side in this perennial contest with Henri Estienne. This

\* He was in fact a "recluse" in the ancient and proper sense of the term. For in the Bishop's time it still remained customary, after an imposing ceremony, literally to seal and shut up by the hands of a bishop those—men or women—who elected to be recluses, in a small chamber built for the purpose close to the wall of some church with an opening inwards that the immured tenant might hear the service and receive necessary subsistence. We are told, for example, by St. Foix that Agnes de Rochier, the beautiful daughter of a rich tradesman, commenced such a life at the church of St. Opportune, in Paris, on the 5th of October, 1403, and though then of only eighteen years, lived in this hermetic state till the ripe enough age of eighty.

scholar in preparing an edition of that ancient traveller took occasion to maintain that his author was the reporter of things fabulous to an extent far less than was generally supposed. Hearing that of this defence, which was written in Latin, it was proposed to make a translation into French, he determined, as an old critic says, to become now a *traditore*, as he had formerly early been a *traduttore*, and to render his own work. But if this was his original purpose, he immediately lost sight of it. He took up, in fact, his argument thus:—From the unlikelihood of an event it is unreasonable to conclude against it: Herodotus may have reported things true, in presenting unlikely tales, otherwise, we must banish a prodigious amount of incontestable but absurd matter, though much of this character has occurred of late, especially in popery, as I proceed to instance in anecdotes which objectors may style apocryphal, fables they will call malicious; and chronicles they are certain to brand as scandalous. Now, this was clearly of intolerable bearing. And according to Tolloius, its upshot was that Estienne was burnt in effigy at Paris; though, having fled to the mountains of Auvergne, and being in the thick of winter, he was enabled to chuckle at his joke that he never was so cold as when he was being burnt, a joke the authenticity of which late commentators might perhaps have less readily impeached had they remembered that Antonio de Dominis had used it, as he too for writing an unappreciated book was consumed in effigy at Rome, while he lay shivering with the cold of a November at sea and a fugitive's fears at heart. Certain it is that at Geneva Estienne met with repulse. For the archives of that state show that late in 1566, on his first applying for a license to expose for sale his "Apologie pour Herodote," he was directed to amend "certains feulletz où il y a des propos vilains et parlans trop évidemment des princes en mal" and that after these amendments were duly made he deliberately encouraged the suppression of his work, by taking advantage of an imperfect piratical edition, appearing at Lyons, to add without license the famous "Avertissement" with its tables or indexes, which drew down upon him imprisonment, followed quickly by en-

largement coupled with conspicuous deprivation of the Eucharist on one occasion—if that be the meaning of "pour punition, privé de la cène, pour une fois."

With consequences more radical, but with either far more boldness or far less wit, Camille Desmoulins upwards of two centuries after courted the suppression, not indeed of a book, but of life. It was full four years since he had learnt that the parliament of Toulouse had hurried to the flames his "La Libre France," when entering the Jacobin Club, just two days after the publication of the fifth number of his *Vieux Cordelier*, he heard the question being for the third time put, whether he should be expelled. His presence quelling in no measure the rising anger, Robespierre, desirous to stay the wrath of the Jacobins by sacrificing the work to save the author, spoke. "Camille," said he with dryness, and that air of patronage which the simulation of a tempered passion carries, "is a spoilt child; he had a good disposition; bad company has led him astray." "We must," urged he, concluding, "deal vigorously with these numbers, which even Brissot would not have dared to acknowledge, but we must keep Desmoulins among us. I demand, for example's sake, that these numbers be burnt before this society." But with what surprise did the echo of this speech, proceeding clearly, and accompanied with indignant flash of eye, greet him—"Bravo, Robespierre; but I will answer with Rousseau, *To burn is not to answer.*" Strange retort! Had pride so dulled perception, or surprise with one stroke slain confidence in all? No wonder that not less the change of time than the terms, the very measuredness of the answering words bidding Camille learn that he was treated with indulgence, and disclosing that his mode of justification would be held to show that the worst import of his writings was designed, left in him a sense that his present non-expulsion, even the restoration of the title of "Cordelier," had no security. The lull was false, Desmoulins was lost.

Concession to honest criticism was received with not more tact by Richelieu than by Desmoulins. It is true that in the Cardinal's case the upshot, perilous

as it seemed to one of the grand supports of dramatic literature, was merely ludicrous—but it may also be true that that was because the appeal was indeed through the intellect, but to the passive, not the active powers of man. The Cardinal was dramatist, and had carried politics into comedy by making the characters called France, Spain, or names of other States develop the fortunes of "Europe." Anxious to get the countenance of the Academy, which his energies had lately organized, he sent the piece to them, that any errors in the rules of the style or poetry might be corrected. The Academy fulfilled their task, criticising so severely that scarcely a line was left unaltered. The Cardinal—but I may as well adopt the tale as Noël d'Argonne tells it.

The Cardinal, to whom it was brought back in this condition, was so enraged, that he tore it on the spot, and threw it in pieces into the hearth. This was in summer, and fortunately there was no fire in the hearth. The Cardinal went to bed; but he felt the tenderness of a father for his dear Europe; he regretted having used it so cruelly; and calling up his secretary, he ordered him to collect with care the papers from the chimney, and to go and look whether he could find any paste in the house—adding that in all probability he would find some starch with the women who took charge of his linen. The secretary went to their apartment; and having found what he wanted, he spent the greater part of the night with the Cardinal in trying to paste together the dismembered comedy. Next morning he had it recopied in his presence, and changed almost every one of the corrections of the Academy, affecting, at the same time, to retain a few of the least important. He sent it back to them the same day by Boisrobert, and told them they would perceive how much he had profited by their criticisms; but as all men were liable to err, he had not thought it necessary to follow them implicitly. The Academy, who had learned the vexation of the Cardinal, took care not to retouch the piece, and returned it to him with their unanimous approbation.

It seems a pity that after so much care and tenderness the play should have been produced along with "The Cid," and that the audience, less manageable than the Academy, on the announcement that "Europe" would be repeated the next day, murmured their wish for Corneille's piece. But the influence he sought to throw upon the fortunes of the Cid there can be no need to recount to Englishmen. Only it is clear that

Richelieu was more like Cicero than Virgil, the former of whom indeed affected to be desirous of burning some productions, but was easily diverted by pleasant flattery; but the latter of whom, after having bestowed the labor of twelve years on his immortal poem, was genuinely conscious of imperfections which so few beside himself could have perceived, that in his last moments he ordered it to be committed to the flames, a fate evaded only by disregard of his solemn testamentary injunction. It is equally clear that Richelieu had not the plea of neglect and undeserved disfavor felt in its extreme by William Collins. For his odes, first published in 1747, crept slowly into notice, were spoken of indifferently by his acquaintance Dr. Johnson, and met with feeble praise from Gray. The while the author was sensible of their beauty, and so deeply felt the coldness with which they were received, that he obtained from his publisher the unsold copies and burnt them with his own hand. "If then his highly finished productions brought back but disappointment," hypothesises Mr. Thomas Miller, "how thankful he must have felt that he had not committed himself further by sending into the world such works as his own fine taste condemned! We believe that when he had completed his "Ode on the Passions," he knew he had produced a poem which ought to live forever, for we cannot conceive that the mind which erected so imperishable a fabric could have a doubt of its durability." Alas! an immortality which sees no origin in *presenti*—how burdensome it is to bear.\*

It was the conviction of "Messieurs

\* It was observed by Scott of Amwell, a critic of the verbal school, but not without his soundness, and junior to Collins by nine years, that the Oriental Eclogues, which appeared in 1742, were "always possessed of considerable reputation," till Johnson "having hinted that Collins, once in conversation with a friend, happened to term them his *Irish* Eclogues, those who form opinions not from their own reason or their own feelings, but from the hints of others," caught the hint and circulated it. "That Collins," he adds, "ever supposed his eclogues destitute of merit there is no reason to believe; but it is very probable, when his judgment was improved by experience, he might discover and be hurt by their faults, among which may possibly be found some few instances of inconsistency or absurdity."

de Port Royal" that in the denial of self was a tower of moral strength; and in this denial of self they included a true abnegation of the glories of authorship. "If any work for God were well done," said St. Cyran, "it was the Divine Grace which had effectually co-operated to its performance, and the human instrument was nothing, and less than nothing." With this there was not one of his colleagues unwilling practically to show that he agreed—Pascal least of all. What greater instance of literary modesty can be alleged than the destruction by him of his treatise on geometry, upon his learning that Arnauld had prepared the volume given to the world in 1667 as "Elements" of that subject and his seeing its fitness for the Port Royal schools? With most it would be much easier to apply the system of Naugerius, who loving Catullus, but hating Martial, set apart one day that every year he might sacrifice by fire a copy of the works of one epigrammatist to the manes of the other. It is only fair to add that

Naugerius, who died while on an embassy to Francis I. in 1529, destroyed shortly before his death a history of his native city, Venice, carried forward from 1486, which he had himself compiled, and submitted to the same effective purging a considerable proportion of his own poetic compositions.

At this point I conclude. I perceive indeed that there remains scattered through literature unused material of interest, and even that motives to self-suppression of several entire classes have been here unexemplified. But of this we might feel confident, that the more and more this subject were opened up, personal as it appears to the authors themselves, the more and more would one be struck with the duty of the State, and no less than of the State of professed critics and of friends of the hearth, not only not to discourage the expressions of genius if even somewhat errant, but where there is the true appeal—then, as Walpole says, to *hasten to praise*.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

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## HOW SHOULD WE DRESS?

### THE NEW GERMAN THEORIES ON CLOTHING.

BY DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

SOME allusion has already been made to the medical theories respecting clothing that have emanated recently from a celebrated German professor, Dr. Gustav Jaeger, of the Royal Polytechnic School at Stuttgart. His investigations into the subject commenced in the year 1872, and appeared to have been fairly exhaustive in the way of scientific experiment and personal experience, with the result that Dr. Jaeger considers he has discovered that the health of the world in general is much prejudiced by the materials, as well as the forms, in general use. In Germany his views seem to have met with very extensive acceptance; they have revolutionised the trade of Stuttgart, where Dr. Jaeger practises his profession; and many of the leading men—such as Count von Moltke and others—have adopted his clothing; and it seems probable that his principles will be applied to the German

army, with the view of promoting the health of the troops. In Italy the first physicians have declared in favor of it, and so universally does the demand appear to have arisen on the Continent, that the present writer found Dr. Jaeger's garments commonly exposed for sale in Switzerland, at Berne, Lucerne, and Vevey, and other smaller towns.

The stall for Dr. Jaeger's clothing has formed an attraction at the "Healtheries" this season, and, by the formation of a limited company, who have opened a depôt in Fore Street for its sale, those who desire to look into the subject, and form their own opinions, will be able to do so in England.

Dr. Jaeger's reform is not a difficult one, and consists of the fundamental doctrine that, as we are animals, we should wear animal clothing. The physical "reasons why" are—first, that their non-conducting qualities are a guar-

ancee that the temperature of the body shall be in a great measure preserved, while on the other hand the shape and arrangement of their constituent hairs provide for the escape of moisture by capillary attraction; and their adaptation to both these ends is greater than that of any vegetable fabric.

In England we have for many years acted instinctively on these conditions, and we have adopted woollen, in the shape of flannel, for use in cricket, boating, tennis, and in any athletic exercises likely to cause profuse perspiration, as being the safest covering to ensure us against cold and the sudden and dangerous chills which are likely to follow overheating in a climate like ours. Our action has been the result of observation and experience, which, however, according to Dr. Jaeger, might have been carried still further and applied more widely still. For this profuse perspiration is simply an intensification of the daily action of the skin, which only ceases with life itself. If this action be imperfect or repressed, fat and water accumulate in the tissues, lowering their powers, and the flesh, which should feel elastic and firm, is flabby, causing many disorders in the general economy of the body.

Besides water and fat, the skin excretes carbonic acid, and the different decomposed products of fat—such as lactic, formic, and butyric acids—to which the sour odor of perspiration is due. Much carbonic acid is dissolved in the perspiration, and escapes with it. Thus, it is not difficult to see that the kind of covering which acts as the best conductor of moisture and its impurities, and at the same time is a bad conductor of heat, and prevents its escape, is that which we must adopt as the healthiest and the cleanest.

The power of absorption by vegetable life, of the poisonous emanations from animal life, is well known, and this process is not limited, it would appear, to living plants, but is continued by vegetable fibres—such as linen and cotton—with this difference, that the living plant assimilates these emanations and the dead fibre does not, but exhales them again when wetted or warmed. Thus our clothes, in consequence of their vegetable character, attract and retain these noxious principles which should by

rights be immediately thrown off. Animal materials, such as wool, are made by nature—according to Dr. Jaeger—to protect animal life, and will neither attract noxious emanations nor prevent their evaporation from the body. This is shown, he observes, by the sense of smell and by the unpleasantness noticed in cotton and linen underclothing, linings, and apparel which have been long worn.

There are many people to whom these considerations have a vital and especial interest. Certain skins perspire much more freely than others. This peculiarity occurs in persons of rheumatic and consumptive tendencies, even when quite free from actual disease. Women in middle age, also, and all in whom the circulatory system is weakened from any cause, have this tendency. But the people to whom, in addition, the Jaeger system appeals the most are certainly those who are corpulent, or show any tendency to become so. And as this point will probably interest many readers, I will give a brief notice of what Dr. Jaeger says on the subject.

To be in what we English people call "good condition" there must be a correct proportion of the most important bodily constituents—viz., albumen, fat, and water. The first is the foundation of nerve, muscle, blood, etc., and in fact sustains the existence of the body. Relatively to albumen, water and fat may be viewed as auxiliaries, although they are indispensable in themselves. A proper condition of body requires that these three constituents shall be present in certain proportions, while the richer the body is in albumen the sounder it will be, and the fitter for work. On the other hand, any excess of fat or water will lessen its energies, and its power of repelling the action of influences likely to promote disease.

Of the evils of the increase of fat most people who suffer from it are only too conscious. But besides the more visible ones, they are usually poor-blooded, and consequently lacking in vital energy, while the fat diminishes the necessary space for the circulation of the blood and the respiratory organs. The first of these evils shows itself in flushing of the face when the circulation is quickened by exertion, and in the difficulty felt in the return of the blood from the lower

parts of the body to the heart, which causes lassitude in the legs, and a tendency to varicose veins; while, if the circulation of water in the system be also impeded, dropsical swellings in the legs will ensue. The limitation of space due to fat hinders also the free play of the lungs, and the obese are disabled from exceptional exertion which necessitates fuller breathing than usual.

Thus every one wishing to preserve health and working capacity, must keep strict watch on the deposit of fat going on in the body; and all such symptoms must be taken as evincing a wrong system of living; and in order to stay its further accumulation and get rid of what is superfluous, recourse must be had to augmented action of the skin.

The increased percentage of water and fat in the system renders it also more liable to disease, more sensitive to cold, and disposed to chest affections in the winter. In addition, the working powers of the mind are sensibly lessened. Dr. Jaeger has discovered that their presence in excess can be tested by the specific gravity and the rapidity of the nervous action; and he has constructed an airtight chamber where experiments may be conducted on the former, and a stopwatch tests the rapidity of the latter.

Not less interesting is Dr. Jaeger's theory of the source of the emotions, which he places in the albumen in the bodily tissues, emanating in the form of subtle essences, which are opposed to each other in the effect they produce, and which may be distinguished as "salutary" and "noxious." As a rule, the sanitary principle is fragrant, the noxious tainted and offensive. The odor may be most readily perceived in the hair of the head, and is more evident in the adult than the child. If the subject of the test be in a cheerful mood, the scent will be agreeable and sweet; but if sorrowful, depressed, or in pain, the scent will be disagreeable. This odor may be noticed in the anguish of fever, under the influence of terror, and exhales from the mouth and nose, and, as Dr. Jaeger has proved by experiment, from the brain as well.

These things Dr. Jaeger considers that the experience of many readers will confirm, and that they have great practical importance in connection with his

system. The German names given to these odorous substances are *Lust und Unlust Stoffe*, substances of pleasure and dislike. The former are thought by the Doctor to be the healing powers of the body, which heighten all the vital actions and its powers of resistance against contagion of all kinds. Sheep's wool in particular attracts these substances of pleasure, while the plant fibre favors the accumulation of the substances of dislike, with all their evil consequences. This last fact, which the German scientific medical world considers Dr. Jaeger has proved, is supposed to be of the greatest importance, as showing how to raise the resistibility of the human body against contagious disease. The observations made extend to diphtheria, cholera, typhus, smallpox, measles, whooping-cough, and influenza.

I have endeavored thus far to divest the subject, as far as possible, of scientific matter, so that the principle may be easily understood by those who have made no previous study of these or any kindred subjects, relating to the hygiene and sanitary management of the body. I will now turn to the more practical considerations of the materials and shapes of the clothing recommended.

Dr. Jaeger advocates the use of nothing but wool, both for clothing and also for the bed and bedding. No half-measures will answer; even the linings of coats and dresses must be of wool, and men's collars, and even women's stay-laces, must be of the same. The material which, after much consideration, he has selected, is what is called "stockingette web," which is merely wollen yarn woven in an elastic manner, like jerseys and stockings, and the wollen and merino under-shirts and drawers, now in common use. The somewhat clumsy name "stockingette" owes its origin to the fact that there was no technical name for that kind of elastic weaving which is applied to stockings, and which was called into existence as a "piece" material by the fashion of wearing jerseys, three or four years ago. Dr. Jaeger considers this weaving porous and supple and more durable than flannel; while they feel more comfortable on the skin, and are less liable to shrink than flannel, when in the hands of the washerwomen.

No admixture of vegetable fibre should



be admitted, and the practice of wearing a woollen shirt under a cotton or linen one, Dr. Jaeger considers enervating and weakening. Clothing should fit quite tightly to the skin, so as to allow of the least possible movement of air between it and the body; the second great rule being that it should be twice as thick along the middle line of the trunk, from the neck downwards, as at the sides or back. Another point for consideration is the number of garments to be worn one over the other. On this question Dr. Jaeger is of opinion that the clothing for men and boys should simply consist of a woollen shirt, woollen socks or stockings, cloth trousers fitting as closely as may be, and a cloth coat. The coat sleeves and linings should be of woollen, and these, as well as the trouser legs, when the latter do not fit tightly, must be closed against upward draughts by web-bings sewn into them, and fitting tightly round the arms and ankles. No drawers are required, no waistcoat, and no overcoat; not even in the winter time, except when driving. Men's coats must fit tightly up to the neck, and compactly to the figure, and all others must be laid aside as unsanitary. The coat must also be double-breasted, and like all the rest of the materials recommended, must be undyed, of the natural color, or treated with uninjurious fast dyes. The same rule applies to the trousers, which must fasten so as to continue the middle line of extra warmth. This rule has special application to those who desire to melt away superfluous fat, or those who are subject to disorders of the stomach or digestive organs.

The feet are to be covered with woollen socks, with a special division for each toe; or else one for the great toe, while the upper part of the boot must be of felt, and the lower part of felt or porous leather; the boot being kept thoroughly porous, so that the feet may be as cleanly and pure as the hands. The usual starched linen collar is substituted by one made of unstiffened white cashmere, or one of the wool in its natural hue. These collars can be obtained in every shape and style, stand-up and turn-downs, and they are considered as the most comfortable that could possibly be devised, as well as preventions of throat disorders. The hat should be of felt, and no linings of leath-

er nor linen are admissible. Instead of these a strip of felt should be used, or else the hat should be quite without lining, like a Turkish fez. The shellac used in stiffening hats is said to have an injurious effect, and those who are bald or threatened with baldness, or those who suffer from headaches, are especially advised to try the unstiffened sanitary hat and its woollen lining.

The clothing recommended for women is not very different, so far as shirts and drawers are concerned, to that advised for men. The night-dresses are the same, except a slight trimming of lace at the neck. The union, or "combination" garment, a pair of woollen stays, a petticoat of knitted undyed wool, and another, if desired of woven stockingette, constitute all the clothing needed, in addition to the outward dress, made of pure wool also, high to the neck, and having a double lining over the chest, as advised in the case of men. The lace collars for use are also of woollen yak lace, and the pocket-handkerchief is of fine cashmere, either white or of a handsome dark red. This last, Dr. Jaeger declares, is a very effective agent in the cure of the colds and catarrhs of winter.

Against such "cherished finery" as silk dresses, white starched petticoats, linen stays, cotton and silk stockings, and white or colored cotton starched dresses, Dr. Jaeger protests; and says he fears he shall be considered a disturber of the peace of households, when he remembers the delight women take in interminable washings and starchings. But he takes courage, seeing that his own wife has not only become used to the new order of things, but declares she would not willingly revert to the *statu quo ante*, and that women, if possible, need the advantages offered by woollen clothing more than men.

The last of Dr. Jaeger's plans I shall consider is the substitution of woollen materials for linen and cotton in our beds. The bed itself must be free from vegetable fibre, the mattress filled with hair or wool, and the covering of both should be woollen; for this reason feathers of course cannot be used, although they are all an animal substance. The linen or cotton sheets are replaced by sheets made of the finest white cashmere, or, if preferred, by woollen blankets or

camel-hair rugs; and a special form of dress, having a hood, is given, to enable the wearer to sleep with the window open without fear of taking cold. This last he regards as an important part of the sanitary rules of his system. The covering meant for travellers to sleep in has also a hood, and the skirt is long enough to contain two square pockets for the feet. Covered in this way, the traveller may defy damp beds, and all the general discomfort of foreign hotels.

In reward for our adoption of his "normal" system of clothing, Dr. Jaeger promises us—not indeed complete immunity from disease, but health equal to the animal creation that spend their lives in an artificial state. We shall have flesh thoroughly hardened, and tenden-

cies to corpulence will be reduced. In a word, the physical and mental working powers will show a great and general improvement, the nervous action will be accelerated, and the body will have resumed its "normal," or true condition.

Of course, so thorough an innovation so completely in contradiction to received ideas, to vast trade interests, and to the opinions of the world in general, will be much discussed and strenuously opposed. Dr. Jaeger says that he has been reproached with "riding an excellent theory to death;" but his only ruling principle through life has been to "examine everything, and retain the best;" and this is the principle we recommend the public to apply in the honest testing of his new system.—*Good Words*.

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### THE MAN IN BLUE.

BY R. DAVEY.

I AM a professor of music, and was born so long ago as the last century, at Salsberg, in Germany. My father was a merchant of that city; *fanatico per la musica*, as the Italians say, music mad. Knowing that each of his children would inherit a fair fortune, he permitted us to somewhat neglect our other studies, so that we might dedicate more time to his beloved science. My two sisters played remarkably well on the spinet, and sang finely. Karl, my only brother, was the flautist of the family, and I devoted myself to the violin. At sixteen years of age I believed myself an adept on this difficult instrument. My violin was my constant companion. Nothing gave me more pleasure than to take my dear "Fortunato," for so I called it, into the woods, and there, by the murmuring brook, beneath the rustling trees, improvise new airs and vary old ones, to my heart's content.

So greatly did my father delight in displaying the talents of his children, that he organized every Thursday afternoon an amateur concert, at which at least a quarter of the town assisted—to listen to, admire, or criticise, about as much music as could possibly be crowded into a three hours' performance. One fine Thursday afternoon in autumn,

just as the first of our pieces was concluded, a very singular-looking individual entered the concert-room. He was as thin and pale as an unearthly apparition, and entirely dressed in shabby garments of light blue corduroy. His well-worn knee-breeches were blue, his jacket was blue, his vest was blue, and the huge cravat that fastened his great flapping shirt-collar was also blue. His face was the most melancholy in expression it is possible to imagine. He had a big, hooked nose, thin lantern jaws, and the only redeeming feature which he possessed, his dark and intelligent eyes, were hidden by a pair of goggle spectacles. His hair was bright red and uncut, and his beard seemed as if it had never been trimmed since it first began to grow.

He did not attempt to apologize for his intrusion into our company, but without looking to the right or to the left made straight for a vacant seat, and taking it, prepared to listen to the music with marked attention. It was my turn to play, but I was so confused, so utterly dumfounded by the appearance of this strange personage, that when I struck my violin with the bow my hand trembled so much that I could not produce a sound. I tried again and again, and

was about to give it up in despair when the Man in Blue rose from his seat and came directly to me. "Young man," said he, "you have a more difficult instrument there than you think; hand it to me, I will play in your stead." I mechanically gave him "Fortunato." Presently he began. Never in all my life had I before heard such playing. The instrument seemed to have within its wooden frame a divine soul, capable of expressing every possible emotion—joy, grief, passionate agony, and triumphant jubilee. We were all amazed and delighted, and at the termination of his concerto such a burst of enthusiastic applause greeted the singular performer that he seemed quite overcome and confused. However, he bowed his acknowledgments, though in the most grotesque fashion.

It happened that we were on the eve of a grand annual musical festival, at which some of the greatest musicians of Germany had declared their intention of being present. My father, naturally concluding that our guest was some celebrated maestro, who had arrived incognito, hastened to thank him for the favor he had conferred upon us, and also to offer him the hospitality of his house during his stay in our town. The Man in Blue at first refused, then hesitated, and finally accepted my father's pressing invitation.

For one week we surrounded him with every attention, and he, by his gentle manners and genius, soon won our affection and respect. But all our attempts to find out who he was and whence he came proved vain; he took no notice of our discreet hints, and not one of us dared to ask the question point-blank. He set himself to work to teach me a great many things about the violin of which I was previously ignorant, and to this curious man I owe many of my greatest triumphs. "My son," he would say, "love music; music is the food of the soul—the only possession we have on earth which we shall retain in Heaven."

If a stranger happened to pay us a visit, our new friend would immediately take refuge in the garden. He liked to be alone with Karl, myself, and his violin. One day a merchant named Krebbs arrived on business which he had to

transact with my father, and as he entered he stumbled against the Man in Blue, who was making good his escape. The poor violinist, on perceiving merchant Krebbs, became as pale as death, tottered to a seat in the garden, and covered with confusion, hid his face in his hands.

"Well, I am sure," said Krebbs to my father, "you are an odd man to take in that creature. Why, I thought he was in prison, or drowned, or run over."

"You know him then?" asked my father, with ill-disguised curiosity.

"Know him—of course I do. Why, his name is Bèze; he is a carpenter by trade. But, bless you, he's as mad as a March hare. Some time ago our church-organ was struck by lightning. Bèze came forward at once, and proposed to mend it, provided the parish furnished him the materials. As he was known for a good musician and a clever workman, our curé granted his request. To work went he; night and day he labored for at least six weeks. At last the organ was mended, Bèze struck a chord or so, and it appeared better than ever. The day arrived for the first public hearing of the renovated instrument; the mayor—all the village, in short, was present; and Bèze himself did not fail to appear, attired as usual in blue. Blue is his color. He made some vow or other, years ago, to the Virgin, never to wear any other but her colors—blue and white. I tell you he is crazy. But to return to the organ. When our old organist began to play upon it, not a sound would it produce—except when he pulled the new stop out. Off went the organ, *whoo whee*, and then it set to squeaking and whistling like mad. The girls began to laugh, the mayor to swear, and the curé grew furious. Bèze is a fool—Bèze is an idiot—he has ruined the organ! cried every one, and soon amid the derision of the congregation, your friend left the church. Strange to say, since that day we have never again seen the creature; but our organ is completely spoilt, and remains dumb."

Thus spoke merchant Krebbs. I would hear no more, but hurried out to console my poor friend. I found him beneath an apple-tree, sitting all forlorn, his face turned towards the sinking sun. "Ah! my young friend," he said, "do you see yon little cloud which obscures

the splendor of the sun? So the words of a foolish man may tarnish the fame of a genius."

"But," I replied, "see, the little cloud has vanished already, and the light of the sun is but the brighter for the contrast."

He smiled. "The cloud that hangs over my tarnished name will have to pass away soon, or it will be too late. That organ which I constructed has a soul within it. All my life I have labored to know how to lodge my ideal of music within the compass of a single instrument. I have done this. The soul is there. But I know not how to play upon the organ, and they, in their blind rage, will not allow me to explain to them. Oh, if I could, before I die, but find Sebastian Bach! He would call to life the soul of music that lies sleeping in my organ, and prove to the world that Bèze is neither mad nor an impostor."

My father took no notice of what merchant Krebbs had said, and when he joined us in the garden he entreated Bèze to play for him in the open air. The Man in Blue played for us a number of national and simple melodies in such a pathetic manner that several times I saw tears in my father's eyes; at last he said, as the musician finished, "Friend, though your organ is a failure, your violin is truly heavenly. Stay with me yet a while."

"My organ is not a failure; it is the triumph of my life."

"But no one can play on it."

"One day some one will, and then —"

"Well, we will say no more about it. Come, the supper is ready." And he led the way in.

The next morning the Man in Blue was gone. We were sorry for his disappearance; but soon forgot all about it in our anxiety over the festival which was near at hand. Glück had promised to come, and we were anxious to know with whom he would stay. Then Bach arrived, and soon came Graun—illustrious Graun—whose nobility of mind inspired his lovely melodies, and with him those inseparable geniuses, Fürch and Hass. And Hamburg sent us Gasman and Teliman. Those who have never even heard the name of these great composers are yet familiar with their melodies. Many of

the popular tunes now so much admired I have heard in my youth fresh from the minds of their original composers, free from the twirls and shakes clumsily added to them to disguise their true origin.

These illustrious persons were as simple and unostentatious in manners as it is possible to be. They assembled in the Hall of St. Cecilia, and I had the privilege of assisting at their rehearsals. I often passed hours listening to their long discourses on harmony, on keys, scales, and chords. One night Glück played, for the first time, a portion of his "Iphigenia;" and on another, Bach enchanted us by a performance of his delightful preludes. Bach, somehow or other, took a fancy to me. He had observed the marked attention with which I listened to the remarks of the different composers, and to their music. He asked me my name, and who my father was; and I in answer, growing bold, not only related all that concerned myself, but also the story of my Friend in Blue.

"An organ that no one can play upon!" exclaimed this great composer; "well, that is singular."

"But I am sure you can."

"Why?"

"Because I am certain that the man that made the organ is a great musician, although he cannot play upon it himself. He plays upon the violin."

"As well as I do?" asked Graun.

I hesitated, and hung my head: I did not dare say "yes," and yet I would not say "no."

"Speak up, my boy; say the truth always, and shame the devil."

"He plays better than you, sir, I think; but then he plays out in the woods, and music sounds better there than in a close room."

"True, it does."

"My masters," said I at last, after some hesitation, "will any one of you, in your charity, try the organ—the village is not distant—and thus justify the poor man?"

"I will myself," answered Bach, "on Sunday. But say nothing about it to any one. Only to your friend, if you can find him, in order to induce him to be present in the church on that morning."

With heartfelt thanks I gave the illustrious composer my promise to obey in every particular his injunctions.

On leaving the St. Cecilia Hall that evening (it was Friday) almost the first person I met was, to my surprise, the Man in Blue. Hidden in the courtyard of the Hall, he had been listening to the music, and was in a state of nervous enthusiasm which quite alarmed me. I hesitated to inform him what Bach intended to do, but at last I did so; he received the news in a manner that I little expected. He made no demonstration of joy, but followed me in silence until we were in a lonely part of the town—a little square, in the centre of which grew three or four old trees. Here he paused, and sinking on his knees, prayed earnestly. The moon shone down upon his uplifted face, and it seemed almost beautiful, so great was the expression it bore of devotion and intellect. When he had finished his prayer he embraced me in silence, and we parted.

Sunday arrived, and at an early hour I started for the church of the village. As I traversed the little field in front of it, I beheld advancing from the opposite side several of the professors, and amongst them Bach. By-and-by, as it got noised about that some of the celebrities were in the church, it filled to excess. Presently, Bach mounted the organ-loft. How my heart beat! Mass began. At the "Kyrie," for the first time, the instrument gave forth sounds, but sounds of such heavenly sweetness that the congregation was thrilled as if by the music of the angels. As the Mass advanced the more marvellous became the harmony. The "Agnus" was so plaintive that I saw tears in the eyes of Glück, who stood by me; and the "Sanctus" sounded so triumphantly that it required but little imagination to believe that the cherubim and seraphim were present singing their jubilant song of praise:

"Holy, holy, is the Lord God of Sabaoth."

And the Man in Blue, where was he?

By the altar, with his face turned towards his organ. His whole countenance was radiant, his eyes were bright, and a

look ecstatic and serene passed over his features. But how ethereal he looked!

When Mass was over the congregation passed round the porch to see the great composers. "Long live Bach!" "Hail to Glück!" they cried as they recognized these popular men.

But Bach held aloof. "Lead me," he said, "to that man of genius who has so wonderfully improved the king of instruments."

"Master," I answered, "he is in the church." And we re-entered the sacred edifice together, followed by Graun. I led them to the Man in Blue. But what a change had come over him! The pallor of death was on his brow; he had sunk back on a bench, and when he perceived us vainly strove to rise. "Ah! excuse me, my masters. I receive you very badly; but I am not well—the joy has killed me. I am dying, gentlemen, of joy."

They raised him between them. I ran for the priest, and to the doors, which I shut to prevent the entrance of any intruders.

"Master, whilst I confess, play to me," he said to Bach.

Bach, seeing that mortal aid was useless, left us, and went up to the organ. Solemnly he played. He played, as he afterwards said, as he never played before or since. The priest arrived, and Graun and I knelt down whilst the Man in Blue received the last Sacraments. This pious act accomplished, we went nearer to him. He took my hand, and Graun rested the head of Bèze upon his breast. Solemnly the music stole through the silent church; solemnly the sunlight streamed through the stained windows, and the Angel of Death stood within the temple of God.

"I am very happy," murmured the dying man, "since Bach plays to me on my organ, and Graun permits me to rest upon his bosom."

To me he said, "God bless thee, my child—tell them I was not mad, nor an impostor. My organ had a soul."

Graun stooped and kissed his pale brow, and with an exquisite look of gratitude the Man in Blue died, and the Angel of Death winged his way to heaven, bearing the poor carpenter's soul to God.—*Merry England.*

## LITERARY NOTICES.

TRUE, AND OTHER STORIES. By George Parsons Lathrop. New York: *Funk & Wagnalls*.

NOBLE BLOOD. A Novel. By Julian Hawthorne, author of "Sebastian Strome," "Garth," "Bressant," etc. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

PRINCE SARONI'S WIFE AND THE PEARL-SHELL NECKLACE. By Julian Hawthorne. New York: *Funk & Wagnalls*.

DR. GRATTAN. A Novel. By William A. Hammond, author of "Lal." New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

THE OLD-FASHIONED FAIRY BOOK. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. Illustrated by Rosina Emmet. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons*.

KATHERINE. A Novel. By Susa B. Vance. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

WHITE FEATHERS. By G. I. Cervus. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

Mr. Lathrop, whose little collection of stories heads this list of recent fiction, is a young American author who is well and favorably known as a writer of subtlety and penetration in the delineation of character, as well as marked by a notable picturesqueness of presentation. The volume before us, though by no means representative of his best, has much of his characteristic quality, both on its serious and comic sides. "True" is a tale of North Carolina life, the scene being laid, for the most part, near Pamlico Sound. It has the merit of being thoroughly an American story, though the basis for the plot is laid in the separation of two English lovers in the early days of American colonization, the lady going with her father to the new world, her lover being at the last moment forced to remain in England, never again to rejoin his sweetheart. From this separation and the chance meeting, after two hundred years, of a descendant of the young Englishman with representatives of his sweetheart's line, Mr. Lathrop weaves a tale of uncommon interest, and of much dramatic power. He has struck perhaps the richest vein of romance that American history affords, and the literary skill, and yet simplicity, with which he improves his opportunity, are worthy of high commendation. The other stories in the volume, "Major Barrington's Marriage," "Bad Peppers," "The Three Bridges," and "In Each Other's Shoes," are good, each in

its own way, and afford a pleasant variety of excellent reading.

Mr. Hawthorne's story of "Noble Blood" is a pleasant yet subtle and quaint story, the scene of which is laid in Ireland. A young artist becomes acquainted with a very beautiful woman whose ambition is to link her own with noble blood. The hero of the story, who loves his new friend, who, though of Irish birth and family, is descended from an Italian merchant, discovers through a singular chain of circumstances that the lady is the descendant of the noblest blood in Venice, her so-called merchant forefather having been a great Venetian noble, who was compelled to fly from his own land to escape the consequences of an act of mad revenge. This strange revelation satisfies Miss Cadogna's desire for noble blood, and she contents herself with her plain lover. Out of this simple yet quaint and dramatic material Mr. Hawthorne has woven a singularly interesting little romance, in which the graver elements are touched up by little flashes and strokes of humor. It is a piece of good literary work and will add to the author's reputation, though it is by no means up to the author's best level.

As good as the foregoing novel is there is much stronger and subtler work in "Prince Saroni's Wife" and the "Pearl-Shell Necklace," two short stories that well illustrate Mr. Hawthorne's peculiar power. Each is of a tragical cast, and the latter especially has at times a dramatic intensity that becomes almost painful. Mr. Hawthorne, as did his father, embodies his most tragical conceptions in such simple and direct language, that the spell wrought upon the reader does not pass with the reading, but remains long after the book has been laid aside. There is a psychological value, too, in Mr. Hawthorne's work, which rewards a close study of his characters. One feels that he is not a mere story-teller, but, as well, an acute analyzer and a close student of human nature in some of its most perplexing phases. "Prince Saroni's Wife" is the tale of an Italian prince, and "The Pearl-Shell Necklace" is a story of American life. Both of them are well worth the reading, and told with a clear-cut strength and directness which mark the writer as a literary artist as well as a man of genius.

Dr. Hammond's second novel, "Dr. Grattan," is not equal to his first in power, fresh-

ness, and dramatic sense, qualities which partly redeemed the crudeness and extravagance of the latter book. "Lal" was in many ways a notable work, and though the work of a prentice hand in the art of novel-writing, had plenty of strength and vigor in it. In "Dr. Grattan" one must confess to a feeling of disappointment, as the story is a trifle dull, and none of the characters have any of the *vraisemblance* of flesh and blood, except a few of the village loafers and loungers, who haunt the village store of the Adirondack town, where the scene of the story is placed. Dr. Grattan, the hero of the book, is a middle aged country physician, who has one fair daughter, and who is pictured to us as a noble specimen of a man, in his physical, mental, and moral attributes. Mr. Lamar and his daughter Louise are personages of a singular cast. The father is a monomaniac, though a gentleman and a millionaire, and the daughter a superb and glorious woman, endowed with all the noblest qualities of her sex. The main animus of the book is apparently to show that a middle-aged country physician may have a justifiable taste for novel-writing, to while away the intervals of medical practice; and that he, if well-preserved and good-looking, even if encumbered with a pretty daughter herself marriageable, may win the superb and glorious woman before mentioned for a second wife. Both of these points the author establishes to his own satisfaction. There is enough material to make a very good story, but we do not think Dr. Hammond handles it with as much skill and deftness as might be woven into it. The style is slipshod and careless, and such as one might fancy would be the instinctive method of an author who had rattled off the matter at race-horse speed very much as a woman would reel off a skein of worsted. One or two unpleasant faults are specially noticeable in a minor way. One among them may be mentioned as a disposition to sneer at novelists, who, whatever their faults of conception as to the function of the novelist, rank deservedly high as master-artists in style and finish of method. The questionable taste of such criticism, under the circumstances, is very much such as would call forth condemnation for Howells or James if they had the audacity to practice medicine to the infinite peril of their fellow-beings, and then satirize a skilful and experienced physician whose ability was widely recognized. *Ne sutor ultra crepidem*, or, if he will insist, let not the shoemaker use his last to measure the art of Apelles or Praxiteles.

Mrs. Burton Harrison's "Old-Fashioned Fairy Book" is a collection of fresh and charming fairy stories and middle-age myths happily adapted to the taste and comprehension of young people. This lady has discovered in the various examples of literary work, she has given the public, fine artistic taste and facility. The present little volume is a charming present for lads and lassies, and the stories told are not such as the youngster finds in the ordinary book of fairy stories. They are derived from out-of-the-way sources, and though some of them are rather grim for young people, they are on the whole sufficiently healthy and cheerful for their purpose. The chief recommendation of these selections is that they do not belong to the class of hackneyed and conventional tales mostly utilized for fairy book-making. The illustrations by Miss Rosina Emmet are spirited, graceful and appropriate.

The last two novels mentioned in our list may be dismissed with a few words as belonging to the eminently proper and virtuous school of fiction, which demands that there shall be a certain fixed proportion of such haranguing as would be ordinarily heard in a Sunday-school, whatever other elements may be introduced to meet the tastes of the novel-reading class. The excellent moral advice so freely scattered throughout these novels we cordially commend as worthy to be pondered and inwardly digested, but probably the average novel-reader would wish for it in a different place. Yet there are novels and novels, just as there are people and people, and it may be that there is a public for just such productions as the above. It is with unqualified pleasure that we commend these two volumes, "White Feathers" and "Katherine," as quite gorgeous specimens of bookbinding and cover designing in a cheap fashion.

EGYPT AND BABYLON. FROM SACRED AND PROFANE SOURCES. By George Rawlinson, M.A., Camden Professor of Ancient History, Oxford. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This contribution to ancient history is a useful companion to Prof. Sayce's "Ancient Empires of the East," recently published by the same house. It is the work of one of the most noted of English scholars, and he has brought all the latest researches to bear on the study of the two great empires of Egypt and Babylonia, with whom the Jewish people had most to do. The method of Prof. Rawlinson is to make the Biblical references to these two mighty nations

the text or foundation of his studies ; and then to turn on the somewhat obscure and contradictory accounts of the Sacred Records the fullness of light brought out of archæological and linguistic research. The result is very happy, and the Biblical student of the Old Testament will find in this book a guide of the greatest value in clearly grasping the accounts of the Biblical writers.

THE HUNDRED GREATEST MEN: PORTRAITS OF THE HUNDRED GREATEST MEN IN HISTORY, REPRODUCED FROM FINE AND RARE STEEL-ENGRAVINGS, WITH GENERAL INTRODUCTION BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON; AND TO BOOK I. BY MATTHEW ARNOLD; TO BOOK II. BY H. TAINE; TO BOOK III. BY PROF. MAX MÜLLER AND ERNEST RENAN; TO BOOK IV. BY PRESIDENT NOAH PORTER; TO BOOK V. BY VERY REV. DEAN STANLEY; TO BOOK VI. BY PROF. H. HELMHOLTZ; TO BOOK VII. BY J. A. FROUDE; AND TO BOOK VIII. BY PROF. JOHN FISKE. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

The editor of this collection of pen portraits of the hundred greatest men, informs us that the project is one side of an attempt to view the history of the world as natural history. In this way he conceives biography as the physiology of history just as archæology is its anatomy. With this thought in mind Dr. William Wood has been for fifteen years a collector of engraved portraits and antiquities regarding them as historic documents. Out of this mass of material he has given us the illustrations of the book, which consist of the portraits of the great men, the primates of their race, while to illustrate the portraits we have short, and, it need hardly be said, meagre accounts of the men themselves, with a brief tabulation of their work, and a condensed estimate of their place in the world's progress. The principal literary value of the book, we think, is to be found in the prefaces or introductions to each department, with the general introduction by Ralph Waldo Emerson. All of these are written in a scholarly and able style, and will be read with as much or even more interest than the biographical sketches themselves. After all, we fancy the value of the work to most readers will be accepted as pertaining to the portraits, which are reproduced in a very artistic manner from old and rare engravings. These are of great interest. In the biographical statements nothing but the barest outline, not quite as much, in fact, as may be found in our best cyclopædias, is attempted. The book

is very handsomely printed and manufactured, and is one of the best specimens of book-making which we have recently seen.

EVE'S DAUGHTERS; OR, COMMON-SENSE FOR MAID, WIFE AND MOTHER. By Marian Harland, author of "Common-Sense in the Household." New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

The author of this book is widely known, and her words respected in a line of subjects peculiarly affecting the interests of her own sex. In the new volume under notice she talks familiarly to her sex about those matters where women need sound counsel more than elsewhere. It is in the relations of wife and mother that her advice is the most urgent and important. At a time when there is growing up among women of the better class such a cruelly perverse view of the duties and responsibility of their own sex, especially in relation to marriage and child-bearing, the words of a wise, earnest and thoughtful woman are peculiarly needed. Miss Harland speaks plainly, yet delicately, on such subjects, and if her injunctions could be widely heeded the world would be better off. It is a work to be specially and cordially recommended to young women everywhere.

A REVIEW OF THE HOLY BIBLE, CONTAINING THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS. By Edward B. Latch. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

The author of this book, for we suppose he can be called an author who rearranges and classifies the text of the Bible with a view to bringing out better the inner meaning and purpose of the text, we are led to judge is not a theologian by profession. But this does not commend his work any the less. The unprofessional enthusiast, believing either that he has some inner illumination, or convinced that he is working on the lines of a finer and higher logic than is given to other men, is well justified in encroaching on a field which by ordinary consent is given up to professional scholars. Mr. Latch is evidently profoundly sure that he has found esoteric meanings in the great Biblical cryptogram, which reveal themselves clearly once the clew is given. The clew in this case is a study of the Bible, taking the interpretations of St. Paul as a starting-point and assuming a number of bases, according to which these interpretations are classed. The whole attempt is curious and interesting, and is likely to prove edifying to students of



the Sacred Scriptures. Mr. Latch works out a curious historic psychology in the sacred records, and his comments and glosses are highly ingenious if not convincing. Of one thing we are sure. The author is convinced that his mission is to make the purpose of the Bible clearer, more consecutive and conclusive for the theology worked out of it by that great codifier and lawgiver of Christian theology, St. Paul. This modern coadjutor of the great apostle is saturated with the Pauline theology, and yet some of his views are fresh and original, though never at variance with those of his master, from whom he drinks at the fountain-head. The quaint and ingenious interpretations which we find scattered through these pages will repay reading, even when we think his glosses forced and eccentric. To find a man in this age of the world, after the raging of eighteen hundred years of exhaustive religious and dogmatic controversy, who fancies that he has something new and startling to say on the problems propounded in the Bible, is a refreshing fact which should not go without brief comment.

THE ELEMENTS OF MORAL SCIENCE, THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL. By Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D., President of Yale College. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The remarkable President of Yale College, whose name is treasured up in the hearts of thousands of the alumni of Yale as one of the wisest, most genial, and lovable of the many distinguished instructors associated with the history of the college, gives us in this study of ethics the ripe and mellowed fruit of his thought and work. For many years President Porter was the professor of mental and moral philosophy before he assumed the headship of the college. The substance of the book before us was originally given in the shape of lectures before the senior classes. We are told that the book is not designed for a scientific treatise, but to meet the wants of those students and readers who, though somewhat mature in their philosophical thinking and disciplined in their mental habits, still require expanded definitions and abundant illustrations involving more or less of repetition. Dr. Porter has in his own line of investigation great clearness of statement, and the power, perhaps growing out of the needs of the class-room, of familiarizing and simplifying abstruse reasonings. We find this strikingly illustrated in the book before us. It is masterly in its lucidity of reasoning, and in its applications often so practical as to

make us feel that the object of the author is not merely to lay bare the scientific theory of ethics, but to bring its principles home to the heart and sympathy of his readers. As a dialectical exposition the cut-and-dried philosopher who revels in the abstract formulas of Kant, Hegel, Schopenhauer and others may find occasion to criticise Dr. Porter's methods. But to the general reader the speculations of Dr. Porter will prove none the less interesting because he brings them down to the sympathies and interests of men.

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#### FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

DR. STRATMANN, the compiler of the excellent "Dictionary of the Old English Language," has died at Cologne at the age of sixty-two.

THE engagement is announced of Mr. G. E. Buckle, the editor of the *Times*, to Miss Alice Payn, the third daughter of the distinguished novelist and editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*.

THERE is the unusual number of three vacancies at this moment in the ranks of the French "Immortals." Two of the seats, however, are as good as filled by M. Joseph Bertrand and M. Victor Duruy. For the third there are several candidates, of whom M. Ludovic Halévy is first favorite. It was believed that M. Alphonse Daudet was standing, but he has authorized the *Figaro* to say that he never has offered himself, and never will offer himself to the Academy.

A NEW novel by Georg Ebers, upon which he has been at work for two years, is to be published at Christmas. The subject is taken from the last struggles of Paganism against Christendom, and the scene is laid in Egypt.

THE new and enlarged edition (the third) of Hermann Grimm's "Essays," includes articles on Lord Byron and Leigh Hunt, Frederick the Great and Macaulay, and Ralph Waldo Emerson.

HENRIK IBSEN'S "Vildanden" to which all Scandinavia has been looking forward for months past, proves on the whole a disappointment to his admirers. It is a five-act social satire, full of strong scenes and pregnant sayings, and containing at least two masterly characters; but there is no shirking the fact that as a drama it is ill-digested and formless. Nor is the apologue of "The Wild Duck," from which it takes its name, by any means so

luminous or of such general application as is commonly the case with this great satirist's inventions. It will certainly not add to the fame of the author of "A Doll's House" and "Ghosts." Bjørnsen, too, in his new novel, "Det Flager," is not at his best. It is an earnest and well-meant protest against false delicacy in education; but unfortunately it proves its author to be distinctly deficient in true delicacy. The youngest of the three great Norwegian poets, Alexander Kielland, has not yet issued his promised novel "Fortuna," but it is to be hoped that he may redeem the credit of a season which has as yet proved by no means the *annus mirabilis* that was anticipated.

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### MISCELLANY.

**WOMEN AS CASHIERS.**—The movement in favor of employing women in all kinds of work that was formerly done by men only is one that should be carried on with caution; for women and girls have sometimes been put into situations for which their sex is unfit—the Government clerkships in America for instance—and the result has been a reaction against their employment in capacities where they are really useful. But of all the posts to which women's aptitudes are the least open to question, that of cashier must be cited first. Women are excellent money-keepers. While male cashiers form a grievously large percentage among the prisoners brought to trial for embezzlement, women and girls being seldom exposed to the same temptations as men in the matter of dissipation, betting, gambling, or speculation, have very rarely been known to misappropriate moneys entrusted to them. An honest woman is very honest; "an honest man is too often," as Lord Palmerston bitterly said, "one who has never been tempted." A man once applied to an Italian banker for a cashiership, and was asked to state his qualifications. "I have been ten years in prison," he said, "and so shall not mind being locked up in a room by myself, and having my pockets searched when I go out and come in." The banker admired his impudence, took him at his word and used to say that he made a splendid cashier. We are not affirming that antecedents like this rogue's are required to fit a man for a post of trust; but we do maintain that it is very difficult to find a thoroughly trustworthy male cashier, even among applicants provided with a mass of testimonials; whereas careful, honest, and

well-educated women, in whom full confidence can be placed, exist in great numbers.—*Graphic.*

**THE HOUSE OF LORDS: CAN IT BE REFORMED?**—We look to a second Chamber to improve the work of the first, not simply to foil it. We do not expect to have to do the work over again, as has been the case with nearly every measure submitted to the ordeal of passing the House of Lords. Why is this? How comes it to happen with a House in which, without doubt, there are men of acknowledged capacity—men fully coming up to the idea of what an assembly of notables should be—there is this constantly recurring, mischievous meddling? How is it that beneficent legislation has almost invariably had to be wrung from them, and that an inordinate waste of time, coupled with an utterly unnecessary and irritating friction, has been the result? An answer to these questions is to be found in the fact that the members of the House of Lords feel themselves entitled to legislate according to their own sweet will, and without reference to the wishes or wants of the people of this country. They look upon all political and social questions from the point of view of their own order—an order which at the best must be regarded as exclusive and privileged. This tendency is a perfectly natural one, and they are to be no more blamed for exhibiting it than any other class, whether rich or poor, professional or commercial, for looking at matters from their own point of view. We must condemn the system which not only enables the Lords to do this, but gives effect to their views by according to them privileges for which practically the country gets no return. We have no right to expect a Peer to place himself outside his surroundings: we have a right to demand that the needs of the many shall be preferred to the interests of the few. Observe the tendency of those interests, and note one result, at least, which is in itself productive of ill. The tendency among the Peers towards the principles of Conservatism increases every year. Even Peers who in the House of Commons were apparently sound Liberals rarely maintained their strictly Liberal attitude; and where the original possessor of the title proves true to his early faith, it is rarely that his successor walks in his steps. The consequence is that the Conservative majority in the House of Lords has for many years gone on steadily increasing, and the addition of fresh recruits does little to stem the

tide; one result of which is that a Liberal Ministry comes into power very heavily handicapped; it has this hostile majority always to contend with, and has to shape its measures, not so much with an eye to the wants of the people, as to the possibility of mollifying this majority. It further throws the burden of legislative work on the House of Commons unduly, because a Liberal Ministry knows full well that it will require the force of a large majority in the Lower House to induce the Upper House even to consider its measures. Much of the difficulty experienced in the House of Commons, by the Government as well as by private Members, in getting their measures passed, is due to that House being overworked; the reason of this being that the other House does not get its fair share of work, owing to its attitude towards all Liberal legislation. I am far from saying that Conservatives, or Conservative Peers, have no sympathy with their fellow-countrymen. But their feeling towards the masses is that of desiring to act for them rather than of wishing to get them to act for themselves; in other words they show a tendency to maintain the power of beneficial legislation in their own hands, and not to entrust it to those who are likely to feel its effects the most. It is this want of confidence rather than a lack of sympathy which is so unfortunate. It makes the Peers anxious to retain power in their own interests; and thus their action in the House of Lords is taken without the slightest sense of responsibility, or without the slightest pretence of representing the views and wishes of the people at large. What, then, is the remedy for all this? Clearly, to make the second Chamber truly a representative one—representative of the great interests of the people, of the State, of the empire.—*British Quarterly*.

A REVOLVING LIBRARY.—The idea of applying the principle of revolution to simplify religious duties seems to have originated in the feeling that since only the learned could acquire merit by continually reciting portions of Buddha's works, the ignorant and hard working were rather unfairly weighted in life's heavenward race. Thus it came to be accounted sufficient that a man should turn over each of the numerous rolled manuscripts containing the precious precepts, and considering the multitude of these voluminous writings, the substitution of this simple process must have been very consolatory. Max Müller has told us how the original documents of the Buddhist

canon were first found in the monasteries of Nepaul, and soon afterwards further documents were discovered in Thibet and Mongolia, the Thibetan canon consisting of two collections, together comprising 333 volumes folio. Another collection of the Wisdom of Buddha was brought from Ceylon, covering 14,000 palm leaves, and written partly in Singalese and partly in Burmese characters. Nice light reading! From turning over these manuscripts by hand, to the simple process of arranging them in a huge cylindrical book-case, and turning that bodily, was a very simple and ingenious transition; and thus the first circulating library came into existence!—*Contemporary Review*.

A CHILD'S METAPHORS.—The early use of names by children seems to illustrate the play of fancy almost as much as the activity of thought. In sooth, have not thought and imagination this in common, that they both combine elements of experience in new ways, and both trace out the similarities of things? The poet's simile is not so far removed from the scientific discoverer's new idea. Goethe the poet readily became Goethe the morphologist, detecting analogies in structures which to the common eye were utterly unlike. The sweet attractiveness of baby-speech is due in no small measure to its highly pictorial and metaphorical character. Like the primitive language of the race, that of the child is continually used as a vehicle for poetical comparison. The child and the poet have this in common, that their minds are not fettered by all the associations and habits of mind which lead us prosaic persons to separate things by absolutely insuperable barriers. In their case imagination darts swiftly, like a dragon-fly, from object to object, ever discovering beneath a surface-dissimilarity some unobtrusive likeness. A child is apt to puzzle its elders by these swift movements of its mind. It requires a certain poetic element in a parent to follow the lead of the daring child-fancy, and it is probable that many a fine perception of analogy by children has been quite thrown away on the dull and prejudiced minds of their seniors. To give an example of this metaphorical use of words by the child: C. when eighteen months old was one day watching his sister as she dipped her crust into her tea. He was evidently surprised by the rare sight, and after looking a moment or two, exclaimed "Ba!" (bath), laughing with delight, and trying, as was his wont when deeply interested in a spectacle, to push his

mother's face round so that she too might admire it. The boy delighted in such figurative use of words, now employing them as genuine similes, as when he said of a dog panting after a run, "Dat bow-wow like puff-puff" and of the first real ship he saw sailing, "Dat ship go majory daw" (*i.e.* like marjory-daw in the nursery rhyme). Like many a poet he has had his recurring or standing metaphors. Thus, as we have seen, "ship" was the figurative expression for all objects having a pyramidal form. A pretty example of his love of metaphor was his habit of calling the needle in a small compass of his father's "bir" (bird). It needs a baby-mind to detect the faint resemblance to the bird form and the bird movement here. The same tendency of the child-mind to view things metaphorically or by the aid of analogies to what is already familiar, shows itself in the habit of personifying natural objects. It has been said by a living philosopher that children do not attribute life, thought, and purpose to inanimate things; but observation of their use of words is, I think, decidedly against this view. C. had a way from a very early date of looking at natural objects as though by their actions they specially aimed at affecting his well-being. Thus he would show all the signs of kingly displeasure when his serenity of mind was disturbed by noises. When, for example, he was taken to the seaside (about when twenty months old), he greatly disappointed his parent, expectant of childish wonder in his eyes by merely muttering "Water make noise." Again, he happened one day in the last week of his second year to be in the garden with his father while it was thundering. On hearing the sound he said with an evident tone of annoyance, "Tonna mâ Ninghi noi," *i.e.* thunder makes noise for C., and he instantly added, "Notty tonna!" (naughty thunder). He was falling into that habit of mind against which philosophers have often warned us, making man the measure of the universe. The idea that the solemn roar of thunder was specially designed to disturb the peace of mind of so diminutive a person seems no doubt absurd enough; yet how many of us are altogether free from the same narrow, vain, egoistic way of looking out into the vast and boundless cosmos?—*English Illustrated Magazine*.

HAS ENGLAND A SCHOOL OF MUSICAL COMPOSITION?—We suppose the question must be answered in the affirmative; but with the knowledge that the insularity of Eng-

land reduces the idea to a minimum. Our insular position is a natural obstacle to the complete development of our music. We pursue music with all activity, but that of itself is but the physique, as it were, of vitality. It is an evident truth that, besides that the artistic and intellectual development of this great human art necessitates a wide area for its growth, its vital or emotional being demands a more southern country than England. Central Europe is the seat of music's history. Our aspirations, intelligent activity, and association with the Continent, lead to our reflecting the workmanship of southern art in our serious compositions; this is not a struggle, as that to find vitality, but an achievement. This stage of imitation greatly characterizes modern English music effort. Even Arthur Sullivan, our modern land Dibdin, shows the intellectual side of his genius in imitation. The great mass of our modern melody is too conscious of structure to be true, too sentimental to be real. These are relative descriptions, but the whole condition of English music is relative. The musical faculty—the spontaneous creation of music is national—is natural, yet is not equally developed. Individual instances of its truthful, vital, genuine (whatever expression signifies relationship to southern developments) existence in our history are so rare and isolated, that we might surely wonder how they came to be, and the influence of their example on us has had proportionately small consequences. But the typical English activity and work—which is quite another thing—goes on. We may certainly allow a national style of English Church music in the past, but must remember that religion was its *raison d'être*—a wider development of music was absent. Thus, in asking ourselves if we have or have not a school of English music—taking "school" to mean the mould of music's expression determined by the circumstances and men of the time—we must acknowledge that, though we doubtless have something of the sort, it is only in the slightest degree perceptible.—*Musical Opinion*.

BOOTY IN WAR.—Charles, as soon as he had finished conquering Lorraine, gathered his host at Besançon, and marched to Granson on the Neuchâtel Lake. Here a garrison of 500 Swiss was betrayed to him; he hanged or drowned every man of them, including the monks who came as chaplains. Justly enraged, the Federation gathered its whole strength, and with 24,000 men fell upon Charles unawares

and defeated him utterly. The booty was something fabulous; Burgundy, taxing taxes from all the rich Netherland towns, was then the richest Power in Europe. The spoil was valued at a quarter of a million. You may calculate what that would be worth now. The big diamonds—one is now in the Pope's tiara, another was long the glory of the French regalia—were among the valuables. The Duke's throne was valued at 11,000 gulden; all his plate, his silver bedstead, his wonderfully illuminated prayer-book, were taken, besides 1,000,000 gulden in his treasure chest, 10,000 horses, and a proportionate quantity of all kinds of stores. No wonder the Swiss never recovered Granson; there were long and bitter quarrels about the division of the booty, and the coming in of so much wealth amongst a simple people demoralised them sadly, and led the way to their becoming the chief mercenaries of Europe.—*Good Words*.

SIR HENRY BESSEMER.—Among his early contrivances may be noted a method by which basso-relievos were copied on cardboard, and also a machine for producing bronze-dust at a low price. Knowing well the inefficiency of the Patent Laws, Bessemer was careful to conduct his operations as secretly as possible, and the manufacture of gold bronze powder is still invested with much of the mystery of mediæval alchemy. After inventing a system for improving the Government stamps on deeds and other documents, so as to render forgery impossible, saving the country several millions (for which he received no reward or acknowledgment whatever from the Government), he submitted to the authorities at Woolwich a novel form of projectile. On its rejection in England he exhibited it to the emperors of France and Austria, who acknowledged its value, and gave the inventor every assistance for its improvement. It was incidentally remarked, however, that some stronger metal than any then in use would be necessary for the construction of the guns, to enable them to resist so heavy a charge. It is said that this remark first led Bessemer to turn his attention to the improvement of the method of smelting iron. He established and maintained at his own expense a foundry in the north of London, where he continued for several years to expend nearly the whole of his private fortune. At length, in 1856, at the Cheltenham meeting of the British Association, the scientific world was startled, and almost a panic created at Birmingham, by the announcement of the discovery of the process,

since known as the Bessemer process, which was to effect a revolution in the metal industry. The invention, however, remained incomplete till the year 1859, when it first began to be adopted by the Sheffield and Birmingham manufacturers. Recent improvements—more particularly the Gilchrist-Thomas process—have since greatly increased its value and removed, or at least diminished, its earlier defects. Bessemer steel is now used for every purpose in "hardware," and has almost entirely supplanted wrought iron. For rails it has proved invaluable. Then its extreme tenacity and toughness render it most suitable for the purposes of ship-building and boiler construction. It has been adopted by Krupp in Prussia, and Elpstrand in Sweden, for the manufacture of their celebrated ordnance; and even Sir William Armstrong, in designing his coiled steel guns, resorted to the Bessemer metal. Mr. W. D. Allen, of Sheffield, who was the first to adopt the process practically and commercially, declared recently that he had made every conceivable article with the metal, from an intermediate crank shaft to a corkscrew or table-knife. In 1878 a Commission of the Admiralty adopted Bessemer steel as the most serviceable material for anchors. The inventions of Sir Henry Bessemer are embodied in no less than 114 patents, and the drawings of these alone, all from his own pencil, fill seven volumes. Some of these refer to the casting of printing types, and various improvements in the management of a type foundry; to railway brakes; to the improved manufacture of glass; the silvering of glass; to improved apparatus in sugar refining; and to producing ornamental surfaces on leather and textile fabrics. In 1875 he invented the *Bessemer* saloon steamer for preventing sea-sickness. A company was formed, he himself subscribing 725,000 towards the capital, but unfortunately it failed. The institute of Civil Engineers was the first body to recognise the merits of Mr. Bessemer's work, and in 1858 conferred upon him the Telford gold medal. The interposition of the British Government prevented him receiving from the Emperor Napoleon III. the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor. From the Emperor of Austria he received the Cross of a Knight Commander of Francis Joseph. In 1871, he was elected President of the Iron and Steel Institute, and in the following year was awarded the Albert Gold Medal by the Society of Arts. In 1879 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and a few months afterwards was knighted at Windsor.—*Science*.



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FROM SIBERIA TO SWITZERLAND.

THE STORY OF AN ESCAPE.

BY WILLIAM WESTALL.

ESCAPES of political and other convicts from Western Siberia are more frequent than is generally supposed, but from Eastern Siberia, though often attempted, they seldom succeed. Save for convicts under sentence of penal servitude, and actually imprisoned, it is easy to elude the vigilance of the police and get away from a convict village or settlement, but it is almost impossible to get out of the country. The immense distances to be traversed, the terrible climate, lack of money, the absolute necessity of keeping to the high roads, prove, except in very few instances, insuperable obstacles to final success. In order to be really free, moreover, it is imperative for a fugitive not alone to pass the frontier of European Russia, but to reach some country where he runs

no risk of falling into the clutches of the imperial police. Even in Germany he is liable to be recaptured, and is really safe only in England, France, or Switzerland. Hence, to make good a flight from Eastern Siberia requires a conjuncture of so many favorable and nearly impossible circumstances as to render a complete escape a rare and remarkable event. But the incentives to escape are as great as the obstacles to success. No life can be more horrible than that of a political exile in the far east or far north of Siberia. Even at Irkoutsk the mean temperature is fifty degrees below the freezing-point of Réaumur; for many months of the year the sun in some parts of the country shines but two or three hours in the twenty-four, and for days together darkness covers the face of the

land. A man untrained to manual labor, or unacquainted with the arts of trapping and killing wild animals and collecting peltry, turned adrift in the remoter parts of Siberia, runs the risk of perishing of hunger and cold. A Russian refugee, now at Geneva, tells that, during his sojourn in Eastern Siberia, he spent the greater part of the long winter in bed, rising only to swallow some rancid oil, the sole food he could obtain. To escape from such a life as this a man will risk almost anything. Even incarceration in a central prison, or the penal servitude of the mines, can hardly be more terrible. The trouble is, that the way to freedom lies through Western Siberia and Russia in Europe. The road south is barred by the wild tribes that haunt the frontiers of Mongolia and Manchuria, who either kill or give up to the Russians all the fugitives that fall into their hands.

On the other hand, the escape of a prisoner or of a convict under sentence of penal servitude is far more difficult than the flight of an involuntary exile; the latter may leave when he will, the former must either break out of prison or evade his guardians, and being soon missed he runs great risk of being quickly recaptured. How, in one instance at least, by boldness, address, presence of mind, and good luck, the difficulties were overcome, the following narrative, related, as nearly as possible, in Debagorio Mokrievitch's own words, will show. Other fugitives, for instance Nicolas Lopatin, a gentleman now living in Geneva, who escaped from Vercholenk in 1881, may have encountered great hardships, but, being exiles at large, they were neither so soon missed nor so quickly pursued. Debagorio was under sentence of penal servitude, and the flight from Siberia of a man condemned to penal servitude is almost unexampled. Even rarer than an escape is the true account of one, related by the fugitive himself. Imaginary accounts exist in plenty, but, so far as I am aware, no authentic personal narrative of an escape from Eastern Siberia—at any rate in English or French—has ever before been given to the world.

I first heard of Mokrievitch in May, 1881, a few days after his arrival in Geneva, and through the kindness of

Prince Krapotkine obtained (and communicated to a London newspaper) a brief sketch of his fellow-exile's adventures; but for certain reasons, that exist no longer, it was not considered expedient to publish the full and complete account which the reader will find in the following pages.

WILLIAM WESTALL.

#### THE ARREST.

On the evening of February 11, 1879, several friends of the revolutionary cause, of whom I was one, met at Yvitchevitche's lodgings, in the house Kossarovsky, Yleanski Street, Kieff, the town where I was then living. After a short conversation, Anton, myself, and several others left the house with the intention of passing the rest of the evening with our friend, Madame Babitchev. The inevitable samovar was bubbling on the table, our hospitable hostess gave us a warm welcome, cigarettes were lighted, conversation was joined, and an hour or more passed very pleasantly.

Anton was the first to leave, and he could hardly have reached the street when we were startled by a loud report like the firing of a pistol. We stared at each other in consternation, and Strogov, running into the ante-room, looked through the window and listened at the door, in order to find out what had happened. In a few minutes he came back with satisfactory tidings. Nothing unusual seemed to be stirring in the street; and he attributed the report we had heard to the banging of a door in a neighboring café. So we resumed our conversation and our tea-drinking with quiet minds. But five minutes later we were again disturbed; this time by sounds the character of which there was no mistaking. The trampling of heavy feet in the vestibule, hurried exclamations, words of command, and the rattling of arms, told us only too well with whom we had to do.

The police were upon us.

Notwithstanding our desire to resist, we knew that we should be compelled to yield without a blow. There was not a weapon amongst us. A few seconds were passed in anxious thought. Then the double-winged doors were thrown violently open, and we saw that the

ante-room was occupied by a detachment of soldiers, with bayonets lowered and ready to charge. From the right flank came the words, loud and clear: "Will you surrender, gentlemen? I am the officer in command of the detachment."

I looked round and recognized in the officer with the gendarme uniform and drawn sword, Soudeikin in person, then a subaltern in the Kieff gendarmerie, later the famous chief of the political police of the capital.

Despite the imposing military array, the haughty bearing of the officer, the glittering bayonets and stern looks of the soldiers, and the unpleasant sense of having fallen into their toils, the whole affair seemed to me just a little amusing, and I could not help smiling, and saying, in answer to Soudeikin's summons, "Are we then a fortress, Mr. Officer, that you call upon us to surrender?"

"No; but your comrades . . . ." the rest of the sentence, owing to the din, I did not catch.

"What comrades?" I asked.

"You will soon see," replied Soudeikin.

Then he ordered his men to search us, after which we were to be taken to the police office.

The searching over, we were surrounded by thirty or forty soldiers, with arms at the trail, and conducted to the Libed police station. Even before we reached our destination we could see that something unusual had happened. The building was lighted up, and there was an excited crowd about the door. After mounting the staircase we were led into the waiting-room. It was filled with armed men. Pushing my way with some difficulty through the press, I saw on the other side of the room several of our friends. But, my God, what a state they were in! Posen and Steblin Kamensky were bound hand and foot; the cords so tightly drawn that their elbows, forced behind their backs, actually touched. Close to them were Mesdames Arnfeld, Sarandovitch, and Patalizina. It was evident that something extraordinary had befallen in the house of Kossarovsky, shortly after we left. I could not, however, ask our friends any questions, for that would have been taken as proof that we were

acquainted. Yet, from a few words dropped here and there, I soon learnt what had come to pass. They had resisted the police, a gendarme had been killed, and all whom we had left at the meeting arrested.

I had hardly made this discovery when a disturbance was heard in the next room—trampling of feet, loud exclamations, and voices in contention, one of which I seemed to know. The next moment a man burst into the reception-room, literally dragging behind him two gendarmes, who tried in vain to stop him. His dishevelled hair, pale face, and flaming eyes, showed that he had been engaged in a struggle beyond his strength.

In a few minutes he was garotted and forced into a seat near us.

"Separate the prisoners one from another!" cried Colonel Novitzki.

On this each of us was immediately surrounded by four soldiers.

"If they resist, use your bayonets!" said the colonel.

After a short interval we were called one after another into the next room. I was called the last. On responding to the summons I found myself in the presence of several gendarmes and officers of police, by whom I was searched a second time.

"Have the goodness to state your name," said Colonel Novitzki, after the operation was completed.

"I would rather not," I answered.

"In that case I shall tell you who you are."

"You will do me a great pleasure," I replied.

"You are called Debagorio Mokrievitch," said the colonel.

"Yes, that is your name," put in Soudeikin.

"I am delighted to make your acquaintance, colonel," I answered, giving the military salute.

It would have been useless to deny my identity. My mother, my brother, and my sister were living at Kieff, and I did not want to have them compelled to confront the police and ordered to recognize me.

#### THE SENTENCE.

We were lodged in the principal prison of Kieff. On April 20, we received



copies of the indictment, drawn up by Strelnikoff, prosecuting advocate to the Military Tribunal (he was afterwards killed at Odessa). We were, in all, fourteen prisoners, accused of sedition, of belonging to secret political societies, and of resisting the police. In order to give greater publicity to the trial, we resolved to have ourselves defended by counsel from St. Petersburg and put forward a request to this effect. But after some delay we were informed that if we wanted advocates, we must choose them from among the candidates for judge-ships attached to the tribunal of Kieff, and therefore dependent for promotion on the functionary by whom the prosecution was to be conducted. Deeming this a practical denial of justice, we determined to take no active part whatever in the proceedings.

At six o'clock on the morning of April 20, we were taken before the tribunal. Eight of our party were men, six women. The first thing that struck me was the strength of the escort—more than a hundred Cossacks, besides gendarmes and policemen. Officers were running from group to group, giving orders and making arrangements, as if they were preparing for a general action. The women were led off first, after which we men were placed in a large barred carriage, so spacious indeed that we could all seat ourselves comfortably.

Then the procession moved off. At its head rode Gubernet, the chief of the police. After him came the captain of the gendarmerie, Rudov, an old school-fellow of mine. Our carriage was surrounded by Cossacks, the rear-rank men carrying loaded carbines. All the horses were put to the gallop, and the police, who feared a manifestation in our favor, had cleared the streets of spectators, and ordered a complete suspension of traffic. Not a figure without uniform was to be seen, and strong bodies of troops occupied every street corner.

I need not describe the trial—if trial it can be called: it lasted four days, and ended in the condemnation of three of our number to death; the rest were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. My sentence was fourteen years and ten months' penal servitude.

We were led back to prison with precisely the same precautions as had been

observed when we were taken before the tribunal. The people were not allowed by their presence in the street to show even silent sympathy, either with us, or with the cause for which we suffered and so many had perished.

After the verdict and the sentence life became a little easier for us. Instead of being compelled to take exercise one by one, we were now allowed to meet and walk about freely in the prison yard. The police had an object in granting us this indulgence. Before the trial several attempts had been made to take our photographs; but this we had resolutely refused to allow. For those who cherish hopes of regaining their liberty, the possession of their likeness by the police is strongly to be deprecated. We were now informed by the authorities of the gaol that unless we complied with their wishes in this matter our meetings and our walks would be stopped. We enjoyed our social intercourse immensely. It was an unspeakable comfort to us. Three of our little company were under sentence of death, the fate of three others trembled in the balance, and would be made known only at the foot of the scaffold. It was not possible that we could long remain together, and we offered to comply with the wish of our gaolers on condition that we should not be separated until the last. This condition being accepted, our photographs were taken.

The quarters of several of us were in an upper story of the prison, and from our grated windows we could watch the construction of the gallows. The place of execution was a plain about two-thirds of a mile from the prison gates. Those doomed to death, being on a lower story, did not witness these ghastly preparations, and none of us, of course, gave them a hint of what was going on.

At length, and only too swiftly, came the 13th of May. We had been told nothing, but from the completion of the gallows, the behavior of the warders, and from other signs, we thought that the executions were fixed for the following day. The condemned thought so themselves. Although we did our utmost to keep outwardly calm, the farewells that evening were unspeakably sad. Most touching and agonizing of all was the parting of those who were to

die on the morrow with those who expected to follow them a little later on to the scaffold and the grave. Two months afterwards Beltchomsky and Anisim Fedorow were hanged on the same gallows.

Five thousand soldiers and gendarmes escorted our doomed friends to the place of execution. On previous occasions the authorities had thought it well to do their hanging early in the morning, while people slept. This time they did it with pomp, circumstance and parade. The cavalcade of death did not leave the prison gates until nearly noon; traffic was suspended, but the streets were crowded with spectators, and when the bodies of our comrades swung in the air, the military band struck up a lively tune, as if they were rejoicing over some great victory.

#### SENT TO SIBERIA.

From the time of the execution to the date of our departure for Siberia nothing noteworthy came to pass. All sorts of rumors were current touching our destination and our fate. Every day brought a new conjecture or a fresh story. It was said that we were to be confined in one of the dreaded central prisons—that we were to be immured in the casemates of St. Peter and St. Paul—that we were to be sent to Eastern Siberia, to Western Siberia—to the island of Sakhalin—that we were not to be sent anywhere, but to stay where we were.

At length, on May 30, the question was settled. Ten prisoners, of whom I made one, were summoned to the office, and told that we were forthwith to take our departure—whither, our custodians refused to say. The next proceeding was to put two of our friends, who did not belong to the privileged order, in irons and shave their heads. We others, being nobles, were to be spared this indignity until we reached our destination. For the present we were required only to don the ordinary convict costume, consisting of a long gray capote, marked on the back with a yellow ace for those sentenced to simple transportation, and with two aces for those condemned to penal servitude.

“Will you not tell us whither we are

going?” asked one of our number of General Gubernet, as we stepped into the van.

“To Eastern Siberia,” said the General, who stood near the door.

Then I knew my fate—fourteen years hard labor—possibly in a region of almost endless night, and as cold as the Polar regions.

The station of Kursk, the cities of Mzensk, Moscow, and Nijni Novgorod are passed in quick succession. At Nijni Novgorod we leave the railway and continue our journey, as far as Perm, by water. It is only here that we begin to realize that we are really on the road to Siberia. We are transferred to little three-horse carriages, with a soldier in front and a gendarme by the side of each prisoner. By leaning a little forward it is possible to see the vast horizon before us, and the forests and mountains that stretch for unknown distances on either side of the road. It is difficult to describe the feelings of a captive who for months, or it may be for years, has been under bolt and bar, and whose views have been limited to the blank walls of a prison, when he once more breathes the free air of heaven, and beholds nature in all her grandeur and her beauty. It is as if the liberty for which his soul has never ceased to yearn were opening to him her arms and bidding him be free.

The country through which we were passing was thinly peopled, and buildings and houses were few and far between. The broad highway was bordered in some places by brushwood, in others by immense forests. All sorts of fancies flitted through my brain. I thought of home—of father, mother and friends—of the cause, of the incidents of my trial, and the dreary future that lay before me: fourteen years' hard labor in Eastern Siberia—a hell hopeless as any conceived in the brain of Dante. And then plans of escape surged through my mind, each wilder and more fantastic than its fellow.

We travel night and day, always with the same soldier and gendarme, though not always with the same driver. On one occasion we change horses at midnight, and shortly afterwards I see that my guards are overcome by sleep. They nod and rouse themselves in turn;

their efforts to keep awake are laughable. As for me, my thoughts hinder sleep, but an idea occurs to me, and I nod too, and, drawing myself into my corner, I snore. The stratagem succeeds. A few minutes later my gendarme is snoring loud enough to waken the dead. The soldier who sits before me embraces his rifle with both hands and feet, and sways to and fro with the motion of the tarantass, now and then incoherently muttering in a guttural voice. He is deep in dreamland. I rise softly and look out into the night. A million stars are shining in the clear sky, and I can see that we are passing through a thick forest. A spring, a bound, and I could be among those trees. Once there, my guards can no more find me than the wolf that steals through the covert, for I am fleet of foot and eager for freedom. But dressed in this convict costume, how long should I be able to keep my freedom? To regain Russia, I must follow the highroad, and the first soldier or gendarme I met would arrest me. True, I might throw away my capote, with its double ace, but I had no hat, and a bare-headed man would invite attention even more than one clad in the costume of a felon. Worse still, I had no arms. I could neither defend myself against wild animals nor kill game; and if I am compelled to take to the woods, game may be the only food I shall be able to procure.

No; I must abandon the idea now, and watch for a more favorable opportunity hereafter. As I come reluctantly to this conclusion I remember—it seemed like an inspiration—that the gendarme has a hat on his head and a revolver by his side. Why not take them? He is still fast asleep, snoring, if possible, harder than ever. I shall never have such another chance. I will do it: two minutes more and then—freedom.

I almost shout.

Holding my breath, and trying to still the beatings of my heart, I creep close to the sleeping man, and lay my hand gently on the hat. He makes no sign, and the next moment the hat is under my capote. Now the revolver! I lay hold of the butt, and try to draw it from the gendarme's belt. It does not come out easily—I pull again—pull a second time,

and am preparing to pull a third time, when the snoring suddenly ceases.

Quick as thought, I shrink into my corner, breathe deeply and pretend to sleep. The gendarme rouses himself, mutters, and passes his hand over his head. Then he searches all about him, and, evidently alarmed by the loss of his hat, he sleeps no more.

"Hallo, brother!" I say, "you seem to have lost your hat."

"I am afraid I have, sir," he answers in a puzzled voice, at the same time scratching his head by way, probably, of keeping it warm.

"You see what it is to sleep on the road, my friend! Suppose, now, I had slipped out of the carriage! Nothing would have been easier."

"Oh, but you never thought of such a thing, and I am sure you would not do it, sir."

"But why?" I ask.

"Because I have done you no harm, and you do not want to get a poor fellow into trouble! You know yourself how severely gendarmes are dealt with who let their prisoners escape."

"Very well, brother, here is your hat which I found and hid—just to frighten you a bit."

Just then we reached another station, and the poor fellow as he put on his head-gear thanked me quite pathetically, as much for not running away as for restoring his property.

#### THE CONVOY.

At Krasnovarski we were put in prison again, and there remained several weeks, awaiting further orders as to our disposal, for, notwithstanding what we had been told at Kieff, there appeared to be some doubt touching the fate in store for us. At length came the final instructions. We were to march with the chain-gang of common prisoners to Irkoutsk. It was then that, as an expedient for avoiding penal servitude and eventually regaining my liberty, the idea of effecting an exchange first occurred to me. The device is one frequently practised among the outlaws of Siberia. This is the method of it:—Two prisoners make a bargain, whereby one of the contracting parties takes the name and certificate and assumes the crime of

the other, and *vice versa*. There is, in fact, a complete change of identities, and the one who gains by the exchange settles the difference by a money payment. The result is that the man condemned to hard labor becomes a Siberian settler, and the other takes his place at the mines or in gaol. The bargain may appear an unequal one, but a moneyless man will sometimes do a great deal for a small sum of ready cash—especially if he has a passion for gambling or drink—and there is always the possibility that, when the deceit is discovered, the more extreme penalty may not be enforced. In the meantime, moreover, the supposed political prisoner, who is generally of noble birth, enjoys a consideration and some material advantages which are denied to the common malefactor.

During the long tramp of the chain gang these substitutions are effected without much difficulty. The escort being changed every two days, it is impossible for the members of it, in so short a time, to familiarize themselves with the names and condition of the ten or twelve score prisoners who compose the convoy. They can do no more than count heads, and when the officer in command of the party has delivered to his successor the same number of convicts, in each category, which he received from his predecessor, his task is fully acquitted. Whether they are the same persons he cannot undertake to say, and is never asked.

On August 20, or thereabouts—I am not sure to a day—we were once more *en route*, this time on foot. From Krasnovarski the distance is 700 English miles, and the journey, it was reckoned, would occupy about two months. I had thus ample time to make the acquaintance of my convict comrades and carry out the substitution.

We were now put under an altogether different *régime*. Hitherto we had not been able to exchange a word with anybody. I saw about me only my fellow political convicts, and might speak, when occasion required, to none but my guards. Now we were allowed to communicate freely with each other, and with the rather mixed society of which we formed a part. The gang consisted of 170 persons of both sexes and of every class and age; from the babe in

its mother's arms to the old man with snow-white hair. Most of them were peasants; yet several among us could claim the privileges of nobility. But the strength of the convoy diminished as we went on, for Krasnovarski is within the limits of Eastern Siberia, and several prisoners were left as colonists at the villages through which we passed.

The escort consisted of an officer and thirty soldiers, armed with old-fashioned muskets. A detachment of three or four marched at the head of the column. The others marched at the side and were supposed to form a military chain. But it was so weak, relatively to its duties, as to be almost worthless, the convoy being increased to a portentous length by the baggage-wagons and the families of the prisoners who were following them into exile. After the baggage-wagons came two carriages occupied by gentlemen malefactors of the nobility, and three in which, when they were footsore, rode the political prisoners.

About six o'clock in the evening the convoy generally reached the "half-stage," a building in which we pass the night. After a march of two days, or of a full day, we had a day's rest at one of the buildings known as *étapes*, or stages. On these occasions the prisoners are ranged in front of the building and counted. If the count be right the gates are opened, and with cries of joy the weary wayfarers throw themselves into the court. Then, pushing and hustling, clanking their chains and cursing like demons, they fight their way into the house, struggling desperately for the best places. The first comers take possession of the benches; the others lie where they can. When all are inside the gates are closed, but the doors are not barred until nightfall.

The "stage" is a small wooden barrack—with a large court, formed of palisades, in the rear—divided into several compartments, one of which is assigned to the nobles of the convoy; but like all the others it is far too little for its destined purpose. The prisoners are as closely packed as herrings in a barrel. A few only can find places on the benches. The others have to sleep on the damp and dirty floor. Next to the benches the most desirable spot is under them, for there it is a little

cleaner and the sleepers are less likely to be disturbed than on the open floor.

The struggle for places over, the barrack-yard becomes very lively. The prisoners are preparing the evening meal; some laying fires, others putting a few scanty morsels of food into a pot—for our fare is terribly meagre; others bringing water and making tea. After supper we are again counted, driven inside, and left there for the night. No one is allowed to go out for any purpose whatever; but as a substitute for latrines large wooden pails are placed in the corridor. The presence of these abominations among so many people in ill-ventilated rooms renders the air unutterably foul; its odor is something quite peculiar, as all who have had occasion to enter the prisoners' quarters at night, or, still worse, early in the morning, well know.

In the same corridor, but at the other end, is the *maidan*, a sort of itinerant shop, which serves at the same time as a club and gambling saloon: for the prisoners are much given to play. This *maidan* is an institution common to every Siberian convoy and gaol. The *markitant*, or keeper of it, is always a prisoner. The post, which is much coveted and very profitable, is sold to the highest bidder, and the proceeds of the sale, often considerable, are added to the common hoard. For one of the first proceedings of the prisoners is to form themselves into a society, which is a faithful reproduction of the rural *mir*. They elect a *starosta*, who also acts as general cashier, and appoint him an assistant. The authorities, on their part, always recognise this system of self-government, and acknowledge the authority of the *starosta*. All orders are communicated through him, and he makes all payments on behalf of the community. He acts, in short, as general intermediary between the prisoners and their custodians—bribes, when it is necessary, the agents of justice, and pays a regular tribute to the executioner, in consideration whereof that official is good enough, often at the risk of his own back, to wield his whip with all possible consideration for the feelings of his victim.

The scene in the *markitant's* den on a rest day was very queer, and, well

painted, would make a striking picture: the players round the capote-covered table, as excited and as intent over their game as if they were playing for thousands of roubles instead of fractions of kopecs—the shouting and gesticulating onlookers, following with keenest interest the varying fortunes of the game—a ruined gambler bargaining with the *markitant* for an advance on a coat, a pair of shoes, or an old watch—a convict asleep on the floor—another mending a rent in his clothes—a third hammering at his irons. He is widening the rings that shackle his legs, in order that he may slip them off when he is on the road—walking in irons not being precisely an amusement. The sentries and the officers cannot fail to hear the clang of the hammer, but the custom of removing irons while on the march is so common as to have the force of a recognised regulation, and is seldom, if ever, objected to by the commander of an escort.

Day followed day with unvarying monotony, but every one brought us nearer to our destination, and though I had not yet ventured to effect an exchange, I never wavered in my resolution to escape on the first favorable opportunity. Almost every day we met vagabonds, as runaway convicts are called, making for Russia. Their dress, their closely cropped hair, and their general appearance left no doubt as to their quality. Yet neither the officer of the escort nor the local authorities paid the least attention to them, so common are fugitive convicts on Siberian roads. When they met us they would draw on one side, sometimes saluting the officer. I have known old friends meet in this way.

"Hallo, Ivan Ivanovitch, how goes it?" would call out one of the tramps to a man whom he recognised in the chain gang.

"Ah, is that you, Iliouschka?" would answer the other pleasantly. "What! have you become a vagabond\* already?"

\* As vagabonds are frequently mentioned in this narrative, and Mokrievitch himself became one of them, it may be well to explain that the wanderers so designated are simply tramps unfurnished with passports. A double stream of these waifs is always on the move

"Yes, I am on the lookout for cheap lodgings; I dare say I shall soon get accommodated."

This in allusion to the certainty, sooner or later, of his recapture.

Political prisoners on the march enjoy privileges which are denied to ordinary convicts. They are not fettered; they can, when so disposed, ride in the carriages which accompany the convoy, and they are allowed fifteen kopecs (three-pence) a day for food. On the other hand, the orders in our regard given to the officers of the escort were exceedingly stringent; orders, however, which for the most part it was impossible to execute. For instance, they were enjoined to keep us always apart, and not

through Siberia—one towards the east, the other towards the west—the latter free, the former generally in bonds. Many of the involuntary settlers either do not take kindly to work, or find their lot intolerable, and so make off on the first opportunity, begging their way, and living on the charity of the peasants, who never refuse a destitute traveller a crust of bread and a night's lodging. Not a few of these wanderers sink under the hardships to which they are exposed, or freeze to death in the forests, and the survivors are nearly always arrested before they reach the frontier of European Russia; but they cause the police a world of trouble. Having no papers, they are able to give false names, and deny being fugitive transports—which they almost invariably do. There is then nothing for it but to write to whatever address a man may give—generally some remote village—and inquire if he is known there. Should the answer be in the negative, the fact is taken as proof of the paperless one's guilt, and he is sent back in chains to the interior of Siberia. As likely as not, however, it will be in the affirmative, for there prevails among these outcasts a strange yet regular trade in what the vagabonds call "nests." For instance, Ivan Ivanovitch, being in want of money, sells to Peter Iliuschka, who has a few kopecs to spare, the name and address of some mujik of his acquaintance, who long ago left his native village for parts unknown—or, perhaps, his own name and address. This is Peter's nest, and when he falls into the hands of the police he tells them he is Paul Lubovitch, from, let us say, Teteriwino, in the government of Koursk. On this, a mis-sive is sent to the *starosta* of Teteriwino, who replies, in due course, to the effect that the village did once possess a Paul Lubovitch, but whether the person in question be the same man he is unable to say. The next proceeding is to send the *soi-disant* Paul to Teteriwino for identification. This proceeding naturally results in the detection of the imposture, whereupon our friend Peter is condemned to a new term of exile, and sent back whence he came.

let us on any account mix with the other prisoners. But the weakness of the escort, and; above all, the arrangement of the buildings at the *étapes*, or halting-places, rendered observance of this injunction so extremely difficult that it was seldom enforced.

#### THE SUBSTITUTION.

We were within fourteen days of Irkoutsk before I succeeded in effecting an exchange of identities with a convict condemned to simple exile. Many others followed my example. Of the 170 men who composed the convoy, not more than fifty were under sentence of penal servitude, and at least twenty of them obtained substitutes. So far as the prisoners were concerned, this was done quite openly; concealment, in fact, would have been impossible, even if it had been necessary—and it was not necessary; for so long as the convoy held together, and the communistic organisation endured, betrayal was not to be feared. The traitor would have died within a few hours of his treason by the hand of one of his comrades—and this all knew.

My substitute, a peasant by origin and a burglar by profession, agreed to the exchange of identities in consideration of a sum of sixteen shillings in coin, a pair of boots and a flannel blouse. Two days before our arrival at the *étape*, where it was arranged to carry the agreement into effect, I pretended to have a bad toothache, bound up my face with a pocket-handkerchief, and at the halfway halting-place remained all the time on the bench that served for a bed, as if I were distracted with pain. This I did to hide my features from the soldiers of the escort, one of whom, sharper than his fellows, might otherwise possibly discover the stratagem. The risk was too great, my longing for liberty too intense, to permit me to neglect a single precaution.

Exchanges were most easily effected at the principal halting-places because the escort was changed there. Among the common prisoners the transaction was conducted in the simplest way imaginable. At the roll-call the contracting parties answered respectively to each other's name, took each other's places, and the thing was done. In the case of

a political prisoner under special surveillance, just then very stringent, the operation entailed greater risk and demanded more care. I arranged with my substitute that the moment we arrived at the *étape* in question, he should follow me to an obscure corner of the barrack-yard—to speak plainly, to the latrine. The plan succeeded to admiration. In a few minutes we had exchanged dresses. Pavlov, my burglar friend, was transformed into a political prisoner of the nobility, and I became a common malefactor in irons. Though in face as unlike as possible, we were about the same height and build, and, at a distance, might easily be mistaken one for another.

The delivery of the gang to the new escort went off without difficulty. Pavlov lay on a bench with his face bound up. Nobody took any notice either of him or of me, and when the old escort marched away, we knew we were safe. The moment they were gone, I went into the common room and got myself shaved and my hair cut close to my head, so that my coiffure might resemble that of my new comrades.

I wondered then, and I have often wondered since, at the ease with which my custodians were deceived in the matter of this substitution. On the register I was set down as a former medical student. I had, therefore, been a member of a university; Pavlov, on the other hand, was almost wholly illiterate. He could hardly open his mouth without betraying his origin and showing his ignorance. His appearance, moreover, was little in harmony with his new character. I, as a noble, had worn my hair and beard long, while his head was closely cropped, and he wore no beard at all. How could all this fail to excite suspicion? For three weeks, he acted as my substitute, and it never seems to have occurred either to the officers of the escort or the authorities of Irkoutsk that the *soi-disant* Debagorio Mokrievitch was *not* the real Simon Pure. But for the denunciation—of which I shall speak presently—I do not believe the secret ever would have been discovered, always supposing that Pavlov kept the compact, and he really behaved very well. One day an officer of the escort,

seeing by the register that I was a medical student, consulted my substitute touching some ailment he had, and Pavlov, with an impudence that bordered on the sublime, gave him the benefit of his advice. He was fortunately not called upon to put his prescription in writing.

It may be asked why I did not profit by the laxity of the escort during the first part of the journey to escape before we reached our destination. Because I should have been missed at the first halting-place, and by means of the telegraph and an active pursuit, immediately recaptured; I could have had only a few hours' start, and I wanted, at the least, several days.

After the substitution, I marched as a common felon on foot, carrying my irons; my allowance was reduced to two-pence a-day, while Pavlov had three-pence, and could vary the monotony of the way by riding in one of the carriages provided for the political prisoners.

About October 20, 1879, we reached Irkoutsk, where we were to be received and inspected by the higher authorities. Towards eight o'clock in the evening, we entered the central prison and were taken into a large room with three doors and two exits. One of these was open and led into an adjoining room, where the inspection took place. Our starosta standing on the doorstep, called the prisoners one by one, and each, as he was summoned, went into the room, carrying with him his poor belongings, in order that it might be ascertained if he still possessed the articles given him by the Crown. This done, he passed on into a further apartment, where the prisoners were to be quartered for the night.

At length came my turn.

"Pavlov!" shouts the starosta.

"Here," I answered, and, taking up my bag, I enter the audience chamber, and find myself in the presence of several important-looking functionaries, sitting at a big table covered with registers.

"Paul Pavlov?" says the presiding councillor, and then, after favoring me with a fugitive glance, he bends once more over his books.

"Yes, your nobleness," I reply, doing my best to speak and look like a peasant prisoner.

"For what crime were you judged?"

"For burglary, your nobleness."

"Are the effects given you by the Government all in order?"

"They are, your nobleness."

"Two shirts, two pairs of drawers, woollen trousers, great coat, pelisse, a pair of boots, leg irons?" enumerated the councillor, in a rapid, monotonous voice.

As each article is named, I say, "It is here," and during the interrogation an obscure personage fumbles in my bag to verify my statement.

This concluded the inspection, and after surrendering my fetters, which I removed without the help of a blacksmith, I passed into the apartment where I was to remain as a prisoner until they took me to the village where I had to be interned as a settler.

I had not long to wait. The fifth day after our arrival, the remaining vagabonds of the gang were sent further east, and there remained only the ordinary exiles and prisoners under sentence of penal servitude. An important consequence of the departure of the vagabonds—old offenders who formed the bulk of the convoy—was the break-up of our communistic organisation, and the subsequent revelation of my secret.

On the following day the involuntary colonists, of whom I was now one, started for our final destination, a village some forty miles from Irkoutsk, and on November 1st, we arrived at Talminsky, the end of our long journey. For the last time we were paraded and counted in the court of the *volost*. Then, after our effects had been again examined, we received our registers and were handed over to the clerk of the village, who had orders to find us quarters.

The escort went one way, we went another, and we walked through the streets of the great village free men—within the limits assigned to us.

#### THE FLIGHT.

If I meant to escape I had no time to lose. At any moment I was liable to be betrayed. My comrades among the colonists, as also the prisoners we had left at Irkoutsk, all knew who I was. Any of these, by turning traitor, could earn a considerable reward; even a slight in-

discretion might reveal the secret, and the disclosure of my identity to the authorities would lead to my immediate arrest. It was therefore necessary to go at once; yet I could not start on so long a journey without money, and I did not possess a kopeck. So I sold my great coat, my woollen trousers, and my gloves, for a rouble and a half. It was not much. After this depletion of my wardrobe, my costume left a good deal to be desired. A regulation pelisse, a fur cap, thin trousers, and ordinary underclothing, did not afford much protection against the intense cold of a Siberian winter. But I dared not hesitate. On November 2d, at ten o'clock, before noon, I set out from the village. The morning though cold was clear and quiet. I made no attempt to hide my quality; it was evident to everybody. My yellow regulation pelisse and closely cropped head showed clearly enough that I was a vagabond. But this gave me little anxiety; I had observed that in Eastern Siberia vagabonds were neither arrested nor questioned. It would be the same with me, I thought, and in this expectation I was not disappointed. My journey as a vagabond lasted about eight days, and I suffered much both from hunger and cold. In the valleys—for the country was hilly—I often experienced a cold so intense that I thought my limbs would freeze as I walked. Sometimes the valley bottoms were filled with a thick fog. Going through one of those fogs was like taking a bath of pins and needles—so keen was the cold—and, though on these occasions I always ran, one of my knees became frost-bitten—my pelisse not being long enough to cover my legs, which were clothed only in light cotton pantaloons.

I generally passed the night in the bath-room of some peasant after the manner of vagabonds, for nobody in Siberia, however poor, is without a vapor bath, the vapor being produced by pouring water on red-hot stones.

One afternoon, just as night was closing in, I reached a village and sought a lodging. I had heard from the experienced vagabonds of the gang that it was always better to ask charity or help from the poor than from the well-to-do. Never, they said, when you are on the tramp, knock at the door of a rich man's



house. Go rather to the most wretched cabin you can find.

This rule, based on a wide experience and a profound truth—for the poor naturally receive more sympathy from the poor than from the well-to-do—I deemed it expedient to follow. At the end of the village in question I found a cabin of unprepossessing aspect, and, concluding that it was exactly what I wanted, I went in, making, as I entered, the sign of the cross before the picture of a saint, as is the custom in Russia. Then I greeted my hosts.

"Good day, my boy," answered the peasant, an old man with a long white beard, in a kindly voice.

"Could you sell me a bit of bread?" I asked; for though I travelled as a vagabond I did not like to beg after the manner of vagabonds, and always tendered a piece of money for what I received.

"Yes, you can have bread," said the old man, handing me a loaf.

"Thank you, father; and may I pass the night in your house?"

"I fear that is impossible, my boy. You are a vagabond, aren't you? They are very severe just now about vagabonds, the police are. If you take in a man without a passport you may get fined. Where do you come from, my boy?"

"From the convoy."

"I thought so. I was right then. You are a vagabond."

I answered with a supplicatory gesture, and I dare say I looked cold enough and wretched enough to move the compassion of a harder-hearted man than this good old peasant.

"You fellows generally sleep in the baths, don't you?" he said, after a pause. "Well, go into mine if you like; I can put you nowhere else. And I have heated it to-day; you will be warm."

So picking up my loaf, and laying on the table a few kopecks—nobody ever thinks of bargaining with a wanderer—I leave the house. The bath is hard by, and on going in I find that it is quite warm, as the old man had said. The heat is so great, indeed, that I can dispense with my pelisse.

These peasants' bath-rooms are seldom supplied with a chimney. The

stones are heated in the middle of the room, and the smoke, after blackening the rafters, finds its way out as best it can. There were no windows, and, in order to look round, I had to light one of the tallow candles which I carried in my bag. They were very useful for rubbing my feet with after a long march. I was in no hurry to sleep, and before lying down on the wooden bench which was to be my couch I had a little operation to perform. My yellow pelisse proclaimed my quality a long way off. That was an inconvenience, and in certain easily conceivable circumstances, might lead to awkward consequences. I meant to change its color. This I did by smearing the garment with a mixture composed of tallow from my candles and soot from the wall. It was not a very fast black perhaps, but it answered the purpose. Henceforth, nobody, without a pretty close inspection, would perceive that I was a vagabond on the tramp.

This done, I lay down on the bench and was soon fast asleep. I must have slept an hour or two when I was wakened by the creaking of the door, and I heard the heavy steps of a man entering the room. As it was pitch dark I could not see him, and I did not think it worth while to strike a light. The newcomer seemed to be of the same opinion, for, without speaking a word, he groped his way towards my bench and laid down beside me. Though he touched my body he made no remark, and a few moments later I could tell by his regular breathing that he was fast asleep. Then I slept again, and did not open my eyes until I was wakened by the cold—for the bath-room had lost all its warmth, and the temperature was far below freezing-point. So I rose from my couch, donned my pelisse, and, though the sun had not yet risen, I left my snoring bed-fellow, whom I never saw, to his slumbers and resumed my journey.

My plan was to reach the house of a friend about 150 miles from the village where I had been interned. To traverse a region as large as Europe without money was quite out of the question, and even if I had succeeded in doing so it would have been impossible, without papers, either to cross the frontier or leave the country. It is hardly neces-

sary to say that I took care never to ask my way. That would have been a great imprudence. And there was little need, for the roads in Siberia are so few that it is scarcely possible to go wrong. According to my reckoning I was still about thirty miles from my destination. Shortly after leaving the village I saw, near a little cabin by the road-side, a man who eyed me keenly. From his short hair and stubby beard I guessed that he was a recently arrived colonist who had come into the country with a chain gang.

"Won't you come in, brother," he said, "and rest yourself and take a cup of tea?"

I accepted the invitation with pleasure, for I had not broken my fast. We entered the cabin together. It was very small, and on a brick hearth was sitting a woman, probably the exile's wife. My host asked me to take a seat and began to prepare the samovar, an appliance which is found in every Siberian cottage. As we drank we talked.

"Is it a long time since you left the gang?" asked my entertainer.

"Quite lately. I belonged to convoy number four."

"You have turned vagabond then, brother?"

"Yes, what is the good of staying here?"

"You are quite right," returned the exile bitterly. "The country is abominable. I shall do the same thing myself in a month or two. Which way do you go—by the Angara road?"

I gave him an itinerary, though not exactly the one I meant to follow.

"I know all these places well," observed my host. "But do you know you will have to be prudent. The authorities hereabouts are very vicious just now. They arrest every wayfarer they see. You must look out, my brother, or they will arrest you."

"What would you advise me to do, then," I asked, greatly alarmed at this news.

"I will tell you, brother; listen!"

And then he gave me very valuable information; described the villages through or near which I should have to pass, indicating at the same time those that were dangerous and the footpaths by which I might avoid them. He gave

me the names and described the dwellings of the peasants with whom I might lodge, and, in a word, told me everything which it imported a wandering outlaw to know.

"But why," I asked, "are the police so active just now? I thought this road was one of the safest for vagabonds in the whole country."

"God knows. Perhaps they have found a body somewhere and are looking for the murderer."

I made no remark, but I thought it was much more likely that they had discovered my flight and were looking for me. And so it proved.

After finishing the tea we talked a little longer, and as I took my leave I thanked my host warmly for his hospitality and information.

When I reached the last village before that at which lived my friend, I was quite overcome with fatigue, and faint with hunger and cold; but I counted on a long and quiet rest in the cottage of a peasant woman whose address had been given me by the friendly exile. It was at the extremity of the village, and to get thither I had to pass the headquarters of the communal authorities. In the light of the exile's warning, and my own fears, this seemed a sufficiently dangerous enterprise. Albeit I put on an air of indifference and took care not to increase my pace, yet I could not avoid an occasional backward glance to see if I was being followed. No one, however, seemed to notice me, and I reached my destination without receiving any unpleasant attentions. The peasant woman welcomed me kindly, if not very effusively. But she was a dear good soul, gave me of her best, and let me lie on a bench and pass the night in her house.

About two hours before sunrise my hostess came into the kitchen and began to busy herself with preparations for breakfast. But I remained stretched on my bench; the cottage was warm, I felt very comfortable, and I saw no reason for hurry. The day was before me, and I had not far to go. So I turned round on my wooden couch and was just sinking into a second slumber when I heard the sound of bells, such as post-chaises and mail-carts in Russia invariably carry.

"Bells!" I cried, starting up. "Does a mail-coach run on this road?"

"No," answered the peasant, "we have no mail-coach here; it is probably a private carriage which is passing through the village."

Meanwhile the bells came nearer; then the sound suddenly ceased, as it seemed not far from the cottage. I did not like this at all. What could it mean?

"Would you mind going to see what or whose carriage it is?" I said. She went, and as the door closed behind her, I jumped off my bench and put on my clothes.

In a few minutes she was back with the news that the carriage belonged to the gendarmes, and that they were questioning the *starosta* and the clerk.

"The gendarmes!" I exclaimed, "who says so—where are they from?"

"From Irkoutsk. It is the coachman himself who told me. He thinks they are after a political runaway."

"In that case, I had better be going," I said, laughing. "They may perhaps think I am the man. Now look here—if they ask you any questions, know nothing. If you do it may be worse for you; they may make you pay a fine. Good-by" (putting the last of my kopecks on the table).

"Good-by," answered my hostess; "don't be uneasy. I shall not say a word. She was a worthy woman, and a friend in need, that old peasant."

I went out. It was still dark, and I might creep through the village without being seen. The last of the houses passed, I ran at the top of my speed, for I felt sure that the pursuers were at my heels, and the possibility of being retaken enraged me almost past endurance. I had been denounced shortly after leaving the settlement, of that there could be no doubt. But how had the police managed to trace me so soon? I had been very careful, neglected no conceivable precaution, given misleading answers to all who questioned me about my past movements and future plans. I had made long *detours* to avoid the larger villages, and during the latter part of my journey put up only with the most trusted friends of vagabond wanderers. Yet the gendarmes had followed me step by step to my very last resting-place,

and but for the friendly warning of the bells I should certainly have been recaptured, for I could not have left the village by daylight without being seen. Even now I was in imminent danger; my safety absolutely depended on my reaching my friend's house at once, and lying a long time in hiding. Though I had never been there, I knew the place so well by description—its situation and appearance were so vividly impressed on my mind—that I could find it, even in the dark, without asking a question. It was only about seven miles from the village I had just left. But how could I get thither unperceived? For if I was seen by a single person entering my friend's house, it might be the ruin of us both. Something must be decided on the instant. Day was dawning, the gendarmes were behind me, and by the barking of the dogs I reckoned that the village where dwelt my friend could not be more than two miles away. I looked round. On one side of the road were open fields; on the other thick brushwood grew. As yet, I had not met a soul—nobody could tell the gendarmes in which direction I had gone—but it was now no longer dark, and if I went on, I might encounter a peasant or a wayfarer any moment. Only one thing could be done; I must hide somewhere—even at the risk of being frozen stiff—and remain hidden until sundown, when I might perchance gain my friend's house unperceived. Among the bushes! Yes, that was the place, I could lie *perdu* there all day. But just as I was about to put this plan into execution, another thought came to trouble me. How about my footsteps? Fresh snow had fallen in the night, and the police could follow me to my hiding-place as easily as a hound tracks a deer to its lair. And then I bethought me of an ingenious artifice, about which I had read in some romance. Turning my face to the road I walked backward toward the bushes, taking care at every step to make a distinct impression on the snow. It was now quite daylight, and a little way off I could see two summer cabins of the Buriats—in winter always empty. Thither I went, always backward, and entering one of the cabins remained there the whole day and far into the night. When I thought all the peasants

would be indoors, I stole quietly out, and going stealthily and with many precautions to my friend's house, knocked in fear and misgiving at his door.

To my great relief he opened it himself.

"I should not have recognised you, if I had not just heard all your history," he said, after we had exchanged greetings.

"I am very curious to see myself," I returned, approaching a mirror which hung on the wall. "I have not seen a looking-glass since my arrest."

I was so much altered that I hardly knew myself. I saw before me the reflection of a wild, strange, haggard face, and I could almost have believed I was somebody else.

"When did you hear of my flight?" I asked.

"To-day. There has been quite an inquest here. The gendarmes questioned everybody and searched every house. They followed you step by step to the last village. They found out where you passed the night, and then they seem to have lost the scent entirely. Where have you been?"

I told him.

"Did anybody see you come here?"

"Not a soul."

"Good. All the same, you must not stay here an hour longer than we can help. It would be too dangerous. The police are baffled; but they have by no means given up the quest, and as likely as not will be here again to-morrow. You must not sleep here."

"Where then?"

"At my farm. But first of all you must change your skin."

As he spoke, my friend in need opened a cupboard, and took therefrom some garments in which, when I had arrayed myself and had a good wash, I looked and felt like a new man.

"Is your farm far from here?" I asked, as we sat down to supper.

"About twenty-five versts (fifteen miles), in the depth of the forest, far from any highway. Hunting parties from Irkoutsk visit us there sometimes. Your coming will, therefore, be no surprise for the servants. It is true your hair is just a little short (looking at my head); but that is nothing. You have had typhoid fever, and are going to re-

cruit your strength in the forest. You look haggard enough to have had three fevers."

An hour later we were *en route*, my friend, who had lived many years in the country, himself taking the reins, and he contrived matters so well that nobody in the house knew either of my coming or my going. The police were thrown completely off the scent.

#### LIBERTY.

As I learnt subsequently, my identity and my stratagem were revealed to the authorities by one of my comrades of the convoy shortly after I left Irkoutsk. But when the gendarmes went to the village of Talminsky, I had already vanished. Every effort was, however, made to retake me, the quest being kept up night and day for six weeks. Then it was rumored that a body found in the forest had been identified as mine, and that I had perished of hunger. According to another story, I had been arrested at Nijni Oudinsk, and was being brought back to Irkoutsk. Among the vagabonds who at this time were captured right and left on the high roads throughout the province, were several whom it pleased to call themselves by my name. The deceit was naturally soon detected, but while it lasted the deceivers enjoyed certain advantages, which helped to render their detention tolerable. Instead of walking they rode in carriages, and were accompanied by an escort, and being regarded as important prisoners, they were both better fed and better treated than common malefactors, while their audacity rendered them highly popular with their vagabond and convict comrades. There were at one time no fewer than four false Debagorio Mokrievitiches in the jail of Irkoutsk. The police sought me with great diligence among the political exiles of the province; a most stupid proceeding on their part, for to take refuge with the politicals would have been putting my head in the lion's mouth.

Three other men who about the same time attempted to escape were all recaptured.

I stayed in Siberia a year, making during that time several journeys to the eastward of Irkoutsk. At length the

police having abandoned all hope of finding me, I resolved to leave the country. A passport being absolutely necessary, I borrowed the name and obtained the papers of a gentleman recently deceased—Ivan Alexandrovitch Selivanoff. It was in the winter of 1880 that I set out on my long journey of 3,600 miles. I travelled post, by way of Irkoutsk, Krasnoïarsk and Tomsk—towns through which, a twelvemonth before, I had passed as a prisoner. Rather a bold undertaking in the circumstances; but as I possessed an itinerary-card signed by the governor of the province, giving me the right to relays of horses, I ran no great danger, and left the home of my hospitable friend with an easy mind.

During the journey I met from time to time gangs of prisoners on the way from Russia to Irkoutsk. The clanking of the irons, the yellow pelisses, the worn faces, the weary walk, and the shorn heads of these unfortunates—how familiar they all were, and how the sight of them thrilled me to the soul! And behind the chain gang came the wagons of the political prisoners, among whom, more than once, I recognized the face of a dear friend. But instead of jumping from my carriage and folding the poor fellows in my arms, I had to look the other way!

All went well with me, but once I had a terribly narrow escape of falling a second time into the toils. It so chanced that I passed through the province of Tobolsk in company with a tchinovnik (government employé), whose acquaintance I had made on the road, a big-paunched, rosy-cheeked fellow, with merry eyes and a mellow voice; and, being on his way home after a long absence, in high good humor and full of fun. Once at the end of a long day's journey, we arrived about midnight at a town in the neighborhood of Tobolsk, and, being tired and sleepy, resolved to pass the rest of the night there. So we went into the travellers' room, ordered tea, and handed our itinerary cards to the starosta of the station, in order that he might make the necessary entries in the travellers' book. Before going to the sleeping room we requested that the horses might be ready at seven o'clock next morning.

I slept the sleep of the just, rose betimes, and called for the starosta.

"Are the horses ready?" I asked. "And be good enough to bring hither our itinerary-cards."

"The station-master will himself bring your itinerary-cards, and as for the horses they are already yoked up."

Half-an-hour later the station-master (otherwise director), came into our room, holding in his hand the itinerary-cards.

"I am sorry to trouble you," he said politely; "but I should like to know which of you young gentlemen is Ivan Alexandrovitch Selivanoff?"

"At your service sir," I answered, stepping forward.

The station-master looked at me with a ludicrous expression of bewilderment and surprise.

"A thousand pardons," he said at length, with a low bow. "But really—I don't quite understand. The fact is, I knew Mr. Selivanoff, and here I see the same surname and Christian name; the name of the father is also the same, the tchin (rank) likewise! Yet I was told he had died—more than a year ago—but when I saw his name on the card I thought the news must be false, and I came to assure myself. I see that I am mistaken. A thousand pardons, sir, a thousand pardons," and again he saluted me still more profoundly than before.

I felt as if the ground were opening under my feet, and was thinking how on earth I should get out of the scrape, when my companion came—without knowing it—to the rescue.

"What a capital joke!" he shouted, clapping me on the back, and laughing so that he could hardly speak. "One might suppose that the worthy director takes you for an escaped prisoner with a dead man's passport. Ha, ha, ha, what a capital joke to be sure!"

And holding his big belly with both hands, he balanced himself first on one foot and then the other, laughing the while, until he could hardly stand.

"You are quite right," I said, also laughing, though with considerable effort. "It is really an excellent joke. But seriously (turning to the station-master), the thing is easily explained. In the part I come from the Selivanoffs

are as plentiful as blackberries. The late Ivan Alexandrovitch, your friend, and I were kinsmen, and had a great affection for each other; the name is so common in the province that I could introduce you to a dozen of my namesakes any day."

The station-master seemed satisfied with this explanation. At any rate, he made no objection to our departure, and shortly afterwards we were once more *en route*. But my companion, the tchinovnik did not cease laughing for a long time. "To take you for a fugitive convict with a false passport!" he would say "it is really too good," and whenever he remembered the incident he would laugh as if he never meant to stop. I remembered it, as may be supposed, with very different feelings. The escape was a very narrow one, and showed me how much I was still at the

mercy of the slightest mishap. But this proved to be my last adventure and my last peril. In May, 1881, I reached Geneva, and felt that I was at last really free.

As most stories of Russian revolutionary life have necessarily, if they be true, a tragical termination, readers of the foregoing narrative may be pleased to know that M. Mokrievitch is still in a land where he feels really free. Though one of the heroes of Russian liberty he has not yet become one of its martyrs. But the time may come when he, as many other fugitives have done, will return to the volcanic soil of his native country, there to take part in the struggle to death which, though unseen, goes always on, and must continue without truce and without surcease until the sun of Freedom shall dawn in the Empire of the Night.—*Contemporary Review*.

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## COLERIDGE AS A SPIRITUAL THINKER.

BY PRINCIPAL TULLOCH.

MR. TRAILL'S recent volume has recalled the poet-philosopher who died just fifty years ago, leaving a strongly marked but indefinite impression upon the mind of his time. The volume has done something to renew and vivify the impression both in respect of Coleridge's poetry and criticism. His work as a critic has never, perhaps, been better or more completely exhibited. It is recognised generously in all its largeness and profundity, as well as delicacy and subtlety; and justice is especially done to his Shakesperian commentary, which in its richness, variety, felicity, combined with depth and acuteness, is absolutely unrivalled. But Mr. Traill cannot be said to have even attempted any estimate of Coleridge as a spiritual thinker. It may be questioned how far he has recognised that there is a spiritual side to all his thought, without which neither his poetry nor his criticism can be fully understood, cleverly as they may be judged.

It is not only out of date, but outside of all intelligent judgment to quote at this time of day Mr. Carlyle's well-known caricature from his *Life of Ster-*

*ling*, and put readers off with this as a "famous criticism." We now know how to value utterances of this kind, and the unhappy spirit of detraction which lay beneath such wild and grotesque humors. Carlyle will always remain an artist in epithets—but few will turn to him for an intelligent or comprehensive estimate of any great name of his own or of recent time.

We propose to look at Coleridge for a little as a religious thinker, and to ask what is the meaning and value of his work in this respect now that we can calmly and fully judge it. If Coleridge was anything, he was not only in his own view, as Mr. Traill admits, but in the view of his generation, a religious philosopher. It is not only the testimony of men like Hare, or Sterling, or Maurice, or even Cardinal Newman, but of John Stuart Mill, that his teaching awakened and freshened all contemporary thought. He was recognised with all his faults as a truly great thinker, who raised the mind of the time and gave it new and wide impulses. This judgment we feel sure will yet verify itself. If English literature ever regains the higher

tone of our earlier national life—the tone of Hooker and Milton and Jeremy Taylor—Coleridge will be again acknowledged, in Julius Hare's words, as "a true sovereign of English thought." He will take rank in the same line of spiritual genius. He has the same elevation of feeling, the same profound grasp of moral and spiritual ideas, the same wide range of vision. He has, in short, the same love of wisdom, the same insight, the same largeness—never despising nature or art, or literature, for the sake of religion, still less ever despising religion for the sake of culture. In reading over Coleridge's prose works again, returning to them after a long past familiarity, I am particularly struck by their massive and large intellectuality, akin to our older Elizabethan literature. There is everywhere the play of great power—of imagination as well as reason—of spiritual perception as well as logical subtlety.

To speak of Coleridge in this manner as a great spiritual power, an eminently healthy writer in the higher regions of thought, may seem absurd to some who think mainly of his life, and of the fatal failure which characterised it. It is the shadow of this failure of manliness in his conduct, as in that of his life-long friend, Charles Lamb, which no doubt prompted the great genius who carried manliness, if little sweetness, from his Annandale home, to paint both the one and the other in such darkened colors. We have not a word to say on behalf of the failings of either. They were deplorable and unworthy; but it is the fact, notwithstanding, that the mind of both retained a serenity and a certain touch of respectfulness which are lacking in their great Scottish contemporary. They were both finer-edged than Carlyle. They inherited a more delicate and polite personal culture; and delicacy can never be far distant from true manliness. Neither of them could have written of the treasures of old religion as Carlyle did in his *Life of Sterling*. Whether they accepted for themselves those treasures or not, they would have spared the tender faith of others and respected an ancient ideal. And this is the higher attitude. Nothing which has ever deeply interested humanity or profoundly moved it, is treated with con-

tempt by a good and wise man. It may call for and deserve rejection, but never insult. Unhappily this attitude of mind, reserved, as well as critical, reverent as well as bold, has been conspicuously absent in some of the most powerful and best known writers of our era.

There is a striking contrast between the career of Coleridge and that of his friend Wordsworth. Fellows in the opening of their poetic course, they soon diverged widely. With a true instinct, Wordsworth devoted himself, in quietness and seclusion, to the cultivation of his poetic faculty. He left aside the world of politics and of religious thought, strongly moved as he had been by the interests of both. It may be said that Wordsworth continued a religious thinker as well as poet all his life. And to some extent this is true. The "Wanderer" is a preacher and not only a singer. He goes to the heart of religion, and lays again its foundations in the natural instincts of man. But while Wordsworth's poetry was instinct with a new life of religious feeling, and may be said to have given a new radiancy to its central principles, \* it did not initiate any movement in Christian thought. In religious opinion Wordsworth soon fell back upon, if he ever consciously departed from, the old line of Anglican traditions. The vague Pantheism of the *Excursion* implies rather a lack of distinctive dogma than any fresh insight into religious problems or capacity of co-ordinating them in a new manner. And so soon as definite religious conceptions came to the poet, the Church in her customary theology became a satisfactory refuge. The *Ecclesiastical Sonnets* mark this definite stage in his spiritual development. Wordsworth did for the religious thought of his time something more and better perhaps than giving it any definite impulse. While leaving it in the old channels, he gave it a richer and deeper volume. He showed with what vital affinity religion cleaves to humanity, in all its true and simple phases, when uncontaminated by conceit or frivolity. Nature and man alike were to him essentially religious, or only

\* Admiration, Hope, and Love. *Excursion*, b. iv.

conceivable as the outcome of a Spirit of life, "the Soul of all the worlds." \* Wordsworth, in short, remained as he began, a poet of a deeply religious spirit. But he did not enter the domain of theological speculation or attempt to give any new direction to it.

In all this Coleridge is his counterpart. He may be said to have abandoned poetry just when Wordsworth in his retirement at Grasmere (1799) was consecrating his life to it. Whether it be true, according to De Quincey, that Coleridge's poetical power was killed by the habit of opium-eating, it is certainly true that the harp of Quantock † was never again struck save for a brief moment. The poet Coleridge passed into the lecturer and the poetical and literary critic, and then, during the final period of his life, from 1816 to 1834, into the philosopher and theologian. It is to this latter period of his life in the main that his higher prose writings belong, and especially the well-known *Aids to Reflection* which—disparaged as it is by Mr. Traill—may be said to contain, as his disciples have always held to contain, all the finer substance of his spiritual thought. It is true that it is defective as a literary composition. We are even disposed to allow that it has "less charm of thought, less beauty of style," and in some respects even less "power of effective statement," ‡ than is common with Coleridge; but withal it is his highest work. These very defects only serve to bring out the more its strong points, when we consider the wonderful

hold the book has taken of many minds, and how it has been the subject of elaborate commentary.\* It is a book, we may at the same time say, which none but a thinker on divine things will ever like. All such thinkers have prized it greatly. To many such it has given a new force of religious insight; for its time, beyond all doubt, it created a real epoch in Christian thought. It had life in it; and the living seed, scattered and desultory as it was, brought forth fruit in many minds.

What, then, were its main contributions to religious thought, and in what respects generally is Coleridge to be reckoned a spiritual power?

(1.) First, and chiefly, in the *Aids to Reflection*, Coleridge may be said to have transformed and renewed the current ideas of his time about religion. He was, we know, a man of many ambitions never realised; but of all his ambitions, the most persistent was that of laying anew the foundations of spiritual philosophy. This was "the great work" to which he frequently alluded as having given "the preparation of more than twenty years of his life." † Like other great tasks projected by him, it was very imperfectly accomplished; and there will always be those in consequence who fail to understand his influence as a leader of thought. We are certainly not bound to take Coleridge at his own value, nor to attach the same importance as he did to some of his speculations. No one, indeed, knew better than Coleridge himself that there was nothing new in his Platonic Realism. It was merely a restoration of the old religious metaphysic which had preceded "the mechanical systems," that became dominant in the reign of Charles the Second. He himself constantly claims to do nothing more than re-assert the principles of Hooker, of Henry More, of John Smith, and Leighton, all of whom he speaks of as "Platonizing divines!" But the re-

\* Admiration, Hope, and Love. *Excursion*, b. ix.

† Not only the *Ancient Mariner* and the first part of *Christabel*, but also *Kubla Khan* were composed at Nether Stovey among the Quantock Hills in 1797. The second part of *Christabel* belongs to the year 1800, and was written at Keswick, although not published till 1816. Nothing of the same quality was ever produced by Coleridge, although he continued to write verses.

‡ It is strange, however, to find Mr. Traill commending Coleridge's very last volume (1830) *On the Constitution of Church and State*, as "yielding a more characteristic flavor of the author's style" than the *Aids to Reflection*. Characteristic, no doubt, this volume is of the author's mode of thought; but in point of style, it and his *Lay Sermon* or *Statesman's Manual* in 1816 appear to us the most desultory and imperfect of all his writings.

\* By Dr. James Marsh, an American divine, whose preliminary essay is prefaced to the fifth English edition, and by Mr. Green in his *Spiritual Philosophy* (1865), founded on Coleridge's teaching.

† *Spiritual Philosophy, founded on the Teaching of the late Samuel Taylor Coleridge*. By Jos. Henry Green, F.R.S., D.C.L. 1865.



ligious teaching of Coleridge came upon his generation as a new breath, not merely or mainly because he revived these ancient principles, but because he vitalised anew their application to Christianity; so as to transform it from a mere creed, or collection of articles, into a living mode of thought, embracing all human activity. Coleridge was no mere metaphysician. He was a great interpreter of spiritual facts—a student of spiritual life, quickened by a peculiarly vivid and painful experience; and he saw in Christianity, rightly conceived, at once the true explanation of the facts of our spiritual being and the true remedy for their disorder. He brought human nature, not merely on one side, but all sides, once more near to Christianity, so as to find in it not merely a means of salvation in any limited evangelical sense, but the highest Truth and Health—a perfect philosophy. His main power lies in this subjective direction, just as here it was that his age was most needing stimulus and guidance.

The Evangelical School, with all its merits, had conceived of Christianity rather as something superadded the highest life of humanity than as the perfect development of that life; as a scheme for human salvation authenticated by miracles, and, so to speak, interpolated into human history rather than a divine philosophy, witnessing to itself from the beginning in all the higher phases of that history. And so Philosophy, and no less Literature, and Art, and Science, were conceived apart from religion. The world and the Church were not only antagonistic in the Biblical sense, as the embodiments of the Carnal and the Divine Spirit—which they must ever be; but they were, so to speak, severed portions of life divided by outward signs and badges: and those who joined the one or the other were supposed to be clearly marked off. All who know the writings of the Evangelical School of the eighteenth and earlier part of the nineteenth century, from the poetry of Cowper and the letters of his friend Newton, to the writings of Romaine, John Forster, and Wilberforce, and even Chalmers, will know how such commonplaces everywhere reappear in them. That they were associated with the most devout and beautiful

lives, that they even served to foster a peculiar ardor of Christian feeling and love of God, cannot be disputed. But they were essentially narrow and false. They destroyed the largeness and unity of human experience. They not merely separated religion from art and philosophy, but they tended to separate it from morality.

Coleridge's most distinctive work was to restore the broken harmony between reason and religion, by enlarging the conception of both, but of the latter especially,—by showing how man is essentially a religious being having a definite spiritual constitution, apart from which the very idea of religion becomes impossible. Religion is not, therefore, something brought to man, it is his highest education. Religion, he says, was designed "to improve the nature and the faculties of man, in order to the right governing of our actions, to the securing the peace and progress, eternal and internal, of individuals and communities." Christianity is in the highest degree adapted to this end; and nothing can be a part of it that is not duly proportioned thereto. In thus vindicating the rationality of religion, Coleridge had a twofold task before him, as every such thinker has. He had to assert against the Epicurean and Empirical School the spiritual constitution of human nature, and against the fanatical or hyper-evangelical school the reasonable working of spiritual influence. He had to maintain, on the one hand, the essential divinity of man, that "there is more in him than can be rationally referred to the life of nature and the mechanism of organisation," and on the other hand to show that this higher life of the spirit is throughout rational—that it is superstition and not true religion which professes to resolve "men's faith and practice" into the illumination of such a spirit as they can give no account of,—such as does not enlighten their reason or enable them to render their doctrine intelligible to others. He fights, in short, alike against materialistic negation and credulous enthusiasm.

The former he meets with the assertion of "a spirituality in man," a self-power or Will at the root of all his being. "If there be aught spiritual in

man, the will must be such. If there be a will, there must be a spirituality in man." He assumes both positions, seeing clearly—what all who radically deal with such a question must see—that it becomes in the end an alternative postulate on one side and the other. The theologian cannot prove his case, because the very terms in which it must be proved are already denied *ab initio* by the materialist. But no more can the materialist, for the same reason, refute the spiritual thinker. There can be no argument where no common premiss is granted. Coleridge was quite alive to this, yet he validly appeals to common experience. "I assume," he says, "a something the proof which no man can give to another, yet every man may find for himself. If any man assert that he has no such experience, I am bound to disbelieve him, I cannot do otherwise without unsettling the foundation of my own moral nature. For I either find it as an essential of the humanity common to him and to me, or I have not found it at all . . . . All the significant objections of the materialist and necessitarian," he adds, "are contained in the term morality, and all the objections of the infidel in the term religion. These very terms imply something granted, which the objector in each case supposes not granted. A moral philosophy is only such because it assumes a principle of morality, a will in man, and so a Christian philosophy or theology has its own assumptions resting on three ultimate facts, namely, the reality of the law of conscience; the existence of a responsible will as the subject of that law; and lastly, the existence of God . . . . The first is a fact of consciousness; the second, a fact of reason necessarily concluded from the first; and the third, a fact of history interpreted by both."

These were the radical data of the religious philosophy of Coleridge. They imply a general conception of religion which was revolutionary for his age, simple and ancient as the principles are. The evangelical tradition brought religion to man from the outside. It took no concern of man's spiritual constitution beyond the fact that he was a sinner and in danger of hell. Coleridge started from a similar but larger experi-

ence, including not only sin, but the whole spiritual basis on which sin rests. "I profess a deep conviction," he says, "that man is a fallen creature," "not by accident of bodily constitution or any other cause, but as diseased in his will—in that will which is the true and only strict synonyme of the word I, or the intelligent Self." This "intelligent Self" is a fundamental conception lying at the root of his system of thought. Sin is an attribute of it, and cannot be conceived apart for it, and conscience, or the original sense of right and wrong governing the will. Apart from these internal realities there is no religion, and the function of the Christian Revelation is to build up the spiritual life out of these realities—to remedy the evil, to enlighten the conscience, to educate the will. This effective power of religion comes directly from God in Christ. Here Coleridge joins the Evangelical School, as indeed every school of living Christian Faith. This was the element of Truth he found in the doctrine of Election as handled "practically, morally, humanly," by Leighton. Every true Christian, he argues, must attribute his distinction not in any degree to himself—"his own resolves and strivings," "his own will and understanding," still less to "his own comparative excellence,"—but to God, "the being in whom the promise of life originated, and on whom its fulfilment depends." Election so far is a truth of experience. "This the conscience requires; this the highest interests of morality demand." So far it is a question of facts with which the speculative reason has nothing to do. But when the theological reasoner abandons the ground of fact and "the safe circle of religion and practical reason for the shifting sand-wastes and mirages of speculative theology," then he uses words without meaning. He can have no insight into the workings or plans of a Being who is neither an object of his senses nor a part of his self-consciousness.

Nothing can show better than this brief exposition how closely Coleridge in his theology clung to a base of spiritual experience, and sought to measure even the most abstruse Christian mysteries by facts. The same thing may be shown

by referring to his doctrine of the Trinity, which has been supposed the most transcendental and, so to speak, "Neo-Platonist" of all his doctrines. But truly speaking his Trinitarianism, like his doctrine of Election, is a moral rather than a speculative truth. The Trinitarian idea was, indeed, true to him notionally. The full analysis of the notion "God" seemed to him to involve it. "I find a certain notion in my mind, and say that is what I understand by the term God. From books and conversation I find that the learned generally connect the same notion with the same word. I then apply the rules laid down by the masters of logic for the involution and evolution of terms, and prove (to as many as agree with my premisses) that the notion 'God' involves the notion 'Trinity.'" So he argued, and many times recurred to the same Transcendental analysis. But the truer and more urgent spiritual basis of the doctrine of the Trinity, even to his own mind, was not its notional but its moral necessity. Christ could only be a Saviour as being Divine. Salvation is a Divine work. "The idea of redemption involves belief in the Divinity of our Lord. And our Lord's Divinity again involves the Trinitarian idea, because in and through this idea alone the Divinity of Christ can be received without breach of faith in the Unity of the Godhead." In other words, the best evidence of the doctrine of the Trinity, is the compulsion of the spiritual conscience which demands a Divine Saviour; and only in and through the great idea of Trinity in Unity does this demand become consistent with Christian Monotheism.\*

These doctrines are merely used in illustration, as they are by Coleridge himself in his *Aids to Reflection*. But nothing can show in a stronger light these

general character of the change which he wrought in the conception of Christianity. From being a mere traditional creed, with Anglican and Evangelical, and it may be added Unitarian alike, it became a living expression of the spiritual consciousness. In a sense, of course, it had always been so. The Evangelical made much of its living power, but only in a practical and not in a rational sense. It is the distinction of Coleridge to have once more in his age made Christian doctrine alive to the reason as well as the conscience—tenable as a philosophy as well as an evangel. And this he did by interpreting Christianity in the light of our moral and spiritual life. There are aspects of Christian truth beyond us—*Exeunt in mysteria*. But all Christian truth must have vital touch with our spiritual being, and be so far at least capable of being rendered in its terms, or, in other words, be conformable to reason.

There was nothing absolutely new in this luminous conception, but it marked a revolution of religious thought in the earlier part of our century. The great principle of the Evangelical theology was that theological dogmas were true or false without any reference to a subjective standard of judgment. They were true as pure data of revelation, or as the propositions of an authorised creed settled long ago. Reason had, so far, nothing to do with them. Christian truth, it was supposed, lay at hand in the Bible, an appeal to which settled everything. Coleridge did not undervalue the Bible. He gave it an intelligent reverence. But he no less revered the spiritual consciousness or divine light in man; and to put out this light, as the Evangelical had gone far to do, was to destroy all reasonable faith. This must rest not merely on objective data, but on internal experience. It must have not merely authority without, but *rationale* within. It must answer to the highest aspiration of human reason, as well as the most urgent necessities of human life. It must interpret reason and find expression in the voice of our higher humanity, and so enlarge itself as to meet all its needs.

If we turn for a moment to the special exposition of the doctrines of sin and

\* This was a favorite thought with Coleridge, as for example, in his *Literary Remains* (vol. i. p. 393-4): "The Trinity of Persons in the Unity of the Godhead would have been a necessary idea of my speculative reason. God must have had co-eternally an adequate idea of Himself in and through which He created all things. But this would only have been a speculative idea. Solely in consequence of our redemption does the Trinity become a doctrine, the belief of which as real is commanded by conscience."

redemption which Coleridge has given in the *Aids to Reflection*, it is still mainly with the view of bringing out more clearly his general conception of Christianity as a living movement of thought rather than a mere series of articles or a traditionary creed.

In dealing first with the question of sin, he shows how its very idea is only tenable on the ground of such a spiritual constitution in man as he has already asserted. It is only the recognition of a true will in man—a spirit or supernatural in man, although “not necessarily miraculous”—which renders sin possible. “These views of the spirit and of the will as spiritual,” he says more than once, “are the groundwork of my scheme.” There was nothing more significant or fundamental in all his theology. If there is not always a supernatural element in man in the shape of spirit and will, no miracles or anything else can ever authenticate the supernatural to him. A mere formal orthodoxy, therefore, hanging upon the evidence of miracles, is a suspension bridge without any real support. So all questions between infidelity and Christianity are questions here, at the root, and not what are called “critical” questions as to whether this or that view of the Bible be right, or this or that traditionary dogma be true. Such questions are, truly speaking, inter-Christian questions, the freest views of which all Churches must learn to tolerate. The really vital question is whether there is a divine root in man at all—a spiritual centre, answering to a higher spiritual centre in the universe. All controversies of any importance come back to this. Coleridge would have been a great Christian thinker if for no other reason than this, that he brought all theological problems back to this living centre, and showed how they diverged from it. Apart from this postulate, sin was inconceivable to him; and in the same manner all sin was to him sin of origin or “original sin.” It is the essential property of the will that it can originate. The phrase original sin is therefore “a pleonasm.” If sin was not original, or from within the will itself, it would not deserve the name. “A state or act that has not its origin in the will may be a calamity, deformity,

disease, or mischief, but a sin it cannot be.”

Again he says: That there is an evil common to all is a fact, and this evil must, therefore, have a common ground. Now this evil ground cannot originate in the Divine will; it must, therefore, be referred to the will of man. And this evil ground we call original sin. It is a mystery, that is, a fact which we see, but cannot explain; and the doctrine a truth which we apprehend, but can neither comprehend nor communicate. And such by the quality of the subject (namely, a responsible will) it must be, if it be truth at all.”

This inwardness is no less characteristic of Coleridge’s treatment of the doctrine of atonement or redemption. It is intelligible so far as it comes within the range of spiritual experience. So far its nature and effects are amply described or figured in the New Testament, especially by St. Paul. And the apostle’s language, as might be expected, “takes its predominant colors from his own experience, and the experience of those whom he addressed.” “His figures, images, analogies, and references,” are all more or less borrowed from this source. He describes the Atonement of Christ under four principal metaphors: 1. Sin-offering, sacrificial expiation. 2. Reconciliation, atonement, *καταλλάγη*. 3. Redemption, or ransom from slavery. 4. Satisfaction, payment of a debt. These phrases are not designed to convey to us all the Divine meaning of the atonement, for no phrases or figures can do this; but they set forth its general aspect and design. One and all they have an intelligible relation to our spiritual life, and so clothe the doctrine for us with a concrete living and practical meaning. But there are other relations and aspects of the doctrine of atonement that transcend experience, and consequently our powers of understanding. And all that can be said here is, “exit in mysteria.” The rationalism of Coleridge is at least a modest and self-limiting rationalism. It clears the ground within the range of spiritual experience, and floods this ground with the light of reason. There is no true doctrine can contradict this light, or shelter itself from its penetration. But there are aspects of Christian

doctrine that outreach all grasp of reason, and before which reason must simply be silent. For example, the Divine act in redemption is "a causative act—a spiritual and transcendent mystery that passeth all understanding. 'Who knoweth the mind of the Lord, or being his councillor who hath instructed him?' *Factum est.*" This is all that can be said of the mystery of redemption, or of the doctrine of atonement on its Divine side.

And here emerges another important principle of the Coleridgean theology. While so great an advocate of the rights of reason in theology, of the necessity, in other words, of moulding all its facts in a synthesis intelligible to the higher reason he recognises strongly that there is a province of Divine truth beyond all such construction. We can never understand the fulness of Divine mystery, and it is hopeless to attempt to do so. While no mind was less agnostic in the modern sense of the term, he was yet with all his vivid and large intuition, a Christian agnostic. Just because Christianity was Divine, a revelation, and not a mere human tradition, all its higher doctrines ended in a region beyond our clear knowledge. As he himself said, "If the doctrine is more than a hyperbolical phrase it must do so." There was great pregnancy in this as in his other conceptions; and probably no more significant change awaits the theology of the future, than the determination of this province of the unknown, and the cessation of controversy, as to matters which come within it, and therefore admit of no dogmatic settlement.

(2.) But it is more than time to turn to the second aspect, in which Coleridge appears as a religious leader of the thought of the nineteenth century. The *Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit* was not published till six years after his death, in 1840; and it is curious to notice their accidental connection with the *Confessions of a Beautiful Soul*, which had been translated by Carlyle some years before.\* These *Confessions*, in the shape of seven letters to a friend, gather together all that is valuable in the Biblical criticism of the author scat-

tered through his various writings; and although it may be doubtful whether the volume has ever attained the circulation of the *Aids to Reflection*, it is eminently deserving—small as it is, nay, because of its very brevity—of a place beside the larger work. It is eminently readable, terse and nervous, as well as eloquent in style. In none of his writings does Coleridge appear to greater advantage, or touch a more elevating strain, rising at times into solemn music.

The *Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit* were of course merely one indication of the rise of a true spirit of criticism in English theology. Arnold, Whately, Thirlwall, and others, it will be seen, were all astrir in the same direction, even before the *Confessions* were published. The notion of verbal inspiration, or the infallible dictation of Holy Scripture, could not possibly continue after the modern spirit of historical inquiry had begun. As soon as men plainly recognised the organic growth of all great facts, literary as well as others, it was inevitable that they should see the Scriptures in a new light, as a product of many phases of thought in course of more or less perfect development. A larger and more intelligent sense of the conditions attending the origin and progress of all civilisation, and of the immaturities through which religious as well as moral and social ideas advance, necessarily carried with it a changed perception of the characteristics of Scriptural revelation. The old Rabbinical notion of an infallible text was sure to disappear. The new critical method besides is, in Coleridge's hands, rather an idea—a happy and germinant thought—than a well-evolved system. Still to him belongs the honor of having first plainly and boldly announced that the Scriptures were to be read and studied, like any other literature, in the light of their continuous growth, and the adaptation of their parts to one another.

The divinity of Scripture appears all the more brightly, when thus freely handled. "I take up the work," he says, "with the purpose to read it as I should read any other work—so far as I can or dare. For I neither can nor dare throw off a strong and awful prepossession in its favor, certain, as I am that a large part of the light and life in and by

\* In his well-known translation of *Wilhelm Meister*.

which I see, love, and embrace the truths and the strengths organised into a living body of faith and knowledge have been directly or indirectly derived to me from the sacred volume." All the more reason why we should not make a fetish of the Bible, as the Turk does of the Koran. Poor as reason may be in comparison with "the power and splendor of the Scriptures," yet it is and must be for him a true light. "While there is a Light higher than all, even the *Word that was in the beginning*;—the Light of which light itself is but the Schechinah and cloudy tabernacle;—there is also a 'Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world;' and the spirit of man is declared to be 'the candle of the Lord.'" "If between this Word," he says, "and the written letter I shall anywhere seem to myself to find a discrepance, I will not conclude that such there actually is. Nor, on the other hand, will I fall under the condemnation of those that would *lie for God*, but, seek as I may, be thankful for what I have and wait."

Such is the keynote of the volume. The supremacy of the Bible as a divinely inspired literature is plainly recognised from the first. Obviously it is a book above all other books in which deep answers to deep, and our inmost thoughts and most hidden griefs find not merely response, but guidance and assuagement. And whatever there *finds* us "bears witness for itself that it has proceeded from the Holy Spirit." "In the Bible," he says again, "there is more that *finds* me than I have experienced in all other books put together; the words of the Bible find me at greater depths of my being, and whatever finds me brings with it an irresistible evidence of its having proceeded from the Holy Spirit."

But there is much in the Bible that not only does not find us in the Coleridgean sense, but that seems full of contradictions, both moral and historical; the psalms in which David curses his enemies; the obviously exaggerated ages attributed to the patriarchs; and the incredible number of the armies said to be collected by Abijah and Jeroboam (2 Chron. xiii. 3), and other incidents familiar to all students of Scripture. What is to be made of such features of

the Bible? According to the old notion of its infallibility such parts of Scripture, no less than its most elevating utterances of "lovely hymn and choral song and accepted prayer of saint and prophet," were to be received as dictated by the Holy Spirit. They were stamped with the same Divine authority. Coleridge rightly enough emphasises this view as that of the fathers and reformers alike; but he no less rightly points out that not one of them is consistent in holding to their general doctrine. Their treatment of the Scriptures in detail constantly implies the fallacy of the Rabbinical tradition to which they yet clung. He no less forcibly points out that the Scriptures themselves make no such pretension to infallibility, "explicitly or by implication." "On the contrary, they refer to older documents, and on all points express themselves as sober-minded and veracious writers under ordinary circumstances are known to do." The usual texts quoted, such as 2 Tim. iii. 16, have no real bearing on the subject. The little we know as to the origin and history of many of the books of the Bible, of "the time of the formation and closing of the canon," of its selectors and compilers, is all opposed to such a theory. Moreover, the very nature of the claim stultifies itself when examined. For "how can infallible truth be infallibly conveyed in defective and fallible expression?"

But if the tenet of verbal inspiration has been so long received and acted on "by Jew and Christian, Greek, Roman, and Protestant, why can it not now be received?" "For every reason," answered Coleridge, "that makes me prize and revere these Scriptures;—prize them, love them, revere them beyond all other books." Because such a tenet "falsifies at once the whole body of holy writ, with all its harmonious and symmetrical gradations." It turns "the breathing organism into a colossal Memnon's head, a hollow passage for a voice," which no man hath uttered, and no human heart hath conceived. It evacuates of all sense and efficacy the fact that the Bible is a Divine literature of many books, "composed in different and widely distant ages under the greatest diversity of circumstances and degrees of light and information." So

he argues in language I have partly quoted and partly summarised. And then he breaks forth into a magnificent passage about the song of Deborah, a passage of rare eloquence with all its desultoriness, but which will hardly bear separation from the context. The wail of the Jewish heroine's maternal and patriotic love is heard under all her cursing and individualism—mercy rejoicing against judgment. In the very intensity of her primary affections is found the rare strength of her womanhood; and sweetness lies near to fierceness. Such passages probably give us a far better idea of the occasional glory of the old man's talk as "he sat on the brow of Highgate Hill," than any poor fragments of it that have been preserved. Direct and to the point it may never have been, but at times it rose into an organ swell with snatches of unutterable melody and power.

(3.) But Coleridge contributed still another factor to the impulsion of religious thought in his time. He did much to revive the historic idea of the Church as an intellectual as well as a spiritual commonwealth. Like many other ideas of our older national life this had been depressed and lost sight of during the eighteenth century. The Evangelical party, deficient in learning generally, was especially deficient in breadth of historical knowledge. Milner's History, if nothing else, serves to point this conclusion. The idea of the Church as the mother of philosophy and arts and learning, as well as the nurse of faith and piety, was unknown. It was a part of the Evangelical creed, moreover, to leave aside as far as possible mere political and intellectual interests. These belonged to the world, and the main business of the religious man was with religion as a personal affair, of vast moment, but outside all other affairs. Coleridge helped once more to bring the Church as he did the gospel into larger room as a great spiritual power of manifold influence.

This volume *On the Constitution of Church and State according to the idea of each* was published in 1830, and was the last volume which the author himself published. The Catholic Emancipation question had greatly excited the public mind, and some friend had appealed to

Coleridge expressing astonishment that he should be in opposition to the proposed measure. He replied that he is by no means unfriendly to Catholic emancipation, while yet "scrupling the means proposed for its attainment." And in order to explain his difficulties he composed a long letter to his friend which is really an essay or treatise, beginning with the fundamental principles of his philosophy and ending with a description of antichrist. The essay is one of the least satisfactory of his compositions from a mere literary point of view, and is not even mentioned by Mr. Traill in his recent monograph. But amidst all its involutions and ramblings it is stimulating and full of thought on a subject which almost more than any other is liable to be degraded by unworthy and sectarian treatment. Here, as everywhere in Coleridge's writings, we are brought in contact with certain large conceptions which far more than cover the immediate subject in hand.

It has been sometimes supposed that Coleridge's theory of the Church merely revived the old theory of the Elizabethan age so powerfully advocated by Hooker and specially espoused by Dr. Arnold in later times. According to this theory the Church and State are really identical, the Church being merely the State in its educational and religious aspect and organisation. But Coleridge's special theory is different from this, although allied to it. He distinguishes the Christian Church as such from any national church. The former is spiritual and catholic, the latter institutional and local. The former is opposed to the "world," the latter is an estate of the realm. The former has nothing to do with states and kingdoms. It is in this respect identical with the "spiritual and invisible church known only to the Father of Spirits," and the compensating counterpoise of all that is of the world. It is, in short, the Divine aggregate of what is really Divine in all Christian communities, and more or less ideally represented "in every true church." A national church again is the incorporation of all the learning and knowledge—intellectual and spiritual—in a country. Every nation in order to its true health and civilisation requires not only a land-owning or permanent

class along with a commercial, industrial, and progressive class, but moreover, an educative class to represent all higher knowledge, "to guard the treasures of past civilisation," to bind the national life together in its past, present, and future, and to communicate to all citizens a clear understanding of their rights and duties. This third estate of the realm Coleridge denominated the "Clerisy," and included not merely the clergy, but, in his own language, "the learned of all denominations." The knowledge, which it was their function to cultivate and diffuse, embraced not only theology, although this pre-eminently as the head of all other knowledge, but law, music, mathematics, the physical sciences, "all the so-called liberal arts and sciences, the possession and cultivation of which constitute the civilisation of a country."

This is at any rate a large conception of a national church. It is put forth by its author with all earnestness, although he admitted that it had never been anywhere realised. But it was his object "to present the *Idea* of a national church as the only safe criterion by which we can judge of existing things." It was only when "we are in full and clear

possession of the ultimate aim of an institution" that we can ascertain how far "this aim has ever been attained in other ways."

These, very briefly explained, are the main lines along which Coleridge moved the national mind in the third decade of this century. They may seem to some rather impalpable lines, and hardly calculated to touch the general mind. But they were influential, as the course of Christian literature has since proved. Like his own genius, they were diffusive rather than concentrative. The Coleridgian ideas permeated the general intellectual atmosphere, modifying old conceptions in criticism as well as theology, deepening if not always clarifying the channels of thought in many directions, but especially in the direction of Christian philosophy. They acted in this way as a new circulation of spiritual air all around, rather than in conveying any new body of truth. The very ridicule of Carlyle testifies to the influence which they exercised over aspiring and younger minds. The very emphasis with which he repudiates the Coleridgian metaphysics probably indicates that he had felt some echo of it in his own heart.—*Fortnightly Review*.

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## THE PORTRAIT.

### A STORY OF THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN.

At the period when the following incidents occurred I was living with my father at The Grove, a large old house in the immediate neighborhood of a little town. This had been his home for a number of years; and I believe I was born in it. It was a kind of house which, notwithstanding all the red and white architecture, known at present by the name of Queen Anne, builders nowadays have forgotten how to build. It was straggling and irregular, with wide passages, wide staircases, broad landings; the rooms large but not very lofty; the arrangements leaving much to be desired, with no economy of space; a house belonging to a period when land was cheap, and, so far as that was concerned, there was no occasion to economise. Though it was so near the town,

the clump of trees in which it was environed was a veritable grove. In the grounds in spring the primroses grew as thickly as in the forest. We had a few fields for the cows, and an excellent walled garden. The place is being pulled down at this moment to make room for more streets of mean little houses,—the kind of thing, and not a dull house of faded gentry, which perhaps the neighborhood requires. The house was dull, and so were we, its last inhabitants; and the furniture was faded, even a little dingy,—nothing to brag of. I do not, however, intend to convey a suggestion that we were faded gentry, for that was not the case. My father, indeed, was rich, and had no need to spare any expense in making his life and his house bright if he pleased;



but he did not please, and I had not been long enough at home to exercise any special influence of my own. It was the only home I had ever known; but except in my earliest childhood, and in my holidays as a schoolboy, I had in reality known but little of it. My mother had died at my birth, or shortly after, and I had grown up in the gravity and silence of a house without women. In my infancy, I believe, a sister of my father's had lived with us, and taken charge of the household and of me; but she, too, had died long, long ago, my mourning for her being one of the first things I could recollect. And she had no successor. There was, indeed, a housekeeper and some maids,—the latter of whom I only saw disappearing at the end of a passage, or whisking out of a room when one of "the gentlemen" appeared. Mrs. Weir, indeed, I saw nearly every day; but a curtsey, a smile, a pair of nice round arms which she caressed while folding them across her ample waist, and a large white apron, were all I knew of her. This was the only female influence in the house. The drawing-room I was aware of only as a place of deadly good order, into which nobody ever entered. It had three long windows opening on the lawn, and communicated at the upper end, which was rounded like a great bay, with the conservatory. Sometimes I gazed into it as a child from without, wondering at the needlework on the chairs, the screens, the looking-glasses which never reflected any living face. My father did not like the room, which probably was not wonderful, though it never occurred to me in those early days to inquire why.

I may say here, though it will probably be disappointing to those who form a sentimental idea of the capabilities of children, that it did not occur to me either, in these early days, to make any inquiry about my mother. There was no room in life, as I knew it, for any such person; nothing suggested to my mind either the fact that she must have existed, or that there was need of her in the house. I accepted, as I believe most children do, the facts of existence, on the basis with which I had first made acquaintance with them, without question or remark. As a matter of fact, I was aware that it was rather dull at

home; but neither by comparison with the books I read, nor by the communications received from my school-fellows, did this seem to me anything remarkable. And I was possibly somewhat dull too by nature, for I did not mind. I was fond of reading, and for that there was unbounded opportunity. I had a little ambition in respect to work, and that too could be prosecuted undisturbed. When I went to the university, my society lay almost entirely among men; but by that time and afterwards, matters had of course greatly changed with me, and though I recognised women as part of the economy of nature, and did not indeed by any means dislike or avoid them, yet the idea of connecting them at all with my own home never entered into my head. That continued to be as it had always been, when at intervals I descended upon the cool, grave, colorless place, in the midst of my traffic with the world; always very still, well-ordered, serious—the cooking very good, the comfort perfect—old Morpheus, the butler, a little older (but very little older, perhaps on the whole less old, since in my childhood I had thought him a kind of Methuselah), and Mrs. Weir, less active, covering up her arms in sleeves, but folding and caressing them just as always. I remember looking in from the lawn through the windows upon that deadly-orderly drawing-room, with a humorous recollection of my childish admiration and wonder, and feeling that it must be kept so forever and ever, and that to go into it would break some sort of amusing mock mystery, some pleasantly ridiculous spell.

But it was only at rare intervals that I went home. In the long vacation, as in my school holidays, my father often went abroad with me, so that we had gone over a great deal of the Continent together very pleasantly. He was old in proportion to the age of his son, being a man of sixty when I was twenty, but that did not disturb the pleasure of the relations between us. I don't know that they were ever very confidential. On my side there was but little to communicate, for I did not get into scrapes nor fall in love, the two predicaments which demand sympathy and confidences. And as for my father himself,

I was never aware what there could be to communicate on his side. I knew his life exactly—what he did almost at every hour of the day ; under what circumstances of the temperature he would ride and when walk ; how often and with what guests he would indulge in the occasional break of a dinner-party, a serious pleasure—perhaps, indeed, less a pleasure than a duty. All this I knew as well as he did, and also his views on public matters, his political opinions, which naturally were different from mine. What ground, then, remained for confidence ? I did not know any. We were both of us of a reserved nature, not apt to enter into our religious feelings, for instance. There are many people who think reticence on such subjects a sign of the most reverential way of contemplating them. Of this I am far from being sure ; but, at all events, it was the practice most congenial to my own mind.

And then I was for a long time absent, making my own way in the world. I did not make it very successfully. I accomplished the natural fate of an Englishman, and went out to the Colonies ; then to India in a semi-diplomatic position ; but returned home after seven or eight years, invalided, in bad health and not much better spirits, tired and disappointed with my first trial of life. I had, as people say, "no occasion" to insist on making my way. My father was rich, and had never given me the slightest reason to believe that he did not intend me to be his heir. His allowance to me was not illiberal, and though he did not oppose the carrying out of my own plans, he by no means urged me to exertion. When I came home he received me very affectionately, and expressed his satisfaction in my return. "Of course," he said, "I am not glad that you are disappointed, Philip, or that your health is broken ; but otherwise it is an ill wind, you know, that blows nobody good—and I am very glad to have you at home. I am growing an old man—"

"I don't see any difference, sir," said I ; "everything here seems exactly the same as when I went away—"

He smiled, and shook his head. "It is true enough," he said, "after we have reached a certain age we seem to

go on for a long time on a plane, and feel no great difference from year to year ; but it is an inclined plane—and the longer we go on, the more sudden will be the fall at the end. But at all events it will be a great comfort to me to have you here."

"If I had known that," I said, "and that you wanted me, I should have come in any circumstances. As there are only two of us in the world—"

"Yes," he said, "there are only two of us in the world ; but still I should not have sent for you, Phil, to interrupt your career."

"It is as well, then, that it has interrupted itself," I said, rather bitterly ; for disappointment is hard to hear.

He patted me on the shoulder and repeated, "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," with a look of real pleasure which gave me a certain gratification too ; for, after all, he was an old man, and the only one in all the world to whom I owed any duty. I had not been without dreams of warmer affections, but they had come to nothing—not tragically, but in the ordinary way. I might perhaps have had love which I did not want, but not that which I did want,—which was not a thing to make any unmanly moan about, but in the ordinary course of events. Such disappointments happen every day ; indeed, they are more common than anything else, and sometimes it is apparent afterward that it is better it was so.

However, here I was at thirty stranded—yet wanting for nothing, in a position to call forth rather envy than pity from the greater part of my contemporaries,—for I had an assured and comfortable existence, as much money as I wanted, and the prospect of an excellent fortune for the future. On the other hand, my health was still low, and I had no occupation. The neighborhood of the town was a drawback rather than an advantage. I felt myself tempted, instead of taking the long walk into the country which my doctor recommended, to take a much shorter one through the High Street, across the river, and back again, which was not a walk but a lounge. The country was silent and full of thoughts—thoughts not always very agreeable—whereas there were always the humors of the lit-

the urban population to glance at, the news to be heard, all those petty matters which so often make up life in a very impoverished version for the idle man. I did not like it, but I felt myself yielding to it, not having energy enough to make a stand. The rector and the leading lawyer of the place asked me to dinner. I might have glided into the society, such as it was, had I been disposed for that—everything about me began to close over me as if I had been fifty, and fully contented with my lot.

It was possibly my own want of occupation which made me observe with surprise, after a while, how much occupied my father was. He had expressed himself glad of my return; but now that I had returned, I saw very little of him. Most of his time was spent in his library, as had always been the case. But on the few visits I paid him there, I could not but perceive that the aspect of the library was much changed. It had acquired the look of a business-room, almost an office. There were large business-like books on the table, which I could not associate with anything he could naturally have to do; and his correspondence was very large. I thought he closed one of those books hurriedly as I came in, and pushed it away, as if he did not wish me to see it. This surprised me at the moment, without arousing any other feeling; but afterward I remembered it with a clearer sense of what it meant. He was more absorbed altogether than I had been used to see him. He was visited by men sometimes not of very prepossessing appearance. Surprise grew in my mind without any very distinct idea of the reason of it; and it was not till after a chance conversation with Morphew that my vague uneasiness began to take definite shape. It was begun without any special intention on my part. Morphew had informed me that master was very busy, on some occasion when I wanted to see him. And I was a little annoyed to be thus put off. "It appears to me that my father is always busy," I said, hastily. Morphew then began very oracularly to nod his head in assent.

"A deal too busy, sir, if you take my opinion," he said.

This startled me much, and I asked

hurriedly, "What do you mean?" without reflecting that to ask for private information from a servant about my father's habits was as bad as investigating into a stranger's affairs. It did not strike me in the same light.

"Mr. Philip," said Morphew, "a thing 'as 'appened as 'appens more often than it ought to. Master has got awful keen about money in his old age."

"That's a new thing for him," I said.

"No, sir, begging your pardon, it ain't a new thing. He was once broke of it, and that wasn't easy done; but it's come back, if you'll excuse me saying so. And I don't know as he'll ever be broke of it again at his age."

I felt more disposed to be angry than disturbed by this. "You must be making some ridiculous mistake," I said. "And if you were not so old a friend as you are, Morphew, I should not have allowed my father to be so spoken of to me."

The old man gave me a half-astonished, half-contemptuous look. "He's been my master a deal longer than he's been your father," he said, turning on his heel. The assumption was so comical that my anger could not stand in face of it. I went out, having been on my way to the door when this conversation occurred, and took my usual lounge about, which was not a satisfactory sort of amusement. Its vanity and emptiness appeared to be more evident than usual to-day. I met half a dozen people I knew, and had as many pieces of news confided to me. I went up and down the length of the High Street. I made a small purchase or two. And then I turned homeward—despising myself, yet finding no alternative within my reach. Would a long country walk have been more virtuous?—it would at least have been more wholesome—but that was all that could be said. My mind did not dwell on Morphew's communication. It seemed without sense or meaning to me; and after the excellent joke about his superior interest in his master to mine in my father, was dismissed lightly enough from my mind. I tried to invent some way of telling this to my father without letting him perceive that Morphew had been finding faults in him, or I listening; for it seemed a pity to lose so good a joke.

However, as I returned home, something happened which put the joke entirely out of my head. It is curious when a new subject of trouble or anxiety has been suggested to the mind in an unexpected way, how often a second advertisement follows immediately after the first, and gives to that a potency which in itself it had not possessed.

I was approaching our own door, wondering whether my father had gone, and whether, on my return, I should find him at leisure—for I had several little things to say to him—when I noticed a poor woman lingering about the closed gates. She had a baby sleeping in her arms. It was a spring night, the stars shining in the twilight, and everything soft and dim; and the woman's figure was like a shadow, flitting about, now here, now there, on one side or another of the gate. She stopped when she saw me approaching, and hesitated for a moment, then seemed to take a sudden resolution. I watched her without knowing, with a prevision that she was going to address me, though with no sort of idea as to the subject of her address. She came up to me doubtfully, it seemed, yet certainly, as I felt, and when she was close to me, dropped a sort of hesitating curtsy, and said, "It's Mr. Philip?" in a low voice.

"What do you want with me?" I said.

Then she poured forth suddenly, without warning or preparation, her long speech—a flood of words which must have been all ready and waiting at the doors of her lips for utterance. "Oh, sir, I want to speak to you! I can't believe you'll be so hard, for you're young; and I can't believe he'll be so hard if so be as his own son, as I've always heard he had but one, 'll speak up for us. Oh, gentleman, it is easy for the likes of you, that, if you ain't comfortable in one room, can just walk into another; but if one room is all you have, and every bit of furniture you have taken out of it, and nothing but the four walls left—not so much as the cradle for the child, or a chair for your man to sit down upon when he comes from his work, or a saucepan to cook him his supper—"

"My good woman," I said, "who can have taken all that from you? surely nobody can be so cruel?"

"You say it's cruel!" she cried with a sort of triumph. "Oh, I knowed you would, or any true gentleman that don't hold with screwing poor folks. Just go and say that to him inside there, for the love of God. Tell him to think what he's doing, driving poor creatures to despair. Summer's coming, the Lord be praised, but yet it's bitter cold at night with your counterpane gone; and when you've been working hard all day, and nothing but four bare walls to come home to, and all your poor little sticks of furniture that you've saved up for, and got together one by one, all gone—and you no better than when you started, or rather worse, for then you was young. Oh, sir!" the woman's voice rose into a sort of passionate wail. And then she added, beseechingly, recovering herself—"Oh, speak for us—he'll not refuse his own son—"

"To whom am I to speak? who is it that has done this to you?" I said.

The woman hesitated again, looking keenly in my face—then repeated with a slight faltering, "It's Mr. Philip?" as if that made everything right.

"Yes; I am Philip Canning," I said; "but what have I to do with this? and to whom am I to speak?"

She began to whimper, crying and stopping herself. "Oh, please, sir! it's Mr. Canning as owns all the house property about—it's him that our court and the lane and everything belongs to. And he's taken the bed from under us, and the baby's cradle, although it's said in the Bible as you're not to take poor folks's bed."

"My father!" I cried in spite of myself—"then it must be some agent, some one else in his name. You may be sure he knows nothing of it. Of course I shall speak to him at once."

"Oh, God bless you, sir," said the woman. But then she added, in a lower tone—"It's no agent. It's one as never knows trouble. It's him that lives in that grand house." But this was said under her breath, evidently not for me to hear.

Morphew's words flashed through my mind as she spoke. What was this? Did it afford an explanation of the much occupied hours, the big books, the strange visitors? I took the poor woman's name, and gave her something to

procure a few comforts for the night, and went indoors disturbed and troubled. It was impossible to believe that my father himself would have acted thus; but he was not a man to brook interference, and I did not see how to introduce the subject, what to say. I could but hope that, at the moment of broaching it, words would be put into my mouth, which often happens in moments of necessity, one knows not how, even when one's theme is not so all-important as that for which such help has been promised. As usual, I did not see my father till dinner. I have said that our dinners were very good, luxurious in a simple way, everything excellent in its kind, well cooked, well served, the perfection of comfort without show—which is a combination very dear to the English heart. I said nothing till Morphew, with his solemn attention to everything that was going, had retired—and then it was with some strain of courage that I began.

"I was stopped outside the gate to-day by a curious sort of petitioner—a poor woman, who seems to be one of your tenants, sir, but whom your agent must have been rather too hard upon."

"My agent? who is that?" said my father, quietly.

"I don't know his name, and I doubt his competence. The poor creature seems to have had everything taken from her—her bed, her child's cradle."

"No doubt she was behind with her rent."

"Very likely, sir. She seemed very poor," said I.

"You take it coolly," said my father, with an upward glance, half-amused, not in the least shocked by my statement.

"But when a man, or a woman either, takes a house, I suppose you will allow that they ought to pay rent for it."

"Certainly, sir," I replied, "when they have got anything to pay."

"I don't allow the reservation," he said. But he was not angry, which I had feared he would be.

"I think," I continued, "that your agent must be too severe. And this emboldens me to say something which has been in my mind for some time"—(these were the words, no doubt, which I had hoped would be put into my mouth; they were the suggestion of the

moment, and yet as I said them it was with the most complete conviction of their truth)—"and that is this: I am doing nothing; my time hangs heavy on my hands. Make me your agent. I will see for myself, and save you from such mistakes; and it will be an occupation—"

"Mistakes? What warrant have you for saying these are mistakes?" he said testily; then after a moment: "This is a strange proposal from you, Phil. Do you know what it is you are offering?—to be a collector of rents, going about from door to door, from week to week: to look after wretched little bits of repairs, drains, etc.; to get paid, which, after all, is the chief thing, and not to be taken in by tales of poverty."

"Not to let you be taken in by men without pity," I said.

He gave me a strange glance, which I did not very well understand, and said, abruptly, a thing which, so far as I remember, he had never in my life said before, "You've become a little like your mother, Phil—"

"My mother!" The reference was so unusual—nay, so unprecedented—that I was greatly startled. It seemed to me like the sudden introduction of a quite new element in the stagnant atmosphere, as well as a new party to our conversation. My father looked across the table, as if with some astonishment at my tone of surprise.

"Is that so very extraordinary?" he said.

"No; of course it is not extraordinary that I should resemble my mother. Only—I have heard very little of her—almost nothing."

"That is true." He got up and placed himself before the fire, which was very low, as the night was not cold—had not been cold heretofore at least; but it seemed to me now that a little chill came into the dim and faded room. Perhaps it looked more dull from the suggestion of a something brighter, warmer, that might have been. "Talking of mistakes," he said, "perhaps that was one: to sever you entirely from her side of the house. But I did not care for the connection. You will understand how it is that I speak of it now when I tell you—" He stopped here, however, said nothing more for a minute or so,

and then rang the bell. Morphew came, as he always did, very deliberately, so that some time elapsed in silence, during which my surprise grew. When the old man appeared at the door—"Have you put the lights in the drawing-room, as I told you?" my father said.

"Yes, sir; and opened the box, sir; and it's a—it's a speaking likeness—"

This the old man got out in a great hurry, as if afraid that his master would stop him. My father did so with a wave of his hand.

"That's enough. I asked no information. You can go now."

The door closed upon us, and there was again a pause. My subject had floated away altogether like a mist, though I had been so concerned about it. I tried to resume, but could not. Something seemed to arrest my very breathing: and yet in this dull respectable house of ours, where everything breathed good character and integrity, it was certain that there could be no shameful mystery to reveal. It was some time before my father spoke, not from any purpose that I could see, but apparently because his mind was busy with probably unaccustomed thoughts.

"You scarcely know the drawing-room, Phil," he said at last.

"Very little. I have never seen it used. I have a little awe of it, to tell the truth."

"That should not be. There is no reason for that. But a man by himself, as I have been for the greater part of my life, has no occasion for a drawing-room. I always, as a matter of preference, sat among my books; however, I ought to have thought of the impression on you."

"Oh, it is not important," I said; "the awe was childish. I have not thought of it since I came home."

"It never was anything very splendid at the best," said he. He lifted the lamp from the table with a sort of abstraction, not remarking even my offer to take it from him, and led the way. He was on the verge of seventy, and looked his age; but it was a vigorous age, with no symptoms of giving way. The circle of light from the lamp lit up his white hair, and keen blue eyes, and clear complexion; his forehead was like old ivory, his cheek warmly colored:

an old man, yet a man in full strength. He was taller than I was, and still almost as strong. As he stood for a moment with the lamp in his hand, he looked like a tower in his great height and bulk. I reflected as I looked at him that I knew him intimately, more intimately than any other creature in the world,—I was familiar with every detail of his outward life; could it be that in reality I did not know him at all?

The drawing-room was already lighted with a flickering array of candles upon the mantelpiece and along the walls, producing the pretty starry effect which candles give without very much light. As I had not the smallest idea what I was about to see, for Morphew's "speaking likeness" was very hurriedly said, and only half comprehensible in the bewilderment of my faculties, my first glance was at this very unusual illumination, for which I could assign no reason. The next showed me a large full-length portrait, still in the box in which apparently it had travelled, placed upright, supported against a table in the centre of the room. My father walked straight up to it, motioned to me to place a smaller table lose to the picture on the left side, and put his lamp upon that. Then he waved his hand towards it, and stood aside that I might see.

It was a full-length portrait of a very young woman—I might say, a girl, scarcely twenty—in a white dress, made in a very simple old fashion, though I was too little accustomed to female costume to be able to fix the date. It might have been a hundred years old, or twenty, for aught I knew. The face had an expression of youth, candor, and simplicity more than any face I had ever seen—or so, at least, in my surprise, I thought. The eyes were a little wistful, with something which was almost anxiety—which at least was not content—in them; a faint, almost imperceptible, curve in the lids. The complexion was of a dazzling fairness, the hair light, but the eyes dark, which gave individuality to the face. It would have been as lovely had the eyes been blue—probably more so—but their darkness gave a touch of character, a slight discord, which made the harmony finer. It was not, perhaps, beautiful in the

highest sense of the word. The girl must have been too young, too slight, too little developed for actual beauty; but a face which so invited love and confidence I never saw. One smiled at it with instinctive affection. "What a sweet face!" I said. "What a lovely girl! Who is she? Is this one of the relations you were speaking of on the other side?"

My father made me no reply. He stood aside, looking at it as if he knew it too well to require to look,—as if the picture was already in his eyes. "Yes," he said, after an interval, with a long-drawn breath, "she was a lovely girl, as you say."

"Was?—then she is dead. What a pity!" I said; "what a pity! so young and so sweet!"

We stood gazing at her thus, in her beautiful stillness and calm—two men, the younger of us full grown and conscious of many experiences, the other an old man—before this impersonation of tender youth. At length he said, with a slight tremulousness in his voice, "Does nothing suggest to you who she is, Phil?"

I turned round to look at him with profound astonishment, but he turned away from my look. A sort of quiver passed over his face. "That is your mother," he said, and walked suddenly away, leaving me there.

My mother!

I stood for a moment in a kind of consternation before the white-robed innocent creature, to me no more than a child; then a sudden laugh broke from me, without any will of mine: something ludicrous, as well as something awful, was in it. When the laugh was over, I found myself with tears in my eyes, gazing, holding my breath. The soft features seemed to melt, the lips to move, the anxiety in the eyes to become a personal inquiry. Ah, no! nothing of the kind; only because of the water in mine. My mother! oh, fair and gentle creature, scarcely woman—how could any man's voice call her by that name! I had little idea enough of what it meant,—had heard it laughed at, scoffed at, revered, but never had learned to place it even among the ideal powers of life. Yet, if it meant anything at all, what it meant was worth

thinking of. What did she ask, looking at me with those eyes? what would she have said if "those lips had language"? If I had known her only as Cowper did—with a child's recollection—there might have been some thread, some faint but comprehensible link, between us; but now all that I felt was the curious incongruity. Poor child! I said to myself; so sweet a creature: poor little tender soul! as if she had been a little sister, a child of mine—but my mother! I cannot tell how long I stood looking at her, studying the candid, sweet face, which surely had germs in it of everything that was good and beautiful; and sorry, with a profound regret, that she had died and never carried these promises to fulfilment. Poor girl! poor people who had loved her! These were my thoughts: with a curious vertigo and giddiness of my whole being in the sense of a mysterious relationship, which it was beyond my power to understand.

Presently my father came back: possibly because I had been a long time unconscious of the passage of the minutes, or perhaps because he was himself restless in the strange disturbance of his habitual calm. He came in and put his arm within mine, leaning his weight partially upon me, with an affectionate suggestion which went deeper than words. I pressed his arm to my side: it was more between us two grave Englishmen than any embracing.

"I cannot understand it," I said.

"No. I don't wonder at that; but if it is strange to you, Phil, think how much more strange to me! That is the partner of my life. I have never had another—or thought of another. That—girl! If we are to meet again, as I have always hoped we should meet again, what am I to say to her—I, an old man? Yes; I know what you mean. I am not an old man for my years; but my years are threescore and ten, and the play is nearly played out. How am I to meet that young creature? We used to say to each other that it was forever, that we never could be but one, that it was for life and death. But what—what am I to say to her, Phil, when I meet her again, that—that angel? No, it is not her being an angel that troubles me; but she is so young! She

is like my—my granddaughter," he cried, with a burst of what was half sobs, half laughter; "and she is my wife—and I am an old man—an old man! And so much has happened that she could not understand."

I was too much startled by this strange complaint to know what to say. It was not my own trouble, and I answered it in the conventional way.

"They are not as we are, sir," I said; "they look upon us with larger, other eyes than ours."

"Ah! you don't know what I mean," he said quickly; and in the interval he had subdued his emotion. "At first, after she died, it was my consolation to think that I should meet her again—that we never could be really parted. But, my God, how I have changed since then! I am another man—I am a different being. I was not very young even then—twenty years older than she was: but her youth renewed mine. I was not an unfit partner; she asked no better: and knew as much more than I did in some things—being so much nearer the source—as I did in others that were of the world. But I have gone a long way since then, Phil—a long way; and there she stands just where I left her."

I pressed his arm again. "Father," I said, which was a title I seldom used, "we are not to suppose that in a higher life the mind stands still." I did not feel myself qualified to discuss such topics, but something one must say.

"Worse, worse!" he replied; "then she too will be like me, a different being, and we shall meet as what? as strangers, as people who have lost sight of each other, with a long past between us—we who parted, my God! with—  
with—"

His voice broke and ended for a moment: then while, surprised and almost shocked by what he said, I cast about in my mind what to reply, he withdrew his arm suddenly from mine, and said in his usual tone, "Where shall we hang the picture, Phil? It must be here in this room. What do you think will be the best light?"

This sudden alteration took me still more by surprise, and gave me almost an additional shock; but it was evident that I must follow the changes of his mood, or at least the sudden repression

of sentiment which he originated. We went into that simpler question with great seriousness, consulting which would be the best light. "You know I can scarcely advise," I said; "I have never been familiar with this room. I should like to put off, if you don't mind, till daylight."

"I think," he said, "that this would be the best place." It was on the other side of the fireplace, on the wall which faced the windows—not the best light, I knew enough to be aware, for an oil-painting. When I said so, however, he answered me with a little impatience,— "It does not matter very much about the best light. There will be nobody to see it but you and me. I have my reasons—" There was a small table standing against the wall at this spot, on which he had his hand as he spoke. Upon it stood a little basket in very fine-lace-like wickerwork. His hand must have trembled, for the table shook, and the basket fell, its contents turning out upon the carpet,—little bits of needle-work, colored silks, a small piece of knitting half done. He laughed as they rolled out at his feet, and tried to stoop to collect them, then tottered to a chair, and covered for a moment his face with his hands.

No need to ask what they were. No woman's work had been seen in the house since I could recollect it. I gathered them up reverently and put them back. I could see, ignorant as I was, that the bit of knitting was something for an infant. What could I do less than put it to my lips? It had been left in the doing—for me.

"Yes, I think this is the best place," my father said a minute after, in his usual tone.

We placed it there that evening with our own hands. The picture was large, and in a heavy frame, but my father would let no one help me but himself. And then, with a superstition for which I never could give any reason even to myself, having removed the packings, we closed and locked the door, leaving the candles about the room, in their soft strange illumination lighting the first night of her return to her old place.

That night no more was said. My father went to his room early, which was not his habit. He had never, however,



accustomed me to sit late with him in the library. I had a little study or smoking-room of my own, in which all my special treasures were, the collections of my travels and my favorite books—and where I always sat after prayers, a ceremonial which was regularly kept up in the house. I retired as usual this night to my room, and as usual read—but to-night somewhat vaguely, often pausing to think. When it was quite late, I went out by the glass door to the lawn, and walked round the house, with the intention of looking in at the drawing-room windows, as I had done when a child. But I had forgotten that these windows were all shuttered at night, and nothing but a faint penetration of the light within through the crevices bore witness to the instalment of the new dweller there.

In the morning my father was entirely himself again. He told me without emotion of the manner in which he had obtained the picture. It had belonged to my mother's family, and had fallen eventually into the hands of a cousin of hers, resident abroad—"A man whom I did not like, and who did not like me," my father said; "there was, or had been, some rivalry, he thought: a mistake, but he was never aware of that. He refused all my requests to have a copy made. You may suppose, Phil, that I wished this very much. Had I succeeded, you would have been acquainted, at least, with your mother's appearance, and need not have sustained this shock. But he would not consent. It gave him, I think, a certain pleasure to think that he had the only picture. But now he is dead—and out of remorse, or with some other intention, has left it to me."

"That looks like kindness," said I.

"Yes; or something else. He might have thought that by so doing he was establishing a claim upon me," my father said: but he did not seem disposed to add any more. On whose behalf he meant to establish a claim I did not know, nor who the man was who had laid us under so great an obligation on his deathbed. He *had* established a claim on me at least: though, as he was dead, I could not see on whose behalf it was. And my father said nothing more. He seemed to dislike the subject. When

I attempted to return to it, he had recourse to his letters or his newspapers. Evidently he had made up his mind to say no more.

Afterwards I went into the drawing-room to look at the picture once more. It seemed to me that the anxiety in her eyes was not so evident as I had thought it last night. The light possibly was more favorable. She stood just above the place where, I make no doubt, she had sat in life, where her little work-basket was—not very much above it. The picture was full-length, and we had hung it low, so that she might have been stepping into the room, and was little above my own level as I stood and looked at her again. Once more I smiled at the strange thought that this young creature, so young, almost childish, could be my mother; and once more my eyes grew wet looking at her. He was a benefactor, indeed, who had given her back to us. I said to myself, that if I could ever do anything for him or his, I would certainly do, for my—for this lovely young creature's sake.

And with this in my mind, and all the thoughts that came with it, I am obliged to confess that the other matter, which I had been so full of on the previous night, went entirely out of my head.

It is rarely, however, that such matters are allowed to slip out of one's mind. When I went out in the afternoon for my usual stroll—or rather, when I returned from that stroll—I saw once more before me the woman with her baby whose story had filled me with dismay on the previous evening. She was waiting at the gate as before, and—"Oh, gentleman, but haven't you got some news to give me?" she said.

"My good woman—I—have been greatly occupied. I have had—no time to do anything."

"Ah!" she said, with a little cry of disappointment, "my man said not to make too sure, and that the ways of the gentlefolks is hard to know."

"I cannot explain to you," I said, as gently as I could, "what it is that has made me forget you. It was an event that can only do you good in the end. Go home now, and see the man that took your things from you, and tell him

to come to me. I promise you it shall be put right."

The woman looked at me in astonishment, then burst forth, as it seemed, involuntarily,—“What! without asking no questions?” After this there came a storm of tears and blessings, from which I made haste to escape, but not without carrying that curious commentary on my rashness away with me—“Without asking no questions?” It might be foolish, perhaps: but after all how slight a matter. To make the poor creature comfortable at the cost of what—a box or two of cigars, perhaps, or some other trifle. And if it should be her own fault, or her husband’s—what then? Had I been punished for all my faults, where should I have been now. And if the advantage should be only temporary, what then? To be relieved and comforted even for a day or two, was not that something to count in life? Thus I quenched the fiery dart of criticism which my *protégée* herself had thrown into the transaction, not without a certain sense of the humor of it. Its effect, however, was to make me less anxious to see my father, to repeat my proposal to him, and to call his attention to the cruelty performed in his name. This one case I had taken out of the category of wrongs to be righted, by assuming arbitrarily the position of Providence in my own person—for, of course, I had bound myself to pay the poor creature’s rent as well as redeem her goods—and, whatever might happen to her in the future, had taken the past into my own hands. The man came presently to see me who, it seems, had acted as my father’s agent in the matter. “I don’t know, sir, how Mr. Canning will take it,” he said. “He don’t want none of those irregular, bad-paying ones in his property. He always says as to look over it and let the rent run on is making things worse in the end. His rule is, ‘Never more than a month, Stevens:’ that’s what Mr. Canning says to me, sir. He says, ‘More than that they can’t pay. It’s no use trying.’ And it’s a good rule; it’s a very good rule. He won’t hear none of their stories, sir. Bless you, you’d never get a penny of rent from them small houses if you listened to their tales. But if so be as you’ll pay Mrs. Jordan’s rent, / none

of my business how it’s paid, so long as it’s paid, and I’ll send her back her things. But they’ll just have to be took next time,” he added, composedly. “Over and over: it’s always the same story with them sort of poor folks—they’re too poor for anything, that’s the truth,” the man said.

Morphew came back to my room after my visitor was gone. “Mr. Philip,” he said, “you’ll excuse me, sir, but if you’re going to pay all the poor folk’s rent as have distresses put in, you may just go into the court at once, for it’s without end—”

“I am going to be the agent myself, Morphew, and manage for my father: and we’ll soon put a stop to that,” I said, more cheerfully than I felt.

“Manage for—master,” he said, with a face of consternation. “You, Mr. Philip!”

“You seem to have a great contempt for me, Morphew.”

He did not deny the fact. He said with excitement, “Master, sir—master don’t let himself be put a stop to by any man. Master’s—not one to be managed. Don’t you quarrel with master, Mr. Philip, for the love of God.” The old man was quite pale.

“Quarrel!” I said. “I have never quarreled with my father, and I don’t mean to begin now.”

Morphew dispelled his own excitement by making up the fire, which was dying in the grate. It was a very mild spring evening, and he made up a great blaze which would have suited December. This is one of many ways in which an old servant will relieve his mind. He muttered all the time as he threw on the coals and wood. “He’ll not like it—we all know as he’ll not like it. Master won’t stand no meddling, Mr. Philip,”—this last he discharged at me like a flying arrow as he closed the door.

I soon found there was truth in what he said. My father was not angry; he was even half amused. “I don’t think that plan of yours will hold water, Phil. I hear you have been paying rents and redeeming furniture—that’s an expensive game, and a very profitless one. Of course, so long as you are a benevolent gentleman acting for your own pleasure, it makes no difference to me. I am quite content if I get my money, even

out of your pockets—so long as it amuses you. But as my collector, you know, which you are good enough to propose to be——”

“Of course I should act under your orders,” I said; “but at least you might be sure that I would not commit you to any—to any——” I paused for a word.

“Act of oppression,” he said with a smile — “piece of cruelty, exaction — there are half-a-dozen words——”

“Sir——” I cried.

“Stop, Phil, and let us understand each other. I hope I have always been a just man. I do my duty on my side, and I expect it from others. It is your benevolence that is cruel. I have calculated anxiously how much credit it is safe to allow; but I will allow no man, or woman either, to go beyond what he or she can make up. My law is fixed. Now you understand. My agents, as you call them, originate nothing—they execute only what I decide——”

“But then no circumstances are taken into account—no bad luck, no evil chances, no loss unexpected.”

“There are no evil chances,” he said “there is no bad luck—they reap as they sow. No, I don’t go among them to be cheated by their stories and spend quite unnecessary emotion in sympathising with them. You will find it much better for you that I don’t. I deal with them on a general rule, made, I assure you, not without a great deal of thought.”

“And must it always be so?” I said. “Is there no way of ameliorating or bringing in a better state of things?”

“It seems not,” he said; “we don’t get ‘no forrarder’ in that direction so far as I can see.” And then he turned the conversation to general matters.

I retired to my room greatly discouraged that night. In former ages—or so one is led to suppose—and in the lower primitive classes who still linger near the primeval type, action of any kind was, and is, easier than amid the complications of our higher civilisation. A bad man is a distinct entity, against whom you know more or less what steps to take. A tyrant, an oppressor, a bad landlord, a man who lets miserable tenements at a rack-rent (to come down to particulars), and exposes his wretched

tenants to all those abominations of which we have heard so much—well! he is more or less a satisfactory opponent. There he is, and there is nothing to be said for him—down with him! and let there be an end of his wickedness. But when, on the contrary, you have before you a good man, a just man, who has considered deeply a question which you allow to be full of difficulty; who regrets, but cannot, being human, avert, the miseries which to some unhappy individuals follow from the very wisdom of his rule,—what can you do—what is to be done? Individual benevolence at haphazard may balk him here and there, but what have you to put in the place of his well-considered scheme? Charity which makes paupers? or what else? I had not considered the question deeply, but it seemed to me that I now came to a blank wall, which my vague human sentiment of pity and scorn could find no way to breach. There must be wrong somewhere—but where? There must be some change for the better to be made—but how?

I was seated with a book before me on the table, with my head supported on my hands. My eyes were on the printed page, but I was not reading—my mind was full of these thoughts, my heart of great discouragement and despondency, a sense that I could do nothing, yet that there surely must and ought, if I but knew it, be something to do. The fire which Morphew had built up before dinner was dying out, the shaded lamp on my table left all the corners in a mysterious twilight. The house was perfectly still, no one moving: my father in the library, where, after the habit of many solitary years, he liked to be left alone, and I here in my retreat, preparing for the formation of similar habits. I thought all at once of the third member of the party, the new-comer, alone too in the room that had been hers; and there suddenly occurred to me a strong desire to take up my lamp and go to the drawing-room and visit her, to see whether her soft angelic face would give any inspiration. I restrained, however, this futile impulse—for what could the picture say?—and instead wondered what might have been had she lived, had she been there, warmly enthroned beside the warm domestic centre, the hearth

which would have been a common sanctuary, the true home. In that case what might have been? Alas! the question was no more simple to answer than the other: she might have been there alone too, her husband's business, her son's thoughts, as far from her as now, when her silent representative held her old place in the silence and darkness. I had known it so, often enough. Love itself does not always give comprehension and sympathy. It might be that she was more to us there, in the sweet image of her undeveloped beauty, than she might have been had she lived and grown to maturity and fading, like the rest.

I cannot be certain whether my mind was still lingering on this not very cheerful reflection, or if it had been left behind, when the strange occurrence came of which I have now to tell: can I call it an occurrence? My eyes were on my book, when I thought I heard the sound of a door opening and shutting, but so far away and faint that if real at all it must have been in a far corner of the house. I did not move except to lift my eyes from the book, as one does instinctively the better to listen; when— But I cannot tell, nor have I ever been able to describe exactly what it was. My heart made all at once a sudden leap in my breast. I am aware that this language is figurative, and that the heart cannot leap: but it is a figure so entirely justified by sensation, that no one will have any difficulty in understanding what I mean. My heart leapt up and began beating wildly in my throat, in my ears, as if my whole being had received a sudden and intolerable shock. The sound went through my head like the dizzy sound of some strange mechanism, a thousand wheels and springs, circling, echoing, working in my brain. I felt the blood bound in my veins, my mouth became dry, my eyes hot, a sense of something insupportable took possession of me. I sprang to my feet, and then I sat down again. I cast a quick glance round me beyond the brief circle of the lamplight, but there was nothing there to account in any way for this sudden extraordinary rush of sensation—nor could I feel any meaning in it, any suggestion, any moral impression. I thought I must be going to be ill, and got out

my watch and felt my pulse: it was beating furiously, about 125 throbs in a minute. I knew of no illness that could come on like this with out warning, in a moment, and I tried to subdue myself, to say to myself that it was nothing, some flutter of the nerves, some physical disturbance. I laid myself down upon my sofa to try if rest would help me, and keep still—as long as the thumping and throbbing of this wild excited mechanism within, like a wild beast plunging and struggling, would let me. I am quite aware of the confusion of the metaphor—the reality was just so. It was like a mechanism deranged, going wildly with ever-increasing precipitation, like those horrible wheels that from time to time catch a helpless human being in them and tear him to pieces: but at the same time it was like a maddened living creature making the wildest efforts to get free.

When I could bear this no longer I got up and walked about my room; then having still a certain command of myself, though I could not master the commotion within me, I deliberately took down an exciting book from the shelf, a book of breathless adventure which had always interested me, and tried with that to break the spell. After a few minutes, however, I flung the book aside; I was gradually losing all power over myself. What I should be moved to do,—to shout aloud, to struggle with I know not what; or if was I going mad altogether, and next moment must be a raving lunatic,—I could not tell. I kept looking round, expecting I don't know what: several times with the corner of my eye I seemed to see a movement, as if some one was stealing out of sight; but when I looked straight, there was never anything but the plain outlines of the wall and carpet, the chairs standing in good order. At last I snatched up the lamp in my hand and went out of the room. To look at the picture? which had been faintly showing in my imagination from time to time, the eyes, more anxious than ever, looking at me from out the silent air. But no; I passed the door of that room swiftly, moving, it seemed, without any volition of my own, and before I knew where I was going, went into my father's library with my lamp in my hand.

He was still sitting there at his writing-

table; he looked up astonished to see me hurrying in with my light. "Phil!" he said, surprised. I remember that I shut the door behind me, and came up to him, and set down the lamp on his table. My sudden appearance alarmed him. "What is the matter?" he cried. "Philip, what have you been doing with yourself?"

I sat down on the nearest chair and gasped, gazing at him. The wild commotion ceased, the blood subsided into its natural channels, my heart resumed its place. I use such words as mortal weakness can to express the sensations I felt. I came to myself thus, gazing at him, confounded, at once by the extraordinary passion which I had gone through, and its sudden cessation. "The matter?" I cried; "I don't know what is the matter."

My father had pushed his spectacles up from his eyes. He appeared to me as faces appear in a fever, all glorified with light which is not in them—his eyes glowing, his white hair shining like silver; but his look was severe. "You are not a boy, that I should reprove you; but you ought to know better," he said.

Then I explained to him, so far as I was able, what had happened. Had happened? nothing had happened. He did not understand me—nor did I, now that it was over, understand myself; but he saw enough to make him aware that the disturbance in me was serious, and not caused by any folly of my own. He was very kind as soon as he had assured himself of this, and talked, taking pains to bring me back to unexciting subjects. He had a letter in his hand with a very deep border of black when I came in. I observed it, without taking any notice or associating it with anything I knew. He had many correspondents, and although we were excellent friends, we had never been on those confidential terms which warrant one man in asking another from whom a special letter has come. We were not so near to each other as this, though we were father and son. After a while I went back to my own room, and finished the evening in my usual way, without any return of the excitement which, now that it was over, looked to me like some extraordinary dream. What had it meant? had

it meant anything? I said to myself that it must be purely physical, something gone temporarily amiss, which had righted itself. It was physical; the excitement did not affect my mind. I was independent of it all the time, a spectator of my own agitation—a clear proof that, whatever it was, it had affected my bodily organisation alone.

Next day I returned to the problem which I had not been able to solve. I found out my petitioner in the back street, and that she was happy in the recovery of her possessions, which to my eyes indeed did not seem very worthy either of lamentation or delight. Nor was her house the tidy house which injured virtue should have when restored to its humble rights. She was not injured virtue, it was clear. She made me a great many curtseys, and poured forth a number of blessings. Her "man" came in while I was there, and hoped in a gruff voice that God would reward me and that the old gentleman 'd let 'em alone. I did not like the looks of the man. It seemed to me that in the dark lane behind the house of a winter's night he would not be a pleasant person to find in one's way. Nor was this all: when I went out into the little street, which it appeared was all, or almost all, my father's property, a number of groups formed in my way, and at least half-a-dozen applicants sidled up. "I've more claims nor Mary Jordan any day," said one; "I've lived on Squire Canning's property one place and another, this twenty year." "And what do you say to me," said another; "I've six children to her two, bless you, sir, and ne'er a father to do for them." I believed in my father's rule before I got out of the street, and approved his wisdom in keeping himself free from personal contact with his tenants. Yet when I looked back upon the swarming thoroughfare, the mean little houses, the women at their doors all so open-mouthed, and eager to contend for my favor, my heart sank within me at the thought that out of their misery some portion of our wealth came—I don't care how small a portion: that I, young and strong, should be kept idle and in luxury, in some part through the money screwed out of their necessities, obtained sometimes by the sacrifice of everything

they prized! Of course I know all the ordinary commonplaces of life as well as anyone—that if you build a house with your hands or your money, and let it, the rent of it is your just due, and must be paid. But yet—

“Don’t you think, sir,” I said, that evening at dinner, the subject being re-introduced by my father himself, “that we have some duty towards them when we draw so much from them?”

“Certainly,” he said; “I take as much trouble about their drains as I do about my own.”

“That is always something, I suppose.”

“Something! it is a great deal—it is more than they get anywhere else. I keep them clean, as far as that’s possible. I give them at least the means of keeping clean, and thus check disease, and prolong life—which is more, I assure you, than they’ve any right to expect.”

I was not prepared with arguments as I ought to have been. That is all in the Gospel according to Adam Smith, which my father had been brought up in, but of which the tenets had begun to be less binding in my day. I wanted something more, or else something else; but my views were not so clear, nor my system so logical and well-built, as that upon which my father rested his conscience, and drew his percentage with a light heart.

Yet I thought there were signs in him of some perturbation. I met him one morning coming out of the room in which the portrait hung, as if he had gone to look at it stealthily. He was shaking his head, and saying, “No, no,” to himself, not perceiving me, and I stepped aside when I saw him so absorbed. For myself, I entered that room but little. I went outside, as I had so often done when I was a child, and looked through the windows into the still and now sacred place, which had always impressed me with a certain awe. Looked at so, the slight figure in its white dress seemed to be stepping down into the room from some slight visionary altitude, looking with that which had seemed to me at first anxiety, which I sometimes represented to myself now as a wistful curiosity, as if she were looking for the life which might have been

hers. Where was the existence that had belonged to her, the sweet household place, the infant she had left? She would no more recognize the man who thus came to look at her as through a veil with mystic reverence, than I could recognize her. I could never be her child to her, any more than she could be a mother to me.

Thus time passed on for several quiet days. There was nothing to make us give any special heed to the passage of time, life being very uneventful and its habits unvaried. My mind was very much preoccupied by my father’s tenants. He had a great deal of property in the town which was so near us,—streets of small houses, the best paying property (I was assured) of any. I was very anxious to come to some settled conclusion: on the one hand, not to let myself be carried away by sentiment; on the other, not to allow my strongly roused feelings to fall into the blank of routine, as his had done. I was seated one evening in my own sitting-room busy with this matter,—busy with calculations as to cost and profit, with an anxious desire to convince him, either that his profits were greater than justice allowed, or that they carried with them a more urgent duty than he had conceived.

It was night, but not late, not more than ten o’clock, the household still astir. Everything was quiet—not the solemnity of midnight silence, in which there is always something of mystery, but the soft-breathing quiet of the evening, full of the faint habitual sounds of a human dwelling, a consciousness of life about. And I was very busy with my figures, interested, feeling no room in my mind for any other thought. The singular experience which had startled me so much had passed over very quickly, and there had been no return. I had ceased to think of it: indeed I had never thought of it save for the moment, setting it down after it was over to a physical cause without much difficulty. At this time I was far too busy to have thoughts to spare for anything, or room for imagination: and when suddenly in a moment without any warning, the first symptom returned, I started with it into determined resistance, resolute not to be fooled by any mock influence which

could resolve itself into the action of nerves or ganglions. The first symptom, as before, was that my heart sprang up with a bound, as if a cannon had been fired at my ear. My whole being responded with a start. The pen fell out of my fingers, the figures went out of my head as if all faculty had departed : and yet I was conscious for a time at least of keeping my self-control. I was like the rider of a frightened horse, rendered almost wild by something which in the mystery of its voiceless being it has seen, something on the road which it will not pass, but wildly plunging, resisting every persuasion, turns from, with ever increasing passion. The rider himself after a time becomes infected with this inexplicable desperation of terror, and I suppose I must have done so : but for a time I kept the upper hand. I would not allow myself to spring up as I wished, as my impulse was, but sat there doggedly, clinging to my books, to my table, fixing myself on I did not mind what, to resist the flood of sensation, of emotion, which was sweeping through me, carrying me away. I tried to continue my calculations. I tried to stir myself up with recollections of the miserable sights I had seen, the poverty, the helplessness. I tried to work myself into indignation ; but all through these efforts I felt the contagion growing upon me, my mind falling into sympathy with all those straining faculties of the body, startled, excited, driven wild by something I knew not what. It was not fear. I was like a ship at sea straining and plunging against wind and tide, but I was not afraid. I am obliged to use these metaphors, otherwise I could give no explanation of my condition, seized upon against my will, and torn from all those moorings of reason to, which I clung with desperation—as long as I had the strength.

When I got up from my chair at last, the battle was lost, so far as my powers of self-control were concerned. I got up, or rather was dragged up, from my seat, clutching at these material things round me as with a last effort to hold my own. But that was no longer possible ; I was overcome. I stood for a moment looking round me feebly, feeling myself begin to babble with stammering lips, which was the alternative of shriek-

ing, and which I seemed to choose as a lesser evil. What I said was, "What am I to do?" and after a while, "What do you want me to do?" although throughout I saw no one, heard no voice, and had in reality not power enough in my dizzy and confused brain to know what I myself meant. I stood thus for a moment looking blankly round me for guidance, repeating the question, which seemed after a time to become almost mechanical. What do you want me to do? though I neither knew to whom I addressed it nor why I said it. Presently—whether in answer, whether in mere yielding of nature, I cannot tell—I became aware of a difference : not a lessening of the agitation, but a softening, as if my powers of resistance being exhausted, a gentler force, a more benignant influence, had room. I felt myself consent to whatever it was. My heart melted in the midst of the tumult ; I seemed to give myself up, and move as if drawn by some one whose arm was in mine, as if softly swept along, not forcibly, but with an utter consent of all my faculties to do I knew not what, for love of I knew not whom. For love—that was how it seemed—not by force, as when I went before. But my steps took the same course : I went through the dim passages in an exaltation indescribable, and opened the door of my father's room.

He was seated there at his table, as usual, the light of the lamp falling on his white hair : he looked up with some surprise at the sound of the opening door. "Phil," he said, and, with a look of wondering apprehension on his face, watched my approach. I went straight up to him, and put my hand on his shoulder. "Phil, what is the matter? What do you want with me? What is it?" he said.

"Father, I can't tell you. I come not of myself. There must be something in it, though I don't know what it is. This is the second time I have been brought to you here."

"Are you going—?" he stopped himself. The exclamation had been begun with an angry intention. He stopped, looked at me with a scared look, as if perhaps it might be true.

"Do you mean mad? I don't think so. I have no delusions that I know of. Father, think—do you know any

reason why I am brought here? for some cause there must be."

I stood with my hand upon the back of his chair. His table was covered with papers, among which were several letters with the broad black border which I had before observed. I noticed this now in my excitement without any distinct associations of thoughts, for that I was not capable of; but the black border caught my eye. And I was conscious that he, too, gave a hurried glance at them, and with one hand swept them away.

"Philip," he said, pushing back his chair, "you must be ill, my poor boy. Evidently we have not been treating you rightly: you have been more ill all through than I supposed. Let me persuade you to go to bed."

"I am perfectly well," I said. "Father, don't let us deceive one another. I am neither a man to go mad nor to see ghosts. What it is that has got the command over me I can't tell: but there is some cause for it. You are doing something or planning something with which I have a right to interfere."

He turned round squarely in his chair with a spark in his blue eyes. He was not a man to be meddled with. "I have yet to learn what can give my son a right to interfere. I am in possession of all my faculties, I hope."

"Father," I cried, "won't you listen to me? no one can say I have been undutiful or disrespectful. I am a man, with a right to speak my mind, and I have done so; but this is different. I am not here by my own will. Something that is stronger than I has brought me. There is something in your mind which disturbs—others. I don't know what I am saying. This is not what I meant to say: but you know the meaning better than I. Some one—who can speak to you only by me—speaks to you by me; and I know that you understand."

He gazed up at me, growing pale, and his under lip fell. I, for my part, felt that my message was delivered. My heart sank into a stillness so sudden that it made me faint. The light swam in my eyes: everything went round with me. I kept upright only by my hold upon the chair; and in the sense of utter weakness that followed I dropped on my knees I think first, then on the

nearest seat that presented itself, and covering my face with my hands, had hard ado not to sob, in the sudden removal of that strange influence, the relaxation of the strain.

There was silence between us for some time; then he said, but with a voice slightly broken, "I don't understand you Phil. You must have taken some fancy into your mind which my slower intelligence— Speak out what you want to say. What do you find fault with? Is it all—all that woman Jordan?"

He gave a short forced laugh as he broke off, and shook me almost roughly by the shoulder, saying, "speak out! what—what do you want to say?"

"It seems, sir, that I have said everything." My voice trembled more than his, but not in the same way. "I have told you that I did not come by my own will—quite otherwise. I resisted as long as I could: now all is said. It is for you to judge whether it was worth the trouble or not."

He got up from his seat in a hurried way. "You would have me as—mad as yourself," he said, then sat down again as quickly. "Come, Phil: if it will please you, not to make a breach, the first breach, between us, you shall have your way. I consent to your looking into that matter about the poor tenants. Your mind shall not be upset about that even though I don't enter into all your views."

"Thank you," I said; "but father, that is not what it is."

"Then it is a piece of folly," he said, angrily. "I suppose you mean—but this is a matter in which I choose to judge for myself."

"You know what I mean," I said, as quietly as I could, "though I don't really know; that proves there is good reason for it. Will you do one thing for me before I leave you? Come with me into the drawing-room—"

"What end," he said, with again the tremble in his voice, "is to be served by that?"

"I don't very well know; but to look at her, you and I together, will always do something for us, sir. As for the breach, there can be no breach when we stand there."

He got up, trembling like an old man,



which he was, but which he never looked like, save at moments of emotion like this, and told me to take the light; then stopped when he had got half-way across the room. "This is a piece of theatrical sentimentality," he said. "No, Phil, I will not go. I will not bring her into any such— Put down the lamp, and if you will take my advice, go to bed."

"At least," I said, "I will trouble you no more, father, to-night. So long as you understand, there need be no more to say."

He gave me a very curt "good-night," and turned back to his papers—the letters with the black edge, either by my imagination or in reality, always keeping uppermost. I went to my own room for my lamp, and then alone proceeded to the silent shrine in which the portrait hung. I at least would look at her to-night. I don't know whether I asked myself, in so many words, if it were she who—or if it was any one—I knew nothing; but my heart was drawn with a softness—born, perhaps, of the great weakness in which I was left after that visitation—to her, to look at her, to see perhaps if there was any sympathy, any approval in her face. I set down my lamp on the table where her little work-basket still was: the light threw a gleam upward upon her,—she seemed more than ever to be stepping into the room, coming down towards me, coming back to her life. Ah no! her life was lost and vanished: all mine stood between her and the days she knew. She looked at me with eyes that did not change. The anxiety I had seen at first seemed now a wistful subdued question; but that difference was not in her look but in mine.

I need not linger on the intervening time. The doctor who attended us usually, came in next day "by accident," and we had a long conversation. On the following day a very impressive yet genial gentleman from town lunched with us—a friend of my father's, Dr. something; but the introduction was hurried, and I did not catch his name. He, too, had a long talk with me afterwards—my father being called away to speak to some one on business. Dr. — drew me out on the subject of the dwellings of the poor. He said he heard

I took great interest in this question, which had come so much to the front at the present moment. He was interested in it too, and wanted to know the view I took. I explained at considerable length that my view did not concern the general subject, on which I had scarcely thought, so much as the individual mode of management of my father's estate. He was a most patient and intelligent listener, agreeing with me on some points, differing in others; and his visit was very pleasant. I had no idea until after of its special object: though a certain puzzled look and slight shake of the head when my father returned, might have thrown some light upon it. The report of the medical experts in my case, however, had been quite satisfactory, for I heard nothing more of them. It was, I think, a fortnight later when the next and last of these strange experiences came.

This time it was morning, about noon,—a wet and rather dismal spring day. The half-spread leaves seemed to tap at the window, with an appeal to be taken in; the primroses, that showed golden upon the grass at the roots of the trees, just beyond the smooth-shorn grass of the lawn, were all drooped and sodden among their sheltering leaves. The very growth seemed dreary—the sense of spring in the air making the feeling of winter a grievance, instead of the natural effect which it had conveyed a few months before. I had been writing letters and was cheerful enough, going back among the associates of my old life, with, perhaps, a little longing for its freedom and independence, but at the same time a not ungrateful consciousness that for the moment my present tranquillity might be best.

This was my condition—a not unpleasant one—when suddenly the now well-known symptoms of the visitation to which I had become subject suddenly seized upon me,—the leap of the heart; the sudden, causeless, overwhelming physical excitement, which I could neither ignore nor allay. I was terrified beyond description, beyond reason, when I became conscious that this was about to begin over again: what purpose did it answer, what good was in it? My father, indeed, understood the meaning of it, though I did not understand: but

it was little agreeable to be thus made a helpless instrument without any will of mine, in an operation of which I knew nothing; and to enact the part of the oracle unwillingly, with suffering and such a strain as it took me days to get over. I resisted, not as before, but yet desperately, trying with better knowledge to keep down the growing passion. I hurried to my room and swallowed a dose of a sedative which had been given me to procure sleep on my first return from India. I saw Morpew in the hall, and called him to talk to him, and cheat myself, if possible, by that means. Morpew lingered, however, and, before he came, I was beyond conversation. I heard him speak, his voice coming vaguely through the turmoil which was already in my ears, but what he said I have never known. I stood staring, trying to recover my power of attention, with an aspect which ended by completely frightening the man. He cried out at last that he was sure I was ill, that he must bring me something; which words penetrated more or less into my maddened brain. It became impressed upon me that he was going to get some one—one of my father's doctors, perhaps—to prevent me from acting, to stop my interference,—and that if I waited a moment longer I might be too late. A vague idea seized me at the same time, of taking refuge with the portrait—going to its feet, throwing myself there, perhaps, till the paroxysm should be over. But it was not there that my footsteps were directed. I can remember making an effort to open the door of the drawing-room, and feeling myself swept past it, as if by a gale of wind. It was not there that I had to go. I knew very well where I had to go,—once more on my confused and voiceless mission to my father, who understood, although I could not understand.

Yet as it was daylight, and all was clear, I could not help noting one or two circumstances on my way. I saw some one sitting in the hall as if waiting—a woman, a girl, a black-shrouded figure, with a thick veil over her face; and asked myself who she was, and what she wanted there? This question, which had nothing to do with my present condition, somehow got into my mind, and was tossed up and down upon the tumultu-

ous tide like a stray log on the breast of a fiercely rolling stream, now submerged, now coming uppermost, at the mercy of the waters. It did not stop me for a moment, as I hurried towards my father's room, but it got upon the current of my mind. I flung open my father's door, and closed it again after me, without seeing who was there or how he was engaged. The full clearness of the daylight did not identify him as the lamp did at night. He looked up at the sound of the door, with a glance of apprehension; and rising suddenly, interrupting some one who was standing speaking to him with much earnestness and even vehemence, came forward to meet me. "I cannot be disturbed at present," he said quickly; "I am busy." Then seeing the look in my face, which by this time he knew, he too changed color. "Phil," he said, in a low, imperative voice, "wretched boy, go away—go away; don't let a stranger see you—"

"I can't go away," I said. "It is impossible. You know why I have come. I cannot, if I would. It is more powerful than I—"

"Go, sir," he said; "go at once—no more of this folly. I will not have you in this room. Go—go!"

I made no answer. I don't know that I could have done so. There had never been any struggle between us before; but I had no power to do one thing or another. The tumult within me was in full career. I heard indeed what he said, and was able to reply; but his words, too, were like straws tossed upon the tremendous stream. I saw now with my feverish eyes who the other person present was. It was a woman, dressed also in mourning similar to the one in the hall; but this a middle-aged woman, like a respectable servant. She had been crying, and in the pause caused by this encounter between my father and myself, dried her eyes with a handkerchief, which she rolled like a ball in her hand, evidently in strong emotion. She turned and looked at me as my father spoke to me, for a moment with a gleam of hope, then falling back into her former attitude.

My father returned to his seat. He was much agitated too, though doing all that was possible to conceal it. My

inopportune arrival was evidently a great and unlooked-for vexation to him. He gave me the only look of passionate displeasure I have ever had from him, as he sat down again : but he said nothing more.

"You must understand," he said, addressing the woman, "that I have said my last words on this subject. I don't choose to enter into it again in the presence of my son, who is not well enough to be made a party to any discussion. I am sorry that you should have had so much trouble in vain ; but you were warned beforehand, and you have only yourself to blame. I acknowledge no claim, and nothing you can say will change my resolution. I must beg you to go away. All this is very painful and quite useless. I acknowledge no claim."

"Oh, sir," she cried, her eyes beginning once more to flow, her speech interrupted by little sobs. "Maybe I did wrong to speak of a claim. I'm not educated to argue with a gentleman. Maybe we have no claim. But if it's not by right, oh, Mr. Canning, won't you let your heart be touched by pity? She don't know what I'm saying, poor dear. She's not one to beg and pray for herself, as I'm doing for her. Oh, sir, she's so young! She's so lone in this world—not a friend to stand by her, nor a house to take her in! You are the nearest to her of any one that's left in this world. She hasn't a relation—not one so near as you—oh!" she cried, with a sudden thought, turning quickly round upon me, "this gentleman's your son! Now I think of it, it's not your relation she is, but his, through his mother! That's nearer, nearer! Oh, sir! you're young; your heart should be more tender. Here is my young lady that has no one in the world to look to her. Your own flesh and blood : your mother's cousin—your mother's

My father called to her to stop, with a voice of thunder. "Philip, leave us at once. It is not a matter to be discussed with you."

And then in a moment it became clear to me what it was. It had been with difficulty that I had kept myself still. My breast was laboring with the fever of an impulse poured into me, more than I could contain. And now for the first

time I knew why. I hurried towards him, and took his hand, though he resisted, into mine. Mine were burning, but his like ice : their touch burnt me with its chill, like fire. "This is what it is?" I cried. "I had no knowledge before. I don't know now what is being asked of you. But, father—understand! You know, and I know now, that some one sends me—some one—who has a right to interfere."

He pushed me away with all his might. "You are mad," he cried. "What right have you to think —? Oh, you are mad—mad! I have seen it coming on —"

The woman, the petitioner, had grown silent, watching this brief conflict with the terror and interest with which women watch a struggle between men. She started and fell back when she heard what he said, but did not take her eyes off me, following every movement I made. When I turned to go away, a cry of indescribable disappointment and remonstrance burst from her, and even my father raised himself up and stared at my withdrawal, astonished to find that he had overcome me so soon and easily. I paused for a moment, and looked back on them, seeing them large and vague through the mist of fever. "I am not going away," I said. "I am going for another messenger—one you can't gainsay."

My father rose. He called out to me threateningly, "I will have nothing touched that is hers. Nothing that is hers shall be profaned —"

I waited to hear no more : I knew what I had to do. By what means it was conveyed to me I cannot tell ; but the certainty of an influence which no one thought of calmed me in the midst of my fever. I went out into the hall, where I had seen the young stranger waiting. I went up to her and touched her on the shoulder. She rose at once, with a little movement of alarm, yet with docile and instant obedience, as if she had expected the summons. I made her take off her veil and her bonnet, scarcely looking at her, scarcely seeing her, knowing how it was : I took her soft, small, cool, yet trembling hand into mine ; it was so soft and cool, not cold, it refreshed me with its tremulous touch. All through I moved and spoke like a

man in a dream, swiftly, noiselessly, all the complications of waking life removed, without embarrassment, without reflection, without the loss of a moment. My father was still standing up, leaning a little forward as he had done when I withdrew, threatening, yet terror-stricken, not knowing what I might be about to do, when I returned with my companion. That was the one thing he had not thought of. He was entirely undefended, unprepared. He gave her one look, flung up his arms above his head, and uttered a distracted cry, so wild that it seemed the last outcry of nature—"Agnes!" then fell back like a sudden ruin, upon himself, into his chair.

I had no leisure to think how he was, or whether he could hear what I said. I had my message to deliver. "Father," I said, laboring with my panting breath, "it is for this that heaven has opened, and one whom I never saw, one whom I know not, has taken possession of me. Had we been less earthly we should have seen her—herself, and not merely her image. I have not even known what she meant. I have been as a fool without understanding. This is the third time I have come to you with her message, without knowing what to say. But now I have found it out. This is her message. I have found it out at last."

There was an awful pause—a pause in which no one moved or breathed. Then there came a broken voice out of my father's chair. He had not understood, though I think he heard what I said. He put out two feeble hands. "Phil—I think I am dying—has she—has she come for me?" he said.

We had to carry him to his bed. What struggles he had gone through before I cannot tell. He had stood fast, and had refused to be moved, and now he fell—like an old tower, like an old tree. The necessity there was for thinking of him saved me from the physical consequences which had prostrated me on a former occasion. I had no leisure now for any consciousness of how matters went with myself.

His delusion was not wonderful, but most natural. She was clothed in black from head to foot, instead of the white dress of the portrait. She had no knowledge of the conflict, of nothing but that she was called for, that her fate might

depend on the next few minutes. In her eyes there was a pathetic question, a line of anxiety in the lids, an innocent appeal in the looks. And the face the same: the same lips, sensitive, ready to quiver; the same innocent, candid brow; the look of a common race, which is more subtle than mere resemblance. How I knew that it was so, I cannot tell, nor any man. It was the other—the elder—ah no! not elder; the ever young, the Agnes to whom age can never come—she who they say was the mother of a man who never saw her—it was she who led her kinswoman, her representative, into our hearts.

My father recovered after a few days: he had taken cold, it was said, the day before—and naturally, at seventy, a small matter is enough to upset the balance even of a strong man. He got quite well; but he was willing enough afterwards to leave the management of that ticklish kind of property which involves human well-being in my hands, who could move about more freely, and see with my own eyes how things were going on. He liked home better, and had more pleasure in his personal existence in the end of his life. Agnes is now my wife, as he had, of course, foreseen. It was not merely the disinclination to receive her father's daughter, or to take upon him a new responsibility, that had moved him, to do him justice. But both these motives had told strongly. I have never been told, and now will never be told, what his griefs against my mother's family, and especially against that cousin, had been; but that he had been very determined, deeply prejudiced, there can be no doubt. It turned out after, that the first occasion on which I had been mysteriously commissioned to him with a message which I did not understand, and which for that time he did not understand, was the evening of the day on which he had received the dead man's letter, appealing to him—to him, a man whom he had wronged—on behalf of the child who was about to be left friendless in the world. The second time, further letters, from the nurse who was the only guardian of the orphan, and the chaplain of the place where her father had died, taking it for granted that my father's

house was her natural refuge—had been received. The third I have already described, and its results.

For a long time after, my mind was never without a lurking fear that the influence which had once taken possession of me might return again. Why should I have feared to be influenced—to be the messenger of a blessed creature, whose wishes could be nothing but heavenly? Who can say? Flesh and blood is not made for such encounters: they were more than I could bear. But nothing of the kind has ever occurred again.

Agnes had her peaceful domestic throne established under the picture. My father wished it to be so, and spent his evenings there in the warmth and light, instead of in the old library, in

the narrow circle cleared by our lamp out of the darkness, as long as he lived. It is supposed by strangers that the picture on the wall is that of my wife; and I have always been glad that it should be so supposed. She who was my mother, who came back to me and became as my soul for three strange moments and no more, but with whom I can feel no credible relationship as she stands there, has retired for me into the tender regions of the unseen. She has passed once more into the secret company of those shadows, who can only become real in an atmosphere fitted to modify and harmonise all differences, and make all wonders possible—the light of the perfect day.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

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DELLA CRUSCA AND ANNA MATILDA:

AN EPISODE IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BY ARMINE T. KENT.

MOST people are more or less vaguely aware that there existed in England, towards the end of the last century, a school of poets, or poetasters, called Della Cruscan; and Mrs. Oliphant not long ago suggested, in her *Literary History*, that a sketch of their eccentricities might not be unamusing. I propose, accordingly, for the edification of the curious, to recount a few particulars of the Della Cruscan writers, in the days of their prosperity and the days of their collapse. They were, let it at once be admitted, a feeble and a frivolous folk; yet I think that a moral may suggest itself when their story has been told.

In the year 1784 Mr. Robert Merry, a bachelor of thirty, had been for some years domiciled at Florence. That his position and prospects were not of a very definite order was owing to no defect of nurture or opportunity. He had been educated at Harrow, at the same time as Sheridan, and afterwards at Christ's College, Cambridge, and was originally intended for the Bar. To Lincoln's Inn he accordingly made a pretence of belonging till the death of his father, who was a Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company; the family con-

nection with the North Seas being still perpetuated in the name of Merry's Island. Robert Merry at once took advantage of the independence which came to him on his father's death to abandon the Bar and buy himself a commission in the Guards. His liking for high play and high society kept him, for a short time, amused in his new position. He grew, however, once more restless; wandered on the Continent; and became, in the phraseology of the day, a man of letters and of leisure. His love of letters he gratified, at Florence, by becoming a member of the Italian Academy, the Accademia della Crusca, and his love of letters and leisure combined by joining himself to an English society who called themselves the "Oziosi," and, no doubt, took good care to merit that designation.

The leading spirit of this coterie was no less a personage than Mrs. Piozzi, happily married at last, and safely escaped from the malice of her cold-blooded daughters, and from the virulence with which the English journals had inveighed against her choice of a second husband. Even now the memory of her domestic troubles tended to inspire her

with a dejection which the master-pieces of Florentine sculpture were, oddly enough, powerless to remove. As she herself described it, in lines at which one cannot help smiling, sincere as they perhaps were,—

The slave and the wrestlers, what are they to me,  
From plots and contention removed?  
And Job with still less satisfaction I see,  
When I think on the pains I have proved.

The homage of her countrymen, however, did much to enliven her despondency; and she complacently records in her journals some of the compliments paid her by her fellow-members of the "Oziosi." They used to address her in this style:—

E'en so when Parsons pours his lay,  
Correctly wild, or sweetly strong,  
Or Greathead charms the listening day,  
With English or Italian song,  
Or when, with trembling wing I try,  
Like some poor wounded bird, to fly,  
Your fostering smiles you ne'er refuse,  
But are the Pallas and the Muse!

The Parsons and Greathead of this all-round panegyric of Merry's were two members of the "Oziosi" clique: Parsons, a bachelor with a tendency to flirt, to "trifle with Italian dames," as Mrs. Piozzi poetically put it; Greathead, the newly-married husband of a beautiful wife. Both Parsons and Greathead were voluminous contributors to the society's Album, which soon assumed formidable dimensions. The staple of the contents consisted of high-flown compliments in verse. Parsons, for instance, would write to Greathead's wife:—

O blest with taste, with Genius blest,  
Sole mistress of thy Bertie's breast,  
Who to his love-enraptured arms are given  
The rich reward his virtues claim from Heaven.

And Bertie, as in duty bound, would reply in kind, bidding the sallow Arno pause and listen to the lays of Parsons. As an alternative to these panegyrics, they wrote *Dithyrambics to Bacchus*, *Odes to the Siroc*, or lines on that latest novelty, Montgolfier's air-balloon. Mrs. Greathead was, in fact, as Parsons informs us, the only member of the society who contributed nothing but the inspiration of her charms.

Some of these poems were printed in an *Arno Miscellany*, of which only a few copies were privately circulated. It was

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a subsequent and larger collection, published in 1785, under the name of *The Florence Miscellany*, which first made its way to England, and drew the attention of the English public to the rising school of versifiers. Horace Walpole characterized their productions as "mere imitations of our best poets," that is to say, of Milton, Gray, and Collins. How justly, may be inferred from the opening stanza of Merry's *Ode on a distant prospect of Rome*:—

When Rome of old, terrific queen,  
High-placed on Victory's sounding car,  
With arm sublime and martial mien,  
Brandished the flaming lance of war,  
Low crouched in dust lay Afric's swarthy crowd,  
And silken Asia sank, and barbarous Britain bowed.

The imitations of Milton and Collins are of a like description. Such as it was, the book was a success, and samples of its contents were reproduced, after the fashion of the day, in the newspapers and magazines—the *Gentleman's*, the *European*, the *Universal Magazine*, and so forth. Of the quality of the poems, critically considered, and of the Della Cruscan poetry generally, I shall have something to say farther on. In the meantime, it may, perhaps, be worth while to disinter a ludicrous passage in one of Merry's contributions to the *Florence Miscellany*. The "Oziosi" had one day agreed that each of them should produce by the evening a story or poem which should "excite horror by description." Mrs. Piozzi's production will be found in her *Autobiography*, and is by no means devoid of merit. Merry brought a poem ("a very fine one," says Mrs. Piozzi), in which he introduced the following remarkable ghost, which I commend to the attention of the new Psychological Society:—

While slow he trod this desolated coast,  
From the cracked ground uprose a warning ghost;  
Whose figure, all-confused, was dire to view,  
And loose his mantle flowed, of shifting hue;  
*He shed a lustre round; and sadly pressed*  
*What seemed his hand upon what seemed his breast;*  
*Then raised his doleful voice, like wolves that roar*  
*In famished troops round Orcas' sleepy shore,—*  
"Approach yon antiquated tower," he cried,  
"There bold Rinaldo, fierce Mambrino, died,"  
etc.

But I must not linger over the *Florence Miscellany*, which was but the prelude to those melodious bursts which filled the spacious times of George III. with the music of Della Crusca and Anna Matilda. A year or two after its publication the Florence coterie broke up, and returned to England.

The first note of the concert was struck by Robert Merry, who, in June 1787, sent to the *World* a poem entitled *The Adieu and Recall to Love*, subscribing himself Della Crusca, a nickname which had been given to him at Florence, on account of his connection, already mentioned, with the Italian Academy. The *World* was a daily morning paper, price threepence, which in more than one respect resembled its modern namesake. A contemporary satirist, writing under the modest pseudonym of "Horace Juvenal," describes how the young lady of 1787—

Reluctant opens her eyes, 'twixt twelve and one,  
To skim the *World*, or criticise the *Sun*,  
And when she sees her darling friend abused  
Is half enraged, yet more than half-amused.

And another poet portrays two unlucky baronets, Sir Gregory Turner and Sir John Miller—husband of Lady Miller of Bath Easton vase celebrity—lamenting the ridicule with which the same newspaper had overwhelmed them:—

Woe wait the week, Sir John, and cursed the  
hour,  
When harmless gentlemen felt satire's power,  
When, raised from insignificance and sloth,  
The *World* began to ridicule us both.

"In this paper," says Gifford, "were given the earliest specimens of those audacious attacks on all private character, which the town first smiled at for their quaintness, then tolerated for their absurdity; and now that other papers, equally wicked and more intelligible, have ventured to imitate it, will have to lament to the last hour of British liberty." That literary history is self-repeating, and that prophecies are mostly mistaken, are not new reflections; yet it is difficult to avoid making them when we compare those days with these.

But beyond its function as a purveyor of social gossip, no newspaper was then considered complete without a Poet's Corner, consecrated to sentimental effusions and labored impromptus—"Complimentary verses to the brilliancy of the

Hon. Mrs. N—h's Eyes," or "Lines on Lady T—e—l's Ring." In publishing his poem in the *World*, Della Crusca did but select the natural and recognized arena of the eighteenth-century poet. It may be as well to quote the greater part of *The Adieu and Recall to Love*, in order to give some notion of the calibre of the verses which were to found a school:—

Go, idle Boy, I quit thy bower,  
The couch of many a thorn and flower;  
Thy twanging bow, thine arrow keen,  
Deceitful Beauty's timid mien;  
The feigned surprise, the roguish leer,  
The tender smile, the thrilling tear,  
Have now no pangs, no joys for me,  
So fare thee well, for I am free!  
Then flutter hence on wanton wing,  
Or lave thee in yon lucid spring,  
Or take thy beverage from the rose,  
Or on Louisa's breast repose;  
I wish thee well for pleasures past,  
Yet, bless the hour, I'm free at last,  
But sure, methinks, the altered day  
Scatters around a mournful ray;  
And chilling every zephyr blows,  
And every stream untuneful flows.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Alas! is all this boasted ease  
To lose each warm desire to please,  
No sweet solicitude to know  
For others' bliss, or others' woe,  
A frozen apathy to find,  
A sad vacuity of mind?  
Oh, hasten back, then, heavenly Boy,  
And with thine anguish bring thy joy!  
Return with all thy torments here,  
And let me hope, and doubt, and fear;  
Oh, rend my heart with every pain,  
But let me, let me love again.

I suppose what will strike most readers with regard to these lines is that they are decidedly fluent, and utterly commonplace. That, however, is not the light in which a critic of the last quarter of the eighteenth century would regard them. Amid the dead level of sing-song couplets, the milk-and-water decency of Hayley, the chill and prolix classicism of Pye, the ineffable mediocrity of a thousand Pratts and Polwheles—the fluency of Merry passed, according to the critic's leanings, for fire or for fustian; and the phraseology, which afterwards became hackneyed, was then startling. Take, for instance, Horace Walpole's criticism of the new poetic departure. "It is refreshing to read natural easy poetry, full of sense and humor, instead of that unmeaning, labored, painted style now in fashion of the Della Cruscas and Co., of which it

is impossible ever to retain a couplet, no more than one could remember how a string of emeralds and rubies were placed in a necklace. Poetry has great merit if it is the vehicle and preservative of sense, but it is not to be taken in change for it." Poetry the vehicle and preservative of sense—that is the critical canon which would have made Walpole as blind to Della Crusca's merits, had he happened to possess any, as it made him keen-sighted for his defects.

It may, nevertheless, be doubted whether Della Crusca would have caused so great a stir in literature, had it not been for several collateral circumstances, of which the first and most important was the appearance in the *World*, some ten days later, of "Anna Matilda," with a poem entitled *To Della Crusca, the Pen*.

Oh, seize again thy golden quill,  
And with its point my bosom thrill,  
With magic touch explore my heart,  
And bid the tear of passion start.  
Thy golden quill Apollo gave,  
Drenched first in bright Aonia's wave.  
He snatched it fluttering through the sky,  
Borne on the vapor of a sigh;  
It fell from Cupid's burnished wing  
As forcefully he drew the string,  
Which sent his keenest, surest dart,  
Through a rebellious, frozen heart,  
That had, till then, defied his power,  
And vacant beat through each dull hour.  
Be worthy, then, the sacred loan!  
Seated on Fancy's air-built throne;  
Immerse it in her rainbow hues,  
Nor, what the Godheads bid, refuse.  
Apollo Cupid shall inspire,  
And aid thee with their blended fire;  
The one poetic language give,  
The other bid thy passion live,  
With soft ideas fill thy lays,  
And crown with Love thy wintry days!

The shuttle-cock of correspondence, thus fairly started, was diligently tossed to and fro in the *World* by the two pseudonymous writers; Della Crusca "seized his quill" again and again, and his ideal passion for the invisible Anna Matilda gained in fervor of expression with every fortnight. It is obvious that here was just that element of mystery, of romance, which creates a *furor* and sets a fashion.

The lady who signed herself "Anna Matilda" was Mrs. Hannah Cowley, the wife of an absent East India captain, then in her forty-fifth year, and known to-day as the authoress of the

*Belle's Stratagem*, a play which still, and deservedly, keeps the stage. Her biographer records the beginning of her literary career as follows: "In the year 1776, some years after her marriage, a sense of power for dramatic writing suddenly struck her whilst sitting with her husband at the theatre. 'So delighted with this?' said she to him; 'why, I could write as well myself.' She then wrote *The Runaway*. Many will recollect the extraordinary success with which it was brought out." Her habits of composition were not, perhaps, likely to result in poetry of much excellence. "Catching up her pen immediately as the thought struck her, she always proceeded with the utmost facility and celerity." Her pen and paper were so immediately out of sight again, that those around her could scarcely tell when it was she wrote. She was always much pleased with the description of Michael Angelo making the marble fly around him, as he was chiselling with the utmost swiftness, that he might shape, however roughly, his whole design in unity with one clear conception." Her preparatory note to her collected "Anna Matilda" poems bears out this account. "The beautiful lines of *The Adieu and Recall to Love* struck her so forcibly that, without rising from the table at which she read, she answered them. Della Crusca's elegant reply surprised her into another, and thus the correspondence most unexpectedly became settled. Anna Matilda's share in it had little to boast; but she has one claim of which she is proud, that of having been the first to point out the excellence of Della Crusca; if there can be merit in discerning what is so very obvious." She further apologizes for one of her poems to Della Crusca, on the ground that it was written while sitting for her portrait, the painter interrupting her with "Smile a little," or "More to the right." Only that class of mind which grows incredulous when informed that orators prepare their speeches, will expect much from such methods of workmanship.

Nevertheless, to Mrs. Cowley appears to belong the credit, or discredit, of giving to the Della Cruscan poetry a certain turn or development which did much to make it popular. A hint of this development may be seen in the de-



scription of the pen, which was "borne on the vapor of a sigh." It took final shape in such phrases as these :—

Hushed be each ruder note! Soft silence  
spread  
With ermine hand thy cobweb robe around.

Was it the shuttle of the Morn,  
That wove upon the cobweb'd thorn  
Thy airy lay?

Or in the gaudy spheroids swell  
Which the swart Indian's groves illum.

Gauzy zephyrs fluttering o'er the plain,  
In Twilight's bosom drop their filmy rain.

Bid the streamy lightnings fly  
In liquid peril from thine eye.

Summer tints begemmed the scene,  
And silky ocean slept in glossy green.

A large and amusing assortment of this ambitious verbiage, which subsequently became in the eyes of the critics the sole "differentia" of Della Cruscan verse, may be seen in the notes to Gifford's *Baviad*. It was, however, an after-development, proceeding from a gradual consciousness of flagging powers; the feeling which induced Charles Reade's Triplet to "shove his pen under the thought, and lift it by polysyllables to the true level of fiction."

The other members of the Florence coterie, who, as I have said, were now back in England, speedily began to swell the Della Cruscan chorus in the columns of the *World* and the *Oracle*. Bertie Greathead as "Reuben" became Della Crusca's rival, on paper, in the affections of Anna Matilda; and Parsons, signing himself "Benedict," in memory of a sojourn in the Benedictine convent of Vallombrosa, deluged with sonnets an imaginary Melissa. Whether Mrs. Piozzi contributed anything beyond teaparty patronage, appears to be doubtful; but, as was only to be expected, London already possessed a score of indigenous rhymesters, eager to pursue the triumph and partake the gale. One of the principal of these was Edward Jerningham, *alias* "The Bard," who is commemorated in Macaulay's neat sentence: "Lady Miller who kept a vase wherein fools were wont to put verses, and Jerningham who wrote verses fit to be put into the vase of Lady Miller." His brother, Sir William, of Cossy Hall, in Norfolk, kept an album which rivalled in celebrity the vase of Bath Easton,

and "The Bard" had been a determined poetaster for the last thirty years. He is described as "a mighty gentleman, who looks to be painted, and is all daintification in manner, speech, and dress, singing to his own accompaniment on the harp, whilst he looks the gentlest of all dying Corydons." Fashionable poets seldom suffer from lack of appreciation. Burke wrote of Jerningham's poem *The Shakespeare Gallery*, "I have not for a long time seen anything so well finished. The author has caught new fire by approaching in his perihelion so near to the sun of our poetical system." I think we may be certain, after reading *The Shakespeare Gallery*, that the patron of Crabbe did not read it.

Another Della Cruscan songstress was Mrs. Robinson, *alias* "Laura Maria," known to the public as a former mistress of the Prince of Wales, and authoress of various novels. In rapidity of composition she emulated Mrs. Cowley. "Conversing one evening with Mr. Richard Burke" (the Burke family appear to have been sometimes unfortunate in their poetical acquaintances) "respecting the facility with which modern poetry was composed, Mrs. Robinson repeated nearly the whole of those beautiful lines, 'To him who will understand them.' This improvisatore produced in her auditor not less surprise than admiration, when solemnly assured by its author that this was the first time of its being repeated. Mr. Burke entreated her to commit the poem to writing, a request which was readily complied with; and Mrs. Robinson had afterwards the gratification of finding this offspring of her genius inserted in the *Annual Register*, with a flattering encomium from the pen of the eloquent and ingenious editor." She was one of Merry's most ardent admirers.

Winged Ages picture to the dazzled view  
Each marked perfection of the sacred few,  
Pope, Dryden, Spenser, all that Fame shall  
raise,  
From Chaucer's gloom, till Merry's lucid days.

Her Della Cruscan poems were published under the signature of "Laura," and she was followed by Cesario, Carlos, Adelaide, Orlando, Arno, and fifty more whose identity can no longer be determined.

A year after his first appearance in the *World*, Della Crusca printed his poems in a volume, and Anna Matilda speedily followed suit. But this was not enough for the reading public. They further greedily absorbed a collection of Della Cruscan verse, published as *The Poetry of the "World,"* by Major Topham, the creator and editor of that paper, who, in a dedication to Sheridan, observes: "Of their merit, I am free to say I know no modern poems their superior. I am more happy that your opinion has confirmed mine." It will be well to make allowance for changing literary fashions before we make too sure that Sheridan's here misrepresented. *The Poetry of the "World,"* afterwards ran through at least four editions as *The British Album*. As we read the publisher's advertisement of this work, which still abounds on second-hand bookstalls—*immorimur studiis lapsoque renascimur ævo*—we seem to be walking in the Bond Street of the Prince Regent. "Two beautiful volumes this day published, embellished with genuine portraits of the real Della Crusca and Anna Matilda, engraved in a very superior manner from faithful pictures, under the title of *The British Album*, being a new edition, revised and corrected by their respective authors, of the celebrated poems of Della Crusca, Anna Matilda, Arley, Laura, Benedict, and the elegant Cesario, "the African Boy;" and others, signed The Bard, by Mr. Jerningham; General Conway's elegy on Miss C. Campbell; Marquis of Townshend's verses on Miss Gardiner; Lord Derby's lines on Miss Farren's portrait." It is unfortunate that the only pseudonym in the list which it is of much interest to decipher, should still remain a mystery. It is to "Arley" that we owe the admittedly excellent ballad of "Wapping old Stairs," which first appeared in the *World* for November 29th, 1787, and shines, a solitary pearl, in the pages of the *British Album*.

The Della Cruscan mania was at its height—"bedridden old women and girls at their samplers began to rave,"—when Gifford, in search of a quarry for a seasonable satire, came before the town with the *Baviad*. Of this poem I shall say but little, as it is better known than the writings which it satirised. It

contains passages of a certain coarse and rank vigor not difficult of attainment by a student of Dryden and Juvenal. There is, in fact, a sort of Billingsgate raciness about the *Baviad*; and the notes, which are better written than the poem, contain much amusing matter. The imputation made against the Della Cruscan love-poetry of licentious warmth is, however, wholly absurd—as absurd as the charge made by Mathias, the author of *The Pursuits of Literature*, that Merry—

Proves a designer works without design,  
And fathoms Nature with a Gallic line;

a notion which arose merely from the fact that he identified himself with the anarchists of France, and wrote odes for the Revolution Society, thereby acquiring the name, as Madame d'Arblay tells us, of "Liberty Merry," and no doubt also the reputation for free-thinking then associated with everything French. As for detecting any breach of decorum in the mannered and falsetto gallantries of insincere Reubens addressing imaginary Annas, the idea was only possible to a satirist who started with the determination to fling all the mud he could find; and, it must be added, when he flung it at irreproachable characters such as Mrs. Piozzi, he did but excite a certain revulsion of sympathy for the victims. Nor was this Gifford's only misrepresentation. He asserted, in order to bring in an apt quotation from Martial, that the interview which finally took place between Merry and Mrs. Cowley, produced mutual disgust. This is not the testimony of Della Crusca himself in the poem of *The Interview*.

My song subsides, yet ere I close  
The lingering lay that feeds my woes,  
Ere yet forgotten Della Crusca runs  
To torrid gales or petrifying suns,  
Ere, bowed to earth, my latest feeling flies,  
And the big passion settles on my eyes;  
Oh, may this sacred sentiment be known,  
That my adoring heart is Anna's own!

Such is the immortality of poetic attachments—

For ever wilt thou love and she be fair.

That the poet was shortly afterward "married to another," is sufficient to explain the cessation of the correspondence, from which Gifford argues that

the interview resulted in aversion. And he might further have reflected that when a poet is reduced to talk of "petrifying suns" his correspondence has been known to cease for lack of ideas.

The satirised poets did their best to retaliate on Gifford by abusive sonnets in the newspapers; and Mr. Jerningham wrote a feebly vituperative poem on Gifford and Mathias. The Della Cruscans had, undeniably, the worst of the battle. The efficacy of Gifford's satire in putting an end to the school is, however, more than doubtful. It is true that it afterwards came to be considered, naturally enough, that he had given the Della Cruscans their death-blow. Scott, for instance, writing in 1827, observes that the *Baviad* "squabashed at one blow a set of coxcombs who might have humbugged the world long enough"; but that is not the evidence of contemporary witnesses. Seven years after the publication of the *Baviad*, Mathias, in the preface to *The Pursuits of Literature*, remarks that "even the *Bavian* drops from Mr. Gifford's pen have fallen off like oils from the plumage of the Florence and Cruscan geese. I am told that Mr. Greathead and Mr. Merry yet write and speak, and Mr. Jerningham (poor man!) still continues 'sillier than his sheep.'"

This statement is in far better accordance both with the facts and the probabilities of the case. Satire, even first-rate satire, does not kill follies. They gradually die of inanition, or are crowded out by newer fashions. Laura Matilda's dirge in the *Rejected Addresses* is a standing monument of the vitality of Della Cruscanism more than twenty years after its supposed death-blow.

The career as stage-writers of Merry, Greathead, and Jerningham, their bad tragedies and bad farces, do not belong to my present subject. Of the subsequent history of one or two of them a word may, however, be said. Jerningham lived to publish, as late as 1812, two editions of a flaccid poem, called *The Old Bard's Farewell*, after which he disappears from life and literature. Mrs. Cowley, perhaps the most interesting of the group, died in rural and religious retirement at Tiverton, in 1809. Mrs. Piozzi, as is well known, outlived all her contemporaries, and witnessed

the popularity of a modern literature of which she had no very high opinion.

As for Della Crusca, he married, in 1791, Miss Brunton, an actress, whose sister became Countess of Craven, and who had played the heroine in his tragedy of *Lorenzo*. His reply to the remonstrances of his aunt on the *mésalliance* shall be quoted, to show that he had his lucid intervals. "She ought," he said, "to be proud that he had brought a woman of such virtue and talents into the family. Her virtue his marrying her proved; and her talents would all be thrown away by taking her off the stage." Nevertheless, he afterwards weakly yielded to his relations, and withdrew her from the stage against her own inclination, thereby depriving himself of a source of income with which, as a gambler and *bon vivant*, he could ill afford to dispense. He accordingly quitted England, and must have betaken himself to France, an adventure which befell him in Paris, in September, 1792, being thus amusingly given by Horace Walpole:—

In the midst of the massacre of Monday last, Mr. Merry, immortalized, not by his verses, but by those of the *Baviad*, was mistaken for the Abbé Maury, and was going to be hoisted to the *lanterne*. He cried out that he was Merry, the poet: the ruffians, who probably had never read the scene in Shakespeare, yet replied, "Then we will hang you for your bad verses"; but he escaped better than Cinna, I don't know how, and his fright cost him but a few "gossamery tears," and I suppose he will be happy to re-cross the "silky ocean," and shed dolorous nonsense in rhyme over the woes of this happy country.

But England was not to see much more of Merry. English society was probably not so kind to the Radical husband of an actress as it had been to the bachelor of fashion. He withdrew, with his wife, to America, in 1796, and died, three years afterwards, of apoplexy, in his garden at Baltimore.

Merry did not fail to find in his own day apologists of some pretensions to taste. I find in the notes to George Dyer's poem, *The Poet's Fate*, published in 1797—which contains early and interesting laudations not only of his school-fellows Lamb and Coleridge, but also of Wordsworth and Southey—the following reference to Merry:—"But, after all, though the hero of the *Baviad* be

trayed glitter and negligence—though he misled the taste of some, too much inclined to admire and imitate defects, yet Merry's writings possess poetical merits; and the spirit of liberty and benevolence which breathes through them is ardent and sincere." The criticism may be incorrect, but it is worth noting, because it is the criticism of a contemporary. Had it not been for Coleridge's fervently expressed admiration for Bowles's sonnets, which so perplexes critics who do not judge literature from a historical point of view, the world would have continued to sneer at him, with Byron, as "simple Bowles," and to know him only by Byron's line. The fact is, literary history will never be intelligently written, till it is studied in the spirit of the naturalist, to whom the tares are as interesting as the wheat. We may, perhaps, give the Della Cruscas, with their desperate strainings after poetic fire and poetic diction, the credit of having done something to shake the supremacy of versified prose; of having forwarded, however feebly, the poetic emancipation which Wordsworth and Coleridge were to consummate. The false extravagance of Della Crusca may have cleared the way for the truthful extravagance of Keats. It is, I am aware, customary to attribute the regeneration of English poetry to the French Revolution, which "shook up the sources of thought all over Europe," but the critics who use these glib catchwords are in no hurry to point out a concrete chain of logical connection between Paris mobs and sequestered poets. Plain judges will ever consider it a far

cry from *The Rights of Man* to *Christabel*. At all events, Dyer was right in deprecating the savagery of Gifford's satire. The question

Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

will apply to other schools and fashions besides that of the "elegant Cesario's," whom Leigh Hunt designated *par excellence* as "the plague of the Butterflies." And here, I think, we touch upon the moral which I promised at the outset.

It is not very long since the country, to which Della Crusca ultimately betook himself, received to her shores the reputed prophet of Æstheticism, whose career, in other respects, presented remarkable parallels with that of Robert Merry. Each made his poetical appearance in the columns of a newspaper called the *World*; each professed Republican opinions; each wrote poems not remarkable for truth to nature or sobriety of diction; each represented a school; and the name of each became as a red rag to the Giffords who played the part of the bull in the china shop. But it is not with this clumsy rage that posterity will regard our follies; nor is it useful, or desirable, that we should now so regard them. It is with a smile of amused anticipation, it is with a bland and philosophic interest, that the antiquarian of the future will turn to the pages of *Punch* or the libretto of *Patience*, to read of the Anna Matildas who lately delighted to apparel themselves in what Bramston called "shape-disguising sacks"—the Della Cruscas who took Postlethwaite for a great poet. —*National Review*.

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### THE SAVAGE.

BY PROF. F. MAX MÜLLER.

THERE are people in the world who are very fond of asking what they call point-blank questions. They generally profess to hate all shilly-shallying, and they are at no pains to hide their suspicion that any one who declines to say yes or no to any question which they choose to ask has either his intellect clouded by metaphysics or has not the courage of his opinions. The idea that it is often more difficult to ask a sensible question than to answer it, and that a question, how-

ever pointed it may sound, may for all that be so blunt and vague that no accurate and honest thinker would care or dare to answer it, never enters their mind; while the thought that there are realms of knowledge where indefinite language is more appropriate, and in reality more exact and more truthful than the most definite phraseology, is scouted as mere fencing and intellectual cowardice.

One of those point-blank questions

which has been addressed to me by several reviewers of my books is this, "Tell us, do you hold that man began as a savage or not?" To say that man began as a savage, and that the most savage and degraded races now existing present us with the primeval type of man, seems to be the shibboleth of a certain school of thought, a school with which on many points I sympathize, so long as it keeps to an accurate and independent inquiry into facts, and to an outspoken statement of its discoveries, regardless of all consequences; but from which I totally dissent as soon as it tries to make facts subservient to theories. I am told that my own utterances on this subject have been ambiguous. Now even granting this, I could never understand why a certain hesitation in answering so difficult a question should rouse such angry feelings, till it began to dawn on me that those who do not unreservedly admit that man began as a savage are supposed to hold that man was created a perfect and almost angelic being. This would amount to denying the gospel of the day, that man was the offspring of a brute, and hence, I suppose, the Anathema.

Now I may say this, that though I have hesitated to affirm that man began as a savage, whatever that may mean, I have been even more careful not to commit myself to the opinion that man began as an angel, or as a child, or as a perfect rational being. I strongly object to such alternatives as that if man did not begin as a savage he must have begun as a child. It would be dreadful if, because there is no sufficient evidence to enable us to form a decided opinion on any given subject, we were to be driven into a corner by such alternatives, instead of preserving our freedom of judgment until we have the complete evidence before us.

But in our case the evidence is as yet extremely scanty, and, from the nature of the case, will probably always remain so. If we want to prove that man began as a child, what evidence can we produce? If we appealed to history, history is impossible before the invention of language; and what language could the primitive child have spoken, what life could it have lived, without a father and without a mother? If we give up

history and appeal to our inner consciousness, our reason, nay, our very imagination, collapses when approaching the problem how such a child could have been born, how such a child could have been nourished, reared, and protected from wild animals and other dangers. We feel we have come to the end of our tether, and are running our head against a very old, but a very solid, wall.

Has Kant then written in vain; and is it still supposed that our senses or our reason can ever reach transcendent truths? Has the lesson to be taught again and again that both our senses and our reason have their limits; that we are indeed tethered, and that it is no proof of intellectual strength or suppleness to try to stand on our own shoulders? We are so made that neither can our senses perceive nor can our reason conceive the real beginning and end of anything, whether in space or in time. And yet we imagine we can form a definite conception of the true beginning of mankind.

Then what remains? There remains the humbler and yet far nobler task of studying the earliest records of man's life on earth: to go back as far as literature, language, and tools will allow us, and for a time to consider that as primitive which, whether as a tool, or as a word, or as a proverb, or as a prayer, is the last we can reach, and seems at the same time so simple, so rational, so intelligible, as to require no further antecedents. That is the true work of the historian, and of the philosopher too; and there is plenty of work left for both of them before they dive into the whirlpool of their inner consciousness to find there the primordial savage.

Instead of allowing ourselves to be driven into a corner by such a question as "Did man begin as a savage or as a child?" we have a perfect right to ask the question, What is meant by these two words, *savage* and *child*?

Has any one ever attempted to define the meaning of *savage*, and to draw a sharp line between a *savage* and a *non-savage*? Has any one ever attempted to define the meaning of *child*, if used in opposition to *savage* or *brute*? Have we been told whether by *child* is meant a suckling without a mother, or a boy who can speak, and count, and reason without

a father? Lastly, are savage and child really terms that mutually exclude each other? May not a savage be a child, and may not a child be a savage?

How, then, is any one who has given serious thought to the problem of the origin of mankind to answer such a question as "Tell me, do you hold that man began as a savage or as a child?"

When we read some of the more recent works on anthropology, the primordial savage seems to be not unlike one of those hideous india-rubber dolls that can be squeezed into every possible shape, and made to utter every possible noise. There was a time when the savage was held up to the civilised man as the inhabitant of a lost paradise—a being of innocence, simplicity, purity, and nobility. Rousseau ascribed to his son of nature all the perfection which he looked for in vain in Paris and London. At present, when so many philosophers are on the look-out for the missing-link between man and beast, the savage, even if he has established his right to the name of man, cannot be painted black enough. He must be at least a man who maltreats his women, murders his children, kills and eats his fellow-creatures, and commits crimes from which even animals would shrink.

This devil-savage, however, of the present anthropologist is as much a wild creation of scientific fancy as the angel-savage of former philosophers. The true Science of Man has no room for such speculations.

Sometimes the history of a name can take the place of its definition, but this is hardly so in our case. The Greeks spoke of barbarians rather than of savages, and the Romans followed their example, though they might possibly have called the national heroes and sages of Germany and Britain not only *barbari* but *feri*—that is, savages not very far removed from *fera*, or wild beasts. Our own word *savage*, and the French *sauvage*, meant originally a man who lived in the woods, a *silvaticus*. It was at first applied to all who remained outside the cities, who were not *cives*, or civilised, and who in Christian times were also called *heathen*—that is, dwellers on the heath.

But all this does not help us much. Of course the Spaniards called the in-

habitants of America savages, though it is now quite generally conceded that the Spanish conquerors supplanted a higher civilisation than they established.\* The first discoverers of India called the naked Brahmans savages, though they could hardly have followed them in their subtle arguments on every possible philosophical topic. Even by us New Zealanders and Zulus are classed as savages. And yet a Zulu proved a match for an English bishop; and some of the Maori poems and proverbs may rightly claim a place by the side of English popular poems and proverbs. Nothing is gained if it is said that a savage is the opposite of a civilised man. Civilisation is the product of the uninterrupted work of many generations; and if savage meant no more than an uncivilised man, it is no great discovery to say that the first man must have been a savage. No doubt he could not have been acquainted even with what we consider the fundamental elements of civilisation, such as the arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic. His dress must have been very scanty, his food very primitive, his dwelling very uncomfortable, his family life very unrestrained. And yet, for all that, he might have been very far removed from the brute; nay, he might have been a perfect man, doing his duty in that state of life into which it pleased God to call him.

Civilisation, as it is well known, is a vague a term as savagery. When Alexander, the pupil of Aristotle, the representative of Greek civilisation, stood before the naked philosophers of India, who were *ὑλόβιοι*, dwellers in the forest, can we hesitate to say which of the two was the true savage and which the sage? To the New Zealander who has been brought into contact with European civilisation, his former so-called savage life seems to have gained little by recent improvements. A grand Maori chief, reputed to have been one of the strongest men in his youth, thus speaks of the old days:—

In former times we lived differently; each tribe had its territory; we lived in *pas* placed

\* Charles Hawley, *Addresses before the Cayuga County Historical Society*, 1883-84, p. 31.

† *The King Country; or, Explorations in New Zealand*, by T. H. Kerry; see Nicholls in the *Academy*, Aug. 23, 1884, p. 113.

high upon the mountains. The men looked to war as their only occupation, and the women and the young people cultivated the fields. We were a strong and a healthy people then. When the Pakeha came, everything began to die away, even the natural animals of the country. Formerly, when we went into a forest, and stood under a tree, we could not hear ourselves speak for the noise of the birds—every tree was full of them. Then we had pigeons and everything in plenty; now many of the birds have died out. . . . In those times the fields were well tilled, there was always plenty of provisions, and we wore few clothes—only our own mats of feathers. Then the missionaries came and took our children from the fields, and taught them to sing hymns: they changed their minds, and the fields were untilled. The children came home and quoted Gospel on an empty stomach. Then came the war between the Pakeha and the Maori that split up our homes, and made one tribe fight against the other; and after the war came the Pakeha settlers, who took our lands, taught us to drink and to smoke, and made us wear clothes that brought on disease. What race could stand against them? The Maori is passing away like the *Kiwi*, the *Tui*, and many other things, and by-and-by they will disappear just like the leaves of the trees, and nothing will remain to tell of them but the names of their mountains and their rivers!

This is the view which a so-called savage takes of the benefits of European civilisation as contrasted with the contentment and happiness in which his forefathers had passed through this life. Let us now hear what a highly educated American, a scholar and a philosopher, Mr. Morgan, says of the character of the Iroquois, who are often quoted as specimens of extreme savagery:—

No test of friendship was too severe; no sacrifice to repay a favor too great; no fidelity to an engagement too inflexible for the red man. With an innate knowledge of the freedom and dignity of man, he has exhibited the noblest virtues of the heart, and the kindest deeds of humanity, in those sylvan retreats we are wont to look upon as vacant and frightful solitudes.

No one would suspect Morgan of exaggeration or sentimentality. And if it should be objected that these were private virtues only, and no proof of true civilisation or a well-organised society among the Iroquois, the same writer tells us:\*

They achieved for themselves a more remarkable civil organisation, and acquired a higher degree of influence, than any other race of Indian lineage, except those of Mexico and Peru. In the drama of European colonisation they

stood for nearly two centuries with an unshaken front against the devastations of war, the blighting influence of foreign intercourse, and the still more fatal encroachments of a restless and advancing border population. Under their federal system, the Iroquois flourished in independence, and were capable of self-protection long after the New England and Virginia races had surrendered their jurisdictions and fallen into the condition of dependent nations; and they now stand forth upon the canvas of Indian history, prominent alike for the wisdom of their civil institutions, their sagacity in the administration of the league, and their courage in its defence.

The words of another author also may be quoted, who tells us:\*

Their legislation was simple, and the penalties which gave law its sanctions well defined. Their league stood in the consent of the governed. It was a representative popular government, conceived in the wisdom of genuine statesmanship, and with the sagacity to provide against some of the dangers which beset popular institutions. It is said that the framers of our own (the American) government borrowed some of its features from the Iroquois league. Whether or not this be true, it is a matter of history that as early as 1755 a suggestion came from the Iroquois nation to the colonies that they should unite in a confederacy like their own for mutual protection.

It is the fashion to quote against these favorable statements cases of cruelty committed by the Red Indians or the New Zealanders in their wars among themselves and in their resistance to their white enemies. But let us not forget the bloody pages of our own history. We should probably say that the eighteenth century was one of the most brilliant in the history of Europe. We should probably assign to England at that time a foremost place among European countries, and we know how high a position Scotchmen took during the last century in general culture, in philosophy, in science, and statesmanship. Yet, in his "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," Mr. Lecky describes the common people of Scotland as broken into fierce clans, ruled by wild chieftains; as thieves and cattle-lifters, kidnappers of men and children to be sold as slaves; as ferocious barbarians, besotted with the most brutal ignorance, and the grossest and gloomiest superstitions, possessed of the rudest modes of agriculture, scratching the earth with a crooked piece of

\* *The League of the Iroquois*, p. 12.

\* Hawley, *l.c.*, p. 17.

wood for a plough, and for a harrow a brush attached to the tail of a horse, otherwise devoid of harness ; their food, oatmeal and milk, mixed with blood drawn from the living cow ; their cooking, revolting and filthy, boiling their beef in the hide, and roasting fowls in their feathers, with many like customs and demoralising habits unknown to aboriginal life among the Red Indians.

It will be clear after these few specimens, which might have been considerably increased, that we shall make no step in advance if we continue to use the word *savage* so vaguely as it has been hitherto used. To think is difficult, but it becomes utterly impossible if we use debased or false coin. I have been considered too inquisitive for venturing to ask anthropologists what they meant by a fetish, but I must expose myself once more to the same reproach by venturing to ask them to state plainly what they mean by a *savage*.

Whatever other benefits a study of the science of language may confer, there is one which cannot be valued too highly—namely, that it makes us not only look *at* words, but *through* words. If we are told that a *savage* means an uncivilised man, then, to say that the first man was a *savage* is saying either nothing or what is self-evident. Civilisation consists in the accumulated wisdom of countless generations of men, and to say that the first generation of men was uncivilised is therefore pure tautology. We are far too tolerant with respect to such tautologies. How many people, for instance, have been led to imagine that such a phrase as the survival of the fittest contains the solution of the problem of the survival of certain species and the extinction of others? To the student of language the survival of the fittest is a mere tautology, meaning the survival of the fittest to survive, which is the statement of a fact, but no solution of it.

It is easy to say that the meaning of *savage* has been explained and defined by almost every writer on anthropology. I know these explanations and definitions, but not one of them can be considered as answering the requirements of a scientific definition.

Some anthropologists say that *savage* means wild and cruel. But in that case no nation would be without its *savages*.

Others say that *savages* are people who wear little or no clothing. But in that case the greatest philosophers, the gymnosophists of India, would have to be classed as *savages*. If it means people without a settled form of government, without laws and without a religion, then, go where you like, you will not find such a race. Again, if people who have no cities and no central government are to be called *savages*, then the Jews would have been *savages*, the Hindus, the Arabs, the ancient Germans, and other of the most important races in the history of the world. In fact, whatever characteristics are brought forward as distinctive of a *savage*, they can always be met by counter-instances, showing that each definition would either include races whom no one dares to call *savage*, or exclude races whom no one dares to call civilised. It used to be imagined that the use of letters was the principal circumstance that distinguishes a civilised people from a herd of *savages* incapable of knowledge or reflection. Without that artificial help, to quote the words of Gibbon, "the human memory soon dissipates or corrupts the ideas committed to her charge, and the nobler faculties of the mind, no longer supplied with models or with materials, gradually forget their powers, the judgment becomes feeble and lethargic, the imagination languid or irregular." Such arguments might pass in the days of Gibbon, but after the new light that has been thrown on the ancient history of some of the principal nations of the world they are no longer tenable.

No one would call the ancient Brahmans *savages*, and yet writing was unknown to them before the third century B.C. Homer, quite apart from his blindness, was certainly unacquainted with writing for literary purposes. The ancient inhabitants of Germany, as described by Tacitus, were equally ignorant of the art of writing as a vehicle of literature ; yet for all that we could not say, with Gibbon, that with them the nobler faculties of the mind had lost their powers, the judgment had become feeble, and the imagination languid.

And as we find that the use of letters is by no means an indispensable element of true civilisation, we should arrive at the same conclusion in examining



almost every discovery which has been pointed out as a *sine quâ non* of civilised life. Every generation is apt to consider the measure of comfort which it has reached as indispensable to civilised life, but very often, in small as well as great things, what is called civilised to-day may be called barbarous to-morrow. Races who abstain from eating the flesh of animals are apt to look on carnivorous people as savages; people who abstain from intoxicating drinks naturally despise a nation in which drunkenness is prevalent. What should we say if we entered a town in which the streets were neither paved nor lighted, and in which the windows were without glass; where we saw no carriages in any of the thoroughfares, and where, inside the houses, ladies and gentlemen might be seen eating without forks and wearing garments that had never been washed? And yet even in Paris no street was paved before 1185. In London Holborn was first paved in 1417, and Smithfield in 1614, while Berlin was without paved streets far into the seventeenth century. No houses had windows of glass before the twelfth century, and as late as the fourteenth century anything might be thrown out of window at Paris, after three times calling out "*Gare l'eau!*" Shirts were an invention of the Crusades, and the fine dresses which ladies and gentlemen wore during the Middle Ages were hardly ever washed, but only refreshed from time to time with precious scents. In 1550 we are told that there existed in Paris no more than three carriages—one belonging to the Queen, the other to Diane de Poitiers, and the third to René de Laval. In England coaches (so called from the Hungarian *kossi*) date from 1580, though whirlicotes go back to the fourteenth century. So far as we know, neither Dante nor Beatrice used forks in eating, and yet we should hardly class them as savages.

It is easy to say that all these are matters of small importance. No doubt they are, but we often see them treated as matters of great importance, when we speak of races with red skins or black skins. With us civilisation, whether consisting of these small or great matters, has often become a burden, a check rather than a help to the free development of all that is noble in

human nature; while many conditions of life which we are inclined to call barbarous were almost essential for the growth of the human mind during its earlier stages. Can we imagine a religion growing up in modern Paris? Would a travelling bard, such as Homer, find an audience in the streets of London? Would a Socrates be listened to by the professors of Berlin? A Panini sitting almost naked under a pipplal tree and composing the rules of his marvellous grammar of Sanskrit, a Bâdârâyana with dishevelled hair, spinning out of his mind the subtle web of Vedânta philosophy, would be shunned as wild creatures by a young English officer, and yet, on the ladder that leads to the highest excellence of intellect, how many steps would the former stand above the latter! For carrying out the chief objects of our life on earth, very little of what is now called civilisation is really wanted. Many things are pleasant, without being really essential to our fulfilling our mission on earth. For laying the foundations of society, for settling the broad principles of law and morality, for discovering the deep traces of order and unity in nature, and for becoming conscious of the presence of the Divine within and without, a life in the forests, on the mountains, ay, even in the desert, is far more favorable than a lodging in Bond Street.

The latest attempt which has been made at defining the true character of a savage restricts the distinctive characteristics of a savage to three—(1) that he murders his children, (2) that he kills and eats his fellow-men, (3) that he disregards certain laws of nature.

Now in that sense it seems quite clear that the first man could not have been a savage, for if he had murdered his children we should not be alive; if he had eaten his fellow-men, supposing there were any to eat, again we should not be alive; and if he had disregarded certain laws of nature, in that case also, probably, we should not be alive.

What, then, is to be done? Are we to say that there never were any savages, or that it is impossible to distinguish between a savage and a non-savage? Certainly not. All we have to do is to be on our guard against a very common trick of language, or rather

against a very common mistake of philosophers, who imagine that the same name must always mean the same thing. All the difficulties hitherto detailed which have prevented anthropologists from agreeing on any real definition of savage have arisen from their having mixed up under the same name at least two totally different classes of men, both called savages in ordinary parlance, but each occupying its own place in the history of the world. How this should have happened is difficult to explain, but I think we can trace the first beginnings in the works of some of the earlier anthropologists, who were carried away by the idea that we can study in the illiterate races of the present day, such as we find in Africa, America, and Polynesia, the true character of the primitive man, as he emerged new-born from the bowels of nature. Scientific ethnologists have long since awaked from this fond dream, but the primitive savage has remained as a troublesome legacy in other quarters. Nothing can be more interesting than the study of races who have no literature, but whose former history may be read in their languages and their tools, and whose present state of civilisation or savagery may certainly be used to throw collateral light on many phases in the history of more highly civilised nations. Only let us remember that these races and their languages are as old as the most civilised races and their languages, while their history, if so we may call it, seldom carries us back beyond the mere surface of the day. If we in England are old, the Fuegians are not a day younger. If the question as to the age of the European and American races could be settled by geological evidence, it would seem as if America is now able to produce human skulls older than the Neanderthal skull.\* No one, so far as I know, has ever succeeded in proving that after man had once been evolved or created, a new evolution or creation of man took place, attested by contemporaneous witnesses. The Duke of Argyll goes so far as to maintain† that those who hold the opinion that different races of men represent different species, or a species which spread from more

than one place, stand outside the general current of scientific thought.

But while scientific anthropologists have long given up the idea that, if we want to know the condition of primitive man, we must study it among the Fuegians or Eskimos, the subject has lost none of its charms. It is, no doubt, a very amusing occupation to run through the books of modern and ancient travellers, traders, or missionaries, to mark with pencil a strange legend here, and an odd custom there, to point out a similarity between a Shaman and an Archbishop, between a Hottentot and Homer. This kind of work can be done in the intervals of more serious studies, and if it is done with the facile pen of a journalist or the epigrammatic eloquence of a young lawyer, nothing can be more delightful. But it is dangerous work—so dangerous that the prejudice that has lately arisen among scientific anthropologists against Agriology seems justified, at least to a certain extent. There are truly scholarlike works on savages. I say scholarlike intentionally, because they are based on a scholarlike study of the languages spoken by the races whose mental organisation has to be analysed. The works of Bishops Callaway and Caldwell, of Brinton and Horatio Hale, of Gill, Bleek, and Hahn, the more general compilations of Waitz, Tiele, Lubbock, Tylor, and Reville, the clever contributions of A. Lang, John Piske, and others, are but the first that occur to my mind as specimens of really useful work that may be done in this line. But the loose and superficial appeals to savages as the representatives of a brand-new humanity, fresh from the hands of the potter, the ignorant attempts at explaining classical myths from Melanesian tattle, the wild comparisons of Hebrew customs with the outrages of modern cannibals, have at last met with their well-merited reward, and the very name of savage is gradually disappearing from the best works on anthropology and philosophy.

And yet there are savages, only we must distinguish. There are, as I pointed out long ago, two classes of savages, to say nothing of minor subdivisions—namely, *progressive* and *retrogressive* savages. There is a hopeful and

\* See, however, Daniel Wilson, *Pre-Aryan American Man*, p. 47.

† *Unity of Nature*, p. 393.

a hopeless barbarism, there is a growing and a decaying civilisation. We owe a great deal to the Duke of Argyll, particularly in his last great work, *The Unity of Nature*, for having laid so much stress on the fact that of all works of nature man is the one most liable to two kinds of evolution, one ascending and the other descending. Like the individual, a whole family, tribe, or race of men may, within a very short time, rise to the highest pitch of virtue and culture, and in the next generation sink to the lowest level of vice and brutality.

The first question, therefore, which we have to ask when we have to speak of savages, is whether there is any indication of their having once reached a higher stage from which they have descended, or whether they are only just ascending from that low but healthy level which must precede every attempt at what we call civilisation. We may call both by the same name of savages, but, if we do so, we must always remember that, from an historical point of view, no two stages in civilised life can be more apart from each other than that of the retrogressive and that of the progressive savage.

But even after we have laid down this broad line of demarcation, we shall by no means find it easy to catch either a progressive or a retrogressive savage *pur et simple*. If looking out for retrogressive or decaying savages, most people would naturally think of Fuegians, Tasmanians, Hottentots, Ashantis, Veddas, and Red Indians, and one of the strongest proofs of their decay would be derived from the fact that they are dying out wherever they are brought in contact with European civilisation. Now it is true that the Tasmanians have become extinct, and that several of the Red Indian tribes, too, have actually been destroyed by our civilisation. But we must not generalise too quickly. Some of these very tribes, the Red Indians,\*

\* *The Indians in the United States.*—In an interesting paper read at a recent meeting of the Académie des Sciences, M. Paul Passy, who has recently returned from a visit to the North-Western States of America, endeavored to show that the generally accepted theory of the eventual disappearance of the "red man" is erroneous, and that though certain tribes have been exterminated in war and others decimated by disease and "firewater," the

seem to be recovering, seem to increase again, and to be able to hold their own against the baneful influences which threatened to destroy them. The negroes also are by no means dwindling away. On the contrary, they are increasing both in Africa and in America. We must therefore be careful before we deny the recuperative powers even of retrogressive savages, and we must look for other evidence beyond mere statistics in support of their hopeless degeneracy.

contact of civilisation is not necessarily fatal to the Indians. M. Passy states that there are at present 376,000 Indians in the country, of whom 67,000 have become United States citizens. The Indians in the reserve territories are in part maintained by the Government, many of them, however, earning their living by shooting and fishing, and also by agriculture. The progress which they have made in farming is shown by the fact that they had under cultivation in 1882 more than 205,000 acres of land, as against 157,000 in India. Moreover, the total Indian population, exclusive of the Indians who are citizens of the United States and of those in Alaska, had increased during the same interval by more than 5,000. M. Passy says that the Federal Government, though not doing nearly so much as it should for the education of Indian children, devoted a sum of \$365,515 to this purpose in 1882, and in the State of New York the six Iroquois "nations" settled there have excellent schools, which three-fourths of their children regularly attend. The five "nations" in Indian territory are also well cared for in this respect, having 11 schools for boarders, and 198 day schools attended by 6,183 children. In 1827, a Cherokee invented a syllabic alphabet of 85 letters, and this alphabet is now used for the publication of a newspaper in the Cherokee language. In addition to the tribes in cantonments, a great many children (about 8,000) are disseminated among the schools in the different States. There are also three normal and industrial schools in which, apart from elementary subjects, the boys are taught agriculture and different trades, and the girls sewing, cooking, and housekeeping. A journal in the Dakota tongue, called the *Yapi Oayé*, is published at Chicago for the benefit of the pupils in that region, and it is said that the Indians of the territories show themselves very anxious to learn, so much so that the Ometras of Nebraska have sold part of their territory so as to be able to keep up their schools. M. Passy adds that the Americans differ very much in their estimate of the sum required for providing all the young Indians with a sound education, some of them putting it as high as \$10,000,000, while the lowest estimate is \$3,000,000, or ten times as much as is now being spent. His conclusion is that if the Indians are destined to disappear, it will be because they become fused with the other citizens of the United States.—*Times*, Sept. 8, 1884.

Historical evidence of such gradual degeneracy is, from the nature of the case, almost impossible. We must trust, therefore, to less direct proof. I believe there is some distinct historical evidence in the case of the Central and South American races, that at the time of the arrival of Columbus and his successors civilisation had really been decaying for some time in America.\* But in nearly all other cases we have to look out for other proofs in support of a higher antecedent civilisation possessed by tribes who, as we know them at present, have to be classed as savages. Such proofs, if they exist, must be sought for in language, religion, customs, tools, and works of art.

As I look upon language neither as a ready-made gift of God nor as a natural growth of the human mind, but as, in the true sense of the word, a work of human art, I must confess that nothing has surprised me so much as the high art displayed in the languages of so-called savages. I do not wish to exaggerate; and I know quite well that a great abundance of grammatical forms, such as we find in these savage dialects, is by no means a proof of high intellectual development. But if we consider how small is the number of words and ideas in the ordinary vocabulary of an English peasant,† and if then we find that one dialect of the Fuegians, the Tagan, consists of about 30,000 words,‡ we certainly hesitate before venturing to classify the possessors of so vast an inherited wealth as the descendants of poor savages, more savage than themselves. Such facts cannot be argued away. We cannot prevent people from despising religious concepts different from their own, or from laughing at customs which they themselves could never adopt. But such a treasure of conceptual thought as is implied in the possession of a vocabulary of 30,000 entries cannot be ignored in our estimate of the antecedents of this Fuegian race. I select the Fuegians as a crucial test

simply because Darwin\* selected them as the strongest proof of his own theory, and placed them almost below the level reached by the most intelligent animals. I have always had a true regard for Darwin, and what I admired in him more than anything else was his fearlessness, his simple devotion to truth. I believe that if he had seen that his own theories were wrong, he would have been the first to declare it, whatever his followers might have said. But in spite of all that, no man can resist the influence of his own convictions. When Darwin looked at the Fuegians, he no doubt saw what he tells us, but then he saw it with Darwinian eyes. According to his account, the party of Fuegians whom he saw resembled the devils which come on the stage in such plays as *Der Freischütz*.† "Viewing such men, one can hardly believe," he says, "that they are fellow-creatures, and inhabitants of the same world" (p. 235). "Their language, according to our notions, scarcely deserves to be called articulate. Captain Cook has compared it to a man clearing his throat, but certainly no European ever cleared his throat with so many hoarse, guttural, and clicking sounds."

Now, even with regard to their physical aspect, Darwin must have either been very unlucky in the Fuegians whom he met, or he cannot have kept himself quite free from prejudice. Captain Parker Snow, in his *Two Years' Cruise of Tierra del Fuego* (London 1857), speaks of them as without the least exaggeration really beautiful representatives of the human race. Professor Virchow, when exhibiting a number of Fuegians at Berlin, strongly protested against the supposition of the Fuegians being by nature an inferior race, so that they might be considered as a connecting link between ape and man. But what shall we say of Darwin's estimate of the Fuegian language? Here we can judge for ourselves, and I doubt whether, so far as this sound is concerned, anyone would consider Fuegian as inferior to English. Giacomo Bove, when speaking of the Tagan dialect,

\* See Hawley, *l.c.*, p. 31.

† *Lectures on Science of Language*, vol. i. p. 308.

‡ See Giacomo Bove, *Viaggio alla Patagonia ed alla Terra del Fuoco*, in *Nuova Antologia*, Dec. 15, 1881.

\* *Travels*, Deutsch von Dieffenbach. Braunschweig, 1844, p. 229.

† Darwin, *Narrative of the Surveying Voyage of H.M.'s Ships "Adventure" and "Beagle,"* 1839, vol. iii. p. 226.

says, "le parole di quella sono dolci, piacevoli, piene di vocali." And though he admits that some of the other dialects are harsher, yet that is very far as yet from the sound of clearing the throat.

And, even if the sound of their language was as guttural as some of the Swiss dialects, how shall we account for the wealth of their vocabulary? Every concept embodied in their language is the result of hard intellectual labor; and although here again excessive wealth may be an embarrassment, yet there remains enough to prove a past that must have been very different from the present.

The workman must at least have been as great as his work; and if the ruins of Central America tell us of architects greater than any that country could produce at present, the magnificent ruins in the dialects, whether of Fuegians, Mohawks, or Hottentots, tell us of mental builders whom no one could match at present. Even in their religious beliefs there are here and there rays of truth which could never have proceeded from the dark night of their actual superstitions. The Fuegians, according to Captain FitzRoy, believe in a just god and a great spirit moving about in forests and mountains. They may believe in a great deal more, but people who believe in a great spirit in forests and mountains, and in a just god, are not on the lowest step of the ladder leading from earth to heaven.

The Duke of Argyll, in examining the principal races that are commonly called savage, has pointed out that degraded races generally inhabit the extreme ends of continents or tracts of country almost unfit for human habitation, or again whole islands difficult of access except under exceptionally favorable conditions. He naturally concludes that they did not go there of their own free will, but that they represent conquered races, exiles, weaklings, cowards, criminals, who saved nothing but their life in their flight before more vigorous conquerors, or in their exile from countries that had thrown them off like poison. Instead of looking on the inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego as children of the soil, Autochthones, or the immediate descendants of the mythical Proanthropoi, the Duke points out that it is far more likely they may have come from the north;

that their ancestors may have participated in the blessings of the soil and climate of Chili, Peru, Brazil, or Mexico, possibly in the early civilisation of that part of the world; and that the wretchedness of the country into which they were driven fully accounts for their present degradation. Take away the wretchedness of their present home, educate a baby, as Captain FitzRoy did, under the beneficent influences of an English sky and of European civilisation, and in one generation, as Mr. Darwin tells us, "his intellect was good, and his disposition nice."

It is quite fair that those who oppose this theory should call upon the Duke to establish his view by the evidence of language. If the Fuegians were the descendants of the same race which reached a high pitch of civilisation in Peru, Mexico, or Central America, their language ought to show the irrefragable proof of such descent. If it did, his position would be impregnable. Unfortunately the materials now at hand have not yet been sufficiently examined to enable us to say either yes or no. Nor must we forget that language, when it is not fixed by a popular literature, is liable among nomadic tribes to unlimited variation. The number of languages spoken\* throughout the whole of North and South America has been estimated to considerably exceed twelve hundred; and on the northern continent alone more than five hundred distinct languages are said to be spoken, which admit of classification among seventy-five ethnical groups, each with essential linguistic distinctions, pointing to its own parent stock. Some of these languages are merely well-marked dialects, with fully developed vocabularies. Others have more recently acquired a dialectic character in the breaking up and scattering of dismembered tribes, and present a very limited range of vocabulary, suited to the intellectual requirements of a small tribe or band of nomads. The prevailing condition of life throughout the whole North American continent was peculiarly favorable to the multiplication of such dialects and their growth into new languages, owing to the constant breaking up and scattering of

\* D. Wilson, *Pre-Aryan American Man*, p. 4.

tribes, and the frequent adoption into their numbers of the refugees from other fugitive broken tribes, leading to an intermingling of vocabularies and fresh modifications of speech. It is to be hoped that the study of native American languages may before long receive that attention which it so fully deserves. It must be taken up in good earnest, and with all the accuracy which we are accustomed to in a comparative study of Indo-European languages. All ethnological questions must for the present be kept in abeyance till the linguistic witness can be brought into court, and it would be extraordinary if the laurels that can here be gained should fail to stimulate the ambition of some young scholar in America.

As to the Fuegians at Cape Horn, so at the North Pole the Eskimos, however low their present state of civilisation, have been looked upon as immigrants from a centre of civilisation located in a more temperate zone. The Eskimo leads the only life that is possible in his latitudes. Why he should have migrated there, unless driven by *force majeure*, is impossible to say. Unless we are willing to admit a special Eskimo Adam, we have no choice except to look upon him either as a withering offshoot of the American moundbuilders, or as a weak descendant of Siberian nomads.

In Africa, the most degraded races, the Bushmen, are clearly a corruption of the Hottentots, while it is well known that some eminent ethnologists look upon the Hottentots as degraded emigrants from Egypt. How much higher the civilisation of Africa stood in former ages, we know from the monuments of Egypt and Nubia, from the histories of Phœnicia, Carthage, and Numidia. If among the ruins of these ancient centres of civilisation we now find tribes whom European travellers would call savage, we see again that in the evolution of man retrogression is as important an element as progression.

Even in Australasia, where we meet with the most repulsive customs and the most hopeless barbarism, the Duke of Argyll shows that, according to the principles of evolution, the separation of the islands from the Asiatic continent would date from a period anterior to the age of man, and that here too man must

be an immigrant, a degraded offshoot from that branch of the human race which in China or India has risen to some kind of civilised life. For further details the pages in the last book of the Duke of Argyll, particularly chapter x., on the "Degradation of Man," should be consulted. It must suffice here to quote his summing up :—

Instead of assuming these (savage) tribes to be the nearest living representatives of primeval man, we should be more safe in assuming them to represent the widest departure from that earliest condition of our race which, on the theory of development, must of necessity have been associated at first with the most highly favorable conditions of external nature.

We have thus seen that, wherever we seem to lay hold of primeval savages who are supposed to represent to us the unchanged image of the primeval man, the evidence of their having been autochthonous in the places where we now find them is very weak, the proofs that they have never changed are altogether wanting; while geographical, physical, and linguistic considerations make it probable, though no more, that they originally came from more favored countries, that they were driven in the struggle for life into inhospitable climates, and that in accommodating themselves to the requirements of their new homes they gradually descended from a higher level of civilisation, indicated by their language and religion, to that low level in which we find them now. Some of them have sunk so low that, like individual members of the noblest families in Europe, they can no longer be reclaimed. Others, however, though shaken by sudden contact with the benefits and the dangers of a higher civilisation, may regain their former health and vigor, and, from having been retrogressive savages, become once more progressive in the great struggle for existence.

But if in the cases just mentioned we feel inclined to recognise the influence of degradation, and if we class such races as the Fuegians, the Eskimos, the Bushmen and Hottentots, the Papuans and brown Polynesians, as retrogressive savages, the question arises where we can hope to find specimens of the progressive savage, or rather of the natural man, who might teach us something of what man may have been before civilisa-

tion completely changed him into an artificial being, forgetful of the essential purposes of life, and who feels at home no longer in fields and forests, on rivers or mountains, but only in that enchanted castle of custom and fashion which he has erected for himself out of the unmeaning fragments of former ages?

My answer is that after we have collected the primitive tools and weapons which lie buried beneath the abodes of civilised man, our best chance of learning some of the secrets of primitive civilisation is to study the sacred hymns and the ancient legends of India, the traditions embodied in the Homeric poems, and whatever has been preserved to us of the most ancient literature of the progressive races of the world, the Italic, Celtic, Slavonic, and Teutonic races. This of course applies to the Aryan race only. The Semitic races are represented to us in their progress from a nomadic to a more or less civilised life in the Old Testament, in the earliest ballads of the Arabs, and in passages scattered in the inscriptions of Assyrians, Babylonians, and Phœnicians. China too in its ancient literature allows us an insight into the age of a nascent society, while Egypt discloses to us the most ancient of all civilisations, which can boast of a literature at a time when the very idea of writing was as yet unknown to all other nations.

It is easy to say that all this is modern. In one sense no doubt it is. The Vedic literature, the most ancient of the whole Aryan race, presupposes a succession of intellectual strata which no chronology can measure. The language of the Veda is a work of art which it must have taken generations to build up. But is it reasonable to expect anything less modern in the history of the human race? And is there not a continuity in language and thought which allows us to see even in these literary remains, call them as modern as you like, something of the first dawn of human life. French is a very modern language, but in *chien* we still hear the Sanskrit *śvan*; in *journal* we recognise the old Vedic deity *Dyaus*. In the same way we can go back from what is common to Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin, to what was the common language of the Aryans before they broke up in different nationalities. In

that common Aryan vocabulary, again, we can distinguish between what is radical and primitive and what is formal and secondary. Thus we may go back beyond all so-called historical limits to a stage of primitive thought, represented by a small number of radical concepts, and a still smaller number of formal elements. And is not that enough? Is it not more historical and more trustworthy, at all events, than all *à priori* speculations? and have we not at least a right to demand this from our *à priori* friends, that, in running their tunnel from the other end, they should take care that when it emerges into the daylight of history it should meet the tunnel which comparative philology, mythology, and theology have carefully dug out on the opposite side through the solid rock of facts? It will never do for *à priori* theories to run counter to *à posteriori* facts. It is a fact, for instance, proved by historical evidence, that fetichism represents a secondary stage in the growth of religion, and that it presupposes an earlier stage, in which the name and the concept of something divine, the predicate of every fetich, was formed. It would be fatal, therefore, to any system of *à priori* reasoning if it placed fetichism before that phase in the development of human thought which is represented by the first formation of divine concepts. It would be a real hysteron-proteron.

Again, it is a fact, proved by historical evidence, that all the words of the Aryan languages are derived from definite roots, expressive of definite concepts. It would therefore be fatal, again, to any system of *à priori* reasoning if it attempted to derive words direct from more or less inarticulate cries or imitations of cries, and not from that small number of roots which has been proved to supply all that is really wanted in explanation of all the facts of Aryan speech.

Again, it is a fact, proved by historical evidence, that most of the ancient deities of the Aryan nations have names expressive of the great powers of nature, and it would be an insult to all historical scholarship if our *à priori* friends were to attempt to prove once more that the worship of Zeus was derived from a general reverence felt for a gentleman of the

name of Sky, or the belief in Eos from a sentimental devotion excited by a young lady of the name of Dawn. I believe it will be admitted by all honest anthropologists that the philological identification of one single word, Dyaus in the Veda and Zeus in Homer, has done more for rectifying our ideas of the true course of ancient Aryan civilisation than all the myths and customs of savages put together.

There was a time when the students of Oriental literature were inclined to claim an extravagant antiquity for the books which they had rescued from oblivion. But that tendency has now been changed into the very opposite. There may be traces of it among Chinese, sometimes among Egyptian and Accadian scholars, but wherever we have to deal with a real literature, whether in India, Persia, or Palestine, scholars are far more anxious to point out what is modern than what is ancient, whether in the Veda the Avesta, or the Old Testament. I certainly do not feel guilty of ever having claimed an excessive antiquity for the Rig-Veda. From the very first, though I placed the whole of Vedic literature before Buddhism, say the sixth century B.C. and though, owing to the changes in language, style, and thought which are clearly perceptible in different parts of Vedic literature, owing also to certain astronomical dates, I ventured to place it between 1000 and 1500 B.C., yet I have never concealed my impression that some portions of the Veda may turn out to be of far more recent origin.\*

But is not that sufficient? Is it not perfectly marvellous that so much that is really old, so much that carries us back more than 3,000 years, should have been preserved to us at all? Why will people ask for what is impossible? Savages they say, do not read and write, and yet they want to have trustworthy information from literary documents composed by those very savages who cannot read and write. Among the Aryan nations, I do not believe in any written books before the sixth century B.C. In China, books may have been older, papyri are older in Egypt, and clay tablets in Baby-

lon. But even when literature began, the very last that ancient people do is to write about themselves, about their manners and customs. What we know of the manners and customs of ancient people, when they were still passing through that phase which we call progressive savagery, comes to us from strangers only. As modern travellers give us full accounts of the life of savages who cannot speak and write for themselves, our only chance of learning something about our own ancestors, before they began to write, would be from ancient travellers who were interested in these promising savages. Now it is a piece of excessive good luck that, with regard to one of the Aryan races, with regard to our own Teutonic ancestors, we possess such a book, written by a stranger who felt deeply interested in German savages, and who has told us what they were, before they could write and tell us themselves what they were. If we want to study the progressive savage, not as he ought to have been, according to *à priori* philosophy, nor as he might have been, according to what we see among Fuegians of the present day, but as he really was according to the best information that could be collected by the best of historians, we must read and read again the *Germania* of Tacitus.

If history means the evidence of contemporary eye-witnesses, I doubt whether history will ever enable us to see further into the natural transition of barbarism into civilisation than in the *Germania* of Tacitus. To divide civilisation from barbarism by a sharp line is of course impossible. There are remnants of barbarism in the most advanced state of civilisation, and there are sparks of civilisation in the most distant ages of barbarism—at least of that healthy barbarism which is represented to us in the *Germania*, and of which we find but scanty fragments in the ancient literature of the civilising nations of the world.

Here we may see ourselves as we were not quite two thousand years ago. Here we may see from how small beginnings the highest civilisation may be reached. Here we may study the natural man as he really was, in some respects certainly a savage, but a pro-

\* *Rig-Veda-Samhita, the Sacred Hymns of the Brahmans, translated by M. M., Vol. i. p. xxxix.*



gressive savage, as we know from his later history, and certainly without one sign of that corruption and decay which is so plainly visible in Hottentots and Papuans.

This book, the account of the site, the manners, and the inhabitants of Germany, by Tacitus, has had various fates. To every German, to every member of the Teutonic race, it has always been a kind of national charter, a picture of a golden age, adorned with all that is considered most perfect, pure, and noble in human nature; whereas French *savants* have often either ridiculed the work of Tacitus as a mere romance, or so interpreted his words as to turn the ancient Germans into real Hottentots.

This controversy has been carried on during several centuries. M. Guizot, for instance, in his *History of Civilisation* completely ignoring the distinction between retrogressive and progressive savages, tried to show that there was little to choose between the Germans of Tacitus and the Red Indians of the present day.

This controversy became embittered by a curious circumstance. Whereas Tacitus and other Roman writers spoke in glowing terms of the Teutonic races, their remarks on the Gauls, the ancient inhabitants of France, were not only far from complimentary, but happened to touch on points on which Frenchmen are particularly sensitive. Tertullian, who was a great admirer of the Jews, was very wroth with Tacitus because he used very anti-Semitic language. He actually calls Tacitus a "brawler, and the greatest teller of lies."\* The French do not differ much from that opinion, not so much because Tacitus spoke ill of the Jews, and likewise of the Celts of Gaul, as because he spoke so well of the *paysans du Danube*. The ancient classical writers dwell rather strongly on the unfavorable side of the Celtic character. It is well known how low an opinion Aristotle formed of Celtic morality. Strabo says that the Celts are simple, but proud and sensitive, fond of dress and ornaments. It is even hinted that they dyed their hair,

and allowed their mustache to grow, so that it interfered with the comfort of eating and drinking.\* Strabo goes on to say that they are not malicious, but reckless, changeable, fond of innovation, and never to be depended on. They are quick in their resolutions, but often inconsiderate, fond of war, brave, but intolerably conceited if victorious, and quite demoralised if defeated. Polybius confirms that their first onslaught is terrible, but both Cæsar and Livy agree as to their want of steadiness and perseverance. Other Latin authors add that they are unmanageable and inclined to revolutions, and that, owing to continual factions, many are obliged to leave the country, and to try their fortunes as adventurers elsewhere. Still darker colors were added by others to this picture of national depravity. The state of morality in Gaul was such that it was considered infamous for a father to be seen in company with his son before the latter had come of age. At the death of a nobleman his widow was, as a matter of course, subjected to a trial as to whether she had been the cause of her husband's death. Strabo affirms that it was their custom to cut off the heads of their enemies after a battle, and to hang them on the heads of their horses, or nail them over their doors. While German scholars composed this mosaic out of all the stones that classical writers had ever thrown at the inhabitants of Gaul, French writers retaliated by either throwing discredit on Tacitus, the supposed encomiast of the Germans, or by showing that the account which Tacitus gives of the ancestors of the Teutonic race proves better than anything else that, at his time, the Germans had not yet emerged from a state of the grossest barbarism, and were incapable, therefore, as yet of vices of which they maintain are the outcome of a more advanced state of civilisation.

To my mind, apart from any national idiosyncrasies, the description which Tacitus gives us of the Germans, as he had seen them, is perfectly unique and invaluable as a picture of what I should willingly call the life of progressive savages. What should we give if, besides

\* Tertullian, *Apolog.* 16: "rabula et mendaciorum loquacissimus."

\* See Strabo, iv. 156; Plin. xvii. 12; Liv. xxxviii. 17.

the hymns of the Rig-Veda, we had the accounts of travellers who had actually seen the ancient Rishis of India with their flocks and families, their priests and sacrifices, their kings and battles? What should we give if, besides the Homeric poems, we had the work of an eye-witness who could describe to us the real Troy, and the real fight between Greece and Asia Minor? This is what Tacitus has done for Germany, and at a time when the ancient religion was still living, when the simple laws of a primitive society were still observed, and when the epic poems of a later time were still being sung as ballads at the feasts of half-naked warriors! In Tacitus, therefore, and not in the missionary accounts of Melanesian savages, should we study the truly primitive man, primitive in the only sense in which we shall ever know of primitive man, and primitive certainly in a far truer sense than Papuans or Fuegians are likely to be in the nineteenth century. I cannot understand how an historian like Guizot could have allowed himself to be so much misguided by national prejudice as to speak of Tacitus as a kind of Montaigne or Rousseau, who, in a fit of disgust with his own country, drew a picture of Germany as a mere satire on Roman manners, or to call the *Germania* "the eloquent sulking of a patriotic philosopher who wishes to see virtue where he does not find the disgraceful effeminacy and the elegant depravity of an old society." Surely the work of Tacitus cannot have been very fresh in the memory of the great French historian when he delivered this judgment. If Tacitus, like Rousseau or Voltaire, had intended to draw the picture of an ideal barbarism, would he have mentioned the many vices of the German Utopia, the indolence of the Germans, their drunkenness, their cruelty to slaves, their passion for gambling, and their roitous revels? Besides, three-fourths of his book treat of subjects which have no bearing whatever on Roman society, nay, which are of so little interest to the general reader that I doubt whether many Romans would have taken the trouble to read them. The facts which came to the knowledge of Tacitus are so loosely strung together that his book looks more like a collection

of memoranda than the compact and pointed pamphlet of a political satirist. We need only read the letters of Voltaire on England, or Montalembert's pamphlet, *De l'Angleterre*, in order to perceive the difference between a political satire and an historical memoir. No doubt a man of the temper of Tacitus would naturally dwell with satisfaction on the bright side of the German character, and, while holding before the eyes of his own nation the picture of a brave and simple, religious and independent race, might naturally think of what Rome once had been, and was no longer. But there is no more sarcasm or satire in his work than is inseparable from a straightforward statement of facts when addressed to ears no longer accustomed to the sound of unvarnished truth.

So little did M. Guizot perceive the unique character of the *Germania* of Tacitus as an historical document of the earliest stage of society, that he amused himself with collecting from various books of travel a number of facts observed among the very lowest races in America and Africa, which, as he thinks, form an exact parallel to the statements of Tacitus with regard to the good and bad qualities of the Germans. His parallel columns, which occupy nearly ten pages, are certainly amusing, but they prove nothing, least of all that there was no difference between the healthy sons of Germany and the tattooed cannibals of New Zealand. If they prove anything, it is that there is one kind of barbarism through which every nation has to pass, the childhood and wild youth of a race, to be followed by the mature vigor of a nation's manhood, and that there is another kind of barbarism which leads to nothing, but ends in mere brutality, shrinking from contact with higher civilisation and succumbing when it attempts to imitate with monkeyish delight the virtues and vices of a more advanced society. Why is it that the fresh breezes of European civilisation proved fatal to the consumptive barbarism of the wretched inhabitants of Australia, while the strong constitution of the Germans of Tacitus resisted even the poisonous vapors of Roman life? When the results are so different, surely there must be a difference in the antecedents, and though M. Guizot is

successful in showing that in some respects the ancient Germans did the same things and said the same things as Ojibways and Papuans, he forgets in drawing his conclusion the old proverb, *Si duo dicunt idem, non est idem*.

After these remarks it will perhaps seem less surprising that students of antiquity should decline to answer the point-blank question whether man began his life on earth as a savage. Every definition that has been attempted of a savage in general, has broken down as soon as it was confronted with facts. The only characteristic of the savage which remained, and was strong enough to withstand the sharpest cross-examination, was cannibalism. But I am not aware that even the most extreme believers in the primitive savage would insist on his having been necessarily a cannibal, a kind of human Kronos, swallowing his own kith and kin.

Every attempt to place the savage who can *no longer* be called civilised in the place of the savage who can *not yet* be so-called, could only end, as it has, in utter confusion of thought.

Something, however, will be gained, or at all events some kind of mutual understanding will become possible, if in future discussions on the character of primitive man a careful distinction is made between the two kinds of savages, the progressive and the retrogressive. When that distinction has once been grasped, the question whether man began as a savage has no longer anything perplexing about it. Man certainly began as a savage, but as a progressive savage. He certainly did not begin with an innate knowledge of reading, writing and arithmetic; but, on the other hand, there is nothing to lead us to suppose that he was a being altogether foul and filthy, that when he grew up he invariably ill-treated his wife or wives, and that still later in life he passed his time in eating his children.

If we must need form theories or reason by analogy on the primitive state of man, let us go to the nearest *ci-près*, such as the Vedic Hindus, or the Germans as described by Cæsar and Tacitus, but not to Fuegians, who in time and probably in space also are the most widely removed from the primitive inhabitants of our globe. If we knew

nothing of the manners and customs of the Saxons, when they first settled in these isles, should we imagine that they must have resembled the most depraved classes of modern English society? Let us but once see clearly that the Fuegian, whether as described by Darwin or by Parker Snow, is the most modern of human beings, and we shall pause before we see in him the image of the first ancestor of the human race. Wherever we look we can see the rise and fall of the human race. We can see it with our own eyes, if we look at the living representatives of some of our oldest and noblest families; we can read it in history if we compare ancient India with modern India, ancient Greece with modern Greece. The idea that the Fuegian was salted and preserved for us during many thousands of years, so that we might study in him the original type of man, is nothing but a poetical sentiment unsupported alike by fact, analogy, and reason.

I know full well that when I speak of the Germans of Tacitus or of the Aryans of the Veda as the *ci-près* of primitive man, all the indications of modern, or at all events of secondary and tertiary thought which I have pointed out myself in the hymns of the Rig-Veda, and which might easily be collected from the book of Tacitus, will be mustered against me. Must I quote the old saying again: *Est quoddam prodire tenus si non datur ultra?* All I maintain is that these historical documents bring us as near to the primitive man as historical documents can bring us; but that the nearest point within our reach is still very far from the cradle of the human race, no one has pointed out more often than myself.

There is, however, plenty of work still to be done in slowly following up the course of human progress and tracing it back to its earliest stages, as far as literary, monumental, and traditional documents will allow us to do so. There are many intricate windings of that historical river to be explored, many riddles to be solved, many lessons to be learnt. One thing only is quite certain—namely, that the private diary of the first man will never be discovered, least of all at Cape Horn.

I have thus tried to show how untenable is the theory which would boldly

identify the modern savage with primitive man, and how cautious we ought to be whenever we take even a few hints here and there from degraded tribes of the present day in order to fill out our imaginary picture of the earliest civilisation of our race. Some lessons, and even important lessons, may be learnt from savages, if only they are studied in a truly scholarlike spirit, as they have been, for instance, by Callaway and Codrington, by Waitz and Tylor. But if the interpretation of an Homeric custom or myth requires care, that of African or Polynesian customs or myths requires ten times greater care, and if a man shrinks from writing on the Veda because he does not know Sanskrit, he should tremble whenever he writes the names of Zulus, unless he has some idea of what Bântu grammar means.

In arguing so far, I have carefully kept to the historical point of view, though I am well aware that the principal traits in the imaginary picture of primitive man are generally taken from a very different source. We are so made that for everything that comes before us we have to postulate a cause and a beginning. We therefore postulate a cause and a beginning for man. The ethnologist is not concerned with the first cause of man, but he cannot resist the craving of his mind to know at least the beginning of man.

Most ethnologists used to hold that, as each individual begins as a child, mankind also began as a child; and they imagined that a careful observation of the modern child would give them some idea of the character of the primeval child. Much ingenuity has been spent on this subject since the days of Voltaire, and many amusing books have been the result, till it was seen at last that the modern baby and the primeval baby have nothing in common but the name, not even a mother or a nurse.

It is chiefly due to Darwin and to the new impulse which he gave to the theory

of evolution that this line of argument was abandoned as hopeless. Darwin boldly asked the question whose child the primeval human baby could have been, and he answered it by representing the human baby as the child of non-human parents. Admitting even the possibility of this *transitio in aliud genus*, which the most honest of Darwin's followers strenuously deny, what should we gain by this for our purpose—namely, for knowing the primitive state of man, the earliest glimmerings of the human intellect? Our difficulties would remain exactly the same, only pushed back a little further.

Disappointing as it may sound, the fact must be faced; nevertheless, that our reasoning faculties, wonderful as they are, break down completely before all problems concerning the origin of things. We may imagine, we may believe, anything we like about the first man; we can know absolutely nothing. If we trace him back to a primeval cell, the primeval cell that could become a man is more mysterious by far than the man that was evolved from a cell. If we trace him back to a primeval pro-anthropos, the pro-anthropos is more unintelligible to us than even the protanthropos would be. If we trace back the whole solar system to a rotating nebula, that wonderful nebula which by evolution and revolution could become an inhabitable universe is, again, far more mysterious than the universe itself.

The lesson that there are limits to our knowledge is an old lesson, but it has to be taught again and again. It was taught by Buddha, it was taught by Socrates, and it was taught for the last time in the most powerful manner by Kant. Philosophy has been called the knowledge of our knowledge; it might be called more truly the knowledge of our ignorance, or, to adopt the more moderate language of Kant, the knowledge of the limits of our knowledge.—*Nineteenth Century.*

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LE BONHOMME CORNEILLE.

BY HENRY M. TROLLOPE.

THE Marquis de Dangeau wrote, in his journal for the 1st of October, 1684: "Aujourd'hui est mort le bonhomme

Corneille." The illustrious dramatist was an old man, for he had been born in 1606. He was a good old fellow in

his way, being always an honest and upright man, though the appellation "le bonhomme" was less frequently given to him than to La Fontaine.

Had it been as much the fashion fifty years ago as now to honor great men by anniversaries, in the year 1836 a more gracious homage might have been paid to the author of *Le Cid*. At Christmas-time in that year this play burst upon Paris. As a bombshell carries with it destruction, the *Cid* gave sudden and unexpected delight to all who saw it. It is the first of French tragedies that has left a mark; no earlier tragedy is now generally remembered. Corneille woke up to find himself famous. It appears that, though he was by no means a novice, he was as much astonished as anyone at the great success of his play. The Court liked it, and the town liked it. It was at once translated into many languages. In France people learnt passages of it by heart, and for a while there was a popular saying, "Cela est beau comme le *Cid*." If the good folk in Paris had only bethought themselves in 1836 of celebrating the bi-centenary of the appearance of the *Cid* the event would have sounded happier than of now celebrating the author's death. But fashion rules much in this world. It has not yet become fashionable to recollect the date of a great man's great work—fifty years ago it had not become fashionable to have centenaries at all; so that now, all other excuses failing, we must seize upon the bi-centenary of Corneille's death as a date upon which to honor him. Let us hope that on the 6th of June, 1906, the ter-centenary of his birth, a more joyful note may be sung.

We have said that Pierre Corneille was a good old fellow in his way, but it was his misfortune that his way was not more like that of other men. He was very poor during the last ten or twelve years of his life. He walked out one day with a friend, and went into a shop to have his shoe mended. During the operation he sat down upon a plank, his friend sitting beside him. After the cobbler had finished his job Corneille took from his purse three bits of money to pay for his shoe, and when the two gentlemen got home Corneille's friend offered him his purse, but he declined

all assistance. Corneille was of a proud and independent nature. He is reported to have said of himself, "Je suis saoul de gloire, mais affamé d'argent." He has been accused of avarice—unjustly, we think—because he tried to get as much money as he could for his plays. If a man wants money he will try to obtain that which he thinks should belong to him. And if he wants it badly, his high notions of dignity—if it be only mock dignity—will go to the wall. No fine gentleman nowadays would think it beneath him to take £100 from a publisher or from a theatrical manager after it had been fairly earned. Some ask for their £100 before it has been earned. Two hundred years ago a poet was supposed to be paid with honor and glory, but, unfortunately for himself, Corneille wanted more solid acknowledgment. And two hundred years ago the rights of authorship were not so well understood as now. In France, as in England, very few men could have lived by their pen alone. It is true that the dramatists were among the most fortunate, but many years had elapsed since Corneille's plays had been popular at the theatre. In 1670 Molière, as theatrical manager, had given him 2,000 francs for a piece. This was considered a large sum, and it may be doubted if Molière's company ever got back their money. The play was *Tite et Bérénice*, and it was played alternately with *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. We may judge which of the two plays we should like to see best. Corneille had to make the most of his 2,000 francs, for his pension, supposed to be paid to him every year from the Civil List, was always delayed. The year was made to have fifteen months! Sometimes the pension was not paid at all. So that poor Corneille was hard pressed for money in the latter years of his life, from 1672 to 1684, while his years of greatest triumph had been from 1636 to 1642. And he had small resources except what had come to him from writing. His two sons went into the army, and he had to provide for them at a time when his payments from the theatre were diminishing. There is no evidence which should make us think he was avaricious or greedy for money.

In his manner Corneille was apt to be awkward and ungainly. A contempo-

rary says that when he first saw him he took him for a tradesman at Rouen. Rouen was his birthplace, and there he lived until his avocations compelled him, against his will, to live in Paris. Like La Fontaine, he made a poor figure in society. He did not talk well. He was not good company, and his friends were bound to confess that he was rather a bore. Those who knew him well enough would hint to him his defects, at which he would smile, and say, "I am none the less Pierre Corneille." But his physiognomy, when observed, was far from commonplace. His nephew, Fontenelle, says of him: "His face was pleasant enough; a large nose, a good mouth, his expression lively, and his features strongly marked and fit to be transmitted to posterity in a medal or in a bust." Corneille begins a letter to Pellisson with the following verses, describing himself:

En matière d'amour je suis fort inégal,  
Je l'écris assez bien, je le fais assez mal;  
J'ai la plume féconde et la bouche stérile,  
Bon galant au théâtre et fort mauvais en ville;  
Et l'on peut rarement m'écouter sans ennui  
Que quand je me produis par la bouche d'autrui.

This is a charming little bit of autobiography. And in the same letter, after the verses, the old poet says, "My poetry left me at the same time as my teeth."

All this he writes, laughing in his sleeve. But often enough he was melancholy and depressed. Again we quote from Fontenelle: "Corneille was of a melancholy temperament. He required stronger emotions to make him hopeful and happy than to make him mournful or despondent. His manner was brusque, and sometimes rude in appearance, but at bottom he was very easy to live with, and he was affectionate and full of friendliness." When he heard of large sums of money being given to other men for their plays, for pieces that the world liked perhaps better than his own, he got unhappy, for he felt that his glory was departing from him. Need we go back two hundred years to find instances of men who have become unhappy from similar causes? There are many such in London and in Paris at this moment. Early in his career, before the days of the *Cid*, he was proud of his calling. He gloried in being one

of the dramatic authors of his time. He says:—

Le théâtre est un fief dont les rentes sont bonnes.

And also:—

Mon travail sans appui monte sur le théâtre,  
Chacun en liberté l'y blâme ou l'idolâtre.

Then he had the ball at his feet, and all the world was before him. He had just made his name, and was honored by Richelieu—being appointed one of his five paid authors. But minister and poet did not like each other. The autocrat was in something of the same position towards his inferior as is the big boy towards the little boy who gets above him at school. The big boy wanted to thrash the little boy, and the little boy wouldn't have it; but at last he had to suffer for his precociousness. The big boy summoned other little boys to his assistance, and made them administer chastisement to the offender. This was the examination of the *Cid* by the Academy.

"En vain, contre le *Cid* un ministre se ligue,  
Tout Paris pour Chimène a les yeux de Rodrigue;  
L'Académie en corps a beau le censurer,  
Le public révolté s'obstine à l'admirer."

Corneille was a voluminous writer. He wrote nearly as many plays as Shakespeare, but his later ones are not equal to those of his best days. And he wrote a translation in verse of the *Imitatione Christi*. This was a pecuniary success. The book was bought and eagerly read, though now it is rarely taken down from the shelf. But his prose, unlike Racine's, which charms by its grace, is insignificant. And, unlike Racine, his speech when he was received into the French Academy was dull, and disappointed everybody. An Academical reception is one of the occasions in which Frenchmen have always expected that the recipient of honor should distinguish himself. But it was not in Corneille's power to please his audience by making a speech. We need not be too heavy upon him because his glory was not universal. As he said of himself, he was none the less Pierre Corneille. Readers have generally extolled Corneille too highly, or have not given him his due praise. This is partly from the fact

that after his great success he wrote much that was unworthy of his former self; and partly, we believe at least, that even in his best plays he is too spasmodic. His fine lines come out too much by starts, amidst much that is uninteresting. The famous "Qu'il mourût" (*Horace*, Act III., sc. 6) is very grand, and the next line, though not English in sentiment, is fine. But the four succeeding lines are washy, and take away from the dignity of what has just gone before. Instinctively *Corneille* was a dramatist, and had it not been for the laws of the unities which

bound him down to conventional and unwise rules, he would in all probability have risen higher in the world's esteem. He was also a poet, having the gift of poetical expression more at his command than the larger measure of composition in prose. His lines are often sweet and very stirring, for he was moved towards his subject with a true feeling of poetic chivalry. None of his lines is more quoted than one in which he proudly spoke of himself:—

Je ne dois qu'à moi seul toute ma renommée.

—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

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### CHARLES DICKENS AT HOME.

#### WITH ESPECIAL REFERENCE TO HIS RELATIONS WITH CHILDREN.

BY HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER.

CHARLES DICKENS was a very little and very sickly boy, but he had always the belief that this circumstance had brought to him the inestimable advantage of having greatly inclined him to reading.

When money troubles came upon his parents, the poor little fellow was taken away from school and kept for some time at an occupation most distasteful to him, with every surrounding that could jar on sensitive and refined feelings. But the great hardship, and the one which he felt most acutely, was the want of the companionship of boys of his own age. A few years later on we read in "Mr. Forster's Life" a schoolfellow's description of Charles Dickens: "A healthy-looking boy, small, but well-built, with a more than usual flow of spirits, inclining to harmless fun, seldom, if never, I think, to mischief. He usually held his head more erect than lads ordinarily do, and there was a general smartness about him." This is also a very good personal description of the man.

I have never heard him refer in any way to his own childish days, excepting in one instance, when he would tell the story of how, when he lived at Chatham he and his father often passed Gad's Hill in their walks, and what an admiration he had for the red-brick house with

its beautiful old cedar trees, and how it seemed to him to be larger and finer than any other house; and how his father would tell him that if he were to be very persevering and were to work hard he might perhaps some day come to live in it. I have heard him tell this story over and over again, when he had become the possessor of the very place which had taken such a hold upon his childish affections. Beyond this, I cannot recall a single instance of any allusion being made by him to his own early childhood.

He believed the power of observation in very young children to be close and accurate, and he thought that the recollection of most of us could go further back than we supposed. I do not know how far my own memory may carry me back, but I have no remembrance of my childhood which is not immediately associated with him.

He had a wonderful attraction for children and a quick perception of their character and disposition; a most winning and easy way with them, full of fun, but also of a graver sympathy with their many small troubles and perplexities, which made them recognise a friend in him at once.

I have often seen mere babies, who would look at no other stranger present, put out their tiny arms to him with un-

bounded confidence, or place a small hand in his and trot away with him, quite proud and contented at having found such a companion ; and although with his own children he had sometimes a sterner manner than he had with others, there was not one of them who feared to go to him for help and advice, knowing well that there was no trouble too trivial to claim his attention, and that in him they would always find unvarying justice and love. When any treat had to be asked for, the second little daughter, always a pet of her father's, was pushed into his study by the other children, and always returned triumphant. He wrote special prayers for us as soon as we could speak, interested himself in our lessons, would give prizes for industry, for punctuality, for neat and unblotted copy-books. A word of commendation from him was indeed most highly cherished, and would set our hearts glowing with pride and pleasure.

His study, to us children, was rather a mysterious and awe-inspiring chamber, and while he was at work no one was allowed to enter it. We little ones had to pass the door as quietly as possible, and our little tongues left off chattering. But at no time through his busy life was he too busy to think of us, to amuse us, or to interest himself in all that concerned us. Ever since I can remember anything I remember him as the good genius of the house, and as its happy, bright, and funny genius. He had a peculiar tone of voice and way of speaking for each of his children, who could tell, without being called by name which was the one addressed. He had funny songs which he used to sing to them before they went to bed. One in particular, about an old man who caught cold and rheumatism while sitting in an omnibus, was a great favorite, and as it was accompanied by sneezes, coughs, and gesticulations, it had to be sung over and over again before the small audience was satisfied.

I can see him now, through the mist of years, with a child nearly always on his knee at this time of the evening, his bright and beautiful eyes full of life and fun. I can hear his clear sweet voice as he sang to those children as if he had no other occupation in the world but to

amuse them ; and when they grew older, and were able to act little plays, it was their father himself, who was teacher, manager, and prompter to the infant amateurs. These theatricals were undertaken as earnestly and seriously as were those of the grown up people. He would teach the children their parts separately ; what to do and how to do it, acting himself for their edification. At one moment he would be the dragon in "Fortunio," at the next one of the seven servants, then a jockey—played by the youngest child, whose little legs had much difficulty to get into the tiny top-boots—until he had taken every part in the play.

As with his grown-up company of actors, so with his juvenile company, did his own earnestness and activity work upon them and affect each personally. The shyest and most awkward child would come out quite brilliantly under his patient and always encouraging training.

At the juvenile parties he was always the ruling spirit. He had acquired by degrees an excellent collection of conjuring tricks, and on Twelfth Night—his eldest son's birthday—he would very often, dressed as a magician, give a conjuring entertainment, when a little figure which appeared from a wonderful and mysterious bag, and which was supposed to be a personal friend of the conjuror, would greatly delight the audience by his funny stories, his eccentric voice and way of speaking, and by his miraculous appearances and disappearances. Of course a plum pudding was made in a hat, and was always one of the great successes of the evening. I have seen many such puddings, but no other conjurer has been able to put into a pudding all the love, sympathy, fun, and thorough enjoyment which seemed to come from the hands of this great magician. Then, when supper time came, he would be everywhere at once, serving, cutting up the great twelfth cake, dispensing the bonbons, proposing toasts, and calling upon first one child and then another for a song or recitation. How eager the little faces looked for each turn to come round, and how they would blush and brighten up when the magician's eyes looked their way !

One year, before a Twelfth Night



dance, when his two daughters were quite tiny girls, he took it into his head that they must teach him and his friend John Leech the polka. The lessons were begun as soon as thought of, and continued for some time. It must have been rather a funny sight to see the two small children teaching those two men—Mr. Leech was over six feet—to dance, all four as solemn and staid as possible.

As in everything he undertook, so in this instance, did Charles Dickens throw his whole heart into the dance. No one could have taken more pains than he did; or have been more eager and anxious, or more conscientious about steps and time than he was. And often, after the lesson was over, he would jump up and have a practice by himself. When the night of the party came both the small dancing mistresses felt anxious and nervous. I know that the heart of one beat very fast when the moment for starting off arrived. But both pupils acquitted themselves perfectly, and were the admiration of all beholders.

Sir Roger de Coverley was always the finale to those dances, and was a special favorite of Charles Dickens, who kept it up as long as possible, and was as unflagging in his dancing enthusiasm as was his own "Fizziwig" in his.

There can be but little doubt that the children who came to those parties, and who have lived to grow up to be men and women, remember them as something bright and sunny in their young lives, and must always retain a loving feeling for their kind and genial host.

In those early days when he was living in Devonshire Terrace, his children were quite babies. And when he paid his first visit to America—accompanied by Mrs. Dickens—they were left under the care of some relations and friends. Anyone reading "The Letters of Charles Dickens" must be touched by his frequent allusions to these children, and by the love and tenderness expressed in his longings to see them again.

I can recall but very little of those days. I can remember our being obliged to spend much of the time at the house of a dear and good friend, but where the children of the house were very severely and sternly brought up.

And I can remember how my little sister used to cry whenever she had to go there. I have also a vague remembrance of the return of the travellers, and of being lifted up to a gate and kissing my father through the bars. I do not know how the gate came to be shut, but imagine that he, in his impatience and eagerness to see us again, must have jumped out of the carriage before there was time for the gate to be opened.

I cannot at all recall his appearance at this time, but know from old portraits that his face was beautiful. I think he was fond of dress, and must have been rather a dandy in his way. Carrying my memory further on, I can remember him as very handsome. He had a most beautiful mouth, sensitive, strong, and full of character. This was, unfortunately, hidden when he took to wearing—some years afterwards—a beard and mustache. But this is the only alteration I can remember in him, as to me his face never seemed to change at all. He had always an active, young, and boyish-looking figure, and a way of holding his head a little thrown back, which was very characteristic. This carriage of the head, and his manner altogether, are exactly inherited by one of his sons.

Charles Dickens was always a great walker, but in these days he rode and drove more than he did in later years. He was fond of the game of battledore and shuttlecock, and used constantly to play with friends on summer evenings. There is a little drawing by the late Daniel Maclise, where a shuttlecock is to be seen in the air. This is suggestive of many and many a pleasant evening in the garden, which was shut in all round by a high wall, and where, in summer time, a tent was always put up, and where, after dinner the family would adjourn for "dessert." This was always considered by us a special treat.

As the children grew older, there were evenings when they would be allowed to drive out into the country, and then get out of the carriage and walk with "Papa." It seems now as if the wild flowers which used to be gathered on those evenings in the country lanes were sweeter and more beautiful than any which grow nowadays! The very lanes have all disappeared and grown into houses. But the memory of

the one who originated those treats, and who was the good spirit of the time, can *never* be blotted out.

Charles Dickens brought a little white Havannah spaniel with him from America, and from that time there were always various pets about the house. In particular there was an eagle and a raven. The eagle had a sort of grotto made for him in the garden, to which he was chained, and being chained he was not quite such an object of terror to the children as the raven was. This raven, with its mischievous nature, delighted in frightening them. One of the little daughters had very chubby, rosy legs, and the raven used to run after and peck at them, until poor "Tatie's leds" became a constant subject for commiseration. Yet the raven was a great source of amusement to the family, and there were countless funny stories about him. He was especially wicked to the eagle; as soon as his food was brought to him, the raven would swoop down upon it, take it just beyond the eagle's reach, mount guard over it, dancing round it, and chuckling. When he considered he had tantalised the poor bird enough, he would eat the food as deliberately and slowly as possible, and then hop away perfectly contented with himself. He was not the celebrated Grip of "Barnaby Rudge," but was given after the death of that bird.

In bringing up his children, Charles Dickens was always most anxious to impress upon them that as long as they were honest and truthful, so would they always be sure of having justice done to them. To show how strongly he felt about this, and what a horror he had of their being frightened, or in any way unnecessarily intimidated, his own words shall be quoted:—

"In the little world in which children have their existence, whosoever brings them up, there is nothing so finely perceived and so finely felt as injustice. It may only be small injustice that the child can be exposed to; but the child is small, and its rocking-horse stands as many hands high, according to scale, as a big-boned Irish hunter." And again:—"It would be difficult to overstate the intensity and accuracy of an intelligent child's observation. At that impressive time of life, it must some-

times produce a fixed impression. If the fixed impression be of an object terrible to the child, it will be (for want of reasoning upon) inseparable from great fear. Force the child at such a time, be Spartan with it, send it into the dark against its will, and you had better murder it."

He was always tender with us, as I have said, in our small troubles and trials. When the time came for the eldest son to be sent to a boarding-school, there was great grief in the nursery at Devonshire Terrace, and he came unexpectedly upon one of his daughters who was putting away some school-books, and crying bitterly at the time. To him the separation could not have seemed such a terrible one, as the boy was certainly to come home once a month, if not once a week. But he soothed the weeping child, and reasoned with her, using much the same arguments as he did years afterwards, when the well-beloved Plorn went to Australia—namely, that these partings were "Hard, hard things, but must be borne," until at last the sobs ceased, and the poor aching little heart had found consolation in his loving sympathy.

There are so many people, good, kind, and affectionate, but who can *not* remember that they once were children themselves, and looked out upon the world with a child's eyes *only*!

A third daughter was born in Devonshire Terrace, but only lived to be nine months old. Her death was very sudden, and happened while Charles Dickens was presiding at a public dinner. He had been playing with the baby before starting for the dinner, and the little thing was then as well and as bright as possible.

An evening or two after her death, some beautiful flowers were sent and were brought into the study, and the father was about to take them upstairs and place them on the little dead baby, when he suddenly gave away completely. It is always very terrible to see a man weep; but to see your own father weep, and to see this for the first time as a child, fills you with a curious awe.

When the grave where the little Dora was buried was opened, a few years ago, and the tiny coffin was seen lying at the

bottom of it, the remembrance of that evening in the study at Devonshire Terrace was fresh in the minds of some of those who were standing at the grave.

It was always a great honor and delight to any of the children to have any special present from "Papa," and on the occasion of a daughter's birthday a watch had been promised, and the day was eagerly looked forward to by the whole of the family. When the morning arrived, Charles Dickens was not well, and was unable to get up to breakfast, but the little girl was sent for, and went up to his bedside in a state of trembling and anxious expectation. He put his arms round her and kissed her, wishing her "Many happy returns of the day," and took a case from under his pillow and opened it. But when she saw first a gold watch, and then when he turned it and showed an enamelled back, with her initials also in enamel, it was many seconds before the joyful Oh! could be gasped out; but when it *did* come, and she met her father's eyes, I don't think they were freer from a certain sort of moisture than were those of the happy and delighted child.

When the move was made from Devonshire Terrace to Tavistock House—a far larger and handsomer house than the old home—Charles Dickens promised his daughters a better bedroom than they ever had before, and told them that he should choose "the brightest of papers" for it, but that they were not to see "the gorgeous apartment" until it was ready for their use. But when the time came for the move, and the two girls were shown their room, it surpassed even their expectations. They found it full of love and thoughtful care, and as pretty and as fresh as their hearts could desire, and with not a single thing in it which had not been expressly chosen for them, or planned by their father. The wall-paper was covered with wild-flowers, the two little iron bedsteads were hung with a flowery chintz. There were two toilet-tables, two writing-tables, two easy chairs, etc., etc., all so pretty and elegant, and this in the days when bedrooms were not, as a rule, so luxurious as they are now.

Notwithstanding his constant and arduous work, he was never too busy to be unmindful of the comfort and wel-

fare of those about him, and there was not a corner in any of his homes, from kitchen to garret, which was not constantly inspected by him, and which did not boast of some of his neat and orderly contrivances. We used to laugh at him sometimes and say we believed that he was personally acquainted with every nail in the house.

It was in this home, some few years later, that the first grown-up theatricals were given. And these theatricals were very remarkable, in that nearly every part was filled by some celebrated man in either literature or art.

Besides being a really great actor, Charles Dickens as a manager was quite incomparable. His "company" was as well trained as any first-class professional company, and although always kind and pleasant, he was feared and looked up to by every member of his company. The rehearsals meant business and hard work, and sometimes even tears to a few, when all did not go quite satisfactorily. Each one knew that there could be no trifling, no playing at work. As in the children's performances so in these later ones did he know every part, and enter heart and soul into each character. If any new idea came into his head, he would at once propound it to the actor or actress, who, looking upon that earnest face and active figure, would do his or her very best to gain a managerial smile of approval.

He had a temporary theatre built out into the garden, and the scenes were painted by some of the greatest scene-painters of the day. A drop-scene, representing Eddystone lighthouse, by the late Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., was afterwards framed and covered with glass, and hung in the entrance hall of Gad's Hill.

In the play called "The Lighthouse," written by Mr. Wilkie Collins, the great effect at the end of an act was to come from a storm, and the rehearsing of this storm was a very serious matter indeed. There was a long wooden box with peas in it, to be moved slowly up and down to represent rain—a wheel to be turned for wind—a piece of oilcloth to be dashed upon oilcloth and slowly dragged away, for the waves coming up and then receding, carrying the pebbles

along with them—a heavy weight rolled about upon the floor above the stage, for thunder, etc., etc.

At the time of the storm the manager's part kept him on the stage, but during rehearsal he somehow or other managed to be in the hall where the storm was worked, as well as on the stage, for he sometimes appeared with the rain, sometimes with the wind, sometimes with the thunder, until he had seen each separate part made perfect. This storm was pronounced by the audience a most wonderful success. I know there was such a noise "behind the scenes" that we could not hear ourselves speak, and it was most amusing to watch all the actors in their sailor dresses and their various "make-ups," gravely and solemnly pounding away at these raw materials.

Then the suppers after these evenings were so delightful! Many and many of the company, besides the dear manager, have passed away, but many still remain to remember them.

Until he came into possession of Gad's Hill, Charles Dickens was in the habit of removing his whole household to some seaside place every summer. For many years Broadstairs was the favorite spot, and for some seasons he rented a house there, called Fort House. It stood on a hill surrounded by a nice garden, a little out of the town, and close to the cliff, and was a home of which he was very fond. Since those days the name of it has been changed to Bleak House. During these seaside visits he would take long walks, in all weathers—and always accompanied by one faithful friend and companion—and would get as brown and as weather-beaten as any of the sailors about, of whom he was the special favorite. I think he had some of the sailor element in himself. One always hears of sailors being so neat, handy, and tidy, and he possessed all these qualities to a wonderful extent. When a sea captain retires, his garden is always the trimmest about, the gates are painted a bright green, and of course he puts up a flag-staff. The garden at Gad's Hill was the trimmest and the neatest, green paint was on every place where it could possibly be put, and the flag staff had an endless supply of flags.

There was one year spent in Italy, when the children were still very young, and another year in Switzerland, at Lausanne; but after Broadstairs, Boulogne became the favorite watering-place. It was here, in a charming villa, quite out of the town, that he and his youngest son, "The Plorn," would wander about the garden together admiring the flowers, the little fellow being taught to show his admiration by holding up his tiny arms. It was a pretty sight to watch them down the long avenue, the baby looking so sweet in its white frock and blue ribbons, either carried in his father's arms, or toddling by his side with his little hand in his, and a most perfect understanding between them! There were always anecdotes to be told of the Plorn after these walks, when his father invariably wound up with the assertion that he was "a noble boy." Being the youngest of the family, he was made a great pet of, especially by his father, and was kept longer at home than any of his brothers had been.

Charles Dickens writes to his sister-in-law in the year 1856:—"Kiss the Plorn for me, and expound to him that I am always looking forward to meeting him again, among the birds and flowers in the garden on the side of the hill at Boulogne." And when he had to part with this son in 1868, he says in a letter to a friend, "Poor Plorn is gone to Australia. It was a hard parting at the last. He seemed to me to become once more my youngest and favorite little child as the day drew near, and I did not think I could have been so shaken." The housekeeper at his office, who saw him after he had taken leave of the boy, told "how she had never seen the master so upset, and that when she asked him how Mr. Edward went off he burst into tears, and couldn't answer her a word."

During the years spent at Tavistock House one of his daughters was, for a time, a great invalid, and after a worse attack of illness than usual her father suggested that she should be carried as far as the study, and lie on the sofa there, while he was at work. This was of course considered an immense privilege, and even if she had not felt as weak and ill as she did, she would have been bound to remain as still and quiet

as possible. For some time there was no sound to be heard in the room but the rapid working of the pen, when suddenly he jumped up, went to the looking-glass, rushed back to his writing-table and jotted down a few words; back to the glass again, this time talking to his own reflection, or rather to the simulated expression he saw there, and was trying to catch before drawing it in words, then back again to his writing. After a little he got up again, and stood with his back to the glass, talking softly and rapidly for a long time, then *looking* at his daughter, but certainly never *seeing* her, then once more back to his table, and to steady writing until luncheon time. It was a curious experience, and a wonderful thing to see him throwing himself so entirely *out* of himself and *into* the character he was writing about. His daughter has very seldom mentioned this incident, feeling as if it would be almost a breach of confidence to do so. But in these reminiscences of her father, she considers it only right that this experience should be mentioned, showing as it does his characteristic earnestness and method of work.

Often, after a hard morning's writing, when he has been alone with his family, and no visitors in the house, he has come in to luncheon and gone through the meal without uttering a word, and then has gone back again to the work in which he was so completely absorbed. Then again, there have been times when his nerves have been strung up to such a pitch that any sudden noise, such as the dropping of a spoon, or the clatter of a plate, seemed to cause him real agony. He never could bear the least noise when he was writing, and waged a fierce war against all organ-grinders, bands, etc.

In 1856 the purchase of Gad's Hill was made. Charles Dickens had never been inside the house until it was his own. For once we may hope and believe that a childish dream was realised, for certainly some of the happiest years of his home-life were spent in the house he had so coveted and admired when he was quite a small boy. "It has never been to me like any other house," were his own words.

For the first three years, Gad's Hill was only used by him as a summer resi-

dence, but after the sale of Tavistock House, in 1860, it became his home; and from this time, until the year of his death, his great delight was to make "the little freehold" as comfortable, complete, and pretty as possible. Every year he had some "bright idea," or some contemplated "wonderful improvement" to propound to us. And it became quite a joke between him and his youngest daughter—who was constantly at Gad's Hill—as to what the next improvement was to be. These additions and alterations gave him endless amusement and delight, and he would watch the growing of each one with the utmost eagerness and impatience. The most important *out-door* "improvement" he made, was a tunnel to connect the garden with the shrubbery, which lay on the opposite side of the high road, and could only be approached by leaving the garden, crossing the road, and unlocking a gate. The work of excavation began, of course from each side, and on the day when it was supposed that the picks would meet and the light appear, Charles Dickens was so excited that he had to "knock off work," and stood for hours waiting for this consummation, and when at last it did come to pass, the workmen were all "treated," and there was a general jubilee. This "improvement" was a great success, for the shrubbery was a nice addition to the garden, and moreover in it, facing the road, grew two very large and beautiful cedar-trees. Some little time after Monsieur Fechter sent his friend a two-roomed *châlet*, which was placed in the shrubbery. The upper room was prettily furnished, and fitted all round with looking-glasses to reflect the view, and was used by Charles Dickens as a study throughout the summer. He had a passion for light, bright colors, and looking-glass. When he built a new drawing-room he had two mirrors sunk into the wall opposite each other, which, being so placed, gave the effect of an endless corridor. I do not remember how many rooms could thus be counted, but he would often call some of us, and ask if we could make out another room, as *he* certainly could.

For one "improvement" he had looking-glass put into each panel of the din-

ing-room door, and showing it to his youngest daughter said, with great pride, "Now, what do you say to *this*, Katie?" She laughed and said, "Well, really, papa, I think when you're an angel your wings will be made of looking-glass, and your crown of scarlet geraniums!"

He loved all flowers, but especially bright flowers, and scarlet geraniums were his favorite of all. There were two large beds of these on the front lawn, and when they were fully out, making one scarlet mass, there was blaze enough to satisfy even *him*. Even in dress he was fond of a great deal of color, and the dress of a friend who came to his daughter's wedding quite delighted him because it was trimmed with a profusion of cherry-colored ribbon. He used constantly to speak about it afterwards in terms of the highest admiration.

The large dogs at Gad's Hill were quite a feature of the place, and were also rather a subject of dread to outsiders. But this was desirable, as the house really required protection, standing as it did on the high road, which was frequented by tramps of a wild and low order, who, in the hopping season, were sometimes even dangerous; and the dogs, though as gentle as possible to their own people, knew that they were the guardians of the place, and were terribly fierce to all intruders. Linda—a St. Bernard, and a beautiful specimen of that breed—had been as a puppy living in the garden at Tavistock House before she was taken to Gad's Hill. She and Turk, a mastiff, were constant companions in all their master's walks. When he was away from home, and the ladies of the family were out alone with the dogs, Turk would at once feel the responsibility of his position, and guard them with unusual devotion, giving up all play in an instant when he happened to see any suspicious-looking figure approaching; and he never made a mistake in discovering the tramp. He would then keep on the outside of the road, close to his mistresses, with an ominous turning up of the lip, and with anything but the usually mild expression in his beautiful large brown eyes, and he would give many a look back before he thought it safe to be off again on his own account. Of all the large dogs—

and there were many at different times—these two were the best loved by their dear master.

Mrs. Bouncer, a little white Pomeranian with black eyes and nose, the very sweetest and most bewitching of her sex, was a present to the eldest daughter, and was brought by her, a puppy of only six weeks old, to Tavistock House. "The boys," knowing that the little dog was to arrive, were ready to receive their sister at the door, and escorted her, in a tremendous state of excitement, up to the study. But when the little creature was put down on the floor to be exhibited to Charles Dickens, and showed her pretty figure and little bushy tail curling tightly over her back, they could keep quiet no longer, but fairly screamed and danced with delight. From that moment he took to the little dog and made a pet of her, and it was he who gave her the name of Mrs. Bouncer. He delighted to see her out with the large dogs, because she looked "so preposterously small" by the side of them. He had a peculiar voice and way of speaking for her, which she knew perfectly well and would respond to at once, running to him from any part of the house or garden directly she heard the call. To be stroked with a foot had great fascinations for Mrs. Bouncer, and my father would often and often take off his boot of an evening and sit stroking the little creature while he read or smoked for an hour together. And although there were times, I fear, when her sharp bark must have irritated him, there never was an angry word for Bouncer.

Then there was Dick, the eldest daughter's canary, another important member of the household, who came out of his cage every morning at breakfast time and hopped about the table, pecking away at anything he had a fancy for, and perching upon the heads or shoulders of those present. Occasionally he would have naughty fits, when he would actually dare to peck his master's cheek. He took strong likes and dislikes, loving some people and really hating others. But a word from his mistress called him to order at once, and he would come to her when so called from any part of the room. After she had been away from home she always on her return went to the room where

Dick lived and put her head just inside the door. At the very sight of her the bird would fly to the corner of his cage and sing as if his little throat would burst. Charles Dickens constantly followed his daughter and peeped into the room behind her, just to see Dick's rapturous reception of his mistress. When this pet bird died he had him buried in the garden, and a rose-tree planted over his grave, and wrote his epitaph :—

*This is the grave of  
DICK,*

*The best of birds.*

*Born at Broadstairs, Midsr. 1851.*

*Died at Gad's Hill Place, 14th Oct., 1866.*

While Dick lived cats were of course tabooed, and were never allowed about the house ; but after his death a white kitten called Williamina was given to one of the family, and she and her numerous offspring had a happy home at Gad's Hill.

This cat ingratiated herself into favor with every one in the house, but she was particularly devoted to the master. Once, after a family of kittens had been born, she had a fancy that they should live in the study. So she brought them up, one by one, from the kitchen floor, where a comfortable bed had been provided for them, and deposited them in a corner of the study. They were taken down stairs by order of the master, who said he really could *not* allow the kittens to be in his room. Williamina tried again, but again with the same result. But when the third time she carried a kitten up the stairs into the hall, and from there to the study window, jumping in with it in her mouth, and laying it at her master's feet, until the whole family were at last before him, and she herself sat down beside them and gave him an imploring look, he could resist no longer, and Williamina carried the day. As the kittens grew up they became very rampagious, and swarmed up the curtains and played on the writing-table, and scampered among the book-shelves, and made such a noise as was never heard in the study before. But the same spirit which influenced the whole house must have been brought to bear upon those noisy little creatures to keep them still and quiet when necessary, for they were never complained of, and they were never turned out of the study until the

time came for giving them away and finding good homes for them. One kitten was kept, and, being a very exceptional cat, deserves to be specially mentioned. Being deaf, he had no name given him, but was called by the servants "the master's cat," in consequence of his devotion to him. He was always with his master, and used to follow him about the garden and sit with him while he was writing. One evening they were left together, the ladies of the house having gone to a ball in the neighborhood. Charles Dickens was reading at a small table on which a lighted candle was placed, when suddenly the candle went out. He was much interested in his book, relighted the candle, gave a pat to the cat, who he noticed was looking up at him with a most pathetic expression, and went on with his reading. A few minutes afterwards, the light getting dim, he looked up and was in time to see Puss deliberately put out the candle with his paw, and then gaze again appealingly at his master. This second appeal was understood, and had the desired effect. The book was shut, and Puss was made a fuss with and amused till bed-time. His master was full of this anecdote when we all met in the morning.

During the summer months there was a constant succession of visitors at Gad's Hill, with picnics, long drives, and much happy holiday-making. At these picnics there was a frequent request to this lover of light and color of "Please let us have the luncheon in the shade at any rate." He came to his daughter one day and said he had "a capital idea" about picnic luncheons. He wished each person to have his or her own ration neatly done up in one parcel, to consist of a mutton pie, a hard-boiled egg, a roll, a piece of butter, and a packet of salt. Of course this idea was faithfully carried out, but was not always the rule, as when the choice of food was put to the vote, it was found that many people cared neither for mutton-pie nor hard-boiled egg. But "the capital idea" of separate rations was always followed as closely as possible.

Charles Dickens was a most delightful and genial host, had the power of putting the shyest people at ease with him

at once, and had a charm in his manner peculiarly his own and quite indescribable. The charm was always there whether he was grave or gay, whether in his very funniest or in his most serious and earnest mood.

He was a strict master in the way of insisting upon everything being done perfectly and exactly as he desired, but, on the other hand, was most kind, just, and considerate.

His punctuality was a remarkable characteristic, and visitors used to wonder how it was that everything was done to the very minute, "almost by clock-work," as some of them would remark.

It is a common saying now in the family of some dear friends, where punctuality is not *quite* so well observed, "What would Mr. Dickens have said to this?" or, "Ah! my dear child, I wish you could have been at Gad's Hill to learn what punctuality means!"

Charles Dickens was very fond of music, and not only of classical music. He loved national airs, old tunes, songs, and ballads, and was easily moved by anything pathetic in a song or tune, and was never tired of hearing his special favorites sung or played. He used to like to have music of an evening, and duets used to be played for hours together, while he would read or walk up and down the room. A member of his family was singing a ballad one evening while he was apparently deep in his book, when he suddenly got up, saying, "You don't make enough of that word," and he sat down by the piano, showed her the way in which he wished it to be emphasized, and did not leave the instrument until it had been sung to his satisfaction. Whenever this song was sung, which it often was, as it became a favorite with him, he would always listen for that word, with his head a little on one side, as much as to say, "I wonder if she will remember."

There was a large meadow at the back of the garden in which, during the summer-time, many cricket matches were held. Although never playing himself, he delighted in the game, and would sit in his tent, keeping score for one side, the whole day long. He never took to croquet; but had lawn-tennis been played in the Gad's Hill days, he would certainly have enjoyed it. He liked

American bowls, at which he used constantly to play with his male guests. For one of his "improvements" he had turned a waste piece of land into a croquet-ground and bowling-green.

In the meadow he used to practice many of his "readings;" and any stranger passing down the lane and seeing him gesticulating and hearing him talking, laughing, and sometimes it may be weeping, must surely have thought him out of his mind! The getting up of these "readings" gave him an immense amount of labor and fatigue, and the sorrowful parts tried him greatly. For instance, in the reading of "Little Dombey," it was hard work for him so to steel his heart as to be able to read the death without breaking down or displaying too much emotion. He often told how much he suffered over this story, and how it would have been impossible for him to have gone through with it had he not kept constantly before his eyes the picture of his own Plorn alive and strong and well.

His great neatness and tidiness have already been alluded to, as also his wonderful sense of order. The first thing he did every morning, before going to work, was to make a complete circuit of the garden, and then to go over the whole house, to see that everything was in its place. And this was also the first thing he did upon his return home, after long absence. A more thoroughly orderly nature never existed. And it must have been through this gift of order that he was enabled to make time—notwithstanding any amount of work—to give to the minutest household details. Before a dinner-party the *menu* was always submitted to him for approval, and he always made a neat little plan of the table, with the names of the guests marked in their respective places, and a list of "who was to take in who" to dinner, and had constantly some "bright idea" or other as to the arrangement of the table or the rooms.

Among his many attributes, that of a doctor must not be forgotten. He was invaluable in a sick room, or in any sudden emergency; always quiet, always cheerful, always useful and skilful, always doing the right thing, so that his very presence seemed to bring comfort and help. From his children's earliest



days his visits, during any time of sickness, were eagerly longed for and believed in, as doing more good than those even of the doctor himself. He had a curiously magnetic and sympathetic hand, and his touch was wonderfully soothing and quieting. As a mesmerist he possessed great power, which he used, most successfully, in many cases of great pain and distress. He had a strong aversion to saying good-bye, and would do anything he possibly could to avoid going through the ordeal. This feeling must have been natural to him, for as early as the "Old Curiosity Shop" he writes: "Why is it we can better bear to part in spirit than in body, and while we have the fortitude to bid farewell have not the nerve to say it? On the eve of long voyages, or an absence of many years, friends who are tenderly attached will separate with the usual look, the usual pressure of the hand, planning one final interview for the morrow, while each well knows that it is but a feint to save the pain of uttering that one word, and that the meeting will never be! Should possibilities be worse to bear than certainties?" So all who love him, and who know the painful dislike he had to that word, are thankful that *he* was spared the agony of that last, long Farewell.

Almost the pleasantest times at Gad's Hill were the winter gatherings for Christmas and the New Year, when the house was more than full, and the bachelors of the party had to be "put up" in the village. At these times Charles Dickens was at his gayest and brightest, and the days passed cheerily and merrily away. He was great at games, and many of the evenings were spent in playing at Yes and No, Proverbs, Russian Scandal, Crambo, Dumb Crambo—in this he was most exquisitely funny—and a game of Memory, which he particularly liked.

The New Year was always welcomed with all honors. Just before twelve o'clock everybody would assemble in the hall, and he would open the door and stand in the entrance, watch in hand—how many of his friends must remember him thus, and think lovingly of the picture!—as he waited, with a half-smile on his attentive face, for the bells to chime out the New Year. Then his voice

would break the silence with, "A Happy New Year to us all." For many minutes there would be much embracing, hand-shaking, and good-wishing; and the servants would all come up and get a hearty shake of the hand from the beloved "master." Then hot spiced wine would be distributed, and good-health drunk all round. Sometimes there would be a country dance, in which the host delighted, and in which he insisted upon every one joining, and he never allowed the dancing—and real dancing it was too—to flag for an instant, but kept it up until even *he* was tired and out of breath, and had at last to clap his hands, and bring it to an end. His thorough enjoyment was most charming to witness, and seemed to infect every one present.

One New Year's Day at breakfast, he proposed that we should act some charades, in dumb show, that evening. This proposal being met with enthusiasm, the idea was put into train at once. The different parts were assigned, dresses were discussed, "properties" were collected, and rehearsing went on the whole day long. As the home visitors were all to take part in the charades, invitations had to be sent to the more intimate neighbors to make an audience, an impromptu supper had to be arranged for, and the day was one of continual bustle and excitement, and the rehearsals were the greatest fun imaginable. A dear old friend volunteered to undertake the music, and he played delightfully all through the acting. These charades made one of the pleasantest and most successful of New Year's evenings spent at Gad's Hill.

But there were not only grown-up guests invited to the pretty cheerful home. In a letter to a friend Charles Dickens writes: "Another generation begins to peep above the table. I once used to think what a horrible thing it was to be a grandfather. Finding that the calamity falls upon me without my perceiving any other change in myself, I bear it like a man." But as he so disliked the name of grandfather as applied to himself, those grandchildren were taught by him to call him "Venerables." And to this day some of them still speak of him by this self-invented name.

Now there is another and younger family who never knew "Venerables," but have been all taught to know his likeness, and taught to know his books by the pictures in them, as soon as they can be taught anything, and whose baby hands lay bright flowers upon the stone in Westminster Abbey, every June 9 and every Christmas Eve. For in remembrance of his love for all that is gay in color, none but the brightest flowers, and also some of the gorgeous American

leaves, sent by a friend for the purpose, are laid upon the grave, making that one spot in the midst of the vast and solemn building bright and beautiful.

In a letter to Plorn before his departure for Australia, Charles Dickens writes: "I hope you will always be able to say in after life, that you had a kind father." And to this hope, each one of his children can answer with a loving, grateful heart, that so it was.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

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### THE SUMMER PALACE, PEKING.

BY C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

I THINK the only enjoyable time of the day, during the burning summer in dusty, dirty, dilapidated Peking, is the very early morning, before the sun rises high, and while the air still feels fresh, and one can enjoy sitting in the cool courts which take the place of gardens, and listen to the quaint music of the pigeons as they fly overhead. This is no dove-like cooing, but a low melodious whistle like the sighing of an Eolian harp or the murmur of telegraph wires thrilled by the night wind. It is produced by the action of cylindrical pipes like two finger-ends, side by side, about an inch and a half in length. These are made of very light wood and filled with whistles. Some are globular in form and are constructed from a tiny gourd. These little musical boxes are attached to the tail feathers of the pigeon in such a manner that as he flies the air shall blow through the whistle, producing the most plaintive tones, especially as there are often many pigeons flying at once—some near, some distant, some just overhead, some high in the heavens; so the combined effect is really melodious. I believe the Pekingese are the only people who thus provide themselves with a dove orchestra, though the use of pigeons as message-bearers is common to all parts of the Empire.

There is one form of insect life here which is a terrible nuisance—namely, the sand-flies, which swarm in multitudes. They are too cruel, every one is bitten, and the irritation is so excessive that few people have sufficient determi-

nation to resist scratching. So of course there is a most unbecoming prevalence of red spots, suggestive of a murrain of measles!

I have been told that I am singularly unfortunate in the season of my visit, and that if only I had come in September I should have found life most enjoyable (I recollect some of the residents at Aden likewise assuring me that they really learnt to think their blazing rock quite pleasant!) I suppose that I am spoilt by memories of green Pacific isles and sweet sea breezes, so I can only compassionate people who, till two months ago, were ice-bound—shut off from the world by a frozen river—and now are boiled and stifled!

Such of them, however, as can get away from their work in the city have the delightful resource of going to the hills, and establishing themselves as lodgers at one of the many almost forsaken temples, where a few poor priests are very glad to supplement their small revenues by a sure income of barbaric coin. The Pekingese themselves are in the habit of thus making summer trips to the hills—so many of the temples have furnished rooms to let—with a view to encouraging the combination of well-paid temple service with this pleasant change of air.

I am told that many of these temples are charmingly situated, and have beautifully laid-out grounds. A group called "The Eight Great Temples" is described as especially attractive. They are dotted on terraces along the face of

the western mountains, about twelve miles from the city, and among their attractions are cool pools in shady grottoes all overgrown with trailing vines and bright blossoms; stone fountains, where numberless gold-fish swim in crystalline water, which falls from the mouth of a great marble dragon; curious inscriptions in Thibetan and Chinese characters, deeply engraven on the rocks and colored red; fine groups of Scotch firs, and old walnut-trees; and in springtime I am told that our dear familiar lilac blossoms in perfection. Then there are all manner of quaintly ornamental pagodas and temples, great and small, with innumerable images and pictures, and silken hangings, and all the paraphernalia so attractive to the artistic eye.

Among the points of chief interest in the immediate neighborhood of Peking, the Summer Palace of course holds a foremost place, and there I found my way yesterday by paying the penalty of eight hours of anguish in a hateful springless cart, which is the cab of Peking, and the only mode of locomotion for such as are not the happy possessors of horses.

The manifold interests of the day, however, far more than compensated for the drawbacks of even dust and bumping, which is saying a great deal. A member of one of the Legations had kindly undertaken to show me the various points of interest to the north-west of the city, and we agreed to try and escape some heat by starting at 3.30 A.M., at which hour I was accordingly ready, waiting in the courtyard to open the gate. It was a most lovely morning, the clear moonlight mingling with the dawn, and the air fresh and pleasant. I had full leisure to enjoy it, for the carter, who had promised to be at the Japanese Legation by three, was wrapped in slumber. So my companion had to begin his day's work by a two miles' walk to fetch me. Luckily, my carter had been more faithful, so we started in very fair time; indeed, I profited by the delay, for as we passed through the great northern gate, there on the dusty plain—just outside the walls—we came in for a grand review of the Eight Banners, by Prince Poah of the Iron Crown. Such a pretty, animated scene, with all

these Tartar regiments galloping about, and their gay standards flashing through the smoke of artillery and the dust-clouds, which seem to blend the vast plain with the blue distant hills and the great gray walls and huge three-storied keep which forms the gateway.

The latter is that Anting Gate of which we heard so much at the time when it was given up to the British army after the sacking of the Summer Palace; not, however, till their big guns were planted on the raised terraces within the sacred park of the Temple of Earth, all ready to breach the walls.

The Prince's large blue tent was pitched on a slightly rising ground apart from the others, and was constantly surrounded by gorgeous officers in bright yellow raiment, with round, flat black hats and long feathers, who were galloping to and fro, directing grand charges of cavalry. It did seem so funny to see a whole army of ponies; for there are no horses here, unless the foreign residents chance to import any.

These Eight Banners are all Manchus or Mongol Tartars, or at any rate are descended from such, Chinese troops being ranged under the green standard. These Eight Banners which, as I have said, are multiplied, are plain white, red, blue, and yellow, and the same colors repeated, and distinguished by a white edge and white spot. These companies are supposed to defend different sides of the city, the colors having some mystic relation to the points of the compass; except that yellow is in the middle, where it guards the Imperial Palace. Red guards the south, blue the north, and white the west, whilst the east is nominally given up to the green standard, which, however, being composed of Chinamen, is not admitted to the honor of guarding the forbidden city. I am told that the Banner Army numbers upwards of a hundred thousand men, who supply Tartar garrisons for the principal cities of the Empire.

We got out of the cart and secured a good position on a small hillock, whence we had a capital view. A number of Tartar soldiers who were off duty gathered round, and were quite captivated by the loan of my opera-glasses. Then they showed us their wretched firearms (which certainly did not look as if any

European could have superintended the arsenal where they were manufactured), and also their peculiar belts, containing charges of powder only, and yet we are told that in addition to first-class fire-arms, which are being ceaselessly manufactured at the Government arsenals at Tientsin, Shanghai, Canton, Foochow, Nankin, and other less important places, the Chinese Government spares no expense in buying both ammunition and firearms of European manufacture. I suppose they are kept in reserve for real war!

A picturesque company of archers rode by on stout ponies, holding their bridle in the right hand, and in the left their bows, the arrows being cased in a leathern quiver, slung across the shoulders. As to their swords, instead of hanging from the waist, they are stuck under the saddle-flap; each man's cap is adorned with the tails of two squirrels, which is the correct military decoration. Now though we Scots are quite ready to believe that blackcocks were created for the express purpose of bequeathing their tails to adorn the caps of the London Scottish (the said tails having very much the jovial, independent character of the bird itself), it really is impossible to see the fitness of things in selecting poor little squgs as military emblems, unless to suggest the wisdom of he who fights and runs away! Anyhow, it now seems as if we might find a profitable market for all the thousands of squirrel's tails which are annually wasted in our north-country woods. I quite forgot to take note of the fan and the pipe, which I am told are invariable items in the accoutrements of the Chinese soldiers.\*

Returning to our cart we next drove to the Ta-tsoon-tsu, or Temple of the Great Bell. It is a large Buddhist monastery. The priests, who occupy separate houses, are a civil, kindly lot, very different from the Lamas of the Yung-ho-Kung! There are curious paintings of Buddhist saints in the halls; but the great object of interest is the huge bell,

which is said to be the largest hanging bell in the world. Anyhow, it is a wonderful piece of casting, being nearly eighteen feet high and forty-five feet in circumference, and is of solid bronze four inches thick. It is one of eight great bells which were cast by command of the Emperor Yung-lo about A.D. 1400, and this giant is said to have cost the lives of eight men, who were killed during the process of casting. The whole bell, both inside and out, is covered with an inscription in embossed Chinese characters about half an inch long, covering even the handle, the total number being 84,000! I am told that this is a whole classic.

This gigantic bell hangs in a two-storied pagoda, and underneath the beam from which it is suspended hangs a little bell, and a favorite amusement of Chinese visitors to the temple is to ascend to a gallery, whence they throw small coins at the little bell, in hopes of hitting it, on the same principle, I suppose, that they spit chewed prayer-papers at certain gods in the hope of hitting them! The throwing of cash is certainly more profitable to the priests, as the coins fall into a rim round the great bell and become temple property. This great bell, which is struck on the outside by a suspended ram of wood, is only sounded when—in times of drought—the Emperor in person or the Imperial Princes as his deputies come to this temple to pray for rain. Theoretically, they are supposed not to rise from their knees till the rain falls in answer to their prayer, and responsive to the vibrations of the mighty bell.

There is sore need of rain now, so I suppose the bell will be struck ere long. Apparently it is reserved as a last resource, for already the little Emperor and the Empresses Regent have been pleading for rain in the gorgeous yellow tiled temple at the entrance to the Forbidden City, and Prince Yeh, as the Emperor's deputy, has been repeatedly sent to pray for rain in a most strange open-air temporary sanctuary close to the Bell Temple. We discovered this quite by chance, having observed a large circular inclosure in the middle of a field of standing corn.

We halted and went to see what it was, and we found that it consisted of

\* The annual returns of the very necessary squirrel slaughter in the woods of Altyre, of Cawdor Castle, Beaufort Castle, and Darnaway Castle, each average one thousand squirrels. Thus these four estates might furnish four thousand tails per annum.

eight screens of coarse yellow mats, with great yellow dragons designed on them. Four of the screens form a circle having four gaps. The other four are straight, and are placed outside, so as to guard and conceal the entrances. In the centre a square raised platform of earth forms a rude altar, at the four corners of which are four vases of the coarsest pottery, containing plants; straggling and much trampled corn grows between and around them, as in the field outside. In a small tent close by we found a sleepy watchman, who told us about the Prince's devotional visits to this very primitive oratory.

After four hours of intolerably weary jolting in our dreadful cart, we arrived at Wan-Shu-Shan, which is the only portion of the grounds of the Summer Palace (the Yuen-Ming-Yuen) to which foreigners are still admitted, as they have there wrought such hopeless ruin that I suppose it is not thought worth while to shut them out; and truly it is sickening even now to look on such a scene of devastation. The park, which is now once more closed to the barbarians, contains fine palatial buildings, faced with colonnades and altogether of a very Italian type, having been built under the direction of the Jesuits, but the beautiful pleasure grounds, where we wandered over wooded hills all strewn with beautiful ruins, is purely Chinese, and as such is to me far more interesting.

Our first halt was beside a well whose waters are so deliciously crystalline and cold that they seemed to our parched and dusty throats as a true elixir. So famous is this pure spring that the daily supply for the Imperial Palace is brought thence in barrels, in a cart flying a yellow flag, with an inscription in black characters stating that it travels on the Emperor's business—a warning to all men to make way for it. The water near the city is all bad and brackish, so such a spring as this is a priceless boon.

This wonderland has been so often described since its destruction, that in its present aspect the whole seems familiar ground; but it is new to me to learn anything concerning it in its palmy days, from the pen of an eyewitness, and so I have been much interested in reading a curious account of these Imperial pleasure-grounds written in 1743 by Mons.

Attiret, a French missionary, whose talent for painting led to his receiving an order to make drawings for the Emperor at the Summer Palace.

He tells how he and his companions were conducted to Peking by a Chinese official, who would on no account allow them to look out of the windows of their covered boats to observe the country, still less to land at any point. The latter part of the journey they were carried in litters, in which they were shut up all the day long, only halting at wretched inns. Naturally, when they were released from this tedious captivity and beheld these beautiful grounds—the Yuen-Ming-Yuen—the Garden of gardens, they supposed themselves in Paradise, and here they seem to have remained for a considerable time.

M. Attiret describes the ornamental buildings, containing the most beautiful and valuable things that could be obtained in China, the Indies, and even Europe—ancient vases of fine porcelain, silk cloths of gold and silver, carved furniture of valuable wood, and all manner of rare objects. He counted no less than two hundred of these palaces, each of which he declared to be large enough to accommodate the greatest nobleman in Europe with all his retinue. Some of these towns were built of cedar-wood, brought at great expense from a distance of fifteen hundred miles; some were gilded, painted, and varnished. Many had their roofs covered with glazed tiles of different colors, red, yellow, blue, green, and purple, arranged in patterns.

What chiefly astonished the artist was the variety which had been obtained in designing these pleasure houses, not only as regarded their general architecture but such minor details as the forms of the doors and windows, which were round, oval, square, and of all manner of angled figures, while some were shaped like fans, others like flowers, vases, birds, beasts, and figures.

In the courts and passages he saw vases of porcelain, brass, and marble filled with flowers, while in the outer courts stood mythological figures of animals, and urns with perfumes burning in them, resting on marble pedestals.

Most of these buildings were but one story high, and, being built on artifi-

cially raised ground, were approached by rough steps of artificial rock work. Some of these were connected one with another by fanciful winding porticoes or colonnades, which in places were raised on columns, and in others were so led as to wind by the side of a grove or by a river bank.

Wonderful ingenuity was displayed in so placing these houses as to secure the greatest possible variety of situation, and to command the most varied views. Every natural feature of the ground had been elaborated, so as to produce charming landscapes, which could scarcely be recognised as artificial; hills, of from ten to sixty feet in height, were constructed, divided by little valleys and watered by clear streams forming cascades and lakes, one of which was five miles in circumference. On its calm waters floated beautiful pleasure-boats, including one magnificent house-boat for the amusement of the ladies of the palace.

In every direction, winding paths led to quaint little pavilions and charming grottoes, while artificial rock-work was made the nursery for all manner of beautiful flowers, much care being bestowed on securing a great variety for every season of the year. Flowering trees were scattered over the grassy hills, and their blossoms perfumed the air. Each stream was crossed at frequent intervals by most picturesque and highly ornamental bridges of wood, brick or freestone adorned with fanciful kiosks, in which to repose while admiring the view. He says the triumph of art was to make these bridges twist about in such an extraordinary manner that they were often three times as long as if they had been led in a direct line. Near some of them were placed some very remarkable triumphal arches, either of elaborately carved wood or of marble.

M. Attiret awards the palm of beauty to a palace of a hundred apartments, standing in an island in the middle of the large lake, and commanding a general view of all the other palaces, which lay scattered round its shores, or half concealed among the groves, which were so planted as to screen them from one another. Moreover, from this point all the bridges were visible, as each rivulet flowed to the lake, round which the

artificial hills rose in a series of terraces, forming a sort of amphitheatre.

On the brink of the lake were network houses for all manner of strange water-fowl, and in a large reservoir, inclosed by a lattice work of fine brass wire, were a multitude of beautiful gold and silver fish. Other fish there were of all manner of colors—red, blue, green, purple, and black—these were likewise inclosed. But the lake must have been well stocked, as fishing was one of the favorite recreations of the nobles.

Sometimes there were mimic sea-fights and other diversions for the entertainment of the Court, and occasionally illuminations, when every palace, every boat, almost every tree was lighted up, and brilliant fireworks, which M. Attiret declared far exceeded anything of the sort he had witnessed in France or Italy.

As to the variety of lanterns displayed at the great Feast of Lanterns, it was altogether amazing. From the ceiling of every chamber in every palace, they were suspended from the trees on the hills, the kiosks on the bridges. They were shaped like fishes, birds, and beasts, vases, fruits, flowers, and boats of different form and size. Some were made of silk, some of horn, glass, mother-of-pearl, and a thousand other materials. Some were painted, some embroidered, some so valuable that it seemed as if they could not have been produced under a thousand crowns. On every rivulet, river, and lake floated lanterns made in the form of little boats, each adding something to the fairy-like scene.

At the time when the Barbarian army so ruthlessly forced their way into this Chinese paradise it was in the most perfect order—a feature by no means common even in the houses of the greatest mandarins.

Forty small palaces, each a marvel of art, occupied beautiful sites within the grounds, and the footpaths leading from one to another were faultlessly neat. The sheets of ornamental water, lakes, and rivers were all clean, and each marble bridge was a separate object of beauty, while from out the dense foliage on the hill, yellow tiled roofs, curled up at the ends, gleamed like gold in the sunlight.

Within the palace were stored such treasures of exquisitely carved jade, splendid old enamels, bronzes, gold and silver, precious jewels of jade and rubies, carved lapis lazuli, priceless furs and richest silks, as could only have been accumulated by a long dynasty of Celestial rulers.

Cruel indeed was the change when a few hours later the allied forces arrived. The English cavalry was the first to reach the ground, but did not enter. The French quickly followed by another approach, and at once proceeded to sack the palace; so that when the British were allowed to join in the work of devastation and indiscriminate plunder, all the most obviously valuable treasure had already been removed, while the floors were strewn knee-deep with broken fragments of priceless china, and every sort of beautiful object too cumbersome or too fragile for rough and ready removal, and therefore ruthlessly smashed with the butt ends of muskets, to say nothing of the piles of most gorgeous silks and satins and gold embroideries, which lay unheeded among the ruins.

Then when the best of the steeds had been stolen, the doors were locked and Indian troops were posted to guard the treasures that remained (no easy task), till it should be possible to divide them equally between the forces. When this had been done the share apportioned to the British was at once sold by public auction, in order that an immediate distribution of prize money might allay the very natural jealousy which would otherwise have been aroused by the sight of French soldiers laden with the Sycee silver and other treasures which they had appropriated.

But though wagon-loads of what seemed the most precious objects were removed, these were as nothing compared with what was left and destroyed, when the order was given to commence the actual demolition of the principal buildings: a work on which two regiments were employed for two whole days, ere the hand of the destroyer was stayed by a treaty of peace, and so happily a few wonderful and unique buildings still remain as a suggestion of vanished glories.

Of course all this was done with the best possible intentions, by way of

punishing the Emperor himself and his great nobles for the official deeds of treachery, rather than injure the innocent citizens of Peking. Yet it seems that these would have accepted any amount of personal loss and suffering rather than this barbarous destruction of an Imperial glory—an act which has so impressed the whole nation with a conviction that all foreigners are barbarous Vandals, that it is generally coupled with their determined pushing of the opium trade. These two crimes form the double-barrelled weapon of reproach wherewith Christian missionaries in all parts of the Empire are assailed, and their work grievously hindered.

We devoted about three hours to exploring these beautiful grounds, of which might well be said, "Was never scene so sad so fair!" Even the ornamental timber was cut for firewood by the allied barbarians, though enough remains to beautify the landscape.

The grounds are enclosed by a handsome wall of dark-red sandstone with a coping of glazed tiles, and its warm color contrasts pleasantly with the rich greens of the park and the lovely blue lake with its reedy shores, and floating lotus blossoms. One of the most conspicuous objects is a very handsome stone bridge of seventeen arches, graduated from quite small arches on either side to very high ones in the centre. It is commonly called the marble bridge, because of its beautiful white marble balustrades with about fifty pillars on either side, on each of which sits a marble lion, and of all these I am told that no two are quite alike. Each end of this bridge is guarded by two large lions, also of marble. This bridge connects the mainland with an island about a quarter of a mile in circumference; it is entirely surrounded with a marble balustrade like that of the bridge. In the centre of the isle is an artificial mound, on which, approached by flights of steps, and enclosed by yet another marble balustrade, are the ruins of what must have been a beautiful temple.

Another very striking bridge, which spans a stream flowing into the lake, is called the Camel's Hump, and has only one very steep arch, about forty feet high. What makes this look so very peculiar is the fact that the banks on either

side are almost level with the stream, so the elevation is purely fanciful. The bridge also has a beautiful marble balustrade.

A third, very similar to this last, crosses another winding of the stream, where it flows through flooded rice-fields, and so appears like an extension of the lake. Along this stream there is a fine avenue of willow-trees fully a mile in length.

Ascending a wooded hill, which is dotted all over with only partially destroyed buildings, we thence had a most lovely view of all the park, looking down on the blue lake, the winding streams, the various bridges, the blue mountain range, and the distant city of Peking with a foreground of most picturesque temple buildings and fine Scotch firs, dark rocks and green creepers.

Though the general feeling is one of desolation (as one climbs stairways, passing between numberless mounds of rubble, entirely composed of beautifully glazed tiles of every color of the rainbow, and all in fragments), there are, nevertheless, some isolated buildings which happily have quite escaped. Among these are several most beautiful seven-story pagodas. Of one, which is octagonal, the lower story is adorned with finely sculptured Indian gods. Two others are entirely faced and roofed with the loveliest porcelain tiles—yellow gold, bright green, and deep blue. They are exquisitely delicate and are quite intact; even the tremulous bells suspended from the leaves still tinkling with every breath of air.

Another building, which is still almost perfect, is a beautiful little bronze temple, near to which is a fine triple *pai-low*, or commemorative arch, and there are others of indescribable form, such as a little globe resting on a great one, and the whole surmounted by a spire representing fourteen canopies. But nothing save colored sketches (of which I secured a few) could really give any idea of this strange place or of these singular buildings.

On the summit of the hill there still stands a very large two-storied brick building, entirely faced with glittering glazed tiles of dazzling yellow, emerald green, and blue, with a double roof of yellow porcelain tiles; among its decora-

tions are a multitude of images of Buddha in brown china. It is approached by a grand triple gateway of white marble and colored tiles, like one we saw at the Confucian temple in the city of Peking.

There are also a great variety of huge stone pillars and tablets, all highly sculptured; the dragon and other mythical animals appearing in all directions. There are bronze beasts and marble beasts, but only those of such size and weight as to have balked all efforts of thieving visitors, whether native or foreign, whose combined efforts have long since removed every portable image and ornament.

To me the most interesting group of ruins is a cluster of very ornamental small temple buildings, some with conical, others, with tent-shaped roofs, but all glazed with the most brilliantly green tiles, and all the pillars and other woodwork painted deep red. On either side of the principal building are two very ornamental pagoda-shaped temples, exactly alike, except that the green roof of one is surmounted by a dark-blue china ornament, the other by a similar ornament in bright yellow.

Each is built to contain a large rotatory cylinder on the prayer-wheel principle, with niches for a multitude of images. In fact they are small editions of two revolving cylinders with five hundred disciples of Buddha, which attracted me at the great Lama temple as being the first link to Japanese Scripture-wheels, or Thibetan prayer-wheels which I have seen in China, and the existence of which has apparently passed unnoticed. It is needless to add that of course every image has been stolen, and only the revolving stands now remain in a most rickety condition.

When we could no longer endure the blazing heat, we descended past what appears to have been the principal temple, of which absolutely nothing remains standing—only a vast mound of brilliant fragments of broken tiles, lying on a great platform; steep zigzag stairs brought us to the foot of the hill, where great bronze lions still guard the forsaken courts.

Parched with thirst, we returned to the blessed spring of truly living water, and drank and drank again, cup after cup, till the very coolies standing by laughed.



Then once again climbing into the horrible vehicle of torture, we retraced our morning route, till we reached a very nice clean restaurant, where we ordered luncheon. We were shown into a pretty little airy room upstairs, commanding a very fine view of the grounds we had just left. After the preliminary tiny cup of pale yellow tea, basins of boiling water were brought in, with a bit of flannel floating in each, that we might wash off the dust in orthodox Chinese fashion. The correct thing is to wring out the flannel, and therewith rub the face and neck with a view to future coolness.

Luncheon (eaten with chop sticks, which I can now manage perfectly) consisted of the usual series of small dishes, little bits of cold chicken with sauce, little bits of hot chicken boiled to rags, morsels of pork with mushrooms, fragments of cold duck with some other sort of fungus, watery soup, scraps of pigs' kidneys with boiled chestnuts, very coarse rice, pickled cucumber, garlic and cabbage, patty of preserved shrimps, all in infinitesimal portions, so that, but for the plentiful supply of rice, hungry folk would find it hard to appease the inner wolf. Tiny cups of rice wine followed by more tea completed the repast, for which a sum equivalent to sixteen shillings was demanded, and of course refused; nevertheless, necessitating a troublesome argument.

We hurried away as soon as possible, being anxious to visit a very famous Lama temple, the "Wang-Tzu," or Yellow Temple. As we drove along I was amazed to notice how singularly numerous magpies are hereabouts. They go about in companies of six or eight, and are so tame and saucy that they scarcely take the trouble to hop aside as we pass.

Though the drive seemed very long still, we never suspected anything amiss till suddenly we found ourselves near the gates of the city; when we discovered that our worthy carter, assuming that he knew the time better than we did, and that we should be locked out of the city

at sunset, had deliberately taken a wrong road, and altogether avoided the Yellow Temple. Reluctantly yielding to British determination, he sorrowfully turned, and we had to endure a long extra course of bumping ere we reached the temple, which is glazed with yellow tiles (an Imperial privilege which is conceded to Lamas).

This is a very large Lama monastery, full of objects of interest, of which the most notable is a very fine white marble monument to a grand Lama who died here. It is of a purely Indian design, and all round it are sculptured scenes in the life and death of Buddha. Of course, having lost so much time, we had very little to spare here, so once more betook us to the cart and jolted back to Peking.

As we crossed the dreary expanse of dusty plain, a sharp wind sprang up, and we had a moderate taste of the horrors of a dust-storm, and devoutly hope never to be subjected to a real one.

The dread of being locked out is by no means unfounded. Punctually at a quarter to six, one of the soldiers on guard strikes the gong which hangs at the door, and continues doing so for five minutes with slow regular stokes. Then a quickened beat gives notice that only ten minutes' grace remains, then more and more rapidly fall the strokes, and the accustomed ear distinguishes five varieties of beat, by which it is easy to calculate how many minutes remain. From the first stroke every one outside the gate hurries towards them, and carts, foot passengers, and riders stream into the city with much noise and turmoil. At six o'clock precisely the guard unite in a prolonged unearthly shout, announcing that time is up. Then the ponderous gates are closed, and in another moment the rusty lock creaks, and the city is secure for the night.

Then follows the frightful and unfragrant process of street watering, of which we had full benefit, as our tired mule slowly dragged us back to our haven of rest under the hospitable roof of the London Missionary Society.—*Belgravia*.

## THE CAMORRA.

Most foreign visitors to Naples are inclined to think that the Camorra is as entirely a thing of the past as the Swiss guards that used to protect the King of the Two Sicilies, or the military pageant that was formerly held in honor of Santa Maria Piedigrotta; the Madonna who was once nominated commander-in-chief of the Neapolitan armies, and led them to victory. Young men with gorgeous, if somewhat tawdry, caps and jewelry are no longer to be seen sauntering through the streets and markets with an insolent air of mastery which no one dares to question; and the old man who used to collect money for the lamps of the Madonna—a request which, somehow, no coachman ever refused—have vanished from the ebasts. The outward glory of the Camorra has passed away; it is anxious now to conceal instead of displaying its power; but among the older residents in Naples there are many who believe that this strange secret society has never exercised a greater influence than it does at present, though it is possible that the interest it is said to have lately taken in politics may lead to its fall. In fact, such an interference in public affairs is a distinct departure from the principles on which the earlier traditions of the association were founded.

The whole subject is of course shrouded in mystery. There are important points connected with it on which it is impossible to obtain trustworthy information, as all who have any real knowledge of the facts have the strongest personal reasons for concealing them. Still, the organization of the lower ranks of the society is well known to the police, and it is by no means impossible to form a clear conception of its real character and aims, though it is necessary to sift every statement made about them with unusual care, as the inquirer must be on his guard not only against the romance and exaggeration of popular fancy, but also against a desire to mislead. It is only by inadvertence that any correct information is likely to be given, and as soon as the stranger exhibits an interest in the subject, he is supplied with a splendid stock of pure

inventions. He must look and listen, and refrain from questioning as much as possible, unless he has the good fortune to meet an intelligent official connected with the police, or still better one who served the deposed dynasty. Before entering on the subject itself, however, a digression will be necessary in order to explain to English readers how such an association could be formed, and what were the circumstances that favored its growth and have hitherto secured its existence.

With respect to Sicily, Dr. Franchetti tells us that, whenever several men combine to support their own interests in opposition to those of their neighbors, that is Mafia. Where the condition of society is favorable, such combinations become exceedingly powerful. The strongest, the most enterprising, and the most violent inhabitants unite together. The will of each member is law in as far as the outside world is concerned; in executing it his companions will shrink neither from force nor fraud, and all they expect is that he should be ready to render similar services in his turn. When such a body has been formed in a district where the law is not powerful enough to hold it in check, the other members of the community must either tamely submit to its oppressions, put themselves under its protection, or form a new Mafia of their own. Now the Camorra is only a fully-developed and highly-organized Mafia.

It owes its long existence and its great influence chiefly to two circumstances. Family feeling in Naples is much stronger than in the North. Not only do parents and children, brothers and sisters cling together through life, but even distant cousins are recognized as relations whose interests must be guarded and advanced. If your cook's uncle happens to have a friend who is a butcher, nothing will induce him to buy your meat at any other shop; if your boy is sent to fetch a cab, he will waste half an hour looking for some distant acquaintance of his aunt's. As soon as you take a servant your custom becomes the property of his family connections. If you attempt to prevent this, you only embitter your life with a vain endeavor

to thwart petty intrigues. If you dismiss your man, you only change your set of tradesmen; if you submit good humoredly, you soon begin to be regarded as a patron of the whole family, and will therefore be treated with all fitting consideration and esteem. The single members will serve you honestly, and even go out of their way to please you. It is clear that a society so clan-nish is excellently suited for a Mafia.

On the other hand, the uncertainty of the law under the old dynasty might well serve as an excuse for a good deal of self-assertion and self-defence. The tyranny of the Bourbons, it is true, was chiefly exercised upon the educated members of the middle class, whom they suspected, not unjustly, of designs against their rule. For the poor and the uneducated they did a good deal, often in a rather unwise way, and they never seem intentionally to have oppressed them. But the police are generally said to have been corrupt, the influence of the man of birth and wealth was great, and it was doubtless at times capriciously exercised. Against this the individual was powerless; when a large number were bound together by secret pledges, they could ensure respect and consideration.

It must not, however, be thought that there was anything heroic even in the old Camorra. It was not a league of justice and freedom, but simply an association which was pledged to advance the interests of its members, to right their wrongs, and to protect them to the utmost against every external power, including that of the law. And it has always maintained this character. Though it has occasionally done acts of justice and mercy, these are by no means its chief, or even an important, object; though many of its members belong to the criminal classes, it is not a society for the furtherance of crime. It pays no respect to the law except from prudential motives, and, as it has often dirty work to do, it makes use of dirty hands; but many men in all classes who are otherwise perfectly honest and respectable belong to it, and find their advantage in doing so.

To a certain extent, however, the aims of the Camorra have grown with the growth of its power. In the face of so powerful an association, it became

necessary for those who did not belong to it to take steps to guard their own interests, and most of them did so by seeking its protection. This could be obtained by the payment of a tribute which consisted either of a fixed tax or of a percentage on profits. Thus the association claims, and has long claimed, a right to levy an impost on all meat, fish, fruit, and vegetables exposed for sale in the markets, on all goods sold in the streets, on the winnings in all games of chance played in public, and on all cab hire. Very stringent laws have been enacted against this practice, and the Government has from time to time made energetic efforts to suppress it, but without success. The peasants and fishermen are eager to pay the illegal tax. The threat not to accept it will awe the most refractory among them into obedience to the other regulations of the Association, for they know that if the countenance of the Society is withdrawn, it will soon become impossible for them to visit the market. For a week or two they may thrive under the exceptional care of the police, but as soon as the attention of the authorities relaxes, customers will be crowded away from their stalls, their goods will be pilfered, and their boats or carts, as the case may be, either seriously injured or put vexatiously out of gear. The mere fact that the Camorra has ceased to favor So-and-so is enough to expose him to the violence and the wiles of half the roughs and thieves of the district, as well as to the tricks and torments of the most impish crowd of street boys that any European town can show.

The Camorra dues are, therefore, an insurance against theft and annoyance. Those who pay them are not members of the fraternity, they for the most part know nothing of its constitution, and they can make no claim upon it, except for protection, on their way from the gates of the town to the market-place, and during their stay there. This, however, is highly valuable, and it is honestly exercised. Some years ago a party of fishermen brought a rather unusual supply to market, and left their wares standing at the accustomed place while they went into a neighboring coffee-house to breakfast. They were stolen, and the men applied to the official representa-

tive of the Camorra as naturally an Englishman would to the police. He asked some questions, took a few notes, and then bid them leave the market for a time, and come back at a certain hour. They did so, and on their return found their fish standing where they had originally left it, "not a sardine was missing." Such events are constantly occurring.

The almost unlimited influence which the association exercises over the criminal classes is due less to the fact that many of them are enrolled among its members than to the extraordinary information it can command as to any detail of city life. In every district it has a body of highly-trained agents, as to whose education and organization we may perhaps have an opportunity of saying something in a future number. . . These men are all eye and ear, and if a question is proposed to them by their superiors as to the private life of any one who resides in their district, it will go hard if they are not able to supply a trustworthy answer in a few days. Hence it would be almost impossible for a criminal to escape the officers of justice if the Camorra sincerely desired his arrest. It never interferes in such matters, however, except when one of its members or tributaries has been wronged, and compensation is refused. This rarely happens; but when it does it is said that its vengeance is swift and implacable, while it takes the perfectly legal form of a judicial sentence. Nor does the victim escape from its power when the prison gates close upon him. Some members of the association are almost sure to be confined within the same gloomy precincts, and they spare no pains to render the life of the foe of their society intolerable by a thousand petty vexations

which the gaolers could not prevent, even if they cared to incur the personal danger of endeavoring to do so. As a rule, they prefer to stand on a good footing with the Camorristis, and to employ their influence in keeping the other prisoners in order.

When a dispute arises, either in the streets or market-places, between persons who have purchased the protection of the association, it is usually referred to one of its agents whose decision is regarded as final, and so great is the reputation of many of these men for justice and fair play, that they are frequently requested to arbitrate on matters with which they have officially no concern whatever. On such occasions it is usual to make a present to the amateur judge, proportionate in worth to the matter he has settled, or at least to invite him to a sumptuous dinner. In a similar way these Camorristis form the court of honor of the *lazzaroni*. All questions of vendetta which have their origin in a sense of honor rather than personal hatred are submitted to them, and it is only just to recognize that they almost invariably do their best to bring about a reconciliation, though they themselves are notoriously ready to use their knives. In a word, whatever the ultimate purposes of the Camorra may be—they are doubtless always lawless, and not unfrequently criminal—its influence over the poorer classes is not an unmixed evil. It is unscrupulous both in forming and executing its designs, but when its own interests are not involved, it can be both just and merciful. There are honest and well-to-do tradesmen in Naples who would never have risen from the gutter, if, in their boyhood, the Camorra had not given them a fair start and something more.—*Saturday Review*.

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#### THE DECAY OF IRISH HUMOR.

THE above heading was suggested to us by a friend as the subject of a paper some months back, but it was not until much time had elapsed, and not a little reflection had been devoted to the matter, that we felt ourselves constrained to admit its unwelcome truth. For to acknowledge that Irish humor is on

the wane is a serious admission at the present day, when we are suffering from an undoubted dearth of that commodity on this side of the Channel; when laughter has been effectually quenched at St. Stephen's; when our interest in the best comic paper is almost entirely centred in the illustrations, and not the text; and

when we have grown to be strangely dependent upon America for light reading of all sorts. This year—an exceptionally uninteresting year for the reader—has, it is true, been marked by a new departure or a reaction in the direction of startling sensation and melodramatic plots—engendered perhaps by a desire to escape from the unromantic common placeness of our daily surroundings, culminating in Mr. Stevenson's tale, "The Bodysnatcher," in the Christmas number of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which literally reeks of the charnel-house. But this movement, apart from its general literary or constructive merit, is from its very nature opposed to sunshine and mirth. The advent of a new humorist was hailed by some critics on the appearance of "Vice Versâ," but his second considerable contribution to fiction, "The Giant's Robe," is anything but a cheerful book. Lastly, at least two conscientious and elaborate attempts have been made during the last six months to transplant the squalid anatomical photography of Zola into the realm of English fiction. Where, then, in these latter days are we to look for native humorists? Not in the ranks of Irish politicians surely, for the Irish political fanatic is anything but a comic personage, and the whole course of the Nationalist agitation has been unredeemed by any humorous passage. There are no Boyle Roches, or O'Connells, or Dowses, or even O'Gormans, to be found amongst the followers of Mr. Parnell. The cold, impassive address of their leader, utterly un-Irish in its character, and, perhaps, only the more effective on that account, has infected them all. Mr. O'Donnell has now and then let fly a sardonic shaft; but Mr. Justin McCarthy reserves his graceful pleasantry for the pages of his novels, save no one occasion when Mr. Gladstone pounced down on a "bull" of preternatural magnitude. Acrimony, virulence, and powers of invective, these are abundantly displayed by Messrs. Sexton, Healy, and O'Brien; but as for humor, there is none of it. For otherwise would they not have seen the logical outcome of their decision (we speak of the Nationalists as a whole) to rename the Dublin streets,—we mean the corollary that they should in many cases divest themselves also of their indubitably

Sassenach patronymics in favor of Celtic and national names? From their own point of view, Charles Stewart Parnell is an odious combination, and should give place, let us say, to Brian Boroihme O'Toole. If we turn from politics to literature, we shall find much the same state of things prevailing. Irishmen are remarkably successful as journalists, but the prizes of that profession draw them away from their own country; their lives are spent amid other surroundings, less favorable to the development of their characteristic humor, which encourage their facile wits to waste themselves in mere over-production. Some of the very best specimens of recent Irish verse are to be found in the pages of *Kottabos*, a magazine supported by the members of Trinity College, Dublin. But although it is hardly a good sign that the best work of this kind should flourish under Academic patronage, we have been sincerely grieved to learn that *Kottabos* is no more, and the goodly company of *Kottabistæ* finally disbanded.

If we descend to the other end of the social scale, we shall find that a variety of causes have conspired to diminish or even destroy the sense of humor with the possession of which that tradition has credited the Irish peasant. It is only fair, however, to premise that much of what strikes an appreciative visitor as humorous in the speech of an Irish peasant is wholly unconscious in the speaker, and arises from his casting his sentences in the diffuse form of his mother-tongue, or from his use of imposing phrases picked up from the books read during his school-time. The first of these causes probably accounts for many picturesque expressions, such as "to let a screech out of oneself;" where an Englishman would merely say, "to shout," or "screech;" the second explains the use of words like "extricate," "congratulate," by bare-legged gossoons in remote mountain glens. Among the destructive agents alluded to above, the tourist occupies a prominent position. For when the native inhabitants at any favorite place of resort found that it paid them to amuse the visitors, they cultivated the faculty and spoil it in the cultivation. If we are asked for an example, we have only to mention the Killarney guide, a creature who is to every true Irishman *anath-*

*ema*,—a tedious retailer of stories concocted during the slack season. A more serious cause of decay of late years has been the emigration which is slowly draining certain districts of the South and West of the cream of their population. In some parts of Kerry it is well-nigh impossible to get young and vigorous laborers; and the national game of "hurly" has completely died out, in consequence of the dearth of able-bodied players. We regard this as a serious loss, for though matches between the teams of rival villages often led to subsequent "ructions," the game was a fine one and a good outlet for the excitable side of the Celtic character, which now finds a far less healthy field for expansion. All attempts to teach the peasants cricket have failed. Though fine athletes and unsurpassed jumpers, they lacked the coolness, the patience, and faculty of co-operating so essential to success in cricket. From this absence of vigorous youth, there results a dearth of "play-boys"—*i. e.*, jokers, merry fellows—which is not likely to be remedied in this generation. Even in former years, before the *entente cordiale* between landlord and tenant had been so rudely severed, it struck us as a symptom of decadence—unless, may-be, it was a mere compliment to the "quality,"—that on all festive gatherings where gentle and simple met on a friendly footing, the singers as often as not chose for the delectation of their superiors some old popular music-hall song of six or seven seasons back, which had filtered down from London through the provinces to Dublin, and so slowly made its way into our remote district. Thus we have heard "The Grecian Bend" rendered with the richest brogue imaginable, which partly alleviated the Philistinism of the song. The Irish peasantry, it should be remarked, do not sing Moore's Irish melodies, with few exceptions, in spite of the charm of the airs to which the words are wedded, which is an adequate proof, if any were wanted, that he has no claim to be considered a national poet. Few readers realise that by far his finest work is in the domain of satire, on which his title to immortality is far more securely based than on his erotic dactyls. Nor do the peasants, as a rule, know much of

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Lover, whose amusing ballads have a great and well-merited popularity in the middle and upper classes of Irish society. The reason of this is, perhaps, to be found in the character of the music, generally Lover's own, which is a sort of compromise between an Irish melody of the flowing type and the modern drawing-room ballad. Genuine Irish music is a barbarous thing enough—a wild, nasal chant, freely embellished with trills and turns—and to this setting the peasantry in the outlying districts still sing a good many songs in Irish or in English, in the latter case generally translations. To this must be added a certain number of ballads which trace their source to the events of the last few years. Nothing can be gained from an attempt to write down the Land League from a literary point of view, and we are very far from harboring such an intention. But these songs are, in the main, dreary and abusive, as one might naturally expect, for the events of recent years have not been conducive to mirth in Ireland. Here is a fragment from one of the landlords of Ireland:—

"The bare, barren mountains and bog, I must  
state,  
The poor Irish farmer he must cultivate;  
Whilst the land-shark is watching  
His chance underhand,  
To gobble his labor, his house, and his land.  
But the Devil is fishing, and he'll soon get a  
pull,  
Of those bad landlords and agents  
His net is near full. . . . .  
Then hurrah! for the Land League,  
And Parnell so brave;  
Each bad landlord, my boys,  
We'll muzzle him tight.  
May the banner of freedom  
And green laurels wave  
O'er the men of the Land League,  
And Parnell so brave."

Irish humor is not dead yet, but it is decaying or dormant; and if ever, in spite of the malign influence of the Gulf Stream, and the Nationalist Party, and a sense of their past wrongs, and race-hatred, and half-a-dozen other drawbacks, Ireland should recover her sanity and grow prosperous and contented, then, and not till then, may we expect to see her sons grow merry as well as wise,—unless, indeed, their sense of humor is entirely improved out of them in the

process. Judging from the character of the men of Antrim, this is not impossible. But valuable as is the gift of hu-

mor, the harmony of Great Britain would not be too dearly bought by its sacrifice. — *The Spectator*.

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### PRINCE BISMARCK'S CHARACTER.

THE late general election in Germany showed results which have signally verified Prince Bismarck's calculations on the tendencies of modern democracy.

The Liberalists, who represent the opinions of the Manchester school, lost a great number of seats—no less than forty-four; while signal victories were won by the Conservatives, the Catholics, and the Socialists. The doctrines of the Liberals were treated with unequivocal contempt in the large cities, and several members of the party retained their seats only through the support grudgingly given to them by Socialist electors at the second ballot. At the first ballot the Socialists testified to their absolute hatred of the Liberals by voting for Conservative or Catholic candidates in constituencies where they were not strong enough to carry candidates of their own; but at the second ballot they dictated terms to the sorely mortified party whose overthrow they had caused, and agreed to assist Liberals who promised to vote for a repeal of the law against Socialists. The Liberals swallowed the leek and made the promise, though throughout the electoral campaign they had denounced the Socialists as the worst enemies of human progress. The Socialists, on their side, went to the polls as if obeying the injunction which Ferdinand Lassalle laid upon working-men eighteen months before his death\*: "I have always been a Republican, but, promise me, my friends, that if ever a struggle should take place between the Divine Right Monarchy and the miserable Liberal middle-class, you will fight on the King's side against the *bourgeois*."

German Conservatives have regretted that Lassalle died at least six years too soon, for it is supposed that if he had witnessed the triumphs of Bismarck's policy and the unification of Germany

after the war of 1870, he would have used his influence over the working classes to make them trust the great and successful champion of their nation. This, however, is doubtful, for the post-mortem examination of Lassalle's body revealed that he had in him the germs of disease by which his intellect would have gradually deteriorated. He had become a voluptuary before he died, and had he lived a little longer he might simply have been dazzled by the conqueror's glory, and have lost his influence by accepting honors and favors too readily as the reward of his homage. On the other hand, if Lassalle had remained head-whole and heart-whole, Bismarck and he could not have lived together. Both giants, one must have succumbed to the other after some formidable encounter. The two spent an afternoon in company at the height of the *Conflikt-Zeit*, when Bismarck was wrestling with the Liberal opposition in the Prussian Parliament. They smoked and drank beer, laughed like old friends over the events of the day, talked long and with deepening earnestness over the world's future, and separated well pleased with each other. But Lassalle is believed to have shown his hand a little too openly to his host. There were points where the policy of the two blended, and one point of ultimate convergence might have been found if Lassalle's only object had been to seek it; but his personal ambition was at least equal to his zeal as a reformer. "He is a composer," said Edward Lasker, "who will never think his music well executed unless he conducts the orchestra."

It is well to remember what were the views of Lassalle about Germany, and how much they differed from those of his inferior successor in the leadership of the Socialists, Karl Marx. In a historical tragedy, "Franz von Sickingen," which Lassalle published in 1859, he declared that "the sword is the god of this world, the word made flesh, the in-

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\* Lassalle was killed in a duel in 1864, at the age of thirty-nine.

strument of all great deliverances, the necessary tool of all useful undertakings." In the 3d scene of Act III. Franz von Sickingen, the hero in whom Lassalle portrays himself, exclaims against the sordid ambition of petty princes, adding: "How are you to make the soul of a giant enter into the bodies of pigmies? . . . what we want is a strong and united Germany free from the yoke of Rome—an empire under an evangelical emperor." \*

This has been also the wish of Bismarck's life—and this wish he has realised; the obstacles he had to surmount before achieving success offer a most curious subject for study. The political difficulties have furnished matter for many books, but something remains to be said of the social difficulties.

"A conqueror's enemies are not all in front of him," said Wallenstein, and we know Voltaire's apologue about that "grain of sand in the eye which checked Alexander's march." Bismarck, like other great fighters, has had to shake off friends—real friends—tugging at his arm. He has had to foil boudoir cabals more powerful than Parliamentary majorities. He has got into those little scrapes which Lord Beaconsfield compared to sudden fogs in a park: "You may have the luck to walk straight home through them, or they may cause you to go miles out of your way and to miss anything, from a dinner to an appointment on which all your prospects depend." Bismarck again has known the worry and agony of being unable to convince persons of thick head or of timorous conscience, whose co-operation was absolutely indispensable to him. Lord Chesterfield well said that the manner of a man's discourse is of more weight than the matter, for there are more people with ears to be charmed than with minds to understand. Bismarck is no charmer; he has had to contend with the disad-

vantage of cumbersome speech moved by slow thoughts, and of a temper inflammable as touchwood. For many years he was considered by those who knew him best to be more of a trooper than a politician.

Lord Ampthill once found him reading Andersen's story on the Ugly Duckling, which relates how a duck hatched a swan's egg, and how the cygnet was jeered at by his putative brethren, the ducklings, until one day a troop of lordly swans, floating down the river, saluted him as one of their race. "Ah," observed Bismarck, "it was a long time before my poor mother could be persuaded that in hatching me she had not produced a goose."

Bismarck was born in 1814, and at the age of seventeen went to the University of Göttingen. Here he joined a *Verbindung*—one of those student associations whose members wear flat caps of many colors, hold interminable *Kneipen* or beer-carousals, and fight rapier duels with the members of other clubs. Bismarck's *Verbindung* was select, containing none but the sons of noblemen, and it called itself by Kotzebue's name, out of antagonism to a Liberal club which was named after Karl Sand, Kotzebue's murderer.\* There hangs in one of the rooms at Varzin, a pencil sketch of young Otto Bismarck fighting with a "Sandist" who was the great swashbuckler of his party. Both combatants are dressed, as is still the custom for such meetings, in padded leather jackets, tall hats, iron spectacles with wire netting over the glasses, and they wear thick stocks covering all the neck and throat. Only parts of the face are exposed, the object of the fighters being not to inflict deadly injuries, but to slit each other's cheeks, or to snip off the tip of a nose. Bismarck's adversary, named Konrad Koch, was a towering fellow with such a long arm, that he had all the advantage; and after a few passes he snicked Bismarck along the left cheek down to the chin, mak-

\* In the play, Charles V. has a long conference with Franz, but ends by saying of him what Bismarck must have said to himself about Lassalle: "The man is great, but his is not the greatness which I seek, and which I can employ."

"Der mann ist gross, doch ist es nicht die Grösse,  
Welche ich suche und gebrauchen kann."

\* Karl Sand, a student of Erlangen, assassinated Kotzebue at Manheim in 1819, and having ineffectually tried to commit suicide, was executed in the following year. In striking Kotzebue, he meant, as he said, "to exterminate the apo'gist of despotism."



ing a wound of which the scar can be seen to this day. But before the duel he had bragged that he would make the "Kotzebuan" wear the "Sandist" color, red—and, laughing triumphantly at the fulfilment of his threat, as he saw Bismarck drenched in blood, he so infuriated the latter that the Kotzebuan insisted on having another bout. This was contrary to the regulations of student duels, which always end with first blood, so Bismarck had to take patience until his cut was healed, and until he could prove his fitness to meet Koch again, by worsting a number of Sandists. The rapier duels were, and are now, regular Saturday afternoon pastimes, taking place in a gymnastic room, and the combatants on either side being drawn by lot; but it is a rule that, when a student has beaten an opponent, he may decline duelling with him again until this antagonist works his way up to him, so to say, by prevailing over all other swordsmen who may care to challenge him. Bismarck had to fight nearly half-a-dozen duels before he could cross swords with Koch again, but on this second occasion he dealt the Sandist a master-slash on the face and remained victorious.

This series of duels had some important consequences. A satirical paper called *Der Floh* (*The Flea*), which was published at Hanover, inserted an article against student fights, and pretty clearly designated young Bismarck as a truculent fellow. Bismarck went to Hanover, called on the editor of the paper, and holding up to his nose the cutting of the offensive article, requested him to swallow it. One version of the story says that the editor's mouth was forced open and that the article was thrust into it in a pellet; another version states that a scrimmage ensued and that the student, after giving and receiving blows and kicks, was hustled out of the office. But it is certain that the affair reached the ears of the Rector of Göttingen University, who sent for Bismarck and rebuked him in a paternal way for his pugnacity. Bismarck did not accept the reproof. To the Rector's astonishment he made an indignant speech, expressing his detestation of Frenchmen, French principles and revolutionary Germans, whom he called Frenchmen in disguise. He

prayed that the sword of Joshua might be given him to exterminate all these. "Well, my young friend, you are preparing great trouble for yourself," remarked the Rector, with a shake of the head; "your opinions are those of another age." "Good opinions re-flower like the trees after winter," was Bismarck's answer.

At this time, however, Bismarck's principles were not yet well set. The son of a Pomeranian squire, he had the *Junker's* abhorrence of Radicals, and from the study of J. J. Rousseau's "Emile," he had derived the idea that all cities are nests of corruption. Though he execrated Rousseau's name, he was so far his disciple as to look upon country life as the perfect life; in fact, he was an idealist, and he was often sadly at a loss for arguments with which to refute the reasoning of political opponents. This tormented him, for he did not wish to be a man like that Colonel in Hacklander's "Tale of the Regiment," who said of a philosopher: "I felt the fellow was going to convince me, so I kicked him down stairs." From Göttingen he went to the University of Berlin, and there vexed his soul in many disputations, without acquiring the consciousness that he was growing really strong in logic. At last he heard in a Lutheran church a sermon which left a lasting impression on his mind. He has often spoken of it since as "my Pentecost."

The preacher was treating of infidelity in connection with Socialist aspirations, and he observed that men could not live without faith in some ideal. Those men who reject the doctrine of immortality and of a world after this, delude themselves with visions of an earthly paradise. The Socialist's dream is nothing else; and his shibboleths of equality, fraternity and co-operation, are but a paraphrase of the Christian's "love one another." Love is not necessary to the fulfilment of the Socialist's schemes than it is to the realisation of one's image of Heaven. A world in which there shall be no poor—in which each man shall receive according to his needs and work to the full measure of his capacities, having no individual advancement to expect from his industry, but content to see other men, less capa-

ble, fed out of the surplus of his earnings—what would this be but a paradise purged of all human passions—envy, jealousy, covetousness and sloth? Unless there were universal love, how could all the members of a Socialist community be expected to work to their utmost? And if every man did not work his best, so that the weak and the clumsy might live at the expense of the strong and the clever, how could the community exist?

This was the substance of the sermon which Bismarck heard, and those words "the Socialist's Earthly Paradise" have remained fixed in his memory ever since as a terse demonstration as to the inanity of Socialism. State Socialism is of course another matter, and very early in life Bismarck came to the conclusion that the wise ruler must try to make himself popular by humoring the fancies of the people, whatever they may be, and however they may vary. If he can divert the people's fancies towards the objects of his own preference, so much the better, and it must be part of his business to endeavor to do this. But if he cannot lead, he must seem to lead while letting himself be pushed onward. "The people must be led without knowing it," said Napoleon in a letter which he wrote to Fouché to decline Barrère's offer of pamphlets extolling the Emperor's policy. Bismarck has described universal suffrage as "the government of a house by its nursery;" but he added: "You can do anything with children of you play with them."

It has been one of the secrets of Bismarck's strength that he has never let himself be imposed upon by inflated talk about the "majesty of the People." The Democracy has been in his eyes a mere multitude of mediocrities. "*Cent imbéciles ne font pas un sage*," said Voltaire, and though La Rochefoucauld inclines to the contrary opinion in some of his well-known aphorisms,\* it is a provable fact that the only successful rulers are those who have had eyes enabling them to analyse the component elements of a crowd. As sportsmen de-

light in tales of the chase, and soldiers in anecdotes of war, so Bismarck has always taken a peculiar pleasure in stories showing how one man by presence of mind has mastered an angry mob, or outwitted it, or coaxed it into good humor. A sure way to make him laugh is to tell him such stories, and it must be added that he likes them all the better when they exhibit the *bon enfant* side of the popular character.

During the siege of Paris, whilst he was at Versailles, a pass was applied for by a relation of M. Cuvillier Fleury, the eminent critic and member of the French Academy. The Chancellor at once gave the pass, saying: "M. Fleury is an admirable man. I know a capital story about him." The story was this: M. Fleury, who had been tutor to the Duc d'Aumale, was in 1848 Private Secretary to the Duchess of Orleans. When the revolution of February broke out, a rabble invaded the Palais Royal, where the Princess resided, and began smashing works of art, pictures, statuettes, and nicknacks. All the household was seized with panic except M. Fleury, who, throwing off his coat, smeared his face and hands with coal, caught up a poker, and rushed among the mob, shouting: "Here, I'll show you where the best pictures are." So saying, he plied his poker upon furniture of no value, and, thus winning the confidence of the roughs, was able to lead them out of the royal apartments into the kitchen regions, where they spent their patriotic fury upon the contents of the larder and cellar. The sequel of this story is very droll, and Bismarck relates it with great relish. A few days after he had saved the Palais Royal, M. Fleury was recognised in the streets as the Duchess of Orleans's Secretary, and mobbed. He was being somewhat roughly hustled when a hulking water-carrier elbowed his way through the throng and roared: "Let that man be! He is one of the right sort. He led us to the pillage of the Palais Royal the other day!"

Bismarck once told Lord Bloomfield that he had the highest opinion of Charles Mathews, the actor. It turned out that this opinion was not based on any particular admiration for Mathews's professional talent, but on his coolness during a theatrical riot which Bismarck

\* "Personne n'a de l'esprit, comme tout le monde." "On peut avoir plus d'esprit qu'un autre, mais non plus d'esprit que tous les autres."

witnessed during a visit to London. Mathews was manager of a theatre, and for want of pay, part of his company had struck work. It was impossible to perform the piece advertised, so pit and gallery grew clamorous. In the midst of the hubbub, Mathews came before the curtain and jovially announced that, although he must disappoint the audience of the comedy which they had expected, he was ready to perform anything they pleased, provided only that he could satisfy the majority. A voice from the gallery sang out: "Box and Cox." "Well, that is an excellent play," said Mathews gravely, "but before my honorable friend puts a motion for its performance, I think he should explain to the audience why he prefers it to all others." This turned a general laugh against the "mover," who of course became bashful and could explain nothing. Mathews then made a chaffing little speech on the comparative merits of various plays, and at length withdrew, saying that as he could discern nothing like unanimity among the audience, he thought it best that they should all agree to meet him another day, but that meanwhile those who liked to apply for their money at the doors should have it. It seems that a number of men had come to the theatre on purpose to create a disturbance, but Mathews's banter put the whole audience into good humor, and the house was emptied without any riot.\*

Bismarck has another favorite story about mobs. When the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia went as Viceroy

\* Prince Bismarck does not care much about the theatre, and it may be mentioned that when he visited Paris in 1867, Offenbach's "Grande Duchesse," which, as a skit upon militaryism, made so many laugh, excited in him only anger. He was especially indignant at the song of "Here is the Sabre of my Sire." "You can't expect a pair of Jews (Offenbach and Ludovic Halévy) to feel any reverence for military traditions," he said; "but now 'Le Sabre de mon Père' will be associated with ludicrous ideas in the minds of Frenchmen, and old generals will be ashamed to give their swords to their sons on account of this odious jingle." At this same visit to Paris, however, Bismarck saw a performance of Sardou's "Nos bons Villageois" at the Gymnase, and he laughed loudly at the scene in which a Colonel, who is Mayor of his village, makes all the municipal Councillors sign a document acknowledging that they are "a troop of donkeys."

to Poland in 1862, he was received in the streets of Warsaw with cries of "Long live the Constitution!" A Prussian, Count Perponcher, who was present, asked a vociferating Pole who "Constitutiona" was? "I suppose it's his wife," answered the Pole. "Well, but he has children," said Perponcher, "so you should cry: 'Hurrah for Constitutiona and the little Constitutiona,'" which the Pole at once did. Hearing Bismarck tell this anecdote—not for the first time probably—his son-in-law Count Rantzau, once said: "You can make a mob cry anything by paying a few men among them a mark apiece to start the shouting." "Nein, but you need not waste your marks," demurred the Chancellor, "*es gibt immer Esel genug, die schreien unbezahlt.*" (There are always asses to bray gratis).

The knowledge of how men can be swayed involves an accurate estimate of the influence which oratory exercises over them. Bismarck, as we have said, is not eloquent, and it is one of his maxims that a man of many words cannot be a man of action. "The best Parliamentary speeches"—he said, in conversation with M. Pouyer Quartier about M. Thiers—"are those which men have delivered to criticise other men's work, or to set forth what they themselves were *going* to do, or to apologize for what they have left undone."

Action speaks for itself. "When I hear of ministers in parliamentary countries making long speeches to defend their policy, it always strikes me that there has been very little policy; and I am reminded of those big dishes of stew which our frugal German housewives serve up on Mondays with the remnants of Sunday's dinner—lots of cabbage and carrots, making a great show, with small scraps of meat."

Action fascinates the masses as much as speech,\* for it demands courage,

\* Two of Bismarck's heroes in history are Wallenstein and William the Silent. He once said of Marshal von Moltke: "Lucky man, he need only make his one speech a year in the Reichstag and then the echoes of cannon seem to be speaking for him!" Marshal von Moltke, however, speaks as well as he writes. His *Letters* to his late wife, while he was travelling in Turkey and the Danubian Provinces, are faultless in their composition, instructive, amusing, and models of style. All the quali-

which is of all virtues the rarest.\* Pastor Stocker, of anti-Semitic renown, relates that Bismarck once asked him whether there were any text in the Bible saying, "All men are cowards?" "No, you are thinking of the text: 'The Cretans are all liars,'" said Stocker. "Liars—cowards, it comes to much the same thing," answered Bismarck; "but it's not true only of the Cretans;" and he then asked Stocker whether the latter had met many thoroughly brave men. The Court pastor replied that there might be several definitions of courage; but Bismarck interrupted him with a boisterous laugh: "Oh, yes, the moral courage of letting one's face be smacked rather than fight a duel; I have met plenty of men who had that."

Bismarck's own courage is that of a mastiff, and in early life it often got him into scrapes. We have remarked how some of these might have been detrimental to his whole career. Whilst he was doing his One Year Voluntary in the Prussian Light Infantry, he paid a visit to Schleswig, which was then under Danish rule. One day, wearing his uniform, he was seated in a *Brauerei* when he overheard two gentlemen holding a political conversation and expressing extreme Liberal sentiments. With amazing impudence he walked up to their table and requested that: "If they must talk nonsense, they would use an undertone." The two Schles-

ties which distinguish them are to be found in the Marshal's speeches, which are clear, short, and captivate the attention, not less by what they contain than by the tuneful voice in which they are uttered.

\* Some years ago, when a young Prussian officer of noble family was turned out of the army for declining a challenge on conscientious grounds, an English clergyman sent Prince Bismarck a copy of the Diary of Mr. Adams, who was American Minister of the Court of St. James's at the beginning of this century. Mr. Adams speaks with admiration of the efforts which were being made to put down duelling in England by force of public opinion. Prince Bismarck, in courteously acknowledging the book, wrote: "There is much good sense in England, but you have not done away with duelling, as you suppose. There is more of it among your schoolboys, who fight with fists, than among those of any other country; and this may prevent the necessity for much fighting in after-life. English boys take rank at school according to their pluck, and hold that rank afterwards."

wigers told the *Junker* to mind his own business, whereupon Bismarck caught up a beer-jug and dashed its contents in their faces. This affair caused very serious trouble. Bismarck was taken into custody and ordered out of the country. On joining his regiment he was placed under arrest again, and there was an interchange of diplomatic notes about him. He only escaped severe punishment through powerful intercession being employed at Court on his behalf.

Some years later when Bismarck had been appointed to the Legation at Frankfort (a post which he owed to the delight with which Frederick William IV. had read his bluff speeches in the Prussian Lower House), he was present at a public ball, where a member of the French Corps Législatif, M. Jouvois de Clancy, was pointed out to him as a noted fire-eater. This gentleman had been a Republican, but had turned his coat after the *coup d'état*. He was a big man with dandified airs, but evidently not much accustomed to society, for he had brought his hat—not a compressible one—into the ball-room; and in waltzing he held it in his left hand. The sight of the big Frenchman careering round the room with his hat extended at arm's length was too much for Bismarck's sense of fun; so, as M. Jouvois revolved past him, he dropped a copper coin into the hat. One may imagine the scene. The Frenchman, turning purple, stopped short in his dancing, led back his partner to her place, and then came with flashing eyes to demand satisfaction. There would have been assault and battery on the spot if friends had not interposed; but on the following day the Frenchman and the Prussian met with pistols and the former was wounded. Unfortunately for Bismarck, M. Jouvois knew Louis Schneider, the ex-comedian, who had become Court Councillor to Frederick William IV., and was that eccentric monarch's favorite companion. Schneider had but a moderate fondness for Bismarck, and he represented his act of *gaminerie* in so unfavorable a light to the King that his Majesty instructed the Foreign Office to read the newly appointed diplomatist a severe lecture.

Bismarck has never liked Frenchmen.

His feelings towards them savor of contempt in their expression, but there is more of hatred than of genuine disdain in them, and much of this hatred has its source in religious fervor. Bismarck is a believer. The sceptical levity of most Frenchmen, the profanity and licentiousness of their literature, their want of reverence for all things, whether of Divine or of human ordinance—all this shocks the statesman, who still reads his Bible with a simple faith, and who has attentively noted the doom which is threatened to nations who are disobedient. During the Franco-German War, Countess Bismarck, hearing that her husband had lost the travelling-bag in which he carried his Bible, sent him another with this naïve letter: "As I am afraid you may not be able to buy a Bible in France, I send you two copies of the Scriptures, and have marked the passages in Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel *which relate to France*—also the verse in the Psalms which says that 'The unbeliever shall be rooted out.'"

Carlyle saw affinities between the character of Cromwell and that of Bismarck, but the only resemblance between the two men is physical. One may question how far Cromwell was a believer: he certainly had as little respect for sacred words as he had for cathedrals and kings, and he juggled with texts of Scripture as it suited his purpose. Bismarck has never canted. His acknowledgments of Divine mercies have only been expressed where national triumphs were concerned—never where his own personal enterprises had to be lauded. On the other hand, he has evinced strong religious scruples under circumstances when few men would have credited him with such. He has spent more sleepless hours from thinking over the deposition of George V. of Hanover than Cromwell did from fretting over Charles I.'s execution. He reconciled that deposition with the dictates of his reason, but not with those of his faith in the inviolability of kings. When it had been decided to annex Hanover, the Crown lawyers were instructed to draw up a report of legal justifications for this measure; but when Bismarck had read half through this document, he threw it aside with irritation: "Better nothing than that—it reminds me of Teste's

Memorandum on the confiscation of the estates of the Orleans family."\*

Again Bismarck, while making it the chief occupation of his life to study how the Plebs might be managed, has never stooped to such immoral means for this purpose as the French officials of the Second Empire employed. He was deeply interested in Napoleon III.'s experiments with universal suffrage. The whole system of plebiscites, official candidatures, prefectural newspapers, and electoral districts, so arranged that peasant votes should neutralise those of Radical working-men, seemed to him "very pretty," as he once told a disgusted Republican refugee. But the encouragement given by De Morny, De Persigny, and others to every kind of immorality that could amuse the people—frivolous newspapers, improper novels and plays, gambling clubs, and outrageous fashions in dress—this was a very different affair. De Morny was fond of quoting the anecdote about Alcibiades having cut off the tail of his dog to give the Athenians something to talk about, and during Bismarck's short stay in Paris as Ambassador in 1862, he and the Prussian statesman had more than one conversation about the art of ruling. Bismarck had the frankness to say that he looked upon the comedies of Dumas the younger, and indeed on most French plays of the lighter sort, as grossly corrupting to the public morals. "*Panem et circenses*," smiled De Morny. "*Panem et saturnalia*," muttered Bismarck.

Another point upon which De Morny and Bismarck could not agree, was about the qualities that are requisite in a public servant. De Morny cared nothing for character. The men whom he recommended for prefectships or posts in the diplomatic service were, for the most part, adventurers—brilliant, witty, *discours de rien* and cajolers of the other

\* M. Teste had been one of Louis Philippe's Ministers. Getting into disgrace through financial jobberies, which subjected him to criminal proceedings, he had to resign his portfolio and retire altogether from public life. To revenge himself on Louis Philippe's family (though no member of it had had any share in his ruin) he privately drew up for Napoleon III. the report that was required to justify the seizure of the Orleans property. No respectable lawyer could be found to do this work.

sex. "A French Ambassador," he maintained, "should always consider himself accredited *auprès des reines*." Bismarck loathes ladies' men: and he had the poorest opinion of Napoleon III.'s diplomatists. His own ideal of a State functionary is the blameless man without debts or entanglements—laborious, but not pushing, well-educated but not abounding in ideas, a man in all things obedient. His sneering judgment on plenipotentiaries like M. Benedetti and the Duc de Gramont is well known. He called them "dancing dogs without collars." They never seemed to have a master, he complained, "but stood up on their hind legs and performed their antics without authority from man alive. If they barked, you were sure to hear a voice from Paris crying to them to be quiet. If they fawned you might expect to see them receive some sly kick, warning them that they ought to be up and biting." Bismarck conceived some liking and respect for Napoleon III., whom he saw to be better than his *entourage*. Had the Emperor's health remained good, the war of 1870 would doubtless never have taken place; but so early as 1862 Bismarck perceived that Napoleon III.'s bodily ailments were causing an indolence of mind that left the Emperor at the mercy of intriguing counsellors; and what he observed in his subsequent visits to Paris in 1867 and to Plombières in 1868, confirmed these impressions. His ceaseless study of France as the great enemy that would have to be coped with soon, moreover added to his deep and moody detestation of that country. When the formal declaration of war by France reached Berlin in July 1870, Count Bismarck was staying for a few days at Varzin. The news was communicated to him by a telegram which was put into his hands just as he was returning from a drive. He at once sprang into his carriage, to go to the railway station, and on his way through the village of Wussow, he saw the parish minister standing at the door of his manse. "I said nothing to him," ejaculated Bismarck, in relating the story long afterwards to some friends, "but I just made a sign as of two sabre-cuts crosswise, and he quite understood."

The pastor of Wussow understood the

sign of the cross in sword-cuts to mean crusade, and as such the war against France was viewed by all good Prussians. Bismarck and the village clergyman were at one in regarding the French people as the Beast of the Apocalypse, and Paris as Babylon. Such sentiments are not incompatible with Christian piety, for there must be militants in the Church. But where Bismarck ceases to be a Christian in the common acceptance of that term, is in his exaggerated contempt for almost all men as individuals.\*

His want of charity—we do not of course mean in almsgiving, for in this respect he is as generous as the Princess, his wife, allows him to be—is the most unamiable and disconcerting trait in his nature. Disconcerting because misanthropy is an evidence of moral short-sightedness, begetting timidity and rendering a man incapable of forming disciples to carry on his work. Without trustfulness, a statesman can make no real friends. It may be said that uncharitableness like Bismarck's must be the result of many disenchantments; but a man who only keeps rooks and ravens must not complain that all birds are black. The men who were at different times Bismarck's most zealous help-mates—Count Harry Arnim, Herr Delbrück, Count Stolberg and Count Eulenburg—were all discarded as soon

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\* After a dinner at Count Lehndorff's the conversation once fell upon religious topics, and Bismarck exclaimed: "I cannot understand how without faith in a revealed religion we can believe in God; nor do I see how, without faith in a God, Dispenser of all good and Supreme Judge, a man can do his duty. If I were not a Christian, I should not remain at my post. It can yield me nothing more in the way of honors; the exercise of power is no longer a pleasure but a worry, since I can never carry out the simplest scheme without struggles, trying to a man of my age and weak health. If I were ambitious of popularity, I could get it by retiring. All men would speak well of me if I lived in retirement. I should then perhaps have more real power than I have now. I should certainly have more power to help my friends. But it is because I believe in a Divine dispensation which has marked out Germany for great destinies that I remain at my post. I have a duty to perform and must continue to do it so long as I am permitted. If I am stricken down and rendered incapable for work, then I shall know that my time of rest has come; but not till then."

as they gave the smallest sign, not of mutiny, but of independence. Bismarck would not accept advice or remonstrance from them; he required on all occasions that blind obedience which is not loyal service, but servility. For the same cause he would never employ Herr Edward Lasker, whose great talents as a financier and parliamentary debater would have been of immense value to the monarchy. He has rejected the advances of Herr Bennigsen, the Hanoverian founder of the *Nationalverein*, who is now leader of the National Liberals; and those of Dr. Rudolph Gneist, who is one of the ablest politicians in Germany, but who had the misfortune to take the wrong side during the *Confikt-Zeit*. Opposition, as Bismarck has often taken care to impress upon his hearers, shall never be *regierungsfähig* so long as he holds office. He abominates the Parliamentary system which brings to power men who have begun life as demagogues agitating for the abolition of this and that, and who, afterwards, are obliged to make shameless recantations, or to quibble away their words. The contrary system of selecting for his assistants only men who have never sown political wild oats is, however, compelling Bismarck to rely now on such henchmen as Herr Von Puttkamer and Herr Hofmann. The former is the Chancellor's brother-in-law, an excellent subordinate, supple as a glove, but with no originality of mind or firmness that could enable him to remain Home Minister if he were not propped up in this post. Herr Hofmann is also a mere painstaking bureaucrat, who, if he did not hear the voice of command, would be quite inapt to think for himself. Of late Prince Bismarck is said to have been training his son, Count Herbert to act as his Secretary and to take his place by-and-by. Count Herbert is a clever man, but dynasties of *maires du palais* have never succeeded in any country, and it is strange Bismarck should have forgotten that the Hohenzollern dynasty has owed its rapid rise to a respect for that principle which he is now ignoring, namely the selection of the best men without favoritism. If independence of mind and character have been eyed with suspicion by the Prussian kings, as they

now are by the Chancellor, Germany would have had no Bismarck.

The popular idea of a genial, soldierly, blunt-spoken Bismarck is a wrong one. Bismarck can be jovial among friends and good-humoredly affable with strangers; but genial he is not. There is a sarcastic tone in his voice which grates on the ears of all who are brought in contact with him for the first time, and his unconcealed mistrust for the rectitude of all public men, of no matter what country, who do not happen to be in his good graces at the time, is too often offensive. It must be remembered that when Bismarck has quarrelled with public men, it has generally been because, having changed an opinion himself, he has been unable to persuade men to do the same at a moment's notice. Turn by turn, Free-trader and Protectionist, inclining one day to the Russian, another to the Austrian alliance, coquetting at one time with England, then with Italy, and even with France, he has ever been actuated by the sole desire to use every passing wind which might push the interest of his Government. He has declined to formulate any policy in details, because against such a policy parties might coalesce, whereas by veering and tacking often, he throws disunion among his opponents. He appropriates what is best in the new designs of this or that party, takes for his Sovereign and himself the credit of carrying them into execution, and then leaves the original promoters with a sense that power has gone out of them—that they have been played with, but that they have nothing to complain of.

This policy of variations, however, has exposed Bismarck to some cutting rebukes from loyal Prussians whose consciences were not acrobatic. The trouble with Count Harry Arnim began when this diplomatist—"Der Affe," as he was nicknamed by his familiars—said to Countess Von Redern, at one of the Empress Augusta's private parties, that he had hitherto been trying to walk on his feet in Paris, but that from "his latest instructions he gathered that he was expected until further notice to walk on his hands." The saying was reported to Bismarck and made "his three hairs bristle." "The 'Ape' has only

been employed, because we thought him quadrumanous," he exclaimed, and from that moment there was war between the two men.

Another time Bismarck had to bear a snub from a young nobleman of the House of Hatzfeldt. This gentleman, being left in charge of a Legation during the absence of the Minister, sent home a despatch embodying views favorable to the policy which the Chancellor had, until then, been pursuing towards the country where the attaché was residing. But it so chanced that the Chief of the Legation had been summoned to Berlin on purpose to receive instructions for a change of policy; so that when the attaché's despatch arrived, it gave no pleasure in Wilhelmstrasse, and the Chancellor spoke testily of its writer as a "*Schafsköpf*." Hearing this, the attaché resigned. He was a young man of high spirit, who had many friends at Court, and it was pointed out to the Chancellor by an august peacemaker, that the young fellow had not been very well-treated. Somewhat grudgingly—for he does not like to make amends—the Chancellor was induced to send his Secretary to the ex-attaché offering to reinstate him. But the recipient of this dubious favor drew himself up stiffly and said: "Germany has not fallen to so low a point that she needs to be served by *Schafsköpfe*; and for the rest, you may tell the Chancellor that I have not been trained to turn somersaults."\*

\* Bismarck has never had much veneration either for diplomatists or diplomacy. Here is an extract of a letter which he wrote to his wife in 1851 when he was at Frankfort: "In the art of saying nothing and in a great many words, I am making rapid progress. I write many pages of letters which read like leading articles, and if Manteuffel, after perusing them, can tell what they are about, he certainly knows more than I. Every one of us pretends to believe that his colleagues are full of ideas and plans; and yet all the time the whole body of us knows nothing, and each is aware that the others know nothing. No man, not even the most malicious sceptic of a democrat, can believe what charlatanism and big pretence is all this diplomacy."

It may be remarked, in view of Prince Bismarck's opinions on duelling, that for an affront like that which he offered to the young attaché, a French Admiral, the Bailli de Suffren, was killed by a lieutenant. The affront was offered on the high seas; the subaltern bore it at the time without a murmur, but on returning to

It has been mentioned that Bismarck has had to contend with many a buodoir cabal. The Empress Augusta's long antipathy to him is no secret, and the Chancellor has never had to congratulate himself much on the friendliness of the Crown Prince's and Princess's circle. The ill-will of royal ladies enlists that of many other persons influential in society; but it stands to Bismarck's honor that he has never used newspapers to combat these drawing-room foes. The revelations made to the public some years since by an ex-member of the "Reptile's Bureau" were no doubt in the main true, and they showed that the Chancellor had raised the art of "nobbling" the Press to a high pitch of perfection. Not only had he, all over Germany, newspapers supported in part out of the Secret Service Fund and inspired wholly by the Press Bureau, but he has been accused of employing hirelings on the staffs of newspapers reputed as independent, and through these he was in a position to procure the insertion of articles in foreign journals, these effusions being afterwards reprinted in German papers as genuine expressions of foreign opinion.

All this constituted a very powerful organization, which the Chancellor might have used with telling effect in fighting society caballers. But while he has not scrupled to direct the heaviest artillery of his newspapers and not unfrequently torpedo attacks against open political opponents, he would never let his difficulties with "*die Wespen*," as he called society aggressors, be made the subjects of Press comments. Newspapers, guilty of assailing members of the Imperial family or of the Court household, have been unsparingly prosecuted by his orders. "*Er is kein Journaliste!*" exclaimed a too zealous partisan-writer, who had

France he resigned and sent the admiral a challenge, saying: "You are no longer my superior now. We are both gentlemen and you owe me a reparation." In Germany this would have been impossible, for the attaché must have belonged either to the *Landwehr* or the *Landsturm*, so that the Chancellor as a general of the *Landwehr* remained always his superior. Thus in military countries one of the chief excuses for duelling—namely, that it enables a man to punish the insolence of office—cannot be urged.



gone to the Chancellerie with a proposal for creating in Berlin a newspaper like the Paris *Figaro*, "*er könne sich nicht auf die feine Malice zu verstehen.*" This may be rendered as, "He won't throw mud;" and it is no small compliment to the integrity of a statesman, whom his enemies are wont to describe as more astute than Machiavelli, and more unscrupulous than Richelieu.\*

In the autumn of the present year the Pope gave a commission to the painter Lenbach to paint a portrait of Prince Bismarck. The Chancellor agreed to sit; the artist went several times to Varzin, and people have been asking ever since what is the meaning of this strange fancy of Leo XIII.'s to have a portrait of the arch-enemy of Rome, the formidable champion of the Kulturkampf. A French journalist has suggested that there is at the Vatican an artistic Index Expurgatorius—a *Galerie des Réprouvés*—and that Bismarck's portrait is to hang there in the place of honor, between that of Dositheus the Samaritan, and Isaac Laquedem the Wandering Jew.

It is more likely that the Pope aspires to some political *rapprochement* with Germany, and if he have such a hope it must have come to him from the knowl-

edge that the Chancellor would not object to a reconciliation. But if Bismarck consents to make peace with the Vatican, and to find some official post for Herr Windhorst, it would not be that any of his own private Lutheran prejudices against Rome have vanished. He is a doughty Protestant in whose religion there is no variableness, but he may veer on the Kulturkampf as he did on that of free trade, simply because, having failed, after doing his best, to crush the Catholics, he will see no use in recommencing the struggle. And whatever is useless seems to Bismarck a thing which should not be attempted, indeed, many of his great triumphs hitherto have been won by shaking hands with yesterday's enemy, and saying "Let us two stand together." Before long the world may see Prince Bismarck recognise the Roman Catholic Church as one of the greatest living forces of Continental Conservatism, and enlist its services in the work of "dishing" both Liberals and Socialists. It is significant that in one of his few autumn speeches, Bismarck was heard quoting Joseph De Maistre's dictum about the Soldier and the Priest being the sentries of civilisation.—*Temple Bar*.

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#### A FEW NOTES ON PERSIAN ART.

THE limner's art in Persia has few patrons, and the professional draughtsman of the present day in that country must needs be an enthusiast, and an art-lover for art's sake, as his remuneration is so small as to be a mere pittance; and the man who can live by his brush must be clever indeed. The Persians are an eminently practical people, and buy nothing unless it be of actual utility; hence the artist has generally to sink to the mere decorator; and as all, even the

very rich, expect a great deal for a little money, the work must be scamped in order to produce a great effect for a paltry reward. The artists, moreover, are all self-taught, or nearly so, pupilage merely consisting of the drudgery of preparing the canvas, panel, or other material for the master, mixing the colors, filling in backgrounds, varnishing, &c. There are no schools of art, no lectures, no museums of old or contemporary masters, no canons of taste, no drawing from nature or the model, no graduated studies, or system of any kind. There is, however, a certain custom of adhering to tradition and the conventional; and most of the art workmen of Iran, save the select few, are mere reproducers of the ideas of their predecessors.

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\* A fact that speaks well for Prince Bismarck is that ladies are not afraid of him. Napoleon I. made women cower; they knew that his Corsican spitefulness would disdain no means of retaliation for a slight or an injury. But ladies have often been maliciously epigrammatical, or downright saucy to the Chancellor, without having anything worse to fear from him than scowls and grumbles.

The system of perspective is errone-

ous ; but neither example nor argument can alter the views of a Persian artist on this subject. Leaving aside the wonderful blending of colors in native carpets, tapestries, and embroideries, all of which improve by the toning influence of age, the modern Persian colorist is remarkable for his skill in the constant use of numerous gaudy and incongruous colors, yet making one harmonious and effective whole, which surprises us by its daring, but compels our reluctant admiration.

Persian pictorial art is original, and it is cheap ; the wages of a clever artist are about one shilling and sixpence a day. In fact, he is a mere day-laborer, and his terms are, so many days' pay for a certain picture. In this pernicious system of time-work lies the cause of the scamping of many really ingenious pieces of work.

As a copyist the Persian is unrivalled ; he has a more than Chinese accuracy of reproduction ; every copy is a fac-simile of its original, the detail being scamped, or the reverse, according to the scale of payment. In unoriginal work, such as the multiplication of some popular design, a man will pass a lifetime, because he finds it pay better to do this than to originate. This kind of unoriginal decoration is most frequent in the painted mirror cases and book-covers, the designs of which are ancient ; and the painter merely reproduces the successful and popular work of some old and forgotten master.

But where the Persian artist shines is in his readiness to undertake any style or subject ; geometrical patterns—and they are very clever in originating these ; scroll-work scenes from the poets ; likenesses, miniatures, paintings of flowers or birds ; in any media, on any substance, oils, water, or enamel, and painting on porcelain ; all are produced with rapidity, wonderful spirit, and striking originality. In landscape, the Persian is very weak ; and his attempts at presenting the nude, of which he is particularly fond, are mostly beneath contempt. A street scene will be painted in oils and varnished to order "in a week" on a canvas a yard square, the details of the painting desired being furnished in conversation. While the patron is speaking, the artist rapidly makes an

outline sketch in white paint ; and any suggested alterations are made in a few seconds by the facile hand of the *ustad nakosh* (master-painter), a term used to distinguish the artist from the mere portrait-painter or *akkas*, a branch of the profession much despised by the artists, a body of men who consider their art a mechanical one, and their guild no more distinguished than those of other handicraftsmen.

A Persian artist will always prefer to reproduce rather than originate, because, as a copy will sell for the same price as an original, by multiplication more money can be earned in a certain time, than by the exercise of originality. Rarely, among the better class of artists, is anything actually out of drawing ; the perspective is of course faulty, and resembles that of early specimens of Byzantine art. Such monstrosities as the making the principal personages giants, and the subsidiaries dwarfs, are common ; while the beauties are represented as much bejewelled ; but this is done to please the buyer's taste, and the artist knows its absurdity. There is often considerable weakness as to the rendering of the extremities ; but as the Persian artist never draws, save in portraiture, from the life, this is not to be wondered at.

The writer has before him a fair instance of the native artist's rendering of the scene at the administration of the *bastinado*. This picture is an original painting in oils, twenty-four inches by sixteen on *papier-mâché*. The details were given to the artist by the writer in conversation, sketched by him in white paint on the *papier mâché* during the giving of the order, in the course of half an hour ; and the finished picture was completed, varnished, and delivered in a week. The price paid for this original work in oils in 1880 was seven shillings and sixpence. The costumes are quite accurate in the minutest detail ; the many and staring colors employed are such as are in actual use ; while the general *mise en scène* is very correct.

Many similar oil-paintings were executed for the writer by Persian artists, giving graphic renderings of the manners and customs of this little-known country. They were always equally spirited, and minutely correct as to costume and

detail, at the same low price ; a small present for an extraordinarily successful performance gladdening the heart of the artist beyond his expectations.

As to original work by Persian artists in water-color, remuneration is the same—so much per diem. A series of water-colors giving minute details of Persian life were wished ; and a clever artist was found as anxious to proceed as the writer was to obtain the sketches. The commission was given, and the subjects desired carefully indicated to the artist, who, by a rapid outline sketch in pencil, showed his intelligence and grasp of the subject. The writer, delighted at the thought of securing a correct and permanent record of the manners and customs of a little-known people, congratulated himself. But, alas ! he counted his chickens before hatching ; for the artist, on coming with his next water-color, demanded, and received, a double wage. A similar result followed the finishing of each drawing ; and though the first only cost three shillings, and the second six, the writer was reluctantly compelled to stop his commissions, after paying four times the price of the first for his third water-color, on the artist demanding twenty-four shillings for a fourth—not that the work was more, but as he found himself appreciated, the wily painter kept to arithmetical progression as his scale of charge ; a very simple principle, which all artists must devoutly wish they could insist on.

For a reduced copy of a rather celebrated painting, of which the figures were life-size, of what might be called, comparatively speaking, a Persian old master—for this reduction, in oils, fourteen inches by eight, and fairly well done, the charge was a sovereign. The piece was painted on a panel. The subject is a royal banqueting scene in Ispahan—the date a century and a half ago. The dresses are those of the time—the ancient court costume of Persia. The king in a brocaded robe is represented seated on a carpet at the head of a room, his drinking-cup in his hand ; while his courtiers are squatted in two rows at the sides of the room, and are also carousing. Minstrels and singers occupy the foreground of the picture ; and a row of handsome dancing-girls form the central group. All the

figures are portraits of historical personages ; and, in the copy, the likenesses are faithfully retained.

The palaces of Ispahan are decorated with large oil paintings by the most eminent Persian artists of their day. All are life-size, and none are devoid of merit. Some are very clever, particularly the likenesses of Futteh Ali Shah and his sons, several of whom were strikingly like their father. As Futteh Ali Shah had an acknowledged family of seventy-two, this latter fact is curious. These paintings are without frames, spaces having been made in the walls to receive them. The Virgin Mary is frequently represented in these mural paintings ; also a Mr. Strachey, a young diplomate who accompanied the English mission to Persia in the reign of our Queen Elizabeth, is still admired as a type of adolescent beauty. He is represented with auburn hair in the correct costume of the period ; and copies of his portrait are still often painted on the pen-cases of amateurs. These pen-cases, or *kalamdans*, are the principal occupation of the miniature-painter. As one-fourth of the male population of Persia can write, and as each man has one or more pen-cases, the artist finds a constant market for his wares in their adornment. The pen-case is a box of *papier-mâché* eight inches long, an inch and a half broad, and the same deep. Some of them, painted by artists of renown, are of great value, forty pounds being a common price to pay for such a work of art by a rich amateur. Several fine specimens may be seen in the Persian Collection at the South Kensington Museum. It is possible to spend a year's hard work on the miniatures painted on a pen-case. These are very minute and beautiful. The writer possesses a pen-case, painted during the lifetime of Futteh Ali Shah, a king of Persia who reigned long and well. All the faces—none more than a quarter of an inch in diameter—are likenesses ; and the long black beard of the king reaching to his waist, is not exaggerated, for such beards are common in Persia.

Bookbinding in Persia is an art, and not a trade ; and here the flower and bird painter finds his employment. Bright bindings of boards with a leather back are decorated by the artist, princi-

pally with presentments of birds and flowers, both being a strange mixture of nature and imagination; for if a Persian artist in this branch thinks that he can improve on nature in the matter of color, he attempts it. The most startling productions are the result; his nightingales being birds of gorgeous plumage, and the colors of some of his flowers saying much for his imagination. This method of "painting the lily" is common in Persia; for the narcissus—bouquets of which form the constant ornament in spring of even the poorest homes—is usually "improved" by rings of colored paper, silk, or velvet being introduced over the inner ring of the petals. Startling floral novelties are the result; and the European seeing them for the first time, is invariably deceived, and cheated into admiration of what turns out afterwards to be a transparent trick. Of course, this system of binding each book in an original cover of its own, among a nation so literary as the Persians, gives a continuous and healthy impetus to the art of the flower-painter.

Enamelling in Persia is a dying art. The best enamels are done on gold, and often surrounded by a ring or frame of transparent enamel, grass-green in color. This green enamel, or rather transparent paste, is supposed to be peculiar to the Persian artist. At times, the gold is hammered into depressions, which are filled with designs in enamel on a white paste, the spaces between the depressions being burnished gold. Large *plaques* are frequently enamelled on gold for the rich; and often the golden water-pipes are decorated with enamels, either alone, or in combination with incrustated gems.

Yet another field remains to the Persian artist—that of engraving on gold, silver, brass, copper, and iron. Here the work is usually artistically good, and always original, no two pieces being alike.

Something must be said about the artist and his studio. Abject poverty is the almost universal lot of the Persian artist. He is, however, an educated man, and generally well-read. His marvellous memory helps him to retain the traditional attributes of certain well-known figures: the black-bearded Rus-

tum (the Persian Hercules), and his opponent the Deev Suffid or White Demon; Leila and Mujnūn, the latter of whom retired to the wilderness for love of the beautiful Leila; and in a painfully attenuated state, all his ribs being very apparent, is always represented as conversing with the wild beasts, who sit around him in various attitudes of respectful attention. Dr. Tanner could never hope to reach the stage of interesting emaciation to which the Persian artists represent Mujnūn to have attained. Another popular subject is that of Solomon in all his glory.

These legends are portrayed with varying art but unquestionable spirit, and often much humor; while the poetical legends of the mythical history of ancient Persia, full of strange imagery, find apt illustrators in the Persian artist. The palmy days of book-illustration have departed; the cheap reprints of Bombay have taken away the *raison d'être* of the calligraphist and book-illustrators, and the few really great artists who remain are employed by the present Shah in illustrating his great copy of the *Arabian Nights* by miniatures which emulate the beauty and detail of the best specimens of ancient monkish art, or in making bad copies of European lithographs to "adorn" the walls of the royal palaces.

As for the painter's studio, it is usually a bare but light apartment, open to the winds, in a corner of which, on a scrap of matting, the artist kneels, sitting on his heels. (It tires an oriental to sit in a chair.) A tiny table a foot high holds all his materials; his paints are mixed on a tile; and his palette is usually a bit of broken crockery. His brushes he makes himself. Water-pipe in mouth—a luxury that even an artist can afford, in a country where tobacco is fourpence a pound—his work held on his knee in his left hand, without a mahl-stick or the assistance of a color-man, the artist squats contentedly at his work. He is ambitious, proud of his powers, and loves his art for art's sake. Generally, he does two classes of work—the one the traditional copies of the popular scenes before described, or the painting on pen cases—by this he lives; the other purely ideal, in which he deals with art from a higher point of

view, and practises the particular branch which he affects.

As a painter of likenesses, the Persian seldom succeeds in flattering. The likeness is assuredly obtained; but the sitter is usually "guyed," and a caricature is generally the result. This is not the case in the portraits of females, and in the ideal heads of women and children. The large dreamy eye and long lashes, the full red lips, and naturally high color, the jetty or dark auburn locks (a color caused by the use of henna, a dye) of the Persian women in their natural luxuriance, lend themselves to the successful production of the peculiarly felicitous representation of female beauty in which the Persian artist delights. Accuracy in costume is highly prized, and the minutæ of dress are indicated with much aptness, the varied pattern of a shawl or scarf being rendered with almost Chinese detail. Beauty of the brunette type is the special choice of the artist and amateur, and "salt"—as a high-colored complexion is termed—is much admired.

Like the ancient Byzantine artist, the Persian makes a free use of gold and silver in his work. When wishing to represent the precious metals, he first gilds or silvers the desired portion of the canvas or panel, and then with a fine brush puts in shadows, etc. In this way a strangely magnificent effect is produced. The presentments of mailed warriors are done in this way; and the jewelled chairs, thrones, and goblets in which the oriental mind delights. Gilt backgrounds, too, are not uncommon, and their effect is far from displeasing.

The painting of portraits of Mohammed, Ali, Houssein, and Hassan—the last three, relatives of the Prophet, and the principal martyred saints in the Persian calendar, is almost a trade in itself, though the representation of the human form is contrary to the Mohammedan religion, and the saints are generally represented as veiled and faceless figures. Yet in these particular cases, custom has overridden religious law, and the *Schamayül* (or portrait of Ali) is common. He is represented as a portly personage of swarthy hue; his dark and scanty beard, which is typical of the

family of Mohammed, crisply curled; his hand is grasping his sword; and he is usually depicted as wearing a green robe and turban (the holy color of the *Seyyuds* or descendants of the Prophet). A nimbus surrounds his head; and he is seated on an antelope's skin, for the Persians say that skins were used in Arabia before the luxury of carpets was known there.

Humble as is the lot of the Persian artist, he expects to be treated by the educated with consideration, and would be terribly hurt at any want of civility. One well-known man, Agha Abdullah of Shiraz, generally insisted on regaling the writer with coffee, which he prepared himself when his studio was visited. To have declined this would have been to give mortal offence. On one of these visits, his little brasier of charcoal was nearly extinguished, and the host had recourse to a curious kind of fire-igniter, reviver, or rather steam-blast, that as yet is probably undescribed in books. It was of hammered copper, and had a date on it that made it three hundred years old. It was fairly well modelled; and this curious domestic implement was in the similitude of a small duck preening its breast; consequently, the open beak, having a spout similar to that of a tea-kettle, was directed downwards. The Persian poured an ounce or so of water into the copper bird, and placed it on the expiring embers. Certainly the result was surprising. In a few minutes the small quantity of water boiled fiercely; a jet of steam was emitted from the open bill, and very shortly the charcoal was burning brightly. The water having all boiled away, the Persian triumphantly removed this scientific bellows with his tongs, and prepared coffee.

No mention has been made of the curious bazaar pictures, sold for a few pence. These cost little, but are very clever, and give free scope for originality, which is the great characteristic of the Persian artist. They consist of studies of town-life, ideal pictures of dancing-girls, and such-like. All are bold, ingenious, and original. But bazaar pictures would take a chapter to themselves, and occupy more space than can be spared.—*Chambers's Journal*.

## HOW INSECTS BREATHE.

BY THEODORE WOOD.

PERHAPS in the entire range of insect anatomy there is no point more truly marvellous than the manner in which the respiratory system is modified, in order to suit it to the peculiar requirements of its owners.

In many ways the structure of the insects is wonderful enough. They are gifted with muscles of extraordinary strength, and are yet destitute of bones to which those muscles can be attached; they possess a circulatory system, and are yet without a heart; they perform acts involving the exercise of certain mental qualities, and are yet without a brain. But, more remarkable still, they breathe atmospheric air without the aid of lungs.

And this for a very good reason. It can be neither too often nor too strongly insisted upon that, throughout animated nature, Structure is in all cases subservient to Habit. If in any animal we find some singular development in bodily form, we may be quite sure that there is a peculiarity in the life-history which renders such development of particular service, and so may often gain very complete information with regard to the habits by a mere glance at external characteristics. If, for example, the general shape is cylindrical, the toes webbed, and the hair set closely against the body, we may safely conclude that the animal is one intended for a life in the water. If the form is conical, the limbs short, and the claws large and strong, that it is one which burrows in the earth. If the jaws are large and massive, the teeth long and sharply pointed, and the muscular power is concentrated principally into the fore-parts of the body, that it is a beast of prey. And so on with minor details.

And this rule holds equally good in the case of the insects, which are devoid of lungs for the very sufficient reason that those organs are necessarily weighty, and consequently unsuitable to the requirements of beings which are in great measure creatures of air. In all animals intended for a more or less aerial existence every particle of superfluous weight

must be dispensed with, in order that the strain upon the muscles of flight may be reduced to the least possible degree. Take the bats, and see how the skeleton has been attenuated until it scarcely seems capable of affording the necessary rigidity to the frame. Take the birds, and see how a large portion of the body is occupied by supplementary air-cells, which permeate the very bones themselves, and thus minimize the weight without detracting from the strength. And so also with the insects, but in a different manner.

For in them the very lungs themselves are taken away, and replaced by a respiratory system of great simplicity, and yet of wonderful intricacy, which penetrates to every part of the structure, and simultaneously aerates the whole of the blood contained in the body. In other words, an insect is one large Lung.

If we take any moderately large insect, say a wasp or a hornet, we can see, even with the naked eye, that a series of small spot-like marks runs along either side of the body. These apparent spots, which are generally eighteen or twenty in number, are in fact the apertures through which air is admitted into the system, and are generally formed in such a manner that no extraneous matter can by any possibility find entrance. Sometimes they are furnished with a pair of horny lips, which can be opened and closed at the will of the insect; in other cases they are densely fringed with stiff, interlacing bristles, forming a filter, which allows air, and air alone, to pass. But the apparatus, of whatever character it may be, is always so wonderfully perfect in its action that it has been found impossible to inject the body of a dead insect with even so subtle a medium as spirits of wine, although the subject was first immersed in the fluid, and then placed beneath the receiver of an air-pump.

The apertures in question, which are technically known as "spiracles," communicate with two large breathing-tubes,

or "tracheæ," which extend through the entire length of the body. From these main tubes are given off innumerable branches, which run in all directions, and continually divide and subdivide until a wonderfully intricate network is formed, pervading every part of the structure, and penetrating even to the antennæ and claws.

Physiologists tell us that if in the human frame the nerves, the muscles, and the veins and arteries could be separated from one another, while retaining their own relative positions, each would be found to possess the perfect human form. In other words, there would be the nerve-man, the muscle-man, and the blood-vessel-man, as well as the bone-man which supplies the framework of the whole. In the same way we may speak of the tracheal, or breathing-tube insect; for the two main tubes and the endless ramifications of their branches, if they could be detached from the surrounding tissues while themselves suffering no displacement, would exhibit to us the form of the insect from which they were taken, and that so exactly that in many cases we should almost be able to recognize the species.

In the smaller branches of these air-vessels considerable variety is to be found. Some retain their tubular character to their very termination. Others assume a curious beaded form, dilating at short intervals into small chambers; while yet others abruptly resolve themselves into sac-like reservoirs, in which a comparatively large quantity of air is stored up. From the larger vessels are thrown off vast numbers of exceedingly delicate filaments, so small that a very powerful microscope is necessary in order to detect them, which float loosely in the blood, and furnish it with the constant supply of oxygen necessary for its purification.

Now, we may well ask ourselves how it is that these tubes, which are of almost inconceivable delicacy, should remain open during the various movements of which the flexible body is capable. Why is it, for instance, that the air-supply of the lower leg is not cut off when the limb is bent at the knee-joint? or from the head, when that important part of the frame is tucked away beneath the body? How does the Earwig contrive to

breathe while folding its wings by the aid of its tail-forceps? or many of the Cock-tail-beetles when curled up in their peculiar attitude of repose?

The answer to these questions is simple enough, and may be discovered by a glance at one of the most familiar of our own inventions—the flexible gas-tube. This preserves its tubular form no matter to what degree it may be bent or twisted, for coiled closely within it is a spiral wire, which obliges the interior of the pipe to retain its diameter almost unaltered alike when straight or curved. And as with this, so with the tracheæ of the insect, whose walls are formed of a double layer, the one lying inside the other, while between the two, and surrounding the inner, is coiled a fine but very strong elastic thread, whose convolutions allow the vessel to be bent in any required direction without losing its cylindrical form. By the exercise of a little care the anatomist can often unwind an inch or two of this spiral thread from a single branch of the tracheæ of a tolerably large insect, so closely is it coiled, and so elastic its character.

It will thus be seen that each expansion of the respiratory muscles causes the air to rush to every part of the body, the entire bulk of the blood being consequently aerated at each respiration. This fact is a most important one, for, as it is not necessary that the blood should be brought to a definite centre, as in the higher animals, before it can be re-vivified, and then despatched through another series of vessels upon its errand of invigorating the frame, the necessity for a circulatory system is almost wholly at an end, and a large amount of weight consequently dispensed with. Insects have neither veins nor arteries, one principal vessel running along the back, and the blood passing slowly through this, and flowing between the various organs of the body until it again enters it at the opposite extremity to that from which it emerged.

Nor is this all. With ourselves, as with the higher animals in general, nearly one-half of the blood, the venous, is always effete and useless, requiring to pass through the lungs before it can again be rendered fit for service. When this is vivified and pumped back by the heart into the system, that which was

before arterial becomes venous in its turn; and so on. But not in the case of the insects. The whole bulk of their blood is arterial, if we may use the expression in speaking of animals which do not possess a vascular system. In other words, being incessantly vivified throughout the body, owing to the comprehensive character of the respiratory apparatus, no portion of it becomes at any time effete from the exhaustion of the contained oxygen. Blood so thoroughly and continually aerated, therefore, can practically perform double work, and need be far less in volume than in beings whose circulation is conducted upon different principles. The tracheal structure, consequently, while itself detracting from rather than adding to the substance of the body, permits of the abolition, not only of lungs, but also of veins and arteries and of a considerable proportion of the blood, so that the weight of the insect is reduced to the least possible degree.

There is yet another point to be considered, and that a very curious and at present unexplained one. Upon careful investigation we find that the tracheæ extend beyond the limits of the circulation, showing that they must serve some secondary purpose in addition to that generally attributed to them. For nature provides nothing in vain, and would not without good and sufficient reason have carried the breathing-tubes farther than necessary for their primary object of regenerating the blood. As to what this purpose may be, however, we have no certain knowledge, and can only conjecture that it is in some way connected with the olfactory system. It is well known that the sense of scent is in many insects very highly developed, enabling them to ascertain the position of their food while yet at a considerable distance. Burying-beetles and blow-flies, for instance, will detect the faintest odor of putrid carrion, and will wing their way without hesitation to the spot whence it proceeds. Ivy-blossom, again, will attract almost every butterfly and moth in the neighborhood, and this clearly by reason of its peculiar fragrance.

It may be, therefore, that the perfection of the organs of scent in insects is due to the fact that they are distrib-

uted throughout the body, instead of being localized as is the case with animals higher in the scale. That they must be connected with the respiratory apparatus would seem, judging by analogy, to be indisputable, for, so far as we know, an odor cannot be appreciated unless the air containing it be allowed to pass more or less rapidly over the olfactory nerves. And in no other part of an insect's structure could this requisite so well be observed as in the tracheæ themselves, through which a stream of air is continually passing, and which penetrate to the remotest parts of the body.

With so wonderful a respiratory system, it naturally follows that an insect must be particularly susceptible to the effects of any poisonous vapor, which, being immediately carried to all parts of the body, must speedily be attended by fatal results. And this is the case in a very marked degree. A moth or beetle, which will live for hours, and even days, after receiving an injury which would cause instant death to a more highly organized being, will yet succumb in a few seconds to the fumes of ether or chloroform, owing to the fact that the deadly influence is simultaneously exerted upon all the nerve-centres of the body, instead of being confined to one or two alone.

So much for the respiratory system of insects as a group. We have seen how air is admitted into the body, how the entire bulk of the blood is continuously aerated, and how every particle of needless weight has carefully been dispensed with. There are many species, however, whose mode of life renders necessary certain further developments, in order that respiration may be carried on under circumstances which would otherwise render it impossible. Such, for example, are the various aquatic insects, which, while spending the greater part of their existence beneath the surface of the water, must yet be enabled to command a continual supply of atmospheric air. They are not, as a rule, furnished with gills like the fish, for it is necessary that they should be able to leave their ponds and streams at will, and become for the time terrestrial or aerial beings, subject to the same conditions as others of their class. But



they are, nevertheless, provided with certain modifications of structure, which enable them to breathe with equal ease, whether submerged in the water, crawling upon the ground, or flying through the air.

Even in these modifications there is considerable variety, dependent in all cases upon the requirements of the individual species. The Water-beetles, for instance, which must be able to lurk concealed among the weeds, &c., until a victim comes within their reach, and then to pursue and overtake it, carry down with them a supply of air in a kind of reservoir, situated between the body and the wing-cases. The former of these is concave and the latter convex, so that a chamber of considerable size is formed, containing sufficient for their requirements during a tolerably long period of time. And in these insects the spiracles, instead of being situated along the sides of the body, are placed upon the upper surface of the abdomen, so that they open into the air-chamber itself, and allow the respiration to be carried on without the slightest difficulty or inconvenience.

There is only one drawback to this arrangement, and that is, that the increased buoyance prevents the insect from remaining beneath the water excepting at the expense of active exertion, unless it can find some submerged object to which to cling. Even this disadvantage, however, is more apparent than real, for, while on the watch for prey, it is necessary for the insect to remain as motionless as possible, and, when engaged in swimming, the peculiar action of the oar-like limbs neutralizes the tendency to rise towards the surface.

Upon an average, a water-beetle remains from fifteen to twenty minutes without requiring to breathe; this period being capable of considerable extension should occasion arise. I have forced one of these insects, for instance, to stay beneath the surface for nearly an hour and a half, by alarming it as often as it attempted to rise. Generally speaking, however, before the first half hour is over, the beetle allows itself to float to the surface, protrudes the tips of the wing-cases, and expels the exhausted air from the cavity beneath them; a fresh supply is then taken in,

and the insect again dives, the entire operation occupying barely a second of time.

The Water Scorpion affords us an instance of a perfectly different structure.

Here we have a being, feeding upon living prey, which it must capture for itself, and yet sluggish and slow of foot. By stratagem alone, therefore, can it hope to succeed, and it accordingly lies hidden among the dead leaves, sticks, &c., at the bottom of the water until some luckless insect passes within reach of its jaw-like fore-limbs. But this may not occur for hours, and it is imperatively necessary that no alarm should be given by frequent journeys to the surface in search of air. So, the extremity of the body is furnished with a curious organ consisting of two long filaments, which are, in reality, tubular, and which serve to convey air to the spiracles. The extreme tips of these project slightly above the surface when the insect is at rest at the bottom of the pond, so that respiration can be carried on without difficulty, and without necessitating the slightest change of position.

A still more curious structure, although of very much the same character, is afforded us by the grubs of the common Drone-fly. These are inhabitants of the thickest and most ferid mud, dwelling entirely beneath its surface, and consequently cut off from all personal communication with the atmosphere. But from the end of the body proceeds a long tube, which can be lengthened or shortened at will, somewhat after the manner of a telescope, and which conveys air to the spiracles just as do the tail filaments of the water scorpion. Unable to change their position, these "rat-tailed maggots," as they are popularly called, are yet independent of any alteration in the depth of the water above them, for the air-tube can be instantly regulated to the required length, and so insure an uninterrupted supply of air.

Yet another system we find employed in the case of the grub of the Dragon-fly, which stands almost alone among insects in its power of extracting the necessary oxygen from the water itself. This is one of the most rapacious of living beings, ever upon the watch for prey, and securing its victims, not by stealth and fraud, but by open attack.

Its swimming powers, consequently, are of a very high order, and are due to an organ which serves the double purpose of locomotion and respiration, and which is one of the most wonderful pieces of structure to be found in the whole of the insect world.

If a dragon-fly grub be even casually examined, a curious five-pointed appendage will be noticed at the extremity of the body. If these five points be carefully separated they will be seen to surround the entrance to a tubular passage, of about the diameter of an ordinary pin. This passage runs throughout almost the entire length of the body, and, by the expansion and contraction of the abdominal muscles, can be opened and closed at will.

When open, of course, it is instantly filled with water; when closed, the contents are driven out with some little force. Consequently, the action of the ejected fluid upon the surrounding water drives the insect sharply forward, just as a sky-rocket rises into the air owing

to the action of the expelled gases upon the atmosphere. As soon as the effect of the first stroke is at an end a second contraction of the body takes place, and the operation is repeated as often as necessary. The water, while in the swimming tube, however, is exhausted of its oxygen, for the entrances to the respiratory system are inside instead of outside the body, and act in much the same manner as do the gills of a fish. The insect, therefore, is not obliged to visit the surface of the water at all, and can continue to search for prey without interruption.

Such are some of the many modifications brought about in insect structure by the requirements of the respiratory organs alone. Each, as will be noticed, is specially adapted to individual wants, and each is absolutely perfect in its own way, insuring a continual supply of oxygen for the purification of the blood, whatever the conditions under which life may be carried on.—*Good Words*.

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PIERRE'S MOTTO:

A CHACUN SELON SON TRAVAIL.

A TALK IN A PARISIAN WORKSHOP ABOUT THE UNEQUAL DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH.

“*A chacun selon son travail*, To each man according to his work, that's my way of looking at it. Go by that motto and things will soon come right.”

I heard this said, with great emphasis, by Pierre Nigaud to some of his mates as I entered the workshop. I went there every month to collect the contributions to a Provident Insurance Club, to which several of the men belonged. Pierre was on the whole an industrious as well as clever workman, and had joined the club readily, as he thought it right to save something for his wife and children, and to provide for a rainy day, as the saying is.

I had observed, however, that Pierre on the last occasion when I saw him was less frank than he used to be, and did not hand over his money with the same cheerful goodwill as formerly. What was the cause I did not know, but he soon made it plain. He had been listen-

ing to some plausible people, or reading some shallow treatises that made him discontented with his lot.

“I was just saying when you came in,” he began, “*A chacun selon son travail*, To each man according to his work. Don't you think that a good motto?”

“Well, it sounds good, but it depends how you apply it, and what you are talking about.”

“I was talking, I and my mates, about the great inequality among people. Riches are distributed in a very strange and, I say, unjust fashion. Is it not unjust that, while so many poor fellows have to work hard to gain a few pence a day, there are wealthy Nabobs who haul in gold by shovelfuls? I read in a paper the other day that the English Duke of Westminster has an income of twenty millions of francs, which brings him at least 50,000 francs a day!”

“Quite true, and he is far from being

the most wealthy man you might name. I believe the Californian Mackay has about seventy millions of income. Rothschild, of Frankfort, left more than a milliard. Astor and Vanderbilt, of New York, and other millionaires on both sides the ocean, have untold wealth."

"There, you see," said Pierre; "and what appears to me the worst wrong of all is that these huge incomes belong to people who do next to nothing, while poverty is oftenest the lot of those who work and toil the hardest. I call this downright injustice. *A chacun selon son travail.* The riches ought to be with those that work. That's my way of looking at it."

"All right, Pierre," said I; "there is a good deal of truth in what you say. It is quite true that in regard to the distribution of wealth, as in regard to many other things, this world is far from being perfect. But do you think that if you had the re-arrangement of society, and the redistribution of riches, you could proceed on some other and better plan?"

"Certainly. I believe, without any presumption, that I could," said Pierre. "What seems to me difficult is not to make things better, but to make them any worse than they are now!"

One of the workmen here said that nothing was simpler than to take the surplus wealth of these rich men, and divide it amongst the deserving poor.

"That plan is just a little too simple," I remarked. "All the millions of a Rothschild would go a very little way, if divided among the population of Paris alone, and we should soon have to resort to other schemes to redress the ever-renewed inequalities. No; no; what I want Pierre to show us is some better system of society, and he thinks he has the key to the problem in his favorite motto, *A chacun selon son travail.* But just let me remind you that in ancient times there was a king of Spain who was a bit of an astronomer; and looking at the heavens, and wondering at the complicated movements of the stars, he said that if he had been consulted in the matter he could have made a much better and simpler arrangement. Your purpose is not so ambitious and presumptuous as his, for the heavens are the work of the Almighty, who has imposed upon Nature certain fixed laws; where-

as the laws of society are the work of men, and men are liable to err. Let us then hear what improvement you can suggest in the laws and usages which regulate the distribution of wealth."

Pierre was somewhat taken aback, for he felt that the existing arrangements of society were very complex, and it was not easy to determine where the reform should begin.

"Well," said I, "let us suppose that a number of persons were set on shore upon an island, where none had any rights or property beyond the others. Let us suppose that there are as yet no laws, that there is no government, no past history: all are free and equal, and you have full power to organise the distribution of wealth in this new society, and to decide what is to be the share of each. Come now, you have a *carte blanche*, let us hear what you would do."

"Well," said Pierre, "I should begin by deciding that every one was to do what he would and what he could, and that every one should keep what he was able by his work and industry to obtain. *A chacun selon son travail*: behold my fundamental rule!"

"It is an excellent rule," I said, "and I do not think any one could find a better. It appears to me to be just, and also eminently practical, for it would stimulate every one to produce by his industry as much as he could. I see by this that you are no advocate of Communism."

"Certainly not," said Pierre. "Communism is a very good thing in a family, where every one exerts himself to work for those he loves, and accepts without murmur his share of work, certain that the mother, or whoever is housekeeper, manages the common purse with thrift, and in the interest of all. But in a large society, I do not think that men are equally willing to exert themselves for those whom they have no knowledge of and no special attachment to. Besides, in Communism under the State, the manager holding the purse strings would be no other than the Government, and I would not have confidence in its management being wise and economical."

I quite agree with you. But let us return to your plan. After establishing

your principle, "to each one the produce of his labor," what would you do then?"

"Nothing at all; every one would then stand on his own bottom. He that works well would have sufficient, and he who did no work would have nothing."

"You do not imagine," I observed, "that you would obtain equality by these conditions? Since every one has to take his part in the work, it is evident that these parts will be small or great, according as each is industrious or not. You would soon come to have in your new society the rich and the poor."

"Well, perhaps; but at all events there would be none too rich or too poor."

"How do you know that? Here are two families: in one the habits of work, of order, of economy, are hereditary; the other is given, from father to son, to idleness, improvidence, and dissipation. The distance that separates these families, small at first, must go on increasing, till in the natural course of things, sooner or later, there would come to be the same inequality as between Rothschild and a beggar. It would only be a question of time."

Pierre's companions, who were listening attentively to the discussion, here murmured assent, or what would correspond to the "Hear, hear!" of more formal debates. Pierre, however, merely remarked that this result might seem opposed to his views, but that he nevertheless accepted it; "because," said he, "in this case the inequality of riches would at least be the result of work and of the efforts of each worker. There would be no injustice."

"Pardon me, Pierre, but I think that your motto is still causing you to cherish some illusions. Let me show you my way of looking at it. *A chacun selon son travail*, you say, To every one the product of his own industry. But what is the proprietor to do with the product of his labor? He will no doubt sell all that is over and above what he needs for his own use, and the price of what is sold will form his income. But the price of things depends on a variety of conditions independent of our personal labor and our own will; such for instance, as the vicissitudes of seasons and the variations of the markets. Out of a difference of ten francs in the price of wine

may result the fortune or the ruin of a proprietor, and that proves nothing as to his having himself labored well or ill. The revenue or net profit is rarely in exact proportion to the labor bestowed, in farming or vine-growing or any other industry. What we call chance will always play its part in the affairs of this world, and in the new world which you are planning you cannot hinder Fortune from dispensing her favors in an unequal fashion; it is not without reason that she is represented with a bandage over her eyes!"

"Ah, bah!" exclaimed Pierre; "you disconcert me with your suppositions. What do you want? I firmly believe that in my colony, as everywhere, there will be good and bad luck, but while the chances are equal for all, and there is no place for wrong-doing or trickery, I console myself. At least you will admit that my principle, *A chacun le produit de son travail*, will have this good result, that it will render impossible the existence of rich idle people who pass their life in doing nothing."

"Are you quite sure of that, Pierre? If any one after working ten or twenty years has produced enough property to suffice for his wants during the remainder of his days, do you pretend to hinder him from spending in his own way, in idleness if he pleases, what he had amassed by his labors?"

"Certainly not, because such a one would be living on the product of his own toil. Let a man rest in the evening after having worked hard in the morning, and let him live in ease in his old age after having produced enough by the toil of his youth; I see no harm in that. I have no wish to condemn the members of my colony to forced labor in perpetuity. The only idlers that I wish to exclude are those who live without ever having worked at all or produced anything—the *rentiers*, as they call them, or idle people, who live on their income, or the interest of their money."

"Stop now, Pierre; do you admit that a man who has obtained anything by his labor has the right to do what he pleases with it?"

"Assuredly."

"Here is a man who has made a loaf of bread. You admit his right to eat it all if he is hungry, or to set part of it

aside if he has not appetite at the time for all of it, or even to throw some of it away, as he pleases."

"Yes, it is a consequence of my principle, *A chacun le produit de son travail*. He who creates wealth has the right to dispose of it as he pleases. But what has that to do with your argument?"

"Just this. If he who produces a thing can do what he pleases with it, he can surely give it where he pleases. If, then, it suits me to make every day a loaf for you, and to give it to you; still more, if it pleases me to give to you out of my property or to bequeath to you after my death enough bread, or, what comes to the same thing, enough money to support you during your life, you will have acquired the means of walking about with your hands in your pockets like an idle gentleman. You will, in fact, have become a *rentier*."

"Never," said Pierre, "never. If I allowed such parasites to exist in my new society it would be no better than the old."

"Then don't talk any more about your motto, *A chacun le produit de son travail*. If you adopt this principle you must adopt also its consequences, whether you like them or not. If, according to your system, you admit to every one the right of disposing of the fruit of his labor, you must admit the right to receive as well as to give. Where the worker is master of his own property it de-

pends on him whether he will create a *rentier*, and you cannot prevent him except by decreeing that he is incapable of disposing of what belongs to him. Beware of what must happen otherwise. If in your new society you prevented parents from giving or leaving to their children the property they have amassed, there would be risk of their amassing far less or of dissipating what they had already been able to accumulate by their industry and thrift, which would be a great loss for all. We must allow, in fact, and it is to the honor of human nature, that there are very many in this world who work more and save more for their children and for others rather than for themselves."

"Well, sir, if in my new society there must eventually be rich and poor, workers and non-workers: if the portion of each is not necessarily proportioned to their labor then how, I wish to know, would this new society which I have taken such trouble to plan and organise, how would it differ from the society in which we now live?"

"In nothing at all, my good friend, and this is just what I wished to demonstrate to you. You see that the world in which we live is, after all, not so badly organised, seeing that the new one which you have tried to create on better principles, as you imagined, turns out, at the end of the account, to be an exact reproduction of the existing system."—*Leisure Hour*.

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## BEHIND THE SCENES.

BY F. C. BURNAND.

DURING the past year there has been a considerable amount of discussion, within the circumference of a comparatively inconsiderable circle, as to the social position of the professional actor. It is a subject that crops up from time to time, attracting more or less attention to itself, from those outside the boundary, according to whatever may happen to be the prevalent artistic development, or the latest fashionable craze. The tone of the disputants and the weight of their individual character must, of course, be taken into account. The

actor is of all professors of any kind of art the one who is most before the public. The result of his study is ephemeral: "he struts and frets his hour upon the stage and then is heard no more," though nowadays the strutting and fretting are not by any means limited to the hour upon the stage; and at the present time there seems to be some anxiety on the part of the children of Thespis to obtain such an authoritative definition of their status, as shall put their position in society above all question, by placing them on a level with the

members of the recognised professions. It is asserted that the professional actor is far differently situated now from what he was fifty, or even thirty years ago. Actor and actress are, it is pointed out, received everywhere, petted, fêted, lionized, and made much of; our young men of birth and education but of limited purse, take to the stage, professionally, as a honorable means of earning their livelihood, just as the youngest son of a good, but impoverished family, used to be sent into the Church in order to hold a family living. Further, it has been said that for our young ladies to go on the stage is not now considered, as heretofore, a disgrace, but, on the contrary, rather a plume in their bonnet. Altogether it may be fairly inferred that there has recently been a movement theatrewards, favorable to the social prospects of the professional actor. But has it been anything more than this? Is the actor's calling one whit nearer being recognised as on a social equality with the regular professions than it was fifty years ago?

Throughout this article I shall use the word "society" in its widest and most comprehensive acceptation, except of course where its limitation is expressly stated.

A "status in society" means a certain standing among one's fellow subjects, fixed by law, recognised by traditional usage, and acknowledged by every one, from the highest to the lowest. Formerly, it must be admitted, that as one of the "rogues and vagabonds" by Act of Parliament the actor, *quâ* actor, had no more status in society than the professional beggar with whom he was unjustly classed.

"The strolling tribe, a despicable race,  
Like wandering Arabs, shift from place to place."

And even now, when this blot on our statute-book has been erased, a respectable theatrical company, travelling in the provinces, is described in the law courts as "a company of strolling players." Undoubtedly, in a liberal age, the actor's disabilities have been removed; but is he not asking for what is an impossibility from the very nature of the case, when he advances a claim for the recognition of his "calling" as on an equality

with the acknowledged professions, which, of themselves, confer a certain honorable *status* on their members, stamping them, so far, gentlemen? A man who is a gentleman by birth and education is, as Mrs. Micawber phrases it, "eligible" for the best society; and he can only forfeit his social position by misconduct. Now, one question is, does "going on the stage" imply forfeiture of social position? To consider this impartially we must get entirely away from Leo Hunter associations and cliques established on the mutual-admiration principle. The test cases are soon and easily put. Let us suppose the case of the son of an impoverished peer. He cannot afford to be idle. He has a liking for the bar: he passes his examination and becomes a barrister; or he has an inclination for the Church, and there being a family living vacant, and plenty of interest to get him on, he takes orders. In either case does he forfeit his social position? Certainly not: if anything, he improves it by becoming a member of an honorable and dignified profession. Supposing he has money, and prefers soldiering or sailing to doing absolutely nothing, does he forfeit his social position by becoming an officer? Certainly not: on the contrary he improves his already good social status. I maintain that, *primâ facie*, for a man to be an officer, a barrister, or a clergyman, is in itself a passport to any English society. Wherever he is personally unknown, it is assumed that he is a gentleman, until the contrary is proved; and this assumption is on the strength of his profession only. Let the rank of our hypothetical peer's son be subsequently discovered, and for that representative portion of society which has "entertained an angel unawares," he has the recommendation of his nobility *plus* the social position implied by his profession.

But how if the son of our "poor nobleman" have a taste for theatricals, and, after being at Eton and Oxford, determine on "adopting the stage as a profession," or, as it might be more correctly put, "in lieu of a profession." What will his noble father and his relatives say to this step? Will they be as pleased as if he were going into the army, or to the bar, or into the

Church? Not exactly. If he became an officer, a barrister, or a clergyman, the event would be officially notified in due form; but if he went on the stage there would be startling paragraphs in the papers announcing "The Son of an Earl on the Stage," "The Honorable Mr. So-and-So has adopted the profession of the stage, &c.; &c." "Well, and why not?" some will exclaim; and others will commend his pluck, and say, "Quite right too." I entirely agree with them. But the point is, has the young gentleman taken a step up the social ladder, or has he gone more than two or three down? Has he improved his position, or injured it? Certainly, as matters stand, there can be but one answer,—the step he has taken has seriously affected the position to which his birth and education entitle him.

As a barrister on circuit I have supposed him received *quâ* barrister with his legal brethren; as an officer, quartered in a garrison town, we know he will be received *quâ* officer, with his brother officers, and no questions asked; and I have alluded to the satisfaction that will be felt (snobbery of course is taken for granted everywhere) when his rank is discovered. But as a player with other players in a country town, will he be received by society, it being understood that *because* he is a player, *therefore* he is a gentleman by birth and education? On becoming a soldier, or a barrister, does any one change his name? No: but on going "on the stage" it is the rule for any one to conceal his identity under some name widely different from his own, just as he conceals his individuality behind the footlights with cosmetics, burnt cork, and an eccentric wig. When it is ascertained who he is, will this same society, which would have received him as a barrister, be satisfied and delighted? No, probably scandalised. It will be with these simple, old-fashioned persons a foregone conclusion that this scion of a noble house must be a loose sort of fellow, and they will decide that the less they see of him the better.

There is one reason why the aspirant for Thespian honors (if such he really be) should change his name, and that is the chance of failure. If he goes on the

stage as somebody else, and fails as somebody else, very few will hear of it, and he may quit "the boards" none the worse, perhaps for the experience; but for some considerable time, until in fact he has "lived it down," he will be very careful to conceal this episode in his career from the world at large.

Before getting at the very essence of the difficulty, I will ask in what light do our upper-middle class, and upper-lower middle class, and the remainder of that form (the public school divisions are useful) regard the stage as a means of earning a livelihood?

We must put out of the case entirely all instances of genius. An histrionic genius *will* be an actor, and his success will justify his choice. The force of his genius will take him everywhere. Genius excuses a multitude of faults and solecisms. We must, too, leave out of the question cases of exceptional talent, where there is more than an occasional spark of the *feu sacré*. Whether histrionic genius could be better utilised than on the stage, may occur to some serious minds with a decided anti-theatrical bias. But the histrion for the stage, and the stage for the histrion, and we must take the stage as it is for what it is, and not for what it is not. Such a reform of the stage, as shall give its members something like the status they very properly covet, is a matter for future consideration. Let it be understood then—and I cannot impress this too often on those who do me the honor of reading my contribution towards the discussion,—that I am only speaking of very ordinary men and women taking to the stage as a means of earning their livelihood. The men first; it is not yet awhile *place aux dames*, when professions are concerned.

Whatever theatrical biography I have taken up, I can call to mind but very few instances of a man going on the stage with the full approbation of his relatives. Let his parents be small or large tradesmen, civil servants, clerks in the City, no matter what, they rarely took kindly to their son "going on the stage." It was so: is it not so now? The bourgeois is as dead against his son becoming an actor as ever he was. Scratch the British bourgeois and you'll come upon the puritan.

Supposing a tradesman, free from narrow prejudices, and theatrically inclined, a regular theatre-goer in fact,—will he be one whit more favorable to his son's becoming an actor? No: rather the contrary. He will not indeed regard him as going straight to a place unmentionable, as probably he will not consider the religious bearings of the "vocation" at all, but he will not give the youth his blessing, and he may contemplate omitting his name from his will. Supposing this same son had told his father that he wanted to be a barrister, and in order to do so he should like, as a first step, to serve as a clerk in a solicitor's office, wouldn't the old tradesman be pleased? Certainly. He might, indeed, prove to the lad that if he would stick to the business he would be better off for a certainty, but, all the same, the youth's aspirations would give his parent considerable pleasure. And, to be brief, here is a case which will bring the question directly home to every one; given equality in every other respect, and which would be preferred as a son-in-law, the ordinary actor, or the briefless barrister?

The question of the social status of the stage is still more important as affecting ladies who have to earn their livelihood. At the present day there are more chances of suitable employment for educated, respectably-connected girls than there were fifty years ago. As yet, however, the demand exceeds the supply. Few occupations insure to successful ladies such good pay as stage-playing; but, as in the previous instances, "on the spear side," so now we must consider the case of girls of ordinary intelligence, well brought up, not by any means geniuses, with no particular talent, and who have to earn their living. If they cannot paint plates and doileys, or copy pictures in oils, if they object to any clerkly drudgery that has something menial in it, and if, as has been affirmed, they "turn with a sigh of relief towards the vista of the stage," let us see what this "vista" has to offer, and on what terms. And to do this we had better take a glance at "professional," *i.e.*, "theatrical" life.

What Tom Robertson, whose personal experience of every variety of theatrical life was considerable, in his thoroughly

English (let us be grateful for this, at all events) play of *Caste* left to the imagination, in giving us Eccles as a widower, and bestowing an honest, hard-working lover on Polly (this was a mistake, except as a concession to respectability, for Polly was never meant to be a Mrs. Sam Gerridge, a small tradesman's wife, or, if she were, so much the worse for Sam), M. Halévy in his *Monsieur et Madame Cardinal* has put before his readers very plainly. The scenes in Georges Ohnet's *Lise Fluéron* are not merely peculiar to the French stage; and only to those who want to know the seamy side of a strolling player's life would I recommend *A Mummer's Wife*, but not otherwise, as the realism of Mr. Moore's story is repulsive. Be it remembered, however, that the best chance for girls who seek an engagement at a London theatre, is to travel with a company "on tour," and so learn experience by constant and frequently varying practice. "The Stage" is an art, and not a profession, and an art which, as a means of obtaining a bare livelihood, is open to everybody possessing ordinary natural faculties, offering employment without requiring from the applicants any special qualification or any certificate from schoolmaster, pastor, or master, and therefore it must be the resort of all who, unable or unwilling to do anything else, are content to earn their few shillings a week, and to be in the same category with Garrick, Macready, Phelps, and Kean; for the "super" who earns his money by strict attention to business, and who has night after night, for a lifetime, no more than a few lines to say, is briefly described in the census as "Actor," as would be the leading tragedian or comedian of the day. He is a supernumerary, *i.e.*, a supernumerary actor; and a supernumerary, abbreviated to "super," attached to the theatre, he lives and dies. In civil and Government offices there are supernumeraries. They are supernumerary clerks, and none the less clerks on that account. If taken on to the regular staff they cease to be called supernumeraries, and if a super on the stage should exhibit decided histrionic talent, he, too, would cease to be a super and become an actor, that is, he would drop the



qualification of "supernumerary." So for the "extra ladies," as they are politely termed, who are the female supers. As a rule, the extras are a good, hard-working people as you will find anywhere. They have "come down" to this, and in most cases consider their position as a descent in the social scale, no matter what they may have been before. A few may take the place for the sake of obtaining "an appearance," with a view to something better; some as a means of honest livelihood, and to help the family in its "little house in Stan-gate;" and others, to whom a small salary is not so much an object as to obtain relief from the monotony of evenings at home, take to the stage in this, or any other capacity, as "extras" in burlesque, in pantomime, or as strengthening a chorus; and to these the theatre is a source of profitable amusement. These being some of the essential component parts of most theatrical companies, would any of us wish our daughters to "go on the stage?"

There can be but one answer to this: No; certainly we would rather they did not choose the stage as the means of earning a livelihood. But some objector will say, "Surely my daughter need not associate with such persons as you describe." I answer No; she need not off the stage, but how is she to avoid it in the theatre? Your daughter, my dear sir, is not all at once a Mrs. Siddons; she is a beginner. Perhaps she never will be a Mrs. Siddons; perhaps she will never get beyond playing a soubrette, or, if she cannot deliver her lines well, and has not the fatal gift of beauty, she may, being there only to earn her livelihood, be compelled to remain among the extras. At all events, she cannot expect to consort in the theatre with the stars and with the leading ladies. The manageress may "know her at home," and do everything she can for her; but she cannot be unjust to others, and your daughter must dress in the same room with the "extras," just as Lord Tomnoddy, should he choose to take the Queen's shilling, must put up with the other privates in barracks. The officers may have "known him at home," but that can't be helped now. Your daughter,

my dear lady, goes on to the stage in preference to being a governess, to earn money to relieve her parents of a burden, and to replenish the family purse. Excellent motive! But can you, her mother, always be with her? Can you accompany her to rehearsals, and be with her every evening in the dressing-room of the theatre, where there are generally about a dozen others, more or less according to the accommodation provided by the theatre? If you make your companionship a *sine quâ non*, will it not prevent any manager from engaging your daughter? They cannot have the dressing-rooms full of mothers; they cannot spare the space, and mothers cannot be permitted to encumber green-rooms and the "wings." You may have implicit confidence in your child and in her manager and manageress, but the latter have something else to do besides looking after your daughter. "Some theatres," you will say, "are more respectable than others." True; but your daughter having to earn her daily bread by her profession, cannot select her theatre. It is a hard saying, that beggars must not be choosers. Lucky for your daughter if she obtains employment in a small theatre where only comedy is played.\* But the chances are against her, and she will be compelled to take the first engagement that offers itself, which will probably be at some large theatre where there is employment for any number of extra ladies, and where the salaries are really very good, if your daughter is only showy enough to make herself an attraction. You ask "what sort of attraction?" Well, have you any objection to her appearing as a page in an extravaganza? Consider that anyone who plays Shakespeare's heroines, Viola or Rosalind, must wear much the same costume; but the other ladies who play pages, and some of whom will be her companions in the dressing-room, are

\* The process of obtaining an engagement is the same for a lady as a gentleman, *i.e.* a visit to an agent's office, &c., &c. Here is an advertisement which evidently offers a rare chance:—

"Wanted, ladies of attractive appearance, with good singing voices. Can be received for long pantomime season. Dresses found. Salaried engagement (an exceptionable opportunity for clever amateurs desirous of adopting the profession)."

they just the sort of girls you would like your daughter to be with every evening of her life? If your well-brought-up daughter does go there one of two things will happen,—she will be either so thoroughly disgusted at all she hears and sees that she will never go near the place after the first week, or she will unconsciously deteriorate in tone, until the fixed lines of the moral boundary have become blurred and faint. If among these surroundings a girl remain pure in heart, it is simply nothing short of a miracle of grace. Would you like to expose your daughter to this atmosphere? Of course not. How can I put the question? but I *do* put the question, after giving you the information of the facts of the case. Even in a first-class theatre, for a Shakespearian revival, there must be a large number of all sorts engaged, and with them, your daughter, as beginner, will have to consort, and she cannot have her mother always at her elbow. Besides her mother cannot neglect her other daughters, or her household duties, to attend to the youthful actress.

Now supposing a young lady at once obtains an engagement at a reputable theatre, and is cast for a good part. What then? Then the atmosphere of the theatre at its best is not a pleasant one. Your daughter will be astonished at the extraordinary variations of manner, from the abjectly servile to the free-and-easy, described in Mr. Namby's case as "Botany Bay gentility." She will hear everybody "my dearing" one another. At first she will not understand half that is said, and very little that is meant. When they all warm to their work, the veneer of politeness is soon rubbed off, and actor and actress are seen as the real artistes they are. The stage manager comes out strongly too; strange words are used, and whether it be high art or not that is being illustrated, there is pretty sure to be a considerable amount of forcible language employed in the excitement of the moment. Your daughter's ideas of propriety will be rudely shocked at every turn. When she ceases to be even astonished, she will be unconsciously deteriorating.

There is one sort of girl to whom all this does no harm, and that is the girl

who comes of a hard-working professional theatrical family, who has been decently brought up in the middle of it all from a child, whose father and mother are in the theatre, thoroughly respectable people, and as careful of their daughter's morals as though she were the niece of a bishop. Such a girl as this, if she remain on the stage, will be a tolerable actress, always sure of an engagement. She will marry a decent, respectable actor, or some one connected with theatricals, will bring up a family excellently, will be really religious without ostentation, will never lose her self-respect, and in her own way be perfectly domesticated, happy and contented. Or she may marry some one in a good social position: if so, she will quit the stage without regret, because she is not of the stuff of which great actresses are made; but she will look back on her theatrical experience with affection for her parents to whom she owed so much. She is neither Esther, nor Polly Eccles, nor is she in the position of the well-brought-up young lady we have been considering. But she is an admirable woman, in whatever station of life her lot may be cast, and not a bit of a snob.

For a young lady, travelling with a company would be simply impossible, unless accompanied by her mother, or by some trustworthy relative. A manageress might undertake the guardianship and execute the trust conscientiously. But this is an exceptional case.

There is another point, and a very important one, to be considered, and that is the artistic temperament. If a young lady of attractive personal appearance possesses histrionic talent, then in proportion to her talent will be her temperament. She will be impulsive, passionate, impressionable, self-willed, impatient of control, simple, confiding, and vain, but artistically vain, and desirous of applause. She will be illogical, inconsistent, full of contradictions, fond of variety, and unable to exist without excitement. It only requires her to be a genius to be duped by the first schemer that throws himself in her way.

So, when the theatrical profession is brought before you, my dear madam, as a calling for your daughter to follow, you

see that on the one hand there is mediocrity and deterioration of character, and on the other success, at, probably, a ruinous price. This does not apply, and again I impress it on my readers, to those who are to the manner born. They will lead jog-trot lives, study their parts, make puddings, act mechanically every night, knit socks in the green-room, and be virtuous and happy to the end of their days. Their artistic temperament will not lead them very far astray, unless they have the *feu sacré*, and then, it is likely, they will make a hasty marriage, repent at leisure, and try to forget they ever bore a husband's name by making one for themselves. In some recent French romance an exactress is warning her daughter who has married a prince, against the fascinations of a young painter. The princess turns on her mother with, "Est-ce ma faute à moi si j'ai dans les veines du sang d'artiste?" And the ex-comédienne feels the full force of her daughter's retort, which has in it a certain amount of truth. Public life has great dangers for young women of the artistic temperament: mothers cannot be always with them, and sheep-dogs are expensive and untrustworthy. Chance or ill-luck may bring your daughter, madam, to the stage, but you would not choose it for her, that is, the stage, being as it is, and as it is likely to be under the present conditions. When those conditions are altered for the better, it will be time enough for society to change its opinion on the subject.

But, it is urged, the present state of the stage is a vast improvement on the past; that the actor is a person of more consideration than formerly, and not necessarily tabooed from all society, but on the contrary, he is to be met in the very best drawing-rooms. It may be that a few, whom you may count on the fingers of both hands, have the *entrée* to the best society. It may be so; I am not in a position to deny it. But their genius, or talent, and their unblemished reputation have combined to place them on that pedestal exalted above their fellows. But was it not always so? Have there not always been a privileged few among the actors, as among other citizens of the Great Republic of Art and Letters, who have

been admitted to the assemblies of the great, and whose hospitality the great have condescended to accept in return? Go back thirty years and at least a dozen names of prominent actors and actresses will occur to us as having been received in the best society. Now, in their time, the number of West-end theatres was about one-third of what it is at the present day. Therefore, if five actors were received by society then, there should be fifteen received now. If there are not, the stage of to-day is socially on the same level with the stage of thirty years ago, and has not advanced a step; if the number of presentable actors is, nowadays, less, then the stage has retrograded. I cannot make out that there are more received than formerly. There are a few University men on the stage, men of birth and education, entitled to be received in good society. But now we are speaking of only a section of society, and are begging the original question.

And why, from the nature of the case, cannot the stage ever rank with the recognised professions? Because, as a means of earning a livelihood, that is as a mere employment, the stage is open to all the world. Unlike painting, literature, and music, it requires no special knowledge of any sort; it can be practised as well by the unlearned as, though not with the same facility, by the learned. It is a self-educating profession. Physical gifts, up to a certain point, will make up for deficiency in talent: but given talent, and with perseverance and application even for the most illiterate, success is certain. Given genius, then "reading and writing" seem to "come by nature," and though there may always be a little difficulty with the spelling, yet triumph is sure and swift. The stage requires no matriculation; but for an actor of talent, who loves his art, there is no limit to his studies,—one helps another, one leads to another. As far as society is concerned, there should be no one more thoroughly qualified to play a leading part in the very highest, the most intellectual, and most cultivated society, than the actor or actress, who is rising in or who has reached the summit of "the profession." Scarcely a subject can be named that is not, in its degree,

almost essential — a strong word, but on consideration used correctly—to the perfection of the actor's art. A first-rate actor should be an admirable Crichton. The best preparation for the stage is, as I have elsewhere insisted, a thorough education. True, that it is so for every calling, but especially for the stage. To belong to the bar of England is an honor in itself, even though the barrister never gets a brief and could do nothing with it if he did. To belong to the stage of England is *not* an honor in itself. To the genius, the talents, and the private worth of our eminent actors in the past and in the present, our stage owes its lustre. They owed nothing to the stage, the stage everything to them.

The desire to raise the social status of the actor so that the term actor shall be "synonymous with gentleman," is worthy of all praise. To make it possible for young ladies of education to take to acting as a means of earning a livelihood, would be a great social benefit.

When a youth, well brought up, takes to the stage, he should not be immediately treated as a pariah. On the contrary, if ever there be a time in a young man's career when more than ever he stands in need of good home traditions, the companionship of his equals, and the encouragement of his superiors, it is when he has honestly chosen, as a means of earning his living, the stage as a profession. That, for evident reasons, it has been usually selected by the dissolute, the idle, and those to whom any restraint is distasteful, accounts to a great extent for the disrepute in which the stage has been held. Of course the statute-book and the puritanism of the seventeenth century have much to answer for in the popular estimate of the players. There is a strong leaven of Puritanism amongst us, and, in some respects, so much the better; but also among very excellent people of various religious opinions, there has been, and it exists now, a sort of vague idea that the stage has always been under the positive ban of the Church. In the temporary laws and regulations of different countries, enforced by narrow-minded men, civil or ecclesiastical, may be found the origin

of this mistaken notion. The Church has never pronounced the stage the anathema. On the contrary, she has patronised the stage, and the first mimes who entered France from Italy rather resembled members of a religious order in their pious fervor, than actors of a later date in their laxity. If players were refused Christian burial, it was when they had neither lived nor died as even nominal Christians, and in such cases even "maimed rites" would savor of hypocrisy. In France the actors themselves were under this hallucination. M. Regnier tells us how in 1848 a deputation of comedians went to Monseigneur Affre to ask him to get the sentence of excommunication removed from the theatrical profession. "L'illustre prélat leur répondit qu'il n'y avait pas à la lever, parcequ'elle n'avait jamais été formulée, et que les comédiens français, comme les comédiens de tous les autres pays catholiques, pouvaient participer aux sacrements."

It would be a comparatively easy task to trace the origin of this floating but perfectly false tradition, but I have already overrun the limit of this article. In the time of Louis XIII. the actors were excellent church-goers, had their children baptised, frequented the sacraments, and were on the best terms with curés of Paris; and it will be a consolation to those actors among us who, like the doll in the song, "pine for higher society" to be reminded, that the grand monarch himself did not disdain to stand god-father at the font to the first-born of Molière, and to do the like office to the third child of Domenico Biancolelli, the Italian harlequin.

Our leading actors and actresses of the present day will naturally strive, no less than those of the past, to do their best for the stage, and, in return, the patrons of the drama will do their best for them. But to claim for it, as its right, the social status of the recognised professions, and to be fussily indignant with society at large for refusing to acknowledge this groundless claim, is degrading to an art which should be as independent and as exalted as virtue, and content with virtue's reward.—*Fortnightly Review*.

## GO TO THE ANT.

IN the market-place at Santa Fé, in Mexico, peasant women from the neighboring villages bring in for sale trayfuls of living ants, each about as big and round as a large white currant, and each entirely filled with honey or grape-sugar, much appreciated by the ingenuous Mexican youth as an excellent substitute for Everton toffee. The method of eating them would hardly command the approbation of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It is simple and primitive, but decidedly not humane. Ingenuous youth holds the ant by its head and shoulders, sucks out the honey with which the back part is absurdly distended, and throws away the empty body as a thing with which it has now no further sympathy. Maturer age buys the ants by the quart, presses out the honey through a muslin strainer, and manufactures it into a very sweet intoxicating drink, something like shandygaff, as I am credibly informed by bold persons who have ventured to experiment upon it, taken internally.

The curious insect which thus serves as an animated sweetmeat for the Mexican children is the honey-ant of the Garden of the Gods; and it affords a beautiful example of Mandeville's charming paradox that personal vices are public benefits—*vitia privata humana commoda*. The honey-ant is a greedy individual who has nevertheless nobly devoted himself for the good of the community by converting himself into a living honey-jar, from which all the other ants in his own nest may help themselves freely from time to time, as occasion demands. The tribe to which he belongs lives underground, in a dome-roofed vault, and only one particular caste among the workers, known as rotunds from their expansive girth, is told off for this special duty of storing honey within their own bodies. Clinging to the top of their nest, with their round, transparent abdomens hanging down loosely, mere globules of skin enclosing the pale amber-colored honey, these Daniel Lamberts of the insect race look for all the world like clusters of the little American Delaware grapes, with an ant's legs and head stuck awkwardly on to the

end instead of a stalk. They have, in fact, realised in everyday life the awful fate of Mr. Gilbert's discontented sugar-broker, who laid on flesh and "adipose deposit" until he became converted at last into a perfect rolling ball of globular humanity.

The manners of the honey-ant race are very simple. Most of the members of each community are active and roving in their dispositions, and show no tendency to undue distension of the nether extremities. They go out at night and collect nectar or honey-dew from the gall-insects on oak-trees; for the gall-insect, like love in the old Latin saw, is fruitful both in sweets and bitters, *melle et felle*. This nectar they then carry home, and give it to the rotunds or honey-bearers, who swallow it and store it in their round abdomen until they can hold no more, having stretched their skins literally to the very point of bursting. They pass their time, like the Fat Boy in "Pickwick," chiefly in sleeping, but they cling upside down meanwhile to the roof of their residence. When the workers in turn require a meal, they go up to the nearest honey-bearer and stroke her gently with their antennæ. The honey-bearer thereupon throws up her head and regurgitates a large drop of the amber liquid. ("Regurgitates" is a good word, which I borrow from Dr. McCook, of Philadelphia, the great authority upon honey-ants; and it saves an immense deal of trouble in looking about for a respectable periphrasis). The workers feed upon the drops thus exuded, two or three at once often standing around the living honey-jar, and lapping nectar together from the lips of their devoted comrade. This may seem at first sight rather an unpleasant practice on the part of the ants; but, after all, how does it really differ from our own habit of eating honey which has been treated in very much the same unsophisticated manner by the domestic bee?

Worse things than these, however, Dr. McCook records to the discredit of the Colorado honey-ant. When he was opening some nests in the Garden of the Gods, he happened accidentally to knock down some of the rotunds, which

straightway burst asunder in the middle, and scattered their store of honey on the floor of the nest. At once the other ants, tempted away from their instinctive task of carrying off the cocoons and young grubs, clustered around their unfortunate companion, like street boys around a broken molasses barrel, and instead of forming themselves forthwith into a volunteer ambulance company, proceeded immediately to lap up the honey from their dying brother. On the other hand, it must be said, to the credit of the race, that (unlike the members of Arctic expeditions) they never desecrate the remains of the dead. When a honey-bearer dies at his post, a victim to his zeal for the common good, the workers carefully remove his cold corpse from the roof where it still clings, clip off the head and shoulders from the distended abdomen, and convey their deceased brother piecemeal, in two detachments, to the fornician cemetery, undisturbed. If they chose, they might only bury the front half of their late relation, while they retained his remaining moiety as an available honey-bag: but from this cannibal proceeding ant-etiquette recoils in decent horror; and the amber globes are "pulled up galleries, rolled along rooms, and bowled into the graveyard, along with the juiceless heads, legs, and other members." Such fraternal conduct would be very creditable to the worker honey-ants, were it not for a horrid doubt insinuated by Dr. McCook that perhaps the insects don't know they could get at the honey by breaking up the body of their lamented relative. If so, their apparent disregard of utilitarian considerations may really be due not to their sentimentality but to their hopeless stupidity.

The reason why the ants have taken thus to storing honey in the living bodies of their own fellows is easy enough to understand. They want to lay up for the future, like prudent insects that they are; but they can't make wax, as the bees do, and they have not yet evolved the purely human art of pottery. Consequently—happy thought—why not tell off some of our number to act as jars on behalf of the others? Some of the community work by going out and gathering honey; they also serve who only stand and wait—who receive it from the work-

ers, and keep it stored up in their own capacious indiarubber maws till further notice. So obvious is this plan for converting ants into animated honey-jars, that several different kinds of ants in different parts of the world, belonging to the most widely distinct families, have independently hit upon the very self-same device. Besides the Mexican species, there is a totally different Australian honey-ant, and another equally separate in Borneo and Singapore. This last kind does not store the honey in the hind part of the body, technically known as the abdomen, but in the middle division which naturalists call the thorax, where it forms a transparent bladder-like swelling, and makes the creature look as though it were suffering with an acute attack of dropsy. In any case, the life of a honey-bearer must be singularly uneventful, not to say dull and monotonous; but no doubt any small inconvenience in this respect must be more than compensated for by the glorious consciousness that one is sacrificing one's own personal comfort for the common good of universal anthood. Perhaps, however, the ants have not yet reached the Positivist stage, and may be totally ignorant of the enthusiasm of fornicity.

Equally curious are the habits and manners of the harvesting ants, the species which Solomon seems to have had specially in view when he advised his hearers to go to the ant—a piece of advice which I have also adopted as the title of the present article, though I by no means intend thereby to insinuate that the readers of this magazine ought properly to be classed as sluggards. These industrious little creatures abound in India: they are so small that it takes eight or ten of them to carry a single grain of wheat or barley; and yet they will patiently drag along their big burden for five hundred or a thousand yards to the door of their fornicary. To prevent the grain from germinating, they bite off the embryo root—a piece of animal intelligence outdone by another species of ant, which actually allows the process of budding to begin, so as to produce sugar, as in malting. After the last thunderstorms of the monsoon the little proprietors bring up all the grain from their granaries to dry in the tropical sunshine. The quantity of grain

stored up by the harvesting ants is often so large that the half-squinting Jew in caverns of the Massa have seriously discussed the question whether the bags to the landowner or may actually be appropriated by the gleaners. "They do not appear," says Sir John Lubbock, "to have considered the rights of the ants." Indeed our duty towards insects is a question which seems hitherto to have escaped the notice of all moral philosophers. Even Mr. Herbert Spencer, the prophet of individualism, has never taken exception to our gross disregard of the proprietary rights of bees in their honey, or of silkworms in their cocoons. There are signs, however, that the obtuse human conscience is awakening in this respect: for when Dr. Loew suggested to bee-keepers the desirability of testing the commercial value of honey-ants, as rivals to the bee, Dr. McCook replied that "the sentiment against the use of honey thus taken from living insects, which is worthy of all respect, would not be easily overcome."

There are no harvesting ants in Northern Europe, though they extend as far as Syria, Italy, and the Riviera, in which latter station I have often observed them busily working. What most careless observers take for grain in the nests of English ants are of course really the cocoons of the pupæ. For many years, therefore, entomologists were under the impression that Solomon had fallen into this popular error, and that when he described the ant as "gathering her food in the harvest" and "preparing her meat in the summer," he was speaking rather as a poet than as a strict naturalist. Later observations, however, have vindicated the general accuracy of the much-married king by showing that true harvesting ants do actually occur in Syria, and that they lay by stores for the winter in the very way stated by that early entomologist, whose knowledge of "creeping things" is specially enumerated in the long list of his universal accomplishments.

Dr. Linneecum of Texan fame has even improved upon Solomon by his discovery of those still more interesting and curious creatures, the agricultural ants of Texas. America is essentially a farming country, and the agricultural

ants are here farmers. They make regular clearings among their nests, and on these clearings they allow nothing to grow except a particular kind of grain, known as ant-rice. Dr. Linneecum maintains that the very farmers actually sow and cultivate the ant-rice. Dr. McCook, on the other hand, is of opinion that the rice sows itself, and that the insects' part is limited to preventing any other plants or weeds from encroaching on the appropriated area. In any case, be they squatters or planters, it is certain that the rice, when ripe, is duly harvested, and that it is, to say the least, encouraged by the ants, to the exclusion of all other competitors. "After the maturing and harvesting of the seed," says Dr. Linneecum, "the dry stubble is cut away and removed from the pavement, which is thus left fallow until the ensuing autumn, when the same species of grass, and in the same circle, appears again, and receives the same agricultural care as did the previous crop." Sir John Lubbock, indeed, goes so far as to say that the three stages of human progress—the hunter, the herdsman, and the agriculturist—are all to be found among various species of existing ants.

The Saüba ants of tropical America carry their agricultural operations a step further. Dwelling in underground nests, they sally forth upon the trees, and cut out of the leaves large round pieces, about as big as a shilling. These pieces they drop upon the ground, where another detachment is in waiting to convey them to the galleries of the nest. There they store enormous quantities of these round pieces, which they allow to decay in the dark, so as to form a sort of miniature mushroom bed. On the mouldering vegetable heap they have thus piled up, they induce a fungus to grow, and with this fungus they feed their young grubs during their helpless infancy. Mr. Belt, the "Naturalist in Nicaragua," found that native trees suffered far less from their depredations than imported ones. The ants hardly touched the local forests, but they stripped young plantations of orange, coffee, and mango trees stark naked. He ingeniously accounts for this curious fact by supposing that an internecine struggle has long been going on in the countries inhabited by the Saübas between the ants and the forest trees.

Those trees that best resisted the ants, owing either to some unpleasant taste or to hardness of foliage have in the long run survived destruction; but those which were suited for the purpose of the ants have been reduced to nonentity, while the ants in turn were getting slowly adapted to attack other trees. In this way almost all the native trees have at last acquired some special means of protection against the ravages of the leaf-cutters; so that they immediately fall upon all imported and unprotected kinds as their natural prey. This ingenious and wholly satisfactory explanation must of course go far to console the Brazilian planters for the frequent loss of their orange and coffee crops.

Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, the co-discoverer of the Darwinian theory (whose honors he waived with rare generosity in favor of the older and more distinguished naturalist), tells a curious story about the predatory habits of these same Saübas. On one occasion, when he was wandering about in search of specimens on the Rio Negro, he bought a peck of rice, which was tied up, Indian fashion, in the local bandanna of the happy plantation slave. At night he left his rice incautiously on the bench of the hut where he was sleeping; and next morning the Saübas had riddled the handkerchief like a sieve, and carried away a gallon of the grain for their own felonious purposes. The underground galleries which they dig can often be traced for hundreds of yards; and Mr. Hamlet Clark even asserts that in one case they have tunnelled under the bed of a river where it is a quarter of a mile wide. This beats Brunel on his own ground into the proverbial cocked hat, both for depth and distance.

Within doors, in the tropics, ants are apt to put themselves obtrusively forward in a manner little gratifying to any except the enthusiastically entomological mind. The winged females, after their marriage flight, have a disagreeable habit of flying in at the open doors and windows at lunch time, settling upon the table like the Harpies in the *Æneid*, and then quietly shuffling off their wings one at a time, by holding them down against the table-cloth with one leg, and running away vigorously with the five others. As soon as they have thus disembarassed

themselves of their superfluous members, they proceed to run about over the lunch as if the house belonged to them, and to make a series of experiments upon the edible qualities of the different dishes. One doesn't so much mind their philosophical inquiries into the nature of the bread or even the meat; but when they come to drowning themselves by dozens, in the pursuit of knowledge, in the soup and the sherry, one feels bound to protest energetically against the spirit of martyrdom by which they are too profoundly animated. That is one of the slight drawbacks of the realms of perpetual summer: in the poets you see only one side of the picture—the palms, the orchids, the humming-birds, the great trailing lianas; in practical life you see the reverse side—the thermometer at 98°, the tepid drinking-water, the prickly heat, the perpetual languor, the endless shoals of aggressive insects. A lady of my acquaintance, indeed, made a valuable entomological collection in her own dining-room, by the simple process of consigning to pill-boxes all the moths and flies and beetles that settled upon the mangoes and star-apples in the course of dessert.

Another objectionable habit of the tropical ants, viewed practically, is their total disregard of vested interests in the case of house-property. Like Mr. George and his communistic friends, they disbelieve entirely in the principle of private rights in real estate. They will eat their way through the beams of your house till there is only a slender core of solid wood left to support the entire burden. I have taken down a rafter in my own house in Jamaica, originally 18 inches thick each way, with a sound circular centre of no more than 6 inches in diameter, upon which all the weight necessarily fell. With the material extracted from the wooden beams they proceed to add insult to injury by building long covered galleries right across the ceiling of your drawing-room. As may be easily imagined, these galleries do not tend to improve the appearance of the ceiling; and it becomes necessary to form a Liberty and Property Defence League for the protection of one's personal interests against the insect enemy. I have no objection to ants building galleries on their own freehold, or even



to their nationalising the land in their native forests ; but I do object strongly to their unwarrantable intrusion upon the domain of private life. Expostulation and active warfare, however, are equally useless. The carpenter-ant has no moral sense, and is not amenable either to kindness or blows. On one occasion, when a body of these intrusive creatures had constructed an absurdly conspicuous brown gallery straight across the ceiling of my drawing-room, I determined to declare open war against them, and getting my black servant to bring in the steps and a mop, I proceeded to demolish the entire gallery just after breakfast. It was about twenty feet long, as well as I can remember, and perhaps an inch in diameter. At one o'clock I returned to lunch. My black servant pointed, with a broad grin on his intelligent features, to the wooden ceiling. I looked up : in those three hours the carpenter-ants had reconstructed the entire gallery, and were doubtless mocking me at their ease, with their uplifted antennæ, under that safe shelter. I retired at once from the unequal contest. It was clearly impossible to go on knocking down a fresh gallery every three hours of the day or night throughout a whole lifetime.

Ants, says Mr. Wallace, without one touch of satire, "force themselves upon the attention of everyone who visits the tropics." They do, indeed, and that most pungently ; if by no other method, at least by the simple and effectual one of stinging. The majority of ants in every nest are of course neuters, or workers, that is to say, strictly speaking, undeveloped females, incapable of laying eggs. But they still retain the ovipositor, which is converted into a sting, and supplied with a poisonous liquid to eject afterwards into the wound. So admirably adapted to its purpose is this beautiful provision of nature, that some tropical ants can sting with such violence as to make your leg swell and confine you for some days to your room ; while cases have even been known in which the person attacked has fainted with pain, or had a serious attack of fever in consequence. It is not every kind of ant, however, that can sting ; a great many can only bite with their little hard horny jaws, and then eject a drop of formic

poison afterwards into the hole caused by the bite. The distinction is a delicate physiological one, not much appreciated by the victims of either mode of attack. The perfect females can also sting, but not, of course, the males, who are poor, wretched, useless creatures, only good as husbands for the community, and dying off as soon as they have performed their part in the world—another beautiful provision, which saves the workers the trouble of killing them off, as bees do with drones after the marriage flight of the queen bee.

The blind driver-ants of West Africa are among the very few species that render any service to man, and that, of course, only incidentally. Unlike most other members of their class, the driver-ants have no settled place of residence ; they are vagabonds and wanderers upon the face of the earth, formican tramps, blind beggars, who lead a gipsy existence, and keep perpetually upon the move, smelling their way cautiously from one camping-place to another. They march by night, or on cloudy days, like wise tropical strategists, and never expose themselves to the heat of the day in broad sunshine, as though they were no better than the mere numbered British Tommy Atkins at Coomassie or in the Soudan. They move in vast armies across country, driving everything before them as they go ; for they belong to the stinging division, and are very voracious in their personal habits. Not only do they eat up the insects in their line of march, but they fall even upon larger creatures and upon big snakes, which they attack first in the eyes, the most vulnerable portion. When they reach a negro village the inhabitants turn out *en masse*, and run away, exactly as if the visitors were English explorers or brave Marines, bent upon retaliating for the theft of a knife by nobly burning down King Tom's town or King Jumbo's capital. Then the negroes wait in the jungle till the little black army has passed on, after clearing out the huts by the way of everything eatable. When they return they find their calabashes and saucepans licked clean, but they also find every rat, mouse, lizard, cockroach, gecko, and beetle completely cleared out from the whole village. Most of them have cut and run at the first approach

of the drivers ; of the remainder, a few blanched and neatly-picked skeletons alone remain to tell the tale.

As I wish to be considered a veracious historian, I will not retail the further strange stories that still find their way into books of natural history about the manners and habits of these blind marauders. They cross rivers, the West African gossips declare, by a number of devoted individuals flinging themselves first into the water as a living bridge, like so many six-legged Marcus Curtiuses, while over their drowning bodies the heedless remainder march in safety to the other side. If the story is not true, it is at least well invented ; for the ant-commonwealth everywhere carries to the extremest pitch the old Roman doctrine of the absolute subjection of the individual to the State. So exactly is this the case that in some species there are a few large, overgrown, lazy ants in each nest, which do no work themselves, but accompany the workers on their expeditions ; and the sole use of these idle mouths seems to be to attract the attention of birds and other enemies, and so distract it from the useful workers, the mainstay of the entire community. It is almost as though an army, marching against a tribe of cannibals, were to place itself in the centre of a hollow square formed of all the fattest people in the country, whose fine condition and fitness for killing might immediately engross the attention of the hungry enemy. Ants, in fact, have, for the most part, already reached the goal set before us as a delightful one by most current schools of socialist philosophers, in which the individual is absolutely sacrificed in every way to the needs of the community.

The most absurdly human, however, among all the tricks and habits of ants are their well-known cattle-farming and slaveholding instincts. Everybody has heard, of course, how they keep the common rose-blight as milch cows, and suck from them the sweet honey-dew. But everybody, probably, does not yet know the large number of insects which they herd in one form or another as domesticated animals. Man has, at most, some twenty or thirty such, including cows, sheep, horses, donkeys, camels, llamas, alpacas, reindeer,

dogs, cats, canaries, pigs, fowl, ducks, geese, turkeys, and silkworms. But ants have hundreds and hundreds, some of them kept obviously for purposes of food ; others apparently as pets ; and yet others again, as has been plausibly suggested, by reason of superstition or as objects of worship. There is a curious blind beetle which inhabits ants' nests, and is so absolutely dependent upon its hosts for support that it has even lost the power of feeding itself. It never quits the nest, but the ants bring it in food and supply it by putting the nourishment actually into its mouth. But the beetle, in return, seems to secrete a sweet liquid (or it may even be a stimulant like beer, or a narcotic like tobacco) in a tuft of hairs near the bottom of the hard wing-cases, and the ants often lick this tuft with every appearance of satisfaction and enjoyment. In this case, and in many others, there can be no doubt that the insects are kept for the sake of food or some other advantage yielded by them.

But there are other instances of insects which haunt ants' nests, which it is far harder to account for on any hypothesis save that of superstitious veneration. There is a little weevil that runs about by hundreds in the galleries of English ants, in and out among the free citizens, making itself quite at home in their streets and public places, but as little noticed by the ants themselves as dogs are in our own cities. Then, again, there is a white woodlouse, something like the common little armadillo, but blind from having lived so long underground, which walks up and down the lanes and alleys of antdom, without ever holding any communication of any sort with its hosts and neighbors. In neither case has Sir John Lubbock ever seen an ant take the slightest notice of the presence of these strange fellow-lodgers. "One might almost imagine," he says, "that they had the cap of invisibility." Yet it is quite clear that the ants deliberately sanction the residence of the weevils and woodlice in their nests, for any unauthorised intruder would immediately be set upon and massacred outright. Sir John Lubbock suggests that they may perhaps be tolerated as scavengers ; or, again, it is possible that they may prey upon the eggs or larvæ of some of the parasites to

whose attacks the ants are subject. In the first case, their use would be similar to that of the wild dogs in Constantinople or the common black John-crow vultures in tropical America: in the second case, they would be about equivalent to our own cats or to the hedgehog often put in farmhouse kitchens to keep down cock-roaches.

The crowning glory of owning slaves, which many philosophic Americans (before the war) showed to be the highest and noblest function of the most advanced humanity, has been attained by more than one variety of ant-hood. Our great English horse-ant is a moderate slaveholder; but the big red ant of Southern Europe carries the domestic institution many steps further. It makes regular slave-raids upon the nests of the small brown ants, and carries off the young in their pupa condition. By-and-by the brown ants hatch out in the strange nest, and, never having known any other life except that of slavery, accommodate themselves to it readily enough. The red ant, however, is still only an occasional slaveowner; if necessary, he can get along by himself, without the aid of his little brown servants. Indeed, there are free states and slave states of red ants side by side with one another, as of old in Maryland and Pennsylvania: in the first, the red ants do their work themselves, like mere vulgar Ohio farmers; in the second, they get their work done for them by their industrious little brown servants, like the aristocratic first families of Virginia before the earthquake of emancipation.

But there are other degraded ants, whose life-history may be humbly presented to the consideration of the Anti-Slavery Society, as speaking more eloquently than any other known fact for the demoralising effect of slaveowning upon the slaveholders themselves. The Swiss rufescent ant is a species so long habituated to rely entirely upon the services of slaves that it is no longer able to manage its own affairs when deprived by man of its hereditary bondsmen. It has lost entirely the art of constructing a nest; it can no longer tend its own young, whom it leaves entirely to the care of negro nurses; and its bodily structure even has changed, for the jaws have lost their teeth, and have been con-

verted into mere nippers, useful only as weapons of war. The rufescent ant, in fact, is a purely military caste, which has devoted itself entirely to the pursuit of arms, leaving every other form of activity to its slaves and dependents. Officers of the old school will be glad to learn that this military insect is dressed, if not in scarlet, at any rate in very decent red, and that it refuses to be bothered in any way with questions of transport or commissariat. If the community changes its nest, the masters are carried on the backs of their slaves to the new position, and the black ants have to undertake the entire duty of foraging and bringing in stores of supply for their gentlemanly proprietors. Only when war is to be made upon neighboring nests does the thin red line form itself into long file for active service. Nothing could be more perfectly aristocratic than the views of life entertained and acted upon by these distinguished slaveholders.

On the other hand, the picture has its reverse side, exhibiting clearly the weak points of the slaveholding system. The rufescent ant has lost even the very power of feeding itself. So completely dependent is each upon his little black valet for daily bread, that he cannot so much as help himself to the food that is set before him. Hüber put a few slaveholders into a box with some of their own larvæ and pupæ, and a supply of honey, in order to see what they would do with them. Appalled at the novelty of the situation, the slaveholders seemed to come to the conclusion that something must be done; so they began carrying the larvæ about aimlessly in their mouths, and rushing up and down in search of the servants. After a while, however, they gave it up and came to the conclusion that life under such circumstances was clearly intolerable. They never touched the honey, but resigned themselves to their fate like officers and gentlemen. In less than two days, half of them had died of hunger, rather than taste a dinner which was not supplied to them by a properly constituted footman. Admiring their heroism or pitying their incapacity, Hüber, at last, gave them just one slave between them all. The plucky little negro, nothing daunted by the gravity of the situation, set to work at once, dug a small nest, gathered to-

gether the larvæ, helped several pupæ out of the cocoon, and saved the lives of the surviving slaveowners. Other naturalists have tried similar experiments, and always with the same result. The slaveowners will starve in the midst of plenty rather than feed themselves without attendance. Either they cannot or will not put the food into their own mouths with their own mandibles.

There are yet other ants, such as the workerless *Anergates*, in which the degradation of slaveholding has gone yet further. These wretched creatures are the formican representatives of those Oriental despots who are no longer even warlike, but are sunk in sloth and luxury, and pass their lives in eating bang or smoking opium. Once upon a time, Sir John Lubbock thinks, the ancestors of *Anergates* were marauding slaveowners, who attacked and made serfs of other ants. But gradually they lost not only their arts but even their military prowess, and were reduced to making war by stealth instead of openly carrying off their slaves in fair battle. It seems

probable that they now creep into a nest of the far more powerful slave ants, poison or assassinate the queen, and establish themselves by sheer usurpation in the queenless nest. "Gradually," says Sir John Lubbock, "even their bodily force dwindled away under the enervating influence to which they had subjected themselves, until they sank to their present degraded condition—weak in body and mind, few in numbers, and apparently nearly extinct, the miserable representatives of far superior ancestors, maintaining a precarious existence as contemptible parasites of their former slaves." One may observe in passing, that these wretched do-nothings cannot have been the ants which Solomon commended to the favorable consideration of the sluggard; though it is curious that the text was never pressed into the service of defence for the peculiar institution by the advocates of slavery in the South, who were always most anxious to prove the righteousness of their cause by most sure and certain warranty of Holy Scripture.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

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#### LITERARY NOTICES.

EPISODES OF MY SECOND LIFE. By Antonio Gallenga (Luigi Mariotti). English and American Experiences. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The autobiographer in this case (for the last year has been singularly rich in interesting autobiography) is not in any degree, at least for Americans, an eminent and well-known personage. But, in spite of this, his record of experience and vicissitude is full of interest, and we may almost say fascinating. His threescore years and ten have been crowded with events which, if not in themselves strikingly dramatic, are at least striking in the telling, for he has all the art of an accomplished *raconteur*, simple, direct and vigorous in style, and knowing perfectly when to glide over with little stress, when to put on his color with a vigorous and lavish brush. Mr. Gallenga (this being his true name) was in the latter part of his life a leading correspondent of the London *Times*, having achieved a high reputation in this direction prior to the days of Dr. Russell and Archibald Forbes. His work and position brought him into con-

fidential relations with many of the most important men and events of Europe from 1840 to 1875, and he describes these in a racy fashion which will command attention, we think.

Mr. Gallenga as a youth of twenty took part in the Italian struggle for liberty in 1831, under the name of Luigi Mariotti. It was one of those brief episodes of revolution with which Italy was convulsed so often before the great final dead-lock came, which drove the hated *Sedischi* from her soil. The young patriot was for a short time in prison, but finally escaped, and lived for a while as a tutor in Tangiers. Thence he came to America, to carve a career for himself, and located himself in Boston in 1836. Here he speedily found employment as teacher, lecturer and writer, and was fortunate in securing the friendship and good-will of the leading people of the city. Boston was then without dispute the only literary centre of the country, in spite of a few brilliant names in New York, and Sig. Gallenga seems to have found congenial employment and companionship from the outset.

His reminiscences of such men as Edward Everett, Fields, Ticknor, Prescott and others are entertaining, and his sketch of the whole entourage of Boston society is given with a refreshing *naïveté*, as well as with graceful vivacity. Among the minor incidents which lend humor to the book is the author's experience with a young American beauty, with whom he was in love, and whom in his impulsive and passionate Italian way, he clasped in his arms and kissed. He professes himself highly astonished because the damsel was greatly enraged and ordered him from the house, ending the *acqua intance* then and there. After spending four years in America under unusually agreeable conditions, Mr. Gallenga, who was still known under his pseudonym of Mariotti, took ship for England, and bade a final farewell to the country of which he speaks in such cordial and even affectionate terms. Settling in London good luck still followed him. He secured introductions to prominent persons, was accorded recognition at once, and became acquainted with many of the people, both literary and otherwise, best worth knowing in England. A great interest in Italian affairs and literature was then the rage, and Mr. Gallenga, who was a scholar and an able writer, found ample opportunity and occupation in contributing to the magazines and reviews on subjects which he discussed *con amore*. A book which he published gave him repute beyond that of a mere fugitive writer, and he was fortunate in making literature lucrative as well as honorable. His gossip about prominent people and occurrences in London forty years ago, is very entertaining, and he shows as much skill in throwing light on the English life of that day as he had done in describing America. Twenty years of literary and professorial work, were frequently broken up by long residences in Italy, during which he sat for a time in the Italian Parliament, and helped to pave the way for that consolidation of Italian interests which at last led to Solferino and Magenta, and the grand result of Italian unity. He seems to have been accorded an important place in the councils and deliberations of his nation, and to have been an important agent in bringing about those relations which freed Italy from foreign domination. In 1859 our author became connected with the *Times* as correspondent, and since that time has been employed on many of the most delicate and important commissions. He represented them in the Franco-Italian-Aus-

trian War, and succeeded Dr. Russell at the time of our late civil conflict; was sent repeatedly to every part of Europe, and, for a good while had a roving commission to write whatever he saw worth reporting and discussing, particularly on the peoples and events of the Mediterranean seaboard countries, from the straits of Gibraltar to the Dardanelles. Mr. Gallenga tells his story (and he has much to tell) with the vivacity of an Italian and with the ability of a trained man-of-letters. A number of books, mostly on historical and political subjects, have given him a recognized literary place aside from mere journalism, and he reviews a long, diversified and interesting career with an interest and satisfaction which he fully communicates to his readers. We have rarely read a volume more packed with interesting matter, narrated with the skill which comes of long training.

A HISTORICAL REFERENCE BOOK, COMPRISING A CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY, A CHRONOLOGICAL DICTIONARY OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY, A BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY WITH GEOGRAPHICAL NOTES FOR THE USE OF STUDENTS, TEACHERS AND READERS. By Louis Heilprin. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The plan adopted in this handy reference book of historical dates and events has been to deal separately with the events of different countries, and an excellent system has been followed with great thoroughness. The author is very well known as an industrious and painstaking scholar, the results of whose work can be depended on. About many historical dates there is much confusion, and the difficulties in coming to a conclusion are great. Mr. Heilprin very modestly states the obstacles in the way of perfect accuracy, and convinces the reader that, if blunders have been made, they are such as are absolutely unavoidable in the dire chaos which envelops many of even the most important facts of history so far as certainty of year is concerned. We may be sure that every caution and pains have been taken by the author. In many cases where it is impossible to reach an absolute statement, two dates are given, the preferable one stated first. Such a book as this is of the greatest convenience, and one that a well-informed or studious man can hardly afford to be without. A remarkable seeming omission, however, is the non-assignment of date to the Christian era, or any reference to the life and career that gave it significance. The studious avoidal

seems significant, but we may explain it on the theory that the absolute date of Christ's birth cannot be absolutely fixed within several years. On the whole, indeed, with this one exception (perhaps an unavoidable one) the compilation appears to be all such a work should.

BERMUDA: AN IDYLL OF THE SUMMER ISLANDS. By Julia C. R. Dorr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The germ of this book was in an article called "Bermudan Days" published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for December, 1883, and we find the paper incorporated with the work. The volume is a brightly written account of a vacation of three months in the Bermudas, one of the most charming sanitariums of our western seas. So much has been written about the pleasant lotos-lands of the North and South Antilles, that no new facts can be now told about them. But the old background of cloudless skies, summer seas, and balmy ocean breezes, which make such places as the Bahamas and the Bermudas earthly paradises, never get tedious or dull when seen and felt through the medium of a fresh and lively nature. In winter time especially, when the bleak cold of the north starts the imagination travelling toward summer climates, and those condemned to stay in cold weather, sigh for the delights of the more fortunate voyager, such books as the one before us make very pleasant reading. The author describes the attractions of Bermudan life: its roses and sunshine, its novel sights and sounds, the picturesque aspects of a primitive, contented, lazy population, delightful sails over beautiful seas, and all the episodes of the sojourn with the keenest enjoyment, and a skilful literary touch. The very essence of an agreeable book of this kind is an utter lack of anything like fine writing. Mrs. Dorr certainly shows good taste in this matter, though one might fancy the temptation would be great to try what is so often called word-painting. She tells us what she has to say, and she has many good things to tell us, too, in a lively, racy, picturesque, but utterly unpretentious way. Of course we do not expect anyone to write a book about the Bermudas, without giving us something of the oft-repeated tale of its history and traditions: but Mrs. Dorr has spared us from overmuch, and does not weary the attention. The enjoyable portion of the work is the personal impressions and experiences of herself and her party. As every traveller or tourist with a literary taste, finds it essential,

nowadays, to serve the sight-seeing up in book form, we can only wish that more of them had the good taste and lively nature of the present author.

ELEMENTS OF ZOOLOGY. (*Appleton's Science Text-Books.*) By C. F. Holder, Fellow of the New York Academy of Sciences, etc., and T. B. Holder, A.M., Curator Zoology, American Museum of Natural History. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This new manual of one of the most interesting branches of science, is equally adapted for the school or for family reading. The object of the authors, which is to present in plain and concise language and in the light of the latest research and investigation, the life history of the various groups making up the animal kingdom has been well done. The best authorities have been followed. The authors, too, have introduced a great deal of matter of a descriptive and narrative matter, such as will thoroughly interest their young readers, such as the growth of the coral, nest-building fishes, luminous animals, animal electricians, hibernation, mimicry, etc., things which make certain phases of science almost like a fairy tale. The dry classification of science has but little attraction except to the professional scientist, and the authors have avoided this rock of dreariness as far as possible. The aim of the book seems to be largely to encourage the reader to become an original investigator, and to use his eyes and ears intelligently in observing the order of animated nature. The cuts are nicely and cleanly made, and the volume is very neat, though gotten up for service and not for ornament.

THE REALITY OF RELIGION. By Henry J. Van Dyke, Jr., D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

In this day of scepticism without, and dry-rot within, it well becomes the champions of the Christian faith to enter the lists with the keenest weapons furnished for the fight. Dr. Van Dyke argues, not from the standpoint of the dialectician, or from that of the defender of historical Christianity. It is the personal argument drawn from needs of human nature which he has here elaborated. He says: "We do not sneer at the dogmas of theology. They are certainly as important as the dogmas of science. We do not despise the questions of ritual. They are at least of equal consequence with the questions of social order. But religion is infinitely beyond all these. It is

more vital and more profound. It does not appeal to the intellect alone. It is not satisfied with the conclusions of logic. Nor does it rest at ease upon the æsthetic sense. It reaches down into the very depths of the living, throbbing, human heart, and stirs a longing which nothing outward and formal can ever fill—the longing for personal fellowship with God." It is this need of religion in the soul as essential to satisfy its truest and deepest longing which furnishes the keynote of the argument. He insists that religion is as absolute a reality, which we can feel and know in our spiritual life, as is the bread we eat to sustain our physical life. Dr. Van Dyke considers the subject under the heads of "A Real Religion Necessary;" "The Living God;" "The Living Soul;" "The Living Word;" "The Living Sacrifice;" and "The Living Christ." In the last, of course, we find the key-stone and cap, as well, of the logic of his thesis. The work will give comfort and satisfaction to many Christian souls, and is not unworthy of Dr. Van Dyke as an accomplished stylist. Chastened, yet glowing, subdued, yet strong, the book is one which should have a large number of readers among those devoted to the interests of the Church of Christ.

THE ENCHIRIDION OF WIT: THE BEST SPECIMENS OF ENGLISH CONVERSATIONAL WIT. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

This collection has aimed to avoid both the characteristics of the jest-book or of table-talk. Its place is between the two, being compiled from the annals of conversation, and comprising at the same time only those jests and stories which possess the stamp of wit as distinguished from humor or drollery. That the collection is good, one needs only to read the pleasant prefatory essay, which is very gracefully and brightly written, to feel sure that the taste and knowledge of the writer or editor have been well displayed in his work of selection. It goes without saying that many of the anecdotes are old and familiar. Many of the very best things ever said in the world, of course, are what we term "Joe Millers." That they should be otherwise, would argue but bad taste on the part of our predecessors. But our present author has gleaned in many an outlying field as well as in the well travelled road, and gives us very satisfactory showing for his literary excursus in new directions. Some of the stories in the book we do not remember to have seen before in any similar work.

#### FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE monument to Virgil at Pietole (which is supposed to be the Andes of the Romans), near Mantua, was unveiled lately.

THE death of a popular Russian novelist, B. M. Markievich, on the 30th of last month, is reported from St. Petersburg.

THE original autographs of the love-letters addressed by John Keats to Miss Fanny Brawne in the years 1819-20 will be sold by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge the first week in March, together with six unpublished autograph letters of Charles Lamb.

A PAMPHLET by Madame E. Coulombe is announced for immediate publication by Mr. Elliot Stock. This lady was associated with Madame Blavatsky for some years, and in this brochure tells what she heard and saw of Madame Blavatsky and the Theosophists with whom she came in contact in India and elsewhere.

TRINITY COLLEGE, Dublin, is about to start a new paper with the title *The Dublin University Review*. The first number will appear on February 1st, and the issue will be bi-monthly, except during the long vacation. The paper will contain literary articles as well as university news of every description, and will be owned by a limited liability company.

THE Incorporated Society of Authors propose to send a deputation to the Prime Minister to urge the codification of the Copyright Acts, which are fourteen in number. Several of the chief publishers, not of books only, but also of prints and music, will be asked to join.

A CONFERENCE of elementary teachers, international in its character, has been summoned to meet at Havre. This is the first conference of the kind which has been organized in France, and it is expected that the Government will make a grant in aid of the expenses.

THE article on Polish history and literature in the next volume of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" will be from the pen of Mr. Morfill, who will also contribute the articles on the Emperor Paul, and on Peter the Great.

MR. LOWE, correspondent of the *Times* at Berlin, is engaged in writing a biography of Prince Bismarck, which will appear next spring.

M. SCHLUMBERGER, the well known numismatist, and M. Benoist have lately been elected members of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres.

AN exhibition is to be held in the Imperial Library at Constantinople of Turkish writing, bookbinding, and illumination, for which prizes are to be given.

ONE of the most important scholastic reforms now in progress in Turkey is that relating to the study of the Arabic language. As now conducted, this study absorbs years in a desultory way which might be applied to the acquisition of other branches of knowledge. With the view to abridge the course of study without impairing its quality, the Sultan has determined on founding a special medresseh for teaching Arabic on a scientific basis, and for this purpose has purchased from the funds of the civil list the property of the Guedik Pasha Theatre at Constantinople.

THE long lost and often found commentary on the "Atharva-veda" seems at last on its way to publication. The whole of the commentary has not yet been found, but two-thirds of it are now in the hands of the pandits of Poona, who will prepare a critical publication of both text and commentary. The text of the "Atharva-veda" was published in the early days of Vedic scholarship by Roth and Whitney, and the latter scholar has lately published a very useful index.

WE are enabled to state, says the *Athenæum*, that a popular edition of Her Majesty's recent work, "More Leaves from the Journal of a Life in the Highlands," is in the press, and will be ready for publication in the course of a few weeks. The new edition will contain all the woodcut illustrations which appeared in the original edition, together with wood-engravings of the portraits, and will be uniform with the popular edition of the Queen's previous work. "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands."

MR. ALEXANDER DEL MAR, according to the *Academy*, formerly Director of the Bureau of Statistics of the United States, whose *History of the Precious Metals* was published in 1880, has in the press a work on *The History of Money from the Earliest Times to the Middle Ages*, upon which he has been occupied for many years past. It will shortly be published by Messrs. Bell & Sons.

FROM the *Academy* we quote the following amusing paragraph :

"The *Magazin für die Literatur des In- und Auslandes* continues to be unfortunate when it meddles with the English language. Many of

our readers will be acquainted with Victor Scheffel's charming German song—referring, we believe, to Heinrich von Ofterdingen—which has the refrain, 'Der Heini von Steier ist wieder im Land.' The *Magazin* of January 10 publishes an 'English' translation of this poem, by Johanna Baltz, from which we quote the following specimen :—

"To finches and swallows tells sweet nightingale :  
 "The song of a violin fills woodland and vale !  
 Ye twitt'ners, ye singers, now silence your cant—  
 Hark, Heini von Steier returned to his land !"  
 "Shoemaker is waving his furcap in glee :  
 "The merciful heaven forgets never me !  
 Now shoes will be costly, soleleather gets scant—  
 Hark, Heini von Steier returned to his land !"  
 " "

THE eighty-ninth birthday of Dr. Ranke (December 21st) has excited interest throughout Germany, and elicited many expressions of the respect universally felt for him. The strength of the venerable historian defies the increase of years, and he works daily at his home in Berlin on the history which he hopes to complete.

MR. C. E. PASCOE has issued a prospectus on the publication of English books in America. He says in effect that, though the lack of international copyright is one reason why English authors derive but little profit from the sale of their works in America, another and graver reason is, that as a class, they are in ignorance of the means for getting the best out of existing conditions. The usual method of procedure is for the English publisher to make proposals to an American publisher, or for the representative of an American firm in London to submit proposals to his principals in the United States. Mr. Pascoe points to the danger of losing a lucrative sale that this method entails. His prospectus, which is accompanied by letters from American publishers and some well-known English authors, is worth attention. Mr. Pascoe's address is 6 Southfields Road, West Hill, Wandsworth, S. W.

AN early and hitherto unknown Arabic work has lately been added to the Museum Library. It is entitled "Kitāb al-Mohabbir," and contains various historical notices and traditions relating to the ancient Arabs and to the time of Mohammed and his immediate successors. The author, Abu Sa'id al-Hasan al-Sukkari, lived in the third century of the Hijrah, and is well known as one of the earliest editors and commentators of the old poets, but the present work appears somehow to have escaped notice ; it is neither mentioned in the Fihrist, nor by Ibn Khallikan or Soyuti. The two last-named



authors state that Al-Sukkari died A.H. 275 ; but according to Ibn Kāni' (Leyden Catalogue, vol. ii. p. 8) he lived on to A.H. 290. The present work would show that the former date is decidedly wrong ; for it contains a brief sketch of the Abbasides brought down by Al-Sukkari himself to the accession of Al-Mo'tadid, *i. e.*, A.H. 279.

AMONG other recent additions to the Arabic collection, the following are especially deserving of the attention of scholars : the earliest extant history of the Moslem conquest of Egypt, Africa, and Spain, by Ibn 'Abd al-Hakam, who died A.H. 257, a twelfth century copy ; "Zubdat al-Tawarikh," a history of the Seljuk-dynasty, written shortly after its extinction, about A.H. 620, by Sadr al-Din Abul Hasan Ali Ibn Abul Fawaris Nasir Husaini, a fine and apparently unique copy of the thirteenth century ; "Kitab al-Osul," an extensive and hitherto unknown work on Arabic grammar by one of the earliest writers on the subject, Ibn al-Sarraj, who died A.H. 316, handsomely written, with all vowels, A.H. 651 ; a fine and valuable copy of the "Makamat al-Hariri," written by a grandson of the author, A.H. 557 (*i. e.*, forty years after Hariri's death), and consequently earlier than any copy of that standard work known to exist in European libraries.

THE numbers of ladies attending the King's College classes at Observatory Avenue have been very high during the term that has just ended. The entries were nearly 600, which is a larger number than has been reached since the first year, 1878, when the classes started, and the present house hardly affords room for such numbers.

It is not generally known that the *Times* attains its hundredth year on the 1st of January, 1885. The prevailing notion is that the year in which it was founded was 1738, the truth being that the 940th number of the journal appeared on the first day in that year. The mistake is due to confounding a change in the title with the foundation of the journal. The actual facts are set forth in an article which Mr. Fraser Rae contributes to the January number of the *Nineteenth Century*. Amongst other things which will attract notice in that article is a verbatim copy of the inscription on the tablets affixed in honor of the conduct of the *Times* in the case of *Bogle v. Lawson* in 1841, by a committee of bankers and merchants of the City, in the Royal Exchange, and over the entrance to the *Times* printing office. As

these tablets are placed where the inscriptions on them cannot easily be read, and as copies of these inscriptions are not given in the works dealing with the City, the copy in the *Nineteenth Century* is a piece of historical information which will be novel to most readers.

THE last number of *Shakspeariana* contains the somewhat surprising statement that Prof. Kuno Fischer is a convert to the Bacon-Shakspeare theory, and will lecture upon it at Heidelberg this winter. From the same periodical we copy the following curious paragraph :—

"A very remarkable discovery has been placed on record by the Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, who claims to have proof positive that Bacon was the author of Shakspeare's plays. This is accomplished by means of a cipher which Bacon twice describes, whereby one writing could be infolded and hidden in another. The words of the hidden story have a definite relation to the acts and scenes of the plays, which is determined by counting. Attracted by 'I. Henry IV. ; II., i., ii., iv., and IV., ii., in which he found the words 'Francis,' 'Bacon' (twice), 'Nicholas' (twice), 'Bacon's,' 'son,' 'master,' 'Kings,' 'exchequer,' 'St. Albans'—the name of Bacon's place of residence—and, in IV., ii., 'Francis' repeated twenty times on one page, Mr. Donnelly applied his key to it, with the following result:—Elizabeth during the Essex troubles became, as is known, incensed at the use made of the play of 'Richard II.,' in which is represented the deposition and killing of the King ; and she made it one of the points of prosecution which cost Essex his head, that he had hired the company of players to which Shakspeare belonged to represent it more than forty times in open streets and in tavern yards, in order to prepare the public mind for her own deposition and murder. History tells us that she caused the arrest of Haywarde, who wrote a prose narrative of the deposition of Richard II. and dedicated it to Essex, and he narrowly escaped a State prosecution. Mr. Donnelly shows that at the same time Shakspeare was arrested as the author of the plays ; he was threatened with the torture, and disclosed to the officers of the Crown the fact that Bacon was the real author of the plays. Bacon threw himself on the protection of his uncle, Lord Burleigh, the great Lord Treasurer, who saved him from exposure and prosecution, but revealed the truth to Elizabeth ; and this is the explanation of the fact, that, as long as Elizabeth lived, she kept Bacon out of office and in poverty."

## MISCELLANY.

SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF GEORGE SAND.—The recent unveiling of George Sand's statue at La Châtre has set people thinking about her afresh. At no time since "Indiana" and "Lelia" first revealed the existence of a new writer of transcendent power, has her place in French literature, and her influence on the social problems of the time, and the question whether her artistic creations will or will not live, been canvassed with more energy than during the past few weeks. Some personal recollections of George Sand given by Mrs. Ellis, the authoress of "Sylvestra," may therefore be of interest: "Above twenty years ago," writes Mrs. Ellis, "I spent three days in a French hotel (at Tours) with George Sand, without knowing who she was. She puzzled me all the time, and had in person something of the same effect on me that her character—attractive and repulsive—has still. She sat opposite me at a narrow *table d'hôte*—a tall, large, strongly-built woman, with features in proportion to her size. Her eyes were fine, but her force of appearance was rather physical than intellectual. It must have been the brain beneath the strong features which teased me as it did, to make out to myself who she could be. She was mature, but in no decline of force, massive, grave, and restful, with nothing Gallic about her. The dark hair, eyes, and tint might have belonged to Italy or Spain, quite as well as to France, and the bearing, better. Her dress might have been called 'dowdy.' It was of the type of the travelling Englishwoman, as French eyes see it, rather than French. I think her 'robe' was brown, which did not become her at all. Crimson would have suited her. She wore an ugly, large-brimmed, straw hat, with broad lace falling over the brim, at a time when Frenchwomen had hardly begun to wear hats, and—if my memory does not err—she wore it at dinner. Her companion was an elderly and feeble man, seemingly more than seventy. There was nothing in the appearance of the couple (viewing them as married folk) unlike that of many other French pairs, when, as is so often the case, the man 'ranges' himself at forty by the side of a young lady of half his years. My perplexing neighbor understood what I said to my husband in English, and offered me some little courteous attentions. There was no real speech between us. If I had known it was George Sand, I believe that I should not have spoken more, as I had not long before read

some displeasing remarks in her autobiography on the way in which she was annoyed by '*les Anglaises*,' and on the '*étranges sifflements*' which they introduced into the fine French tongue! She and I were the only two women in the hotel who ever went into a sort of reading-room adjoining the house to look at the newspapers. I had nearly settled with myself that she was a lady country squire, such as I used to see drive into Tours on market days, when one morning, on going, as I used to do, to the Imperial library, to draw from old illuminated MSS., my friend, the librarian, M. d'Orange, said to me, 'Madame, do you know that you have George Sand in your hotel?' When I went back, she had just gone with the gentleman who had lent her his name to travel with, for she was entered as his '*Comtesse*' in the book of the hotel. He was a Radical Deputy. I told my lively landlady, who declared that M. d'Orange '*n'en savait rien*,' and opened her book to show me the names of M. le Comte and Madame la Comtesse So-and-So. Then she said, 'If it was George Sand,' her books, '*ma foi*,' of which she had read one or two—instancing a couple of the best—were not '*grande chose*.' When I got back to England, I looked at a fine lithographed portrait of George Sand, and saw it was the woman. Perhaps it was for the best that I had not known who she was, as my impression, which is still vivid, remains of her as she seemed, and not such as my fancy would at once have set to work to make her out. Thinking of her afterward, I was reminded of that passage in her autobiography in which she tells how, in a moment of misery, she tested her own strength by lifting a large heavy stone, and said to herself in despair, 'And I may have to live forty years!' Also I thought of Alfred de Musset's taunting her—she never forgot it—with having no *esprit*. Of '*esprit Gallois*' she seems to have had little. The Northern races had the uppermost in her making, I should say. I have a notion that the Königsmarks were Pomeranian—of the Bismarck build—and had she not the blood of the Counts Horn? I forget. However, Marshal Saxe spoke for himself in her. Mr. Hamerton says that an intense desire to study character had its strong share in her illicit liaisons with poets, musicians, lawyers, novelists, etc., all being men above the common run. But here, again, I cannot help thinking that race descent from Augustus II. of Saxony and Aurore de Königsmark counted for much. Her genuine feeling for the poor,

and a sort of homely motherliness, seem to have made her greatly loved by the Berry people."—*Spectator*.

THE AMERICAN SENATE.—It is amusing to see discussions on the possible abolition of the American Senate, in which the disputants on one side do not seem to see that what they are proposing is the abolition of the federal system altogether. It has been explained over and over again—yet, as long as some seem not to understand so plain a matter, it must be explained once more—that a proposal to abolish the American Senate is quite a different matter from a proposal to abolish the French Senate. With regard to the French Senate the question is simply whether the business of the nation is likely to be best done by one House or by two. With regard to the American Senate we have to go much deeper. The House of Representatives represents the nation formed by the union of all the separate States; the Senate represents the separate States themselves. The federal nation is formed by the union of States differing widely in size and power, but equal in rights and dignity, each of which still keeps all such attributes of independent commonwealths as it has not formally given up to the federal power. To hinder alike the federal nation from being swamped by the States and the States from being swamped by the federal nation, it is needful to have one assembly in which each State has only that amount of voice to which it is entitled by its population, and another assembly in which each State, great and small, has an equal voice. If any party in the United States wishes altogether to get rid of the federal system, if they wish to get rid of the independence of the several States, if they wish the great names of Massachusetts and Virginia to mean no more than an English county or a French department, then let them propose the abolition of the Senate of the United States, and not otherwise. Yet even under a system where the Second Chamber is absolutely necessary, we see the comparative weakness of Second Chambers; its abolition can be discussed. And herein comes the wonderful wisdom of the founders of the American Constitution in strengthening the Senate with those powers of other kinds which make it something more than a Second Chamber or Upper House. And mark further that the Swiss *Ständerath* or *Conseil des Etats*, formed after the model of the American Senate, like it absolutely necessary if Switzerland is to remain a federal commonwealth, is far from holding

the same position in the country which the American Senate holds. For it is a mere partner with the *Nationalrath*, and has not those special powers in and by itself which the American Senate has. But mark again that the great position of the American Senate is something which cannot exist along with our form of executive government. A President may be asked formally to submit his acts to be confirmed by one branch of the Legislature; a King can hardly be asked to do so.—*Contemporary Review*.

SHAKESPEARE AND BALZAC.—Yacht life gives ample leisure. I had employed part of mine in making sketches. One laughs at one's extraordinary performances a day or two after on has completed them. Yet the attempt is worth making. It teaches one to admire less grudgingly the work of real artists who have conquered the difficulties. Books are less trying to vanity, for one is producing nothing of one's own, and submitting only to be interested or amused, if the author can succeed in either. One's appetite is generally good on these occasions, and one can devour anything; but in the pure primitive element of sea, and mountains, and unprogressive peasantry, I had become somehow fastidious. I tried a dozen novels one after the other without success; at last, perhaps the morning we left Elversdale, I found on the library shelves "*Le Père Goriot*." I had read a certain quantity of "Balzac" at other times, in deference to the high opinion entertained of him. N—, a fellow of Oriel, and once Member for Oxford, I remembered insisting to me that there was more knowledge of human nature in "Balzac" than in Shakespeare. I had myself observed in him a knowledge of a certain kind of human nature which Shakespeare let alone—a nature in which healthy vigor had been corrupted into a caricature by highly seasoned artificial civilization. Hothouse plants, in which the flowers had lost their grace of form and natural beauty, and had gained instead a poison-loaded and perfumed luxuriance, did not exist in Shakespeare's time, and if they had they would probably not have interested him. However, I had not read "*Le Père Goriot*," and as I had been assured that it was the finest of Balzac's works, I sat down to it and deliberately read it through. My first impulse after it was over was to plunge into the sea to wash myself. As we were going ten knots, there were objections to this method of ablution, but I felt that I had been in abominable company. The

book seemed to be the very worst ever written by a clever man. But it, and N——'s reference to Shakespeare, led me into a train of reflections. Le Père Goriot, like King Lear, has two daughters. Like Lear, he strips himself of his own fortune to provide for them in a distinguished manner. He is left to poverty and misery while his daughters live in splendor. Why is Lear so grand? Why is Le Père Goriot detestable? In the first place, all the company in Balzac are bad. Le Père Goriot is so wrapped up in his delightful children, that their very vices charm him, and their scented boudoirs seem a kind of Paradise. Lear, in the first scene of the play, acts and talks like an idiot, but still an idiot with a moral soul in him. Take Lear's own noble nature from him, take Kent away, and Edgar, and the fool, and Cordelia—and the actors in the play, it must be admitted, are abominable specimens of humanity—yet even so, leaving the story as it might have been if Marlowe had written it instead of Shakespeare, Goneril and Regan would still have been terrible, while the Paris dames of fashion are merely loathsome. What is the explanation of the difference? Partly, I suppose, it arises from the comparative intellectual stature of the two sets of women. Strong natures and weak may be equally wicked. The strong are interesting, because they have daring and force. You fear them as you fear panthers and tigers. You hate, but you admire. M. Balzac's heroines have no intellectual nature at all. They are female swine out of Circe's sty; as selfish, as unscrupulous as any daughter of Adam could conveniently be, but soft, and corrupt, and cowardly, and sensual; so base and low that it would be a compliment to call them devils. I object to being brought into the society of people in a book whom I would shut my eyes rather than see in real life. Goneril and Regan would be worth looking at in a cage in the Zoological Gardens. One would have no curiosity to stare at a couple of dames caught out of Coventry Street or the Quadrant. From Shakespeare to Balzac, from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth, we have been progressing to considerable purpose. If the state of literature remains as it has hitherto been, the measure of our moral condition, Europe has been going ahead with a vengeance. I put out the taste of "*Le Père Goriot*" with "*Persuasion*." Afterwards I found a book really worth reading, with the uninviting title of "*Adventures in Sport and War*," the author of it a young Marquis de Compiègne, a ruined representa-

tive of the old French *noblesse*, who appears first as a penniless adventurer seeking his fortune in America as a birdstuffer, and tempted by an advertisement into the swamps of Florida in search of specimens, a beggarly experience, yet told with *naïveté* and simplicity, truth and honor surviving by the side of absolute helplessness. Afterwards we find him in France again, fighting as a private in the war with Germany, and taken prisoner at Sedan; and again in the campaign against the Commune, at the taking of Paris, and the burning of the Tuileries—a tragic picture, drawn, too, with entire unconsciousness of the condition to which Balzac, Madame Sand, and the rest of the fraternity had dragged down the French nation.—*Longman's Magazine*.

THE DREAD OF OLD AGE.—We all of us, or at least all of us who are slipping past fifty, secretly dread old age, and regard with aversion its usual, or traditionally usual, conditions; and the sight of a man about whose years there can be no question, who has passed by thirty years the average limit of human life, and by ten years an extreme limit, and yet talks well, hears fairly well, sees perfectly well and could walk like another but for weakness, is pleasantly reassuring. If the man of a century can be like Sir Moses Montefiore, the man of ninety may be only a little idolent, the man of eighty hale and hearty, and the man of seventy retain "the fullest vigor of his faculties." That is one secret, we are convinced, of the decided popularity of very old statesmen, and especially old statesmen of great vigor, a sense among the middle-aged that if they who are so visible can be so strong and active and full brilliancy, old age cannot be so dreadful after all. An apprehension has been removed or lessened, and a very keen one. Some of the dread no doubt is traditional, founded upon boyish recollections, and even upon books, Shakespeare in particular having expressed, in lines which have stuck in the national memory, an unusually strong sense of the infirmities of age. His celebrated lines were probably accurate at the time, for they are accurate now when applied to certain classes of the very poor; but they no longer describe the majority of the aged well-to-do. Whatever the cause, whether improved sanitary appliances, or greater temperance, or, as we should ourselves believe, an increase of the habit of persistently using the mind, and consistently taking interest in events, it is certain that the disease called senility is among the

fully-fed much rarer than it used to be. The old lose their hearing, and their activity, and part of the keenness of their sight, and are supposed to be grown duller alike to pleasure and to pain; but they much seldomer become totally blind, or fatuous, or unable to control their features, or incapable of guiding themselves about. Men of eighty-four or five, who, in the early part of the century, would have fallen into second childhood—then a disease recognized not only by doctors, but by all men, and regarded as a sort of idiotcy—now talk easily, and glide over little deficiencies of memory, and are, apart from a not ungraceful physical weakness, truly men. The younger generation has, however, scarcely realised the change in its full extent, and fears age, therefore, unconsciously a little more acutely than it should, though it has reason for some of its fear. The lot of the old is not the happiest, even if they are fortunately placed. They suffer from the certainty that such physical ills as they have cannot be cured, and a fear that they will become worse, from a deficiency, not so much of occupation as of imperative occupation, the business occupation of middle-age and from that unconscious insolence of the babbling youth around them, which is, perhaps, most felt by the aged when youth is most loving and considerate. One does not want to be "considered" by a baby. They suffer from a jar between their own impression of their own wisdom, as a necessary product of their long experience, and a secret doubt whether the young, who evidently think so differently, can be all wrong, not to mention that actual disrespect which the peculiar conceit of the young always appears to indicate even when it is not intended. They suffer from their keen memory for disappointments, which sometimes in the reflections of the old exaggerate their bulk till life seems made up of little else—a phenomenon constantly observable in the monologues of the uneducated and ill-restrained. And they suffer most of all from the loss, ever-increasing as time slips along, not only of those dearest to them, but of accustomed intimates, and especially of friends who grow fewer not only from deaths, but from departures, alienations, and changes of condition and feeling. The very old, as far as our experience serves, are fortunate if, outside the circle of blood relations, they retain even one or two close friends: and this to some men and women, especially to those much dependent on conversation to stimulate their

natures and "put them in spirits," is the most irremediable of losses. They feel as if life had altered, and the very sunlight were less inspiring. Add that all the indulgences of hope, including day dreaming, become vapid—reason showing the unreality—and gradually cease, and we may admit that even under favorable circumstances old age is not an enviable condition, more especially among Englishmen and Americans, who feel little of that instinctive reverence for age, and belief in its nearness to the divine, which characterises all Asia and a large portion of Southern Europe. The Teutons think allusions to gray hairs, which Southerners regard as solemn, and will accept even in a theatre with applause, a little rhetorical or artificial. The respect for the old is not gone, but a certain reverence is, if it ever existed among us, which, remembering Shakespeare's lines and our own workhouse arrangements, we half incline to doubt.—*Spectator*.

A TRUE CRITIC.—He who has the genuine pictorial sense, of which not even the idea can be given to those who have not got it, is quickly discovered by those who have the same gift. They will detect him in the gallery by many signs. He is guided by instinct to stand at the right distance from the picture, which is not a mere matter of taste as most folk think, but the distance at which the picture has the same expanse to the eye as the real object replaced by it would have. A little nearer or a little farther he feels the picture bearing falsely. Falsely when things are represented which in the real view would alter (as the picture objects cannot) in their mutual effects by advancing towards or retreating from them. His eye goes right to the heart of the picture; the spot made to be such by the artifice of the painter. He is in no hurry to look elsewhere. He looks towards one point, but he sees the rest sufficiently without peeping about. His consciousness takes in the whole simultaneously, and for a while he examines nothing; forgets that he sees a picture, and feels the quickening within of the thoughts which such a scene might stir up. He can presently put aside all this and criticise if he cares to do so, just as the musician can cease from his tune and look to the strings or stops. For he is curious about the mechanism of the delightful delusion as the musician or the most enraptured of his audience may care to look into the arrangement of a musical instrument. But the picture like the violin, is not in operation at all while it is being examined.—*Art Journal*.



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A WORD MORE ABOUT AMERICA.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

WHEN I was at Chicago last year, I was asked whether Lord Coleridge would not write a book about America. I ventured to answer confidently for him that he would do nothing of the kind. Not at Chicago only, but almost wherever I went, I was asked whether I myself did not intend to write a book about America. For oneself one can answer yet more confidently than for one's friends, and I always replied that most assuredly I had no such intention. To write a book about America, on the strength of having made merely such a tour there as mine was, and with no fuller equipment of preparatory studies and of local observations than I possess, would seem to me an impertinence.

It is now a long while since I read M. de Tocqueville's famous work on Democracy in America. I have the highest respect for M. de Tocqueville ;

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but my remembrance of his book is that it deals too much in abstractions for my taste, and that it is written, moreover, in a style which many French writers adopt, but which I find trying—a style cut into short paragraphs and wearing an air of rigorous scientific deduction without the reality. Very likely, however, I do M. de Tocqueville injustice. My debility in high speculation is well known, and I mean to attempt his book on Democracy again when I have seen America once more, and when years may have brought to me, perhaps, more of the philosophic mind. Meanwhile, however, it will be evident how serious a matter I think it to write a worthy book about the United States, when I am not entirely satisfied with even M. de Tocqueville's.

But before I went to America, and when I had no expectation of ever going

there, I published, under the title of "A Word about America," not indeed a book, but a few modest remarks on what I thought civilisation in the United States might probably be like. I had before me a Boston newspaper-article which said that if I ever visited America I should find there such and such things ; and taking this article for my text I observed, that from all I had read and all I could judge, I should for my part expect to find there rather such and such other things, which I mentioned. I said that of aristocracy, as we know it here, I should expect to find, of course, in the United States the total absence ; that our lower class I should expect to find absent in a great degree, while my old familiar friend, the middle class, I should expect to find in full possession of the land. And then betaking myself to those playful phrases which a little relieve, perhaps, the tedium of grave disquisitions of this sort, I said that I imagined one would just have in America our Philistines, with our aristocracy quite left out and our populace very nearly.

An acute and singularly candid American, whose name I will on no account betray to his countrymen, read these observations of mine, and he made a remark upon them to me which struck me a good deal. Yes, he said, you are right, and your supposition is just. In general, what you would find over there would be the Philistines, as you call them, without your aristocracy and without your populace. Only this, too, I say at the same time : you would find over there something besides, something more, something which you do not bring out, which you cannot know and bring out, perhaps, without actually visiting the United States, but which you would recognise if you saw it.

My friend was a true prophet. When I saw the United States I recognised that the general account which I had hazarded of them was, indeed, not erroneous, but that it required to have something added to supplement it. I should not like either my friends in America or my countrymen here at home to think that my "Word about America" gave my full and final thoughts respecting the people of the United States. The new and modifying impressions brought by experience I shall communi-

cate, as I did my original expectations, with all good faith, and as simply and plainly as possible. Perhaps when I have yet again visited America, have seen the great West, and have had a second reading of M. de Tocqueville's classical work on Democracy, my mind may be enlarged and my present impressions still further modified by new ideas. If so, I promise to make my confession duly ; not indeed to make it, even then, in a book about America, but to make it in a brief "Last Word" on that great subject—a word, like its predecessors, of open-hearted and free conversation with the readers of this Review.

I suppose I am not by nature disposed to think so much as most people do of "institutions." The Americans think and talk very much of their "institutions ;" I am by nature inclined to call all this sort of thing *machinery*, and to regard rather men and their characters. But the more I saw of America, the more I found myself led to treat "institutions" with increased respect. Until I went to the United States I had never seen a people with institutions which seemed expressly and thoroughly suited to it. I had not properly appreciated the benefits proceeding from this cause.

Sir Henry Maine, in an admirable essay which, though not signed, betrays him for its author by its rare and characteristic qualities of mind and style—Sir Henry Maine in the *Quarterly Review* adopts and often reiterates a phrase of M. Scherer, to the effect that "Democracy is only a form of government." He holds up to ridicule a sentence of Mr. Bancroft's History, in which the American democracy is told that its ascent to power "proceeded as uniformly and majestically as the laws of being and was as certain as the decrees of eternity." Let us be willing to give Sir Henry Maine his way, and to allow no magnificent claim of this kind on behalf of the American democracy. Let us treat as not more solid the assertion in the Declaration of Independence, that "all men are created equal, are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among them life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Let us concede that these natural

rights are a figment; that chance and circumstance, as much as deliberate foresight and design, have brought the United States into their present condition, that moreover the British rule which they threw off was not the rule of oppressors and tyrants which declaimers suppose, and that the merit of the Americans was not that of oppressed men rising against tyrants, but rather of sensible young people getting rid of stupid and overweening guardians who misunderstood and mismanaged them.

All this let us concede, if we will; but in conceding it let us not lose sight of the really important point, which is this: that their institutions do in fact suit the people of the United States so well, and that from this suitability they do derive so much actual benefit. As one watches the play of their institutions, the image suggests itself to one's mind of a man in a suit of clothes which fits him to perfection, leaving all his movements unimpeded and easy. It is loose where it ought to be loose, and it sits close where its sitting close is an advantage. The central government of the United States keeps in its own hands those functions which, if the nation is to have real unity, ought to be kept there; those functions it takes to itself and no others. The State governments and the municipal governments provide people with the fullest liberty of managing their own affairs, and afford, besides, a constant and invaluable school of practical experience. This wonderful suit of clothes, again (to recur to our image), is found also to adapt itself naturally to the wearer's growth, and to admit of all enlargements as they successively arise. I speak of the state of things since the suppression of slavery, of the state of things which meets a spectator's eye at the present time in America. There are points in which the institutions of the United States may call forth criticism. One observer may think that it would be well if the President's term of office were longer, if his ministers sat in Congress or must possess the confidence of Congress. Another observer may say that the marriage laws for the whole nation ought to be fixed by Congress, and not to vary at the will of the legislatures of the several States. I myself was much struck with the incon-

venience of not allowing a man to sit in Congress except for his own district; a man like Wendell Phillips was thus excluded, because Boston would not return him. It is as if Mr. Bright could have no other constituency open to him if Rochdale would not send him to Parliament. But all these are really questions of *machinery* (to use my own term), and ought not so to engage our attention as to prevent our seeing that the capital fact as to the institutions of the United States is this: their suitability to the American people and their natural and easy working. If we are not to be allowed to say, with Mr. Beecher, that this people has "a genius for the organisation of States," then at all events we must admit that in its own organisation it has enjoyed the most signal good fortune.

Yes; what is called, in the jargon of the publicists, the political problem and the social problem, the people of the United States does appear to me to have solved, or Fortune has solved it for them, with undeniable success. Against invasion and conquest from without they are impregnable strong. As to domestic concerns, the first thing to remember is, that the people over there is at bottom the same people as ourselves, a people with a strong sense for conduct. But there is said to be great corruption among their politicians and in the public service, in municipal administration, and in the administration of justice. Sir Lepel Griffin would lead us to think that the administration of justice, in particular, is so thoroughly corrupt, that a man with a lawsuit has only to provide his lawyer with the necessary funds for bribing the officials, and he can make sure of winning his suit. The Americans themselves use such strong language in describing the corruption prevalent amongst them that they cannot be surprised if strangers believe them. For myself, I had heard and read so much to the discredit of American political life, how all the best men kept aloof from it, and those who gave themselves to it were unworthy, that I ended by supposing that the thing must actually be so, and the good Americans must be looked for elsewhere than in politics. Then I had the pleasure of dining with Mr. Bancroft in Washington; and how-



ever he may, in Sir Henry Maine's opinion, overlaid the pre-established harmony of American democracy, he had at any rate invited to meet me half a dozen politicians whom in England we should pronounce to be members of Parliament of the highest class, in bearing, manners, tone of feeling, intelligence, information. I discovered that in truth the practice, so common in American, of calling a politician "a thief," does not mean so very much more than is meant in England when we have heard Lord Beaconsfield called "a liar" and Mr. Gladstone "a madman." It means, that the speaker disagrees with the politician in question and dislikes him. Not that I assent, on the other hand, to the thick-and-thin American patriots, who will tell you that there is no more corruption in the politics and administration of the United States than in those of England. I believe there is more, and that the tone of both is lower there; and this from a cause on which I shall have to touch hereafter. But the corruption is exaggerated; it is not the wide and deep disease it is often represented; it is such that the good elements in the nation may, and I believe will, perfectly work it off; and even now the truth of what I have been saying as to the suitability and successful working of American institutions is not really in the least affected by it.

Furthermore, American society is not in danger from revolution. Here, again, I do not mean that the United States are exempt from the operation of every one of the causes—such a cause as the division between rich and poor, for instance—which may lead to revolution. But I mean that comparatively with the old countries of Europe they are free from the danger of revolution; and I believe that the good elements in them will make a way for them to escape out of what they really have of this danger also, to escape in the future as well as now—the future for which some observers announce this danger as so certain and so formidable. Lord Macaulay predicted that the United States must come in time to just the same state of things which we witness in England; that the cities would fill up and the lands become occupied, and then, he said, the division between rich and poor would

establish itself on the same scale as with us, and be just as embarrassing. He forgot that the United States are without what certainly fixes and accentuates the division between rich and poor—the distinction of classes. Not only have they not the distinction between noble and bourgeois, between aristocracy and middle class; they have not even the distinction between bourgeois and peasant or artisan, between middle and lower class. They have nothing to create it and compel their recognition of it. Their domestic service is done for them by Irish, Germans, Swedes, Negroes. Outside domestic service, within the range of conditions which an American may in fact be called upon to traverse, he passes easily from one sort of occupation to another, from poverty to riches, and from riches to poverty. No one of his possible occupations appears degrading to him or makes him lose caste; and poverty itself appears to him as inconvenient and disagreeable rather than as humiliating. When the immigrant from Europe strikes root in his new home, he becomes as the American.

It may be said that the Americans, when they attained their independence, had not the elements for a division into classes, and that they deserve no praise for not having invented one. But I am not now contending that they deserve praise for their institutions, I am saying how well their institutions work. Considering, indeed, how rife are distinctions of rank and class in the world, how prone men in general are to adopt them, how much the Americans themselves, beyond doubt, are capable of feeling their attraction, it shows, I think, at least strong good sense in the Americans to have forborne from all attempt to invent them at the outset, and to have escaped or resisted any fancy for inventing them since. But evidently the United States constituted themselves, not amid the circumstances of a feudal age, but in a modern age; not under the conditions of an epoch favorable to subordination, but under those of an epoch of expansion. Their institutions did but comply with the form and pressure of the circumstances and conditions then present. A feudal age, an epoch of war, defence, and concentration, needs centres of power and property, and it

reinforces property by joining distinctions of rank and class with it. Property becomes more honorable, more solid. And in feudal ages this is well, for its changing hands easily would be a source of weakness. But in ages of expansion, where men are bent that every one shall have his chance, the more readily property changes hands the better. The envy with which its holder is regarded diminishes, society is safer. I think whatever may be said of the worship of the almighty dollar in America, it is indubitable that rich men are regarded there with less envy and hatred than rich men are in Europe. Why is this? Because their condition is less fixed, because government and legislation do not take them more seriously than other people, make grandees of them, aid them to found families and endure. With us, the chief holders of property are grandees already, and every rich man aspires to become a grandee if possible. And therefore an English country-gentleman regards himself as part of the system of nature; government and legislation have invited him so to do. If the price of wheat falls so low that his means of expenditure are greatly reduced, he tells you that if this lasts he cannot possibly go on as a country-gentleman; and every well-bred person amongst us looks sympathising and shocked. An American would say: "Why should he?" The Conservative newspapers are fond of giving us, as an argument for the game-laws, the plea that without them a country-gentleman could not be induced to live on his estate. An American would say: "What does it matter?" Perhaps to an English ear this will sound brutal; but the point is that the American does not take his rich man so seriously as we do ours, does not make him into a grandee; the thing, if proposed to him, would strike him as an absurdity. I suspect that Mr. Winans himself, the American millionaire who adds deer-forest to deer-forest, and will not suffer a cottier to keep a pet lamb, regards his own performance as a colossal stroke of American humor, illustrating the absurdities of the British system of property and privilege. Ask Mr. Winans if he would promote the introduction of the British game-laws into the United States, and he would tell you

with a merry laugh that the idea is ridiculous, and that these British follies are for home consumption.

The example of France must not mislead us. There the institutions, an objector may say, are republican, and yet the division and hatred between rich and poor is intense. True; but in France, though the institutions may be republican, the ideas and morals are not republican. In America not only are the institutions republican, but the ideas and morals are prevalingly republican also. They are those of a plain, decent middle class. The ideal of those who are the public instructors of the people is the ideal of such a class. In France the ideal of the mass of popular journalists and popular writers of fiction, who are now practically the public instructors there, is, if you could see their hearts, a Pompadour or du Barry *régime*, with themselves for the part of Faublas. With this ideal prevailing, this vision of the objects for which wealth is desirable, the possessors of wealth become hateful to the multitude which toils and endures, and society is undermined. This is one of the many inconveniences which the French have to suffer from that worship of the great goddess Lubricity to which they are at present vowed. Wealth excites the most savage enmity there, because it is conceived as a means for gratifying appetites of the most selfish and vile kind. But in America Faublas is no more the ideal than Coriolanus. Wealth is no more conceived as the minister to the pleasures of a class of rakes, than as the minister to the magnificence of a class of nobles. It is conceived as a thing which almost any American may attain, and which almost every American will use respectably. Its possession, therefore, does not inspire hatred, and so I return to the thesis with which I started—America is not in danger of revolution. The division between rich and poor is alleged to us as a cause of revolution which presently, if not now, must operate there, as elsewhere; and yet we see that this cause has not there, in truth, the characters to which we are elsewhere accustomed.

A people homogeneous, a people which had to constitute itself in a modern age, an epoch of expansion, and which has

given to itself institutions entirely fitted for such an age and epoch, and which suit it perfectly—a people not in danger of war from without, not in danger of revolution from within—such is the people of the United States. The political and social problem, then, we must surely allow that they solve successfully. There remains, I know, the human problem also ; the solution of that too has to be considered ; but I shall come to that hereafter. My point at present is, that politically and socially the United States are a community living in a natural condition, and conscious of living in a natural condition. And being in this healthy case, and having this healthy consciousness, the community there uses its understanding with the soundness of health ; it in general sees its political and social concerns straight, and sees them clear. So that when Sir Henry Maine and M. Scherer tell us that democracy is “merely a form of government,” we may observe to them that it is in the United States a form of government in which the community feels itself in a natural condition and at ease ; in which, consequently, it sees things straight and sees them clear.

More than half one's interest in watching the English people of the United States comes, of course, from the bearing of what one finds there upon things at home, amongst us English people ourselves in these islands. I have frankly recorded what struck me and came as most new to me in the condition of the English race in the United States. I had said beforehand, indeed, that I supposed the American Philistine was a livelier sort of Philistine than ours, because he had not that pressure of the Barbarians to stunt and distort him which befalls his English brother here. But I did not foresee how far his superior liveliness and naturalness of condition, in the absence of that pressure, would carry the American Philistine. I still use my old name *Philistine*, because it does in fact seem to me as yet to suit the bulk of the community over there, as it suits the strong central body of the community here. But in my mouth the name is hardly a reproach, so clearly do I see the Philistine's necessity, so willingly I own his merits, so much I find of him in myself. The American Philistine,

however, is certainly far more different from his English brother than I had beforehand supposed. And on that difference we English of the old country may with great profit turn our regards for awhile, and I am now going to speak of it.

Surely if there is one thing more than another which all the world is saying of our community at present, and of which the truth cannot well be disputed, it is this : that we act like people who do not think straight and see clear. I know that the Liberal newspapers used to be fond of saying that what characterised our middle class was its “clear, manly intelligence, penetrating through sophisms, ignoring commonplaces, and giving to conventional illusions their true value.” Many years ago I took alarm at seeing the *Daily News*, and the *Morning Star*, like Zedekiah the son of Chenaanah, thus making horns of iron for the middle class and bidding it “Go up and prosper !” and my first efforts as a writer on public matters were prompted by a desire to utter, like Micaiah the son of Imlah, my protest against these misleading assurances of the false prophets. And though often and often smitten on the cheek, just as Micaiah was, still I persevered ; and at the Royal Institution I said how we seemed to flounder and to beat the air, and at Liverpool I singled out as our chief want the want of lucidity. But now everybody is really saying of us the same thing : that we fumble because we cannot make up our mind, and that we cannot make up our mind because we do not know what to be after. If our foreign policy is not that of “the British Philistine, with his likes and dislikes, his effusion and confusion, his hot and cold fits, his want of dignity and of the steadfastness which comes from dignity, his want of ideas and of the steadfastness which comes from ideas,” then all the world at the present time is, it must be owned, very much mistaken.

Let us not, therefore, speak of foreign affairs ; it is needless, because the thing I wish to show is so manifest there to everybody. But we will consider matters at home. Let us take the present state of the House of Commons. Can anything be more confused, more unnatural ? That assembly has got into a condition utterly embarrassed, and seems

impotent to bring itself right. The members of the House themselves may find entertainment in the personal incidents which such a state of confusion is sure to bring forth abundantly, and excitement in the opportunities thus often afforded for the display of Mr. Gladstone's wonderful powers. But to any judicious Englishman outside the House the spectacle is simply an afflicting and humiliating one; the sense aroused by it is not a sense of delight at Mr. Gladstone's tireless powers, it is rather a sense of disgust at their having to be so exercised. Every day the House of Commons does not sit judicious people feel relief, every day that it sits they are oppressed with apprehension. Instead of being an edifying influence, as such an assembly ought to be, the House of Commons is at present an influence which does harm; it sets an example which rebukes and corrects none of the nation's faults, but rather encourages them. The best thing to be done at present, perhaps, is to avert one's eyes from the House of Commons as much as possible; if one keeps on constantly watching it welter in its baneful confusion, one is likely to fall into the fulminating style of the wrathful Hebrew prophets, and to call it "an astonishment, a hissing, and a curse."

Well, then, our greatest institution, the House of Commons, we cannot say is at present working, like the American institutions, easily and successfully. Suppose we now pass to Ireland. I will not ask if our institutions work easily and successfully in Ireland; to ask such a question would be too bitter, too cruel a mockery. Those hateful cases which have been tried in the Dublin Courts this last year suggest the dark and ill-omened word which applies to the whole state of Ireland—*anti-natural*. *Anti-natural*, *anti-nature*—that is the word which rises irresistibly in my mind as I survey Ireland. Everything is unnatural there—the proceedings of the English who rule, the proceedings of the Irish who resist. But it is with the working of our English institutions there that I am now concerned. It is unnatural that Ireland should be governed by Lord Spencer and Mr. Campbell Bannerman—as unnatural as for Scotland to be governed by Lord Cranbrook and Mr.

Healy. It is unnatural that Ireland should be governed under a Crimes Act. But there is necessity, replies the Government. Well, then, if there is such evil necessity, it is unnatural that the Irish newspapers should be free to write as they write and the Irish members to speak as they speak—free to inflame and further exasperate a seditious people's mind, and to promote the continuance of the evil necessity. A necessity for the Crimes Act is a necessity for absolute government. By our patchwork proceedings we set up, indeed, a make-believe of Ireland's being constitutionally governed. But it is not constitutionally governed; nobody supposes it to be constitutionally governed, except, perhaps, that born swallower of all clap-trap, the British Philistine. The Irish themselves, the all-important personages in this case, are not taken in; our make-believe does not produce in them the very least gratitude, the very least softening. At the same time it adds an hundred fold to the difficulties of an absolute government.

The working of our institutions being thus awry, is the working of our thoughts upon them more smooth and natural? I imagine to myself an American, his own institutions and his habits of thought being such as we have seen, listening to us as we talk politics and discuss the strained state of things over here. "Certainly these men have considerable difficulties," he would say; "but they never look at them straight, they do not think straight." Who does not admire the fine qualities of Lord Spencer?—and I, for my part, am quite ready to admit that he may require for a given period not only the present Crimes Act, but even yet more stringent powers of repression. *For a given period*, yes!—but afterwards? Has Lord Spencer any clear vision of the great, the profound changes still to be wrought before a stable and prosperous society can arise in Ireland? Has he even any ideal for the future there, beyond that of a time when he can go to visit Lord Kenmare, or any other great landlord who is his friend, and find all the tenants punctually paying their rents, prosperous and deferential, and society in Ireland settling quietly down again upon the old basis? And he might as well hope to

see Strongbow come to life again! Which of us does not esteem and like Mr. Trevelyan, and rejoice in the high promise of his career? And how all his friends applauded when he turned upon the exasperating and insulting Irish members, and told them that he was "an English gentleman"! Yet, if one thinks of it, Mr. Trevelyan was thus telling the Irish members simply that he was just that which Ireland does not want, and which can do her no good. England, to be sure, has given Ireland plenty of her worst, but she has also given her not scantily of her best. Ireland has had no insufficient supply of the English gentleman, with his honesty, personal courage, high bearing, good intentions, and limited vision; what she wants is statesmen with just the qualities which the typical English gentleman has not—flexibility, openness of mind, a free and large view of things.

Everywhere we shall find in our thinking a sort of warp inclining it aside of the real mark, and thus depriving it of value. The common run of peers who write to the *Times* about reform of the House of Lords one would not much expect, perhaps, to "understand the signs of this time." But even the Duke of Argyll, delivering his mind about the land-question in Scotland, is like one seeing, thinking, and speaking in some other planet than ours. A man of even Mr. John Morley's gifts is provoked with the House of Lords, and straightway he declares himself against the existence of a Second Chamber at all; although—if there be such a thing as demonstration in politics—the working of the American Senate demonstrates a well-composed Second Chamber to be the very need and safeguard of a modern democracy. What a singular twist, again, in a man of Mr. Frederic Harrison's intellectual power, not, perhaps, to have in the exuberance of youthful energy weighted himself for the race of life by taking up a grotesque old French pedant upon his shoulders, but to have insisted, in middle age, in taking up the Protestant Dissenters too; and now, when he is becoming elderly, it seems as if nothing would serve him but he must add the Peace Society to his load! How perverse, yet again, in Mr. Herbert Spencer, at the very moment when past

neglects and present needs are driving men to co-operation, to making the community act for the public good in its collective and corporate character of the *State*, how perverse to seize this occasion for promulgating the extremest doctrine of individualism; and not only to drag this dead horse along the public road himself, but to induce Mr. Auberon Herbert to devote his days to flogging it!

We think thus unaccountably because we are living in an unnatural and strained state. We are like people whose vision is deranged by their looking through a turbid and distorting atmosphere, or whose movements are warped by the cramping of some unnatural constraint. Let us just ask ourselves, looking at the thing as people simply desirous of finding the truth, how men who saw and thought straight would proceed, how an American, for instance—whose seeing and thinking has, I have said, if not in all matters, yet commonly in political and social concerns, this quality of straightness—how an American would proceed in the three confusions which I have given as instances of the many confusions now embarrassing us: the confusion of our foreign affairs, the confusion of the House of Commons, the confusion of Ireland. And then, when we have discovered the kind of proceeding natural in these cases, let us ask ourselves, with the same sincerity, what is the cause of that warp of mind hindering most of us from seeing straight in them, and also where is our remedy.

The Angra Pequena business has lately called forth from all sides many and harsh animadversions upon Lord Granville, who is charged with the direction of our foreign affairs. I shall not swell the chorus of complainers. Nothing has happened but what was to be expected. Long ago I remarked that it is not Lord Granville himself who determines our foreign policy and shapes the declarations of Government concerning it, but a power behind Lord Granville. He and his colleagues would call it the power of public opinion. It is really the opinion of that great ruling class amongst us on which Liberal Governments have hitherto had to depend for support—the Philistines or middle class.

It is not, I repeat, with Lord Granville in his natural state and force that a foreign Government has to deal ; it is with Lord Granville waiting in devout expectation to see how the cat will jump—and that cat the British Philistine ! When Prince Bismarck deals with Lord Granville, he finds that he is not dealing mind to mind with an intelligent equal, but that he is dealing with a tumult of likes and dislikes, hopes and fears, stock-jobbing intrigues, missionary interests, quidnuncs, newspapers—dealing, in short, with *ignorance* behind his intelligent equal. Yet ignorant as our Philistine middle class may be, its volitions on foreign affairs would have more intelligibility and consistency if uttered through a spokesman of their own class. Coming through a nobleman like Lord Granville, who has neither the thoughts, habits, nor ideals of the middle class, and yet wishes to act as proctor for it, they have every disadvantage. He cannot even do justice to the Philistine mind, such as it is, for which he is spokesman ; he apprehends it uncertainly and expounds it ineffectively. And so with the house and lineage of Murdstone thundering at him (and these, again, through Lord Derby as their interpreter) from the Cape, and the inexorable Prince Bismarck thundering at him from Berlin, the thing naturally ends by Lord Granville at last wringing his adroit hands and ejaculating disconsolately : “ It is a misunderstanding altogether ! ” Even yet more to be pitied, perhaps, was the hard case of Lord Kimberley after the Majuba Hill disaster. Who can ever forget him, poor man, studying the faces of the representatives of the dissenting interest and exclaiming : “ A sudden thought strikes me ! May we not be incurring the sin of blood-guiltiness ? ” To this has come the tradition of Lord Somers, the Whig oligarchy of 1688, and all Lord Macaulay’s Pantheon.

I said that a source of strength to America, in political and social concerns, was the homogeneous character of American society. An American statesman speaks with more effect the mind of his fellow-citizens from his being in sympathy with it, understanding and sharing it. Certainly one must admit that if, in our country of classes, the Philistine middle class is really the in-

spirer of our foreign policy, that policy would at least be expounded more forcibly if it had a Philistine for its spokesman. Yet I think the true moral to be drawn is rather, perhaps, this : that our foreign policy would be improved if our whole society were homogeneous.

As to the confusion in the House of Commons, what, apart from defective rules of procedure, are its causes ? First and foremost, no doubt, the temper and action of the Irish members. But putting this cause of confusion out of view for a moment, every one can see that the House of Commons is far too large, and that it undertakes a quantity of business which belongs more properly to local assemblies. The confusion from these causes is one which is constantly increasing, because, as the country becomes fuller and more awakened, business multiplies, and more and more members of the House are inclined to take part in it. Is not the cure for this found in a course like that followed in America, in having a much less numerous House of Commons, and in making over a large part of its business to local assemblies, elected, as the House of Commons itself will henceforth be elected, by household suffrage ? I have often said that we seem to me to need at present, in England, three things in especial : more equality, education for the middle classes, and a thorough municipal system. A system of local assemblies is but the natural complement of a thorough municipal system. Wholes neither too large nor too small, not necessarily of equal population by any means, but with characters rendering them in themselves fairly homogeneous and coherent, are the fit units for choosing these local assemblies. Such units occur immediately to one’s mind in the provinces of Ireland, the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland, Wales north and south, groups of English counties such as present themselves in the circuits of the judges or under the names of East Anglia or the Midlands. No one will suppose me guilty of the pedantry of here laying out definitive districts ; I do but indicate such units as may enable the reader to conceive the kind of basis required for the local assemblies of which I am speaking. The business of these districts would be more advantageously done in

assemblies of the kind; they would form a useful school for the increasing number of aspirants to public life, and the House of Commons would be relieved.

The strain in Ireland would be relieved too, and by natural and safe means. Irishmen are to be found, who, in desperation at the present state of their country, cry out for making Ireland independent and separate, with a national Parliament in Dublin, with her own foreign office and diplomacy, her own army and navy, her own tariff, coinage and currency. This is manifestly impracticable. But here again let us look at what is done by people who in politics think straight and see clear; let us observe what is done in the United States. The Government at Washington reserves matters of imperial concern, matters such as those just enumerated, which cannot be relinquished without relinquishing the unity of the empire. Neither does it allow one great South to be constituted, or one great West, with a Southern Parliament, or a Western. Provinces that are too large are broken up, as Virginia has been broken up. But the several States are nevertheless real and important wholes, each with its own legislature; and to each the control, within its own borders, of all except imperial concerns is freely committed. The United States Government intervenes only to keep order in the last resort. Let us suppose a similar plan applied in Ireland. There are four provinces there, forming four natural wholes—or perhaps (if it should seem expedient to put Munster and Connaught together) three. The Parliament of the empire would still be in London, and Ireland would send members to it. But at the same time each Irish province would have its own legislature, and the control of its own real affairs. The British landlord would no longer determine the dealings with land in an Irish province, nor the British Protestant the dealings with church and education. Apart from imperial concerns, or from disorder such as to render military intervention necessary, the government in London would leave Ireland to manage itself. Lord Spencer and Mr. Campbell Bannerman would come back to England. Dublin Castle

would be the State House of Leicester. Land-questions, game-laws, police, church, education, would be regulated by the people and legislature of Leinster for Leinster, of Ulster for Ulster, of Munster and Connaught for Munster and Connaught. The same with the like matters in England and Scotland. The local legislatures would regulate them.

But there is more. Everybody who watches the working of our institutions perceives what strain and friction is caused in it at present, by our having a Second Chamber composed almost entirely of great landowners, and representing the feelings and interests of the class of landowners almost exclusively. No one, certainly, under the condition of a modern age and our actual life, would ever think of devising such a Chamber. But we will allow ourselves to do more than merely state this truism, we will allow ourselves to ask what sort of Second Chamber people who thought straight and saw clear would, under the conditions of a modern age and of our actual life, naturally make. And we find, from the experience of the United States, that such provincial legislatures as we have just now seen to be the natural remedy for the confusion in the House of Commons, the natural remedy for the confusion in Ireland, have the further great merit besides of giving us the best basis possible for a modern Second Chamber. The United States Senate is perhaps, of all the institutions of that country, the most happily devised, the most successful in its working. The legislature of each State of the Union elects two senators to the Second Chamber of the national Congress at Washington. The senators are the Lords—if we like to keep, as it is surely best to keep, for designating the members of the Second Chamber, the title to which we have been for so many ages habituated. Each of the provincial legislatures of Great Britain and Ireland would elect members to the House of Lords. The colonial legislatures also would elect members to it; and thus we should be complying in the most simple and yet the most signal way possible with the present desire of both this country and the colonies for a closer union together, for some representation of the colonies in the Imperial

Parliament. Probably it would be found expedient to transfer to the Second Chamber the representatives of the Universities. But no scheme for a Second Chamber will at the present-day be found solid unless it stands on a genuine basis of election and representation. All schemes for forming a Second Chamber through nomination, whether by the Crown or by any other voice, of picked noblemen, great officials, leading merchants and bankers, eminent men of letters and science, are fantastic. Probably they would not give us by any means a good Second Chamber. But certainly they would not satisfy the country or possess its confidence, and therefore they would be found futile and unworkable.

So we discover what would naturally appear the desirable way out of some of our worst confusions to anybody who saw clear and thought straight. But there is little likelihood, probably, of any such way being soon perceived and followed by our community here. And why is this? Because, as a community, we have so little lucidity, we so little see clear and think straight. And why, again, is this? Because our community is so little homogeneous. The lower class has yet to show what it will do in politics. Rising politicians are already beginning to flatter it with servile assiduity, but their praise is as yet premature, the lower class is too little known. The upper class and the middle class we know. They have each their own supposed interests, and these are very different from the true interests of the community. Our very classes make us dim-seeing. In a modern time, we are living with a system of classes so intense, a society of such unnatural complication, that the whole action of our minds is hampered and falsened by it. I return to my old thesis: inequality is our bane. The great impediments in our way of progress are aristocracy and Protestant dissent. People think this is an epigram; alas, it is much rather a truism!

An aristocratical society like ours is often said to be the society from which artists and men of letters have most to gain. But an institution is to be judged, not by what one can oneself gain from it, but by the ideal which it sets up. And aristocracy—if I may once more

repeat words which, however often repeated, have still a value from their truth—aristocracy now sets up in our country a false ideal, which materialises our upper class, vulgarises our middle class, brutalises our lower class. It misleads the young, makes the worldly more worldly, the limited more limited, the stationary more stationary. Even to the imaginative, whom Lord John Manners thinks its sure friend, it is more a hindrance than a help. Johnson says well: "Whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings." But what is a Duke of Norfolk or an Earl Warwick, dressed in broadcloth and tweed, and going about his business or pleasure in hansom cabs and railways like the rest of us? Imagination herself would entreat him to take himself out of the way, and to leave us to the Norfolks and Warwicks of history.

I say this without a particle of hatred, and with esteem, admiration, and affection for many individuals in the aristocratical class. But the action of time and circumstance is fatal. If one asks oneself what is really to be desired, what is expedient, one would go far beyond the substitution of an elected Second Chamber for the present House of Lords. All confiscation is to be reprobated, all deprivation (except in bad cases of abuse) of what is actually possessed. But one would wish, if one set about wishing, for the extinction of title after the death of the holder, and for the dispersion of property by a stringent law of bequest. Our society should be homogeneous, and only in this way can it become so.

But aristocracy is in little danger. "I suppose, sir," a dissenting minister said to me the other day, "you found, when you were in America, that they envied us there our great aristocracy." It was his sincere belief that they did, and such probably is the sincere belief of our middle class in general; or at any rate, that if the Americans do not envy us this possession, they ought to. And my friend, one of the great Liberal party which has now, I suppose, pretty nearly run down its deceased wife's sister, poor thing, has his hand and heart full, so far as politics are concerned, of the question of church disestablishment. He is



eager to set to work at a change which, even if it were desirable (and I think it is not,) is yet off the line of those reforms which are really pressing.

Mr. Lyulph Stanley, Professor Stuart, and Lord Richard Grosvenor are waiting ready to help him, and perhaps Mr. Chamberlain himself will lead the attack. I admire Mr. Chamberlain as a politician because he has the courage—and it is a wise courage—to state large the reforms we need, instead of minimising them. But like Saul before his conversion, he breathes out threatenings and slaughter against the Church, and is likely, perhaps, to lead an assault upon her. He is a formidable assailant, yet I suspect he might break his finger-nails on her walls. If the Church has the majority for her, she will of course stand. But in any case this institution, with all its faults, has that merit which makes the great strength of institutions—it offers an ideal which is noble and attaching. Equality is its profession, if not always its practice. It inspires wide and deep affection, and possesses, therefore, immense strength. Probably the Establishment will not stand in Wales, probably it will not stand in Scotland. In Wales it ought not, I think, to stand. In Scotland I should regret its fall; but Presbyterian churches are born to separatism, as the sparks fly upward. At any rate, it is through the vote of local legislatures that disestablishment is likely to come, as a measure required in certain provinces, and not as a general measure for the whole country. In other words, the endeavor for disestablishment ought to be postponed to the endeavor for far more important reforms, not to precede it. Yet I doubt whether Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Lyulph Stanley will listen to me when I plead thus with them; there is so little lucidity in England, and they will say I am priest-ridden.

One man there is, whom above all others I would fain have seen in Parliament during the last ten years, and beheld established in influence there at this juncture—Mr. Goldwin Smith. I do not say that he was not too embittered against the Church; in my opinion he was. But with singular lucidity and penetration he saw what great reforms were needed in other directions,

and the order of relative importance in which reforms stood. Such were his character, style, and faculties, that alone perhaps among men of his insight he was capable of getting his ideas weighed and entertained by men in power; while amid all favor and under all temptations he was certain to have still remained true to his insight, "unshaken, unseduced, unterrified." I think of him as a real power for good in Parliament at this time, had he by now become, as he might have become, one of the leaders there. His absence from the scene, his retirement in Canada, is a loss to his friends, but a still greater loss to his country.

Hardly inferior in influence to Parliament itself is journalism. I do not conceive of Mr. John Morley as made for filling that position in Parliament which Mr. Goldwin Smith would, I think, have filled. If he controls, as Protesilaos in the poem advises, hysterical passion (the besetting danger of men of letters on the platform and in Parliament) and remembers to approve "the depth and not the tumult of the soul," he will be powerful in Parliament; he will rise, he will come into office; but he will not do for us in Parliament, I think, what Mr. Goldwin Smith would have done. He is too much of a partisan. In journalism, on the other hand, he was as unique a figure as Mr. Goldwin Smith would, I imagine, have been in Parliament. As a journalist, Mr. John Morley showed a mind which seized and understood the signs of the times; he had all the ideas of a man of the best insight, and alone, perhaps, among men of his insight, he had the skill for making these ideas pass into journalism. But Mr. John Morley has now left journalism. There is plenty of talent in Parliament, plenty of talent in journalism, but no one in either to expound "the signs of this time" as these two men might have expounded them. The signs of the time, political and social, are left, I regret to say, to bring themselves as they best can to the notice of the public. Yet how ineffective an organ is literature for conveying them compared with Parliament and journalism!

Conveyed somehow, however, they certainly should be, and in this disquisition I have tried to deal with them.

But the political and social problem, as the thinkers call it, must not so occupy us as to make us forget the human problem. The problems are connected together, but they are not identical. Our political and social confusions I admit; what Parliament is at this moment, I see and deplore. Yet nowhere but in England even now, not in France, not in Germany, not in America, could there be found public men of that quality—so capable of fair dealing, of trusting one another, keeping their word to one another—as to make possible such a settlement of the Franchise and Seat Bills as that which we have lately seen. Plato says with most profound truth: "The man who would think to good purpose must be able to take many things into his view together." How homogeneous American society is, I have done my best to declare; how smoothly and naturally the institutions of the United States work, how clearly, in some most important respects, the Americans see, how straight they think. Yet Sir Lepel Griffin says that there is no country calling itself civilised where one would not rather live than in America, except Russia. In politics I do not much trust Sir Lepel Griffin. I hope that he administers in India some district where a pro-

found insight into the being and working of institutions is not requisite. But, I suppose, of the tastes of himself and of that large class of Englishmen whom Mr. Charles Sumner has taught us to call the class of gentlemen, he is no untrustworthy reporter. And an Englishman of this class would rather live in France, Spain, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, than in the United States, in spite of our community of race and speech with them! This means that, in the opinion of men of that class, the human problem at least is not well solved in the United States, whatever the political and social problem may be. And to the human problem in the United States we ought certainly to turn our attention, especially when we find taken such an objection as this; and some day, though not now, we will do so, and try to see what the objection comes to. I have given hostages to the United States, I am bound to them by the memory of great, untiring, and most attaching kindness. I should not like to have to own them to be of all countries calling themselves civilised, except Russia, the country where one would least like to live.—*Nineteenth Century.*

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## REVIEW OF THE YEAR.

BY FREDERIC HARRISON.

THE opening of a new year again assembles us together to look back on the work of the year that is gone, to look faithfully into our present state, and to take forecast of all that yet awaits us in the visible life on earth, under the inspiring sense of the Great Power which makes us what we are, and who will be as great when we are not.

In the light of this duty to Humanity as a whole, how feeble is our work, how poor the result! And yet, looking back on the year that is just departed, we need not be down-hearted. Surely and firmly we advance. Not as the spiritualist movements advance, by leaps and bounds, as the tares spring up, as the stubble blazes forth, but by conviction, with system, with slow consolidation of

belief resting on proof and tested by experience. If at the beginning of last year we could point to the formation of a new centre in North London, this year we can point to its maintenance with steady vigor, and to the opening of a more important new centre in the city of Manchester. Year by year sees the addition to our cause of a group in the great towns of the kingdom. Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Newcastle, already have their weekly meetings and their organised societies.

I make no great store of all this. The religious confidence in Humanity will not come about, I think, like the belief in the Gospel, or in the Church, or in any of the countless Protestant persuasions, by the formation of a small sect

of believers, gradually inducing men to join some exclusive congregation. The trust in Humanity is an ineradicable part of modern civilisation: nay, it is the very motive power and saving quality of modern civilisation, and that even where it is encumbered by a conscious belief in God and Christ, in Gospel and salvation, or where it is disguised by an atheistical rejection of all religious reverence whatever. Positivists are not a sect. Positivism is not merely a new mode of worship. It is of small moment to us how numerous are the congregations who meet to-day to acknowledge Humanity in words. The best men and women of all creeds and all races acknowledge Humanity in their lives. For the full realisation of our hopes we must look to the improvement of civilisation; not to the extension of a sect. Let us shun all sects and everything belonging to them.

I shall say but little, therefore, of the growth of Positivist congregations. Where they are perfectly spontaneous and natural; where they are doing a real work in education; where they give solid comfort and support to the lives of those who form them, they are useful and living things, giving hope and sign of something better. But I see evil in them if they are artificial and premature; if they spring out of the incurable tendency of our age toward sects; if they are mere imitations of Christian congregations; and, above all, if their members look upon them as adequate types of a regenerated society. The religion of Humanity, by its nature, is incapable of being narrowed down to the limits of a few hundreds of scattered believers and to casual gatherings of men and women divided in life and activity. And that for the same reason that civilisation or patriotism could not possibly be the privilege of a few scattered individuals. Where two or three are gathered together, there the Gospel may be duly presented, and God and Christ adequately worshipped. It is not so with Humanity. The service of Humanity needs Humanity. The only Church of Humanity is a healthy and cultured human society. It is the very business of Humanity to free us from all individualist religion, from all self-contained worship of the isolated believer. And

though the idea of Humanity is able to strengthen the individual soul as profoundly as the idea of Christ, yet the idea of Humanity, the service of Humanity, the honoring of Humanity, are only fully realised in the living organism of a humane society of men.

For this reason I look on a Positivist community rather as a germ of what is to come, one which may easily degenerate into a hindrance to true life in Humanity. The utmost that we can do now as an isolated knot of scattered believers is so immeasurably short of what may be done by a united nation, familiar from generation to generation with the sense of duty to Humanity, saturated from infancy with the consciousness of Humanity, and with all the resources of an organised public opinion, and a disciplined body of teachers, poets, and artists, to secure its convictions and express its emotions, that I am always dreading lest our puny attempts in the movement be stereotyped as adequate. Our English, Protestant habits are continually prompting us to look for salvation to sects, societies, self-sufficing congregations of zealous, but possibly self-righteous reformers. The egotistic spirit of the Gospel is constantly inclining us to look for a healthier religious ideal to some new religious exercises, to be performed in secret by the individual believer, in the silence of his chamber or in some little congregation of fellow-believers. Positivism comes, not to add another to these congregations, but to free us from the temper of mind which creates them. It comes to show us that religion is not to be found within any four walls, or in the secret yearnings of any heart, but in the right systematic development of an entire human society. Until there is a profound diffusion of the spirit of Humanity throughout the mass of some entire human society, some definite section of modern civilisation, there can be no religion of Humanity in any adequate degree; there can be no full worship of Humanity; there can be no true Positivist life till there be an organic Positivist community to live such a life. Let us beware how we imagine, that where two or three are gathered together there is a Positivist Church. There may be a synagogue of Positivist pharisees, it may

be ; but the sense of our vast human fellowship—which lies at the root of Positivist morality ; the reality of Positivist religion, which means a high and humane life in the world ; the glory of Positivist worship, which means the noblest expression of human feeling in art—all these things are *not* possible in any exclusive and meagre synagogue whatever, and are very much retarded by the premature formation of synagogues.

I look, as I say always, to the leavening of opinion generally ; to the attitude of mind with which the world around us confronts Positivism and understands, or feels interest in Positivism. And here, and not in the formation of new congregations, I find the grounds for unbounded hope. Within a very few years, and notably within the year just ended, there has been a striking change of tone in the way in which the thoughtful public looks at Positivism. It has entirely passed out of the stage of silence and contempt. It occupies a place in the public interest, not equal yet to its importance in the future ; but far in excess, I fear, of anything which its living exponents can justify in the present. The thoughtful public and the religious spirits acknowledge in it a genuine religious force. Candid Christians see that it has much which calls out their sympathy. But apart from that, the period of misunderstanding and of ridicule is passed for Positivism for ever. Serious people are beginning now to say that there is nothing in Positivism so extravagant, nothing so mischievous as they used to think. Many of them are beginning to see that it bears witness to valuable truths which have been hitherto neglected. They are coming to feel that in certain central problems of the modern world, such as the possibility of preserving the religious sentiment, in defending the bases of spiritual and temporal authority, in explaining the science of history, in the institution of property, in the future relations of men and women, employers and employed, government and people, teachers and learners, in all of these, Positivism holds up a ray of steady light in the chaos of opinion. They are asking themselves, the truly conservative and truly religious natures, if, after all, society may not be

destined to be regenerated in some such ideal lines as Positivism shadows forth:—

“ Via prima salutis,  
Quod minimè reris, Graia pandetur ab urbe.”

Here, then, is the great gain of the past year. It has for some time been felt that we have hold of a profound religious truth ; that Positivism, as Mr. Mill says, does realise the essential conditions of religion. But we have now made it clear that we have hold of a profound philosophical truth as well ; and a living and prolific social truth. The cool, instructed, practical intellect is now prepared to admit that it is quite a reasonable hope to look for the cultivation of a purely human duty towards our fellow beings and our race collectively as a solid basis of moral and practical life—nay, further, that so far as it goes, and without excluding other bases of life, this is a sound, and indeed, a very common, spring to right action. It is an immense step gained that the cool, instructed, practical intellect of our day goes with us up to this point. It is a minor matter, that in conceding so much, this same intelligent man-of-the-world is ready to say, “ You must throw over, however, all the mummery and priestcraft with which Positivism began its career.” Positivism has no mummery or priestcraft to throw over. The whole idea of such things arose out of labored epigrams manufactured about the utopias of Comte when exaggerated into a formalism by some of his more excitable followers.

In the history of any great truth we generally find three stages of public opinion regarding it. The first, of unthinking hostility ; the second, of minimising its novelty ; the third, of adopting it as an obvious truism. Men say first, “ Nothing more grotesque and mischievous was ever propounded !” Then they say, “ Now that it has entirely changed its front, there is nothing to be afraid of, and not much that is new !” And in the third stage they say, “ We have held this all our lives, and it is a mere commonplace of modern thought.” Positivism has now passed out of the first stage. Men have ceased to think of it as grotesque or mischievous. They have now passed into the second stage, and say, “ Now that it is showing itself

as mere common-sense, it is little more than a re-statement of what reasonable men have long thought, and what good men have long aimed at." Quite so, only there has been no change of front, no abandoning of anything, and no modification of any essential principle. We have only made it clear that the original prejudices we had to meet were founded in haste, misconception, and mere caricature. We have shown that Positivism is just as truly scientific as it is religious; that it has as much aversion to priestcraft, ritualism, and ceremony, as any Protestant sectary; and as deep an aversion to sects as the Pope of Rome or the President of the Royal Society. Positivism itself is as loyal to every genuine result of modern science as the Royal Society itself. The idea that any reasonable Positivist undervalues the real triumphs of science, or could dream of mimimising any solid conclusion of science, or of limiting the progress of science, or would pit any unproven assertion of any man, be he Comte, or an entire Ecumenical Council of Comtists, so to speak, against any single proven conclusion of human research, this, I say, is too laughable to be seriously imputed to any Positivist.

If Auguste Comte had ever used language which could fairly be so understood, I will not stop to inquire. I do not believe he has. But if I were shown fifty such passages, they would not weigh with me a grain against the entire basis and genius of Positivism itself; which is that human life shall henceforward be based on a footing of solid demonstration alone. If enthusiastic Positivists, more Comtist than Comte, ever gave countenance to such an extravagance, I can only say that they no more represent Positivism than General Booth's brass band represents Christianity. If words of Auguste Comte have been understood to mean that the religion of Humanity can be summed up in the repetition of phrases, or can be summed up in anything less than a moral and scientific education of man's complex nature, I can only treat it as a caricature unworthy of notice. This hall is the centre in this country where the Positivist scheme is presented in its entirety, under the immediate direction of Comte's successor. And speaking in his name and in the

name of our English committee, I claim it as an essential purpose of our existence as an organised body, to promote a sound scientific education, so as to abolish the barrier which now separates school and Church; to cultivate individual training in all true knowledge, and the assertion of individual energy of character and brain; to promote independence quite as much as association; personal responsibility, quite as much as social discipline; and free public opinion, in all things spiritual and material alike, quite as much as organised guidance by trained leaders. Whatever makes light of these, whatever is indifferent to scientific education, whatever tends to blind and slavish surrender of the judgment and the will, whatever clings to mysticism, formalism, and priestcraft, such belongs not to Positivism, to Auguste Comte, or to humanity rightly regarded and honored. The first condition of the religion of Humanity is human nature and common sense.

Whilst Positivism has been making good its ground within the area of scientific philosophy, scientific metaphysics has been exhibiting the signal weakness of its position on the side of religion. To those who have once entered into the scientific world of belief in positive knowledge there is no choice between a belief in nothing at all and a belief in the future of human civilisation, between Agnosticism and Humanity. Agnosticism is therefore for the present the rival and antagonist of Positivism outside the orthodox fold. I say for the present, because by the nature of the case Agnosticism is a mere raft or juremast for shipwrecked believers, a halting-place, and temporary passage from one belief to another belief. The idea that the deepest issues of life and of thought can be permanently referred to any negation; that cultivated beings can feel proud of summing up their religious belief in the formula, that they "know nothing," this is too absurd to endure. Agnosticism is a milder form of the Voltairean hatred of religion that was current in the last century; but it is quite as passing a phase. For the moment, it is the fashion of the emancipated Christian to save all trouble by professing himself an Agnostic. But he is more or less ashamed of it. He knows it is a subter-

fuge. It is no real answer. It is only an excuse for refusing to answer a troublesome question. The Agnostic knows that he will have to give a better answer some day; he finds earnest men clamoring for an answer. He is getting uneasy that they will not take "Don't know" for an answer. He is himself too full still of theology and metaphysics to follow our practice, which is to leave the theological conundrum alone, and to proclaim *regard for the human race as an adequate solution of the human problem*. And in the meantime he staves off questions by making his own ignorance—his own ignorance!—the foundation of a creed.

We have just seen the failure of one of these attempts. The void caused by the silent crumbling of all the spiritual creeds has to be filled in some way. The indomitable passion of mankind towards an object to revere and work for, has to be met. And the latest device has been, as we have seen, to erect the "Unknowable" itself into the sole reality, and to assure us that an indescribable heap of abstract terms is the true foundation of life. So that, after all its protestations against any superstitious belief, Agnosticism floats back into a cloud of contradictions and negations as unthinkable as those of the Athanasian creed, and which are merely our old theological attributes again, dressed up in the language of Esoteric Buddhism.

## II.

I turn now, as is our custom, to review the work of the year under its threefold heads of Cult, Education, Politics. You will see that I avoid the word Worship, because worship is so often misunderstood; and because it wholly fails to convey the meaning of the Positivist *cultus*, or stimulus of the noblest emotions of man. Worship is in no way a translation of Comte's word *culte*. In French we can talk of the *culte des mères*, or the *culte des morts*, or the *culte des enfants*, or the *culte de l'Art*. We cannot in English talk of *worshipping* our mothers, or *worshipping* our dead friends, or *worshipping* children, or *worshipping* art; or, if we use the words, we do not mean the same thing. Comte has suffered deeply by being crudely

translated into English phrases, by people who did not see that the same phrase in English means something different. Now his *culte de l'Humanité* does not mean what Englishmen understand by the worship of Humanity: *i. e.* they are apt to fancy, kneeling down and praying to Humanity, or singing a hymn to Humanity. By *culte de l'Humanité* is meant, deepening our sense of gratitude and regard for the human race and its living or dead organs. And everything which does this is *cult*, though it may not be what we call in English worship. So *service* is a word I avoid; because the service of Humanity consists in the thousand ways in which we fulfil our social duties, and not in uttering exclamations which may or may not lead to anything in conduct, and which we have no reason to suppose are heard by any one, or affect any one outside the room where they are uttered. The commemoration of a great man such as William the Silent or Corneille is *cult*, though we do not worship him; the solemn delight in a piece of music in such a spirit is *cult*, though it is not *worship*, or *service*, in the modern English sense of these words. The ceremony of interring a dead friend, or naming a child is *cult*, though we do not worship our dead friend, nor do we worship the baby when brought for presentation. Cult, as we understand it, is a process that concerns the person or persons who worship, not the being worshipped. Whatever stimulates the sense of social duty and kindles the noblest emotions, whether by a mere historical lecture, or a grand piece of music, or by a solemn act, or by some expression of emotion—this is *cult*.

In the same way, I avoid the word *religion*, to signify any special department or any one side of our Positivist life. Religion is not a part of life, but a harmonious and true living of our lives; not the mere expression of feeling, but the right convergence of feeling and thought into pure action. Some of our people seem to use the word "religion," in the theological sense, to mean the formal expression of a sentiment of devotion. This is a mere distortion of Comte's language, and essentially unworthy of the broad spirit of Positivism. The full meaning of *culte*, as Comte (m-

ployed it, is every act by which man expresses and every means by which he kindles the sense of reverence, duty, love, or resignation. In that sense, and in that sense only, do I now employ *cult*, which is obviously a somewhat inadequate English phrase.

The past year opened with the commemoration of this day, in which, though the words of praise and devotion that we uttered were few, we sought to brace our spirits and clear our brains by pausing for an hour in the midst of the whirl of life, to look forth on the vast range of our social duties and the littleness of our individual performance. On the 5th of September, the twenty-seventh anniversary of the death of Auguste Comte, we met, as usual, to commemorate his life and work. The discourse then given will be shortly published. At the friendly repast and in the social meeting of that day we had the welcome presence of several members of our Positivist body in Paris and also from the northern cities of England. The hundredth year since the death of Diderot, the two hundredth since that of Corneille, the three hundredth since that of the great founder of the Netherlands, William of Orange, called the Silent, were duly commemorated by a discourse on their life and work. Such vague and unreal ideas are suggested by the phrase, the *worship of humanity*, that it is useful to point out that this is what we in this hall mean by such a notion: the strengthening our sense of respect for the worthy men in the past by whom civilisation has been built up. This is what we mean by the worship of humanity. A mere historical lecture, if its aim and its effect be to kindle in us enthusiastic regard for the noble men who have gone before us, and by whose lives and deaths we are what we are,—this is the worship of humanity, and not the utterance of invocations to an abstract idea.

On the 28th of last month we held a commemoration of the great musician, Beethoven, in all respects like that which we had given two years ago for Mozart. Our friend Professor Henry Holmes and his admirable quartett again performed two of those immortal pieces, and our friend, Mr. Vernon Lushington, again gave us one of those beautiful discourses

on the glorious art to which he and his have devoted so much of their lives. These occasions, which are a real creation of Positivism, I deeply enjoy. They are neither concert nor lecture, nor service specially, but all three together, and much more. It is the one mode in which at present the religion of the future can put forth its yearnings for a sacred art worthy to compare with the highest types of Christian art. We meet not to listen to a musical display—not to hear the history of the musician's life—not to commemorate his career by any formal ceremony: but we mingle with our words of gratitude, and honor and affection for the artist, the worthy rehearsing of his consummate ideas in a spirit of devotion for him and the glorious company of whom he is one of the most splendid chiefs.

Last night, as the year closed, we met as before to dwell on the past, on the departing year that was being laid to rest in the incalculable catacombs of time, and on the infinite myriads of human beings by whom those catacombs are peopled; and with music and with voice we sought to attune our spirits to the true meanings of the hour. The year has been to many of us one of cruel anxieties, of sad memories and irreparable loss. In Mr. Cutler we have lost a most sincere and valued brother. As we stood round his open grave, there was but one feeling in our gathered mourners—a sense of loss that could ill be borne, honor to his gentle and upright career, sympathy with those whom he had left. The occasion will long be remembered, perhaps, as the first on which our body has ever been called on to take part in a purely Positivist burial service. Did any one present feel that the religion of Humanity is without its power to dignify, to consecrate, and to console in the presence of death? I speak not for others, but for myself. And, for my part, when I remember the pathetic chant of our friends at the grave, the reality of their reverend sorrow, the consolatory sense of resignation and hope with which we laid our brother in his peaceful bed, I feel the conviction that in this supreme office, the great test of religious power, the faith in Humanity will surpass the faith in the fictions—in beauty, in pathos, in

courage, and in consolation, even as it so manifestly surpasses them in reality.

The hand of death has been heavy on us both abroad and at home. The past year has carried off to their immortal life two of the original disciples and friends of our master, Auguste Hadery and Fabien Magnin. Both have been most amply honored in funeral sermons by M. Laffitte. Fabien Magnin was one of those rare men who represent to the present the type that we look for in the future. A workman (he was an engine-pattern maker,) he chose to live and die a workman, proud of his order, and confident in its destinies; all through his long life without fortune, or luxury, or ambition; a highly-trained man of science; a thoroughly-trained politician, loyal unshakenly to his great teacher and his successor; of all the men I have ever known the most perfect type of the cultivated, incorruptible, simple, courageous man of the people. With his personal influence over his fellow-workmen, and from the ascendancy of his intellect and character, he might easily in France have forced his way into the foremost place. With his scientific resources, and his faculty both for writing and speech, he might easily have entered the literary or scientific class. With his energy, prudence, and mechanical skill, he might easily have amassed a fortune. The attractions of such careers never seemed to touch by a ripple the serene surface of his austere purity. He chose to live and die in the strictest simplicity—the type of an honest and educated citizen, who served to make us feel all that the future has to promise to the workman, when remaining a workman, devoted to his craft and to his order, he shall be as highly educated as the best of us to-day; as courteous and dignified as the most refined; as simple as the ideal village pastor; as ardent a Republican as the Ferrys and Gambettas whose names fill the journals.

We have this past year also carried out another series of commemorations, long familiar to our friends in France, but which are a real creation of Positivist belief. I mean those Pilgrimages or religious visits to the scenes of the lives of our great men. This is a real revival of a noble mediæval and Oriental practice, but wholly without superstitious

taint, and entirely in the current of modern scientific thought. We go in a body to some spot where one of our immortal countrymen lived or died, and there, full of the beauty of the scene on which he used to gaze, and of the *genius loci* by which he was inspired, we listen to a simple discourse on his life and work. In this way we visited the homes or the graves of Bacon, of Harvey, of Milton, of Penn, of Cromwell, and of our William of Orange. What may not the art of the future produce for us in this most fruitful mode, when in place of the idle picnics and holidays of vacant sightseers, in place of the formal celebration of some prayer-book saint, we shall gather in a spirit of real religion and honor round the birthplace, the home, it may be the grave, of some poet, thinker, or ruler; and amidst all the inspiration of Nature and of the sacred memories of the soil, shall fill our hearts with the joy in beauty and profound veneration of the mighty Dead?

### III.

In our Sunday meetings, which have been regularly continued excepting during the four summer months, we have continued our plan of dealing alike with the religious, the social, and the intellectual sides of the Positivist view of life and duty. The Housing of the Poor, Art, Biology, Socialism, our social Duties, the Memory of the Dead, the Positivist grounds of Morality, and our Practical Duties in Life, formed the subject of one series. Since our re-opening in the autumn, we have had courses on the Bible, on the religious value of the modern poets, and on the true basis of social equality. Amongst the features of special interest in these series of discourses is that one course was given by a former Unitarian minister who, after a life of successful preaching in the least dogmatic of all the Christian Churches, has been slowly reduced to the conviction that the reality of Humanity is a more substantial basis for religion to rest on than the hypothesis of God, and that the great scheme of human morality is a nobler Gospel to preach than the artificial ideal of a subjective Christ. I would in particular note the series of admirable lectures on the Bible, by Dr. Bridges, which combined



the results of the latest learning on this intricate mass of ancient writings with the sympathetic and yet impartial judgment with which Positivists adopt into their sacred literature the most famous and most familiar of all the religious books of mankind. And again I would note that beautiful series of discoursés by Mr. Vernon Lushington on the great religious poets of the modern world :—Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Wordsworth and Shelley. When we have them side by side, we shall have before us a new measure of the sound, sympathetic, and universal spirit of Positivist belief. It is only those who are strangers to it and to us who can wonder how we come to put the Bible and the poets in equal places of honor as alike the great organs of true religious feeling.

The systematic teaching of science, which is an essential part of our conception of Positivism, has been maintained in this hall with unabated energy. In the beginning of the year Mr. Vernon Lushington commenced and carried through (with what an effort of personal self-devotion no one of us can duly measure) his class on the history and the elements of Astronomy. This winter, Mr. Lock has opened a similar class on the History and Elements of Mathematics. Positivism is essentially a scheme for reforming education, and it is only through a reformed education, universal to all classes alike, and concerned with the heart as much as the intellect, that the religious meaning of Humanity can ever be unfolded. The signing class, the expense of which was again assumed by Mr. Lushington, was steadily and successfully maintained during the first part of the year. We are still looking forward to the formation of a choir. The social meetings which we instituted last year have become a regular feature of our movement, and greatly contribute to our closer union and our better understanding of the social and sympathetic meaning of the faith we profess.

The publications of the year have been first and chiefly, *The Testament and Letters of Auguste Comte*, a work long looked for, the publication of which has been long delayed by various causes. In the next place I would call attention

to the new and popular edition of *International Policy*, a work of combined essays which we put forward in 1866, nearly twenty years ago. Our object in that work was to state and apply to the leading international problems in turn the great principles of social morality on which it is the mission of Positivism to show that the politics of nations can only securely repose. In an epoch which is still tending, we are daily assured, to the old passion for national self-assertion, it is significant that the Positivist school alone can resolutely maintain and fearlessly repeat its dictates of morality and justice, whilst all the Churches, all the political parties, and all the so-called organs of opinion, which are really the creatures of parties and cliques, find various pretexts for abandoning them altogether. How few are the political schools around us who could venture to republish after twenty years, *their* political programmes of 1866, *their* political doctrines and practical solutions of the tangled international problems, and who could not find in 1885 a principle which they had discarded, or a proposal which to-day they are ashamed to have made twenty years ago.

Besides these books, the only separate publications of our body are the affecting address of Mr. Ellis *On the due Commemoration of the Dead*. The Positivist Society has met throughout the year for the discussion of the social and political questions of the day. The most public manifestation of its activity has been the part that it took in the third centenary of the great hero of national independence, William, Prince of Orange, called the Silent. The noble and weighty address in which Mr. Beesly expressed to the Dutch Committee at Delft the honor in which we held that immortal memory, has deeply touched, we are told, those to whom it was addressed. And it is significant that from this hall, dedicated to peace, to the Republic, to the people, and to Humanity, there was sent forth the one voice from the entire British race in honor to the great prince, the soldier, the diplomatist the secret, subtle, and haughty chief, who, three hundred years ago, created the Dutch nation. We have learned here to care little for a purely insular

patriotism. The great creators of nations are *our* forefathers and *our* countrymen. Protestant or Catholic are nothing to us, so long as either prepared the way for a broader faith. In our abhorrence of war we have learned to honor the chief who fought desperately for the solid bases of peace. In our zeal for the people, for public opinion, for simplicity of life, and for truthfulness and openness in word as in conduct, we have not forgotten the *relative* duty of those who in darker, fiercer, ruder times than ours used the weapons of their age in the spirit of duty, and to the saving of those precious elements where-out the future of a better Humanity shall be formed.

#### IV.

Turning to the political field, I shall occupy but little of your time with the special questions of the year. We are as a body entirely dissevered from party politics. We seek to color political activity with certain moral general principles, but we have no interest in party politics as such. The idea that Positivists are, as a body, Radicals or Revolutionaries is an idle invention; and I am the more entitled to repudiate it, in that I have myself formally declined to enter on a Parliamentary career, on the express ground that I prefer to judge political questions without the trammels of any party obligation. On the one hand we are Republicans on principle, in that we demand a government in the interest of all and of no favored order, by the highest available capacity, without reference to birth, or wealth, or class. On the other hand, we are not Democrats, in that we acknowledge no abstract right to govern in a numerical majority. Whatever is best administered is best. We desire to see efficiency for the common welfare, responsible power intrusted to the most capable hand, with continuous responsibility to a real public opinion.

I am far from pretending that general principles of this kind entitle us to pass a judgment on the complex questions of current politics, or that all Positivists who recognize these principles are bound to judge current politics in precisely the same way. There is in Positivism a deep vein of true Conservatism; as there

is also an unquenchable yearning for a social revolution of a just and peaceful kind. But no one of these tendencies impel us, I think, to march under the banner either of Mr. Gladstone or Lord Salisbury. As Republicans on principle, we desire the end of all hereditary institutions. As believers in public opinion, we desire to see opinion represented in the most complete way, and without class distinctions. As men who favor efficiency and concentration in government, we support whatever may promise to relieve us of the scandalous deadlock to which Parliamentary government has long been reduced. It may be permitted to those who are wholly detached from party interests to express a lively satisfaction that the long electoral struggle is happily got out of the way, and that a great stride has been taken towards a government at once energetic and popular, without regarding the hobbies about the representation of women and the representation of inorganic minorities.

It is on a far wider field that our great political interests are absorbed. There is everywhere a revival of the spirit of national aggrandisement and imperial ambition. Under the now avowed lead of the great German dictator, the nations of Europe are running a race to extend their borders by conquest and annexation amongst the weak and uncivilised. There is to-day a scramble for Africa, as there was formerly a scramble for Asia; and the scramble in Asia, or in Polynesia, is only less urgent for the moment, in that the rivalry is just now keenest in Africa. But in Asia, in Africa, in Polynesia, the strong nations of Europe are struggling to found Empires by violence, fraud, or aggression. Three distinct wars are being waged in the East; and in Africa alone our soldiers and our Government are asserting the rule of the sword in the North, on the East, in the centre, on the South, and on the West at the same time. Five years ago, we were told that for England at least there was to be some lull in this career of blood and ambition. It was only, we see, a party cry, a device to upset a government. There has been no lull, no pause in the scramble for empire. The empire swells year by year; year by year fresh wars break

out ; year by year the burden of empire increases whether Disraeli or Gladstone, Liberal or Conservative, are the actual wielders of power. The agents of the aggression, the critics, have, changed sides ; the Jingoës of yesterday are the grumblers of to-day ; and the peaceful patriots of yesterday are the Jingoës of to-day. The empire and its appendages are even vaster in 1885 than in 1880 ; its responsibilities are greater ; its risks and perplexities deeper ; its enemies stronger and more threatening. And in the midst of this crisis, those who condemn this policy are fewer ; their protests come few and faint. The Christian sects can see nothing unrighteous in Mr. Gladstone ; the Liberal caucuses stifle any murmur of discontent, and force those who spoke out against Zulu, Afghan, and Trans-Vaal wars to justify, by the tyrant's plea of necessity, the massacre of Egyptian fellahs and the extermination of Arab patriots. They who mouthed most loudly about Jingoism are now the foremost in their appeals to national vanity. And the parasites of the parasites of our great Liberal statesman can make such hubbub, in his utter absence of a policy, that they drive him by sheer clamor from one adventure into another. For nearly four years now we have continuously protested against the policy pursued in Egypt. Year after year we have told Mr. Gladstone that it was blackening his whole career and covering our country with shame. There is a monotony about our protests. But, when there is a monotony in evil-doing, there must alike be monotony in remonstrance. We complain that the blood and treasure of this nation should be used in order to flay the peasantry of the Nile, in the interests of usurers and speculators. We complain that we practically annex a people whom we will not govern and cannot benefit. We are boldly for what in the slang of the day is called "scuttling" out of Egypt. We think the robber and the oppressor should scuttle as quickly as possible, that he is certain to scuttle some day. We complain of massacring an innocent people merely to give our traders and money-dealers larger or safer markets. We complain of all the campaigns and battles as wanton, useless, and unjust massacres. We especially condemn the

war in the Soudan as wanton and unjust even in the avowal of the very ministers who are urging it. The defender of Khartoum is a man of heroic qualities and beautiful nature ; but the cause of civilisation is not served by launching amongst savages a sort of Pentateuch knight errant. And we seriously complain that the policy of a great country in a great issue of right and wrong should be determined by school-boy shouting over the feats of our English Garibaldi.

It is true that our Ministers, especially Mr. Gladstone, Lord Granville, and Lord Derby, are the public men who are now most conspicuously resisting the forward policy, and that the outcry of the hour is against them on that ground. But ambition should be made of sterner stuff. Those who aspire to guide nations should meet the folly of the day with more vigorous assertion of principle. And the men who are waging a wanton, bloody, and costly war in the sands of Africa have no principle left to assert.

It may well be that Mr. Gladstone, and most of those who follow him in office, are of all our public men those who have least liking for these wars, annexations, and oppressive dealings with the weak. They may have less liking for them it may be, but they are the men who do these things. They are responsible. The blood lies on their doorstep. The guilt hangs on their fame. The corruption of the national conscience is their doing. The page of history will write their names and their deeds in letters of gore and of flame. It is mockery, even in the most servile parliamentary drudge, to repeat to us that the wrong lies at the door of the Opposition, foreign intriguers, international engagements, untoward circumstances. Keep these threadbare prettexts to defend the next official blunder amidst the cheers of a party mob. The English people will have none of such stale equivocation. The ministers who massacred thousands at Tel-el-Kebir, at Alexandria, at Teb, at Tamasi, who are sinking millions of our people's hard-won savings in the sands of Africa, in order to slaughter a brave race whom they themselves declare to be heroes and patriots fighting for freedom ; and who

after three years of this bloodshed, ruin, and waste, have nothing to show for it—nothing, except the utter chaos of a fine country, the extreme misery of an innocent people, and all Europe glowering at us in menace and hate—the men who have done this are responsible. When they fail to annex some trumpety bit of coast, the failure is naturally set down to blundering, not to conscience. History, their country, their own conscience will make them answer for it. The headlong plunge of our State, already over-burdened with the needs and dangers of a heterogeneous empire, the consuming rage for national extension, which the passion for money, markets, careers, breeds in a people where moral and religious principles are loosened and conflicting, this is the great evil of our time. It is to stem this that statesmen should address themselves. It is to fan this, or to do its bidding, that our actual statesmen contend. Mr. Gladstone in his heart may loathe the task to which he is set and the uses to which he lends his splendid powers. But there are some situations where weakness before powerful clamor works national ruin more readily even than ambition itself. How petty to our descendants will our squabbles in the parliamentary game appear, when history shall tell them that Gladstone waged far more wars than Disraeli; that he slaughtered more hecatombs of innocent people; that he oppressed more nations, embroiled us worse with foreign nations; left the empire of a far more unwieldy size, more exposed and on more rotten foundations; and that Mr. Gladstone did all this not because it seemed to him wise or just, but for the same reason (in truth) that his great rival acted, viz., that it gave him unquestioned ascendancy in his party and with those whose opinion he sought.

I have not hesitated to speak out my mind of the policy condemned, not in personal hostility or irritation, however much I respect the great qualities of Mr. Gladstone himself, however little I desire to see him displaced by his rivals. No one will venture to believe that I speak in the interest of party, or have any quarrel with my own countrymen. All that I have said in condemnation of the African policy of England I would say in condemnation of the

Chinese policy in France. I would say it all the more because, for the reasons on which I will not now enlarge, our brethren in France have said so little, and that little with so broken a voice. It is a weakness to our common cause that so little has been said in France. But I rejoice to see that in the new number of our Review, our director, M. Laffitte, has spoken emphatically against all disturbance of the *status quo*, and the policy of founding colonial empires. It behooves us all the more to speak out plainly here. There is the same situation in France as in England. A ministry whom the majority trust, and whom the military and trading class can bend to do their will; a thirst in the rich to extend the empire; a thirst in the adventurers for careers to be won; a thirst in the journalists for material wherewith to pamper the national vanity. There, too, are in the East backward peoples to be trampled on, a confused tangle of pretexts and opportunities, a Parliamentary majority to be secured, and a crowd of interests to be bribed. In the case of M. Ferry, we can see all the weakness, all the helpless vacillations, all the danger of his game; its cynical injustice, its laughable pretexts and excuses, its deliberate violation of the real interests of the nation, the formidable risks that he is preparing for his country, and the ruin which is as certain to follow it. In Mr. Gladstone's case there are national and party slaves for the conscience of the boldest critic.

The year, too, has witnessed a new form of the spread-eagle tendency in the revival of one of our periodical scares about the strength of the navy. About once in every ten or twenty years a knot of shipbuilders, journalists, seamen, and gunners, contrive to stir up a panic, and to force the nation into a great increase of its military expenditure. I am not going to discuss the truth about the Navy, or whether it be equal or not to the requirements of the Service. I look at this in a new way: I take up very different ground. I say that the service, to which we are now called on to make the navy equal, is a service that we ought not to undertake. The requirements demanded are wholly incompatible with the true interests of our nation. They are opposed to the real conditions of

civilisation. They will be in a very few years, even if they are not now, beyond the power of this people to meet. The claim to a maritime supremacy, in the sense that this country is permanently to remain undisputed mistress of all seas, always able and ready to overwhelm any possible combination of any foreign Powers, this claim in itself is a ridiculous anachronism. Whether the British fleet is now able to overpower the combined fleets of Europe, or even of several Powers in Europe, I do not know. Even if it be now able, such is the progress of events, the ambition of our neighbors, and the actual conditions of modern war, that it is physically impossible that such a supremacy can be permanently maintained. To maintain it, even for another generation, would involve the subjection of England to a military tyranny such as exists for the moment in Germany, to a crushing taxation and conscription, of which we have had no experience. We should have to spend, not twenty-five, but fifty millions a year on our army and navy if we intend to be really masters in every sea, and to make the entire British empire one continuous Malta and Gibraltar. And even that, or a hundred millions a year, would not suffice in the future for the inevitable growth of foreign powers and the constant growth of our own empire. To guarantee the permanent supremacy of the seas, we shall need some Bismarck to crush our free people into the vice of his military autocracy and universal conscription.

"Rule Britannia," or England's exclusive dominion of the seas, is a temporary (in my opinion, an unfortunate) episode in our history. To brag about it and fight for it is the part of a bad citizen; to maintain it would be a crime against the human race. To have founded, not an empire, but a scattered congeries of possessions in all parts of the world by conquest, intrigue, or arbitrary seizure, is a blot upon our history; to perpetuate it is a burdensome inheritance to bequeath to our children. To ask that this inorganic heap of possessions shall be perpetually extended, made absolutely secure against all comers, and guarded by a fleet which is always ready to meet the world in arms—this is a programme which it is the

duty of every good citizen to stamp out. Whilst this savage policy is in vogue, the very conditions of national morality, of peace, of true industrial civilisation are wanting. The first condition of healthy national progress is to have broken for ever with this national buccaneering. The commerce, the property of Englishmen on the seas must protect itself, like that of other nations, by just, prudent, and civilised bearing, and not by an exclusive dominion which other great nations do very well without. The commerce and the honor of Americans are safe all over the world, though their navy is not one-tenth of ours. And Germany can speak with us face to face on every ocean, though she can hardly put a first-rate ship in array of battle. To talk big about refusing to trust the greatness of England to the sufferance of her neighbors is mere clap-trap. It is the phrase of Mexican or Californian desperadoes when they fill their pockets with revolvers and bowie-knives. All but two or three of the greatest nations are obliged, at all times, to trust their existence to the sufferance of their stronger neighbors. And they are just as safe, and quite as proud, and more civilised than their great neighbors in consequence. Human society, whether national or international, only begins when social morality has taken the place of individual violence. Society, for men or nations, cannot be based on the revolver and bowie-knife principle.

We repudiate, then, with our whole souls the code of buccaneer patriotism. True statesmen are bound to check, not to promote, the expansion of England; to provide for the peaceful disintegration of the heterogeneous empire, the permanence of which is as incapable of being justified in policy as of being materially defended in arms. These aggressions and annexations and protectorates, these wanton wars amongst savages are at once blunders and crimes, pouring out by millions what good government and thrift at home save by thousands, degrading the present generation and deeply wronging the next. We want no fleet greater than that of our greatest neighbors, and the claim to absolute dominion at sea must be put away like the claim to the kingdom of France or exclusive right to the British

Channel. We can afford to smile at the charge that we are degenerate Britons or wanting in patriotism. Patriotism to us is a deep and working desire for the good name of England, for the justice and goodness of her policy, for the real enlightenment and well-being of her sons, and for her front place in humanity and civilisation. We smile at the vaporing of men to whom patriotism means a good cry, and several extra editions.

It may seem for the moment that doctrines such as ours are out of credit, and that there is little hope of their ever obtaining the mastery. We are told that today not a voice is raised to oppose the doctrines of spoliation. It is true that, owing to the hubbub of party politics, to the servility of the Christian Churches, and the low morality of the press, these national acts of rapacity have passed as yet with but small challenge. But at any rate here our voice has never wavered, nor have considerations of men, parties, or majorities led us to temporise with our principles. We speak out plainly—not more plainly than Mr. Gladstone and his followers on platform and in press spoke out once—and we shall go on to speak out plainly, whether we are many or whether we are few, whether the opinion of the hour is with us or not. But I am not despondent. Nor do I doubt the speedy triumph of our stronger morality. I see with what weather cock rapidity the noisiest of the Anti-Jingoes can change their tone. The tribe of Cleon, and the Sausage-seller are the same in every age. I will not believe that the policy of a great nation can be long dictated by firms of advertising touts, who will puff the new soap, a comic singer, and an imperial war in the same page; who are equally at home in the partition of Africa or a penny dreadful. Nations are not seriously led by the arts which make village bumpkins crowd to the show of the fat girl and the woolly pig. In the rapid degradation of the press to the lower American standard we may see an escape from its mischief. The age is one of democracy. We have just taken a great stride towards universal suffrage and the government of the people. In really republican societies, where power rests on universal suffrage, as in France, and in America, the power of the press

is reduced to a very low ebb. The power of journalism is essentially one of town life and small balanced parties. Its influence evaporates where power is held by the millions, and government appeals directly to vast masses of voters spread over immense areas. Cleon and the Sausage-seller can do little when republican institutions are firmly rooted over the length and breadth of a great country.

The destinies of this nation have now been finally committed to the people, and to the people we will appeal with confidence. The laborer and the workman have no interest in these wanton wars. In this imperial expansion, in this rivalry of traders and brag of arms; no taste for it and no respect for it. They find that they are dragged off to die in wars of which they know nothing; that their wages are taxed to support adventures which they loathe. The people are by instinct opponents of these crimes, and to them we will appeal. The people have a natural sense of justice and a natural leaning to public morality. Ambition, lucre, restlessness, and vain-glory do not corrupt their minds to approve a financial adventure. They need peace, productive industry, humanity. Every step towards the true republic is a step towards morality. To the new voters, to the masses of the people, we will confidently appeal.

There is, too, another side to this matter. If these burdens are to be thrust on the national purse, and (should the buccaneers have their way) if the permanent war expenditure must be doubled, and little wars at ten and twenty millions each are inevitable as well, then in all fairness the classes who make these wars and profit by them must pay for them. We have taken a great stride towards democracy, and two of the first taxes with which the new democracy will deal are the income-tax and the land-tax. The entire revision of taxation is growing inevitable. It is a just and sound principle that the main burden of taxation shall be thrown on the rich, and we have yet to see how the new democracy will work out that just principle. A graduated income-tax is a certain result of the movement. The steady pressure against customs duties and the steady decline in habits of drink-

ing must combine to force the taxation of the future more and more on income and on land. A rapid rise in the scale of taxing incomes, until we reach the point where great fortunes cease to be rapidly accumulated, would check the wasteful expenditure on war more than any consideration of justice. Even a China merchant would hardly promote an opium war when he found himself taxed ten or twenty per cent. on his income.

One of the first things which will occur to the new rural voters is the ridiculous minimum to which the land-tax is reduced. Mr. Henry George and the school of land reformers have lately been insisting that the land tax must be immensely increased. At present it is a farce, not one-tenth of what is usual in the nations of Europe. I entirely agree with them, and am perfectly prepared to see the land-tax raised till it ultimately brings us some ten or even twenty millions, instead of one million. If the result would be to force a great portion of the soil to change hands, and to pass from the rent receivers to the occupiers, all the more desirable. But one inevitable result of the new Reform Act must be a great raising of the taxes on land, and when land pays one-fifth of the total taxation, our wars will be fewer and our armaments more modest.

One of the cardinal facts of our immediate generation is the sudden revival of Socialism and Communism. It was not crushed, as we thought, in 1848; it was not extinguished in 1871. The new Republic in France is uneasy with it. The military autocracy of Germany is honeycombed with it. Society is almost dissolved by it in Russia. It is rife in America, in Italy, in Denmark, in Austria. Let no man delude himself that Socialism has no footing here. I tell them (and I venture to say that I know) Socialism within the last few years has made some progress here. It will assuredly make progress still. With the aspirations and social aims of Socialism we have much in common, little as we are Communists and firmly as we support the institution of private property. But if Socialism is in the ascendant, if

the new democracy is exceedingly likely to pass through a wave of Socialist tendency, are these the men, and is this the epoch to foster a policy of imperial aggression? With the antipathy felt by Socialists for all forms of national selfishness, with their hatred of war, and their noble aspirations after the brotherhood of races and nations, we as Positivists are wholly at one. Let us join hands, then, with Socialists, with Democrats, with Humanitarians, and reformers of every school, who repudiate a policy of national oppression; and together let us appeal to the new democracy from the old plutocracy to arrest our nation in its career of blood, and to lift this guilty burden from the conscience of our children for ever.

So let us begin the year resolved to do our duty as citizens, fearlessly and honestly, striving to show our neighbors that social morality is a real religion in itself, by which men can order their lives and purify their hearts. Let us seek to be gentler as fathers, husbands, comrades, or masters; more dutiful as sons and daughters, learners or helpers; more diligent as workers, students, or teachers; more loving and self-denying as men and as women everywhere. Let us think less about calling on Humanity and more about being humane. Let us talk less about religion, and try more fully to live religion. We have sufficiently explained our principles in words. Let us manifest them in act. I do not know that more is to be gained by the further preaching of our creed—much less by external profession of our own conviction. The world will be ours, the day that men see that Positivism in fact enables men to live a more pure and social life, that it fills us with a desire for all useful knowledge, stimulates us to help one another and bear with one another, makes our homes the brighter, our children the better, our lives the nobler by its presence; and that on the foundation of order, and in the spirit of love, and with progress before us as our aim, we can live for others, live openly before all men.—*Fortnightly Review.*

## THE POETRY OF TENNYSON.

BY RODEN NOEL.

It is perhaps difficult for men of middle age to estimate Tennyson aright. For we who love poetry were brought up, as it were, at his feet, and he cast the magic of his fascination over our youth. We have gone away, we have travelled in other lands, absorbed in other preoccupations, often revolving problems different from those concerning which we took counsel with him; and we hear new voices, claiming authority, who aver that our old master has been superseded, that he has no message for a new generation, that his voice is no longer a talisman of power. Then we return to the country of our early love, and what shall our report be? Each one must answer for himself; but my report will be entirely loyal to those early and dear impressions. I am of those who believe that Tennyson has still a message for the world. Men become impatient with hearing Aristides so often called just, but is that the fault of Aristides? They are impatient also with a reputation, which necessarily is what all great reputations must so largely be—the empty echo of living voices from blank walls. “Now again”—not the people, but certain critics—“call it but a weed.” Yet how strange these fashions in poetry are! I well remember Lord Broughton, Byron’s friend, expressing to me, when I was a boy, his astonishment that the bust of Tennyson by Woolner should have been thought worthy of a place near that of Lord Byron in Trinity College, Cambridge. “Lord Byron was a great poet; but Mr. Tennyson, though he had written pretty verses,” and so on. For one thing, the men of that generation deemed Tennyson terribly obscure. “In Memoriam,” it was held, nobody could possibly understand. The poet, being original, had to make his own public. Men nurtured on Scott and Byron could not understand him. Now we hear no more of his obscurity. Moreover, he spoke as the mouthpiece of his own time. Doubts, aspirations, visions unfamiliar to the aging, breathed melodiously through him. Again, how contemptuously do Broad-church psychologists like George

Macdonald, and writers for the *Spectator*, as well as literary persons belonging to what I may term the *finikin* school, on the other hand, now talk of our equally great poet Byron. How detestable must the North be, if the South be so admirable! But while Tennyson spoke to me in youth, Byron spoke to me in boyhood, and I still love both.

Whatever may have to be discounted from the popularity of Tennyson on account of fashion and a well-known name, or on account of his harmony with the (more or less provincial) ideas of the large majority of Englishmen, his popularity is a fact of real benefit to the public, and highly creditable to them at the same time. The establishment of his name in popular favor is but very partially accounted for by the circumstance that, when he won his spurs, he was among younger singers the only serious champion in the field, since, if I mistake not, he was at one time a less “popular” poet than Mr. Robert Montgomery. *Vox populi* is not always *vox Dei*, but it may be so accidentally, and then the people reap benefit from their happy blunder. The great poet who won the laurel before Tennyson has never been “popular” at all, and Tennyson is the only true English poet who has pleased the “public” since Byron, Walter Scott, Tom Moore, and Mrs. Hemans. But he had to conquer their suffrages, for his utterance, whatever he may have owed to Keats, was original, and his substance the outcome of an opulent and profound personality. These were serious obstacles to success, for he neither went “deep” into “the general heart” like Burns, nor appealed to superficial sentiments in easy language like Scott, Moore, and Byron. In his earliest volume indeed there was a preponderance of manner over matter; it was characterized by a certain dainty prettiness of style, that scarcely gave promise of the high spiritual vision and rich complexity of human insight to which he has since attained, though it did manifest a delicate feeling for nature in association with human moods, an



extraordinarily subtle sensibility of all senses, and a luscious pictorial power. Not Endymion had been more luxuriant. All was steeped in golden languors. There were faults in plenty, and of course the critics, faithful to the instincts of their kind, were jubilant to nose them. To adapt Coleridge's funny verses, not "the Church of St. Geryon," nor the legendary Rhine, but the "stinks and stench" of Köln town do such offal-feeders love to enumerate, and distinguish. But the poet in his verses on "Musty Christopher" gave one of these people a Roland for his Oliver. Stuart Mill, as Mr. Mathews, in his lately published and very instructive lecture on Tennyson, points out, was the one critic in a million who remembered Pope's precept,

"Be thou the first true merit to befriend,  
His praise is lost who waits till all commend."  
Yet it is only natural that the mediocrities, who for a moment keep the door of Fame, should scrutinize with somewhat jaundiced eye the credentials of new aspirants, since every entry adds fresh bitterness to their own exclusion.

But really it is well for us, the poet's elect lovers, to remember that he once had faults, however few he may now retain; for the perverse generation who dance not when the poet pipes to them, nor mourn when he weeps, have turned upon Tennyson with the cry that he "is all fault who has no fault at all"—they would have us regard him as a kind of Andrea del Sarto, a "blameless" artistic "monster," a poet of unimpeachable technical skill, but keeping a certain dead level of moderate merit. It is as well to be reminded that this at all events is false. The dawn of his young art was beautiful; but the artist had all the generous faults of youthful genius—excess, vision confused with gorgeous color and predominant sense, too palpable artifice of diction, indistinctness of articulation in the outline, intricately-woven cross-lights flooding the canvas, defect of living interest; while Coleridge said that he began to write poetry without an ear for metre. Neither Adeline, Madeline, nor Eleanore are living portraits, though Eleanore is gorgeously painted. "The Ode to Memory" has isolated images of rare beauty, but it is kaleidoscopic in effect; the fancy is

playing with loose foam-wreaths, rather than the imagination "taking things by the heart." But our great poet has gone beyond these. He has himself rejected twenty-six out of the fifty-eight poems published in his first volume; while some of those even in the second have been altogether rewritten. Such defects are eminently present in the lately republished poem written in youth, "The Lover's Tale," though this too has been altered. As a storehouse of fine imagery, metaphor, and deftly moulded phrase, of blank verse also whose sonorous rhythm must surely be a fabric of adult architecture, the piece can hardly be surpassed; but the tale as tale lingers and lapses, overweighted with the too gorgeous trappings under which it so laboriously moves. And such expression as the following, though not un-Shakspearian, is hardly quarried from the soundest material in Shakspeare—for, after all, Shakspeare was a eûphuist now and then—

"Why fed we from one fountain? drew one  
sun?"

Why were our mothers branches of one stem,  
if that same nearness  
Were father to this distance, and that *one*  
Vaunt courier to this *double*, if affection  
Living slew love, and sympathy hewed out  
The bosom-sepulchre of sympathy?"

Yet "Mariana" had the virtue, which the poet has displayed so pre-eminently since, of concentration. Every subtle touch enhances the effect he intends to produce, that of the desolation of the deserted woman, whose hope is nearly extinguished; Nature hammering a fresh nail into her coffin with every innocent aspect or movement. Beautiful too are "Love and Death" and "The Poet's Mind;" while in "The Poet" we have the oft-quoted line: "Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love."

Mr. G. Brimley was the first, I believe, to point out the distinctive peculiarity of Lord Tennyson's treatment of landscape. It is treated by him dramatically; that is to say, the details of it are selected so as to be interpretative of the particular mood or emotion he wishes to represent. Thus in the two Marianas, they are painted with the minute distinctness appropriate to the morbid and sickening observation of the lonely woman, whose attention is dis-

tracted by no cares, pleasures, or satisfied affections. That is a pregnant remark, a key to unlock a good deal of Tennyson's work with. Byron and Shelley, though they are carried out of themselves in contemplating Nature, do not, I think, often take her as interpreter of moods alien to their own. In Wordsworth's "Excursion," it is true, Margaret's lonely grief is thus delineated though the neglect of her garden and the surroundings of her cottage; yet this is not so characteristic a note of his nature-poetry. In the "Miller's Daughter" and the "Gardener's Daughter" the lovers would be little indeed without the associated scene so germane to the incidents narrated, both as congenial setting of the picture for a spectator, and as vitally fused with the emotion of the lovers; while never was more lovely landscape-painting of the gentle order than in the "Gardener's Daughter." Lessing, who says that poetry ought never to be pictorial, would, I suppose, much object to Tennyson's; but to me, I confess, this mellow, lucid, luminous word-painting of his is entirely delightful. It refutes the criticism that words cannot convey a picture by perfectly conveying it. *Solvitur ambulando*; the Gardener's Daughter standing by her rose-bush, "a sight to make an old man young," remaining in our vision to confound all crabbed pedants with pet theories.

In his second volume, indeed, the poet's art was well mastered, for here we find the "Lotos-eaters," "Enone," "The Palace of Art," "A Dream of Fair Women," the tender "May-Queen," and the "Lady of Shalott." Perhaps the first four of these are among the very finest works of Tennyson. In the mouth of the love-lorn nymph Enone he places the complaint concerning Paris into which there enters so much delightful picture of the scenery around Mount Ida, and of those fair immortals who came to be judged by the beardless apple-arbiter. How deliciously flows the verse!—though probably it flows still more entrancingly in the "Lotos-eaters," wandering there like clouds of fragrant incense, or some slow heavy honey, or a rare amber unguent poured out. How wonderfully harmonious with the dream-mood of the dreamers

are phrase, image, and measure! But we need not quote the lovely choric song wherein occur the lines—

"Music that gentler on the spirit lies  
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes,"

so entirely restful and happy in their simplicity. If Art would always blossom so, she might be forgiven if she blossomed only for her own sake; yet this controversy regarding *Art for Art* need hardly have arisen, since Art may certainly bloom for her own sake, if only she consent to assimilate in her blooming, and so exhale for her votaries, in due proportion, all elements essential to Nature, and Humanity; for in the highest artist all faculties are transfigured into one supreme organ; while among forms her form is the most consummate, among fruits her fruit offers the most satisfying refreshment. What a delicately true picture have we here—

"And like a downward smoke, the slender  
stream  
Along the cliff to fall, and pause and fall did  
seem,"

where we feel also the poet's remarkable faculty of making word and rhythm an echo and auxiliary of the sense. Not only have we the three cæsuras respectively after "fall," and "pause" and "fall," but the length, and soft amplitude of the vowel sounds with liquid consonants aid in the realization of the picture, reminding of Milton's beautiful "From morn to noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve, a summer's day." The same faculty is notable in the rippling lilt of the charming little "Brook" song, and indeed everywhere. In the "Dream of Fair Women" we have a series of cabinet portraits, presenting a situation of human interest with a few animating touches, but still chiefly through suggestive surroundings. There occurs the magnificent phrase of Cleopatra: "We drank the Lybian sun to sleep, and lit lamps which outburned Canopus." The force of expression could be carried no further than throughout this poem, and by "expression" of course I do not mean pretty words, or power-words for their own sweet sake, for these, expressing nothing, whatever else they may be, are not "expression;" but I mean the forcible or felicitous presentment of thought, image, feeling, or incident,

through pregnant and beautiful language in harmony with them; though the subtle and indirect suggestion of language is unquestionably an element to be taken into account by poetry. The "Palace of Art" is perhaps equal to the former poem for lucid splendor of description, in this instance pointing a moral, allegorizing a truth. Scornful pride, intellectual arrogance, selfish absorption in æsthetic enjoyment, is imaged forth in this vision of the queen's world-reflecting palace, and its various treasures—the end being a sense of unendurable isolation, engendering madness, but at last repentance, and reconciliation with the scouted commonalty of mankind.

The dominant note of Tennyson's poetry is assuredly the delineation of human moods modulated by Nature, and through a system of Nature-symbolism. Thus, in "Elaine," when Lancelot has sent a courtier to the queen, asking her to grant him audience, that he may present the diamonds won for her in tourney, she receives the messenger with unmoved dignity; but he, bending low and reverently before her, saw "with a sidelong eye"

"The shadow of some piece of pointed lace  
In the queen's shadow vibrate on the walls,  
And parted, laughing in his courtly heart."

The "Morte d'Arthur" affords a striking instance of this peculiarly Tennysonian method. That is another of the very finest pieces. Such poetry may suggest labor, but not more than does the poetry of Virgil or Milton. Every word is the right word, and each in the right place. Sir H. Taylor indeed warns poets against "wanting to make every word beautiful." And yet here it must be owned that the result of such an effort is successful, so delicate has become the artistic tact of this poet in his maturity.\* For, good expression being

\* But the loveliest lyrics of Tennyson do not suggest labor. I do not say that, like Beethoven's music, or Heine's songs, they may not be the result of it. But they, like all supreme artistic work, "conceal," not obtrude Art; if they are not spontaneous, they produce the effect of spontaneity, not artifice. They impress the reader also with the power, for which no technical skill can be a substitute, of sincere feeling, and profound realization of their subject-matter.

the happy adaptation of language to meaning, it follows that sometimes good expression will be perfectly simple, even ordinary in character, and sometimes it will be ornate, elaborate, dignified. He who can thus vary his language is the best verbal artist, and Tennyson can thus vary it. In this poem, the "Morte d'Arthur," too, we have "deep-chested music." Except in some of Wordsworth and Shelley, or in the magnificent "Hyperion" of Keats, we have had no such stately, sonorous organ-music in English verse since Milton as in this poem, or in "Tithonus," "Ulysses," "Lucretius," and "Guinevere." From the majestic overture,

"So all day long the noise of battle rolled  
Among the mountains by the winter sea,"

onward to the end, the same high elevation is maintained.

But this very picturesqueness of treatment has been urged against Tennyson as a fault in his narrative pieces generally, from its alleged over-luxuriance, and tendency to absorb, rather than enhance, the higher human interest of character and action. However this be (and I think it is an objection that does apply, for instance, to "The Princess"), here in this poem picturesqueness must be counted as a merit, because congenial to the semi-mythical, ideal, and parabolic nature of Arthurian legend, full of portent and supernatural suggestion. Such Ossianic hero-forms are nearly as much akin to the elements as to man. And the same answer holds largely in the case of the other Arthurian Idylls. It has been noted how well-chosen is the epithet "water" applied to a lake in the lines, "On one side lay the ocean, and on one Lay a great water, and the moon was full." Why is this so happy? For as a rule the concrete rather than the abstract is poetical, because the former brings with it an image, and the former involves no vision. But now in the night all Sir Bedevere could observe, or care to observe, was that there was "some great water." We do not—he did not—want to know exactly what it was. Other thoughts, other cares, preoccupy him and us. Again, of dying Arthur we are told that "all his greaves and caisses were dashed with drops of onset." "Onset" is a very generic

term, poetic because removed from all vulgar associations of common parlance, and vaguely suggestive not only of war's pomp and circumstance, but of high deeds also, and heroic hearts, since onset belongs to mettle and daring; the word for vast and shadowy connotation is akin to Milton's grand abstraction, "Far off *His coming* shone," or Shelley's, "Where the Earthquake Demon taught her young *Ruin*."

It has been noted also how cunningly Tennyson can gild and furbish up the most commonplace detail—as when he calls Arthur's mustache "the knightly growth that fringed his lips," or condescends to glorify a pigeon-pie, or paints the clown's astonishment by this detail, "the brawny spearman let his cheek Bulge with the unswallowed piece, and turning stared;" or thus characterizes a pun, "and took the word, and play'd upon it, and made it of two colors." This kind of ingenuity, indeed, belongs rather to talent than to genius; it is exercised in cold blood; but talent may be a valuable auxiliary of genius, perfecting skill in the technical departments of art. Yet such a gift is not without danger to the possessor. It may tempt him to make his work too much like a delicate mosaic of costly stone, too hard and unblended, from excessive elaboration of detail. One may even prefer to art thus highly wrought a more glowing and careless strain, that lifts us off our feet, and carries us away as on a more rapid, if more turbid torrent of inspiration, such as we find in Byron, Shelley, or Victor Hugo. Here you are compelled to pause at every step, and admire the design of the costly tessellated pavement under your feet. Perhaps there is a jewelled glitter, a Pre-Raphaelite or Japanese minuteness of finish here and there in Tennyson, that takes away from the feeling of aerial perspective and remote distance, leaving little to the imagination; not suggesting and whetting the appetite, but rather satiating it; his loving observation of minute particulars is so faithful, his knowledge of what others, even men of science, have observed so accurate, his fancy so nimble in the detection of similitudes. But every master has his own manner, and his reverent disciples would be sorry if he could be without it. We

love the little idiosyncracies of our friends.

I have said the objection in question does seem to lie against "The Princess." It contains some of the most beautiful poetic pearls the poet has ever dropped; but the manner appears rather disproportionate to the matter, at least to the subject as he has chosen to regard it. For it is regarded by him only semi-seriously; so lightly and sportively is the whole topic viewed at the outset, that the effect is almost that of burlesque; yet there is a very serious conclusion, and a very weighty moral is drawn from the story, the workmanship being labored to a degree, and almost encumbered with ornamentation. But the poet himself admits the ingrained incongruity of the poem. The fine comparison of the Princess Ida in the battle to a beacon glaring ruin over raging seas, for instance, seems too grand for the occasion. How differently, and in what burning earnest has a great poet-woman, Mrs. Browning, treated this grave modern question of the civil and political position of women in "Aurora Leigh!" Tennyson's is essentially a man's view, and the frequent talk about women's beauty must be very aggravating to the "Blues." It is this poem especially that gives people with a limited knowledge of Tennyson the idea of a "pretty" poet; the prettiness, though very genuine, seems to play too patronizingly with a momentous theme. The Princess herself, and the other figures are indeed dramatically realized, but the splendor of invention, and the dainty detail, rather dazzle the eye away from their humanity. Here, however, are some of the loveliest songs that this poet, one of our supreme lyrists, ever sung: "Tears, idle tears!" "The splendor falls," "Sweet and low," "Home they brought," "Ask me no more," and the exquisite melody, "For Love is of the valley." Moreover, the grand lines toward the close are full of wisdom—

"For woman is not undeveloped man,  
But diverse: could we make her as the man  
Sweet love were slain," &c.

I feel myself a somewhat similar incongruity in the poet's treatment of his more homely, modern, half-humorous themes, such as the introduction to the "Morte d'Arthur," and "Will Water-

proof;" not at all in the humorous poems, like the "Northern Farmer," which are all of a piece, and perfect in their own vein. In this introduction we have "The host and I sat round the wassail bowl, then half-way ebb'd;" but this metaphorical style is not (fortunately) sustained, and so, as good luck would have it, a metaphor not being ready to hand, we have the homelier line, "Till I tired out with cutting eights that day upon the pond;" yet this homespun hardly agrees with the above stage-king's costume. And so again I often venture to wish that the Poet-Laureate would not say "flowed" when he only means "said." Still, this may be hypercriticism. For I did not personally agree with the critic who objected to Enoch Arden's fish-basket being called "ocean-smelling osier." There is no doubt, however, that "Stokes, and Nokes, and Vokes" have exaggerated the poet's manner, till the "murex fished up" by Keats and Tennyson has become one universal flare of purple. Beautiful as some of Mr. Rossetti's work is, his expression in the sonnets surely became obscure from over-involution, and excessive *floriture* of diction. But then Rossetti's style is no doubt formed considerably upon that of the Italian poets. One is glad, however, that, this time, at all events, the right man has "got the porridge!"

In connection with "Morte d'Arthur," I may draw attention again to Lord Tennyson's singular skill in producing a rhythmical response to the sense.

"The great brand  
Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,  
And flashing round and round, and whirled in  
an arch."

Here the anapest instead of the iambic in the last place happily imitates the sword Excalibur's own gyration in the air. Then what admirable wisdom does the legend, opening out into parable, disclose toward the end! When Sir Bedevere laments the passing away of the Round Table, and Arthur's noble peerage, gone down in doubt, distrust, treachery, and blood, after that last great battle in the West, when, amid the death-white mist, "confusion fell even upon Arthur," and "friend slew friend, now knowing whom he slew," how

grandly comes the answer of Arthur from the mystic barge, that bears him from the visible world to "some far island changeth, yielding place to new, and God fulfils Himself in many ways, Lest one good custom should corrupt the world!" The new commencement of this poem, called in the idyls "The Passing of Arthur," is well worthy of the conclusion. How weirdly expressive is that last battle in the mist of those hours of spiritual perplexity, which overcloud even strongest natures and firmest faith, overshadowing whole communities, when we know not friend from foe, the holiest hope seems doomed to disappointment, all the great aim and work of life have failed; even loyalty to the highest is no more; the fair polity built laboriously by some god-like spirit dissolves, and "all his realm reels back into the beast;" while men "falling down in death" look up to heaven only to find cloud, and the great-voiced ocean, as it were Destiny without love and without mind, with voice of days of old and days to be, shakes the world, wastes the narrow kingdom, yea, beats upon the faces of our dead! The world-sorrow pierces here through the strain of a poet usually calm and contented. Yet "Arthur shall come again, aye, twice as fair;" for the spirit of man is young immortally.

Who, moreover, has moulded for us phrases of more transcendent dignity, of more felicitous grace and import, phrases, epithets, and lines that have already become memorable household words? More magnificent expression I cannot conceive than that of such poems as "Lucretius," "Tithonus," "Ulysses." These all for versification, language, luminous picture, harmony of structure have never been surpassed. What pregnant brevity, weight, and majesty of expression in the lines where Lucretius characterizes the death of his namesake Lucretia, ending "and from it sprang the commonwealth, which breaks, as I am breaking now!" What masterly power in poetically embodying a materialistic philosophy, congenial to modern science, yet in absolute dramatic keeping with the actual thought of the Roman poet! And at the same time, what tremendous grasp of the terrible

conflict of passion with reason, two natures in one, significant for all epochs! In "Tithonus" and "Ulysses" we find embodiments in high-born verse and illustrious phrase of ideal moods, adventurous peril-affronting Enterprise contemptuously tolerant of tame household virtues in "Ulysses," and the bane of a burdensome immortality, become incapable even of love, in "Tithonus." Any personification more exquisite than that of Aurora in the latter were inconceivable.

M. Taine, in his *Litterature Anglaise*, represents Tennyson as an idyllic poet (a charming one), comfortably settled among his rhododendrons on an English lawn, and viewing the world through the somewhat insular medium of a prosperous, domestic and virtuous member of the English comfortable classes, as also of a man of letters who has fully succeeded. Again, either M. Taine, M. Scherer, or some other writer in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, pictures him, like his own Lady of Shalott, viewing life not as it really is, but reflected in the magic mirror of his own recluse fantasy. Now, whatever measure of truth there may formerly have been in such conceptions, they have assuredly now proved quite one-sided and inadequate. We have only to remember "Maud," the stormier poems of the "Idylls," "Lucretius," "Rizpah," the "Vision of Sin." The recent poem "Rizpah" perhaps marks the high-water mark of the Laureate's genius, and proves henceforward beyond all dispute his wide range, his command over the deeper-toned and stormier themes of human music, as well as over the gentler and more serene. It proves also that the venerable master's hand has not lost its cunning, rather that he has been even growing until now, having become more profoundly sympathetic with the world of action, and the common growth of human sorrows. "Rizpah" is certainly one of the strongest, most intensely felt, and graphically realized dramatic poems in the language; its pathos is almost overwhelming. There is nothing more tragic in *Œdipus*, *Antigone*, or *Lear*. And what a strong Saxon homespun language has the veteran poet found for these terrible lamentations of half-demented agony, "My Baby! the bones that had sucked

me, the bones that had laughed and had cried, Theirs! O no! They are mine not theirs—they had moved in my side." Then the heart-gripping phrase breaking forth ever and anon in the imaginative metaphorical utterance of wild emotion, to which the sons and daughters of the people are often moved, eloquent beyond all eloquence, white-hot from the heart! "Dust to dust low down! let us hide! but they set him so high, that all the ships of the world could stare at him passing by." In this last book of ballads the style bears the same relation to the earlier and daintier that the style of "Samson Agonistes" bears to that of "Comus." "The Revenge" is equally masculine, simple, and sinewy in appropriate strength of expression, a most spirited rendering of a heroic naval action—worthy of a place, as is also the grand ode on the death of Wellington, beside the war odes of Campbell, the "Agincourt" of Drayton, and the "Rule Britannia" of Thomson. The irregular metre of the "Ballad of the Fleet" is most remarkable as a vehicle of the sense, resonant with din of battle, full-voiced with rising and bursting storm toward the close, like the equally spirited concluding scenes of "Harold," that depict the battle of Senlac. The dramatic characterizations in "Harold" and "Queen Mary" are excellent—Mary, Harold, the Conqueror, the Confessor, Pole, Edith, Stigand, and other subordinate sketches, being striking and successful portraits; while "Harold" is full also of incident and action—a really memorable modern play; but the main motive of "Queen Mary" fails in tragic dignity and interest, though there is about it a certain grim subdued pathos, as of still life, and there are some notable scenes. Tennyson is admirably dramatic in the portrayal of individual moods, of men or women in certain given situations. His plays are fine, and of real historic interest, but not nearly so remarkable as the dramatic poems I have named, as the earlier "St. Simeon Stylites," "Ulysses," "Tithonus," or as the "Northern Farmer," "Cobblers," and "Village Wife," among his later works. These last are perfectly marvellous in their fidelity and humorous photographic realism. That the poet of "Enone," "The Lotus-eaters," and

the Arthur cycle should have done these also is wonderful. The humor of them is delightful, and the rough homely diction perfect. One wishes indeed that the "dramatic fragments" collected by Lamb, like gold-dust out of the rather dreary sand-expanse of Elizabethan playwrights, were so little fragmentary as these. Tennyson's short dramatic poems are quintessential; in a brief glimpse he contrives to reveal the whole man or woman. You would know the old "Northern Farmer," with his reproach to "God Amoighty" for not "letting him aloan," and the odious farmer of the new style, with his "Proputty! Proputty!" wherever you met them. But "Dora," the "Grandmother," "Lady Clare," "Edward Gray," "Lord of Burleigh," had long since proved that Tennyson had more than one style at command; that he was master not only of a flamboyant, a Corinthian, but also of a sweet, simple, limpid English, worthy of Goldsmith or Cowper at their best.

Reverting, however, to the question of Tennyson's ability to fathom the darker recesses of our nature, what shall be said of the "Vision of Sin?" For myself I can only avow that, whenever I read it, I feel as if some horrible gray fungus of the grave were growing over my heart, and over all the world around me. As for passion, I know few more profoundly passionate poems than "Love and Duty." It paints with glowing concentrated power the conflict of duty with yearning passionate love, stronger than death. The "Sisters," and "Fatima," too, are fiercely passionate, as also is "Maud." I should be surprised to hear that a lover could read "Maud," and not feel the spring and mid-noon of passionate affection in it to the very core of him, so profoundly felt and gloriously expressed is it by the poet. Much of its power, again, is derived from that peculiarly Tennysonian ability to make Nature herself reflect, redouble, and interpret the human feeling. That is the power also of such supreme lyrics as "Break, break!" and "In the Valley of Cauterets;" of such chaste and consummate rendering of a noble woman's self-sacrifice as "Godiva," wherein "shameless gargoyles," stare, but "the still air scarce-

ly breathes for fear;" and likewise of "Come into the garden, Maud," an invocation that palpitates with rapture of young love, in which the sweet choir of flowers bear their part, and sing antiphony. The same feeling pervades the delicious passage commencing, "Is that enchanted moon?" and "Go not, happy day." All this may be what Mr. Ruskin condemns as "pathetic" fallacy, but it is inevitable and right. For "in our life doth nature live, ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud." The same Divine Spirit pervades man and nature; she, like ourselves, has her transient moods, as well as her tranquil immovable deeps. In her, too, is a passing as well as an eternal, while we apprehend either according to our own capacity, together with the emotional bias that dominates us at the moment. The vital and permanent in us holds the vital and permanent in her, while the temporary in us mirrors the transitory in her. I cannot think indeed that the more troubled and jarring moods of disharmony and fury are touched with quite the same degree of mastery in "Maud" as are the sunnier and happier. Tennyson hitherto had basked by preference in the brighter regions of his art, and the turbid Byronic vein appeared rather unexpectedly in him. The tame, sleek, daintily-feeding gourmets of criticism yelped indeed their displeasure at these "hysterics," as they termed the "Sturm und Drang" elements that appeared in "Maud," especially since the poet dared appropriately to body these forth in somewhat harsh, abrupt language, and irregular metres. Such elements, in truth, hardly seemed so congenial to him as to Byron or Hugo. Yet they were welcome, as proving that our chief poet was not altogether irresponsible to the terrible social problems around him, to the corruptions, and ever-festering vices of the body politic, to the doubt, denial, and grim symptoms of upheaval at his very doors. For on the whole some of us had felt that the Poet-Laureate was almost too well contented with the general framework of things, with the prescriptive rights of long-unchallenged rule, and hoar comfortable custom, especially in England, as though these were in very deed divine, and no

subterranean thunder were ever heard, even in this favored isle, threatening Church and State, and the very fabric of society. But the temper of his class and time spoke through him. Did not all men rejoice greatly when Prince Albert opened the Exhibition of 1851; when Cobden and the Manchester school won the battle of free-trade; when steam-engines and the electric telegraph were invented; when Wordsworth's "glorious time" came, and the Revised Code passed into law; when science first told her enchanting fairy tales? Yet the Millennium tarries, and there is an exceeding "bitter cry."

But in "Maud," as indeed before in that fine sonorous chaunt, "Locksley Hall," and later in "Aylmer's Field," the poet's emphasis of appreciation is certainly reserved for the heroes, men who have inherited a strain of gloom, or ancestral disharmony moral and physical, within whom the morbid social humors break forth inevitably into plague-spots; the injustice and irony of circumstance lash them into revolt, wrath, and madness. Mr. R. H. Hutton, a critic who often writes with ability, but who seems to find a little difficulty in stepping outside the circle of his perhaps rather rigid misconceptions and predilections, makes the surely somewhat strange remark that "'Maud' was written to reprobate hysterics." But I fear—nay, I hope and believe—that we cannot credit the poet with any such virtuous or didactic intention in the present instance, though of course the pregnant lines beginning "Of old sat Freedom on the heights," the royal verses, the recent play so forcibly objected to by Lord Queensberry, together with various allusions to the "red fool-fury of the Seine," and "blind hysterics of the Celt," do indicate a very Conservative and law-abiding attitude. But other lines prove that after all what he mostly deprecates is "the falsehood of extremes," the blind and hasty plunge into measures of mere destruction; for he praises the statesmen who "take occasion by the hand," and make "the bounds of freedom wider yet," and even gracefully anticipates "the golden year."

The same principle on which I have throughout insisted as the key to most

of Tennyson's best poetry is the key also to the moving tale "Enoch Arden," where the tropical island around the solitary shipwrecked mariner is gorgeously depicted, the picture being as full-Venetian, and resplendent in color, as those of the "Day-Dream" and "Arabian Nights." But the conclusion of the tale is profoundly moving and pathetic, and relates a noble act of self-renouncement. Parts of "Aylmer's Field," too, are powerful.

And now we come to the "Idylls," around which no little critical controversy has raged. It has been charged against them that they are more picturesque, scenic, and daintily-wrought than human in their interest. But though assuredly the poet's love for the picturesque is in this noble epic—for epic the Idylls in their completed state may be accounted—amply indulged, I think it is seldom to the detriment of the human interest, and the remark I made about one of them, the "Morte d'Arthur," really applies to all. The Arthur cycle is not historical, as "Harold" or "Queen Mary" is, where the style is often simple almost to baldness; the whole of it belongs to the reign of myth, legend, fairy story, and parable. Ornament, image, and picture are as much appropriate here as in Spenser's "Fairy Queen," of which indeed Tennyson's poem often reminds me. But "the light that never was on sea or land, the consecration and the poet's dream," are a new revelation, made peculiarly in modern poetry, of true spiritual insight. And this not only throws fresh illuminating light into nature, but deepens also and enlarges our comprehension of man. If nature be known for a symbol and embodiment of the soul's life, by means of their analogies in nature the human heart and mind may be more profoundly understood; while human emotions win a double clearness, or an added sorrow, from their fellowship and association with outward scenes. Nature can only be fathomed through her consanguinity with our own desires, aspirations, and fears, while these again become defined and articulate by means of her related appearances. A poet, then, who is sensitive to such analogies confers a twofold benefit upon us.

I cannot at all assent to the criticism



passed upon the Idylls by Mr. John Morley, who has indeed, as it appears to me, somewhat imperilled his critical reputation by the observation that they are "such little pictures as might adorn a lady's school." When we think of "Guinevere," "Vivien," the "Holy Grail," the "Passing of Arthur," this dictum seems to lack point and penetration. Indeed, had it proceeded only from some rhyming criticaster, alternating with the feeble puncture of his sting the worrying iteration of his own doleful drone, it might have been passed over as simply an impertinence.\* But while the poem is in part purely a fairy romance tintured with humanity, Tennyson has certainly intended to treat the subject in part also as a grave spiritual parable. Arthur, Guinevere, Lancelot, Elaine, Galahad, Vivien, are types, gracious or hateful. My own feeling, therefore, would rather be that there is too much human nature in the Idylls, than that there is too little; or at any rate that, while Arthur remains a mighty Shadow, whose coming and going are attended with supernatural portents, a worthy symbol of the Spirit of divine humanity, Vivien, for instance, is a too real and unlovely harlot, too gross and veritably breathing, to be in proportionate harmony with the general design. Lancelot and Guinevere, again, being far fuller of life and color than Arthur, the situation between these three, as invented, or at least as recast from the old legends in his own fashion by the poet, does not seem artistically felicitous, if regarded as a representation of an actual occurrence in human life. But so vivid and human are many of the stories that we can hardly fail so to regard them. And if the common facts of life are made the vehicle of a parable, they must not be distorted. It is chiefly, I think, because Arthur and Merlin are only seen, as it were, through the luminous haze appropriate to romance and myth, that the main motive of the epic, the loves of Lancelot and Guinevere, appears scarcely strong enough to bear the weight of momentous consequence imposed on it.

\* Mr. Alfred Austin, himself a true poet and critic, has long ago repented of his juvenile escapade in criticism, and made ample amends to the Poet-Laureate in a very able article published not long since in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

which is no less than the retributive ruin of Arthur's commonwealth. Now, if Art elects to appeal to ethical instinct, as great, human, undegraded Art continually must, she is even more bound, in pursuance of her own proper end, to satisfy the demand for moral beauty, than to gratify the taste for beauty intellectual or æsthetic. And of course, while you might flatter a poetaster, you would only insult a poet by refusing to consider what he says, and only professing a concern for how he says it. Therefore if the poet choose to lay all the blame of the dissolution and failure of Arthur's polity upon the illicit loves of Lancelot and Guinevere, it seems to me that he committed a serious error in his invention of the early circumstances of their meeting; nothing of the kind being discoverable either in Mallory, or the old chronicle of Merlin. Great stress, no doubt, is laid by Sir Thomas Mallory on this illicit love as the fruitful source of much calamity; but then Mallory relates that Arthur had met and loved Guinevere long before he asked for her in marriage; whereas, according to Tennyson, he sent Lancelot to meet the betrothed maiden, and she, never having seen Arthur, loved Lancelot, as Lancelot Guinevere, at first sight. That circumstance, gratuitously invented, surely makes the degree of the lovers' guilt a problem somewhat needlessly difficult to determine, if it was intended to brand their guilt as heinous enough to deserve the ruin of a realm, and the failure of Arthur's humane life-purpose. Guinevere, seeing Lancelot before Arthur, and recognizing in him (as the sweet and pure Elaine, remember, did after her), the type of all that is noble and knightly in man, loves the messenger, and continues to love him after she has met her destined husband, whom she judges (and the reader of the Idylls can hardly fail to coincide with her judgment) somewhat cold, colorless, and aloof, however impeccable and grave; a kind of moral phantom, or imaginative symbol of the conscience, whom Guinevere, as typifying the human soul, ought indeed to love best ("not Lancelot, nor another"), but whom, as a particular living man, Arthur, one quite fails to see why Guinevere, a living woman with her own idiosyncracies, should be bound to

love rather than Lancelot. For if Guinevere, as woman, ought to love "the highest" man "when she sees him," it does not appear why that obligation should not equally bind all the women of her Court also! If the whole burden of the catastrophe was to be laid upon the conception of a punishment deserved by the great guilt of particular persons, that guilt ought certainly to have been so described as to appear heinous and inexcusable to all beyond question. The story need not have been thus moralized; but the Poet-Laureate chose to emphasize the breach of a definite moral obligation as unpardonable, and pregnant with evil issues. That being so, I submit that the moral sense is left hesitating and bewildered, rather than satisfied and acquiescent, which interferes with a thorough enjoyment of the work even as art. The sacrament of marriage is high and holy; yet we feel disposed to demand whether here it may not be rather the letter and mere convention than the spirit of constant affection and true marriage that is magnified. And if so, though popularity with the English public may be secured by this vindication of their domestic ideal, higher interests are hardly so well subserved. Doubtless the treachery to husband and friend on the part of the lovers was black and detestable. Doubtless their indulged love was far from innocent. But then why invent so complicated a problem, and yet write as if it were perfectly simple and easy of solution? What I complain of is, that this love has a certain air of grievous fatality and excuse about it, while yet the poet treats it as mere unmitigated guilt, fully justifying all the disaster entailed thereby, not only on the sinners themselves, but on the State, and the cause of human welfare. Nor can we feel quite sure, as the subject is here envisaged, that, justice apart, it is quite according to probability for the knowledge of this constant illicit affection to engender a universal infidelity of the Round Table Knights to vows which not only their lips, as in the case of Guinevere, but also their hearts have sworn; infidelity to their own true affection, and disloyalty to their own genuine aspiration after the fulfilment of chivalrous duty in championing the oppressed—all because

a rich-natured woman like Guinevere proves faithful to her affection for a rich kindred humanity in Lancelot! How this comes about is at any rate not sufficiently explained in the poet's narrative; and if so, he must be held to have failed both as artist and as ethical teacher, which in these Idylls he has certainly aspired to be. Then comes the further question, not altogether an easy one to answer, whether it is really true that even widespread sexual excess inevitably entails deterioration in other respects, a lowered standard of integrity and honor? The chivalry of the Middle Ages was *sans peur*, but seldom *sans reproche*. History, on being interrogated, gives an answer ambiguous as a Greek oracle. Was England, for instance, less great under the Regency than under Cromwell? But at all events, the old legends make the process of disintegration in Arthur's kingdom much clearer than it is made by Tennyson. In Mallory, for instance, Arthur is by no means the sinless being depicted by Tennyson. Rightly or wrongly, he is resolved to punish Guinevere for her infidelity by burning, and Lancelot is equally resolved to rescue her, which accordingly he does from the very stake, carrying her off with him to his castle of Joyous Gard. Then Arthur and Sir Gawain make war upon him; and thus, the great knightly heads of the Round Table at variance; the fellowship is inevitably dissolved, for Modred takes advantage of their dissension to seize upon the throne. But in the old legends, who is Modred? The son of Arthur and his sister. According to them, assuredly the origin of the doom or curse upon the kingdom is the unwitting incest, yet deliberate adultery of Arthur, or perhaps the still earlier and deeply-dyed sin of his father, Uther. Yet, Mr. Swinburne's contention, that Lord Tennyson should have emphasized the sin of Arthur as responsible for the doom that came upon himself and his kingdom, although plausible, appears to me hardly to meet all the exigencies of the case. Mr. Hutton says in reply that then the supernatural elements of the story could have found no place in the poem: no strange portents could have been described as accompanying the birth and death of Arthur. A Greek tragedian,

he adds, would never have dreamt of surrounding *Cedipus* with such portents. But surely the latter remark demonstrates the unsoundness of the former. Has Mr. Hutton forgotten what is perhaps one of the sublimest scenes in any literature, the supernatural passing of this very deeply-dyed sinner *Cedipus* to his divine repose at *Colonus*, in the grove of those very ladies of divine vengeance, by whose awful ministry he had been at length assoiled of sin? the mysterious stairs; *Antigone* and *Ismene* expectant above; he "shading his eyes before a sight intolerable;" after drinking to the dregs the cup of sin and sorrow, rapt from the world, even he, to be tutelary deity of that land? Neither *Elijah* nor *Moses* was a sinless man; yet *Moses*, after enduring righteous punishment, was not, for God took him, and angels buried him; it was he who led *Israel* out of *Egypt*, communed with *Jehovah* on *Sinai*; he appeared with *Jesus* on the *Mount of Transfiguration*. But I would suggest that the poet might have represented suffering and disappointment, not as penalty apportioned to particular transgressions, rather as integral elements in that mysterious destiny which determines the lot of man in his present condition of defect, moral, physical, and intellectual, involved in his "*Hamartia*," or failure to realize that fulness of being which yet ideally belongs to him as divine. Both these ideas—the idea of *Doom* or *destiny*, and that of *Nemesis* on account of voluntary transgression—are alike present in due equipoise in the great conceptions of Greek drama, as Mr. J. A. Symonds has conclusively proved in his brilliant, philosophic and poetic work on the Greek poetry, against the more one-sided contention of *Schlegel*. I feel throughout *Shakspeare* this same idea of mystic inevitable destiny dominating the lives of men: you may call it, if you please, the will of God. Yet if it dooms us to error, ignorance, and crime, at all events this will cannot resemble the wills of men as they appear to us now. *Othello* expiates his foolish credulity, and jealous readiness to suspect her who had given him no cause to doubt her love. But there was the old fool *Brabantio*, and the devil *Iago*; there were his race, his temperament, his circum-

stances in general, and the circumstances of the hour,—all these were toils woven about him by *Fate*. Now, if the idea of *Destiny* be the more accentuated (and a tragedian surely should make us feel both this, and the free-will of man), then, as it seems to me, in the interests of *Art*, which loves life and harmony, not pure pain, loss, discord, or negation, there ought to be a purifying or idealizing process manifest in the ordeal to which the victims are subjected, if not for the protagonists, at all events for some of those concerned in the action. We must at least be permitted to behold the spectacle of constancy and fortitude, or devotion, as we do in *Desdemona*, *Cordelia*, *Antigone*, *Iphigenia*, *Romeo* and *Juliet*. But the ethical element of free-will is almost exclusively accentuated by *Tennyson*; and in such a case we desire to be fully persuaded that the "poetical justice" dealt out by the poet is really and radically justice, not a mere provincial or conventional semblance thereof.

Yet if you confine your attention to the individual *Idylls* themselves, they are undoubtedly most beautiful models of sinewy strength, touched to consummate grace. There can be nothing more exquisite than the tender flower-like humanity of dear *Elaine*, nor more perfect in pathetic dignity than the *Idyll* of *Guinevere*. *Vivien* is very powerful; but, as I said, the courtesan appears to me too coarsely and graphically realized for perfect keeping with the general tone of this faëry epic. The "*Holy Grail*" is a wonderful creation in the realm of the supernatural; all instinct with high spiritual significance, though some of the invention in this, as in the other *Idylls*, belongs to *Sir Thomas Mallory*. The adventures of the knights, notably of *Galahad*, *Percivale*, and *Lancelot*, in their quest for the *Grail*, are splendidly described. What, again, can be nobler than the parting of *Arthur* and *Guinevere* at *Almesbury*, where the King forgives and blesses her, she grovelling repentant before him, the gleaming "dragon of the great *Pendragonship*" making a vaporous halo in the night, as *Arthur* leaves her, "moving ghost-like to his doom?" Here the scenic element blends incorporate with the human, but assuredly does not overpower it, as has been pre-

tended. Then how excellent dramatically are the subordinate figures of the little nun at Almesbury, and the rustic old monk, with whom Percivale converses in the Holy Grail; while, if we were to notice such similes (Homeric in their elaboration, though modern in their minute fidelity to nature) as that in Enid, which concerns the man startling the fish in clear water by holding up "a shining hand against the sun," or the happy comparison of standing muscle on an arm to a brook "running too vehemently" over a stone "to break upon it," our task would be interminable. The Arthur Idylls are full too of elevating exemplars for the conduct of life, of such chivalrous traits as courage, generosity, courtesy, forbearance, consecration, devotion of life for loyalty and love, service of the weak and oppressed; abounding also with excellent gnomic sayings inculcating these virtues. What admirable and delightful ladies are Enid, Elaine, Guinevere! Of the Laureate's longer works, this poem and "In Memoriam" are his greatest, though both of these are composed of many brief song-flights.

It may not be unprofitable to inquire what idea Tennyson probably intended to symbolize by the "Holy Grail," and the quest for it. Is it that of mere supernatural portent? Certainly not. The whole treatment suggests far more. I used to think it signified the mystical blood of Christ, the spirit of self-devotion, or, as Mallory defines it, "the secret of Jesus." But it scarcely seems possible that Tennyson means precisely that, for then his ideal man Arthur would not discourage the quest. Does it not rather stand for that secret of the higher life as sought in any form of supernatural religion, involving acts of worship or asceticism, and religious contemplation? Yet Arthur deprecates not the religious life as such—rather that life in so far as it is not the auxiliary of human service. It is while pursuing the quest that Percivale (in the "Holy Grail") finds all common life, even the most sacred relations of it, as well as the most ordinary and vulgar, turn to dust when he touches them; and to a religious fanatic that is indeed the issue—this life is less than dust to him; he exists for the future and "supernatural"

only; his soul is already in another region than this homely work-a-day world of ours; and because it is another, he is only too ready to think it must be higher. What to him are our politics, our bewilderments, our fair humanities, our art and science, or schemes of social amelioration? Less than nothing. What he has to do is to save first his own soul, and then some few souls of others, if he can. But while, as Arthur himself complained, such an one waits for the beatific vision, or follows "wandering fires" of superstition, how often, for men with strength to right the wronged, will "the chance of noble deeds come and go unchallenged!" Arthur even dares to call the Holy Grail "a sign to maim this order which I made." "Many of you, yea most, return no more." But, as the Queen laments, "this madness has come on us for our sins." Percivale turns monk, Galahad passes away to the spiritual city, Sir Bors meets Lancelot riding madly all abroad, and shouting, "Stay me not; I have been the sluggard, and I ride apace, for now there is a lion in the path!" Lancelot rides on the quest in order that, through the vision of the Grail, the sin of which his conscience accuses him may be rooted out of his heart. And so it was partly the sin—the infidelity to their vows—that had crept in amongst the knights, which drove the best of them to expiation, to religious fervors, whereby their sin might be purged, thus completing the disintegration of that holy human brotherhood, which had been welded together by Arthur for activities of righteous and loving endeavor after human welfare. Magnificent is the picture of the terrible, difficult quest of Lancelot, whose ineradicable sin hinders him from full enjoyment of the spiritual vision after which he longs. Nor will Arthur unduly discourage those who have thus in mortal peril half attained. "Blessed are Bors, Lancelot, and Percivale, for these have seen according to their sight." Into his mouth the poet also puts some beautiful lines on prayer. More indeed may be wrought for the world by the silent spiritual life, by the truth-seeking student, by the beauty-loving artist, than is commonly believed. In worshipping the ideal they bless men. Arthur rebukes Gawain for light infidel profanity,

born only of blind contented immersion in the slime of sense ; while for the others, there was little indeed of the true religious spirit in their quest. " They followed but the leader's bell, for one hath seen, and all the blind will see." With them it is mere fashion, and hollow lip-service, or superstitious fear ; a very devil-worship indeed, standing to them too often in the place of justice, mercy, and plain human duty. Nay, what terrible crimes have been committed against humanity in the name of this very religion ! Even Percivale only attained to spiritual vision through the vision of Galahad, whose power of strong faith came upon him, for he lacked humility, a heavenly virtue too often lacking in the *unco guid*, as likewise in those raised above their fellows through any uncommon gifts, whether of body or mind. In the old legends, the sin of Lancelot himself is represented as consisting quite as much in personal ambition, over-self-confidence, and pride on the score of his prowess, as in his adultery with the Queen. Yet the " pure religion and undefiled " of Galahad and St. Agnes had been long since celebrated by our poet in two of his loveliest poems. But these sweet children were not left long to battle for goodness and truth upon the earth ; heaven was waiting for them ; though, while he remained, Galahad, who saw the vision because he was pure in heart, " rode shattering evil customs everywhere " in the strength of that purity and that vision. Arthur, however, avers he could not himself have joined in the quest, because his mission was to mould and guard his kingdom, although, that done, " let visions come and welcome ; " nay, to him the common earth and air are all vision ; and yet he knows himself no vision, nor God, nor the divine man. To the spiritual, indeed, all is religious, sacred, sacramental, for they look through the appearance to the reality, half hidden and half revealed under it. This avowal reminds me of Wordsworth's grand passage in the " Ode on Immortality " concerning " creatures moving about in worlds not realized." But for men not so far advanced revelations of the Holy Grail, sacramental observances, and stated acts of worship, are indeed of highest import and utility.

Yet good, straightforward, modest Sir Bors, who is not over-anxious about the vision, to him it is for a moment vouchsafed, though Lancelot and Percivale attain to it with difficulty, and selfish, superstitious worldlings, with their worse than profitless head-knowledge, bad hearts, hollow worship of Convention and the Dead Letter, get no inkling of it at all. This wholesome conviction I trace through many of the Laureate's writings. Stylites is not intended to be a flattering, though it is certainly a veracious portrait of the sanctimonious, self-depreciating, yet self-worshipping ascetic. The same feeling runs through " Queen Mary ; " and Harold, the honest warrior of unpretending virtue, is well contrasted with the devout, yet un-English and only half-kingly confessor, upon whose piety Stigand passes no very complimentary remarks. So that the recent play which Lord Queensbury objected to surprises me ; for in " Despair " it is theological caricature of the divine character which is made responsible for the catastrophe quite as much as Agnosticism, a mere reaction from false belief. Besides, has not Tennyson sung " There lives more faith in honest doubt, believe me, than in half the creeds," and " Power was with him in the night, which makes the darkness and the light, and dwells not in the light alone " ?

Turning now to the philosophical and elegiac poetry of Tennyson, one would pronounce the poet to be in the best sense a religious mystic of deep insight, though fully alive to the claims of activity, culture, science, and art. It would not be easy to find more striking philosophical poetry than the lines on " Will," the " Higher Pantheism," " Wages," " Flower in the Crannied Wall," the " Two Voices," and especially " In Memoriam." As to " Wages," it is surely true that Virtue, even if she seek no rest (and that is a hard saying), does seek the " wages of going on and still to be." An able writer in " To-day " objects to this doctrine. And of course an Agnostic may be, often is, a much more human person—larger, kinder, sounder—than a believer. But the truth is, the very feeling that Love and Virtue are noblest and best involves the implicit intuition of their permanence, however the understanding may doubt or deny.

Again, I find myself thoroughly at one with the profound teaching of the "Higher Pantheism." As for "In Memoriam," where is the elegiac poetry equal to it in our language? Gravely the solemn verse confronts problems which, mournful or ghastly, yet with some far-away light in their eyes, look us men of this generation in the face, visiting us with dread misgiving or pathetic hope. From the conference, from the agony, from the battle, Faith emerges, aged, maimed, and scarred, yet triumphing and serene. Like every greater poet, Tennyson wears the prophet's mantle, as he wears the singer's bay. Mourners will ever thank him for such words as, "'Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all;" and, "Let love clasp grief, lest both be drowned;" and, "Our wills are ours, we know not how; our wills are ours, to make them Thine;" as for the lines that distinguish Wisdom and Knowledge, commending Wisdom as mistress, and Knowledge but as handmaid. Every mourner has his favorite section or particular chapel of the temple-poem, where he prefers to kneel for worship of the Invisible. Yes, for into the furnace men may be cast bound and come forth free, having found for companion One whose form was like the Son of God. Our poet's conclusion may be foolish and superstitious, as some would now persuade us; but if he errs, it is in good company, for he errs with him who sang, "In la sua voluntade e nostra pace," and with Him who prayed, "Father, not My will, but Thine."

The range, then, of this poet in all the achievements of his long life is vast—lyrical, dramatic,\* narrative, allegoric,

\* I have just read the Laureate's new plays. They are, like all his best things, brief: "dramatic fragments," one may even call them. "The Cup" was admirably interpreted, and scenically rendered under the auspices of Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry; but it is itself a precious addition to the stores of English tragedy—all movement and action, intense, heroic, steadily rising to a most impressive climax,

philosophical. Even strong and barbed satire is not wanting, as in "Sea-Dreams," the fierce verses to Bulwer, "The Spiteful Letter." Of the most varied measures he is master, as of the richest and most copious vocabulary. Only in the sonnet form, perhaps, does his genius not move with so royal a port, so assured a superiority over all rivals. I have seen sonnets even by other living English writers that appeared to me more striking; notably, fine sonnets by Mr. J. A. Symonds, Mr. Theodore Watts, Mrs. Pfeiffer, Miss Blind. But surely Tennyson must have written very little indifferent poetry when you think of the fuss made by his detractors over the rather poor verses beginning "I stood on a tower in the wet," and the somewhat insignificant series entitled "The Window." For "The Victim" appears to me exceedingly good. Talk of daintiness and prettiness! Yes; but it is the lambent, water-waved damascening on a Saladin's blade; it is the rich enchasement on a Cœur de Lion's armor. Amid the soul-subduing spaces, and tall forested piers of that cathedral by Rhine, there are long jewelled flames for window, and embalmed kings lie shrined in gold, with gems all over it like eyes. While Tennyson must loyally be recognized as the Arthur or Lancelot of modern English verse, even by those among us who believe that their own work in poetry cannot fairly be damned as "minor," while he need fear the enthronement of no younger rival near him, the poetic standard he has established is in all respects so high that poets who love their art must needs glory in such a leader and such an example, though pretenders may verily be shamed into silence, and Marsyas cease henceforward to contend with Apollo.—*Contemporary Review.*

that makes a memorable picture on the stage. Camma, though painted only with a few telling strokes, is a splendid heroine of antique virtue, fortitude, and self-devotion. "The Falcon" is a truly graceful and charming acquisition to the repertory of lighter English drama.

## ON AN OLD SONG.

BY W. E. H. LECKY.

LITTLE snatch of ancient song  
 What has made thee live so long?  
 Flying on thy wings of rhyme  
 Lightly down the depths of time,  
 Telling nothing strange or rare,  
 Scarce a thought or image there,  
 Nothing but the old, old tale  
 Of a hapless lover's wail;  
 Offspring of some idle hour,  
 Whence has come thy lasting power?  
 By what turn of rhythm or phrase,  
 By what subtle, careless grace  
 Can thy music charm our ears  
 After full three hundred years?

Little song, since thou wert born  
 In the Reformation morn,  
 How much great has past away,  
 Shattered or by slow decay!  
 Stately piles in ruins crumbled,  
 Lordly houses lost or humbled,  
 Thrones and realms in darkness hurled,  
 Noble flags forever furled,  
 Wisest schemes by statesmen spun,  
 Time has seen them one by one  
 Like the leaves of autumn fall—  
 A little song outlives them all.

There were mighty scholars then  
 With the slow, laborious pen  
 Piling up their works of learning,  
 Men of solid, deep discerning,  
 Widely famous as they taught  
 Systems of connected thought,  
 Destined for all future ages;  
 Now the cobweb binds their pages,  
 All unread their volumes lie  
 Mouldering so peaceably,  
 Coffined thoughts of cofined men.  
 Never more to stir again  
 In the passion and the strife,  
 In the fleeting forms of life:  
 All their force and meaning gone  
 As the stream of thought flows on.

Art thou weary, little song,  
 Flying through the world so long?  
 Canst thou on thy fairy pinions  
 Cleave the future's dark dominions?  
 And with music soft and clear  
 Charm the yet unfashioned ear,  
 Mingling with the things unborn  
 When perchance another morn

Great as that which gave thee birth  
 Dawns upon the changing earth?  
 It may be so, for all around  
 With a heavy crashing sound  
 Like the ice of polar seas  
 Melting in the summer breeze,  
 Signs of change are gathering fast,  
 Nations breaking with their past.

The pulse of thought is beating quicker,  
 The lamp of faith begins to flicker,  
 The ancient reverence decays  
 With forms and types of other days ;  
 And old beliefs grow faint and few  
 As knowledge moulds the world anew,  
 And scatters far and wide the seeds  
 Of other hopes and other creeds ;  
 And all in vain we seek to trace  
 The fortunes of the coming race,  
 Some with fear and some with hope,  
 None can cast its horoscope.  
 Vap'rous lamp or rising star,  
 Many a light is seen afar,  
 And dim shapeless figures loom  
 All around us in the gloom—  
 Forces that may rise and reign  
 As the old ideals wane.

Landmarks of the human mind,  
 One by one are left behind,  
 And a subtle change is wrought  
 In the mould and cast of thought,  
 Modes of reasoning pass away,  
 Types of beauty lose their sway,  
 Creeds and causes that have made  
 Many noble lives, must fade ;  
 And the words that thrilled of old  
 Now seem hueless, dead, and cold ;  
 Fancy's rainbow tints are flying,  
 Thoughts, like men, are slowly dying ;  
 All things perish, and the strongest  
 Often do not last the longest ;  
 The stately ship is seen no more,  
 The fragile skiff attains the shore ;  
 And while the great and wise decay,  
 And all their trophies pass away,  
 Some sudden thought, some careless rhyme  
 Still floats above the wrecks of time.

*Macmillan's Magazine.*

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THE AMERICAN AUDIENCE.

BY HENRY IRVING.

WHAT is the difference between an English and an American audience? That is a question which has frequently been put to me, and which I have always found it difficult to answer. The points of dissimilarity are simply those arising



from people of a common origin living under conditions often widely different. It is, therefore, only possible for me to indicate such traits in the bearing of the American playgoer as have come under my own personal notice, and impressed me with a sense of unfamiliarity.

Every American town, great or small, has—I believe, without exception—its theatre and its church, and when a new town is about to be built, the sites for a place of amusement and a place of worship are invariably those first selected. As an instance, take Pullman, which lies some sixteen miles from Chicago, pleasantly situated on the banks of the Calumet Lake. The original design of this little city, which is almost ideal in its organization, and has the enviable reputation of being absolutely perfect in its sanitation, was conceived on the lines just mentioned. Denver City, which is a growth almost abnormal even in an age and country of abnormal progress, has a theatre, which is said to be one of the finest in America. Boston, with its old civilization, boasts seventeen theatres, or buildings in which plays are given; New York possesses no less than twenty-eight regular theatres, besides a host of smaller ones; and Chicago, whose very foundations are younger than the beards of some men of thirty, has, according to a printed list, over twenty theatres, all of which seem to flourish. The number of theatres in America and the influence they exercise constitute important elements in the national life. This great multiplication of dramatic possibilities renders it necessary to take a very wide and general view, if one wishes to get a distinct impression as to how audiences here differ from those at home. So at least it must seem to a player, who can only find comparison possible when points of difference suggest themselves. For a proper understanding of such difference in audiences, we must ascertain wherein consist the differences of the theatres which they frequent, both in architectural construction, social arrangement, and that habit of management which is a natural growth.

By the enactments of the various States regulating the structure and conduct of places of amusement, full provision for the comfort and safety of

the audience is insisted on. It is directed that the back of the auditorium should open by adequate doors directly upon the main passage or vestibule, and that through the centre of the floor should run an aisle right down to the orchestra rail. Thus the floor of the house is easy of access and exit, is generally of large expanse, and capable of containing half, or more than half, of the entire audience. It is usually divided into two parts—the orchestra or parquet, and the orchestra or parquet circle—the latter being a zone running around the former and covered by the projection of the first gallery. The floor of an American theatre is, as a rule, on a more inclined plane than is customary in English theatres, and there is a good view of the stage from every part. Outside the parquet circle, and within the inner wall of the building, is usually a wide passage where many persons can stand. Thus in most houses there is a great elasticity in the holding power, which at times adds not a little to the managerial success. I cannot but think that in several respects we have much to learn from our American cousins in the construction and arrangement of the auditorium of the theatre; on the other hand, they might study with advantage our equipment behind the proscenium.

It is perhaps due to the sentiment and tradition of personal equality in the nation, that the entire stream often turns to one portion of the house, in a way somewhat odd to those accustomed as we are in England to the separating force of social grades. To the great majority of persons, only one part of the theatre is eminently eligible, and other portions are mainly sought when the floor is occupied. The very willingness with which the public acquiesce in certain discomforts or annoyances attendant on visiting the theatre, would seem to show that the drama is an integral portion of their daily life. It cannot be denied by any one cognizant of the working of American theatres that there are certain facts or customs which must discount enjoyment. Before a visitor is in a position to settle comfortably to the reception of a play, he must, as a rule, experience many inconveniences. In the first place he has in some States to submit to the exactions of the ticket

speculator or "scalper," who, through defective State laws, is generally able to buy tickets in bulk, and to retail them at an exorbitant rate. I have known of instances where tickets of the full value of three dollars were paid for by the public at the average rate of ten or twelve dollars. Then, through the high price of labor, which in most American institutions causes employers to so dispose of their forces as to minimize service, the attendance in the front of the house is, I am told, often inadequate. Were it not for the orderly disposition and habit of the public, trained by the custom of equal rights to stand, and move *en queue*, it would not be possible to admit and seat the audience in the interval between the opening of the doors and the commencement of the performance. Thus the public are somewhat "hustled," and from one cause or another too often reach their seats after having endured much annoyance with a patient submission which speaks volumes for their law-abiding nature; but which must sorely disturb that reposeful spirit which the actor may consider essential to a due enjoyment of the play.

Once in his seat the American playgoer does not, as a rule, leave it until the performance is at an end. The percentage of persons who move about during the *entr'acte* is, when compared with that in England, exceedingly small, and sinks into complete insignificance when contrasted with the exodus to the *foyer* customary in continental theatres. In the equipment of the American theatre there is one omission which will surprise us at home—that of the bar, or refreshment room. In not a single theatre that I can call to mind in America have I found provision made for drinking. It is not by any means that the average playgoer is a teetotaler, but that, if he wishes or needs to drink during the evening, he does it as he does during the hours of his working life, and not as a necessary concomitant to the enjoyment of his leisure hours. Two other things are noticeable: first, that the audiences are sometimes very unpunctual, and to suit the audiences the managers sometimes delay beginning. The audience depend on this delay, and the consequence frequently is, that a first act is entirely disturbed by their entry; sec-

ondly, that, after the play, it is a custom, in a degree unknown in any European capital, to adjourn to various restaurants for supper.

As the audience *en bloc* remain seated, so the length of the performance must be taken into account by managers; and commonly two hours and a half is considered the maximum length to which a performance should run, though I must say that we have at times sinned by keeping our audiences seated until eleven o'clock, and it has been even later. Of course in this branch of the subject must be also considered the difficulty of reaching their homes experienced by audiences in cities whose liberal arrangements of space, and absence of cheap cabs, renders necessary a due regard to time. In matter of duration, however, the audience is not to be trifled with or imposed on. I have heard of a case in a city of Colorado where the manager of a travelling company, on the last night of an engagement, in order to catch a through train, hurried the ordinary performance of his play into an hour and a half. When next the company were coming to the city they were met *en route*, some fifty miles out, by the sheriff, who warned them to pass on by some other way, as their coming was awaited by a large section of the able-bodied male population armed with shot guns. The company did not, I am informed, on that occasion visit the city. I may here mention that in America the dramatic season lasts about eight months—from the beginning of the "fall" in September till the hot weather commences in April. During this period the theatres are kept busy, as there are performances on the evenings of every week day, and in the South and West on Sunday evening also, whilst *matinées* are given every Saturday, and in a large number of cases every Wednesday. In certain places even the afternoon of Sunday sees a performance. It is a fact, somewhat amusing at first, that in nearly all towns of comparatively minor importance the theatre is known as the Opera House.

I have dwelt on the external condition of the American audiences in order to explain the condition antecedent to the actor's appearance. The differences between various audiences are so minute

that some such insight seems necessary to enable one to recognise and understand them. An actor in the ordinary course of his work can only partially at best realise such differences as there may be, much less attempt to state them explicitly. His first experience before a strange audience is the discovery whether or not he is *en rapport* with them. This, however, he can most surely feel, though he cannot always give a reason for the feeling. As there is, in the occurrences of daily life, a conveyance other than by words of meaning, of sentiment, or of understanding between different individuals, so there is a carriage of mutual understanding or reciprocity of sentiment between the stage and the auditorium. The emotion which an actor may feel, or which his art may empower him successfully to simulate, can be conveyed over the floats in some way which neither actor nor audience may be able to explain; and the reciprocation of such emotion can be as surely manifested by the audience by more subtle and unconscious ways than overt applause or otherwise. It must be remembered that the opportunities which I have had of observing audiences have been almost entirely from my own stage. Little facility of wider observation is afforded to a man who plays seven performances each week and fills up most of the blank mornings with rehearsal or travel. I only put forward what I feel or believe. Such belief is based on the opportunities I have had of observation or of following out the experience of others.

The dominant characteristic of the American audience seems to be impartiality. They do not sit in judgment, resenting as positive offences lack of power to convey meanings or divergence of interpretation of particular character or scene. I understand that when they do not like a performance they simply go away, so that at the close of the evening the silence of a deserted house gives to the management a verdict more potent than audible condemnation. This does not apply to questions of morals, which can be, and are, as quickly judged here as elsewhere. On this subject I give entirely the evidence of others, for it has been my good fortune to see our audiences seated till the

final falling of the curtain. Again, there is a kindly feeling on the part of the audience towards the actor as an individual, especially if he be not a complete stranger, which is, I presume, a part of that recognition of individuality which is so striking a characteristic in American life and customs. Many an actor draws habitually a portion of his audience, not in consequence of artistic merit, not from capacity to arouse or excite emotion, but simply because there is something in his personality which they like. This spirit forcibly reminds me of the story told of the manager of one of the old "Circuits," who gave as a reason for the continued engagement of an impossibly bad actor, that "he was kind to his mother." The thorough enjoyment of the audience is another point to be noticed. Not only are they quick to understand and appreciate, but there seems to be a genuine pleasure in the expression of approval. American audiences are not surpassed in quickness and completeness of comprehension by any that I have yet seen, and no actor need fear to make his strongest or his most subtle effort, for such is sure to receive instant and full acknowledgment at their hands.

There is little more than this to be said of the American audience. But short though the record is, the impression upon the player himself is profound and abiding. To describe what one sees and hears over the footlights is infinitely easier than to convey an idea of the mental disposition and feeling of the spectators. The house is ample and comfortable, and the audience is well-disposed to be pleased. Ladies and gentlemen alike are mostly in morning dress, distinguished in appearance, and guided in every respect by a refined decorum. The sight is generally picturesque. Even in winter flowers abound, and the majority of ladies have bouquets either carried in the hand or fastened on the shoulder or corsage. At *matinée* performances especially, where the larger proportion of the audience is composed of ladies, the effect is not less pleasing to the olfactory senses than to the eye. Courteous, patient, enthusiastic, the American audience is worthy of any effort which the actor

can make on its behalf, and he who has had experience of them would be an untrustworthy chronicler if he failed, or even hesitated, to bear witness to their intelligence, their taste and their generosity.—*Fortnightly Review*.

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STIMULANTS AND NARCOTICS.

BY PERCY GREG.

AMONG all the signal inventions, discoveries, and improvements of the age, social and material, scientific and mechanical, few, perhaps, are fraught with graver possibilities for good and evil than the great achievement of recent medicine—the development, if it should not more properly be called the discovery, of anæsthetics. Steam has revolutionized mechanics; the locomotive, the steam-hammer, and the power-loom, the creation of the railway and the factory system, have essentially modified social as well as material civilization; and it is possible at least that electric lights and motors, telegraphs and telephones, may produce yet greater consequences. This last century has been signalized by greater mechanical achievements than the whole historic period since the discovery of iron. But in obvious, immediate influence on human happiness, it is quite conceivable that the discovery of chloroform, ether, and other anæsthetics—the diffusion of chloral, opium, and other narcotics, putting them within the reach of every individual, at the command of men and women, almost of children, independently of medical advice or sanction—may be, for a time at least, more important than those inventions which have changed the fundamental conditions of industry, or those which may yet change them once more. It is difficult for the rising generation to realize that state of medicine, and especially of surgery, which old men can well remember; when every operation, from the extraction of a bad tooth to the removal of a limb, must be performed upon patients in full possession of their senses. In those days the horror with which men and women, uninfluenced by scientific enthusiasm, now regard the alleged tortures of vivisection was hardly possible. Thousands of human beings had yearly to undergo—every man, woman,

and child might have to undergo—agonies quite as terrible as any that the most ardent advocate of the rights of animals, the most vivid imagination excited by fear for dearly loved dumb companions, ascribes to the vivisector's knife. It may well be doubted whether the highest brutes are capable of suffering any pain comparable with that of hardy soldiers or seamen—much less with that of sensitive, nervous men, and delicate women—when the surgeon's blade cut through living, often inflamed tissues, generally rendered infinitely more sensitive by previous disease or injury, while the brain was fully, intensely conscious; every nerve quivering with even exaggerated sensibility. The brutes, at any rate, are spared the long agony of anticipation, and at least half the tortures of memory. They may fear for a few minutes; our fathers and mothers lay in terror for hours and days, nay, persons of vivid imagination must have suffered acutely through half a lifetime, in the expectation that, soon or late, their only choice might lie between excruciating temporary torture and a death of lingering hopeless anguish. No gift of God, perhaps, has been so precious, no effort of human intellect has done more to lessen human suffering and fear, to take from life much of its darkest evil and horror, than anæsthesia as developed during the last fifty years. True that in the case of severe operations it is as yet beyond the power of medicine to give complete relief. If spared the torture of the operation, the patient has yet to endure the cruel smart that the knife leaves behind. But the relief of previous terror, of the awful, unspeakable, and, to those who never felt it, almost inconceivable agony endured while the flesh was carved, and the bone sawn, have disappeared from the sick room and the hospital.

Narcotics should be carefully distinguished from anæsthetics. Their use is different, not in degree only, but in character and purpose. Their legitimate object is two-fold : primarily, in a limited number of cases, to relieve or mitigate pain temporarily or permanently incurable ; but secondarily and principally to cure what to a large and constantly increasing class in every civilized country is among the severest trials attendant on sickness, over-work, or nervous excitement—that loss of sleep which is a terrible affliction in itself, and aggravates, much more than inexperience would suppose, every form of suffering with which it is connected. Nature mercifully intended that prolonged intolerable pain should of itself bring the relief of sleep or swooning ; and primitive races like the Red Indian, living in the open air, with dull imagination and insensible nerves, still find such relief. The victims of Mohawk and Huron tortures have been known, during a brief intermission of agony, to sleep at the stake till fire was used to awaken them. But among the many drawbacks of civilized life must be counted the tendency of artificial conditions to defeat some of Nature's most merciful provisions. The nerves of civilized men are too sensitive, the brains developed by hereditary culture and constant exercise are too restless, to obtain from sleep that relief in pain, especially prolonged pain, that nature apparently intended. Many of us, even in sleep, are keenly sensitive to suffering, at least to chronic as distinguished from acute pain, to dull protracted pangs like those of rheumatism, ear-ache, or tooth-ache. A little sharper pain, and sleep becomes impossible. The sufferer is not only deprived of the respite that slumber should afford, but insomnia itself enhances his sensibility, besides adding a new and terrible torment of its own. Artificial prevention of sleep was notoriously among the most cruel and the most certainly mortal of mediæval or barbaric tortures. The sensations of one who has not slept for several nights, beginning with a restless, unnatural, constantly increasing consciousness of the brain, its existence and its action, passing by degrees into an acute, unendurably distressing irritation of that organ—generally uncon-

scious or insensible, probably because its habitual sensibility would be intolerable—are indescribable, unimaginable by those who have not felt them ; and seem to be proportionate to the activity of the intellect, the susceptibility of nerve and vitality of temperament—the capacity for pain and pleasure. In a word, the finer the physical and nervous character, the more terrible the torment of sleeplessness. A little more and the patient is confronted with one of the most frightful forms of pain and terror, the consciousness of incipient insanity. But long before reaching this stage, sleeplessness exaggerates pain and weakens the power of endurance, quickens the sensibility of the nerves, enfeebles the will, exacerbates the temper, produces a physical and nervous irritability which to an observer unacquainted with the cause seems irrational, unaccountable, extravagant, even frantic, but which afflicts the patient incomparably more than those, however near and however sensitive, on whom it is vented. Drugs, then, which enable the physician in most cases to check insomnia at an early stage—to secure, for example, in a case of chronic pain, six or seven hours of complete repose out of the twenty-four, to arrest a mischief which leads by the shortest and most painful route directly to insanity—are simply invaluable.

It may seem a paradox, it is a truism, to say that in their value lies their peril. Because they have such power for good, because the suffering they relieve is in its lighter forms so common, because neuralgia and sleeplessness are ailments as familiar to the present generation as gout, rheumatism, catarrh to our grandfathers, therefore the medicines which immediately relieve sleeplessness and neuralgic pain are among the most dangerous possessions, the most subtle temptations, of civilized and especially of intellectual life. Every one of these drugs has, besides its immediate and beneficial effect, other and injurious tendencies. The relief which it gives is purchased at a certain price ; and in every instance the relief is lessened or rendered uncertain, the mischievous influence is enhanced and aggravated by repetition ; till, when the use has become habitual, it has become pure abuse, when the

drug has become a necessity of life it has lost the greater part if not the whole of its value, and serves only to satisfy the need which itself alone has created. Contrary to popular tradition, we believe that of popular narcotics opium is on the whole, if the most seductive, the least injurious; chloral, which at first passed for being almost harmless, is probably the most noxious of all, having both chemical and vital effects which approach if they do not amount to blood-poisoning. It is said (we do not affirm with what truth) that the subsequent administration of half a teaspoonful of a common alkali operates as an antidote to some of these specific effects. The bromide of potash, another favorite, especially with women, is less, perhaps, a narcotic proper than a sedative. It is said not to produce sleep directly, like chloral or opium, by stupefaction, but at least in small doses simply to allay the nervous irritability which is often the sole cause of sleeplessness. But in larger quantities and in its ultimate effects it is scarcely less to be dreaded than chloral. It has been recommended as a potent, indeed a specific and the only specific, remedy for sea-sickness. But the state to which, as its advocate allows, the patient must be reduced, a state of complete nervous subjection to the power of the drug, seems worse than the disease, save in its most cruel and dangerous forms. Such points, however, may be left to the chemist, the physician, or the physiologist; our purpose is rather to indicate briefly the social aspects of the subject, the social causes, conditions, and consequences of that narcotism which is, if not yet a prevalent, certainly a rapidly-spreading habit.

The desire or craving for stimulants in the most general sense of the word—for drugs acting upon the nerves whether as excitant or sedative agents—is an almost if not absolutely universal human appetite; so general, so early developed, that we might almost call it an instinct. Alcohol, of course, is the most popular, under ordinary circumstances the most seductive, and by far the most widely diffused of all stimulant substances. From the Euphrates to the Straits of Dover, the vine has been from the earliest ages second only

to corn in popular estimation; wine, next to bread, the most prized and most universal article of human food. The connection between *Ceres* and *Bacchus* is found in almost every language as in the social life of every nation, from the warlike Assyrian monarchy, the stable hierocratic despotism of Egypt, to the modern French Republic and German Empire. Corn itself has furnished stimulant second in popularity to wine alone; the spirit which delighted the fiercer, sterner races of Northern Europe—Swede, Norwegian, and Dane, St. Olaf, and Harold Hardrada, as their descendants of to-day; and the ale of our own Saxon and Scandinavian ancestry, which neither spirit, cider, nor Spanish wine has superseded among ourselves. The vine, again, seems to have been native to America; but the civilized or semi-civilized races of the southern and central part of the Western Continent had other more popular and more peculiar stimulants, also for the most part alcoholic. The palm, again, has furnished to African and Asiatic tribes a spirit not less potent or less noxious, not less popular and probably not less primitive, than whiskey or beer. But where alcohol has been unknown, among races to whose habits and temperament it was alien, or in climates where so powerful an excitant produced effects too palpably alarming to be tolerated by rulers or law-givers royal or priestly, other and milder stimulants or sedatives are found in equally universal use. Till the white man introduced among them his own destructive beverages, till the "fire-water" spread demoralization and disease, tobacco was the favorite indulgence of the Red Indian of North America, and very probably of that mighty race which preceded them and seems to have disappeared before they came upon the scene—the Mound-builders, whose gigantic works bear testimony to the existence of an agriculture scarcely less advanced or less prolific, a despotism probably not less absolute than that of Egypt. Coffee has for ages been almost equally dear to the Arabs; tea has been to China all that wine is and was to Europe, probably from a still earlier period, and has taken hold on the Northern, as coffee and tobacco upon the Southern,

branches of the Tartar race. Opium, or drugs resembling opium in character, have been found as well suited to the temper, as delightful to the taste, of the quieter and more passive Oriental races as wine to the Aryan and Semitic nations. The Malays, the Vikings of the East Indies, found in *bhāng* a drug the most exciting and maddening in its effects of any known to civilized or uncivilized man; a substitute for opium or haschisch bearing much the same relation to those sedatives as brandy or whiskey to the light wines of Southern Europe.

The craving, then, is not artificial but natural; is not, as teetotalers fancy, for alcohol alone or primarily, but for some form of nervous excitement or sedative *specialy* suited to climate or race. Tea, coffee, and tobacco, opium, haschisch and *bhāng*, *mata* and *tembe*, are probably as old as wine, older than beer, and take just as strong a hold upon the national taste. The desire testifies to a felt and almost universal want; and the attempt to put down a habit proved by universal and immemorial practice to answer to a need, real and absolute—or if artificial easily created and permanent, if not ineradicable, beyond any other artificial craving or habit—seems doomed to failure; the desire not being for this or that stimulant, for wine or alcohol, but for some agent that gives a special satisfaction to the nerves, some stimulant, sedative or astringent. The discouragement of one form of indulgence, especially if that discouragement be artificial or forcible, not moral and voluntary, can hardly have any other result than to drive the votaries of alcohol, for example, upon opium, or those of opium upon some form of alcohol. Tea, coffee, and tobacco have done infinitely more than teetotal and temperance preaching of every kind to diminish the European consumption of wine, beer, and spirits. Men and even women never have been and never will be content with water or milk, or even with the unfermented juices of fruits; to say nothing of the extreme difficulty of preserving unfermented juices in those warmer climates to which they are best adapted.

It seems, however, that the natural craving, especially among women, or

men not subject to the fiercer excitements of war, hunting, and open air life in general, is not for the stronger but for the milder stimulants. Ale was the favorite beverage of England, light wine of Southern Europe, till the Saracen invasion, the crusades, and finally the extension of commerce, familiarised the Western Aryans with the non-intoxicant stimulants of the East, and the discovery of America introduced tobacco. But the use of tea and coffee is not less, we might say, is more distinctly artificial than that of beer or wine. The taste for tobacco, as its confinement in so many countries and to so great an extent to one sex proves, is the most artificial of all.

It is plain, both from the climates and the character of the races among whom the sedative drugs or slightly-stimulant beverages have first and most widely taken root, that the preference for sedatives or gentle excitants is not accidental, but to a large extent dependent upon the temperament and habits of races or nations. Alcohol suits the higher, more energetic, active, militant races; and the fiercer and more militant the temper or habits, the stronger the intoxicant employed. It is not improbable that the first and strongest incitement to the use of alcohol, as of *bhāng*, was the desire for that which a very unfair and ungenerous national taunt describes as Dutch courage. No race, probably, except their nearest kinsmen of England, was ever less dependent on the artificial boldness produced by stimulants than the stubborn soldiers and seamen of Holland. The beer-loving Teutons have never been, like the wine-drinkers of France, Italy, and Spain, a military, or even, like the Scandinavians, a thoroughly martial race. They will fight: none, Scandinavians, Soudanese, and Turks perhaps excepted, fight better or more stubbornly. It may well be that the adventurous, enterprising spirit of Englishmen and Scotchmen, displayed at sea rather than on land, and in semi-pacific quite as much as in warlike enterprise, is derived in large measure from the strong Scandinavian element in our national blood. The tea-drinking Chinamen, the Oriental lovers of haschisch and opium, have mostly been

industrious rather than energetic, agricultural or pastoral rather than predatory. The coffee-drinking Arabs were not, till the days of Mahomet, a specially-warlike race. Bandits or guerillas they were perforce; like every people which inhabits a country whose mountains or deserts afford a safe refuge to robbers but promise no reward to peaceful industry. No race, no class living in the open air, save in the warmer climates, no people given to energetic muscular labor or devoted to war, would be prompt to abandon alcohol in any of its forms for its milder Oriental equivalents. Tea and coffee were introduced at a time when manufactures and indoor-life were gaining ground in Western Europe and found favor first, as is still the case, with the indoor-living sex. It is still among indoor workers that they are most in vogue. But if, as seems likely, alcohol was first adopted by the warriors of savage or semi-savage races as an inspiring or hardening force, it early lost this character with the introduction of strict military discipline on the one hand or of chivalry on the other. Neither the trained soldier of the phalanx and the legion, nor the knight with whom reckless but also intelligent courage was a point of honor, could find any help in intoxication, partial or total; nay, he soon found that while the first excitement of alcohol was fatal to discipline, its subsequent effects were almost as injurious to the persevering, steadfast kind of courage in which he put his pride. Wine or brandy, then, came to be the indulgence of peace and triumph, not of war; wassail followed on victory, sobriety was necessary till the victory was won. But still it has always been on the sterner, fiercer, more energetic races that alcohol, and especially the stronger forms of alcohol, retained their hold. It is to the passive, quiet, reflective temperaments—national or individual, peculiar to classes or to crafts—that tea or coffee, opium or haschisch, substances that calm rather than excite the nerves, have always proved strongly and often dangerously attractive.

Now it may be urged with plausibility, and perhaps with truth, that civilization and intellectual culture, the exchange of out-door for in-door life, the influences

that have rendered intelligence and dexterity of more practical value than corporeal strength, tend in some sense and in some measure to Orientalize the most advanced European races. We are not, perhaps, less daring or less enterprising than our fathers; but there is a large and ever increasing class to which strenuous physical exertion is neither habitual nor agreeable. We are unquestionably becoming sedentary; we work much more with our brains, much less with our muscles, than heretofore. With this change has come a decided change of feeling and tastes. We shrink from the fierce excitement, the violent moral stimulants that delighted ruder and less sensitive races and generations. The gladiatorial shows of Rome, the savage sports and public punishments of the Middle Ages, would be simply revolting to the great majority of almost every European nation of to-day; not primarily because as thoughtful Christians we deem them wicked, but because, instinctively, as sensitive men and women in whom imagination and sympathy are strong, we shudder at them as brutal. Prize-fights, bear-baiting, bull-fights have become too rough, too coarse, but above all too exciting; the hideous tragedies of old have ceased to suit the taste at least of our cultivated classes. In one word, our nerves are far too sensitive to crave for strong and violent excitement, moral or physical; it is painful rather than pleasurable. The sobriety of the educated classes is due much less to moral than to social causes. It is not that strong wines and spirits are so much more injurious to us than to our grandsires, nor that we have learned in fifty years to think intoxication sinful; rather we have come to despise it, and to dislike its means, because we have ceased to feel or understand the craving for such violent stimulation, because not merely the reaction but the excitement itself gives more pain than pleasure.

In the case of our American kinsmen climate has very much to do with the matter. A dry, keen, exhilarating air as well as an intense nervous sensibility renders powerful alcoholic stimulants unnecessary, over-exciting, unpleasant as well as injurious. Partly from temperament, a temperament which in itself must be



largely the result of climate, partly from the direct influence of their drier, keener atmosphere, American women feel no need of alcohol; American men who do indulge in it, rather as a relief from brain excitement than as an excitant itself, suffer far more than we do from the indulgence. The number of drunkards or hard-drinkers in the older States is, we believe, very much smaller than in England, even at the present day. But the proportion of lunatics made by drink seems to be much larger. In America alone teetotalism has been the serious object of social and legislative coercion. The Maine Liquor Law failed; but it is enforced in garrisons and colleges, while in many States social feeling and sectarian discipline forbid wine and spirits to women and clergymen, and habitual indulgence therein, however moderate, is hardly compatible with a high reputation for religious principle or strict morality. But this case, like that of the early Mahometans, is the case of a people whose climate is unsuited to alcohol; whose very atmosphere is a stimulant.

In a word, the craving of to-day, moral and physical, especially among the cultivated classes, among the brain-workers, among those of the softer sex and of the *fruges consumere nati*, who are almost entirely relieved from physical labor, is for mild prolonged stimulation, and for stimulation which does not produce a strong reaction; or else for sedatives which will allay the sleepless excitement produced by overwork, or yet oftener, perhaps, by reckless pursuit of pleasure.

It seems, then, not unnatural or improbable that, as tea and coffee have so largely taken the place of beer or light wine as beverages, so narcotics should take the place of stronger alcoholic stimulants. That this has been the case in certain quarters is well known to physicians, and to most of those who have that experience of life in virtue of which it is said, "every man of forty must be a physician or a fool." Nay, it is difficult to read the newspapers and remain ignorant or doubtful of the fact. We read weekly of men and women poisoned by an over-dose of some favorite sedative, burnt to death, or otherwise fatally injured while insensible from self-administered ether or chloroform.

For one fatal case that finds its way into the newspapers there are, of course, twenty fatal in a different sense—fatal, not to life, but to life's use and happiness—that are never known beyond the family circle, into which they have introduced unspeakable and often almost unlimited sorrow and evil; unlimited, for no one can be sure, few can reasonably hope, that the mischief will be confined to the individual victim of a dangerous craving. That the children of drunkards are often pre-disposed to insanity is notorious; that the children of habitual opium-eaters or narcotists inherit an unmistakable taint, whether in a diseased brain, in diseased cravings, or simply in a will too weak to resist temptation of any kind, is less notorious but equally certain. Of these secondary victims of chloral or opium there are not as yet many; but many fathers and mothers—fathers, perhaps, who for the sake of wives and children have overtaxed their brains till nothing but either the rest which circumstances and family claims forbid, or drugs, will give them the sleep necessary to the continuance of their work; mothers, too commonly, who begin by neglecting their children in the pursuit of pleasure, to end by poisoning their unborn offspring in the struggle to escape the consequences of that pursuit—are preparing untold misery and mischief for a future generation. Happily, narcotism is not the temptation of the young or energetic. It is later in life, when the effect of years of brain excitement of whatever nature begins to tell, and generally after the period in which the greater number of children are born, that men and women give way to this peculiar temptation of the present age.

The immediate danger to themselves is sufficiently alarming, if only it were ever realized in time. The narcotist keeps chloroform or chloral always at hand, forgetful or ignorant that one sure effect of the first dose is to produce a semi-stupor more dangerous than actual somnolence. In that semi-stupor the patient is aware, or fancies that the dose has failed. The pain that has induced a lady to hold a chloroformed handkerchief under her nostrils returns while her will and her judgment are half paralysed. She takes the bottle from the table be-

side her bed, intending to pour an additional supply on the handkerchief. The unsteady hand perhaps spills a quantity on the sheet, perhaps sinks with the unstoppered bottle under her nostrils; and in a few moments she has inhaled enough utterly to stupefy if not to kill. The vapor, moreover, is inflammable; perhaps it catches the candle by her side; and she is burnt to death while powerless to move. The sleepless brainworker also feels that his usual dose of chloral has failed to bring sleep; he is not aware how completely it has stupefied the brain, to which it has not given rest. His judgment is gone, so is his steadiness of hand; and, whether intentionally or not, at any rate unconsciously, so far as reasoning and judgment are concerned, he pours out a second and too often a fatal dose. Any one who knows how great is the stupefying power of these drugs, how often they produce a sort of moral coma without paralyzing the lower functions of animal or even of mental life, would, one might suppose, at least take care to be in bed before the drug takes effect, and if possible to put it out of reach till next morning. But experience shows how seldom even this obvious and essential precaution is taken.

The cases that end in a death terrible to the family, but probably involving little or no suffering to the victim himself, are by no means the worst. A life poisoned, paralysed, rendered worthless for all the uses of intellectual, rational, we might almost say of human existence, is worse for the sufferer himself and for all around him than a quick and painless death; and for one such death there must be twenty if not a hundred instances of this worst death in life. In nine cases out of ten, probably, the narcotist has been entangled almost insensibly, but incurably, without intention and almost without consciousness of danger. With alcohol this could hardly be the case. No woman, at any rate, could reach the point at which secret indulgence in wine or spirits became a habit and a necessity without warnings, evidences of excess palpable to herself if not to others, that should have terrified and shamed her into self-control, while self-control was yet possible. The hold that opium and other narcotics ac-

quire is at once swifter, more gradual, less revolting and incomparably stronger than that of alcohol. The first indulgence is in some sense legitimate; is almost enforced, either by acute pain or by chronic insomnia. The latter is perhaps the more dangerous. The pain, if it last for weeks, forces recourse to the doctor before the habit has become incurable. Sleeplessness is a more, persistent, and to most people a much less alarming thing; and it is moreover one with which the doctors can seldom deal save through the very agents of mischief. Neuralgia, relieved for a time by chloroform or morphia, may be cured by quinine; sleeplessness admits of hardly any cure but such complete change of life as is rarely possible, at least to its working victims. And the narcotist habit once formed, neither pain nor sleeplessness is all that its renunciation would involve. The drunkard, it must be remembered, gets drunk, as a rule, but occasionally. Save in the last stages of dipsomania, he can do, if not without drink, yet without intoxicating quantities of drink, for days together. The narcotist who attempts to go for a whole day without his accustomed dose, suffers in twenty-four hours far more cruelly than the drunkard deprived of alcohol in as many days. The effect upon the stomach and other organs, upon the nerves as well as on the brain, is one of indescribable, unspeakable discomfort amounting to torture; a disorder of the digestive system more trying than sea-sickness, a disorganization of the nerves which after some hours of unspeakable misery culminates in convulsive twitchings, in mental and physical distress, simply indescribable to those who have not felt it. Where attempts have been made forcibly and suddenly to withhold the accustomed sedative, they have not unfrequently ended within a few days in madness or death. In other cases the victim has sought and obtained relief by efforts and through hardships which, in his or her best days, would have seemed impossible or unendurable. One woman thus restrained escaped in *aëshabille* from her bed-room on a winter night of Arctic severity; ran for miles through the snow, and was fortunate enough to find a chemist who knew something of

the fearful effect of such privation, and had the sense and courage to give in adequate quantity the poison that had now become the first necessary of life. In a word, narcotics, one and all, are, to those who have once fallen under their power, tyrants whose hold can hardly ever be shaken off, which punish rebellion with the rack, and with all those devices of torture which mediæval and ecclesiastical cruelty found even more terrible than the rack itself; while the most absolute submission is rewarded with sufferings only less unendurable than the punishment of revolt. De Quincey's dreams under the influence of opium were to the tortures of resistance what the highest circle of purgatory may be to the lowest pit of the Inferno. But any reader who knows what nightmare is would think such tortures of the imagination, so vividly realized by a consciousness apparently intensified rather than impaired by slumber, a sufficient penalty for almost any human sin.

Chloral, bromide of potash, chloroform, henbane, and their various combinations and substitutes are, however, by their very natures medicines and no more. They are taken in the first instance as such; at worst as medicinal equivalents for a quantity of alcohol which women are afraid to take or unable to obtain, much more commonly as medicines originally useful, mischievous only because the system has been accustomed to depend on and cannot dispense with them. Their effects at best are negatively, not actively, pleasurable. They relieve pain or insomnia, or the craving which they themselves have created; but their victims would, if they could, gladly be released from their tyranny. Their character, moreover, is if not immediately yet very rapidly perceptible. Very few can have used them for six months without becoming more or less alarmed by the consequences. The minority, for whom they are mere substitutes for alcohol, resort to them only when the system has already been poisoned, the habits incurably vitiated. With opium the case is different. In those which may be called its native countries, it is not a medicine but a stimulant or sedative, used for the most part in much greater moderation but in the same manner as wine or spirits

among ourselves; as an indulgence pleasurable and innocent, if not actually desirable in itself. It suits the climates and temperaments to which the heating, exciting influence of alcohol is wholly unsuitable. It is, moreover, incompatible with the free use of the latter, a thing which may be said in some sense of most narcotics. Taken up by persons not yet addicted to intemperance, chloral and similar drugs operate to discourage the use, or at least the free use, of wine or spirits by intensifying their effect to a serious and generally an unpleasant degree. But it does not appear that they act, like opium, to indispose the system for alcohol. To the opium-eater, as a rule, the exciting stimulus of alcohol, counteracting the quiet, dreamy influence of his favorite drug, is decidedly obnoxious; the action of chloral much more resembles that of the more stupefying and powerful spirits. A drunkard desirous to abandon his favorite vice, and reckless or incredulous of the possibility that the remedy may be worse than the disease, would probably find in opium the most powerful and effectual assistance and support to which he could have recourse. It has moreover a strong tendency to diminish the appetite for food, so much so that both in the East and in Europe severe privation tends to encourage and diffuse its use.

Its peculiar danger, however, lies in the nature of the pleasure, and the remoteness of the pain and mischief which attend its use. Its effect on different constitutions and at different periods of life is exceedingly different. As De Quincey remarks, it is not essentially and primarily narcotic. It does not necessarily, immediately, or always produce sleep. Some fortunate temperaments reject it in all forms whatever. With these it produces immediate or speedy nausea, and consequent repugnance. But its most universal effect is the diffusion of comfort, quiet, calm, conscious repose, a general sensation of physical and mental ease throughout the system; not followed necessarily or generally by acute reaction, or even by depression. De Quincey's earlier experience accords with that of most of those to whom opium is in some sense suited, to whom alone it is likely to become a

dangerous temptation. Used once in a fortnight, or even once a week, it gives several hours of placid enjoyment, and if taken with some mild aperient and followed next morning by a cup of strong coffee, it generally gives a quiet night's rest, entailing no further penalty than a certain not unpleasant lassitude on the morrow. A working-man, for instance, might take it every Saturday night for twenty years without other effect than a decided aversion to the public-house on Sunday, if he could but resist the temptation to take it oftener. Again, till it loses its power by constant use it is in many cases the surest and pleasantest of all anæsthetics; it relieves all neuralgic pains, tooth-ache and ear-ache for example, and puts, especially in combination with brandy, a quick and sure if by no means a wholesome check on the milder forms of diarrhœa.

In this connection one danger peculiar to itself deserves especial notice. Other narcotics are seldom given or sold save under their own names; and if administered in combination, in quack medicine or unexplained prescriptions, their effect betrays itself. Opium forms the basis of innumerable remedies and very effective remedies, sold under titles altogether reassuring and misleading. Nearly all soothing-syrups and powders for example—"mother's blessings" and infant's curses—are really opiates. These are known or suspected by most well-informed people. What is less generally known is that nine in ten of the popular remedies for catarrh, bronchitis, cough, cold and asthma are also opiates. So powerful indeed is the effect of opium upon the lining membrane of the lungs and air passages, so difficult is it to find an effective substitute, that the efficacy, at least the certain and rapid efficacy, of any specific remedy for cold whose exact nature is not known affords strong ground for suspecting the presence of opium. Many chemists are culpably, almost criminally, reckless; and not a few culpably ignorant in this matter. An experienced man bought from a fashionable West-end shop a box of cough lozenges, pleasant to the taste and relieving a severe cough with wonderful rapidity. Familiar with the influence of opium on the stomach and spirits, he was sure before he had suck-

ed half-a-dozen of the lozenges that he had taken a dose powerful enough to affect his accustomed system, and strong enough to poison a child, and do serious harm to a sensitive adult. Yet the lozenges were sold without warning or indication of their character; few people would have taken any special precaution to keep them out of the way of children, and the box, falling into the hands of a heedless or disobedient child, might have poisoned a whole nursery.

Another personal experience may serve to dispel the popular delusion that opium is necessarily or generally a stupefying agent. A mismanaged minor operation exposed two sensitive nerves, producing an intolerable hyperæsthesia and a nervous terror which rendered surgical relief for the time impossible, and endurance utterly beyond human power. For a fortnight or more the patient was never free from agony save when the nerves of sensation were practically paralysed by opium. During that fortnight he took up for the first time, and thoroughly mastered, as a college examination shortly afterwards proved, Mill's *Principles of Political Economy*, a work not merely taxing to the uttermost the natural faculties of nineteen, but demanding beyond any other steady persistent coherence and lucidity of thought. The patient affirmed that never had his mind been clearer, his power of concentration greater, his receptive faculties more perfect or his memory more tenacious. That the drug had in no wise impaired the intellectual, however it might have quelled the muscular or nervous energies, seems obvious. Yet at that time the patient was ignorant of the two antidotes above mentioned; and neither coffee nor aperient medicine qualified or mitigated the influence of the opiates; an influence strong enough to quell for some twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four an acute and terrible nervous torture.

After the use of a fortnight or a month—especially when used legitimately to relieve pain and not to procure pleasure—the entire abandonment of opium may be easily accomplished in the course of two or three days. The pain or the disease it is used to overcome carries off, so to speak, or diverts

in great measure the injurious influence of the drug ; as a person suffering from diarrhœa, snakebite, or other cause of intense lowering of physical and nervous power, may take with impunity a dose of brandy which in health would certainly intoxicate him. But after six months' or a year's daily use or abuse, only the strongest and sternest resolution can overcome or shake off the tyranny of opium, and then only at a price of suffering and misery, of physical and mental torture such as only those who have known it can conceive.

It would be as foolish to depreciate the value as to underrate the danger of this, the most powerful and in many respects the safest of anæsthetics. Nothing else can do what opium can to relieve chronic, persistent, incurable nervous pain, to give sleep when sleeplessness is produced by suffering. The more potent anæsthetics, like chloroform, are applicable only to brief intense tortures, whose period can be foreseen or determined—to produce insensibility during an operation, or to mitigate the pangs of child-birth. Opium can relieve incurable chronic pain that would otherwise render life intolerable, and perhaps drive the sufferer to suicide ; and this, if moderation be observed, and the necessary correctives employed, without impairing, as other narcotics would, the intellectual faculties. It is, moreover, as aforesaid, the quickest and surest cure for bronchial affections of every kind, and might not impossibly, as De Quincey thought, if used in time and with sufficient decision, prolong a life otherwise doomed, if it could not actually cure phthisis or consumption after the formation of tubercle has once begun. But its legitimate use is limited to three cases. It can relieve temporary neuralgic pain when cure would be slow, or while awaiting a curative operation. One peculiarity of neuralgic pain is its tendency to perpetuate itself. The nerves continue to thrill and throb because worn out by pain. Give them, through whatever agency, a brief period of rest, and it may well happen that, the temporary cause removed, the pain will not return. Secondly, opium is the one anæsthetic agency available to mitigate incurable and intolerable suffering. Not only can it render endurable a life that

must otherwise be one continuous torture, till torture hastens death ; but it may in many cases render that life serviceable as well as endurable. De Quincey gives the instance of a surgeon, suffering under incurable disease of an intolerably painful kind, who owed the power of steady professional work for more than twenty years, to the constant use of opium in enormous quantities. Finally, when a working life draws near its natural close, when old age is harassed by the nervous consequences of protracted over-work or over-strain such as is often almost inseparable from the anxieties of business—the severe taxation of the mental powers by professional or literary labor—opium, given habitually in small quantities and under careful medical direction, often does what wine effects with less certainty and safety ; gives rest and repose, calms an irritability of nerve and temper more trying to the patient himself than to those around him, and renders the last decade of a useful and honorable life much more comfortable, and no wit less useful or honorable, than it might otherwise have been.

But except as a relief in incurable disease, or in that most incurable of all diseases, old age, the continual or prolonged use of opium is always dangerous and nearly always fatal. It impairs the will ; not infrequently it exercises a directly, visibly, unmistakably deteriorating influence upon the moral nature. There is nothing strange in this to those who know how an accidental injury to the skull may impair or pervert the moral no less than the intellectual powers. That moral is hardly a less common or less distinctive disease than mental insanity, that the conscience as well as the intellect of the drunkard is distorted and weakened, no physiologist doubts. Opium has a similar power, but exerts it with characteristic slowness of action. The demoralization of the narcotist is not, like that of the drunkard, rapid, violent, and palpable ; but gradual, insidious, perceptible only to close observers or near and intimate friends. In nine cases out of ten, moreover, opium ultimately and certainly poisons the whole vital system. The patient loses physical and mental energy, courage, and enterprise ; shrinks

from exertion of every kind, dreads the labor of a walk, the trouble of writing a letter, dreads still more intensely any effort that calls for moral courage, flinches from a scene, a quarrel, a social or domestic conflict, becomes at last selfish, shameless, weak, useless, miserable to the last degree.

But this, like every other effect of opium, is in some measure uncertain; and hence arises one of its subtlest dangers. De Quincey would seem to have been less susceptible than most men to the worst influences of his favorite drug, seeing what work, excellent in quality as well as considerable in quantity he achieved after he had become a confirmed opium-eater. It took, no doubt, a tenfold greater amount of opium to reduce him to intellectual impotence than would suffice to destroy the minds of nine brain-workers in ten. But his own story clearly reveals how completely the enormous doses to which he had recourse at last overpowered a mind exceptionally energetic, and a temperament exceptionally capable of assimilating, perhaps, rather than resisting the power of opium. Here and there we find a constitution upon which it exerts few or none of its characteristic effects. As a few cannot take it at all, so a few can take it with apparent impunity. With them it will relieve pain and will not paralyse the nerves, will quell excitement without affecting mental energy; nay, while leaving physical activity little more impaired than age and temperament alone might have impaired it. Here and there we may find a confirmed opium-eater capable of taking and enjoying active exercise—a fairly fearless rider, a lover of nature tempted by taste, or it may be by restlessness, to walk beyond his muscular strength; with vivid imagination well under his own control; in whom even the will seems but little weakened, whose dread of pain and flinching from danger are not more marked after twenty years spent under the influence of opium than when they first drove him to its use. Such cases are, of course, wholly exceptional; but their very existence is a danger to others, misleads them into the idea that they may dally with the tempter, may profit by its pleasure-giving and pain-quelling powers without

falling under its yoke, or may fall under that yoke and find it a light one. I doubt, however, whether the most fortunate of its victims would encourage the latter idea; whether there be any opium-eater who would not give a limb never to have known what opium can do to spare suffering, to give strength for protracted exertion, if he had never known what slavery to its influence means.

Dread of pain, dislike of excitement and worry, impatience of suffering and discomfort, of irritation, and sleeplessness, are all strong and increasingly-marked characteristics of our highly artificial life and perhaps almost overstrained civilization. Nature knows no influence that can relieve worry, mitigate pain, charm away restlessness, discomfort, and even sleeplessness, as opium can. Alcohol is at once too stupefying and too exciting for the tastes and temperaments that belong to cultivated natures and highly-developed brains. Beer suits the sluggish laborer, or the energetic navy when his work is done, and his system, like that of a Scandinavian Viking or Scythian warrior in his hours of repose, craves first exhilaration and then stupid, thoughtless contentment. Wine suits less active and more passionate races, to whom excitement is an unmixed pleasure; brandy those who crave for stronger excitement to stimulate less susceptible nerves. But the physical stimulants of our fathers and grandfathers, as the moral excitements of remoter times, are far too violent for our generation. Champagne has succeeded port and sherry as the favorite wine of those who can afford it, being the lightest of all; and time was, not so long ago, when medical men were accused of recommending champagne with somewhat careless facility to those whose nerves, worn out by unhealthy pursuit of pleasure, by unnatural hours and unwholesome excitement, might have been effectually though more gradually restored by a change which to most of them at least was possible; by life in the country rather than in London, by the fresh air of the early morning instead of that of midnight in over-heated gas-lighted rooms and a poisoned atmosphere. There is a danger lest, as even champagne has proved too much of a

stimulant and too little of a sedative, narcotics should take its place. The doctors will hardly recommend opium, but their patients, obliged for one reason or another to forego wine, might be driven upon it.

As aforesaid, the craving for stimulation or tranquillization of the brain—in one word, for that whole class of nerve-agents to which tea, opium, and brandy alike belong—is so universal, has so prevailed in all ages, races and climates, that it must be considered, if not originally natural, yet as by this time an ingrained, all but ineradicable, human appetite. To baffle such an appetite by any coercive means, by domestic, social or legislative penalties, has ever proved impossible. Deprive it of its gratification in one form, and it is impelled or forced to find a substitute; and finds it, as all strong human cravings have ever found some kind of satisfaction. And here lies one of the worst, most certain and yet least considered dangers of the legislation eagerly demanded by a constantly increasing party. Maine liquor laws, prohibition, local option, every measure that threatens to deprive of their favorite stimulant those who are not willing or have not the resolve to abandon it, would probably fail in their primary object. If they succeeded in that, they would, in a majority of instances, force the drinker, not to be content with water or even with tea, but to find a subtler substitute of lesser bulk, more easily obtained and concealed. Opium is the most obvious, and, among sedatives powerful enough to be substituted for wine or spirits, the least mischievous resource. And opium, once adopted as a substitute for alcohol, would take hold with far greater tenacity, and its use would spread with terrible rapidity, because its evil influence is so subtle, so slowly perceptible; and because, if used in moderation and with fitting precautions, its worst effects may not be felt for many years; because women could use it without detection, and men without alarm or discredit. This peril is one of which wiser men than Sir Wilfrid Lawson will not make light, but which too many comparatively rational advocates of total abstinence seem to have totally overlooked. Without underrating the frightful evils of in-

toxication, its baneful influence upon the individual, upon large classes, and upon the country as a whole, no one who knows them both can doubt that narcotism is the more dangerous and more destructive habit. The opiatist will not brawl in the street, will not beat his wife or maltreat his children; but he is rendered as a rule, even more rapidly and certainly than the drunkard, a useless member of society, a worthless citizen, an indifferent husband, helpless as the bread-winner, impotent as the master and ruler of a household. And opium, to the same temperaments and to many others, is quite as seductive as alcohol; far more poisonous, and incomparably more difficult to shake off when once its tyranny has been established. To forbid it, as some have proposed to forbid the sale or manufacture of beer, wine, and spirits, is impossible; to exclude it from the country is out of the question; its legitimate uses are too important, and no restrictions whatever can put it out of the reach of those who desire it. Silks, spirits, tobacco were smuggled as long as it paid to smuggle them; opium, an article of incomparably less bulk and incomparably greater value, would bring still larger profit to the importer; while the customer would not merely be attracted by cheapness or fashion, but impelled by the most imperious and irresistible of acquired cravings. Any man could smuggle through any barriers enough to satisfy his appetite for a year, enough to poison a whole battalion. That opium can become the favorite indulgence with numerous classes, and apparently with a whole people, the experience of more than one Eastern nation clearly shows. As the Oriental tea and coffee have to so large an extent superseded beer as the daily drink of men as well as women and children, so opium is calculated under favoring circumstances to replace wine and spirits as a stimulant. It might well do so even while the competition was open. Every penalty placed on the use of wine or brandy is a premium on that of opium.

De Quincey is not the only opium-eater who has given his experience to the world. It is evident that the practice is spreading in America, and the records published by its victims are as

terrible as the worst descriptions of the drunkard's misery or even as the horrors of *delirium tremens*. It is noteworthy, however, how little any of these seem to know of other experiences than their own—for instance, of the numerous forms and methods in which the drug can be and is administered. Opium—the solidified juice of the poppy—is the natural product from which laudanum, the spirituous tincture of opium, and all the various forms of morphia, which may be called the chemical extract, the essential principle of opium, are obtained. Morphia, again, is sold by chemists and exhibited by doctors in many forms, the principal of which are the acetate, the sulphate and the muriate of morphia—the substance itself combined with acetic, sulphuric, or hydrochloric acid. Of these last the muriate is, we believe, the safest, the acetate and in a lesser degree the sulphate having more of the pleasurable, sedative, seductive influence of opium in proportion to their pain-quelling power. They act, in some way, more powerfully upon the spirits while exerting the same anæsthetic influence, and the injurious effects of each dose are more marked and less easily counteracted. Laudanum, containing proof spirit as well as morphine, and through the proof spirit diffusing the narcotic influence more rapidly and affecting the brain more quickly and decidedly, is perhaps the worst vehicle through which the essential drug can be taken. Again, morphine, in its liquid forms can be injected under the skin; as solid opium it can be smoked or eaten, as morphia it can be swallowed or injected. Of all modes of administration—speaking, of course, of the self-administered abuse, not of the strict medical use of the drug—subcutaneous injection is the worst. It acts the most speedily and apparently the most pleurably; it passes off the most rapidly, and tempts,

therefore the most frequent, re-application. Apart, moreover, from the poisonous influence itself, this mode of application has injurious effects of its own; produces callosities and sores of a painful and revolting character. Smoking seems to be the most stupefying manner in which solid opium can be consumed, the one which acts most powerfully and injuriously upon the brain. But opium-smoking is hardly likely to take a strong hold on English or European taste. A piece of opium no larger than a pea, chopped up and mixed with a large bowlful of tobacco, produces on the veteran tobacco-smoker a nauseating effect powerfully recalling that of the first pipe of his boyhood; while its flavor is incomparably more disagreeable to the palate accustomed to the best havanas or the worst shag or bird's-eye than these were to the uninvited taste. It is probable that the Englishman who makes his first acquaintance with opium in this form will be revolted rather than tempted, unless indeed the pipe be used to relieve a pain so intolerable that the nauseousness of the remedy is disregarded. Morphia in all its forms, liquid or solid, has a thoroughly unpleasant bitterness, but neither the nauseous taste of the pipe nor the intensely disgusting flavor of laudanum, a flavor so revolting to the unaccustomed palate that only when largely diluted by water can it possibly be swallowed. On the whole, the muriate, dissolved in a quantity of water large enough to render each drop the equivalent of a drop of laudanum, is probably the safest, and should be swallowed rather than injected. But rather than swallow even this, a wise man, unless more confident in his own constancy and self-command than wise men are wont to be, had better endure any temporary pain that nature may inflict or any remedial operation that surgery can offer.—*Contemporary Review*.

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#### FOLK-LORE FOR SWEETHEARTS.

BY REV. M. G. WATKINS, M.A.

As marriage and death are the chief events in human life, an enormous mass of popular beliefs has in all nations

crystallised round them. Perhaps the sterner and more gloomy character of Kelts, Saxons, and Northmen generally



found vent in the greater prominence they have given to omens of death, second-sight, ghosts, and the like ; whereas the lighter and sunnier disposition of Southern Europe has delighted more in love-spells, methods of divining a future partner, the whole pomp and circumstance attending Venus and her doves. The writhing of the wryneck so graphically portrayed in Theocritus, or the spells of the lover in his Latin imitator, with their refrain—

Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite  
Daphnim,\*

may thus be profitably compared with the darker superstitions of St. Mark's Eve, the Baal fires, and compacts with the evil one, which so constantly recur throughout the Northern mythologies. But there are times and festivities when the serious Northern temperament relaxes ; and any one who has the least acquaintance with the wealth of folk-lore which recent years have shown the natives of Great Britain that they possess, well knows that the times of courtship and marriage are two occasions when this lighter vein of our composite nature is conspicuous. The collection of these old-world beliefs amongst our peasantry did not begin a moment too soon. Day by day the remnants of them are fast fading from the national memory. The disenchanting wand of the modern schoolmaster, the rationalistic influences of the press, the Procrustes-like system of standards in our parish schools—these act like the breath of morn or the crowing of a cock upon ghosts, and at once put charms, spells, and the like to flight. Before the nation assumes the sober hues of pure reason and un pitying logic, in lieu of the picturesque scraps of folk-lore and old-wifish beliefs in which imagination was wont to clothe it, no office can be more grateful to posterity than for enthusiastic inquirers to search out and put on record these notes of fairy music which our villagers used to listen to with such content. By way of giving a sample of their linked sweetnesses long drawn out through so many generations of country dwellers—of which the echoes still vibrate, especially in the north and west

\* See Virgil, *Ecl.* viii.

of the country—it is our purpose to quote something of the legendary lore connected with love and marriage. This must interest everybody. Even the most determined old bachelor probably fell once, at least, in love to enable him to discover the hollowness of the passion ; and as for the other sex, they may very conveniently, if illogically, be classed here as they used to be at the Oxford Commemoration, the married, the unmarried, and those who wish to be married. Some of these spells and charms possess associations for each of these divisions, and we are consequently sure of the suffrages of the fair sex.

Folk-lore, like Venus herself, has indeed specially flung her cestus over "the palmer in love's eye." She has more charms to soothe his melancholy than were ever prescribed by Burton. She is not above dabbling in spells and the unholy mysteries of the black art to inform him who shall be his partner for life. When sleep at length seals his eyes, she waits at his bedside next morning to tell him the meaning of his dreams. And most certainly the weaker sex has not been forgotten by folk-lore, which, in proportion to their easier powers of belief, provides them with infinite store of solace and prediction. Milkmaids, country lasses, and secluded dwellers in whitewashed farm or thick-walled ancestral grange are her particular charge. The Juliets and Amandas of higher rank already possess enough nurses, confidantes, and bosom friends, to say nothing of the poets and novelists. Perhaps it would be well for them if they never resorted to more dangerous mentors than do their rustic sisters when they listen to old wives' wisdom at the chimney corner. Yet an exception must be made in favor of some lovers of rank, when we recall the ludicrously simple wooing of Mr. Carteret and Lady Jemima Montagu, and how mightily they were indebted to the good offices of the more skilled Samuel Pepys, who literally taught them when they ought to take each other's hand, "make these and these compliments," and the like ; "he being the most awkerd man I ever met with in my life as to that business," as the garrulous diarist adds. For ourselves, we do not profess to be love casuists, and the profusion of receipts

which the subject possesses is so remarkable that we shall be unable to preserve much order in our prescriptions. Like those little books which possess wisdom for all who look within them, we can only promise our readers a peep into a budget fresh from fairy-land, and each may select what spell he or she chooses. Autolycus himself did not open a pack stuffed with greater attractions for his customers, especially for the fair sex.

Nothing is easier than to dream of a sweetheart. Only put a piece of wedding-cake under your pillow, and your wish will be gratified. If you are in doubt between two or three lovers, which you should choose, let a friend write their names on the paper in which the cake is wrapped, sleep on it yourself as before for three consecutive nights, and if you should then happen to dream of one of the names therein written, you are certain to marry him.\* In Hull, folk-lore somewhat varies the receipt. Take the blade-bone of a rabbit, stick nine pins in it, and then put it under your pillow, when you will be sure to see the object of your affections. At Burnley, during a marriage-feast, a wedding-ring is put into the posset, and after serving it out the unmarried person whose cup contains the ring will be the first of the company to be married. Sometimes, too, a cake is made into which a wedding-ring and a sixpence are put. When the company are about to retire, the cake is broken and distributed among the unmarried ladies. She who finds the ring in her portion of cake will shortly be married, but she who gets the sixpence will infallibly die an old maid.

Perhaps your affections are still disengaged, but you wish to bestow them on one who will return like for like. In this case there are plenty of wishing-chairs, wishing-gates, and so forth, scattered through the country. A wish breathed near them, and kept secret, will sooner or later have its fulfilment. But there is no need to travel to the Lake country or to Finchale Priory, near Durham (where is a wishing-chair); if you see a piece of old iron or a horse-shoe on your path, take it up, spit on it, and throw it over your left shoulder,

framing a wish at the same time. Keep this wish a secret, and it will come to pass in due time. If you meet a piebald horse, nothing can be more lucky; utter your wish, and whatever it may be you will have it before the week be out. In Cleveland, the following method of divining whether a girl will be married or not is resorted to. Take a tumbler of water from a stream which runs southward; borrow the wedding-ring of some gudewife and suspend it by a hair of your head over the glass of water, holding the hair between the finger and thumb. If the ring hit against the side of the glass, the holder will die an old maid; if it turn quickly round, she will be married once; if slowly, twice. Should the ring strike the side of the glass more than three times after the holder has pronounced the name of her lover, there will be a lengthy courtship and nothing more; "she will be courted to dead," as they say in Lincolnshire; if less frequently, the affair will be broken off, and if there is no striking at all it will never come on.\* Or if you look at the first new moon of the year through a silk handkerchief which has never been washed, as many moons as you see through it (the threads multiplying the vision), so many years must pass before your marriage. Would you ascertain the color of your future husband's hair? Follow the practice of the German girls. Between the hours of eleven and twelve at night on St. Andrew's Eve a maiden must stand at the house door, take hold of the latch, and say three times, "Gentle love, if thou lovest me, show thyself." She must then open the door quickly, and make a rapid grasp through it into the darkness, when she will find in her hand a lock of her future husband's hair. The "Universal Fortune-teller" prescribes a still more fearsome receipt for obtaining an actual sight of him. The girl must take a willow branch in her left hand, and, without being observed, slip out of the house and run three times round it, whispering the while, "He that is to be my goodman, come and grip the end of it." During the third circuit the like-

\* *The Folk-lore of the Northern Counties and the Border*, by W. Henderson, pp. 106, 114. Ed. 1879.

\* Napier's *Scotch Folk-lore*, p. 95.

ness of the future husband will appear and grasp the other end of the wand. Would any one conciliate a lover's affections? There is a charm of much simplicity, and yet of such potency that it will even reconcile man and wife. Inside a frog is a certain crooked bone, which when cleaned and dried over the fire on St. John's Eve, and then ground fine and given in food to the lover, will at once win his love for the administrator.\* A timely hint may here be given to any one going courting: be sure when leaving home to spit in your right shoe would you speed in your wooing. If you accidentally put on your left stocking, too, inside out, nothing but good luck can ensue.

Among natural objects, the folk lore of the north invariably assigns a speedy marriage to the sight of three magpies together. If a cricket sings on the hearth, it portends that riches will fall to the hearer's lot. Catch a ladybird, and suffer it to fly out of your hands while repeating the following couplet—

Fly away east, or fly away west,  
But show me where lies the one I like best,

and its flight will furnish some clue to the direction in which your sweetheart lies. Should a red rose bloom early in the garden, it is a sure token of an early marriage. In Scotch folk-lore the rose possesses much virtue. If a girl has several lovers, and wishes to know which of them will be her husband, she takes a rose-leaf for each of them, and naming each leaf after the name of one of her lovers, watches them float down a stream till one after another they sink, when the last to disappear will be her future husband.† A four-leaved clover will preserve her from any deceit on his part, should she be fortunate enough to find that plant; while there is no end to the virtues of an even ash-leaf. We recount some of its merits from an old collection of northern superstitions,‡ trusting they are better than the verses which detail them.

The even ash-leaf in my left hand,  
The first man I meet shall be my husband.  
The even ash-leaf in my glove,  
The first I meet shall be my love.

The even ash-leaf in my breast,  
The first man I meet's whom I love best.  
Even ash, even ash, I pluck thee,  
This night my true love for to see.  
Find even ash or four-leaved clover,  
An' you'll see your true love before the day's over.

The color in which a girl dresses is important, not only during courtship, but after marriage.

Those dressed in blue  
Have lovers true;  
In green and white  
Forsaken quite.

Green, being sacred to the fairies, is a most unlucky hue. The "little folk" will undoubtedly resent the insult should any one dress in their color. Mr. Henderson\* has known mothers in the south of England absolutely forbid it to their daughters, and avoid it in the furniture of their houses. Peter Bell's sixth wife could not have been more inauspiciously dressed when she—

Put on her gown of green,  
To leave her mother at sixteen,  
And follow Peter Bell.

And nothing green must make its appearance at a Scotch wedding. Kale and other green vegetables are rigidly excluded from the wedding-dinner. Jealousy has ever green eyes, and green grows the grass on Love's grave.

Some omens may be obtained by the single at a wedding-feast. The bride in the North Country cuts a cheese (as in more fashionable regions she is the first to help the wedding-cake), and he who can secure the first piece that she cuts will insure happiness in his married life. If the "best man" does not secure the knife he will indeed be unfortunate. The maidens try to possess themselves of a "shaping" of the wedding-dress for use in certain divinations concerning their future husbands.†

In all ages and all parts of our island maidens have resorted to omens drawn from flowers respecting their sweethearts. Holly, ribwort, plantain, black centauray, yarrow, and a multitude more possess a great reputation in love matters. The lover must generally sleep on some one of these and repeat a charm,

\* Napier, p. 89. † *Ibid.* p. 130.  
‡ Henderson, *Border Folk-lore*, p. 35.

\* Henderson, *Border Folk-lore*, p. 35.  
† *Ibid.* p. 35.

when pleasant dreams and faithful indications of a suitor will follow. "The last summer, on the day of St. John the Baptist, 1694," says Aubrey, "I accidentally was walking in the pasture behind Montague House; it was twelve o'clock. I saw there about two or three and twenty young women, most of them well habited, on their knees very busy, as if they had been weeding. I could not presently learn what the matter was; at last a young man told me that they were looking for a coal under the root of a plantain, to put under their head that night, and they should dream who would be their husbands. It was to be sought for that day and hour."\*

But the day of all others sacred to these mystic rites was ever the eve of St. Agnes (January 20), when maidens fasted and then watched for a sign. A passage in the office for St. Agnes's Day in the Sarum Missal may have given rise to this custom: "Hæc est virgo sapiens quam Dominus *vigilantem* invenit;" and the Gospel is the Parable of the Virgins.† Ben Jonson alludes to the custom:—

On sweet St. Agnes' night  
Please you with the promised sight,  
Some of husbands, some of lovers,  
Which an empty dream discovers.

And a character in "Cupid's Whirligig" (1616) says, "I could find in my heart to pray nine times to the moone, and fast three St. Agnes's Eves, so that I might be sure to have him to my husband." Aubrey gives two receipts to the ladies for that eve, which may still be useful. Take a row of pins and pull out every one, one after another, saying a Paternoster, and sticking a pin in your sleeve, and you will dream of him you shall marry. Again, "you must lie in another country, and knit the left garter about the right-legged stocking (let the other garter and stocking alone), and as you rehearse these following verses, at every comma knit a knot:—

This knot I knit,  
To know the thing, I know not yet,  
That I may see,  
The man that shall my husband be,  
How he goes, and what he wears,  
And what he does, all days and years.

Accordingly in your dream you will see him; if a musician, with a lute or other instrument; if a scholar, with a book or papers; and he adds a little encouragement to use this device in the following anecdote. "A gentlewoman that I knew, confessed in my hearing that she used this method, and dreamt of her husband whom she had never seen. About two or three years after, as she was on Sunday at church (at our Lady's Church in Sarum), up pops a young Oxonian in the pulpit; she cries out presently to her sister, 'This is the very face of the man that I saw in my dream. Sir William Soame's lady did the like.'" It is hardly needful to remind readers of Keats's "Eve of St. Agnes," and the story of Madeline,—

Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,  
On love, and wing'd St. Agnes' saintly care,  
As she had heard old dames full many times  
declare.

Our ancestors made merry in a similar fashion on St. Valentine's Day. So Herrick, speaking of a bride, says,—

She must no more a-maying,  
Or by rosebuds divine  
Who'll be her Valentine.

Brand, who helps us to this quotation, gives an amusing extract from the *Connoisseur* to the same effect. "Last Friday was Valentine's Day, and the night before I got five day leaves, and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow, and the fifth to the middle; and then, if I dreamt of my sweetheart, Betty said we should be married before the year was out. But to make it more sure, I boiled an egg hard, and took out the yolk and filled it with salt, and when I went to bed, eat it, shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it. We also wrote our lovers' names upon bits of paper, and rolled them up in clay, and put them into water, and the first that rose up was to be our Valentine. Would you think it? Mr. Blossom was my man. I lay abed and shut my eyes all the morning till he came to our house; for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world." The moon, "the lady moon," has frequently been called into council about husbands from the time when she first lost her own heart to

\* *Miscellanies*, p. 131. Ed. 1857.

† Brand's *Pop. Antiqs.* i. p. 21.

Endymion, the beautiful shepherd of Mount Latmos. Go out when the first new moon of the year first appears, and standing over the spars of a gate or stile, look on the moon and repeat as follows :—

All hail to thee, moon ! all hail to thee !  
Prythee, good moon, reveal to me  
This night who my husband shall be.

You will certainly dream that night of your future husband. It is very important, too, that if you have a cat in the house, it should be a black one. A North Country rhyme says—

Whenever the cat or the house is black,  
The lasses o' lovers will have no lack.

And an old woman in the north, adds Mr. Henderson,\* said lately in accordance with this belief to a lady, "It's na wonder Jock —'s lasses marry off so fast, ye ken what a braw black cat they've got." It is still more lucky if such a cat comes of its own accord, and takes up its residence in any house. The same gentleman gives an excellent receipt to bring lovers to the house, which was communicated to him by Canon Raine, and was gathered from the conversation of two maid-servants. One of them, it seems, peeped out of curiosity into the box of her fellow-servant, and was astonished to find there the end of a tallow candle stuck through and through with pins. "What's that, Molly," said Bessie, "that I see id' thy box?" "Oh," said Molly, "it's to bring my sweetheart. Thou seest, sometimes he's slow a coming, and if I stick a candle-case full o' pins it always fetches him." A member of the family certified that John was thus duly fetched from his abode, a distance of six miles, and pretty often too.

Some of the most famous divinations about marriage are practised with hazelnuts on Allhallowe'en. In Indo-European tradition the hazel was sacred to love; and when Loki in the form of a falcon rescued Idhunn, the goddess of youthful life, from the power of the frost-giants, he carried her off in his beak in the shape of a hazel-nut.† So in Denmark, as in ancient Rome, nuts

are scattered at a marriage. In northern divinations on Allhallowe'en nuts are placed on the bars of a grate by pairs, which have first been named after a pair of lovers, and according to the result, their combustion, explosion, and the like, the wise divine the fortune of the lovers. Graydon has beautifully versified this superstition :—

These glowing nuts are emblems true  
Of what in human life we view;  
The ill-matched couple fret and fume,  
And thus in strife themselves consume;  
Or from each other wildly start,  
And with a noise for ever part.  
But see the happy, happy pair,  
Of genuine love and truth sincere;  
With mutual fondness, while they burn,  
Still to each other kindly turn;  
And as the vital sparks decay,  
Together gently sink away;  
Till, life's fierce ordeal being past,  
Their mingled ashes rest at last.\*

Nevertheless modes of love-divination for this special evening, which is as propitious to lovers as Valentine's Day, may be found in Brand, and other collectors of these old customs.

Peas are also sacred to Freya, almost vying with the mistletoe in alleged virtue for lovers. In one district of Bohemia the girls go into a field of peas, and make there a garland of five or seven kinds of flowers (the goddess of love delights in uneven numbers), all of different hues. This garland they must sleep upon, lying with their right ear upon it, and then they hear a voice from underground, which tells what manner of men they will have for husbands. Sweet-peas would doubtless prove very effectual in this kind of divination, and there need be no difficulty in finding them of different hues. If Hertfordshire girls are lucky enough to find a pod containing nine peas, they lay it under a gate, and believe they will have for husband the first man that passes through. On the Borders unlucky lads and lasses in courtship are rubbed down with pea straw by friends of the opposite sex. These beliefs connected with peas are very widespread. Touchstone, it will be remembered, gave two peas to Jane Smile, saying, "with weeping tears, 'Wear these for my sake.'" †

\* *Border Folk-lore*, pp. 114, 172, 207.

† *Kelly's Indo-European Folk-lore*, p. 132.

\* Brand, vol. i. p. 210.

† *Kelly*, p. 301.

In Scotland on Shrove Tuesday a national dish called "crowdie," composed of oatmeal and water with milk, is largely consumed, and lovers can always tell their chances of being married by putting into the porringer a ring. The finder of this in his or her portion will without fail be married sooner than any one else in the company. Onions, curiously enough, figure in many superstitions connected with marriage—why, we have no idea. It might be ungallantly suggested that it is from their supposed virtue to produce tears, or from wearing many faces, as it were, under one hood. While speaking of these unsavory vegetables, we are reminded of a passage in Luther's "Table Talk": "Upon the eve of Christmas Day the women run about and strike a swinish hour" (whatever this may mean): "if a great hog grunts, it decides that the future husband will be an old man; if a small one, a young man."\* The orpine is another magical plant in love incantations. It must be used on Midsummer Eve, and is useful to inform a maiden whether her lover is true or false. It must be stuck up in her room, and the desired information is obtained by watching whether it bends to the right or the left. Hemp-seed, sown on that evening, also possesses marvellous efficacy. One of the young ladies mentioned above, who sewed bay leaves on her pillow, and had the felicity of seeing Mr. Blossom in consequence, writes, "The same night, exactly at twelve o'clock, I planted hemp-seed in our back yard, and said to myself, 'Hemp-seed I sow, hemp-seed I hoe, and he that is my true love come after me and mow!' Will you believe it? I looked back and saw him behind me, as plain as eyes could see him." And she adds, as another wrinkle to her sex, "Our maid Betty tells me that if I go backwards, without speaking a word, into the garden upon Midsummer Eve, and gather a rose and keep it in a clean sheet of paper without looking at it till Christmas Day, it will be as fresh as in June; and if I then stick it in my bosom, he that is to be my husband will come and take it out." Whatever be the virtue of Betty's recipe, it would at all events teach a lover pa-

tience. Mr. Henderson supplies two timely cautions from Border folk-lore. A girl can "scarcely do a worse thing than boil a dish-clout in her crock." She will be sure, in consequence, to lose all her lovers, or, in Scotch phrase, "boil all her lads awa'"; "and in Durham it is believed that if you put milk in your tea before sugar, you lose your sweetheart."\* We may add that unless a girl fasts on St. Catherine's Day (Nov. 25) she will never have a good husband. Nothing can be luckier for either bachelor or girl than to be placed inadvertently at some social gathering between a man and his wife. The person so seated will be married before the year is out.

Song, play, and sonnet † have diffused far and wide the custom of blowing off the petals of a flower, saying the while, "He loves me—loves me not." When this important business has been settled in the affirmative a hint may be useful for the lover going courting. If he meets a hare, he must at once turn back. Nothing can well be more unlucky. Witches are found of that shape, and he will certainly be crossed in love. Experts say that after the next meal has been eaten the evil influence is expended, and the lover can again hie forth in safety. In making presents to each other the happy pair must remember on no account to give each other a knife or a pair of scissors. Such a present effectually cuts love asunder. Take care, too, not to fall in love with one the initial of whose surname is the same as yours. It is quite certain that the union of such cannot be happy. This love-secret has been reduced into rhyme for the benefit of treacherous memories:—

To change the name and not the letter.  
Is a change for the worse, and not for the better.

This love-lore belongs to the Northern mythology, else the Romans would never have used that universal formula, "ubi tu Caius ego Caia."

These directions and cautions must surely have brought our pair of happy lovers to the wedding-day. Even yet they are not safe from malign influences,

\* Henderson, p. 116.

† Lowell has written a good sonnet on this belief. See his Poems.

\* Brand, i. 292.

but folk-lore does not forget their welfare. If the bride has been courted by other sweethearts than the one she has now definitely chosen, there is a fear lest the discarded suitors should entertain unkindly feelings towards her. To obviate all unpleasant consequences from this, the bride must wear a sixpence in her left shoe until she is "kirked," say the Scotch. And on her return home, if a horse stands looking at her through a gateway, or even lingers along the road leading to her new home, it is a very bad omen for her future happiness.

When once the marriage-knot is tied, it is so indissoluble that folk-lore for the most part leaves the young couple alone. It is imperative, however, that the wife should never take off her wedding-ring. To do so is to open a door to innumerable calamities, and a window at the same time through which love may fly. Should the husband not find that peace and quietness which he has a right to expect in matrimony, but discover unfortunately that he has married a scold or a shrew, he must make the best of the case :—

Quæ saga, quis te solvere Thessalis  
Magus venenis, quis poterit deus?

Yet folk-lore has still one simple which will alleviate his sorrow. Any night he will, he may taste fasting a root of radish, say our old Saxon forefathers, and next day he will be proof against a woman's chatter.\* By growing a large bed of radishes, and supping off them regularly, it is thus possible that he might exhaust after a time the verbosity of his spouse, but we are bound to add that we have never heard of such an easy cure being effected. The cucking-stool was found more to the purpose in past days.

But Aphrodite lays her finger on our mouth. Having disclosed so many secrets of her worship, it is time now to be silent.

\* Cockayne's *Saxon Leechdoms, &c.* (Rolls series), vol. ii. p. 343.

After all this love-lore, supposing any one were to take a tender interest in our welfare, we should hint to her that she had no need of borrowed charms or mystic foreshadowing of the future, in Horatian words, which we shall leave untranslated as a compliment to Girtton :—

Tu ne quæseris, scire nefas, quem mihi, quem  
tibi  
Finem di dederint, Leuconoe ; nec Babylonios  
Tentaris numeros.

Simplicity and openness of disposition are worth more than all affectations of dress or manner. Well did the Scotch lad in the song rebuke his sweetheart, who asked him for a "keekin'-glass" (*Anglice*, "looking-glass") :—

"Sweet sir, for your courtesie,  
When ye come by the Bass, then,  
For the love ye bear to me,  
Buy me a keekin'-glass, then."

But he answered—

"Keek into the draw-well,  
Janet, Janet ;  
There ye'll see your bonny sel',  
My jo, Janet."

In truth, the best divination for lovers is a ready smile, and the most potent charms a maiden can possess are reticence and patience. And so to end (with quaint old Burton\*), "Let them take this of Aristænetus (that so marry) for their comfort : 'After many troubles and cares, the marriages of lovers are more sweet and pleasant.' As we commonly conclude a comedy with a wedding and shaking of hands, let's shut up our discourse and end all with an epithalamium. Let the Muses sing, the Graces dance, not at their weddings only, but all their days long ; so couple their hearts that no irksomeness or anger ever befall them : let him never call her other name than my joye, my light ; or she call him otherwise than sweetheart." —*Belgravia*.

\* *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part III. section 2.

## A ROMANCE OF A GREEK STATUE.

BY J. THEODORE BENT.

I CANNOT tell you the story just as Nikola told it to me, with all that flow of language common in a Greek, my memory is not good enough for that; but the facts, and some of his quaint expressions, I can recount, for these I never shall forget. My travel took me to a distant island of the Greek Archipelago, called Sikinos, last winter, an island only to be reached by a sailing-boat, and here, in quarters of the humblest nature, I was storm-stayed for five long days. Nikola had been my muleteer on an expedition I made to a remote corner of the island where still are to be traced the ruins of an ancient Hellenic town, and about a mile from it a temple of Pythian Apollo. He was a fine stalwart fellow of thirty or thereabouts; he had a bright intelligent face, and he wore the usual island costume, namely, knickerbocker trousers of blue homespun calico, with a fulness, which hangs down between the legs, and when full of things, for it is the universal pocket, wabbles about like the stomach of a goose; on his head he wore a faded old fez, his feet were protected from the stones by sandals of untanned skin, and he carried a long stick in his hand with which to drive his mule.

Sikinos is perhaps the most unattainable corner of Europe, being nothing but a barren harborless rock in the middle of the Ægean sea, possessing as a fleet one caique, which occasionally goes to a neighboring island were the steamer stops, to see if there are any communications from the outer world, and four rotten fishing boats, which seldom venture more than a hundred yards from the shore. The fifteen hundred inhabitants of this rock lead a monotonous life in two villages, one of which is two hundred years old, fortified and dirty, and called the "Kastro," or the "camp"; the other is modern, and about five minutes' walk from the camp, and is called "the other place"; so nomenclature in Sikinos is simple enough. The inhabitants are descended from certain refugees who, two hundred years ago, fled from Crete during a revolution, and built the

fortified village up on the hillside out of the reach of pirates, and remained isolated from the world ever since. Before they came, Sikinos had been uninhabited since the days of the ancient Greeks. The only two men in the place who have travelled—that is to say, who have been as far as Athens—are the Demarch, who is the chief legislator of the island, and looked up to as quite a man of the world, and Nikola, the muleteer.

I must say, the last thing I expected to hear in Sikinos was a romance, but on one of the stormy days of detention there, with the object of whiling away an hour, I paid a visit to Nikola in his clean white house in "the other place." He met me on the threshold with a hearty "We have well met," bade me sit down on his divan, and sent his wife—a bright, buxom young woman—for the customary coffee, sweets, and raki; he rolled me a cigarette, which he carefully licked, to my horror, but which I dared not refuse to smoke, cursed the weather, and stirred the embers in the brazier preparatory to attacking me with a volley of questions. I always disarm inquisitiveness on such occasions by being inquisitive myself. "How long have you been married?" "How many children have you got?" "How old is your wife?" and by the time I had asked half a dozen such questions, Nikola, after the fashion of the Greeks, had forgotten his own thirst for knowledge in his desire to satisfy mine.

In Nikola's case unparalleled success attended this manœuvre, and from the furtive smiles which passed between husband and wife I realised that some mystery was attached to their unions which I forthwith made it my business to solve.

"I always call her 'my statue,'" said the muleteer, laughing, "'my marble statue,'" and he slapped her on the back to show that, at any rate, she was made of pretty hard material.

"Can Pygmalion have married Galatea after all?" I remarked for the moment, forgetting the ignorance of my friends on such topics, but a Greek



never admits that he does not understand, and Nikola replied, "No; her name is Kallirhoe, and she was the priest's daughter."

Having now broached the subject, Nikola was all anxiety to continue it; he seated himself on one chair, his wife took another, ready to prompt him if necessary, and remind him of forgotten facts. I sat on the divan; between us was the brazier; the only cause for interruption came from an exceedingly naughty child, which existed as a living testimony that this modern Galatea had recovered from her transformation into stone.

"I was a gay young fellow in those days," began Nikola.

"Five years ago last carnival time," put in the wife, but she subsided on a frown from her better half; for Greek husbands never meekly submit, like English ones, to the lesser portion of command, and the Greek wife is the pattern of a weaker vessel, seldom sitting down to meals, cooking, spinning, slaving,—a mere chattel, in fact.

"I was the youngest of six—two sisters and four brothers, and we four worked 'day after day to keep our old father's land in order, for we were very poor, and had nothing to live upon except the produce of our land."

Land in Sikinos is divided into tiny holdings: one man may possess half a dozen plots of land in different parts of the island, the produce of which—the grain, the grapes, the olives, the honey, etc.—he brings on mules to his store (*ἀποθήκη*) near the village. Each landowner has a store and a little garden around it on the hillside, just outside the village, of which the stores look like a mean extension, but on visiting them we found their use.

"We worked every day in the year except feast-days, starting early with our ploughs, our hoes, and our pruning hooks, according to the season, and returning late, driving our bullocks and our mules before us." An islander's tools are simple enough—his plough is so light that he can carry it over his shoulders as he drives the bullocks to their work. It merely scratches the back of the land, making no deep furrows; and when the work is far from the village the husbandman starts from

home very early, and seldom returns till dusk.

"On feast-days we danced on the village square. I used to look forward to those days, for then I met Kallirhoe, the priest's daughter, who danced the *syrtos* best of all the girls, tripping as softly as a Nereid," said Nikola, looking approvingly at his wife. I had seen a *syrtos* at Sikinos, and I could testify to the fact that they dance it well, revolving in light wavy lines backwards, forwards, now quick, now slow, until you do not wonder that the natives imagine those mystic beings they call Nereids to be for ever dancing thus in the caves and grottoes. The *syrtos* is a semicircular dance of alternate young men and maidens, holding each other by handkerchiefs, not from modesty, as one might at first suppose, but so as to give more liberty of action to their limbs, and in dancing this dance it would appear Nikola and Kallirhoe first felt the tender passion of love kindled in their breasts. But between the two a great gulf was fixed, for marriages amongst a peasantry so shrewd as the Greeks are not so easily settled as they are with us. Parents have absolute authority over their daughters, and never allow them to marry without a prospect, and before providing for any son a father's duty is to give his daughters a house and a competency, and he expects any suitor for their hand to present an equivalent in land and farm stock. The result of this is to create an overpowering stock of maiden ladies, and to drive young men from home in search of fortunes and wives elsewhere.

This was the breach which was fixed between Nikola and Kallirhoe—apparently a hopeless case, for Nikola had sisters, and brothers, and poverty-stricken parents; he never could so much as hope to call a spade his own; during all his life he would have to drudge and slave for others. They could not run away; that idea never occurred to them, for the only escape from Sikinos was by the solitary caique. "I had heard rumors," continued Nikola, "of how men from other islands had gone to far-off countries and returned rich, but how could I, who had never been off this rock in all my life?"

"I should have had to travel by one

of those steamers which I had seen with their tail of smoke on the horizon, and about which I had pondered many a time, just like you, sir, may look and ponder at the stars; and to travel I should require money, which I well knew my father would not give me, for he wanted me for his slave. My only hope, and that was a small one, was that the priest, Papa Manoulas, Kallirhoe's father, would not be too hard on us when he saw how we loved each other. He had been the priest to dip me in the font at my baptism; he always smoked a pipe with father once a week; he had known me all my life as a steady lad, who only got drunk on feast-days. 'Perhaps he will give his consent,' whispered my mother, putting foolish hopes into my brain. Poor old woman! she was grieved to see her favorite looking worn and ill, listless at his work, and for ever incurring the blame of father and brothers; only when I talked to her about Kallirhoe did my face brighten a little, so she said one day, 'Papa Manoulas is kind; likely enough he may wish to see Kallirhoe happy.' So one evil day I consented to my mother's plan, that she should go and propose for me."

Some explanation is here necessary. At Sikinos, as in other remote corners of Greece, they still keep up a custom called *προξενία*. The man does not propose in person, but sends an old female relative to seek the girl's hand from her parents; this old woman must have on one stocking white and the other red or brown. "Your stockings of two colors make me think that we shall have an offer," sings an island poem. Nikola's mother went thus garbed, but returned with a sorrowful face. "I was made to eat gruel," said he, using the common expression in these parts for a refusal, "and nobody ate more than I did. Next day Papa Manoulas called at our house. My heart stood still as he came in, and then bubbled over like a seething wine vat when he asked to speak to me alone. 'You are a good fellow, Kola,' he began. 'Kallirhoe loves you, and I wish to see you happy;' and I had fallen on his neck and kissed him on both cheeks before he could say, 'Wait a bit, young man; before you marry her you must

get together just a little money; I will be content with 1,000 drachmas (£40). When you have that to offer in return for Kallirhoe's dower you shall be married.' 'A thousand drachmas!' muttered I. 'May the God of the ravens help me!'" (an expression denoting impossibility), "and I burst into tears."

The men of modern Greece when violently agitated cry as readily as cunning Ulysses, and are not ashamed of the fact.

"I remember well that evening," continued Nikola. "I left the house as it was getting dusk, and climbed down the steep path to the sea. I wandered for hours amongst the wild mastic and the brushwood. My feet refused to carry me home that night, so I lay down on the floor in the little white church, dedicated to my patron saint, down by the harbor, where we go for our annual festival when the priest blesses the waters and our boats. Many's the time, as a lad, I've jumped into the water to fetch out the cross, which the priest throws into the sea with a stone tied to it on this occasion, and many's the time I've been the lucky one to bring it up and get a few coppers for my wetting. That night I thought of tying a stone round my own neck and jumping into the sea, so that all traces of me might disappear.

"I could not make up my mind to face any one all next day, so I wandered amongst the rocks, scarcely remembering to feed myself on the few olives I had in my pocket. I could do nothing but sing 'The Little Caique,' which made me sob and feel better."

The song of "The Little Caique" is a great favorite amongst the seafaring men of the Greek islands. It is a melancholy love ditty, of which the following words are a fairly close translation:—

In a tiny little caique  
 • Forth in my folly one night  
 To the sea of love I wandered,  
 Where the land was nowhere in sight.

O my star! O my brilliant star!  
 Have pity on my youth,  
 Desert me not, oh! leave me not  
 Alone in the sea of love!

O my star! O my brilliant star!  
 I have met you on my path.  
 Dost thou bid me not tarry near thee?  
 Are thy feelings not of love?

Lo! suddenly about me fell  
 The darkness of that night,  
 And the sea rolled in mountains around me,  
 And the land was nowhere in sight.

"Towards evening I returned home. My mother's anxious face told me that she, too, had suffered during my absence; and out of a pot of lentil soup, which was simmering on the embers, she gave me a bowlful, and it refreshed me. To my dying day I shall never forget my father's and brothers' wrath. I had wilfully absented myself for a whole day from my work. I was called 'a peacock,' 'a burnt man' (equivalent to a fool), 'no man at all,' 'horns,' and any bad name that occurred to them. For days and weeks after this I was the most miserable, down-trodden Greek alive, and all on account of a woman." And here Nikola came to a stop, and ordered his wife to fetch him another glass of raki to moisten his throat. No Greek can talk or sing long without a glass of raki.

"About two months after these events," began Nikola with renewed vigor, "my father ordered me to clear away a heap of stones which occupied a corner of a little terrace-vineyard we owned on a slope near the church of Episcopi.\* We always thought the stones had been put there to support the earth from falling from the terrace above, but it lately had occurred to my father that it was only a heap of loose stones which had been cleared off the field and thrown there when the vineyard was made, and the removal of which would add several square feet to the small holding. Next morning I started about an hour before the Panagia (Madonna) had opened the gates of the East,† with a mule and panniers to remove the stones. I worked hard enough when I got there, for the morning was cold, and I was beginning to find that the harder I worked the less time I had for thought. Stone after stone was removed, pannier-load after pannier-load was emptied down the cliff,

\*This church was originally the temple of Pythian Apollo, and stands much as it originally did.

† The peasants believe still that the Madonna opens gates, out of which her son issues on his daily course round the world—an obvious confusion between Christianity and the old Sun-worship.

and fell rattling amongst the brushwood and rousing the partridges and crows as they fell. After a couple of hours' work the mound was rapidly disappearing, when I came across something white projecting upwards. I looked at it closely; it was a marble foot. More stones were removed, and disclosed a marble leg, two legs, a body, an arm; a head and another arm, which had been broken off by the weight of the stones, lay close by. Though I was somewhat astonished at this discovery, yet I did not suppose it to be of any value. I had heard of things of this kind being found before. My father had an ugly bit of marble which came out of a neighboring tomb. However, I did not throw it over the cliff with the other stones, but I put it on one side and went on again with my work.

"All day long my thoughts kept reverting to this statue. It was so very life-like—so different from the stiff, ugly marble figures I had seen; and it was so much larger, too, standing nearly four feet high. Perhaps, thought I, the Panagia has put it here—perhaps it is a sacred miracle-working thing, such as the priests find in spots like this. And then suddenly I remembered how, when I was a boy, a great German *effendi* had visited Sikinos, and was reported to have dug up and carried away with him priceless treasures. Is this statue worth anything? was the question which haunted me all day, and which I would have given ten years of my young life to solve.

"When my day's work was over, I put the statue on to my mule, and carefully covered it over, so that no one might see what I had found; for though I was hopelessly ignorant of what the value of my discovery might be, yet instinct prompted me to keep it to myself. It was dark when I reached the village, and I went straight to the store, sorely perplexed as to what to do with my treasure. There was no time to bury it, for I had met one of my brothers, who would tell them at home that I had returned; so in all haste I hid the cold white thing under the grain in the corner, trusting that no one would find it, and went home. I passed a wretched night, dreaming and restless by turns. Once I woke up in horror, and found it

difficult to dispel the effects of a dream in which I had sold Kallirhoe to a prince, and married the statue by mistake. And next day my heart stood still when my father went down to the store with me, shoved his hand into the grain, and muttered that we must send it up to the mill to be ground. That very night I went out with a spade and buried my treasure deep in the ground under the straggling branches of our fig-tree, where I knew it would not be likely to be disturbed."

Nikola paused here for a while, stirred the embers with the little brass tweezers, the only diminutive irons required for so liliputian a fire, sang snatches of nasal Greek music, so distasteful to a western ear, and joined his wife in muttering "winter!" "snow!" "storm!" and other less elegant invectives against the weather, which these islanders use when winter comes upon them for two or three days, and makes them shiver in their wretched unprotected houses; and they make no effort to protect themselves from it, for they know that in a few days the sun will shine again and dry them, their mud roofs will cease to leak, and nature will smile once more.

If they do get mysterious illnesses they will attribute them to supernatural causes, saying a Nereid or a sprite has struck them, and never suspect the damp. Nature's own pupils they are. Their only medical suggestion is that all illnesses are worms in the body, which have been distributed by God's agents, the mysterious and invisible inhabitants of the air, to those whose sin requires chastising, or whose days are numbered. Such is the simple *bacillus* theory prevalent in the Greek islands. Who knows but what they are right?

"Never was a poor fellow in such perplexity as I was," continued Nikola, "the possessor of a marble woman whose value I could not learn, and about whom I did not care one straw, whilst I yearned after a woman whose value I knew to be a thousand drachmas, and whom I could not buy. My hope, too, was rendered more acute by the vague idea that perhaps my treasure might prove to be as valuable as Kallirhoe, and I smiled to think of the folly of the man who would be likely to prefer the cold marble statue to my plump, warm

Kallirhoe. But they tell me that you cold Northerners have hearts of marble, so I prayed to the Panagia and all the saints to send some one who would take the statue away, and give me enough money to buy Kallirhoe.

"I was much more lively now; my father and brothers had no cause to scold me any longer, for I had hope; every evening now I went to the *café* to talk, and all the energy of my existence was devoted to one object, namely, to get the Demarch to tell me all he knew about the chances of selling treasures in that big world where the steamer went, without letting him know that I had found anything. After many fruitless efforts, one day the Demarch told me how, in the old Turkish days, before he was born, a peasant of Melos had found a statue of a woman called Aphrodite, just as I had found mine, in a heap of stones; that the peasant had got next to nothing for it, but that Mr. Brest, the French consul, had made a fortune out of it, and that now the statue was the wonder of the Western world. By degrees I learnt how relentless foreigners like you, Effendi, do swoop down from time to time on these islands and carry home what is worth thousands of drachmas, after giving next to nothing for them. A week or two later, I learnt from the Demarch's lips how strict the Greek Government is, that no marble should leave the country, and that they never give anything like the value for the things themselves, but that sometimes by dealing with a foreign *effendi* in Athens good prices have been got and the Government eluded.

"Poor me! in those days my hopes grew very very small indeed. How could I, an ignorant peasant, hope to get any money from anybody? So I thought less and less about my statue, and more and more about Kallirhoe, until my face looked haggard again, and my mother sighed.

"My statue had been in her grave nearly a year," laughed Nikola, "and after the way of the world she was nearly forgotten, when one day a caique put in to Sikinos, and two foreign *effendi*—Franks, I believe—came up to the town; they were the first that had visited our rock since the German who had opened the graves on the hillside,

and had carried off a lot of gold and precious things. So we all stared at them very hard, and gathered in crowds around the Demarch's door to get a glimpse at them as they sat at table. I was one of the crowd, and as I looked at them I thought of my buried statue, and my hope flickered again.

"Very soon the report went about amongst us that they were miners from Laurion, come to inspect our island and see if we had anything valuable in the way of minerals; and my father, whose vision it had been for years to find a mine and make himself rich thereby, was greatly excited, and offered to lend the strangers his mules. The old man was too infirm to go himself, greatly to his regret, but he sent me as muleteer, with directions to conduct the miners to certain points of the island, and to watch narrowly everything they picked up. Many times during the day I was tempted to tell them all about my statue and my hopes, but I remembered what the Demarch had said about greedy foreigners robbing poor islanders. So I contented myself with asking all sorts of questions about Athens; who was the richest foreign *effendi* there, and did he buy statues? what sort of thing was the custom, and should I, who came from another part of Greece, be subject to it if I went? I sighed to go to Athens.

"All day I watched them closely, noted what sort of stones they picked up, noted their satisfaction or dissatisfaction, and as I watched them an idea struck me—an idea which made my heart leap and tremble with excitement.

"That evening I told my father some of those lies which hurt nobody, and are therefore harmless, as the priests say. I told him I had acquired a great knowledge of stones that day, that I knew where priceless minerals were to be found; I drew on my imagination about possible hidden stores of gold and silver in our rocky Sikinos. I saw that I had touched the right chord, for though he always told us hard-working lads that an olive with a kernel gives a boot to a man, yet I felt sure that his inmost ideas soared higher, and that he was, like the rest of the Sikiniotes, deeply imbued with the idea that mineral treasures, if

only they could be found, would give a man more than boots.

"From that day my mode of life was changed. Instead of digging in the fields and tending the vines, I wandered aimlessly about the island collecting specimens of stones. I chose them at random—those which had some bright color in them were the best—and every evening I added some fresh specimens to my collection, which were placed for safety in barrels in the store. 'Don't say a word to the neighbors,' was my father's injunction; and I really believe they all thought my reason was leaving me, or how else could they account for my daily wanderings?

"In about a month's time I had collected enough specimens for my purpose, and then, with considerable trepidation, one evening I disclosed my plan to my father. 'Something must be done with those specimens,' I began; and as I said this I saw with pleasure his old eyes sparkle as he tried to look unconcerned.

"'Well, Kola, what is to be done with them?'

"'Simply this, father. I must take them to Athens or Laurion, and get money down for showing the *effendi* where the mines are. We can't work them ourselves.'

"'To Athens! to Laurion!' exclaimed my father, breathless at the bare notion of so stupendous a journey.

"'Of course I must,' I added, laughing, though secretly terrified lest he should flatly refuse to let me go; and before I went to bed that night my father promised to give me ten drachmas for my expenses. 'Only take a few of your specimens, Kola; keep the best back;' for my father is a shrewd man, though he has never left Sikinos. But on this point I was determined, and would take all or none, so my father grumbled and called me a 'peacock,' but for this I did not care.

"Next day I ordered a box for my specimens. 'Why not take them in the old barrels?' growled my father. But I said they might get broken, and the specimens inside be seen. So at last a wooden box, just four feet long and two feet high, was got ready—not without difficulty either, for wood in Sikinos is rarer than quails at Christmas, and my

father grumbled not a little at the sum he had to pay for it—more than half the produce of his vintage, poor man! And when I thought how my mother might not be able to make any cheesecakes at Easter—the pride of her heart, poor thing!—I almost regretted the game I was playing.”

The Easter cheesecakes of the island (*τυρόπιττα*) are what they profess to be; cheese, curd, saffron, and flour being the chief ingredients. They are reckoned an essential luxury at that time of the year, and some houses make as many as sixty. It is a sign of great poverty and deprivation when none are made.

“The caique was to leave next morning if the wind was favorable for Ios, where the steamer would touch on the following day, and take me on my wild, uncertain journey. I don’t think I can be called a coward for feeling nervous on this occasion. I admit that it was only by thinking steadfastly about Kallirhoe that I could screw up my courage. When it was quite dark I took the wooden key of the store, and, as carelessly as I could, said I was going to pack my specimens. My brothers volunteered to come and help me, for they were all mighty civil now it became known that I was bound for Athens to make heaps of money, but I refused their help with a surly ‘good night,’ and set off into the darkness alone with my spade. I was horribly nervous as I went along; I thought I saw a Nereid or a Lamia in every olive-tree. At the least rustle I thought they were swooping down upon me, and would carry me off into the air, and I should be made to marry one of those terrible creatures and live in a mountain cavern, which would be worse than losing Kallirhoe altogether; but St. Nikolas and the Panagia helped me, and I dug my statue up without any molestation.

“She was a great weight to carry all by myself, but at last I got her into the store, and deposited her in her new coffin, wedged her in, and cast a last, almost affectionate look at this marble representation of life, which had been so constantly in my thoughts for months and months, and finally I proceeded to bury her with specimens, covering her so well that not a vestige of marble

could be seen for three inches below the surface. What a weight the box was! I could not lift it myself, but the deed was done, so I nailed the lid on tightly, and deposited what was over of my specimens in the hole where the statue had been reposing, and then I lay down on the floor to rest, not daring to go out again or leave my treasure. I thought it never would be morning; every hour of the night I looked out to see if there was any fear of a change of wind, but it blew quietly and steadily from the north; it was quite clear that we should be able to make Iosos next morning without any difficulty.

“As soon as it was light I went home. My mother was up, and packing my wallet with bread and olives. She had put a new cover on my mattress, which I was to take with me. The poor old dear could hardly speak, so agitated was she at my departure; my brothers and father looked on with solemn respect; and I—why, I sat staring out of the window to see Kallirhoe returning from the well with her *amphora* on her head. As soon as I saw her coming, I rushed out to bid her good-bye. We shook hands. I had not done this for twelve months now, and the effect was to raise my courage to the highest pitch, and banish all my nocturnal fears.

“Mother spilt a jug of water on the threshold, as an earnest of success and a happy return. My father and my brothers came down to the store to help me put the box on to the mule’s back, and greatly they murmured at the weight thereof. ‘There’s gold there,’ muttered my father beneath his breath. ‘Kola will be a prince some day,’ growled my eldest brother jealously, and I promised to make him Eparch of Santorin, or Demarch of Sikinos if he liked that better.

“The bustle of the journey hardly gave me a moment for thought. I was very ill crossing over in the caique to Ios, during which time my cowardice came over me again, and I wondered if Kallirhoe was worth all the trouble I was taking; but I was lost in astonishment at the steamer—so astonished that I had no time to be sick, so I was able to eat some olives that evening, and as I lay on my mattress on the steamer’s deck as we hurried on towards the

Piræus, I pondered over what I should do on reaching land.

"You know what the Piræus is like, Effendi?" continued Nikola, after a final pause and a final glass of raki, "what a city it is, what bustle and rushing to and fro!"

I had not the heart to tell him that in England many a fishing village is larger, and the scene of greater excitement.

"They all laughed at me for my heavy box, my island accent, my island dress, and if it had not been for a kind *pallikari* I had met on the steamer, I think I should have gone mad. The officers of the custom house were walking about on the quay, peering suspiciously into the luggage of the newly arrived, and naturally my heavy box excited their suspicions. I was prepared for some difficulty of this kind, and the agony of my interview quite dispelled my confusion.

"What have you there?"

"*Δείγματα* (specimens)," I replied.

"Specimens of what?"

"Specimens of minerals for the *effendi* at Laurium."

"Open the box!" And, in an agony of fright, I saw them tear off the lid of my treasure and dive their hands into its contents.

"Stones!" said one official.

"Worthless stones!" sneered another, "let the fool go; and with scant ceremony they threw the stones back into the box, and shoved me and my box away with a curse.

"I was now free to go wheresoever I wished, and with the aid of my friend I found a room into which I put my box, and as I turned the key, and sallied forth on my uncertain errand, I prayed to the Panagia Odegetria to guide my footsteps aright.

"The next few days were a period of intense anxiety for me. In subdued whispers I communicated to the consuls of each nation the existence of my treasure. One had the impudence to offer me only 200 drachmas for it, another 300, another 400, and another 500; then each came again, advancing 100 drachmas on their former bids, and so my spirits rose, until at last a grand *effendi* came down from Athens, and without hesitation offered me 1,000 drachmas. 'Give me fifty more for the trouble of bringing it and you shall have it,' said I, breathless with excitement, and in five minutes the long-coveted money was in my hands.

"My old father was very wroth when I returned to Sikinos, and when he learnt that I had done nothing with my specimens; the brightness had gone out of his eyes, he was more opprobrious than ever, but I cared nothing for what he said. My mother had her cheese-cakes on Easter Sunday, and on that very day Kallirhoe and I were crowned."

Thus ended Nikola's romance. If ever I go to St. Petersburg, I shall look carefully for Nikola's statue in the Hermitage collection, which, I understand, was its destination.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

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## THE LIFE OF GEORGE ELIOT.\*

BY JOHN MORLEY.

THE illustrious woman who is the subject of these volumes makes a remark to her publisher which is at least as relevant now as it was then. Can nothing be done, she asks, by dispassionate criticism towards the reform of our national habits in the matter of literary biography? "Is it anything short of odious that as soon as a man is dead

his desk should be raked, and every insignificant memorandum which he never meant for the public be printed for the gossiping amusement of people too idle to read his books?" Autobiography, she says, at least saves a man or a woman that the world is curious about, from the publication of a string of mistakes called Memoirs. Even to autobiography, however, she confesses her deep repugnance unless it can be written so as to involve neither self-

\* *George Eliot's Life*. By J. W. Cross. Three volumes. Blackwood and Sons. 1885.

glorification nor impeachment of others—a condition, by the way, with which hardly any, save Mill's, can be said to comply. "I like," she proceeds, "that *He being dead yet speaketh* should have quite another meaning than that" (iii. 226, 297, 307). She shows the same fastidious apprehension still more clearly in another way. "I have destroyed almost all my friends' letters to me," she says, "because they were only intended for my eyes, and could only fall into the hands of persons who knew little of the writers, if I allowed them to remain till after my death. In proportion as I love every form of piety—which is venerating love—I hate hard curiosity; and, unhappily, my experience has impressed me with the sense that hard curiosity is the more common temper of mind" (ii. 286). There is probably little difference among us in respect of such experience as that.

Much biography, perhaps we might say most, is hardly above the level of that "personal talk," to which Wordsworth sagely preferred long barren silence, the flapping of the flame of his cottage fire, and the undersong of the kettle on the hob. It would not, then, have much surprised us if George Eliot had insisted that her works should remain the only commemoration of her life. There be some who think that those who have enriched the world with great thoughts and fine creations, might best be content to rest unmarked "where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap," leaving as little work to the literary executor, except of the purely crematory sort, as did Aristotle, Plato, Shakespeare, and some others whose names the world will not willingly let die. But this is a stoic's doctrine; the objector may easily retort that if it had been sternly acted on, we should have known very little about Dr. Johnson, and nothing about Socrates.

This is but an ungracious prelude to some remarks upon a book, which must be pronounced a striking success. There will be very little dispute as to the fact that the editor of these memorials of George Eliot has done his work with excellent taste, judgment, and sense. He found no autobiography nor fragment of one, but he has skilfully shaped a kind of autobiography by a plan which,

so far as we know, he is justified in calling new, and which leaves her life to write itself in extracts from her letters and journals. With the least possible obtrusion from the biographer, the original pieces are formed into a connected whole "that combines a narrative of day to day life with the play of light and shade which only letters written in serious moods can give." The idea is a good one, and Mr. Cross deserves great credit for it. We may hope that its success will encourage imitators. Certainly there are drawbacks. We miss the animation of mixed narrative. There is, too, a touch of monotony in listening for so long to the voice of a single speaker addressing others who are silent behind a screen. But Mr. Cross could not we think, have devised a better way of dealing with his material: it is simple, modest, and effective.

George Eliot, after all, led the life of a studious recluse, with none of the bustle, variety, motion, and large communication with the outer world, that justified Lockhart and Moore in making a long story of the lives of Scott and Byron. Even here, among men of letters, who were also men of action and of great sociability, are not all biographies too long? Let any sensible reader turn to the shelf where his Lives repose; we shall be surprised if he does not find that nearly every one of them, taking the present century alone, and including such splendid and attractive subjects as Goethe, Hume, Romilly, Mackintosh, Horner, Chalmers, Arnold, Southey, Cowper, would not have been all the better for judicious curtailment. Lockhart, who wrote the longest, wrote also the shortest, the Life of Burns; and the shortest is the best, in spite of defects which would only have been worse if the book had been bigger. It is to be feared that, conscientious and honorable as his self-denial has been, even Mr. Cross has not wholly resisted the natural and besetting error of the biographer. Most people will think that the hundred pages of the Italian tour (vol. ii.), and some other not very remarkable impressions of travel, might as well or better have been left out.

As a mere letter-writer, George Eliot will not rank among the famous masters of what is usually considered es-



pecially a woman's art. She was too busy in serious work to have leisure for that most delightful way of wasting time. Besides that, she had by nature none of that fluency, rapidity, abandonment, pleasant volubility, which make letters amusing, captivating, or piquant. What Mr. Cross says of her as the mistress of a *salon*, is true of her for the most part as a correspondent:—"Playing around many disconnected subjects, in talk, neither interested nor amused her much. She took things too seriously, and seldom found the effort of entertaining compensated by the gain" (iii. 335). There is the outpouring of ardent feeling for her friends, sobering down, as life goes on, into a crooning kindness, affectionate and honest, but often tinged with considerable self-consciousness. It was said of some one that his epigrams did honor to his heart; in the reverse direction we occasionally feel that George Eliot's effusive playfulness does honor to her head. It lacks simplicity and *verve*. Even in an invitation to dinner, the words imply a grave sense of responsibility on both sides, and sense of responsibility is fatal to the charm of familiar correspondence.

As was inevitable in one whose mind was so habitually turned to the deeper elements of life, she lets fall the pearls of wise speech even in short notes. Here are one or two:—

"My own experience and development deepen every day my conviction that our moral progress may be measured by the degree in which we sympathise with individual suffering and individual joy."

"If there is one attitude more odious to me than any other of the many attitudes of 'knowingness,' it is that air of lofty superiority to the vulgar. She will soon find out that I am a very commonplace woman."

"It so often happens that others are measuring us by our past self while we are looking back on that self with a mixture of disgust and sorrow."

The following is one of the best examples, one of the few examples, of her best manner:—

"I have been made rather unhappy by my husband's impulsive proposal about Christmas. We are dull old persons, and your two sweet

young ones ought to find each Christmas a new bright bead to string on their memory, whereas to spend the time with us would be to string on a bark shrivelled berry. They ought to have a group of young creatures to be joyful with. Our own children always spend their Christmas with Gertrude's family; and we have usually taken our sober merry-making with friends out of town. Illness among these will break our custom this year; and thus *mein Mann*, feeling that our Christmas was free, considered how very much he liked being with you, omitting the other side of the question—namely, our total lack of means to make a suitably joyous meeting, a real festival, for Phil and Margaret. I was conscious of this lack in the very moment of the proposal, and the consciousness has been pressing on me more and more painfully ever since. Even my husband's affectionate hopefulness cannot withstand my melancholy demonstration. So pray consider the kill-joy proposition as entirely retracted, and give us something of yourselves only on simple black-letter days, when the Herald Angels have not been raising expectations early in the morning."

This is very pleasant, but such pieces are rare, and the infirmity of human nature has sometimes made us sigh over these pages at the recollection of the cordial cheeriness of Scott's letters, the high spirits of Macaulay, the graceful levity of Voltaire, the rattling dare-devilry of Byron. Epistolary stilts among men of letters went out of fashion with Pope, who, as was said, thought that unless every period finished with a conceit, the letter was not worth the postage. Poor spirits cannot be the explanation of the stiffness in George Eliot's case, for no letters in the English language are so full of playfulness and charm as those of Cowper, and he was habitually sunk in gulfs deeper and blacker than George Eliot's own. It was sometimes observed of her, that in her conversation, *elle s'écoutait quand elle parlait*—she seemed to be listening to her own voice while she spoke. It must be allowed that we are not always free from an impression of self-listening, even in the most caressing of the letters before us.

This is not much better, however, than trifling. I dare say that if a lively Frenchman could have watched the inspired Pythia on the sublime tripod, he would have cried, *Elle s'écoute quand elle parle*. When everything of that kind has been said, we have the profound satisfaction, which is not quite

a matter of course in the history of literature, of finding, after all that the woman and the writer were one. The life does not belie the books, nor private conduct stultify public profession. We close the third volume of the biography, as we have so often closed the third volume of her novels, feeling to the very core that in spite of a style that the French call *alambiqué*, in spite of tiresome double and treble distillations of phraseology, in spite of fatiguing moralities, gravities, and ponderosities, we have still been in communion with a high and commanding intellect, and a great nature. We are vexed by pedantries that recall the *précieuses* of the Hôtel Rambouillet, but we know that she had the soul of the most heroic women in history. We crave more of the Olympian serenity that makes action natural and repose refreshing, but we cannot miss the edification of a life marked by indefatigable labor after generous purposes, by an unsparring struggle for duty, and by steadfast and devout fellowship with lofty thoughts.

Those who know Mr. Myers's essay on George Eliot will not have forgotten its most imposing passage:—

"I remember how at Cambridge, I walked with her once in the Fellows' Garden of Trinity, on an evening of rainy May; and she, stirred somewhat beyond her wont, and taking as her text the three words which have been used so often as the inspiring trumpet-calls of men,—the words *God, Immortality, Duty*,—pronounced, with terrible earnestness, how inconceivable was the *first*, how unbelievable the *second*, and yet how peremptory and absolute the *third*. Never, perhaps, had sterner accents affirmed the sovereignty of impersonal and uncompensating law. I listened, and night fell; her grave, majestic countenance turned toward me like a Sibyl's in the gloom; it was as though she withdrew from my grasp, one by one, the two scrolls of promise, and left me the third scroll only, awful with inevitable fates."

To many, the relation, which was the most important event in George Eliot's life, will seem one of those irretrievable errors which reduce all talk of duty to a mockery. It is inevitable that this should be so, and those who disregard a social law have little right to complain. Men and women whom in every other respect it would be monstrous to call bad, have taken this particular law into their own hands before now, and com-

mitted themselves to conduct of which "magnanimity owes no account to prudence." But if they had sense and knew what they were about, they have braced themselves to endure the disapproval of a majority fortunately more prudential than themselves. The world is busy, and its instruments are clumsy. It cannot know all the facts; it has neither time nor material for unravelling all the complexities of motive, or for distinguishing mere libertinage from grave and deliberate moral misjudgment; it is protecting itself as much as it is condemning the offenders. On all this, then, we need have neither sophistry nor cant. But those who seek something deeper than a verdict for the honest working purpose of leaving cards and inviting to dinner, may feel, as has been observed by a contemporary writer, that men and women are more fairly judged, if judge them we must, by the way in which they bear the burden of an error, than by the decision that laid the burden on their lives. Some idea of this kind was in her own mind when she wrote to her most intimate friend in 1857, "If I live five years longer, the positive result of my existence on the side of truth and goodness will outweigh the small negative good that would have consisted in my not doing anything to shock others" (i. 461). This urgent desire to balance the moral account may have had something to do with that laborious sense of responsibility which weighed so heavily on her soul, and had so equivocal an effect upon her art. Whatever else is to be said of this particular union, nobody can deny that the picture on which it left a mark was an exhibition of extraordinary self-denial, energy, and persistency in the cultivation and the use of great gifts and powers for what their possessor believed to be the highest objects for society and mankind.

A more perfect companionship, one on a higher intellectual level, or of more sustained mental activity, is nowhere recorded. Lewes's mercurial temperament contributed as much as the powerful mind of his consort to prevent their seclusion from degenerating into an owl's stagnation. To the very last (1878) he retained his extraordinary buoyancy. "Nothing but death could

quench that bright flame. Even on his worst days he had always a good story to tell; and I remember on one occasion in the drawing-room at Witley, between two bouts of pain, he sang through with great *brio*, though without much voice, the greater portion of the tenor part in the *Barber of Seville*, George Eliot playing his accompaniment, and both of them thoroughly enjoying the fun" (iii. 334). All this gaiety, his inexhaustible vivacity, the facility of his transitions from brilliant levity to a keen seriousness, the readiness of his mental response, and the wide range of intellectual accomplishments that were much more than superficial, made him a source of incessant and varied stimulation. Even those, and there were some, who thought that his gaiety bordered on flippancy, that his genial self-content often came near to shockingly bad taste, and that his reminiscences of poor Mr. Fitzball and the green-room and all the rest of the Bohemia in which he had once dwelt, too racy for his company, still found it hard to resist the alert intelligence with which he rose to every good topic, and the extraordinary heartiness and spontaneity with which the wholesome spring of human laughter was touched in him.

Lewes had plenty of egotism, not to give it a more unamiable name, but it never mastered his intellectual sincerity. George Eliot describes him as one of the few human beings she has known who will, in the heat of an argument, see, and straightway confess, that he is in the wrong, instead of trying to shift his ground or use any other device of vanity. "The intense happiness of our union," she wrote to a friend, "is derived in a high degree from the perfect freedom with which we each follow and declare our own impressions. In this respect I know *no* man so great as he—that difference of opinion rouses no egotistic irritation in him, and that he is ready to admit that another argument is the stronger, the moment his intellect recognises it" (ii. 279). This will sound very easy to the dispassionate reader, because it is so obviously just and proper, but if the dispassionate reader ever tries, he may find the virtue not so easy as it looks. Finally, and above all, we can never forget in Lewes's case

how much true elevation and stability of character was implied in the unceasing reverence, gratitude, and devotion with which for five-and-twenty years he treated her to whom he owed all his happiness, and who most truly, in his own words (ii. 76), had made his life a new birth.

The reader will be mistaken if he should infer from such passages as abound in her letters that George Eliot had any particular weakness for domestic or any other kind of idolatry. George Sand, in *Lucrezia Floriani*, where she drew so unkind a picture of Chopin, has described her own life and character as marked by "a great facility for illusions, a blind benevolence of judgment, a tenderness of heart that was inexhaustible; consequently great precipitancy, many mistakes, much weakness, fits of heroic devotion to unworthy objects, enormous force applied to an end that was wretched in truth and fact, but sublime in her thought." George Eliot had none of this facility. Nor was general benignity in her at all of the poor kind that is incompatible with a great deal of particular censure. Universal benevolence never lulled an active critical faculty, nor did she conceive true humility as at all consisting in hiding from an impostor that you have found him out. Like Cardinal Newman, for whose beautiful passage at the end of the *Apologia* she expresses such richly deserved admiration (ii. 387), she unites to the gift of unction and brotherly love, a capacity for giving an extremely shrewd nip to a brother whom she does not love. Her passion for Thomas-a-Kempis did not prevent her, and there was no reason why it should, from dealing very faithfully with a friend, for instance (ii. 271); from describing Mr. Buckle as a conceited, ignorant man; or castigating Brougham and other people in slashing reviews; or otherwise from showing that great expansiveness of the affections went with a remarkably strong, hard, masculine, positive, judging head.

The benefits that George Eliot gained from her exclusive companionship with a man of lively talents were not without some compensating drawbacks. The keen stimulation and incessant strain, unrelieved by variety of daily intercourse, and never diversified by partici-

pation in the external activities of the world, tended to bring about a loaded, over-conscious, over-anxious state of mind, which was not only not wholesome in itself, but was inconsistent with the full freshness and strength of artistic work. The presence of the real world in his life has, in all but one or two cases, been one element of the novelist's highest success in the world of imaginative creation. George Eliot had no greater favorite than Scott, and when a series of little books upon English men of letters was planned, she said that she thought that writer among us the happiest to whom it should fall to deal with Scott. But Scott lived full in the life of his fellow-men. Even of Wordsworth, her other favorite, though he was not a creative artist, we may say that he daily saturated himself in those natural elements and effects, which were the material, the suggestion, and the sustaining inspiration of his consoling and fortifying poetry. George Eliot did not live in the midst of her material, but aloof from it and outside of it. Heaven forbid that this should seem to be said by way of censure. Both her health and other considerations made all approach to busy sociability in any of its shapes both unwelcome and impossible. But in considering the relation of her manner of life to her work, her creations, her meditations, one cannot but see that when compared with some writers of her own sex and age, she is constantly bookish, artificial, and mannered. She is this because she fed her art too exclusively, first on the memories of her youth, and next from books, pictures, statues, instead of from the living model, as seen in its actual motion. It is direct calls and personal claims from without that make fiction alive. Jane Austen bore her part in the little world of the parlor that she described. The writer of *Sylvia's Lovers*, whose work George Eliot appreciated with unaffected generosity (i. 305), was the mother of children, and was surrounded by the wholesome actualities of the family. The authors of *Jane Eyre* and *Wuthering Heights* passed their days in one long succession of wild, stormy, squalid, anxious, and miserable scenes—almost as romantic, as poetic, and as tragic, to use George Eliot's

words, as their own stories. George Sand eagerly shared, even to the pitch of passionate tumult and disorder, in the emotions, the aspirations, the ardor, the great conflicts and controversies of her time. In every one of these, their daily closeness to the real life of the world has given a vitality to their work which we hardly expect that even the next generation will find in more than one or two of the romances of George Eliot. It may even come to pass that their position will be to hers as that of Fielding is to Richardson in our own day.

In a letter to Mr. Harrison, which is printed here (ii. 441), George Eliot describes her own method, as "the severe effort of trying to make certain ideas thoroughly incarnate, as if they had revealed themselves to me first in the flesh and not in the spirit." The passage recalls a discussion one day at the Priory in 1877. She was speaking of the different methods of the poetic or creative art, and said that she began with moods, thoughts, passions, and then invented the story for their sake, and fitted it to them; Shakespeare, on the other hand, picked up a story that struck him, and then proceeded to work in the moods, thoughts, passions, as they came to him in the course of meditation on the story. We hardly need the result to convince us that Shakespeare chose the better part.

The influence of her reserved fashion of daily life was heightened by the literary exclusiveness which of set purpose she imposed upon herself. "The less an author hears about himself," she says, in one place, "the better." "It is my rule, very strictly observed, not to read the criticisms on my writings. For years I have found this abstinence necessary to preserve me from that discouragement as an artist, which ill-judged praise, no less than ill-judged blame, tends to produce in us." George Eliot pushed this repugnance to criticism beyond the personal reaction of it upon the artist, and more than disparaged its utility, even in the most competent and highly trained hands. She finds that the diseased spot in the literary culture of our time is touched with the finest point by the saying of La Bruyère, that "the pleasure of criticism robs us of the

pleasure of being keenly moved by very fine things" (iii. 327). "It seems to me," she writes (ii. 412), "much better to read a man's own writings, than to read what others say about him, especially when the man is first-rate and the others third-rate. As Goethe said long ago about Spinoza, 'I always preferred to learn from the man himself what *he* thought, rather than to hear from some one else what he ought to have thought.'" As if the scholar will not always be glad to do both, to study his author and not to refuse the help of the rightly prepared commentator; as if even Goethe himself would not have been all the better acquainted with Spinoza, if he could have read Mr. Pollock's book upon him. But on this question Mr. Arnold has fought a brilliant battle, and to him George Eliot's heresies may well be left.

On the personal point whether an author should ever hear of himself, George Eliot oddly enough contradicts herself in a casual remark upon Bulwer. "I have a great respect," she says, "for the energetic industry which has made the most of his powers. He has been writing diligently for more than thirty years, constantly improving his position, and profiting by the lessons of public opinion and of other writers" (ii. 322). But if it is true that the less an author hears about himself the better, how are these salutary "lessons of public opinion" to penetrate to him? "Rubens," she says, writing from Munich, in 1858 (ii. 28), "gives me more pleasure than any other painter whether right or wrong. More than any one else he makes me feel that painting is a great art, and that he was a great artist. His are such real breathing men and women, moved by passions, not mincing, and grimacing, and posing in mere imitation of passion." But Rubens did not concentrate his intellect on his own ponderings, nor shut out the wholesome chastenings of praise and blame, lest they should discourage his inspiration. Beethoven, another of the chief objects of George Eliot's veneration, bore all the rough stress of an active and troublesome calling, though of the musician, if of any, we may say, that his is the art of self-absorption.

Hence, delightful and inspiring as it is to read this story of diligent and dis-

criminating cultivation, of accurate truth and real erudition and beauty, not vaguely but methodically interpreted, one has some of the sensations of the moral and intellectual hothouse. Mental hygiene is apt to lead to mental valedudinarianism. "The ignorant journalist" may be left to the torment which George Eliot wished that she could inflict on one of those literary slovens whose manuscripts bring even the most philosophic editor to the point of exasperation: "I should like to stick red-hot skewers through the writer, whose style is as sprawling as his handwriting." By all means. But much that even the most sympathetic reader finds repellent in George Eliot's later work might perhaps never have been, if Mr. Lewes had not practised with more than Russian rigor a censorship of the press and the post office which kept every disagreeable whisper scrupulously from her ear. To stop every draft with sandbags, screens, and curtains, and to limit one's exercise to a drive in a well-warmed brougham with the windows drawn up, may save a few annoying colds in the head, but the end of the process will be the manufacture of an invalid.

Whatever view we may take of the precise connection between what she read, or abstained from reading, and what she wrote, no studious man or woman can look without admiration and envy on the breadth, variety, seriousness, and energy, with which she set herself her tasks and executed them. She says in one of her letters, "there is something more piteous almost than soapless poverty in the application of feminine incapacity to literature" (ii. 16). Nobody has ever taken the responsibilities of literature more ardently in earnest. She was accustomed to read aloud to Mr. Lewes three hours a day, and her private reading, except when she was engaged in the actual stress of composition, must have filled as many more. His extraordinary alacrity and her brooding intensity of mind, prevented these hours from being that leisurely process in slippers and easy chair which passes with many for the practice of literary cultivation. Much of her reading was for the direct purposes of her own work. The young

lady who begins to write historic novels out of her own head will find something much to her advantage if she will refer to the list of books read by George Eliot during the latter half of 1861, when she was meditating *Romola* (ii. 325). Apart from immediate needs and uses, no student of our time has known better the solace, the delight, the guidance that abide in great writings. Nobody who did not share the scholar's enthusiasm could have described the blind scholar in his library in the adorable fifth chapter of *Romola*; and we feel that she must have copied out with keen gusto of her own those words of Petrarch which she puts into old Bardo's mouth—"Libri medullitus delectant, colloquuntur, consulunt, et viva quadam nobis atque arguta familiaritate junguntur."

As for books that are not books, as Milton bade us do with "neat repasts with wine," she wisely spared to interpose them oft. Her standards of knowledge were those of the erudite and the savant, and even in the region of beauty she was never content with any but definite impressions. In one place in these volumes, by the way, she makes a remark curiously inconsistent with the usual scientific attitude of her mind. She has been reading Darwin's *Origin of Species*, on which she makes the truly astonishing criticism that it is "sadly wanting in illustrative facts," and that "it is not impressive from want of luminous and orderly presentation" (ii. 43-48). Then she says that "the development theory, and all other explanation of processes by which things came to be produce a feeble impression compared with the mystery that lies under processes." This position it does not now concern us to discuss, but at least it is in singular discrepancy with her strong habitual preference for accurate and quantitative knowledge, over vague and misty moods in the region of the unknowable and the unreachable.

George Eliot's means of access to books were very full. She knew French, German, Italian, and Spanish accurately. Greek and Latin, Mr. Cross tells us, she could read with thorough delight to herself; though after the appalling specimen of Mill's juvenile Latinity that Mr. Bain has disinterred, the fas-

tidious collegian may be sceptical of the scholarship of prodigies. Hebrew was her favorite study to the end of her days. People commonly supposed that she had been inoculated with an artificial taste for science by her companion. We now learn that she took a decided interest in natural science long before she made Mr. Lewes's acquaintance, and many of the roundabout pedantries that displeased people in her latest writings, and were set down to his account, appeared in her composition before she had ever exchanged a word with him.

All who knew her well enough were aware that she had what Mr. Cross describes as "limitless persistency in application." This is an old account of genius, but nobody illustrates more effectively the infinite capacity of taking pains. In reading, in looking at pictures, in playing difficult music, in talking, she was equally importunate in the search, and equally insistent on mastery. Her faculty of sustained concentration was part of her immense intellectual power. "Continuous thought did not fatigue her. She could keep her mind on the stretch hour after hour; the body might give way, but the brain remained unwearied" (iii. 422). It is only a trifling illustration of the infection of her indefatigable quality of taking pains, that Lewes should have formed the important habit of re-writing every page of his work, even of short articles for Reviews, before letting it go to the press. The journal shows what sore pain and travail composition was to her. She wrote the last volume of *Adam Bede* in six weeks; she "could not help writing it fast, because it was written under the stress of emotion." But what a prodigious contrast between her pace, and Walter Scott's twelve volumes a year! Like many other people of powerful brains, she united strong and clear general retentiveness, with a weak and untrustworthy verbal memory. "She never could trust herself to write a quotation without verifying it." "What courage and patience," she says of some one else, "are wanted for every life that aims to produce anything," and her own existence was one long and painful sermon on that text.

Over few lives have the clouds of mental dejection hung in such heavy

unmoving banks. Nearly every chapter is strewn with melancholy words. "I cannot help thinking more of your illness than of the pleasure in prospect—according to my foolish nature, which is always prone to live in past pain." The same sentiment is the mournful refrain that runs through all. Her first resounding triumph, the success of *Adam Bede*, instead of buoyancy and exultation, only adds a fresh sense of the weight upon her future life. "The self-questioning whether my nature will be able to meet the heavy demands upon it, both of personal duty and intellectual production—presses upon me almost continually in a way that prevents me even from tasting the quiet joy I might have in the *work done*. I feel no regret that the fame, as such, brings no pleasure; but it is a grief to me that I do not constantly feel strong in thankfulness that my past life has vindicated its uses."

*Romola* seems to have been composed in constant gloom. "I remember my wife telling me, at Witley," says Mr. Cross, "how cruelly she had suffered at Dorking from working under a leaden weight at this time. The writing of *Romola* ploughed into her more than any of her other books. She told me she could put her finger on it as marking a well-defined transition in her life. In her own words, 'I began it a young woman—I finished it an old woman.'" She calls upon herself to make "greater efforts against indolence and the despondency that comes from too egoistic a dread of failure." "This is the last entry I mean to make in my old book in which I wrote for the first time at Geneva in 1849. What moments of despair I passed through after that—despair that life would ever be made precious to me by the consciousness that I lived to some good purpose! It was that sort of despair that sucked away the sap of half the hours which might have been filled by energetic youthful activity; and the same demon tries to get hold of me again whenever an old work is dismissed, and a new one is being meditated" (ii. 307). One day the entry is: "Horrible scepticism about all things paralysing my mind. Shall I ever be good for anything again? Ever do anything again?" On another,

she describes herself to a trusted friend as "a mind morbidly desponding, and a consciousness tending more and more to consist in memories of error and imperfection rather than in a strengthening sense of achievement." We have to turn to such books as Bunyan's *Grace Abounding* to find any parallel to such wretchedness.

Times were not wanting when the sun strove to shine through the gloom, when the resistance to melancholy was not wholly a failure, and when, as she says, she felt that Dante was right in condemning to the Stygian marsh those who had been sad under the blessed sunlight. "Sad were we in the sweet air that is gladdened by the sun, bearing sluggish smoke in our hearts; now lie we sadly here in the black ooze." But still for the most part sad she remained in the sweet air, and the look of pain that haunted her eyes and brow even in her most genial and animated moments, only told too truly the story of her inner life.

That from this central gloom a shadow should spread to her work was unavoidable. It would be rash to compare George Eliot with Tacitus, with Dante, with Pascal. A novelist—for as a poet, after trying hard to think otherwise, most of us find her magnificent but unreadable—as a novelist bound by the conditions of her art to deal in a thousand trivialities of human character and situation, she has none of their severity of form. But she alone of moderns has their note of sharp-cut melancholy, of sombre rumination, of brief disdain. Living in a time when humanity has been raised, whether formally or informally, into a religion, she draws a painted curtain of pity before the tragic scene. Still the attentive ear catches from time to time the accents of an unrelenting voice, that proves her kindred with those three mighty spirits and stern monitors of men. In George Eliot, a reader with a conscience may be reminded of the saying that when a man opens Tacitus he puts himself in the confessional. She was no vague dreamer over the folly and the weakness of men, and the cruelty and blindness of destiny. Hers is not the dejection of the poet who "could lie down like a tired child, And weep away this life of care," as Shelley at Naples; nor is it the despairing mis-

ery that moved Cowper in the awful verses of the *Castaway*. It was not such self-pity as wrung from Burns the cry to life, "Thou art a galling load, Along, a rough, a weary road, To wretches such as I;" nor such general sense of the woes of the race as made Keats think of the world as a place where men sit and hear each other groan, "Where but to think is to be full of sorrow, And leaden-eyed despairs." She was as far removed from the plangent reverie of Rousseau as from the savage truculence of Swift. Intellectual training had given her the spirit of order and proportion, of definiteness and measure, and this marks her alike from the great sentimentalists and the sweeping satirists. "Pity and fairness," as she beautifully says (iii. 317), "are two little words which, carried out, would embrace the utmost delicacies of the moral life." But hers is not seldom the severe fairness of the judge, and the pity that may go with putting on the black cap after a conviction for high treason. In the midst of many an easy flowing page, the reader is surprised by some bitter aside, some judgment of intense and concentrated irony with the flash of a blade in it, some biting sentence where lurks the stern disdain and the anger of Tacitus, and Dante, and Pascal. Souls like these are not born for happiness.

This is not the occasion for an elaborate discussion of George Eliot's place in the mental history of her time, but her biography shows that she travelled along the road that was trodden by not a few in her day. She started from that servid evangelicalism which has made the base of many a powerful character in this century, from Cardinal Newman downwards. Then with curious rapidity she threw it all off, and embraced with equal zeal the rather harsh and crude negations which were then associated with the *Westminster Review*. The second stage did not last much longer than the first. "Religious and moral sympathy with the historical life of man," she said (ii. 363), "is the larger half of culture;" and this sympathy, which was the fruit of her culture, had by the time she was thirty become the new seed of a positive faith and a semi-conservative creed. Here is a passage from a letter

of 1862 (she had translated Strauss, we may remind ourselves, in 1845, and Feuerbach in 1854):—

"Pray don't ask me ever again not to rob a man of his religious belief, as if you thought my mind tended to such robbery. I have too profound a conviction of the efficacy that lies in all sincere faith, and the spiritual blight that comes with no-faith, to have any negative propagandism in me. In fact, I have very little sympathy with Freethinkers as a class, and have lost all interest in mere antagonism to religious doctrines. I care only to know, if possible, the lasting meaning that lies in all religious doctrine from the beginning till now" (ii. 243).

Eleven years later the same tendency had deepened and gone further:—

"All the great religions of the world, historically considered, are rightly the objects of deep reverence and sympathy—they are the record of spiritual struggles, which are the types of our own. This is to me pre-eminently true of Hebrewism and Christianity, on which my own youth was nourished. And in this sense I have no antagonism towards any religious belief, but a strong outflow of sympathy. Every community met to worship the highest God (which is understood to be expressed by God) carries me along in its main current; and if there were not reasons against by following such an inclination, I should go to church or chapel, constantly, for the sake of the delightful emotions of fellowship which come over me in religious assemblies—the very nature of such assemblies being the recognition of a binding belief or spiritual law, which is to lift us into willing obedience, and save us from the slavery of unregulated passion or impulse. And with regard to other people, it seems to me that those who have no definite conviction which constitutes a protesting faith, may often more beneficially cherish the good within them and be better members of society by a conformity based on the recognized good in the public belief, than by a nonconformity which has nothing but negatives to utter. *Not*, of course, if the conformity would be accompanied by a consciousness of hypocrisy. That is a question for the individual conscience to settle. But there is enough to be said on the different points of view from which conformity may be regarded, to hinder a ready judgment against those who continue to conform after ceasing to believe in the ordinary sense. But with the utmost largeness of allowance for the difficulty of deciding in special cases, it must remain true that the highest lot is to have definite beliefs about which you feel that 'necessity is laid upon you' to declare them, as something better which you are bound to try and give to those who have the worse" (iii. 215-217).

These volumes contain many passages in the same sense—as, of course, her



books contain them too. She was a constant reader of the Bible, and the *Imitatio* was never far from her hand. "She particularly enjoyed reading aloud some of the finest chapters of Isaiah, Jeremiah, and St. Paul's Epistles. The Bible and our elder English poets best suited the organ-like tones of her voice, which required for their full effect a certain solemnity and majesty of rhythm." She once expressed to a younger friend, who shared her opinions, her sense of the loss which they had, in being unable to practise the old ordinances of family prayer. "I hope," she says, "we are well out of that phase in which the most philosophic view of the past was held to be a smiling survey of human folly, and when the wisest man was supposed to be one who could sympathise with no age but the age to come" (ii. 308).

For this wise reaction she was no doubt partially indebted, as so many others have been, to the teaching of Comte. Unquestionably the fundamental ideas had come into her mind at a much earlier period, when, for example, she was reading Mr. R. W. Mackay's *Progress of the Intellect* (1850, i. 253). But it was Comte who enabled her to systematise these ideas, and to give them that "definiteness," which, as these pages show in a hundred places, was the quality that she sought before all others alike in men and their thoughts. She always remained at a respectful distance from complete adherence to Comte's scheme, but she was never tired of protesting that he was a really great thinker, that his famous survey of the Middle Ages in the fifth volume of the *Positive Philosophy* was full of luminous ideas, and that she had thankfully learned much from it. Wordsworth, again, was dear to her in no small degree on the strength of such passages as that from the *Prelude*, which is the motto of one of the last chapters of her last novel:—

"The human nature with which I felt  
That I belonged and revered with love,  
Was not a persistent presence, but a spirit  
Diffused through time and space, with aid  
derived  
Of evidence from monuments, erect,  
Prostrate, or leaning towards their common  
rest  
In earth, the widely scattered wreck sublime  
Of vanished nations."

Or this again, also from the *Prelude*, (see iii. 389):—

"There is  
One great society alone on earth:  
The noble Living and the noble Dead."

Underneath this growth and diversity of opinion we see George Eliot's oneness of character, just, for that matter, as we see it in Mill's long and grave march from the uncompromising denials instilled into him by his father, then through Wordsworthian mysticism and Coleridgean conservatism, down to the pale belief and dim starlight faith of his posthumous volume. George Eliot was more austere, more unflinching, and of ruder intellectual constancy than Mill. She never withdrew from the position that she had taken up, of denying and rejecting; she stood to that to the end: what she did was to advance to the far higher perception that denial and rejection are not the aspects best worth attending to or dwelling upon. She had little patience with those who fear that the doctrine of protoplasm must dry up the springs of human effort. Any one who trembles at that catastrophe may profit by a powerful remonstrance of hers in the pages before us (iii. 245-250, also 228).

"The consideration of molecular physics is not the direct ground of human love and moral action, any more than it is the direct means of composing a noble picture or of enjoying great music. One might as well hope to dissect one's own body and be merry in doing it, as take molecular physics (in which you must banish from your field of view what is specifically human) to be your dominant guide, your determiner of motives, in what is solely human. That every study has its bearing on every other is true; but pain and relief, love and sorrow, have their peculiar history which make an experience and knowledge over and above the swing of atoms.

"With regard to the pains and limitations of one's personal lot, I suppose there is not a single man, or woman, who has not more or less need of that stoical resignation which is often a hidden heroism, or who, in considering his or her past history, is not aware that it has been cruelly affected by the ignorant or selfish action of some fellow-being in a more or less close relation of life. And to my mind, there can be no stronger motive, than this perception, to an energetic effort that the lives nearest to us shall not suffer in a like manner from us.

"As to duration and the way in which it affects your view of the human history, what is really the difference to your imagination

between infinitude and billions when you have to consider the value of human experience? Will you say that since your life has a term of threescore years and ten, it was really a matter of indifference whether you were a cripple with a wretched skin disease, or an active creature with a mind at large for the enjoyment of knowledge, and with a nature which has attracted others to you?"

For herself, she remained in the position described in one of her letters in 1860 (ii. 283):—"I have faith in the working out of higher possibilities than the Catholic or any other Church has presented; and those who have strength to wait and endure are bound to accept no formula which their whole souls—their intellect, as well as their emotions—do not embrace with entire reverence. The highest calling and election is *to do without opium*, and live through all our pain with conscious, clear-eyed endurance." She would never accept the common optimism. As she says here:—"Life, though a good to men on the whole, is a doubtful good to many, and to some not a good at all. To my thought it is a source of constant mental distortion to make the denial of this a part of religion—to go on pretending things are better than they are."

Of the afflicting dealings with the world of spirits, which in those days were comparatively limited to the untutored minds of America, but which since have come to exert so singular a fascination for some of the most brilliant of George Eliot's younger friends (see iii. 204), she thought as any sensible Philistine among us persists in thinking to this day:—

"If it were another spirit aping Charlotte Brontë—if here and there at rare spots and among people of a certain temperament, or even at many spots and among people of all temperaments, tricky spirits are liable to rise as a sort of earth-bubbles and set furniture in movement, and tell things which we either know already or should be as well without knowing—I must frankly confess that I have but a feeble interest in these doings, feeling my life very short for the supreme and awful revelations of a more orderly and intelligible kind which I shall die with an imperfect knowledge of. If there were miserable spirits whom we could help—then I think we should pause and have patience with their trivial-mindedness; but otherwise I don't feel bound to study them more than I am bound to study the special follies of a peculiar phase of human society. Others, who feel differently, and are attracted towards this study, are making an experiment for us as to whether

anything better than bewilderment can come of it. At present it seems to me that to rest any fundamental part of religion on such a basis is a melancholy misguidance of men's minds from the true sources of high and pure emotion" (iii. 161).

The period of George Eliot's productions was from 1856, the date of her first stories, down to 1876, when she wrote, not under her brightest star, her last novel of *Daniel Deronda*. During this time the great literary influences of the epoch immediately preceding had not indeed fallen silent, but the most fruitful seed had been sown. Carlyle's *Sartor* (1833-4), and his *Miscellaneous Essays* (collected, 1839), were in all hands; but he had fallen into the terrible slough of his Prussian history (1858-65), and the last word of his evangel had gone forth to all whom it concerned. *In Memoriam*, whose noble music and deep-browed thought awoke such new and wide response in men's hearts, was published in 1850. The second volume of *Modern Painters*, of which I have heard George Eliot say, as of *In Memoriam* too, that she owed much and very much to it, belongs to an earlier date still (1846), and when it appeared, though George Eliot was born in the same year as its author, she was still translating Strauss at Coventry. Mr. Browning, for whose genius she had such admiration, and who was always so good a friend, did indeed produce during this period some work which the adepts find as full of power and beauty as any that ever came from his pen. But Mr. Browning's genius has moved rather apart from the general currents of his time, creating character and working out motives from within, undisturbed by transient shadows from the passing questions and answers of the day.

The romantic movement was then upon its fall. The great Oxford movement, which besides its purely ecclesiastical effects, had linked English religion once more to human history, and which was itself one of the unexpected outcomes of the romantic movement, had spent its original force, and no longer interested the stronger minds among the rising generation. The hour had sounded for the scientific movement. In 1859, was published the *Origin of Species*, undoubtedly the most far-reaching agency

of the time, supported as it was by a volume of new knowledge which came pouring in from many sides. The same period saw the important speculations of Mr. Spencer, whose influence on George Eliot had from their first acquaintance been of a very decisive kind. Two years after the *Origin of Species* came Maine's *Ancient Law*, and that was followed by the accumulations of Mr. Tylor and others, exhibiting order and fixed correlation among great sets of facts which had hitherto lain in that cheerful chaos of general knowledge which has been called general ignorance. The excitement was immense. Evolution, development, heredity, adaptation, variety, survival, natural selection, were so many patent pass-keys that were to open every chamber.

George Eliot's novels, as they were the imaginative application of this great influx of new ideas, so they fitted in with the moods which those ideas had called up. "My function," she said (iii. 330), "is that of the æsthetic, not the doctrinal teacher—the rousing of the nobler emotions which make mankind desire the social right, not the prescribing of special measures, concerning which the artistic mind, however strongly moved by social sympathy, is often not the best judge." Her influence in this direction over serious and impressionable minds was great indeed. The spirit of her art exactly harmonised with the new thoughts that were shaking the world of her contemporaries. Other artists had drawn their pictures with a strong ethical background, but she gave a finer color and a more spacious air to her ethics, by showing the individual passions and emotions of her characters, their adventures and their fortunes, as evolving themselves from long series of antecedent causes, and bound up with many widely operating forces and distant events. Here, too, we find ourselves in the full stream of evolution, hereditary, survival, and fixed inexorable law.

This scientific quality of her work may be considered to have stood in the way of her own aim. That the nobler emotions roused by her writings tend to "make mankind desire the social right," is not to be doubted; that we are not sure that she imparts peculiar energy to

the desire. What she kindles is not a very strenuous, aggressive, and operative desire. The sense of the iron limitations that are set to improvement in present and future by inexorable forces of the past, is stronger in her than any intrepid resolution to press on to whatever improvement may chance to be within reach if we only make the attempt. In energy, in inspiration, in the kindling of living faith in social effort, George Sand, not to speak of Mazzini, takes a far higher place.

It was certainly not the business of an artist to form judgments in the sphere of practical politics, but George Eliot was far too humane a nature not to be deeply moved by momentous events as they passed. Yet her observations, at any rate after 1848, seldom show that energy of sympathy of which we have been speaking, and these observations illustrate our point. We can hardly think that anything was ever said about the great civil war in America, so curiously far-fetched as the following reflection:—"My best consolation is that an example on so tremendous a scale of the need for the education of mankind through the affections and sentiments, as a basis for true development, will have a strong influence on all thinkers, and be a check to the arid narrow antagonism which in some quarters is held to be the only form of liberal thought" (ii. 335).

In 1848, as we have said, she felt the hopes of the hour in all their fulness. To a friend she writes (i. 179):—"You and Carlyle (have you seen his article in last week's *Examiner*?) are the only two people who feel just as I would have them—who can glory in what is actually great and beautiful without putting forth any cold reservations and incredulities to save their credit for wisdom. I am all the more delighted with your enthusiasm because I didn't expect it. I feared that you lacked revolutionary ardor. But no—you are just as *sans-culottish* and rash as I would have you. You are not one of those sages whose reason keeps so tight a rein on their emotions that they are too constantly occupied in calculating consequences to rejoice in any great manifestation of the forces that underlie our everyday existence.

"I thought we had fallen on such evil days that we were to see no really great movement—that ours was what St. Simon calls a purely critical epoch, not at all an organic one; but I begin to be glad of my date. I would consent, however, to have a year clipt off my life for the sake of witnessing such a scene as that of the men of the barricades bowing to the image of Christ, 'who first taught fraternity to men.' One trembles to look into every fresh newspaper lest there should be something to mar the picture; but hitherto even the scoffing newspaper critics have been compelled into a tone of genuine respect for the French people and the Provisional Government. Lamartine can act a poem if he cannot write one of the very first order. I hope that beautiful face given to him in the pictorial newspaper is really his: it is worthy of an aureole. I have little patience with people who can find time to pity Louis Philippe and his moustachioed sons. Certainly our decayed monarchs should be pensioned off: we should have a hospital for them, or a sort of zoological garden, where these worn-out humbugs may be preserved. It is but justice that we should keep them, since we have spoiled them for any honest trade. Let them sit on soft cushions, and have their dinner regularly, but, for heaven's sake, preserve me from sentimentalizing over a pampered old man when the earth has its millions of unfed souls and bodies. Surely he is not so Ahab-like as to wish that the revolution had been deferred till his son's days: and I think the shades of the Stuarts would have some reason to complain if the Bourbons, who are so little better than they, had been allowed to reign much longer."

The hopes of '48 were not very accurately fulfilled, and in George Eliot they never came to life again. Yet in social things we may be sure that undying hope is the secret of vision.

There is a passage in Coleridge's *Friend* which seems to represent the outcome of George Eliot's teaching on most, and not the worst, of her readers:—"The tangle of delusions," says Coleridge, "which stifled and distorted the growing tree of our well-being has been torn away; the parasite weeds that fed on its very roots have been plucked

up with a salutary violence. To us there remain only quiet duties, the constant care, the gradual improvement, the cautious and unhazardous labors of the industrious though contented gardener—to prune, to strengthen, to engraft, and one by one to remove from its leaves and fresh shoots the slug and the caterpillar." Coleridge goes further than George Eliot, when he adds the exhortation—"Far be it from us to undervalue with light and senseless detraction the conscientious hardihood of our predecessors, or even to condemn in them that vehemence to which the blessings it won for us leave us now neither temptation nor pretext."

George Eliot disliked vehemence more and more as her work advanced. The word "crudity," so frequently on her lips, stood for all that was objectionable and distasteful. The conservatism of an artistic moral nature was shocked by the seeming peril to which priceless moral elements of human character were exposed by the energumens of progress. Their impatient hopes for the present appeared to her rather unscientific; their disregard of the past, very irreverent and impious. Mill had the same feeling when he disgusted his father by standing up for Wordsworth, on the ground that Wordsworth was helping to keep alive in human nature elements which utilitarians and innovators would need when their present and particular work was done. Mill, being free from the exaltations that make the artist, kept a truer balance. His famous pair of essays on Bentham and Coleridge were published (for the first time, so far as our generation was concerned) in the same year as *Adam Bede*, and I can vividly remember how the "Coleridge" first awoke in many of us, who were then youths at Oxford, that sense of truth having many mansions, and that desire and power of sympathy with the past, with the positive bases of the social fabric, and with the value of Permanence in States, which form the reputable side of all conservatisms. This sentiment and conviction never took richer or more mature form than in the best work of George Eliot, and her stories lighted up with a fervid glow the truths that minds of another type had just brought to the surface. It was this

that made her a great moral force at that epoch, especially for all who were capable by intellectual training of standing at her point of view. We even, as I have said, tried hard to love her poetry, but the effort has ended less in love than in a very distant homage to the majestic in intention and the sonorous in execution. In fiction, too, as the years go by, we begin to crave more fancy, illusion, enchantment, than the quality of her genius allowed. But the loftiness of her character is abiding, and it passes nobly through the ordeal of an honest biography. "For the lessons," says the fine critic already quoted, "most imperatively needed by the mass of men, the lessons of deliberate kindness, of careful truth, of unwavering endeavor,—for these plain themes one could not ask a more convincing teacher than she whom we are commemorating

now. Everything in her aspect and presence was in keeping with the bent of her soul. The deeply-lined face, the too marked and massive features, were united with an air of delicate refinement, which in one way was the more impressive because it seemed to proceed so entirely from within. Nay, the inward beauty would sometimes quite transform the external harshness; there would be moments when the thin hands that entwined themselves in their eagerness, the earnest figure that bowed forward to speak and hear, the deep gaze moving from one face to another with a grave appeal,—all these seemed the transparent symbols that showed the presence of a wise, benignant soul." As a wise, benignant soul George Eliot will still remain for all right-judging men and women.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

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LORD TENNYSON.

BY PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

I.

BECAUSE Song's brightest stars have crowned his head,  
And to his soul their loveliest dreams unfurled,  
Because since Shakespeare joined the deathless dead,  
No loftier Poet has entranced the world.

II.

Because Olympian food, ethereal wine,  
Are his who fills Apollo's golden lute,  
Why should he not from his high heaven incline,  
To take from lowlier hands their proffered food?

III.

Free is the earnest offering! he as free  
To condescend toward the gift they bring;  
No Dead-Sea apple is a lord's degree,  
To foul the lips of him, our Poet-King.

—*London Home Chimes.*

## IN THE NORWEGIAN MOUNTAINS.

BY OSCAR FREDRIK, KING OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

*Translated, with His Majesty's permission, by Carl Siewers.*

If you will accompany us on our journey towards the snow-covered peaks of the Sogne Mountains yonder, you are welcome ! But quick, not a moment is to be lost ; day is dawning, and we have a long journey before us. It is still five stiff Norwegian miles to the coast in Bergen's Stift, although we did two yesterday from the last dwelling in the valley of Lom. We ought to be under shelter before dusk ; the night might be "rough" up yonder among the white-capped old peaks, so therefore to horse, and forward !

We are compelled to say good-bye to the last *Sæter* there on the silent shores of the deep gloomy mountain lake, a duty which we perform with no light heart. How strange the *Sæter* life and dwellings appear to the stranger ! How poor this long and dark structure seems at first sight, and yet how hearty and unexpectedly lavish is the hospitality which the simple children of the mountain extend to the weary traveller !

Milk, warm from the cow, fresh-churned butter, reindeer meat, and a couple of delicious trout which we have just seen taken from the lake below, form a regal feast indeed ; and, spiced with the keen appetite which the air up here creates, the meal can only be equalled by the luxury of reposing on a soft couch of fresh, fragrant hay.

On the threshold as we depart, stand the pretty *Budejer* (dairy maids), in the neat costume of the people in the Guldbrandsdal valley, nodding a tender farewell to us, and wishing us a hearty "*Lykke paa Reisen.*" Yes, there they stand, following us with their gaze as we proceed along the steep mountain path, till we disappear from view in the rocky glen. I said "path." Well, that is the name assigned to it, but never did I imagine the existence of such a riding "ladder," and it may well be necessary to have the peculiar race of mountain horses found here, for a rider to get safely to his journey's end.

Now the road lies through rapid moun-

tain streams, where the roaring waterfall may in an instant sweep man and beast into a yawning abyss below, and now across a precipice, where the lake divides the mountains, and death lurks a yard to your left. Again across the steepest slopes, where Nature appears to have amused herself by tossing masses of jagged, tottering rocks in heaps, and where no ordinary horse's hoof would find a safe hold. But if you only watch these brave and sagacious little animals, how carefully they consider the slightest movement and measure the smallest step, they will inspire you with the greatest confidence, and you will continue your journey on their back without the slightest fear, along the wildest path, on the edge of the most awe-inspiring abyss. And should one of these excellent cobs stumble, which happened once or twice during our ride, it is only on comparatively safe ground, where probably the horse does not consider much attention is required.

We now climb still higher ; gradually the sound of cow bells and the soft melodies from the *Lur*, (the Norse alpenhorn,) are wafted into space, and in return, a sharp chilly gust of wind, called *Fjeldsno*, sweeps along the valley slopes, carrying with it the last souvenir of society and civilization. We have long ago left the populated districts behind, the mountain Nature stands before us, and surrounds us in all its imposing grandeur. The roar of the mighty *Bæver* river is the only sound which breaks the impressive silence, and even this becomes fainter and fainter as we mount higher and higher, and the mass of water decreases and the fall becomes steeper and steeper, till at last the big river is reduced to a little noisy, foaming brook, skipping from rock to rock, and plunging from one ledge to another, twisting its silvery thread into the most fantastic shapes.

The morning had dawned rather dull, which in these altitudes means that we had been enveloped in a thick damp

mist ; but the gusts from the snow-fields soon chase the heavy clouds away, and seem to sweep them into a heap round the crests of the lofty mountains. At last a streak of blue appears overhead, and through the rent clouds a faint sun-beam shoots across the high plateau, one stronger and more intense follows, a second and third. It's clearing !

Oh, what a magnificent spectacle ! Never will it fade from my recollection ; indelibly it stands stamped on my mind. Before us lies a grand glacier, the Smørstabsbræen, from whose icy lap our old acquaintance the Bæver river starts on his laborious journey to the Western Ocean. The bright rays of the noon-day sun are playing on the burnished surface of the glacier, which now flashes like a *rivière* of the choicest diamonds, now glitters clear and transparent as crystal, and now gleams in green and blue like a mass of emeralds and sapphires, the rapid transformation of tint being ten times multiplied by the play of the shadow of the clouds fleeting across the azure heavens. And above the glacier there towers a gigantic mountain with the weird name of "*Fanarauken*" (The Devil's Smoke), which may be considered as the solitary vedette of the body of peaks which under the name of Horungtinderne forms the loftiest part of the Jotun or Sogne Mountains. Some of the slopes of the peaks seem covered with white snow, while others stand out in bold relief, jet black in color : somewhat awe-inspiring, with the cold, pale-green background which the sky assumes in the regions of eternal snow. The crests of the Horungtinderne, some six to eight thousand feet above the sea, are steep and jagged, and around them the snow-clouds have settled, and when the wind attempts to tear them away they swirl upwards, resembling smoking volcanoes, which further enhances the strangeness of the scene.

To our right there are some immense snow-fields, still we are told that there is very little snow in the mountains this year !

Long ago we left the last dwarf birch (*Betula nana*), six feet in height, behind us, and are now approaching the border of eternal snow. We reach it, spring from our horses, and are soon engaged in throwing snowballs at each other.

It is the 15th of August, but the air is icy cold ; it is more like one of those clear, cool spring mornings, so familiar to the Northerner, when rude Boreas is abroad, but far more invigorating and entirely free from that unpleasant, raw touch which fosters colds and worse illnesses. Here disease is unknown, one feels as if drinking the elixir of life in every breath, and, whilst the eye can roam freely over the immense plateau, the lungs are free to inhale the pure mountain air untainted.

One is at once gay and solemn. Thought and vision soar over the immense fields and expand with the extended view, and this consciousness is doubly emphasised by the sense of depression we have just experienced under the overhanging mountains in the narrow Sæter's valley. One feels as if away from the world one is wont to move in, as if parted from life on earth and brought suddenly face to face with the Almighty Creator of Nature. One is compelled to acknowledge one's own lowliness and impotence. A snow-cloud, and one is buried for ever ; a fog, and the only slender thread which guides the wanderer to the distant abode of man is lost.

Never before had I experienced such a sensation, not even during a terrific storm in the Atlantic Ocean, or on beholding the desert of Sahara from the pyramid of Cheops. In the latter case, I am in the vicinity of a populated district and an extensive town, and need only turn round to see Cairo's minarets and citadel in the distance ; and again at sea, the ship is a support to the eye, and I am surrounded by many people, who all participate in the very work which engages myself ; I seem to a certain extent to carry my home with me. Whilst here, on the other hand, I am, as it were, torn away from everything dear to me—a speck of dust on the enormous snowdrift—and I feel my own impotence more keenly as the Nature facing me becomes grander and more gigantic, and whose forces may from inaction in an instant be called into play, bringing destruction on the fatigued wanderer. But we did not encounter them, and it is indeed an exception that any danger is incurred. With provisions for a couple of days, sure and reso-

lute guides, enduring horses, and particularly bold courage and good temper, all will go well. As regards good temper, this is a gift of welcome and gratitude: presents from the mountains to the rare traveller who finds his way up here.

Our little caravan, a most appropriate designation, has certainly something very picturesque about it, whether looking at the travellers in their rough cloaks, slouched hats and top boots, or our little long-haired cobs with their strong sinewy limbs and close-cropped manes, or the ponies carrying our traps in a *Kløf* saddle.

These sagacious and enduring *Kløf* horses are certainly worth attention.

I cannot understand how they support the heavy and bulky packages they carry, covering nearly the entire body, and still less how they are able to spring, thus encumbered, so nimbly from one ledge to another and so adroitly to descend the steep, slippery mountain slopes, or so fearlessly wade through the small but deep pools—*Tjern*—which we so often encounter on our road. The most surprising thing is that our *Kløf* horses always prefer to be in the van, yes, even forcing their way to the front, where the path is narrowest, and the abyss at its side most appalling, and when they gain the desired position they seem to lead the entire party. What guides them in their turn? Simply the instinct with which Nature has endowed them.

Life in the mountains, and the daily intimate acquaintance with the giant forces of Nature, seem to create something corresponding in the character of the simple dwellers among the high valleys of Norway. As a type I may mention an old reindeer-hunter, whom we met in the mountains. Seventy winters had snow on his venerable locks, serving only however to ornament his proudly-borne head. Leaning on his rough but unerring rifle, motionless as a statue, he appears before us on a hill at some distance. Silent and solemn is his greeting as we pass, and we see him still yonder, motionless as the rocks, which soon hide him from our view. Thus he has to spend many a weary hour, even days, in order to earn his scanty living. To me it seemed a hard

lot, but he is content—he knows no better, the world has not tempted *him* to discontent.

Not far from the highest point on our road lies a small stone hut, tumble-down, solitary, uninviting, but nevertheless a blessed refuge to the traveller who has been caught in rough weather, and I should say that the finest hotel in Europe is scarcely entered with such feelings of grateful contentment as this wretched *Fjeldstue* is taken possession of by the fatigued, frozen, or strayed traveller.

We were, however, lucky enough not to be in want of the refuge, as the weather became more and more lovely and the air more transparent as we ascended.

About half-way across the mountains we discovered, after some search, the horses which had been ordered to meet us here from the other side in Bergen's Stift; and to order fresh animals to meet one half-way when crossing is certainly a wise plan, which I should recommend to every one, though I must honestly add that our horses did not appear the least exhausted in spite of their four hours' trot yesterday and six to-day, continually ascending. In the open air we prepared and did ample justice to a simple fare, and no meal ever tasted better. And meanwhile we let our horses roam about and gather what moss they could in the mountain clefts.

After a rest of about two hours we again mount and resume our journey with renewed strength. It is still five hours' journey to our destination on the coast.

We did not think that, after what he had already seen, a fresh grand view, even surpassing the former, would be revealed to our gaze; but we were mistaken.

Anything more grand, more impressive than the view from the last eminence, the Ocsar's Houg, before we begin to descend, it is impossible to imagine! Before us loom the three Skagastölstinder, almost the loftiest peaks in the Scandinavian peninsula. More than seven thousand feet they raise their crests above the level of the sea, and they stand yonder as clearly defined as if within rifle-shot, whilst



they are at least half a day's journey distant. To their base no human being has ever penetrated, their top has never been trodden by man.

And they certainly appear terribly steep; snow cannot gather on their slopes, but only festoons the rocks here and there, or hides in the crevices, where the all-dispersing wind has lost its force. The mountain has a cold steel-gray color, and around the pointed cones snow-clouds move erratically, sometimes gathering in a most fantastic manner in a mass and again suddenly disappearing, as though chased by some invisible power.

And around us the dark jagged peaks of the Horungtinder, alternating with dazzling snow-fields, which increase in extent to the north, thus bespeaking their close proximity to the famous glacier of Justedalén.

Does this complete my picture? No; our glance has only swept the sun-bathed heights above, but now it is lowered, sinking with terror into yawning abysses, and lost in a gloomy depth, without outlines, without limit! A waterfall rushes wildly forward, downwards—whither? We see it not; we do not know; we can only imagine that it plunges into some appalling chasm below. In very favorable weather it, is said to be possible to see the Ocean—the bottom of the abyss—quite plainly from this eminence; we could, however, only distinguish its faint outlines, as the sun shone right in our eyes. We saw, half "by faith" however, the innermost creek of the Lysterfjord. But remember this creek was rather below than before us!

"Surely it is not intended to descend into this abyss on horseback?" I ask with some apprehension. "Yes, it is," responds my venerable guide with that inimitable, confidence-creating calmness which distinguishes the Norwegian. I involuntarily think compassionately of my neck. Perhaps the mountaineer observed my momentary surprise, as this race is gifted with remarkable keenness; perhaps not. However, I felt a slight flush on my face, and that decided me, *coûte que coûte*, never to dismount, however tempted. And of course I did not.

We had, in fact, no choice. We were bound to proceed by this road and no

other, unless we desired to return all the way to Guldbrandsdalen, miss all our nicely-arranged trips around the Sogne and Nærø fjords, and disappoint the steamer waiting for us with our carriage and traps. And above all, what an ignominious retreat! No; such a thought did not for a moment enter our head. Therefore come what may, forward!

On a balmy evening, as the rays of the setting sun tint the landscape, we find ourselves on the seashore, safe and sound.

But to attempt a description of the adventurous break-neck, giddy descent, I must decline. I can scarcely review it in my mind at this moment, when I attempt to gather the scattered fragments of this remarkable ride, the most extraordinary I ever performed. But one word I will add: one must not be afraid or subject to giddiness, else the Sogne Mountains had better be left out of the programme. Only have confidence in the mountain horse, and all will go well.

Well, had I even arrived as far as this in my journey, I would unfold to you a very different canvas, with warmer colors and a softer touch. I would, in the fertile valley of Fortun, at 62° latitude N., conjure up to your astonished gaze entire groves of wild cherry-trees laden with ripe fruit; I would show you corn, weighty and yellow three months after being sown, in close rich rows, or undulating oats ready for the sickle, covering extensive fields. I would lead you to the shore of the majestic fjord, and let you behold the towering mountains reflected sharp and clear in its depth, as though another landscape lay beneath the waves; and I would guide your glance upwards, towards the little farms nestling up there on the slope, a couple of thousand feet above your head, and which are only accessible from the valley by a rocky ladder. Yes, this and more too I would show you, but remember we stand at this moment on the crest of the mountain, and a yawning gap still divides us from the Canaan which is our journey's end.

I have therefore no choice but to lay down my pen, and I do so with a call on you, my reader, to undertake this journey and experience for yourself its

indescribable impressions ; and if you do, I feel confident you will not find my description exaggerated.

Ride only once down the precipice between Optun and Lysterfjord, and you will find, I think, that the descent cannot be accurately described in words ; but believe me, the memory thereof will

never fade from your mind, neither will you repent the toil.

A summer's day in the Sogne Mountains of old Norway will, as well for you as for me, create rich and charming recollections—recollections retained through one's whole life. — *Temple Bar.*

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### THE QUANDONG'S SECRET.

"STEWARD," exclaimed the chief officer of the American barque *Decatur*, lying just then in Table Bay, into which she had put on her long voyage to Australia, for the purpose of obtaining water and fresh provisions—"the skipper's sent word off that there's two passengers coming on board for Melbourne ; so look spry and get those after-berths ready, or I guess the 'old man' 'll straighten you up when he does come along."

Soon afterwards, the "old man" and his passengers put in an appearance in the barque's cutter ; the anchor, short since sunrise, was hove up to the cat-heads, topsails sheeted home, and, dipping the "stars and bars" to the surrounding shipping, the *Decatur* again, after her brief rest, set forth on her ocean travel.

John Leslie and Francis Drury had been perfect strangers to each other all their lives long till within the last few hours ; and now, with the frank confidence begotten of youth and health, each knew more of the other, his failures and successes, than perhaps, under ordinary circumstances, he would have learned in a twelvemonth. Both were comparatively young men : Drury, Australian born, a native of Victoria, and one of those roving spirits one meets with sometimes, who seem to have, and care to have, no permanent place on earth's surface, the *wandergeist* having entered into their very souls, and taken full possession thereof. The kind of man whom we are not surprised at hearing of, to-day, upon the banks of the Fly River ; in a few months more in the interior of Tibet ; again on the track of Stanley, or with Gordon in Khar-toum.

So it had been with Francis Drury,

ever seeking after fortune in the wild places of the world ; in quest, so often in vain, of a phantasmal Eldorado—lured on, ever on, by visions of what the unknown contained. Ghauts wild and rocky had re-echoed the report of his rifle ; his footsteps had fallen lightly on the pavements of the ruined cities of Montezuma, sombre and stately as the primeval forest which hid them ; and his skiff had cleft the bright Southern rivers that Waterton loved so well to explore, but gone farther than ever the naturalist, adventurous and daring as he too was, had ever been. At length, as he laughingly told his friend, fortune had, on the diamond fields of Klipdrift, smiled upon him, with a measured smile, 'twas true, but still a smile ; and now, after an absence of some years, he had taken the opportune chance of a passage in the *Decatur*, and was off home to see his mother and sister, from whom he had not heard for nearly two years.

Leslie was rather a contrast to the other, being as quiet and thoughtful as Drury was full of life and spirits, and had been trying his hand at sheep-farming in Cape Colony, but with rather scanty results ; in fact, having sunk most of his original capital, he was now taking with him to Australia very little but his African experience.

A strong friendship between these two was the result of but a few days' intimacy, during which time, however, as they were the only passengers, they naturally saw a great deal of each other ; so it came to pass that Leslie heard all about his friend's sister, golden-haired Margaret Drury ; and often, as in the middle watches he paced the deck alone, he conjured up visions to himself, smiling the while, of what this girl, of whom her brother spoke so lovingly and proud-

ly, and in whom he had such steadfast faith as a woman amongst women, could be like.

The *Decatur* was now, with a strong westerly wind behind her, fast approaching the latitude of that miserable mid-oceanic rock known as the Island of St. Paul, when suddenly a serious mishap occurred. The ship was "running heavy" under her fore and main topsails and a fore topmast staysail, the breeze having increased to a stiff gale, which had brought up a very heavy sea; when somehow—for these things, even at a Board of Trade inquiry, seldom do get clearly explained—one of the two men at the wheel, or both of them perhaps, let the vessel "broach-to," paying the penalty of their carelessness by taking their departure from her for ever, in company with binnacle, skylights, hen-coops, &c., and a huge wave which swept the *Decatur* fore and aft, from her taffrail to the heel of her bowsprit, washing at the same time poor Francis Drury, who happened to be standing under the break of the poop, up and down amongst loose spars, underneath the iron-bound windlass, dashing him pitilessly against wood and iron, here, there, and everywhere, like a broken reed; till when at last, dragged by Leslie out of the rolling, seething water on the maindeck, the roving, eager spirit seemed at last to have found rest; and his friend, as he smoothed the long fair hair from off the blood-stained forehead, mourned for him as for a younger brother.

The unfortunate man was speedily ascertained to be nothing but a mass of fractures and terrible bruises, such as no human frame under any circumstances could have survived; and well the sufferer knew it; for in a brief interval of consciousness, in a moment's respite from awful agony, he managed to draw something from around his neck, which handing to his friend in the semi-darkness of the little cabin, whilst above them the gale roared, and shrieked, officers and men shouted and swore, and the timbers of the old *Decatur* groaned and creaked like sentient things—he whispered, so low that the other had to bend down close to the poor disfigured face to hear it, "For Mother and Maggie; I was going to tell you about—it, and—Good-bye!" and then with one

convulsive shudder, and with the dark-blue eyes still gazing imploringly up into those of his friend, his spirit took its flight.

The gale has abated, the courses are clewed up, topsails thrown aback, and the starry flag flies half-mast high, as they "commit his body to the deep, to be turned into corruption; looking for the resurrection of the body, when the sea shall give up her dead." A sudden, shooting plunge into the sparkling water, and Francis Drury's place on earth will know him no more. Gone is the gallant spirit, stilled the eager heart for ever, and Leslie's tears fall thick and heavy—no one there deeming them shame to his manhood—as the belying canvas urges the ship swiftly onward on her course.

Only a Quandong stone, of rather unusual size, covered with little silver knobs or studs, and to one end of which was attached a stout silver chain. Leslie, as he turned it over and over in his hand, thinking sadly enough of its late owner, wondering much what he had been about to communicate when Death so relentlessly stepped in. The value of the thing as an ornament was but a trifle, and, try as he might, Leslie could find no indication that there was aught but met the eye: a simple Australian wild-peach stone converted into a trifle, rather ugly than otherwise, as is the case with so many so-called *curios*. Still, as his friend's last thought and charge, it was sacred in his sight; and putting it carefully away, he determined on landing at Melbourne, now so near, to make it his first care to find out Drury's mother and his sister.

"Drury, Drury! Let me see! Yes; of course. Mother and daughter, brother too sometimes; rather a wild young fellow; always 'on the go' somewhere or other, you know. Yes; they used to live here; but they've been gone this long time; and where to, is more than I can tell you; or I think anybody else about here either."

So spake the present tenant of "Acacia Cottage, St. Kilda," in response to Leslie's inquiries at the address, to obtain which he had overhauled the effects

of the dead man, finding it at the commencement of a two-year-old letter from his mother, directed to "Algoa Bay;" finding, besides, some receipts of diamonds sold at Cape Town, and a letter of credit on a Melbourne bank for five hundred pounds; probably, so Leslie thought to himself, that "measured smile" of which the poor fellow had laughingly spoken to him in the earlier days of their brief companionship.

The above was the sum-total of the information he could ever—after many persistent efforts, including a fruitless trip to Hobart—obtain of the family or their whereabouts; so, depositing the five hundred pounds at one of the principal banking institutions, and inserting an advertisement in the *Age* and *Argus*, Leslie having but little spare cash, and his own fortune lying still in deepest shadow, reluctantly, for a time at least, as he promised himself, abandoned the quest.

Kaloola was one of the prettiest pastoral homesteads in the north-western districts of Victoria; and its owner, as one evening he sat in the broad veranda, and saw on every side, far as the eye could reach, land and stock all calling him master, felt that the years that had passed since the old *Decatur* dropped her anchor in Port Phillip had not passed away altogether in vain; and although ominous wrinkles began to appear about the corners of John Leslie's eyes, and gray hairs about his temples, the man's heart was fresh and unseared as when, on a certain day twelve long years ago, he had shed bitter tears over the ocean grave of his friend. Vainly throughout these latter years had he endeavored to find some traces of the Drurys. The deposit in the Bank of Australasia had remained untouched, and had by now swollen to a very respectable sum indeed. Advertisements in nearly every metropolitan and provincial newspaper were equally without result; even "private inquiry" agents, employed at no small cost, confessed themselves at fault. Many a hard fight with fortune had John Leslie encountered before he achieved success; but through it all, good times and bad, he had never forgotten the dying bequest left to him on that dark and stormy morning in the

Southern Ocean; and now, as rising and going to his desk he took out the Quandong stone, and turning it over and over, as though trying once again to finish those last dying words left unfinished so many years ago, his thoughts fled back along memory's unforgotten vale, and a strong presentiment seemed to impel him not to leave the trinket behind, for the successful squatter was on the eve of a trip to "the Old Country," and this was his last day at Kaloola; so, detaching the stone from its chain, he screwed it securely to his watch-guard, and in a few hours more had bidden adieu to Kaloola for some time to come.

It was evening on the Marine Parade at Brighton, and a crowd of fashionably dressed people were walking up and down, or sitting listening to the music of the band. Amongst these latter was our old friend John Leslie, who had been in England some three or four months, and who now seemed absorbed in the sweet strains of Ulrich's *Good-night, my Love*, with which the musicians were closing their evening's selection; but in reality his thoughts were far away across the ocean, in the land of his adoption; and few dreamed that the sun-browned, long-bearded, middle-aged gentleman, clothed more in accordance with ideas of comfort than of fashion, and who sat there so quietly every evening, could, had it so pleased him, have bought up half the gay loungers who passed and repassed him with many a quizzical glance at the loose attire, in such striking contrast to the British fashion of the day.

Truth to tell, Leslie was beginning to long for the far-spreading plains of his Australian home once more; his was a quiet, thoughtful nature, unfitted for the gay scenes in which he had lately found himself a passive actor, and he was—save for one sister, married years ago, and now with her husband in Bermuda—alone in the world; and he thinks rather sadly, perhaps, as he walks slowly back through the crowd of fashionables to the *Imperial*, where he is staying: "And alone most likely to the end."

He had not been in his room many minutes before there came a knock at the door; and, scarcely waiting for an-

swer, in darted a very red-faced, very stout, and apparently very flurried old gentleman, who, setting his gold eye-glasses firmly on his nose, at once began: "Er—ah, Mr. Leslie, I believe? Got your number from the porter, you see—great rascal, by the way, that porter; always looks as if he wanted something, you know—then the visitors' book, and so. Yes; it's all right so far. There's the thing now!"—glancing at the old Quandong stone which still hung at Leslie's watch-chain. "I"—he went on—"that is, my name is Raby, Colonel Raby, and— Dear me, yes; must apologise, ought to have done that at first, for intrusion, and all that kind of thing; but really, you see"— And here the old gentleman paused, fairly for want of breath, his purple cheeks expanding and contracting, whilst, instead of words, he emitted a series of little puffs; and John, whilst asking him to take a seat, entertained rather strong doubts of his visitor's sanity.

"Now," said he at length, when he perceived signs that the colonel was about to recommence, "kindly let me know in what way I can be of use to you."

"Bother take the women!" ejaculated the visitor, as he recovered his breath again. "But you see, Mr. Leslie, it was all through my niece. She caught sight of that thing—funny-looking thing, too—on your chain whilst we were on the Parade this evening, and nearly fainted away—she did, sir, I do assure you, in Mrs. Raby's arms, too, sir; and if I had not got a cup of water from the drinking fountain, and poured it over her head, there would most likely have been a bit of a scene, sir, and then— We are staying in this house, you know.

We saw you come in just behind us; and so—of course it's all nonsense, but the fact is"—

"Excuse me," interrupted Leslie, who was growing impatient; "but may I ask the name of the lady—your niece, I mean?"

"My niece, sir," replied the colonel, rather ruffled at being cut short, "is known as Miss Margaret Drury; and if you will only have the kindness to convince her as to the utter absurdity of an idea which she somehow entertains that

that affair, charm, trinket, or whatever you may call it, once belonged to a brother of hers, I shall be extremely obliged to you, for really"—relapsing again—"when the women once get hold of a fad of the kind, a man's peace is clean gone, sir, I do assure you."

"I am not quite sure," remarked Leslie, smiling, "that in this case at least it will not turn out to be a 'fad.' How I became possessed of this stone, which I have every reason to believe once belonged to her brother, and which, through long years, I have held in trust for her and her mother, is quite capable of explanation, sad though the story may be. So, sir, I shall be very pleased to wait on Miss Drury as soon as may be convenient to her."

A tall, dark-robed figure, beyond the first bloom of maidenhood, but still passing fair to look upon, rose on Leslie's entrance; and he recognised at a glance the long golden hair, and calm eyes of deepest blue, of poor Drury's oft-repeated description.

Many a sob escaped his auditor as he feelingly related his sad story.

"Poor Francie," she said at last—"poor, dear Francie! And this is the old Quandong locket I gave him as a parting gift, when he left for those terrible diamond fields! A lock of my hair was in it. But how strange it seems that through all these years you have never discovered the secret of opening it. See!" and with a push on one of the stud-heads and a twist on another, a short, stout silver pin drew out, and one half of the nut slipped off, disclosing to the astonished gaze of the pair, nestling in a thick lock of golden threads finer than the finest silk, a beautiful diamond, uncut, but still, even to the unpractised eyes of Leslie, of great value.

This, then, was the secret of the Quandong stone, kept so faithfully for so long a time. This was what that dying friend and brother had tried, but tried in vain, with his last breath to disclose.

It was little wonder that Leslie's inquiries and advertisements had been ineffectual, for about the time Drury had received his last letter from home, the bank in which was the widow's modest

capital failed, and mother and daughter were suddenly plunged into poverty dire and complete. In this strait they wrote to Colonel Raby, Mrs. Drury's brother, who, to do him justice, behaved nobly, bringing them from Australia to England, and accepting them as part and parcel of his home without the slightest delay. Mrs. Drury had now been dead some years; and though letter after letter had been addressed to Francis Drury at the Cape, they had invariably returned with the discouraging indorsement, "Not to be found." The Rabys, it seemed, save for a brief interval yearly, lived a very retired kind of life on the Yorkshire wolds; still, Margaret Drury had caused many and persistent inquiries to be made as to the fate of her brother, but, till that eventful even-

ing on the Marine Parade, without being able to obtain the slightest clue.

As perhaps the reader has already divined, John Leslie was, after all, not fated to go through life's pilgrimage alone. In fair Margaret Drury he found a loving companion and devoted wife; and as, through the years of good and evil hap,

The red light fell about their knees,  
On heads that rose by slow degrees,  
Like buds upon the lily spire,

so did John Leslie more nearly realise what a rare prize he had won.

At beautiful Kaloola, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie still live happily, and the old Quandong stone, with its occupant still undisturbed, is treasured amongst their most precious relics.—*Chambers's Journal*.

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#### DE BANANA.

THE title which heads this paper is intended to be Latin, and is modelled on the precedent of the *De Amicitia*, *De Senectute*, *De Corona*, and other time-honored plagues of our innocent boyhood. It is meant to give dignity and authority to the subject with which it deals, as well as to rouse curiosity in the ingenuous breast of the candid reader, who may perhaps mistake it, at first sight, for negro-English, or for the name of a distinguished Norman family. In anticipation of the possible objection that the word "Banana" is not strictly classical, I would humbly urge the precept and example of my old friend Horace—enemy I once thought him—who expresses his approbation of those happy innovations whereby Latium was gradually enriched with a copious vocabulary. I maintain that if *Banana*, *bananæ*, &c., is not already a Latin noun of the first declension, why then it ought to be, and it shall be in future. Linnæus indeed thought otherwise. He too assigned the plant and fruit to the first declension, but handed it over to none other than our earliest acquaintance in the Latin language, *Musa*. He called the banana *Musa sapientum*. What connection he could possibly perceive between that woolly fruit and the daughters of the ægis-bearing Zeus, or why he should

consider it a proof of wisdom to eat a particularly indigestible and nightmare-begetting food-stuff, passes my humble comprehension. The muses, so far as I have personally noticed their habits, always greatly prefer the grape to the banana, and wise men shun the one at least as sedulously as they avoid the other.

Let it not for a moment be supposed, however, that I wish to treat the useful and ornamental banana with intentional disrespect. On the contrary, I cherish for it—at a distance—feelings of the highest esteem and admiration. We are so parochial in our views, taking us as a species, that I dare say very few English people really know how immensely useful a plant is the common banana. To most of us it envisages itself merely as a curious tropical fruit, largely imported at Covent Garden, and a capital thing to stick on one of the tall dessert-dishes when you give a dinner-party, because it looks delightfully foreign, and just serves to balance the pine-apple at the opposite end of the hospitable mahogany. Perhaps such innocent readers will be surprised to learn that bananas and plantains supply the principal food-stuff of a far larger fraction of the human race than that which is supported by wheaten bread. They form the veri-

table staff of life to the inhabitants of both eastern and western tropics. What the potato is to the degenerate descendant of Celtic kings; what the oat is to the kilted Highlandman; what rice is to the Bengalee, and Indian corn to the American negro, that is the muse of sages (I translate literally from the immortal Swede) to African savages and Brazilian slaves. Humboldt calculated that an acre of bananas would supply a greater quantity of solid food to hungry humanity than could possibly be extracted from the same extent of cultivated ground by any other known plant. So you see the question is no small one: to sing the praise of this Linnæan muse is a task well worthy of the Pierian muses.

Do you know the outer look and aspect of the banana plant? If not, then you have never voyaged to those delusive tropics. Tropical vegetation, as ordinarily understood by poets and painters, consists entirely of the coco-nut palm and the banana bush. Do you wish to paint a beautiful picture of a rich ambrosial tropical island *à la* Tennyson—a summer-isle of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea?—then you introduce a group of coco-nuts, whispering in odorous heights of even, in the very foreground of your pretty sketch, just to let your public understand at a glance that these are the delicious poetical tropics. Do you desire to create an ideal paradise, *à la* Bernardin de St. Pierre, where idyllic Virginies die of pure modesty rather than appear before the eyes of their beloved but unwedded Pauls in a lace-bedraped *peignoir*?—then you strike the keynote by sticking in the middle distance a hut or cottage, overshadowed by the broad and graceful foliage of the picturesque banana. ("Hut" is a poor and chilly word for these glowing descriptions, far inferior to the pretty and high-sounding original *chaumière*.) That is how we do the tropics when we want to work upon the emotions of the reader. But it is all a delicate theatrical illusion; a trick of art meant to deceive and impose upon the unwary who have never been there, and would like to think it all genuine. In reality, nine times out of ten, you might cast your eyes casually around you in any tropical valley, and if there

didn't happen to be a native cottage with a coco-nut grove and a banana patch anywhere in the neighborhood, you would see nothing in the way of vegetation which you mightn't see at home any day in Europe. But what painter would ever venture to paint the tropics without the palm trees? He might just as well try to paint the desert without the camels, or to represent St. Sebastian without a sheaf of arrows sticking unperceived in the calm centre of his unruffled bosom, to mark and emphasise his Sebastianic personality.

Still, I will frankly admit that the banana itself, with its practically almost identical relation, the plantain, is a real bit of tropical foliage. I confess to a settled prejudice against the tropics generally, but I allow the sunsets, the coco-nuts, and the bananas. The true stem creeps underground, and sends up each year an upright branch, thickly covered with majestic broad green leaves, somewhat like those of the canna cultivated in our gardens as "Indian shot," but far larger, nobler, and handsomer. They sometimes measure from six to ten feet in length, and their thick midrib and strongly marked diverging veins give them a very lordly and graceful appearance. But they are apt in practice to suffer much from the fury of the tropical storms. The wind rips the leaves up between the veins as far as the midrib in tangled tatters; so that after a good hurricane they look more like coco-nut palm leaves than like single broad masses of foliage as they ought properly to do. This, of course, is the effect of a gentle and balmy hurricane—a mere capful of wind that tears and tatters them. After a really bad storm (one of the sort when you tie ropes round your wooden house to prevent its falling bodily to pieces, I mean) the bananas are all actually blown down, and the crop for that season utterly destroyed. The apparent stem, being merely composed of the overlapping and sheathing leaf-stalks, has naturally very little stability; and the soft succulent trunk accordingly gives way forthwith at the slightest onslaught. This liability to be blown down in high winds forms the weak point of the plantain, viewed as a food-stuff crop. In the South Sea Islands, where

there is little shelter, the poor Fijian, in cannibal days, often lost his one means of subsistence from this cause, and was compelled to satisfy the pangs of hunger on the plump persons of his immediate relatives. But since the introduction of Christianity, and of a dwarf stout wind-proof variety of banana, his condition in this respect, I am glad to say, has been greatly ameliorated.

By descent, the banana bush is a developed tropical lily, not at all remotely allied to the common iris, only that its flowers and fruit are clustered together on a hanging spike, instead of growing solitary and separate as in the true irises. The blossoms, which, though pretty, are comparatively inconspicuous for the size of the plant, show the extraordinary persistence of the lily type; for almost all the vast number of species, more or less directly descended from the primitive lily, continue to the very end of the chapter to have six petals, six stamens, and three rows of seeds in their fruits or capsules. But practical man, with his eye always steadily fixed on the one important quality of edibility—the sum and substance to most people of all botanical research—has confined his attention almost entirely to the fruit of the banana. In all essentials (other than the systematically unimportant one just alluded to) the banana fruit in its original state exactly resembles the capsule of the iris—that pretty pod that divides in three when ripe, and shows the delicate orange-coated seeds lying in triple rows within—only, in the banana, the fruit does not open; in the sweet language of technical botany, it is an indehiscent capsule; and the seeds, instead of standing separate and distinct, as in the iris, are embedded in a soft and pulpy substance which forms the edible and practical part of the entire arrangement.

This is the proper appearance of the original and natural banana, before it has been taken in hand and cultivated by tropical man. When cut across the middle, it ought to show three rows of seeds, interspersed with pulp, and faintly preserving some dim memory of the dividing wall which once separated them. In practice, however, the banana differs widely from this theoretical ideal, as practice often

will differ from theory; for it has been so long cultivated and selected by man—being probably one of the very oldest, if not actually quite the oldest, of domesticated plants—that it has all but lost the original habit of producing seeds. This is a common effect of cultivation on fruits, and it is of course deliberately aimed at by horticulturists, as the seeds are generally a nuisance, regarded from the point of view of the eater, and their absence improves the fruit, as long as one can manage to get along somehow without them. In the pretty little Tangerine oranges (so ingeniously corrupted by fruiterers into mandarins), the seeds have almost been cultivated out; in the best pine-apples, and in the small grapes known in the dried state as currants, they have quite disappeared; while in some varieties of pears they survive only in the form of shrivelled, barren, and useless pippins. But the banana, more than any other plant we know of, has managed for many centuries to do without seeds altogether. The cultivated sort, especially in America, is quite seedless, and the plants are propagated entirely by suckers.

Still, you can never wholly circumvent nature. Expel her with a pitchfork, *tamen usque recurrit*. Now nature has settled that the right way to propagate plants is by means of seedlings. Strictly speaking, indeed, it is the only way; the other modes of growth from bulbs or cuttings are not really propagation, but mere reduplication by splitting, as when you chop a worm in two, and a couple of worms wriggle off contentedly forthwith in either direction. Just so when you divide a plant by cuttings, suckers, slips, or runners: the two apparent plants thus produced are in the last resort only separate parts of the same individual—one and indivisible, like the French Republic. Seedlings are absolutely distinct individuals; they are the product of the pollen of one plant and the ovules of another, and they start afresh in life with some chance of being fairly free from the hereditary taints or personal failings of either parent. But cuttings or suckers are only the same old plant over and over again in fresh circumstances, trans-



planted as it were, but not truly renovated or rejuvenescent. That is the real reason why our potatoes are now all going to—well, the same place as the army has been going ever since the earliest memories of the oldest officer in the whole service. We have gone on growing potatoes over and over again from the tubers alone, and hardly ever from seed, till the whole constitution of the potato kind has become permanently enfeebled by old age and dotage. The eyes (as farmers call them) are only buds or underground branches; and to plant potatoes as we usually do is nothing more than to multiply the apparent scions by fission. Odd as it may sound to say so, all the potato vines in a whole field are often, from the strict biological point of view, parts of a single much-divided individual. It is just as though one were to go on cutting up a single worm, time after time, as soon as he grew again, till at last the one original creature had multiplied into a whole colony of apparently distinct individuals. Yet, if the first worm happened to have the gout or the rheumatism (metaphorically speaking), all the other worms into which his compound personality had been divided would doubtless suffer from the same complaints throughout the whole of their joint lifetimes.

The banana, however, has very long resisted the inevitable tendency to degeneration in plants thus artificially and unhealthily propagated. Potatoes have only been in cultivation for a few hundred years; and yet the potato constitution has become so far enfeebled by the practice of growing from the tuber that the plants now fall an easy prey to potato fungus, Colorado beetles, and a thousand other persistent enemies. It is just the same with the vine—propagated too long by layers or cuttings, its health has failed entirely, and it can no longer resist the ravages of the phylloxera or the slow attacks of the vine-disease fungus. But the banana, though of very ancient and positively immemorial antiquity as a cultivated plant, seems somehow gifted with an extraordinary power of holding its own in spite of long-continued unnatural propagation. For thousands of years it has been grown in Asia in the seedless condition, and yet it springs as heartily as

ever still from the underground suckers. Nevertheless, there must in the end be some natural limit to this wonderful power of reproduction, or rather of longevity; for, in the strictest sense, the banana bushes that now grow in the negro gardens of Trinidad and Demerara are part and parcel of the very same plants which grew and bore fruit a thousand years ago in the native compounds of the Malay Archipelago.

In fact, I think there can be but little doubt that the banana is the very oldest product of human tillage. Man, we must remember, is essentially by origin a tropical animal, and wild tropical fruits must necessarily have formed his earliest food-stuffs. It was among them of course that his first experiments in primitive agriculture would be tried; the little insignificant seeds and berries of cold northern regions would only very slowly be added to his limited stock in husbandry, as circumstances pushed some few outlying colonies northward and ever northward toward the chillier unoccupied regions. Now, of all tropical fruits, the banana is certainly the one that best repays cultivation. It has been calculated that the same area which will produce thirty-three pounds of wheat or ninety-nine pounds of potatoes will produce 4,400 pounds of plantains or bananas. The cultivation of the various varieties in India, China, and the Malay Archipelago dates, says De Candolle, "from an epoch impossible to realise." Its diffusion, as that great but very oracular authority remarks, may go back to a period "contemporary with or even anterior to that of the human races." What this remarkably illogical sentence may mean I am at a loss to comprehend; perhaps M. de Candolle supposes that the banana was originally cultivated by pre-human gorillas; perhaps he merely intends to say that before men began to separate they sent special messengers on in front of them to diuse the banana in the different countries they were about to visit. Even legend retains some trace of the extreme antiquity of the species as a cultivated fruit, for Adam and Eve are said to have reclined under the shadow of its branches, whence Linnæus gave to the sort known as the plantain the Latin name of *Musa paradisiaca*. If a plant

was cultivated in Eden by the grand old gardener and his wife, as Lord Tennyson democratically styled them (before his elevation to the peerage), we may fairly conclude that it possesses a very respectable antiquity indeed.

The wild banana is a native of the Malay region, according to De Candolle, who has produced by far the most learned and unreadable work on the origin of domestic plants ever yet written. (Please don't give me undue credit for having heroically read it through out of pure love of science: I was one of its unfortunate reviewers.) The wild form produces seed, and grows in Cochinchina, the Philippines, Ceylon, and Khasia. Like most other large tropical fruits, it no doubt owes its original development to the selective action of monkeys, hornbills, parrots, and other big fruit-eaters; and it shares with all fruits of similar origin one curious tropical peculiarity. Most northern berries, like the strawberry, the raspberry, the currant, and the blackberry, developed by the selective action of small northern birds, can be popped at once into the mouth and eaten whole; they have no tough outer rind or defensive covering of any sort. But big tropical fruits, which lay themselves out for the service of large birds or monkeys, have always hard outer coats, because they could only be injured by smaller animals, who would eat the pulp without helping in the dispersion of the useful seeds, the one object really held in view by the mother plant. Often, as in the case of the orange, the rind even contains a bitter, nauseous, or pungent juice, while at times, as in the pineapple, the prickly pear, the sweet-sop, and the cherimoyer, the entire fruit is covered with sharp projections, stinging hairs, or knobby protuberances, on purpose to warn off the unauthorised depredator. It was this line of defence that gave the banana in the first instance its thick yellow skin; and looking at the matter from the epicure's point of view, one may say roughly that all tropical fruits have to be skinned before they can be eaten. They are all adapted for being cut up with a knife and fork, or dug out with a spoon, on a civilised dessert-plate. As for that most delicious of Indian fruits, the mango, it has been

well said that the only proper way to eat it is over a tub of water, with a couple of towels hanging gracefully across the side.

The varieties of the banana are infinite in number, and, as in most other plants of ancient cultivation, they shade off into one another by infinitesimal gradations. Two principal sorts, however, are commonly recognised—the true banana of commerce, and the common plantain. The banana proper is eaten raw, as a fruit, and is allowed accordingly to ripen thoroughly before being picked for market; the plantain, which is the true food-stuff of all the equatorial region in both hemispheres, is gathered green and roasted as a vegetable, or, to use the more expressive West Indian negro phrase, as a bread-kind. Millions of human beings in Asia, Africa, America, and the islands of the Pacific Ocean live almost entirely on the mild and succulent but tasteless plantain. Some people like the fruit; to me personally it is more suggestive of a very flavorless over-ripe pear than of anything else in heaven or earth or the waters that are under the earth—the latter being the most probable place to look for it, as its taste and substance are decidedly watery. Baked dry in the green state “it resembles roasted chestnuts,” or rather baked parsnip; pulped and boiled with water it makes “a very agreeable sweet soup,” almost as nice as peasoup with brown sugar in it; and cut into slices, sweetened, and fried, it forms “an excellent substitute for fruit pudding,” having a flavor much like that of potatoes *à la maître d'hôtel* served up in treacle.

Altogether a fruit to be sedulously avoided, the plantain, though millions of our spiritually destitute African brethren haven't yet for a moment discovered that it isn't every bit as good as wheaten bread and fresh butter. Missionary enterprise will no doubt before long enlighten them on this subject, and create a good market in time for American flour and Manchester piece-goods.

Though by origin a Malayan plant, there can be little doubt that the banana had already reached the mainland of America and the West India Islands long before the voyage of Columbus. When Pizarro disembarked upon the coast of Peru on his desolating expedition, the

mild-eyed, melancholy, doomed Peruvians flocked down to the shore and offered him bananas in a lordly dish. Beds composed of banana leaves have been discovered in the tombs of the Incas, of date anterior, of course, to the Spanish conquest. How did they get there? Well, it is clearly an absurd mistake to suppose that Columbus discovered America; as Artemus Ward pertinently remarked, the noble Red Indian had obviously discovered it long before him. There had been intercourse of old, too, between Asia and the Western Continent; the elephant-headed god of Mexico, the debased traces of Buddhism in the Aztec religion, the singular coincidences between India and Peru, all seem to show that a stream of communication, however faint, once existed between the Asiatic and American worlds. Garcilaso himself, the half-Indian historian of Peru, says that the banana was well known in his native country before the conquest, and that the Indians say "its origin is Ethiopia." In some strange way or other, then, long before Columbus set foot upon the low sandbank of Cat's Island, the banana had been transported from Africa or India to the Western hemisphere.

If it were a plant propagated by seed, one would suppose that it was carried across by wind or waves, wafted on the feet of birds, or accidentally introduced in the crannies of drift timber. So the coco-nut made the tour of the world ages before either of the famous Cooks—the Captain or the excursion agent—had rendered the same feat easy and practicable; and so, too, a number of American plants have fixed their home in the tarns of the Hebrides or among the lonely bogs of Western Galway. But the banana must have been carried by man, because it is unknown in the wild state in the Western Continent; and, as it is practically seedless, it can only have been transported entire, in the form of a root or sucker. An exactly similar proof of ancient intercourse between the two worlds is afforded us by the sweet potato, a plant of undoubted American origin, which was nevertheless naturalised in China as early as the first centuries of the Christian era. Now that we all know how the Scandinavians of the eleventh century went to

Massachusetts, which they called Vine-land, and how the Mexican empire had some knowledge of Acadian astronomy, people are beginning to discover that Columbus himself was after all an egregious humbug.

In the old world the cultivation of the banana and the plantain goes back, no doubt, to a most immemorial antiquity. Our Aryan ancestor himself, Professor Max Müller's especial *protégé*, had already invented several names for it, which duly survive in very classical Sanskrit. The Greeks of Alexander's expedition saw it in India, where "sages reposed beneath its shade and ate of its fruit, whence the botanical name, *Musa sapientum*." As the sages in question were lazy Brahmans, always celebrated for their immense capacity for doing nothing, the report, as quoted by Pliny, is no doubt an accurate one. But the accepted derivation of the word *Musa* from an Arabic original seems to me highly uncertain; for Linnæus, who first bestowed it on the genus, called several other allied genera by such cognate names as *Urania* and *Heliconia*. If, therefore, the father of botany knew that his own word was originally Arabic, we cannot acquit him of the high crime and misdemeanor of deliberate punning. Should the Royal Society get wind of this, something sericus would doubtless happen; for it is well known that the possession of a sense of humor is absolutely fatal to the pretensions of a man of science.

Besides its main use as an article of food, the banana serves incidentally to supply a valuable fibre, obtained from the stem, and employed for weaving into textile fabrics and making paper. Several kinds of the plantain tribe are cultivated for this purpose exclusively, the best known among them being the so-called manilla hemp, a plant largely grown in the Philippine Islands. Many of the finest Indian shawls are woven from banana stems, and much of the rope that we use in our houses comes from the same singular origin. I know nothing more strikingly illustrative of the extreme complexity of our modern civilisation than the way in which we thus every day employ articles of exotic manufacture in our ordinary life without ever for a moment suspecting or in-

quiring into their true nature. What lady knows when she puts on her delicate wrapper, from Liberty's or from Swan and Edgar's, that the material from which it is woven is a Malayan plantain stalk? Who ever thinks that the glycerine for our chapped hands comes from Travancore coco-nuts, and that the pure butter supplied us from the farm in the country is colored yellow with Jamaican annatto? We break a tooth, as Mr. Herbert Spencer has pointed out, because the grape-curers of Zante are not careful enough about excluding small stones from their stock of currants; and we suffer from indigestion because the Cape wine-grower has doctored his light Burgundies with Brazilian logwood and white rum, to make them taste like Portuguese port. Take merely this very question of dessert, and how intensely complicated it really is. The West Indian bananas keep company with sweet St. Michaels from the Azores, and with Spanish cobnuts from Barcelona. Dried fruits from Metz, figs from Smyrna, and dates from Tunis lie side by side on our table with Brazil nuts and guava jelly and damson cheese and almonds and raisins. We forget where everything comes from nowadays, in our general consciousness that they all come from the Queen Victoria Street Stores, and any real knowledge of common objects is rendered every day more and more impossible by the bewildering complexity and variety, every day increasing, of the common objects themselves, their substitutes, adulterates, and spurious imitations. Why, you probably never heard of manilla hemp before, until this very minute, and yet you have been familiarly using it all your lifetime, while 400,000 hundredweights of that useful article are annually imported into this country alone. It is an interesting study to take any day a list of market quotations, and ask oneself about every material quoted, what it is and what they do with it.

For example, can you honestly pretend that you really understand the use and importance of that valuable object of everyday demand, fustic? I remember an ill-used telegraph clerk in a tropical colony once complaining to me that English cable operators were so disgracefully ignorant about this important

staple as invariably to substitute for its name the word "justice" in all telegrams which originally referred to it. Have you any clear and definite notions as to the prime origin and final destination of a thing called jute, in whose sole manufacture the whole great and flourishing town of Dundee lives and moves and has its being? What is turmeric? Whence do we obtain vanilla? How many commercial products are yielded by the orchids? How many totally distinct plants in different countries afford the totally distinct starches lumped together in grocers' lists under the absurd name of arrowroot? When you ask for sago do you really see that you get it? and how many entirely different objects described as sago are known to commerce? Define the use of partridge canes and cohune oil. What objects are generally manufactured from tucum? Would it surprise you to learn that English door-handles are commonly made out of coquilla nuts? that your wife's buttons are turned from the indurated fruit of the Tagua palm? and that the knobs of umbrellas grew originally in the remote depths of Guatemalan forests? Are you aware that a plant called manioc supplies the starchy food of about one-half the population of tropical America? These are the sort of inquiries with which a new edition of "Mangnall's Questions" would have to be filled; and as to answering them—why, even the pupil-teachers in a London Board School (who represent, I suppose, the highest attainable level of human knowledge) would often find themselves completely nonplussed. The fact is, tropical trade has opened out so rapidly and so wonderfully that nobody knows much about the chief articles of tropical growth; we go on using them in an inquiring spirit of childlike faith, much as the Jamaica negroes go on using articles of European manufacture about whose origin they are so ridiculously ignorant that one young woman once asked me whether it was really true that cotton handkerchiefs were dug up out of the ground over in England. Some dim confusion between coal or iron and Manchester piece-goods seemed to have taken firm possession of her infantile imagination.

That is why I have thought that a

treatise De Banana might not, perhaps, be wholly without its usefulness to the English magazine-reading world. After all, a food-stuff which supports hundreds of millions among our beloved tropical fellow-creatures ought to be very dear to the heart of a nation which governs (and annually kills) more black people, taken in the mass, than all the other European powers put together. We have introduced the blessings of British rule—the good and well-paid missionary, the Remington rifle, the red-cotton pocket-handkerchief, and the use of “the liquor called rum”—into so many remote corners of the tropical world that it is high time we should begin in return to learn somewhat about fetishes and fustic, Jamaica and jaggery, bananas and Buddhism. We know too little still about our colonies and dependencies. “Cape Breton an island!” cried King George’s Minister, the Duke

of Newcastle, in the well-known story, “Cape Breton an island! Why, so it is! God bless my soul! I must go and tell the King that Cape Breton’s an island.” That was a hundred years ago; but only the other day the Board of Trade placarded all our towns and villages with a flaming notice to the effect that the Colorado beetle had made its appearance at “a town in Canada called Ontario,” and might soon be expected to arrive at Liverpool by Cunard steamer. The right honorables and other high mightinesses who put forth the notice in question were evidently unaware that Ontario is a province as big as England, including in its borders Toronto, Ottawa, Kingston, London, Hamilton, and other large and flourishing towns. Apparently, in spite of competitive examinations, the schoolmaster is still abroad in the Government offices. —*Cornhill Magazine.*

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#### TURNING AIR INTO WATER.

It has not yet been done; but the following telegrams, received on the 9th and 16th of April, 1883, from Cracow, by the Paris Academy of Sciences, show that chemists have come very near doing it. “Oxygen completely liquefied; the liquid colorless like carbonic acid.” “Nitrogen liquefied by explosion; liquid colorless.” Thus the two elements that make up atmospheric air have actually been liquefied, the successful operator being a Pole, Wroblewski, who had worked in the laboratory of the French chemist, Cailletet, learnt his processes, copied his apparatus, and then, while Cailletet, who owns a great iron-foundry down in Burgundy, was looking after his furnaces, went off to Poland, and quietly finished what his master had for years been trying after. Hence heart-burnings, of which more anon, when we have followed the chase up to the point where Cailletet took it up. I use this hunting metaphor, for the liquefaction of gases has been for modern chemists a continual chase, as exciting as the search for the philosopher’s stone was to the old alchemists.

Less than two hundred and fifty years ago, no one knew anything about gas of

any kind. Pascal was among the first who guessed that air was “matter” like other things, and therefore pressed on the earth’s surface with a weight proportioned to its height. Torricelli had made a similar guess two years before, in 1645. But Pascal proved that these guesses were true by carrying a barometer to the top of the Puy de Dôme near Clermont. Three years after, Otto von Guericke invented the air-pump, and showed at Magdeburg his grand experiment—eight horses pulling each way, unable to detach the two hemispheres of a big globe out of which the air had been pumped. Then Mariotte in France, and Boyle in England, formulated the “Law,” which the French call Mariotte’s, the English Boyle’s, that gases are compressible, and that their bulk diminishes in proportion to the pressure. But electricity with its wonders threw pneumatics into the background; and, till Faraday, nothing was done in the way of verifying Boyle’s Law except by Van Marum, a Haarlem chemist, who, happening to try whether the Law applied to gaseous ammonia, was astonished to find that under a pressure of six atmospheres that gas was suddenly changed

into a colorless liquid. On Van Marum's experiment Lavoisier based his famous generalisation that all bodies will take any of the three forms, solid, fluid, gaseous, according to the temperature to which they are subjected—i.e., that the densest rock is only a solidified vapor, and the lightest gas only a vaporised solid. Nothing came of it, however, till that wonderful bookbinder's apprentice, Faraday, happened to read Mrs. Marcet's *Conversations* while he was stitching it for binding, and thereby had his mind opened; and, managing to hear some of Sir H. Davy's lectures, wrote such a good digest of them, accompanied by such a touching letter—"Do free me from a trade that I hate, and let me be your bottle-washer"—that the good-hearted Cornishman took the poor blacksmith's son, then twenty-one years old, after eight years of book-stitching, and made him his assistant, "keeping him in his place," nevertheless, which, for an assistant in those days, meant feeding with the servants, except by special invitation.

This was in 1823, and next year Faraday had liquefied chlorine, and soon did the same for a dozen more gases, among them protoxide of nitrogen, to liquefy which, at a temperature of fifty degrees Fahrenheit, was needed a pressure of sixty atmospheres—sixty times the pressure of the air—i.e., nine hundred pounds on every square inch. Why, the strongest boilers, with all their thickness of iron, their rivets, their careful hammering of every plate to guard against weak places, are only calculated to stand about ten atmospheres; no wonder then that Faraday, with nothing but thick glass tubes, had thirteen explosions, and that a fellow-experimenter was killed while repeating one of his experiments. However, he gave out his "Law," that any gas may be liquefied if you put pressure enough on it. That "if" would have left matters much where they were had not Bussy, in 1824, argued: "Liquid is the middle state between gaseous and solid. Cold turns liquids into solids; therefore, probably cold will turn gases into liquids." He proved this for sulphurous acid, by simply plunging a bottle of it in salt and ice; and it is by combining the two, cold and pressure, that all subsequent

results have been attained. How to produce cold, then, became the problem; and one way is by making steam. You cannot get steam without borrowing heat from something. Water boils at two hundred and twelve degrees Fahrenheit, and then you may go on heating and heating till one thousand degrees more heat have been absorbed before steam is formed. The thermometer, meanwhile, never rises above two hundred and twelve degrees, all this extra heat becoming what is called latent, and is probably employed in keeping asunder the particles which when closer together form water. The greater the expansive force, the more heat becomes latent or used up in this way. This explains the paradox that, while the steam from a kettle-spout scalds you, you may put your hand with impunity into the jet discharged from a high-pressure engine. The high-pressure steam, expanding rapidly when it gets out of confinement, uses up all its heat (makes it all "latent") in keeping its particles distinct. It is the same with all other vapors: in expanding they absorb heat, and, therefore, produce cold; and, therefore, as many substances turn into steam at far lower temperatures than water does, this principle of "latent heat," invented by Black, and, after long rejection, accepted by chemists, has been very helpful in the liquefying of gases by producing cold.

The simplest ice-machine is a hermetically-sealed bottle connected with an air-pump. Exhaust the air, and the water begins to boil and to grow cold. As the air is drawn off, the water begins to freeze; and if—by an ingenious device—the steam that it generates is absorbed into a reservoir of sulphuric acid, or any other substance which has a great affinity for watery vapor, a good quantity of ice is obtained. This is the practical use of liquefying gases; naturally, they all boil at temperatures much below that of the air, in which they exist in the vaporised state that follows after boiling. Take, therefore, your liquefied gas; let it boil and give off its steam. This steam, absorbing by its expansion all the surrounding heat, may be used to make ice, to cool beer-cellars, to keep meat fresh all the way from New Zealand, or—as has been largely done at

Suez—to cool the air in tropical countries. Put pressure enough on your gas to turn it into a liquid state, at the same time carrying away by a stream of water the heat that it gives off in liquefying. Let this liquid gas into a "refrigerator," where it boils and steams, and draws out the heat; and then by a sucking-pump drive it again into the compressor, and let the same process go on ad infinitum, no fresh material being needed, nothing, in fact, but the working of the pump. Sulphurous acid is a favorite gas, ammonia is another; and—besides the above practical uses—they have been employed in a number of startling experiments.

Perhaps the strangest of these is getting a bar of ice out of a red-hot platinum crucible. The object of using platinum is simply to resist the intense heat of the furnace in which the crucible is placed. Pour in sulphurous acid and then fill up with water. The cold raised by vaporising the acid is so intense that the water will freeze into a solid mass. Indeed, the temperature sometimes goes down to more than eighty degrees below freezing. A still more striking experiment is that resulting from the liquefying of nitrous oxide—protoxide of nitrogen, or laughing-gas. This gas needs, as was said, great pressure to liquefy it at an ordinary temperature. At freezing point only a pressure of thirty atmospheres is needed to liquefy it. It then boils if exposed to the air, radiating cold—or, rather, absorbing heat—till it falls to a temperature low enough to freeze mercury. But it still, wonderful to say, retains the property which, alone of all the gases, it shares with oxygen—of increasing combustion. A match that is almost extinguished burns up again quite brightly when thrust into a bag of ordinary laughing-gas; while a bit of charcoal, with scarcely a spark left in it, glows to the intensest white heat when brought in contact with this same gas in its liquid form, so that you have the charcoal at, say, two thousand degrees Fahrenheit, and the gas at some one hundred and fifty degrees below zero. Carbonic acid gas is just the opposite of nitrous oxide, in that it quenches fire and destroys life; but, when liquefied, it develops a like intense cold. Liquefy it and collect it under

pressure, in strong cast-iron vessels, and then suddenly open a tap and allow the vapor to escape. In expanding, it grows so cold—or, strictly speaking, absorbs, makes latent, so much heat—that it produces a temperature low enough to turn it into fog and then into frozen fog, or snow. This snow can be gathered in iron vessels, and mixed with either it forms the strongest freezing mixture known, turning mercury into something like lead, so that you can beat the frozen metal with wooden mallets and can mould it into medals and such-like.

Amid these and such-like curious experiments, we must not forget the "Law" that the state of a substance depends on its temperature—solid when it is frozen hard enough, liquid under sufficient pressure, gaseous when free from pressure and at a sufficiently high temperature. But though first Faraday, and then the various inventors of refrigerating-machines—Carré, Tellier, Natterer, Thilorier—succeeded in liquefying so many gases, hydrogen and the two elements of the atmosphere resisted all efforts. By plunging oxygen in the sea, to the depth of a league, it was subjected to a pressure of four hundred atmospheres, but there was no sign of liquefaction. Again, Berthelot fastened a tube, strong and very narrow, and full of air, to a bulb filled with mercury. The mercury was heated until its expansion subjected the air to a pressure of seven hundred and eighty atmospheres—all that the glass could stand—but the air remained unchanged. Cailletet managed to get one thousand pressures by pumping mercury down a long, flexible steel tube upon a very strong vessel, full of air; but nothing came of it, except the bursting of the vessel, nor was there any more satisfactory result in the case of hydrogen.

One result, at any rate, was established—that there is no law of compression like that named after Boyle or Mariotte, but that every gas behaves in a way of its own, without reference to any of the others, each having its own "critical point" of temperature, at which, under a certain pressure, it is neither liquid nor gaseous, but on the border-land between the two, and will remain in this condition so long as the temperature re-

mains the same. Hence, air being just in this state of gaseo-liquid, the first step towards liquefying it must be to lower its temperature, and so get rid of its vapor by increasing its density. The plan adopted, both by Cailletet in Paris, and by Raoul Pictet (heir of a great scientific name) in Geneva, was to lower the temperature by letting off high-pressure steam. This had been so successful in the case of carbonic acid gas as to turn the vapor into snow; and in 1877 Cailletet pumped oxygen into a glass tube, until the pressure was equal to three hundred atmospheres. He then cooled it to four degrees Fahrenheit below zero, and, opening a valve, let out a jet of gaseous vapor, which, while expanding, caused intense cold, lowering the temperature some three hundred degrees, and turning the jet of vapor into fog. Here, then, was a partial liquefaction, and the same was effected in the case of nitrogen. Pictet did much the same thing. Having set up at Geneva a great ice-works (his refrigerating agency being sulphurous acid in a boiling state), he had all the necessary apparatus, and was able to subject oxygen to a pressure of three hundred and twenty atmospheres, and by means of carbonic acid boiling in vacuo, to cool the vessel containing it down to more than two hundred degrees Fahrenheit below zero. He could not watch the condition in which the gas was; but it was probably liquefied, for, when a valve was suddenly opened, it began to bubble furiously, and rushed out in the form of steam. Pictet thought he had also succeeded in liquefying hydrogen, the foggy vapor of the jet being of a steely grey color; for hydrogen has long been suspected to be a metal, of which water is an oxide, and hydrochloric acid a chloride. Nay, some solid fragments came out with the jet of vapor, and fell like small shot on the floor, and at first the sanguine experimenter thought he had actually solidified the lightest of all known substances. This, however, was a mistake; it was some portion of his apparatus which had got melted. Neither had the liquefaction of oxygen or nitrogen been actually witnessed, though the result had been seen in the jet of foggy vapor.

Cailletet was on the point of trying

his experiment over again in vacuo, so as to get a lower temperature, when the telegrams from Wroblewski showed that the Pole had got the start of him. Along with a colleague, Obszewski, Cailletet's disloyal pupil set ethylene boiling in vacuo, and so brought the temperature down to two hundred and seventy degrees Fahrenheit below zero. This was the lowest point yet reached, and it was enough to turn oxygen into a liquid a little less dense than water, having its "critical point" at about one hundred and sixty-eight degrees Fahrenheit below zero. A few days after, nitrogen was liquefied by the same pair of experimenters, under greater atmospheric pressure at a somewhat higher temperature.

The next thing is to naturally ask: What is the use of all this? That remains to be proved. The most unlikely chemical truths have often brought about immense practical results. All that we can as yet say is, that there is now no exception to the law that matter of all kinds is capable of taking the three forms, solid, aqueous, gaseous.

The French savans are not content with saying this. They are very indignant at Wroblewski stealing Cailletet's crown just as it was going to be placed on the Frenchman's head. It was sharp practice, for all that a scientific discoverer has to look to is the fame which he wins among men. The Academy took no notice of the interloping Poles, but awarded to Cailletet the Lacaze Prize, their secretary, M. Dumas, then lying sick at Cannes, expressing their opinion in the last letter he ever wrote. "It is Cailletet's apparatus," says M. Dumas, "which enabled the others to do what he was on the point of accomplishing. He, therefore, deserves the credit of invention; the others are merely clever and successful manipulators. What has been done is a great fact in the history of science, and it will link the name of Cailletet with those of Lavoisier and Faraday." So far M. Dumas, who might, one fancies, have said something for Pictet, only a fortnight behind Cailletet in the experiment which practically liquefied oxygen. His case is quite different from Wroblewski's, for he and Cailletet had been working quite independently, just as



Leverrier and Adams had been when both discovered the new planet Neptune. Such coincidences so often happen when the minds of men are turned to the same subject. Well, the scientific world is satisfied now that the elements of air can be liquefied; but I want to see the air itself liquefied, as what it is—a mechanical, not a chemi-

cal compound. For from such liquefaction, one foresees a great many useful results. You might carry your air about with you to the bottom of mines or up in balloons; you might even, perhaps, store up enough by-and-by to last for a voyage to the moon.—*All the Year Round.*

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### THE HEALTH AND LONGEVITY OF THE JEWS.

BY P. KIRKPATRICK PICARD, M.D., M.R.C.S.

In these days, when sanitation claims a large share of attention, and when questions relating to the public health are canvassed and discussed on all sides, it may be of service to ask what lessons are to be learned from the diet, habits, and customs of the Jews. It is not generally known that their health and longevity are superior to those of other races, a fact which has been noted by careful observers from early times in this and other countries. An experiment, extending over thousands of years, has been made as to the sanitary value of certain laws in the Mosaic code. The test has been applied in the most rigid way, and if it had failed at any period in their eventful history, their name alone, like that of the Assyrian and Babylonian, would have remained to testify to their existence as a nation. The three deadly enemies of mankind—war, famine, and pestilence—have at times been let loose upon them. They have stood firm as a rock against the crushing power of oppression, when exercised at the call of political or religious antipathy. They have been pursued with relentless persecution, from city to city, and from one country to another, in the name of our holy religion. Restricted as to their trade, singled out to bear the burden of special taxation, confined in the most miserable and unhealthy quarters of the towns where they were permitted to dwell, living in the constant fear of robbery without redress, of violence without succor, of poverty without relief, of assaults against their persons, honor, and religion without hope of protection; in spite of woe after woe coming upon them, like the

waves of a pitiless sea, they have not been broken to pieces and swallowed up, leaving not a wreck behind. No other race has had the fiery trials that they have gone through, yet, like the three Hebrew youths in the furnace, the smell of fire is not found on them. Today their bodily vigor is unequalled, and their moral and mental qualities are unsurpassed.

How has it happened that, after being compassed about for centuries with so many troubles, they have at the present time all the requisites that go to form a great nation, and are, in numbers, energy, and resources, on a level with their forefathers in the grandest period of their history? It is not enough to say that all this has come to pass according to the will of God, and that their continued existence is owing to His intervention on their behalf. No doubt it is a miracle in the sense that it is contrary to all human experience, for no other nation has lived through such perilous times of hardship and privation. But as it was in the wilderness so it has been in all their wanderings down the stream of time; the miracle was supplemented by the use of means, without which God's purpose regarding them would have failed. The blessing of long life and health, promised to them by the mouth of Moses, has not been withheld. Several texts might be quoted, but one will suffice. In Deuteronomy iv. 40, we read, "Thou shalt keep therefore his statutes, and his commandments, that it may go well with thee, and with thy children after thee, and that thou mayest prolong thy days upon the earth, which the Lord thy God giveth thee, for

ever." With a promise so rich with blessing, conditional on their obedience, they have through all the ages been monuments of God's faithfulness, and are to this day in the enjoyment of its advantages.

The following statistics, for which I am indebted to the kindness of Dr. A. Cohen, who has collected them from different sources, will serve to prove their superiority in respect of health and longevity. In the town of Fürth, according to Mayer, the average duration of life amongst the Christians was 26 years, and amongst the Jews 37 years. During the first five years of childhood the Christian death-rate was 14 per cent. and the Jewish was 10 per cent. The same proportion of deaths, it is said, exists in London. Neufville has found that in Frankfort the Jews live eleven years longer than the Christians, and that of those who reach the age of 70 years 13 are Christians and 27 are Jews. In Prussia, from 1822 to 1840, it has been ascertained that the Jewish population increased by  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. more than the Christian, there being 1 birth in 28 of the Jews to 1 in 25 of the Christians, and 1 death in 40 of the Jews to 1 in 34 of the Christians.

These data are sufficient to verify the statement that the Jews are endowed with better health and greater longevity than Christians. It will therefore be inferred that some peculiarity exists which gives them more power of resisting disease, and renders them less susceptible to its influence. In virtue of this property their constitution readily accommodates itself to the demands of a climate which may be too severe for other non-indigenous races. Take as an example the statistics of the town of Algiers in 1856. Crebassa gives the following particulars—Of Europeans there were 1,234 births and 1,553 deaths; of Mussulmans 331 births and 514 deaths; of Jews 211 births and 187 deaths. These numbers afford a remarkable illustration of the "survival of the fittest."

Their unusual freedom from disease of particular kinds has been often noticed, and amounts nearly to immunity from certain prevalent maladies, such as those of the scrofulous and tuberculous type, which are answerable for about a fifth of the total mortality. Their com-

parative safety in the midst of destructive epidemics has often been the subject of comment, and was formerly used as evidence against them, on the malicious charge of disseminating disease. At the present day, and in consonance with the spirit of the age, the matter has come within the scope of the scientific inquirer, with the view of ascertaining the cause of this exceptional condition.

A peculiarity of this sort must lie in the nature of things in the distinctive character of their food, habits, and customs. Their more or less strict adherence to the requirements of the Mosaic law, and to the interpretation of it given in the Talmud, are familiar to all who come in contact with them. To this code we must therefore look for an explanation of the facts under review; and here it may be stated that no prominence is given to one set of laws over another. They all begin with the formula, "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying," thus making no difference in point of importance between the laws of worship and those of health. These latter, therefore, carried with them the sanctions of religion, and were as much a matter of obligation as any other religious duty. It will thus be easily seen how the interweaving of the several laws relating to health and worship had the effect of giving equal permanence to both, so that as long as the one was observed the other would be in force. Though many of the details might appear arbitrary, a fuller knowledge of sanitary science has revealed a meaning not recorded in the sacred text. Moses, who was versed in all the learning of the Egyptians, was evidently acquainted with the laws of health, which he embodied in his code under divine direction. Those who are firm believers in the inspiration of the Scriptures will have no difficulty in believing that principles, given by God for the preservation of the health of the Israelite in olden times, and to which he is still obedient with great apparent benefit, are likely to be beneficial in their effect on the general community. Truths of this kind are like the laws of nature, universally applicable. They never grow old by lapse of time or effete by force of circumstances.

This part of the Mosaic code is mainly concerned with details relating to food, cleanliness, the prevention of disease, and the disinfection of diseased persons and things. The Jews observe in eating flesh-food the great primary law, which was given to Noah after the Flood (Gen. ix. 4): "But the flesh with the life thereof, which is the blood thereof, shall ye not eat." It was enforced in the Mosaic dispensation (Lev. xvii. 10), under the penalty of being cut off for disobedience, and in the Christian era was confirmed at the Council of Jerusalem (Acts xv. 20), when the Apostle James, as president, gave sentence that the Gentiles who are turned to God should abstain from blood. To this day the animal (whether beast or bird) is killed with a sharp knife in such a way that the large bloodvessels in the neck discharge the blood most freely, and so drain the flesh to the utmost extent possible, and as an additional precaution the veins, which in certain places are difficult to empty, are removed before the part can be used as food; so that it would appear every needful measure is adopted to prevent the ingestion of the forbidden fluid. On this account game that is shot is not eaten by the orthodox Jew, as the blood is retained by that mode of death.

Before the slain animal is pronounced kosher, or fit for food, a careful search is made by experts for any evidence of disease. These men have to satisfy the Shechita Board, which takes cognisance of these matters, that they have a competent knowledge of morbid structures before being authorised to affix the official seal, without which no meat is considered wholesome. That this practice is far from being unnecessary may be gathered from the fact that in a recent half-yearly report presented to the board the following particulars occur:—Oxen slain, 12,473, kosher, 7,649; calves slain, 2,146, kosher, 1,569; sheep slain, 23,022, kosher, 14,580. These numbers show that out of 37 beasts slain 14 were rejected as unsound, and not allowed to be eaten by the Jew. The less-favored Christian, not being under such dietary restrictions, would have no hesitation in buying and consuming this condemned meat. It is even alleged that a larger proportion of diseased ani-

mals than is here stated is exposed for sale in the Metropolitan Meat Market, and used as food by purchasers of all classes. Whether this be so or not, the fact remains that the Jewish portion of the community have the sole benefit of arrangements specially designed for the maintenance of health. This state of things demands urgent attention, and has surely a claim prior to many other subjects which occupy the time of our legislators.

The Mosaic law, in forbidding the use of blood as food, gives as the reason that the blood is the life. It follows, therefore, if the animal be unhealthy its blood may be regarded as unhealthy. But as the blood may be diseased without external or even internal evidence such as is open to common observation, the total prohibition of it obviates the risk that might otherwise be incurred.

Modern science has discovered in the circulation of diseased animals microscopic organisms of different forms, each characteristic of some particular disease. They are parasitic in their nature, growing and multiplying in the living being, though they are capable of preserving their vitality outside the body. Some, like the bacillus, which is supposed to cause tuberculosis, may even be dried without losing their vital properties, and on entering the system be able to produce the disease proper to them. Others will develop in dead organic substances, but increase more abundantly in living structures. They are very plentiful in the atmosphere of certain localities, and settling on exposed wounded surfaces, or finding their way into the lungs and effecting a lodgment in the blood and tissues, they generate, each after its kind, specific infective diseases. When the blood becomes impregnated by any special organism, a drop may suffice to propagate the disease by inoculation in another animal. The mode of entrance of these morbid germs may be by inhalation, by inoculation, and by the ingestion of poisonous particles with the food. Any person living in unhygienic circumstances, and whose system is from any cause in a condition suited for the reception of these organisms, cannot safely eat meat which may contain them in the blood. In the splenic fever of cattle, for in-

stance, which is communicable to man, these germs are exceedingly numerous, and the same may be said of the other specific febrile diseases. Eventually there is a deposit of morbid material in the tissues, where the process of development goes on till a great change in the once healthy structures is effected.

With the light derived from recent investigation we are able to understand the wisdom and foresight of the Mosaic injunction as well as appreciate its supreme importance. The Jew, like the Christian, is exposed to the inroads of disease when he breathes an infected atmosphere and eats tainted food, provided he is susceptible at the time to the morbid influence, but he is protected by a dietary rule at the point where the Christian is in danger. The Jew who conforms to the law of Moses in this particular must have a better chance of escaping the ravages of epidemics than those who are not bound by these restrictions. This hygienic maxim goes far to explain the comparative freedom of the Jewish race from the large class of blood diseases.

The examination of the carcass is also necessary with the view of determining the sound or unsound condition of the meat. At one time it was doubted that the complaints from which animals suffer could be communicated by eating their flesh, but the evidence of eminent authorities has definitely settled the question: Such bovine diseases as the several varieties of anthrax, the foot and mouth disease, and especially tuberculosis, are now believed to be transmissible through ingested meat. It has been proved that the pig fed with tuberculous flesh becomes itself tuberculous, and the inference is fair that man might acquire the disease if subjected to the same ordeal. This last disease is very common amongst animals, and is now recognised as identical with that which is so fatal to the human race. It is considered highly probable that the widespread mortality caused by this malady is due in a great degree to the consumption of the milk and meat of tuberculous animals. That the milk supply should be contaminated is a very serious affair for the young, who are chiefly fed on it. The regular inspection of all dairies by skilled officials is imperatively necessary

to ward off a terrible and growing evil: just as a similar inspection of slaughter-houses is demanded in the interests of the meat-eating portion of the community.

Temperance is a noteworthy feature in the habits of the Jews. Their moderation in the use of alcoholic drinks is deserving of the highest commendation. Very rarely are they rendered unfit for business by over-indulgence in this debasing vice. In no class of Jewish society is excessive drinking practised. The poorest, in their persons, families, and homes, present a marked contrast to their Christian neighbors in the same social position. The stamp on the drunkard's face is very seldom seen on the countenance of a Jew. He is not to be found at the bar of a public-house, or hanging idly about its doors with drunken associates. His house is more attractive by reason of the thrift that forms the groundwork of his character. Domestic broils, so common an incident in the life of the hard-drinking poor, are most unusual. When work is entrusted to him insobriety does not interfere with the due and proper performance of it, hence his industry meets with its reward in the improvement of his circumstances. This habit of temperance amid abounding drunkenness, more or less excessive, is probably one of the causes of the protection afforded to him during the prevalence of some epidemic diseases, such as typhus, cholera, and other infectious fevers. His comparative freedom from the ravages of these terrible complaints has been chronicled by observers, both mediæval and modern, and is now a subject of common remark. The latest instance of this immunity is furnished by the records of the deaths from cholera in the south of France, where it is affirmed that out of a considerable Jewish population in the infected districts only seven fell victims to the disease, a fact which ought to receive more than a passing notice in the interests of humanity.

Another point that may be mentioned is the provision made by the Jewish Board of Guardians for the indigent poor. It has been said that no known Jew is allowed to die in a workhouse. When poverty, or sickness involving the

loss of his livelihood, occurs, charity steps in and bestows the help which places him above want, and tides him over his bodily or pecuniary distress. The mother is also seasonably provided with medical and other comforts when her pressing need is greatest. In this way they are saved from the diseases incidental to lack of food, and after an attack of illness are sooner restored to health than the majority of the poor, who linger on in a state of convalescence little better than the ailment itself, and often sink into permanent bad health from the scanty supply of the necessary nourishment which their exhausted frames require.

In enumerating the causes which have made the Jewish people so strong and vigorous, particular mention must be made of their observance of the Sabbath. This day was appointed for the double purpose of securing a set portion of time for the worship of God, and of affording rest to the body wearied with its six days' labors. The secularising of this holy day in the history of the French nation has demonstrated the need of a day of rest and the wisdom of its institution by a merciful Creator, even before there was a man to till the ground. Obedience to this primeval law, renewed amid the thunders of Sinai, and repeated on many subsequent occasions by Moses and the prophets, is still held by the Jews to be as strictly binding on them as any other religious obligation. Of the physical blessings derivable from keeping the Sabbath day they have had the benefit for many long centuries when other nations were sunk in heathenism and ignorant of the divine ordinance made to lighten their labors and recruit their strength. In Christian countries where the Sunday is kept sacred, or observed as a holiday, another day of rest in addition to their own Sabbath is obtained, thus fortifying them against the crushing toil and nervous strain of modern life. The loss accruing from this enforced abstinence from business worries is more than counterbalanced by the gain in nerve power with which periodical cessation from any harassing employment is compensated. This is doubtless one of the factors which have helped to invigorate both mind and body, and to develop in

them those high qualities for which they are justly distinguished.

To sum up--the longevity of the Jew is an acknowledged fact. In his surroundings he is on a par with his Christian neighbor. If the locality in which he dwells is unhealthy, he also suffers, but to a less degree. If the climate is ungenial, its influence tells on him too, but with less injurious effect. His vigorous health enables him to resist the onset of disease to which others succumb. These advantages are for the most part owing to his food, his temperate habits, and the care taken of him in sickness and poverty. No doubt he is specially fortunate in inheriting a constitution which has been built up by attention, for many centuries, to hygienic details. His meat is drained of blood, so that by that means morbid germs are not likely to be conveyed into his system. It is also most carefully inspected so as to prevent the consumption of what is unsound, hence his comparative immunity from scrofulous and tuberculous forms of disease.

How can the benefits which the Jews enjoy be shared by other races? In regard to food, whatever prejudice may stand in the way of draining the blood from the animal, it ought surely to be done when there is the least suspicion of unhealthy symptoms; but there can be no doubt about the urgent necessity for a strict supervision of our meat markets, so as to prevent the sale of diseased food. Legislation ought to make such regulations as will render impossible the continuance of an evil which, by oversight or otherwise, is dangerous to the general health. Temperance is a virtue within the reach of everybody, and is now widely practised by all classes, and the gain in improved health will soon be apparent in the lessening of ailments due to drunkenness. Charity is as much the duty of the Christian as of the Jew, and it is a dishonor to the Master whom the former professes to serve if he shuts up his bowels of compassion when the poor, who have always claims upon him, call in vain for the needed help. They ought never to be allowed to languish in sickness and poverty till the friendly hand of death brings a grateful relief to all their troubles.

The Bible is regarded by some scientists as an old-fashioned book; but its teaching in relation to hygiene, even they will confess, has not become antiquated. It must be credited with having anticipated and recorded for our instruction and profit doctrines which are now

accepted as beyond dispute in this department of knowledge. In the Mosaic law are preserved sanitary rules, the habitual observance of which by the Jew, from generation to generation, has made him superior to all other races in respect of health and longevity.—*Leisure Hour.*

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## THE HITTITES.

BY ISAAC TAYLOR.

THE reconstruction, from newly exhumed monuments, of the history of the East, has been the great work of the present century. The startling revelations arising from the decipherment of the Egyptian records were followed by results, still more surprising, afforded by the buried cities of Assyria and Babylonia, and by glimpses into the prehistoric life of Greece obtained from the excavations of Dr. Schliemann on the sites of Troy and Mycenæ. If any one will take the trouble to look into such a book as Rollin's "Ancient History," and compare it with Duncker's "History of Antiquity," or with the useful series of little volumes published by the Christian Knowledge Society under the title of "Ancient History from the Monuments," it will be possible to estimate the completeness of the reconstruction of our knowledge. Thus the legendary story of Sesostris, as recorded by Herodotus, has given place to the authentic history of the reigns of the conquering monarchs of the New Empire, Thothmes III., Seti I., and Rameses II., while the Greek romance of Sardanapalus is replaced by the contemporary annals of Assurbanipal; and, more wonderful than all, we discover that Semiramis herself was no mortal Queen of Babylon, but the celestial Queen of the Heavenly Host, the planet Venus, the morning star as she journeys from her eastern realm, the evening star as she passes onward to the west in search of her lost spouse the sun, and to be identified with the Babylonian goddess Istar, the Ashtaroth of the Bible, whose rationalized myth was handed down by Ctesias as sober history.

To these marvellous reconstructions

\* *The Empire of the Hittites.* By WILLIAM WRIGHT, B.A., D.D. James Nisbet and Co.

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another of hardly less interest and importance must now be added. The most notable archæological achievement of the last ten years has been the recovery and installation of the Hittite Empire as one of the earliest and most powerful of the great Oriental monarchies. Dr. Wright, in the opportune volume whose title stands at the head of this notice, has established a claim to have rescued from probable destruction some of the most important Hittite inscriptions; to have been the first to suggest the Hittite origin of the inscribed stones from Hamath whose discovery in 1872 excited so much speculation; and has now added to our obligations by placing before the world in a convenient form nearly the whole of the available materials bearing on the question of Hittite history and civilization.

Our readers will probably remember a signed article on the Hittites, from the pen of Dr. Wright, which appeared in this Review in 1882. This article has been expanded by its author into a goodly volume, and has been enriched with considerable additions of new and valuable material which bring it well up to the present standard of knowledge. Among these additions are facsimiles of the principal Hittite inscriptions, most of which have already appeared in the transactions of the Society of Biblical Archæology, and are now revised by Mr. Rylands; while Sir C. Wilson and Captain Conder have contributed a useful map indicating the sites where Hittite monuments have been found; and Professor Sayce adds a valuable appendix containing the results of his latest researches as to the decipherment of the Hittite script.

Till within the last twenty years all

men had been used to think of the Hittites as an obscure Canaanitish tribe, of much the same importance as the Hivites or the Perizzites, with whom it was the custom to class them. It is true that if read between the lines, as we are now able to read it, the Biblical narrative indicated that while other Canaanitish tribes were of small power and importance, and were soon exterminated or absorbed into the Hebrew nationality, the Hittites stood on altogether another footing. The Hittites are the first and the last of these tribes to appear on the scene. As early as the time of Abraham we find them lords of the soil at Hebron; and in the time of Solomon, and even of Elisha, they are a mighty people, inhabiting a region to the north of Palestine, and distinguished by the possession of numerous war chariots, then the chief sign of military power. Though we are now able to perceive that this is the true signification of the references to them in the old Testament, yet it was from the newly recovered monuments of Egypt and Assyria that the facts were actually gleaned, and it was shown that for more than a thousand years the Hittite power was comparable to that of Assyria and Egypt.

It is only by slow degrees that this result has been established. The first light came from Abusimbel, in Nubia, midway between the first and second cataracts of the Nile, where Rameses II., the most magnificent of the Egyptian kings, at a time when the Hebrews were still toiling in Egyptian bondage, caused a vast precipice of rock to be carved into a stupendous temple-cave, to whose walls he committed the annals of his reign and the records of his distant campaigns. On one of the walls of this temple is pictured a splendid battle scene, occupying a space of 57 feet by 24, and containing upwards of 1100 figures. This represents, as we learn from the hieroglyphic explanation, the great battle of Kadesh, fought with the "vile people of the Kheta"—a battle which also forms the theme of the poem of Pentaur, the oldest epic in the world, still extant in a papyrus now preserved in the British Museum. In spite of the grandiloquent boasts of these records, we gather that the battle was indecisive; that Rameses had to retire

from the siege of Kadesh, narrowly escaping with his life; the campaign being ended by the conclusion of a treaty on equal terms with the King of the Kheta—a treaty which was followed a year later, by the espousal by Rameses of a daughter of the hostile king.

About twenty years ago it was suggested by De Rougé that this powerful nation of the Kheta might probably be identified with the Khittim, or Hittites, of the Old Testament; and this conclusion, though never accepted by some eminent Egyptologists, such as Chabas and Ebers, gradually won its way into favor, and has been recently confirmed by Captain Conder's identification of the site of Kadesh, where the battle depicted on the wall at Abusimbel was fought. From other inscriptions we learn that for five hundred years the Kheta resisted with varying success the attacks of the terrible conquerors of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties, their power remaining to the last substantially unshaken. The story is now taken up by the Assyrian records, which prove that from the time of Sargon of Accad—who must be assigned to the nineteenth century B.C., if not to a much earlier period—down to the reigns of Tiglath Pileser I. (B.C., 1130), and for four hundred years afterwards, till the reigns of Assur-nazir-pal and Shalman-ezer II., the Khatti of Hamath and Carchemish were the most formidable opponents of the rising power of Assyria, their resistance being only brought to a close by the defeat of their King Pisiris, and the capture of Carchemish, their capital, in 717 B. C., by Sargon II., the king who also destroyed the monarchy of Israel by the capture of Samaria.

It seemed strange that no monuments should have been discovered belonging to a people powerful enough to withstand for twelve centuries the assaults of Egypt and Assyria. At last, in 1872, certain inscriptions from Hamath on the Orontes, in a hieroglyphic picture-writing of a hitherto unknown character, were published in Burton and Drake's "Unexplored Syria." Dr. Wright, in 1874, published an article in "The British and Foreign Evangelical Review," suggesting that these monuments were in reality records of the Hittite race. This conjecture, though much ridiculed

at the time, has gradually fought its way to universal acceptance, mainly owing to the skilful advocacy of Professor Sayce, who, in ignorance of Dr. Wright's suggestion, arrived independently at the same conclusion, and shortly afterwards identified a monument at Karabel, near Ephesus, described by Herodotus as a figure of Sesostris, as the effigy of a Hittite king. Subsequent discoveries of Hittite monuments in other parts of Asia Minor, taken in conjunction with the Biblical notices, and the Egyptian and Assyrian records, prove that at some remote period a great Hittite empire must have extended from Hebron to the Black Sea, and from the Euphrates to the Ægean; while it is now generally admitted that, to some extent, the art, the science, and the religion of prehistoric Greece must have been derived ultimately from Babylon, having been transmitted, first to the Hittite city of Carchemish, and thence to Lydia, through the Hittite realm in Asia Minor. It is now believed by many scholars of repute that the Ephesian Artemis must be identified with the great Hittite goddess Atargatis, and ultimately with the Babylonian Istar; that the Niobe of Homer, whose effigy may still be seen on Mount Sipylus, near Smyrna, was an image of Atargatis, whose armed priestesses gave rise to the Greek legend of the Amazons, a nation of female warriors; that the Euboic silver stand-

ard was based upon the mina of Carchemish; and that in all probability the characters found on Trojan whorls by Schliemann, as well as certain anoniolous letters in the Lycian alphabet, and even the mysterious Cypriote syllabary itself were simply cursive forms descended from the Hittite hieroglyphs used in the inscriptions on the pseudo-Niobe and the pseudo-Sesostris in Lydia, and pictured on the stones obtained by Dr. Wright from Hamath, and by Mr. George Smith from Carchemish.

The arguments by which scholars have been led to these conclusions, together with the existing materials on which future researches must be based, have been collected by Dr. Wright in a handy volume, which we have great pleasure in heartily commending to all students of Biblical archæology as a substantial contribution to our knowledge.

When the Turks permit the mounds at Kadesh and Carchemish, which conceal the ruined palaces and temples of the Hittite capitals, to be systematically explored, and when the Hittite writing shall be completely deciphered, we may anticipate a revelation of the earliest history of the world not inferior, possibly, in interest and importance, to those astonishing discoveries which have made known to this generation the buried secrets of Babylon, Nineveh, and Troy.—*British Quarterly Review*.

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## AUTOMATIC WRITING, OR THE RATIONALE OF PLANCHETTE.

BY FREDERICK W. H. MYERS.

AMONG all the changes which are taking place in our conceptions of various parts of the universe, there is none more profound, or at first sight more disquieting, than the change which, at the touch of Science, is stealing over our conception of *ourselves*. For each of us seems to be no longer a sovereign state but a federal union; the kingdom of our mind is insensibly dissolving into a republic. Instead of the *ens rationale* of the schoolmen, protected from irreverent treatment by its metaphysical abstraction; instead of Descartes' impalpable soul, seated bravely in its pineal gland, and ruling from that tiny fortress

body and brain alike, we have physiologist and psychologist uniting in pulling us to pieces,—in analyzing into their sensory elements our loftiest ideas,—in tracing the diseases of memory, volition, intelligence, which gradually distort us past recognition,—in showing how one may become in a moment a different person altogether, by passing through a fit of somnambulism, or receiving a smart blow on the head. Our past self, with its stores of registered experience, continually revived in memory, seems to be held to resemble a too self-conscious phonograph, which should enjoy an agreeable sense of mental effort as its



handle turned, and should preface its inevitable repetitions by some triumphant allusion to its own acumen. Our present self, this inward medley of sensations and desires, is likened to that mass of creeping things which is termed an "animal colony,"—a myriad rudimentary consciousnesses, which acquire a sort of corporate unity because one end of the amalgam has to go first and find the way.

Or one may say that the old view started from the sane mind as the normal, permanent, definite entity from which insanity was the unaccountable aberration; while in the new view it is rather sanity which needs to be accounted for; since the moral and physical being of each of us is built up from incoördination and incoherence, and the microcosm of man is but a micro-chaos held in some semblance of order by a lax and swaying hand, the wild team which a Phaeton is driving, and which must needs soon plunge into the sea. Theories like this are naturally distasteful to those who care for the dignity of man. And such readers may perhaps turn aside in impatience when I say that much of this paper will be occupied by some reasons for my belief that this analysis of human consciousness must be carried further still; that we must face the idea of concurrent streams of being, flowing alongside but unmingled within us, and with either of which our active consciousness may, under appropriate circumstances, be identified. Many people have heard, for instance, of Dr. Azam's patient, Félicité X., who passes at irregular intervals from one apparent personality into another, memory and character changing suddenly as she enters her first or her second state of being. Such cases as hers I believe to be but extreme examples of an alternation which is capable of being evoked in all of us, and which in some slight measure is going on in us every day. Our cerebral focus (to use a metaphor) often shifts slightly, and is capable of shifting far. Or let me compare my active consciousness to a steam-tug, and the ideas and memories which I summon into the field of attention to the barges which the tug tows after it. Then the concurrent streams of my being are like Arve and Rhone, contiguous but

hardly mingling their blue and yellow waves. I tug my barges down the Rhone, my consciousness is a *blue* consciousness, but the tail barge swings into the Arve and back again, and brings traces of the potential *yellow* consciousness back into the blue. In Félicité's case tug and barges and all swerve suddenly from one stream into the other; the blue consciousness becomes the yellow in a moment and altogether. Transitions may be varied in a hundred ways, and it may happen that the life-streams mix together, and that there is a memory of all.

Moreover, there seems no reason to assume that our active consciousness is necessarily altogether superior to the consciousnesses which are at present secondary, or potential only. We may rather hold that *super-conscious* may be quite as legitimate a term as *sub-conscious*, and instead of regarding our consciousness (as is commonly done) as a *threshold* in our being, above which ideas and sensations must rise if we wish to cognize them, we may prefer to regard it as a *segment* of our being, into which ideas and sensations may enter either from below or from above; say a thermometric tube, marking ordinary temperatures, but so arranged that water may not only rise into it, by expansion, from the bottom, but also fall into it, by condensation, from the top.

Strange and extravagant as this doctrine may seem, I shall hope to show some ground for it in the present paper. I shall hope, at least, to show not only that our unconscious may interact with our conscious mental action in a more definite and tangible manner than is usually supposed, but also that this unconscious mental action may actually manifest the existence of a capital and cardinal faculty of which the conscious mind of the same persons at the same time is wholly devoid.

For the sake of brevity I shall select one alone out of many forms of unconscious action which may, if rightly scrutinized, afford a glimpse into the recesses of our being.\*

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\* A distinguished French *savant*, writing in the *Revue Philosophique* for December 1884, has described some ingenious experiments for detecting the indications of telepathic influence, —of the transference of thought from mind to

I shall take *automatic writing*; and I shall try, by a few examples from among the many which lie before me, to show the operation, *first*, of unconscious cerebral action of the already recognized kind, but much more complex and definite than is commonly supposed to be discernible in waking persons; and, *secondly*, of telepathic action,—of the transference, that is to say, of thoughts or ideas from the conscious or unconscious mind of one person to the conscious or unconscious mind of another person, from whence they emerge in the shape of automatically written words or sentences.

I shall be able to cover a corner only of a vast and unexplored field. I venture to think that the phenomena of automatic writing will before long claim the best attention of the physiological psychologist. They have been long neglected, and I can only conjecture that this neglect is due to the eagerness with which certain spiritualists have claimed such writings as the work of Shakespeare, Byron, and other improbable persons. The message given has too often fallen below the known grammatical level of those eminent authors, and the laugh thus raised has drowned the far more instructive question as to *whence* in reality the automatic rubbish came. Yet surely to decline to investigate "planchette" because "the trail of Katie King is over it all," is very much as though one refused to analyse the meteorite at Ephesus because the town-clerk cried loudly that it was "an image which fell down from Jupiter."

Automatic writing in its simplest form is merely a variety of the tricks of unconscious action to which, in excited moments, we are all of us prone. The surplus nervous energy escapes along some habitual channel—movements of the hand, for instance, are continued or initiated; and among such hand-movements—drumming of tunes, piano-playing, drawing, and the like—*writing* naturally holds a prominent place. There

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mind which may be afforded by the movements communicated to a table by the unconscious pressure of the sitters. Dr. Richet's investigations, though apparently suggested, in part at least, by those of the Society for Psychical Research, have followed a quite original line, with results of much interest.

is incipient graphic automatism when the nervous student scribbles Greek words on the margin of the paper on which he is striving to produce a copy of iambs. If the paper be suddenly withdrawn he will have no notion what he has written. And more, the words written will sometimes be *imaginary* words, which have needed some faint unconscious choice in order to preserve a look of real words in their arrangement of letters. A complete graphic automatism is seen in various morbid states. A man attacked by a slight epileptiform seizure while in the act of writing will sometimes continue to write a few sentences unconsciously, which, although probably nonsensical, will often be correct in spelling and grammar. Again, in the case of certain cerebral troubles, the patient will write the *wrong* word—say, "table" for "chair;"—or at least some meaningless sequence of letters, in which, however, each letter is properly formed. In each of these cases, therefore, there is graphic automatism. And they incidentally show that to write words in a sudden state of unconsciousness, or to write words against one's will, is not necessarily a proof that any intelligence is at work besides one's own.

Still further; in spontaneous somnambulism, the patient will often write long letters or essays. Sometimes these are incoherent, like a dream; sometimes they are on the level of his waking productions; sometimes they even seem to rise above it. They may contain at any rate ingenious manipulations of data known to his waking brain, as where a baffling mathematical problem is solved during sleep.

From the natural or spontaneous cases of graphic automatism let us pass on to the induced or experimental cases. I will give first a singular transitional instance, where there is no voluntary muscular action, but yet a previous exercise of expectant attention is necessary to secure the result.

My friend Mr. A., who is much interested in mental problems, has practised introspection with assiduity and care. He finds that if he fixes his attention on some given word, and then allows his hand to rest laxly in the writing attitude, his hand presently writes the word without any conscious volition

of his own; the sensation being as though the hand were moved by some power other than himself. This happens whether his eyes are open or shut, so that the gaze is not necessary to fix the attention. If he wills *not* to write, he can remove his hand and avert the action. But if he chooses a movement simpler than writing, for instance, if he holds out his open hand and strongly imagines that it will close, a kind of spasm ensues, and the hand closes, even though he exert all his voluntary force to keep it open.

It is manifest how analogous these actions are to much which in bygone times has been classed as *possession*. Mr. A. has the very sensation of being possessed,—moved from within by some agency which overrules his volition, and yet we can hardly doubt that it is merely his *unconscious* influencing his *conscious* life. The act of attention, so to say, has stamped the idea of the projected movement so strongly on his brain that the movement works itself out automatically, in spite of subsequent efforts to prevent it. The best parallel will be the case of a promise made during the hypnotic trance, which the subject is irresistibly impelled to fulfil on waking.\* From this curious transitional case we pass on to cases where no idea of the words written has passed through the writer's consciousness. It is not easy to make quite sure that this is the case, and the *modus operandi* needs some consideration.

First we have to find an automatic writer. Perhaps one person in a hundred possesses this tendency; that is, if he sits for half an hour on a dozen evenings, amid quiet surroundings and in an expectant frame of mind, with his

\* In a paper on "The Stages of Hypnotism" in *Mind* for October 1884, Mr. E. Gurney, describes an experiment where this persistent influence of an impressed idea could in a certain sense, be detected in the muscular system. "A boy's arm being flexed" (and the boy having been told that he *cannot* extend it), "he is offered a sovereign to extend it. He struggles till he is red in the face; but all the while his triceps is remaining quite flaccid, or if some rigidity appears in it, the effect is at once counteracted by an equal rigidity in the biceps. The idea of the impossibility of extension—*i. e.*, the idea of continued flexion—is thus acting itself out, even when wholly rejected from the mind."

hand on pencil or planchette. he will begin to write words which he has not consciously thought of. But if he sees the words as he writes them he will unavoidably guess at what is coming, and spoil the spontaneous flow. Some persons can avoid this by reading a book while they write, and so keeping eyes and thoughts away from the message.\* Another plan is to use a *planchette*; which is no occult instrument, but simply a thin piece of board supported on two castors, and on a third leg consisting of a pencil which just touches the paper. A planchette has two advantages over the ordinary pencil; namely, that a slighter impulse will start it, and that it is easier to write (or rather scrawl) without seeing or feeling what you are writing. These precautions, of course, are for the operator's own satisfaction; they are no proof to other people that he is not writing the words intentionally. That can only be proved to others if he writes facts demonstrably unknown to his conscious self; as in the telepathic cases to which we shall come further on. But as yet I am only giving fresh examples of a kind of mental action which physiology already recognizes: examples, moreover, which any reader who will take the requisite trouble can probably reproduce, either in his own person or in the person of some trusted friend.

I lately requested a lady whom I knew to be a careful observer, but who was quite unfamiliar with this subject, to try whether she could write with a pencil or planchette, and report to me the result. Her experience may stand as typical.

"I have tried the planchette," she writes, "and I get writing, certainly not done by my hand consciously; but it is nonsense, such as *Mebeu*. I tried holding a pencil, and all I got was *nnu* or *rerere*, then for hours together I got this: *Celen, Celen*. Whether the first letter was C or L I could never make out. Then I got *I Celen*. I was disgusted, and took a book and read while I held the pencil. Then I got *Helen*. Now note this fact: I never make H

\* M. Taine, in the preface to the later editions of his "De l'Intelligence," narrates a case of this kind, and adds, "Certainement on constate ici un dédoublement du moi; la présence simultanée de deux séries d'idées parallèles et indépendantes, de deux centres d'action, ou si l'on veut, de deux personnes morales juxtaposées dans le même cerveau."

like that (like I and C juxtaposed); I make it thus: (like a printed H). I then saw that the thing I read as *I Celen* was *Helen*, my name. For days I had only *Celen*, and never for one moment expected it meant what it did."

Now this case suggests several curious analogies. First, there is an analogy with those cases of double consciousness where the patient in the "second state" has to learn to write anew. He learns more rapidly than he learnt as a child, because the necessary adjustments do already exist in his brain, although he cannot use them in the normal manner. So here, too, the hidden other self was learning to write, but learnt more rapidly than a child learns, inasmuch as the process was now but the transference of an organized memory from one stream of the inner being to another. But, secondly, we must observe (and now I am referring to many other cases besides the case cited) that the hidden self does not learn to write just as a child learns, but rather by passing through the stages first of *atactic*, then of *amnemonic* agraphy. That is to say, first, the pencil scrawls vaguely, like the patient who cannot form a single letter; then it writes the wrong letters or the wrong words, like the patient who writes blunderingly, or chooses the letters JICMNOS for James Simmonds, JASPENOS for James Pascoe, &c.; ultimately it writes correctly, though very likely (as here, and in a case of Dr. Macnish's) the handwriting of the *secondary self*\* (if I may suggest a needed term) is different from the handwriting of the *primary*.

Once more: the constant repetition of the same word (which I have seen to continue with automatic writers even for months) is more characteristic of aphasia than of agraphy. And we may just remark in passing that vocal automatism presents the same analysis with morbid aphasia which graphic automatism presents with morbid agraphy. When the enthusiasts in Irving's church first yelled vaguely, then shouted some meaningless words many hundred times, and then

\* It is obvious that in an argument which has to thread its way amid so much of controversy and complexity, no terminology whatever can be safe from objection. In using the word *self* I do not mean to imply any theory as to the metaphysical nature of the self or ego.

gave a "trance-address," their *secondary self* (I may suggest) was attaining articulate speech through just the stages through which an aphasic patient will sometimes pass.\* The parallel is at least a curious one; and if the theory which traces the automatic speech of aphasic patients to the *right* (or less-used) cerebral hemisphere be confirmed, a singular light might be thrown on the *locus* of the second self.

But I must pass on to one more case of automatic writing, a case which I select as marking the furthest limit to which, so far as I am at present aware, pure unconscious cerebration in the waking state can go. Mr. A., whom I have already mentioned, is not usually able to get any automatic writing except (as described above) of a word on which his attention has been previously fixed. But at one period of his life, when his brain was much excited by over-study, he found that if he held a pencil and wrote *questions* the pencil would, in a feeble scrawling hand, quite unlike his own, write *answers* which he could in nowise foresee. Moreover, as will be seen, he was not only unable to foresee these answers, he was sometimes unable even to comprehend them. Many of them were anagrams—transpositions of letters which he had to puzzle over before he could get at their meaning. This makes, of course, the main importance of the case; this proof of the concurrent action of a secondary self so entirely dissociated from the primary consciousness that the questioner is almost baffled by his own automatic replies. The matter of the replies is on the usual level of automatic messages, which are apt to resemble the conversations of a capricious dream. The interest of this form of self-interrogation certainly does not lie in the wisdom of the oracle received.

"The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,  
But wonder how the devil they got there."

I abridge Mr. A.'s account, and give the *answers* in italics.

"'What is it,' said Mr. A., 'that now moves my pen?' *Religion*. 'What is religion?'

\* It is worth noticing in this connection that in one case of Brown-Séquard's an aphasic patient talked in his sleep.

*Worship.* Here arose a difficulty. Although I did not expect either of these answers, yet, when the first few letters had been written, I expected the remainder of the word. This might vitiate the result. But now, as if the intelligent wished to prove by the manner of answering, that the answer could be due to it alone, and in no part to mere expediency, my next question received a singular reply. 'Worship of what?' *Wbwbwbwb.* 'What is the meaning of wb?' *Win, buy.* 'What?' *Knowledge.* On the second day the first question was—'What is man?' *Flise.* My pen was at first very violently agitated, which had not been the case on the first day. It was quite a minute before it wrote as above. On the analogy of *wb* I proceeded: 'What does F stand for?' *Fesi.* 'L?' *Le.* 'I?' *Ivy.* 'S?' *Sir.* 'E?' *Eye.* 'Is *Fesi le ivy, sir, eye, an anagram?*' *Yes.* 'How many words in the answer?' *Four."*

Mr. A. was unable to shift these letters into an intelligible sentence, and began again on the third day with the same question :

" 'What is man?' *Tefi, Hasl, Esble, Lies.* 'Is this an anagram?' *Yes.* 'How many words in the answer?' *Five.* 'Must I interpret it myself?' *Try.* Presently I got out, *Life is the less able.* Next I tried the previous anagram, and at last obtained *Every life is yes."*

Other anagrams also were given, as *wfus yoitel* (Testify ! vow !); *ieb; iou ogf wle* (I go, vow belief !); and in reply to the question, "How shall I believe?" *neb 16 vbliy ev 86 e earf ee* (Believe by fear even ! 1866). How unlikely it is that all this was due to mere accident may be seen by any one who will take letters (the vowels and consonants roughly proportioned to the frequency of their actual use), and try to make up a series of handfuls completely into words possessing any grammatical coherence or intelligible meaning. Now in Mr. A.'s case all the *professed* anagrams were *real* anagrams (with one error of *i* for *e*); some of the sentences were real answers to the questions; and not even the absurdest sentences were wholly meaningless. In the two first given, for instance, Mr. A. was inclined to trace a reference to books lately read; the second sentence alluding to such doctrines as that "Death solves mysteries which life cannot unlock;" the first to Spinoza's tenet that all existence is affirmation of the Deity. We seem therefore to see the secondary self struggling to express abstract thought

with much the same kind of incoherence with which we have elsewhere seen it struggle to express some concrete symbol. To revert to our former parallel, we may say that "Every life is yes" bears something the same relation to a thought of Spinoza's which the letters JICMNOS bear to the name James Simmonds.

Let us consider, then, how far we have got. Mr. A. (on the view here taken) is communing with his second self, with another focus of cerebral activity within his own brain. And I imagine this other focus of personality to be capable of exhibiting about as much intelligence as one exhibits in an ordinary dream. Mr. A. awake is addressing Mr. A. asleep; and the first replies, *Religion, Worship, &c.*, are very much the kind of answer that one gets if one addresses a man who is partially comatose, or muttering in broken slumber. Such a man will make brief replies which show at least that the *words* of the question are caught, though perhaps not its meaning. In the next place, the answer *wb* must, I think, as Mr. A. suggests, be taken as an attempt to prove independent action, a confused inchoate response to the writer's fear that his waking self might be suggesting the words written. The same trick of language—abbreviation by initial letters, occurs on the second day again; and this kind of *continuity of character*, which automatic messages often exhibit, has been sometimes taken to indicate the persisting presence of an extraneous mind. But perhaps its true parallel may be found in the well-known cases of intermittent memory, where a person repeatedly subjected to certain abnormal states, as somnambulism or the hypnotic trance, carries on from one access into another a chain of recollections of which his ordinary self knows nothing.

In Mr. A.'s case, however, some persons might think that the proof of an independent intelligence went much further than this; for his hand wrote anagrams which his waking brain took an hour or more to unriddle. And certainly there could hardly be a clearer proof that the answers did not pass through the writer's primary consciousness; that they proceeded, if from himself at all, from a secondary self such as

I have been describing. But further than this we surely need not go. The answers contain no unknown facts, no new materials, and there seems no reason *à priori* why the dream-self should not puzzle the waking self; why its fantastic combinations of old elements of memory should not need some pains to unravel. I may perhaps be permitted to quote in illustration a recent dream of my own, to which I doubt not that some of my readers can supply parallel instances. I dreamt that I saw written in gold on a chapel wall some Greek hexameters, which, I was told, were the work of an eminent living scholar. I gazed at them with much respect, but dim comprehension, and succeeded in carrying back into waking memory the bulk of one line:—*ὁ μὲν κατὰ γὰν θαλερὸν κύσε δακνόμενον πῦρ*. On waking, it needed some little thought to show me that *κατὰ γὰν* was a solecism for *ὑπὸ γὰν*, revived from early boyhood, and that the line meant: "He indeed beneath the earth embraced the ever-burning, biting fire." Further reflection reminded me that I had lately been asked to apply to the Professor in question for an inscription to be placed over the tomb of a common acquaintance. The matter had dropped, and I had not thought of it again. But here, I cannot doubt, was my inner self's prevision of that unwritten epitaph; although the drift of it certainly showed less tact and fine feeling than my scholarly friend would have exhibited on such an occasion.

Now just in this same way, as it seems to me, Mr. A.'s inner self retraced the familiar path of one of his childish amusements, and mystified the waking man with the puzzles of the boy. It may be that the unconscious self moves more readily than the conscious along these old-established and stable mnemonic tracks, that we constantly retrace our early memories without knowing it, and that when some recollection seems to have *left us* it has only passed into a storehouse from which we can no longer summon it at will.

But we have not yet done with Mr. A.'s experiences. Yielding to the suggestion that these anagrams were the work of some intelligence without him, he placed himself in the mental attitude

of colloquy with some unknown being. Note the result:

"Who art thou? *Clelia*. Thou art a woman? *Yes*. Hast thou ever lived upon the earth? *No*. Wilt thou? *Yes*. When? *Six years*. Wherefore dost thou speak with me? *E' if Clelia el.*"

There is a disappointing ambiguity about this last very simple anagram, which may mean "I *Clelia* feel," or, "I *Clelia* flee."

But mark what has happened. Mr. A. has created and is talking to a personage in his own dream. In other words, his secondary self has produced in his primary self the illusion that there is a separate intelligence at work; and this illusion of the primary self reacts on the secondary, as the words which we whisper back to the muttering dreamer influence the course of a dream which we cannot follow. The fact, therefore, of *Clelia's* apparent personality and unexpected rejoinders do not so much as suggest any need to look outside Mr. A.'s mind for her origin. The figures in our own ordinary dreams say things which startle and even shock us; nay, these shadows sometimes even defy our attempts at analyzing them away. On the rare occasions, so brief and precious, when one dreams and knows it is a dream, I always endeavor to get at my dream-personages and test their independence of character by a few suitable inquiries. Unfortunately they invariably vanish under my perhaps too hasty interrogation. But a shrewd Northumbrian lately told me the following dream, unique in his experience, and over which he had often pondered.

"I was walking in my dream," he said, "in a Newcastle street, when suddenly I knew so clearly that it was a dream, that I thought I would find out what the folk in my dream thought of themselves. I saw three foundrymen sitting at a yard door. I went up and said to all three: 'Are you conscious of a real objective existence?' Two of the men stared and laughed at me. But the man in the middle stretched out his two hands to his two mates and said, 'Feel that.' They said, 'We do feel you.' Then he held out his hand to me, and I told him that I felt it solid and warm; then he said: 'Well, sir, my mates feel that I am a real man of flesh and blood, and you feel it, and I feel it. What more would you have?' Now I had not formed any notion of what this man was going to say. And I could not answer him, and I awoke."

Now I take this self-assertive dream-foundry-man to be the exact analogue of Clelia. Let us now see whether anything of Clelia survived the excited hour which begat her.

"On the fourth day," says Mr. A., "I began my questioning in the same exalted mood, but to my surprise did not get the same answer. 'Wherefore,' I asked, 'dost thou speak with me?' (The answer was a wavy line, denoting repetition, and meaning.—Wherefore dost *thou* speak with *me*?) 'Do I answer myself?' *Yes*. 'Is Clelia here?' *No*. 'Who is it, then, now here?' *Nobody*. 'Does Clelia exist?' *No*. 'With whom did I speak yesterday?' *No one*. 'Do souls exist in another world?' *Mb*. 'What does *mb* mean?' *May be*."

And this was all the revelation which our inquirer got. Some further anagrams were given, but Clelia came no more. Such indeed, on the view here set forth, was the natural conclusion. The dream passed through its stages, and faded at last away.

I have heard of a piece of French statuary entitled "Jeune homme caressant sa Chimère." Clelia, could the sculptor have caught her, might have been his fittest model; what else could he have found at once so intimate and so fugitive, discerned so elusively without us, and yet with such a root within?

I might mention many other strange varieties of graphic automatism; as *reversed script*, so written as to be read in a mirror; \* *alternating styles of handwriting*, symbolic arabesque, and the like. But I must hasten on to the object towards which I am mainly tending, which is to show, not so much the influence exercised by a man's own mind on itself as the influence exercised by one man's mind on another's. We have been watching, so to say, the psychic wave as it washed up deep-sea products on the open shore. But the interest will be keener still if we find that wave washing up the products of some far-off clime; if we discover that there has been a profound current with no surface

trace—a current propagated by an unimagined impulse, and obeying laws as yet unknown.

The psychical phenomenon here alluded to is that for which I have suggested the name *Telepathy*; the transference of ideas or sensations from one conscious or unconscious mind to another, without the agency of any of the recognized organs of sense.

Our first task in the investigation of this influence has naturally been to assure ourselves of the transmission of thought between two persons, both of them in normal condition; the *agent*, conscious of the thought which he wishes to transmit, the *percipient*, conscious of the thought as he receives it.

The "Proceedings" of the Society for Psychological Research must for a long time be largely occupied with experiments of this definite kind. But, of course, if such an influence truly exists, its manifestations are not likely to be confined to the transference of a name or a cypher, a card or a diagram, from one man's field of mental vision to another's, by deliberate effort and as a preconcerted experiment. If *Telepathy* be anything at all, it involves one of the profoundest laws of mind, and, like other important laws, may be expected to operate in many unlooked-for ways, and to be at the root of many scattered phenomena, inexplicable before. Especially must we watch for traces of it wherever unconscious mental action is concerned. For the telepathic impact, we may fairly conjecture, may often be a stimulus so gentle as to need some concentration or exaltation in the percipient's mind, or at least some inhibition of competing stimuli, in order to enable him to realize it in consciousness at all. And in fact (as we have shown or are prepared to show), almost every abnormal mental condition (consistent with sanity) as yet investigated yields some indication of telepathic action.

*Telepathy*, I venture to maintain, is an occasional phenomenon in somnambulism and in the hypnotic state; it is one of the obscure causes which generate hallucinations; it enters into dream and into delirium; and it often rises to its maximum of vividness in the swoon that ends in death.

In accordance with analogy, there-

\* "Mirror-writing" is not very rare with left-handed children and imbeciles, and has been observed, in association with aphasia, as a result of hemiplegia of the right side. If (as Dr. Ireland supposes, "Brain," vol. iv. p. 367) this "Spiegel-schrift" is the expression of an *inverse verbal image* formed in the *right hemisphere*, we shall have another indication that the *right hemisphere* is concerned in some forms of *automatic writing* also.

fore, we may expect to find that automatic writing—this new glimpse into our deep-sea world—will afford us some fresh proof of currents which set obscurely towards us from the depths of minds other than our own. And we find, I believe, that this is so. Had space permitted it, I should have liked to detail some transitional cases, to have shown by what gradual steps we discover that it is not always one man's intelligence *alone* which is concerned in the message given, that an infusion of facts known to some spectator only may mingle in the general tenor which the writer's mind supplies. Especially I should have wished to describe some attempts at this kind of thought-transference attended with only slight or partial success. For the mind justly hesitates to give credence to a palmary group of experiments unless it has been prepared for them by following some series of gradual suggestions and approximate endeavor.

But the case which I am about to relate, although a *culminant*, is not an *isolated* one in the life-history of the persons concerned. The Rev. P. H. Newnham, Rector of Maker, Devonport, experienced an even more striking instance of thought-transference with Mrs. Newnham, some forty years ago, before their marriage; and during subsequent years there has been frequent and unmistakable transmission of thought from husband to wife of an *involuntary* kind, although it was only in the year 1871 that they succeeded in getting the ideas transferred by intentional effort.

Mr. Newnham's communication consists of a copy of entries in a note-book made during eight months in 1871, at the actual moments of experiment. Mrs. Newnham independently corroborates the account. The entries had previously been shown to a few personal friends, but had never been used, and were not meant to be used, for any literary purpose. Mr. Newnham has kindly placed them at my disposal, from a belief that they may serve to elucidate important truth.

"Being desirous," says the first entry in Mr. Newnham's note-book, "of investigating accurately the phenomena of 'planchette,' myself and my wife have agreed to carry out a series of systematic experiments, in order to

ascertain the conditions under which the instrument is able to work. To this end the following rules are strictly observed:

"1. The question to be asked is written down before the planchette is set in motion. This question, as a rule, is not known to the operator. [The few cases where the question *was* known to Mrs. Newnham are specially marked in the note-book, and are none of them cited here.]

"2. Whenever an evasive, or other, answer is returned, necessitating one or more new questions to be put before a clear answer can be obtained, the operator is not to be made aware of any of these questions, or even of the general subject to which they allude, until the final answer has been obtained.

"My wife," adds Mr. Newnham, "always sat at a small low table, in a low chair, leaning backwards. I sat about eight feet distant, at a rather high table, and with my back towards her while writing down the questions. It was absolutely impossible that any gesture or play of feature on my part could have been visible or intelligible to her. As a rule she kept her eyes shut; but never became in the slightest degree hypnotic, or even naturally drowsy.

"Under these conditions we carried on experiments for about eight months, and I have 309 questions and answers recorded in my note-book, spread over this time. But the experiments were found very exhaustive of nerve power, and as my wife's health was delicate, and the fact of thought-transmission had been abundantly proved, we thought it best to abandon the pursuit.

"The planchette began to move instantly with my wife. The answer was often half written before I had completed the question.

"On finding that it would write easily, I asked three simple questions, which were known to the operator, then three others unknown to her, relating to my own private concerns. All six having been instantly answered in a manner to show complete intelligence, I proceeded to ask:

"(7) Write down the lowest temperature here this week. Answer: 8. Now, this reply at once arrested my interest. The actual lowest temperature had been 7.6°, so that 8 was the nearest whole degree; but my wife said at once that, if she had been asked the question, she would have written 7, and not 8; as she had forgotten the decimal, but remembered my having said that the temperature had been down to 7 *something*.

"I simply quote this as a good instance, at the very outset, of perfect transmission of thought, coupled with a perfectly independent reply; the answer being correct in itself, but different from the impression on the conscious intelligence of both parties.

"Naturally, our first desire was to see if we could obtain any information concerning the nature of the intelligence which was operating through the planchette, and of the method by which it produced the written results. We repeated questions on this subject again and again, and I will copy down the principal questions and answers in this connection.



"(13) Is it the operator's brain or some external force that moves the planchette? Answer 'brain' or 'force.' *Will.*

"(14) Is it the will of a living person, or of an immaterial spirit distinct from that person? Answer 'person' or 'spirit.' *Wife.*

"(15) Give first the wife's Christian name; then my favorite name for her. (*This was accurately done.*)

"(27) What is your own name? *Only you.*

"(28) We are not quite sure of the meaning of the answer. Explain. *Wife.*

"The subject was resumed on a later day.

"(118) But does no one tell wife what to write? if so, who? *Spirit.*

"(119) Whose spirit? *Wife's brain.*

"(120) But how does wife's brain know masonic secrets? *Wife's spirit unconsciously guides.*

"(190) Why are you not always influenced by what I think? *Wife knows sometimes what you think.* (191) How does wife know it? *When her brain is excited, and has not been much tried before.* (192) But by what means are my thoughts conveyed to her brain? *Electrobiology.* (193) What is electrobiology? *No one knows.* (194) But do not you know? *No, wife does not know.*

"My object," says Mr. Newnham, "in quoting this large number of questions and replies [many of them omitted here] has been not merely to show the instantaneous and un-failing transmission of thought from questioner to operator, but more especially to call attention to a remarkable character of the answers given. These answers, consistent and invariable in their tenor from first to last, did not correspond with the opinion or expectation of either myself or my wife. Something which takes the appearance of a source of intelligence distinct from the conscious intelligence of either of us was clearly perceptible from the very first. Assuming, at the outset, that if her source of percipience could grasp my question, it would be equally willing to reply in accordance with my request, in questions (13) (14) I suggested the form of answer; but of this not the slightest notice was taken. Neither myself nor my wife had ever taken part in any form of (so-called) 'spiritual' manifestations before this time; nor had we any decided opinion as to the agency by which phenomena of this kind were brought about. But for such answers as those numbered (14), (27), (144), (192), (194), we were both of us totally unprepared; and I may add that, so far as we were prepossessed by any opinion whatever, these replies were distinctly opposed to such opinions. In a word, it is simply impossible that these replies should have been either suggested, or composed, by the conscious intelligence of either of us."

Mr. Newnham obtained some curious results by questioning "planchette" on Masonic archæology—a subject which he had long studied, but of which Mrs. Newnham knew nothing. It is to be observed, moreover, that throughout the

experiments Mrs. Newnham "was quite unable to follow the motions of the planchette. Often she only touched it with a single finger; but even with all her fingers resting on the board she never had the slightest idea of what words were being traced out." In this case, therefore, we have Mrs. Newnham ignorant at once of all three points:—of what was the question asked; of what the true answer would have been; and of what answer was actually being written. Under these circumstances the answer showed a mixture—

(1) Of true Masonic facts, as known to Mr. Newnham;

(2) Of Masonic theories, known to him, but held by him to be erroneous;

(3) Of ignorance, sometimes avowed, sometimes endeavoring to conceal itself by subterfuge.

I give an example:—

"(166) Of what language is the first syllable of the Great Triple R.A. word? *Don't know.*

(167) Yes, you do. What are the three languages of which the word is composed? *Greek, Egypt, Syriac.* First syllable (*correctly given*), rest unknown.

(168) Write the syllable which is Syriac. (*First Syllable correctly written.*)

(174) Write down the word itself. (*First three and last two letters were written correctly, but four incorrect letters, partly borrowed from another word of the same degree, came in the middle.*)

(176) Why do you write a word of which I know nothing? *Wife tried hard to catch the word, but could not quite catch it.*

So far the answers, though imperfect, honestly admit their imperfection. There is nothing which a second self of Mrs. Newnham's, with a certain amount of access to Mr. Newnham's mind, might not furnish. But I must give one instance of another class of replies—replies which seem to wish to conceal ignorance and to elude exact inquiry.

"(182) Write out the prayer used at the advancement of a Mark Master Mason. *Almighty Ruler of the Universe and Architect of all worlds, we beseech Thee to accept this our brother whom we have this day received into the most honorable company of Mark Master Masons. Grant him to be a worthy member of our brotherhood; and may he be in his own person a perfect mirror of all Masonic virtues. Grant that all our doings may be to Thy honor and glory, and to the welfare of all mankind.*

"This prayer was written off instantaneously and very rapidly. For the benefit of those who are not members of the craft, I may say that no prayer in the slightest degree resembling it is made use of in the Ritual of any Masonic degree; and yet it contains more than

one strictly accurate technicality connected with the degree of Mark Mason. My wife has never seen any Masonic prayers, whether in 'Carlile' or any other real or spurious Ritual of the Masonic Order."

There was so much of this kind of untruthful evasion, and it was so unlike anything in Mrs. Newnham's character, that observers less sober-minded would assuredly have fancied that some Puck or sprite was intervening with a "third intelligence" compounded of aimless cunning and childish jest. But Mr. Newnham inclines to a view fully in accordance with that which this paper has throughout suggested.

"Is this *third intelligence*," he says, "analogous to the 'dual state,' the existence of which, in a few extreme and most interesting cases, is now well established? Is there a latent potentiality of a 'dual state' existing in every brain? and are the few very striking phenomena which have as yet been noticed and published only the exceptional developments of a state which is inherent in most or in all brains?"

And alluding to a theory, which has at different times been much discussed, of the more or less independent action of the two cerebral hemispheres, he asks:—

"May not the untrained half of the organ of mind, even in the most pure and truthful characters, be capable of manifesting tendencies like the hysterical girl's, and of producing at all events the *appearance* of moral deficiencies which are totally foreign to the well-trained and disciplined portion of the brain which is ordinarily made use of?"

In this place, however, it will be enough to say that the real cause for surprise would have been if our secondary self had *not* exhibited a character in some way different from that which we recognize as our own. Whatever other factors may enter into a man's character, two of the most important are undoubtedly his store of memories and his *cænesthesia*, or the sum of the obscure sensations of his whole physical structure. When either of these is suddenly altered, character changes too—a change for an example of which we need scarcely look further than our recollection of the moral obliquities and incoherences of an ordinary dream. Our personality may be dyed throughout with the same color, but the apparent tint will vary with the texture of each absorptive element within. And not graphic automatism only, but other

forms of muscular and vocal automatism must be examined and compared before we can form even an empirical conception of that hidden agency, which is ourselves, though we know it not. In the meantime I shall, I think, be held to have shown that, in the vast majority of cases where spiritualists are prone to refer automatic writing to some unseen intelligence, there is really no valid ground for such an ascription. I am, indeed, aware that some cases of a different kind are alleged to exist—cases where automatic writing has communicated facts demonstrably not known to the writer or to any one present. How far these cases can satisfy the very rigorous scrutiny to which they ought obviously to be subjected is a question which I may perhaps find some other opportunity of discussing.

But for the present our inquiry must pause here. Two distinct arguments have been attempted in this paper: the first of them in accordance with recognized physiological science, though with some novelty of its own; the second lying altogether beyond what the consensus of authorities at present admits. For, *first*, an attempt has been made to show that the unconscious mental action which is admittedly going on within us may manifest itself through graphic automatism with a degree of complexity hitherto little suspected, so that a man may actually hold a written colloquy with his own waking and responsive dream; and, *secondly*, reason has been given for believing that automatic writing may sometimes reply to questions which the writer does not see, and mention facts which the writer does not know, the knowledge of those questions or those facts being apparently derived by telepathic communication from the conscious or unconscious mind of another person.

Startling as this conclusion is, it will not be novel to those who have followed the cognate experiments on other forms of thought-transference detailed in the "Proceedings" of the Society for Psychical Research.\* And be it noted that

\* Records of carefully conducted experiments in automatic writing are earnestly requested, and may be addressed to the Secretary, Society for Psychical Research 14 Dean's Yard, Westminster.

our formula, "Mind can influence mind independently of the recognized organs of sense," has been again and again foreshadowed by illustrious thinkers in the past. It is, for instance, but a more generalized expression of Cuvier's *dictum*, "that a communication can under certain circumstances be established between the nervous systems of two persons." Such communication, indeed, like other mental phenomena, may be presumed to have a *neural* as well as a *psychical* aspect; and if we prefer to use the word *mind* rather than *brain*, it is because the mental side is that which primarily presents itself for investigation, and in such a matter it is well to avoid even the semblance of *theory* until we have established *fact*.

Before concluding, let us return for a moment to the popular apprehensions to which my opening paragraphs referred. Has not some reason been shown for thinking that these fears were premature? that they sprang from too ready an assumption that all the discoveries of psycho-physics would reveal us as smaller and more explicable things, and that the analysis of man's personality would end

in analysing man away? It is not, on the other hand, at least possible that this analysis may reveal also faculties of unlooked-for range, and powers which our conscious self was not aware of possessing? A generation ago there were many who resented the supposition that man had sprung from the ape. But on reflection most of us have discerned that this repugnance came rather from pride than wisdom; and that with the race, as with the individual, there is more true hope for him who has risen by education from the beggar-boy than for him who has fallen by transgression from the prince. And now once more it seems possible that a more searching analysis of our mental constitution may reveal to us not a straitened and materialized, but a developing and expanding view of the "powers that lie folded up in man." Our best hope, perhaps, should be drawn from our potentialities rather than our perfections; and the doubt whether we are our full selves already may suggest that our true subjective unity may wait to be realized elsewhere.—*Contemporary Review*.

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### SCIENTIFIC VERSUS BUCOLIC VIVISECTION.

BY JAMES COTTER MORISON.

To judge from appearances, we are threatened with a new agitation against vivisection. The recent controversy carried on in the columns of the *Times* revealed an amount of heat on the subject which can hardly fail to find some new mode of motion on the platform, or even in Parliament. It is evident that passions of no common fervor have been kindled, at least, in one party to the controversy, and efforts will probably be made to work the public mind up to a similar temperature. The few observations which follow are intended to have, if possible, a contrary effect. The question of vivisection should not be beyond the possibility of a rational discussion. When antagonism, so fierce and uncompromising, exists as in the present case, the presumption is that the disputants argue from incompatible principles. Neither side convinces or even seriously discomposes the other, because they are

not agreed as to the ultimate criteria of the debate.

It is evident that the first and most important point to be decided, is: "What is the just and moral attitude of man towards the lower animals?" or to put the question in another form: "What are the rights of animals as against man?" Till these questions are answered with some approach to definiteness, we clearly shall float about in vague generalities. Formerly, animals had no rights; they have very few now in some parts of the East. Man exercised his power and cruelty upon them with little or no blame from the mass of his fellows. The improved sentiment in this respect is one of the best proofs of progress that we have to show. Cruelty to animals is not only punished by law, but reprobated, we may believe—in spite of occasional brutalities—by general public opinion. The

point on which precision is required is, how far this reformed sentiment is to extend? Does it allow us to use animals (even to the extent of eating them) for our own purposes, on the condition of treating them well on the whole, of not inflicting upon them unnecessary pain; or should it logically lead to complete abstention from meddling with them at all, from interfering with their liberty, from making them work for us, and supplying by their bodies a chief article of our food? Only the extreme sect of vegetarians maintains this latter view, and with vegetarians we are not for the moment concerned; and I am not aware that even vegetarians oppose the labor of animals for the uses of man. Now, what I would wish to point out is, that if we do allow the use of animals by man, it is a practical impossibility to prevent the occasional, or even the frequent infliction of great pain and suffering upon them, at times amounting to cruelty; that if the infliction of cruelty is a valid argument against the practice of vivisection, it is a valid argument against a number of other practices, which nevertheless go unchallenged. The general public has a right to ask the opponents of vivisection why they are so peremptory in denouncing one, and relatively a small form of cruelty, while they are silent and passive in reference to other and much more common forms. We want to know the reason of what appears a very great and palpable inconsistency. We could understand people who said, "You have no more right to enslave, kill, and eat animals than men; *à fortiori*, you may not vivisection them." But it is not easy to see how those who do not object, apparently, to the numberless cruel usages to which the domesticated animals are inevitably subjected by our enslavement of them, yet pass these all by and fix their eyes exclusively on one minute form of cruelty, singling that out for exclusive obloquy and reprobation. Miss Cobbe (*Times*, Jan. 6) says, "The whole practice (of vivisection) starts from a wrong view of the use of the lower animals, and of their relations to us." That may be very true, but I question if Miss Cobbe had sufficiently considered the number of "practices" which her principles should lead her to pronounce

as equally starting from a wrong view of the use of the lower animals, and of their relation to us.

It is clear that the anti-vivisectionists are resolute in refusing the challenge repeatedly made to them, either to denounce the cruelties of sport or to hold their peace about the cruelties of vivisection. One sees the shrewdness but hardly the consistency or the courage of their policy in this respect. Sport is a time-honored institution, the amusement of the "fine old English gentleman," most respectable, conservative, and connected with the landed interest; hostility to it shows that you are a low radical fellow, quite remote from the feeling of good society. Sport is therefore let alone. The lingering agony and death of the wounded birds, the anguish of the coursed hare, the misery of the hunted fox, even when not aggravated by the veritable *auto da fé* of smoking or burning him out if he has taken to earth, the abominable cruelty of rabbit traps; these forms of cruelty and "torture," inasmuch as their sole object is the amusement of our idle classes, do not move the indignant compassion of the anti-vivisectionist. The sportsman may steal a horse when the biologist may not look over a hedge. The constant cruelty to horses by ill-fitting harness, over-loading, and over-driving must distress every human mind. A tight collar which presses on the windpipe and makes breathing a repeated pain must in its daily and hourly accumulation produce an amount of suffering which few vivisectionists could equal if they tried. Look at the forelegs of cab horses, especially of the four-wheelers on night service, and mark their knees "over," as it is called, which means seriously diseased joint, probably never moved without pain. The efforts of horses to keep their feet in "greasy" weather on the wood pavement are horrible to witness. To such a nervous animal as the horse the fear of falling is a very painful emotion; yet hundreds of omnibuses tear along at express speed every morning and evening, with loads which only the pluck of the animals enables them to draw, and not a step of the journey between the City and the West End is probably made without the presence of this painful emotion. Every

day, in some part of the route, a horse falls. Then occurs one of the most repulsive incidents of the London streets, the gaping crowd of idlers, through which is heard the unfailing prescription to "sit on his head," promptly carried out by some officious rough, who has no scruples as to the "relations of the lower animals to us." Again, in war the sufferings and consumption of animals is simply frightful. Field-officers—some of whom, it appears, are opposed to vivisection—are generally rather proud, or they used to be, of having horses "shot under them." But this cannot occur without considerable torture to the horses. The number of camels which slipped and "split up" in the Afghan war has been variously stated between ten and fifteen thousand. In either case animal suffering must have been on a colossal scale. Now the point one would like to see cleared up is, why this almost boundless field of animal suffering is ignored and the relatively minute amount of it produced in the dissecting-rooms of biologists so loudly denounced.

But what I wish particularly to call attention to is the practice of vivisection as exercised by our graziers and breeders all over the country on tens of thousands of animals yearly, by an operation always involving great pain and occasional death. In a review intended for general circulation the operation I refer to cannot be described in detail, but every one will understand the allusion made. It is performed on horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, and fowls. With regard to the horses the object is to make them docile and manageable. The eminent Veterinary-Surgeon Youatt, in his book on the Horse (chap. xv.), speaks of it as often performed "with haste, carelessness, and brutality:" but even he is of opinion "that the old method of preventing hæmorrhage by temporary pressure of the vessels while they are seared with a hot iron. *must not perhaps be abandoned.*" He objects strongly to a "practice of some farmers," who, by means of a ligature obtain their end, but "not until the animal has suffered sadly," and adds that inflammation and death frequently ensue.

With regard to cattle, sheep, and pigs, the object of the operation is to

hasten growth, to increase size, and to improve the flavor of the meat. The mutton, beef, and pork on which we feed are, with rare exceptions, the flesh of animals who have been submitted to the painful operation in question. In the case of the female pig the corresponding operation is particularly severe; while as to fowls, the pain inflicted was so excruciating in the opinion of an illustrious young physiologist, whom science still mourns, that he on principle abstained from eating the flesh of the capon.

Now there is no doubt that here we have vivisection in its most extensive and harsh form. More animals are subjected to it in one year than have been vivisected by biologists in half-a-century. It need not be said that anæsthetics are not used, and if they were or could be they would not assuage the suffering which follows the operation. It will surely be only prudent for the opponents of scientific vivisection to inform us why they are passive and silent with regard to bucolic vivisection. They declare that knowledge obtained by the torture of animals is impure, unholy, and vitiated at its source, and they reject it with many expressions of scorn. What do they say to their daily food which is obtained by the same means? They live by the results of vivisection on the largest scale—the food they eat—and they spend a good portion of their lives thus sustained in denouncing vivisection on the smallest scale because it only produces knowledge. It is true that they are not particular to conceal their suspicion that the knowledge claimed to be derived from vivisection is an imposture and a sham. Do they not, by the inconsistencies here briefly alluded to, their hostility to alleged knowledge, and their devotion to very substantial beef and mutton, the one and the other the products of vivisection, expose themselves to a suspicion better founded than that which they allow themselves to express? They question the value of vivisection, may not the single-mindedness of their hostility to it be questioned with better ground? Biology is now the frontier science exposed for obvious reasons to the *odium theologicum* in a marked degree. The havoc it has made among

cherished religious opinions amply accounts for the dislike which it excites. But it is difficult to attack. On the other hand, an outcry that its methods are cruel, immoral, and revolting may serve as a useful diversion, and even give it a welcome check. The Puritans, it was remarked, objected to bear-baiting, not because it hurt the bear, but because it pleased the men. May we not say that vivisection is opposed,

not because it is painful to animals, but because it tends to the advancement of science?

The question recurs, What is our proper relation to the lower animals? May we use them? If so, abuse and cruelty will inevitably occur. May we not use them? Then our civilisation and daily life must be revolutionised to a degree not suggested or easy to conceive.—*Fortnightly Review*.

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## NOTES ON POPULAR ENGLISH.

BY THE LATE ISAAC TODHUNTER.

I HAVE from time to time recorded such examples of language as struck me for inaccuracy or any other peculiarity; but lately the pressure of other engagements has prevented me from continuing my collection, and has compelled me to renounce the design once entertained of using them for the foundation of a systematic essay. The present article contains a small selection from my store, and may be of interest to all who value accuracy and clearness. It is only necessary to say that the examples are not fabricated: all are taken from writers of good repute, and notes of the original places have been preserved, though it has not been thought necessary to encumber these pages with references. The italics have been supplied in those cases where they are used.

One of the most obvious peculiarities at present to be noticed is the use of the word *if* when there is nothing really conditional in the sentence. Thus we read: "If the Prussian plan of operations was faulty the movements of the Crown Prince's army were in a high degree excellent." The writer does not really mean what his words seem to imply, that the excellence was contingent on the fault: he simply means to make two independent statements. As another example we have: "Yet he never founded a family; if his two daughters carried his name and blood into the families of the *Herreras* and the *Zuffigos*, his two sons died before him." Here again the two events which are connected by the conditional *if* are really quite independent. Other examples follow: "If it be true that Paris is an

American's paradise, symptoms are not wanting that there are Parisians who cast a longing look towards the institutions of the United States." "If M. Stanilas Julien has taken up his position in the Celestial Empire, M. Léon de Rosny seems to have selected the neighboring country of Japan for his own special province." "But those who are much engaged in public affairs cannot always be honest, and if this is not an excuse, it is at least a fact." "But if a Cambridge man was to be appointed, Mr. — is a ripe scholar and a good parish priest, and I rejoice that a place very dear to me should have fallen into such good hands."

Other examples, differing in some respects from those already given, concur in exhibiting a strange use of the word *if*. Thus we read: "If the late rumors of dissension in the Cabinet had been well founded, the retirement of half his colleagues would not have weakened Mr. Gladstone's hold on the House of Commons." The conditional proposition intended is probably this: if half his colleagues were to retire, Mr. Gladstone's hold on the House of Commons would not be weakened. "If a big book is a big evil, the *Bijou Gazetteer of the World* ought to stand at the summit of excellence. It is the tiniest geographical directory we have ever seen." This is quite illogical: if a big book is a big evil, it does not follow that a little book is a great good. "If in the main I have adhered to the English version, it has been from the conviction that our translators were in the right." It is rather difficult to see what is the precise

opinion here expressed as to our translators; whether an absolute or contingent approval is intended. "If you think it worth your while to inspect the school from the outside, that is for yourself to decide upon." The decision is not contingent on the thinking it worth while: they are identical. For the last example we take this: ". . . but if it does not retard his return to office it can hardly accelerate it." The meaning is, "This speech cannot accelerate and may retard Mr. Disraeli's return to office." The triple occurrence of *it* is very awkward.

An error not uncommon in the present day is the blending of two different constructions in one sentence. The grammars of our childhood used to condemn such a sentence as this: "He was more beloved but not so much admired as Cynthio." The former part of the sentence requires to be followed by *than*, and not by *as*. The following are recent examples:—"The little farmer [in France] has no greater enjoyments, if so many, as the English laborer." "I find public-school boys generally more fluent, and as superficial as boys educated elsewhere." "Mallet, for instance, records his delight and wonder at the Alps and the descent into Italy in terms quite as warm, if much less profuse, as those of the most impressible modern tourist." An awkward construction, almost as bad as a fault, is seen in the following sentence:—"Messrs. — having secured the co-operation of some of the most eminent professors of, and writers on, the various branches of science . . ."

A very favorite practice is that of changing a word where there is no corresponding change of meaning. Take the following example from a voluminous historian:—"Huge pinnacles of bare rock shoot up into the azure firmament, and forests overspread their sides, in which the scarlet rhododendrons sixty feet in *height* are surmounted by trees two hundred feet in *elevation*." In a passage of this kind it may be of little consequence whether a word is retained or changed; but for any purpose where precision is valuable it is nearly as bad to use two words in one sense as one word in two senses. Let us take some other examples. We read in the usual

channels of information that "Mr. Gladstone has issued invitations for a full-dress Parliamentary *dinner*, and Lord Granville has issued invitations for a full-dress Parliamentary *banquet*." Again we read: "The Government proposes to divide the occupiers of land into four categories;" and almost immediately after we have "the second class comprehends . . .": so that we see the grand word *category* merely stands for *class*. Again: "This morning the *Czar* drove alone through the Thiergarten, and on his return received Field-Marschals Wrangel and Moltke, as well as many other general officers, and then gave audience to numerous visitors. Towards noon the *Emperor Alexander*, accompanied by the Russian Grand Dukes, paid a visit . . ." "Mr. Ayrton, according to *Nature*, has accepted Dr. Hooker's explanation of the letter to Mr. Gladstone's secretary, at which the First Commissioner of Works took umbrage, so that the dispute is at an end." I may remark that Mr. Ayrton is identical with the First Commissioner of Works. A writer recently in a sketch of travels spoke of a "Turkish gentleman with his *innumerable wives*," and soon after said that she "never saw him address any of his *multifarious wives*." One of the illustrated periodicals gave a picture of an event in recent French history, entitled, "The National Guards Firing on the People." Here the change from *national* to *people* slightly conceals the strange contradiction of guardians firing on those whom they ought to guard.

Let us now take one example in which a word is repeated, but in a rather different sense: "The Grand Duke of Baden sat *next* to the Emperor William, the Imperial Crown Prince of Germany *next* to the Grand Duke. *Next* came the other princely personages." The word *next* is used in the last instance in not quite the same sense as in the former two instances; for all the princely personages could not sit in contact with the Crown Prince.

A class of examples may be found in which there is an obvious incongruity between two of the words which occur. Thus, "We are more than doubtful;" that is, we are *more than full* of doubts: this is obviously impossible. Then we

read of "a man of more than doubtful sanity." Again we read of "a more than questionable statement": this is I suppose a very harsh elliptical construction for such a sentence as "a statement to which we might apply an epithet more condemnatory than *questionable*." So also we read "a more unobjectionable character." Again: "Let the Second Chamber be composed of elected members, and their utility will be *more than halved*." To take the *half* of anything is to perform a definite operation, which is not susceptible of more or less. Again: "The singular and almost excessive impartiality and power of appreciation." It is impossible to conceive of *excessive impartiality*. Other recent examples of these impossible combinations are, "more faultless," "less indisputable." "The high antiquity of the narrative cannot reasonably be doubted, and almost as little its *ultimate Apostolic origin*." The ultimate origin, that is the *last beginning*, of anything seems a contradiction. The common phrase *bad health* seems of the same character; it is almost equivalent to *unsound soundness* or to *unprosperous prosperity*. In a passage already quoted, we read that the Czar "gave *audience* to numerous *visitors*," and in a similar manner a very distinguished lecturer speaks of making experiments "*visible* to a large *audience*." It would seem from the last instance that our language wants a word to denote a mass of people collected not so much to hear an address as to see what are called experiments. Perhaps if our savage forefathers had enjoyed the advantages of courses of scientific lectures, the vocabulary would be supplied with the missing word.

*Talented* is a vile barbarism which Coleridge indignantly denounced: there is no verb *to talent* from which such a participle could be deduced. Perhaps this imaginary word is not common at the present; though I am sorry to see from my notes that it still finds favor with classical scholars. It was used some time since by a well-known professor, just as he was about to emigrate to America; so it may have been merely evidence that he was rendering himself familiar with the language of his adopted country.

*Ignore* is a very popular and a very bad word. As there is no good authority for it, the meaning is naturally uncertain. It seems to fluctuate between *wilfully concealing* something and *unintentionally omitting* something, and this vagueness renders it a convenient tool for an unscrupulous orator or writer.

The word *lengthened* is often used instead of *long*. Thus we read that such and such an orator made a *lengthened* speech, when the intended meaning is that he made a *long* speech. The word *lengthened* has its appropriate meaning. Thus, after a ship has been built by the Admiralty, it is sometimes cut into two and a piece inserted: this operation, very reprehensible doubtless on financial grounds, is correctly described as *lengthening* the ship. It will be obvious on consideration that *lengthened* is not synonymous with *long*. *Protracted* and *prolonged* are also often used instead of *long*; though perhaps with less decided impropriety than *lengthened*.

A very common phrase with controversial writers is, "we *shrewdly* suspect." This is equivalent to, "we *acutely* suspect." The cleverness of the suspicion should, however, be attributed to the writers by other people, and not by themselves.

The simple word *but* is often used when it is difficult to see any shade of opposition or contrast such as we naturally expect. Thus we read: "There were several candidates, *but* the choice fell upon — of Trinity College." Another account of the same transaction was expressed thus: "It was understood that there were several candidates; the election fell, *however*, upon — of Trinity College."

The word *mistaken* is curious as being constantly used in a sense directly contrary to that which, according to its formation, it ought to have. Thus: "He is often *mistaken*, but never trivial and insipid." "He is often *mistaken*" ought to mean that other people often mistake him; just as "he is often *misunderstood*" means that people often misunderstand him. But the writer of the above sentence intends to say that "He often makes mistakes." It would be well if we could get rid of this anomalous use of the word *mistaken*. I suppose that *wrong* or *erroneous* would



always suffice. But I must admit that good writers do employ *mistaken* in the sense which seems contrary to analogy; for example, Dugald Stewart does so, and also a distinguished leading philosopher whose style shows decided traces of Dugald Stewart's influence.

I shall be thought hypercritical perhaps if I object to the use of *sanction* as a verb; but it seems to be a comparatively modern innovation. I must, however, admit that it is used by the two distinguished writers to whom I alluded with respect to the word *mistaken*. Recently some religious services in London were asserted by the promoters to be *under the sanction* of three bishops; almost immediately afterwards letters appeared from the three bishops in which they qualified the amount of their approbation: rather curiously all three used *sanction* as a verb. The theology of the bishops might be the sounder, but as to accuracy of language I think the inferior clergy had the advantage. By an obvious association I may say that if any words of mine could reach episcopal ears, I should like to ask why a first charge is called a *primary* charge, for it does not appear that this mode of expression is continued. We have, I think, second, third, and so on, instead of *secondary*, *tertiary*, and so on, to distinguish the subsequent charges.

Very eminent authors will probably always claim liberty and indulge in peculiarities; and it would be ungrateful to be censorious on those who have permanently enriched our literature. We must, then, allow an eminent historian to use the word *cult* for worship or superstition; so that he tells us of an *indecent cult* when he means an *unseemly false religion*. So, too, we must allow another eminent historian to introduce a foreign idiom, and speak of a *man of pronounced opinions*.

One or two of our popular writers on scientific subjects are fond of frequently introducing the word *bizarre*; surely some English equivalent might be substituted with advantage. The author of an anonymous academical paper a few years since was discovered by a slight peculiarity—namely, the use of the word *ones*, if there be such a word: this occurred in certain productions to which the author had affixed his name, and so

the same phenomenon in the unacknowledged paper betrayed the origin which had been concealed.

A curious want of critical tact was displayed some years since by a reviewer of great influence. Macaulay, in his *Life of Atterbury*, speaking of Atterbury's daughter, says that her great wish was to see her *papa* before she died. The reviewer condemned the use of what he called the *mawkish word papa*. Macaulay, of course, was right; he used the daughter's own word, and any person who consults the original account will see that accuracy would have been sacrificed by substituting *father*. Surely the reviewer ought to have had sufficient respect for Macaulay's reading and memory to hesitate before pronouncing an off-hand censure.

Cobbett justly blamed the practice of putting "&c." to save the trouble of completing a sentence properly. In mathematical writings this symbol may be tolerated because it generally involves no ambiguity, but is used merely as an abbreviation the meaning of which is obvious from the context. But in other works there is frequently no clue to guide us in affixing a meaning to the symbol, and we can only interpret its presence as a sign that something has been omitted. The following is an example: "It describes a portion of Hellenic philosophy: it dwells upon eminent individuals, inquiring, theorising, reasoning, confuting, &c., as contrasted with those collective political and social manifestations which form the matter of history. . . ."

The examples of confusion of metaphor ascribed to the late Lord Castlereagh are so absurd that it might have been thought impossible to rival them. Nevertheless the following, though in somewhat quieter style, seems to me to approach very nearly to the best of those that were spoken by Castlereagh or forged for him by Mackintosh. A recent Cabinet Minister described the error of an Indian official in these words: "He remained too long under the influence of the views which he had imbibed from the Board." To imbibe a view seems strange, but to imbibe anything from a Board must be very difficult. I may observe that the phrase of Castlereagh's which is now best known,

seems to suffer from misquotation : we usually have, "an ignorant impatience of taxation"; but the original form appears to have been, "an ignorant impatience of the relaxation of taxation."

The following sentence is from a voluminous historian : "The *decline* of the material comforts of the working classes, from the effects of the Revolution, had been incessant, and had now reached an alarming *height*." It is possible to ascend to an alarming height, but it is surely difficult to decline to an alarming height.

"Nothing could be more one-sided than the point of view adopted by the speakers." It is very strange to speak of a point as having a side ; and then how can *one-sided* admit of comparison ? A thing either has one side or it has not : there cannot be degrees in one-sidedness. However, even mathematicians do not always manage the word *point* correctly. In a modern valuable work we read of "a more extended point of view," though we know that a point does not admit of extension. This curious phrase is also to be found in two eminent French writers, Bailly and D'Alembert. I suppose that what is meant is, a point which commands a more extended view. "Froschammer wishes to approach the subject from a philosophical standpoint." It is impossible to *stand* and yet to *approach*. Either he should *survey* the subject from a *stand-point*, or *approach* it from a *starting-point*.

"The most scientific of our Continental theologians have returned back again to the relations and ramifications of the old paths." Here *paths* and *ramifications* do not correspond ; nor is it obvious what the *relations* of *paths* are. Then *returned back again* seems to involve superfluity ; either *returned* or *turned back again* would have been better.

A large school had lately fallen into difficulties owing to internal dissensions ; in the report of a council on the subject it was stated that measures had been taken to *introduce more harmony and good feelings*. The word *introduce* suggests the idea that harmony and good feeling could be laid on like water or gas by proper mechanical adjustment, or could be supplied like first-class furniture by a London upholsterer.

An orator speaking of the uselessness of a dean said that "he wastes his sweetness on the desert air, and stands like an engine upon a siding." This is a strange combination of metaphors.

The following example is curious as showing how an awkward metaphor has been carried out : "In the *face* of such assertions what is the puzzled *spectator* to do." The contrary proceeding is much more common, namely to drop a metaphor prematurely or to change it. For instance : "Physics and metaphysics, physiology and psychology, thus become united, and the study of man passes from the uncertain light of mere opinion to the region of science." Here *region* corresponds very badly with *uncertain light*.

Metaphors and similes require to be employed with great care, at least by those who value taste and accuracy. I hope I may be allowed to give one example of a more serious kind than those hitherto supplied. The words *like lost sheep* which occur at the commencement of our Liturgy always seem to me singularly objectionable, and for two reasons. In the first place, illustrations being intended to unfold our meaning are appropriate in explanation and instruction, but not in religious confession. And in the second place the illustration as used by ourselves is not accurate ; for the condition of a *lost sheep* does not necessarily suggest that conscious lapse from rectitude which is the essence of human transgression.

A passage has been quoted with approbation by more than one critic from the late Professor Conington's translation of Horace, in which the following line occurs :—

"After life's endless babble they sleep well."

Now the word *endless* here is extremely awkward ; for if the babble never ends, how can anything come after it ?

To digress for a moment, I may observe that this line gives a good illustration of the process by which what is called Latin verse is often constructed. Every person sees that the line is formed out of Shakespeare's "after life's fitful fever he sleeps well." The ingenuity of the transference may be admired, but it seems to me that it is easy to give more than a due amount of admiration ;

and, as the instance shows, the adaptation may issue in something bordering on the absurd. As an example in Latin versification, take the following. Every one who has not quite forgotten his schoolboy days remembers the line in Virgil ending with *non imitabile fulmen*. A good scholar, prematurely lost to his college and university, having for an exercise to translate into Latin the passage in Milton relating to the moon's *peerless light* finished a line with *non imitabile lumen*. One can hardly wonder at the tendency to overvalue such felicitous appropriation.

The language of the shop and the market must not be expected to be very exact: we may be content to be amused by some of its peculiarities. I cannot say that I have seen the statement which is said to have appeared in the following form: "Dead pigs are looking up." We find very frequently advertised, "*Digestive biscuits*"—perhaps *digestible biscuits* are meant. In a catalogue of books an *Encyclopædia of Mental Science* is advertised; and after the names of the authors we read, "invaluable, 5s. 6d.": this is a curious explanation of *invaluable*.

The title of a book recently advertised is, *Thoughts for those who are Thoughtful*. It might seem superfluous, not to say impossible, to supply thoughts to those who are already full of thought.

The word *limited* is at present very popular in the domain of commerce. Thus we read, "Although the space given to us was limited." This we can readily suppose; for in a finite building there cannot be unlimited space. Booksellers can perhaps say, without impropriety, that a "limited number will be printed," as this may only imply that the type will be broken up; but they sometimes tell us that "a limited number *was* printed," and this is an obvious truism.

Some pills used to be advertised for the use of the "possessor of pains in the back," the advertisement being accompanied with a large picture representing the unhappy capitalist tormented by his property.

Pronouns, which are troublesome to all writers of English, are especially embarrassing to the authors of prospectuses and advertisements. A wine company

return thanks to their friends, "and, at the same time, *they* would assure *them* that it is *their* constant study not only to find improvements for *their* convenience. . . ." Observe how the pronouns oscillate in their application between the company and their friends.

In selecting titles of books there is room for improvement. Thus, a *Quarterly Journal* is not uncommon; the words strictly are suggestive of a *Quarterly Daily* publication. I remember, some years since, observing a notice that a certain obscure society proposed to celebrate its *triennial anniversary*.

In one of the theological newspapers a clergyman seeking a curacy states as an exposition of his theological position, "Views Prayer-book." I should hope that this would not be a specimen of the ordinary literary style of the applicant. The advertisements in the same periodical exhibit occasionally a very unpleasant blending of religious and secular elements. Take two examples—"Needlewoman wanted. She must be a communicant, have a long character, and be a good dressmaker and milliner." "Pretty furnished cottage to let, with good garden, etc. Rent moderate. Church work valued. Weekly celebrations. Near rail. Good fishing."

A few words may be given to some popular misquotations. "The last infirmity of noble minds" is perpetually occurring. Milton wrote *mind not minds*. It may be said that he means *minds*; but the only evidence seems to be that it is difficult to affix any other sense to *mind* than making it equivalent to *minds*: this scarcely convinces me, though I admit the difficulty.

"He that runs may read" is often supposed to be a quotation from the Bible: the words really are "he may run that readeth," and it is not certain that the sense conveyed by the popular misquotation is correct.

A proverb which correctly runs thus: "The road to hell is paved with good intentions," is often quoted in the far less expressive form, "Hell is paved with good intentions."

"Knowledge is power" is frequently attributed to Bacon, in spite of Lord Lytton's challenge that the words cannot be found in Bacon's writings. "The style is the man" is frequently

attributed to Buffon, although it has been pointed out that Buffon said something very different; namely, that "the style is of the man," that is, "the style proceeds from the man." It is some satisfaction to find that Frenchmen themselves do not leave us the monopoly of this error; it will be found in Arago; see his *Works*, vol. iii. p. 560. A common proverb frequently quoted is, "The exception proves the rule;" and it seems universally assumed that *proves* here means *establishes* or *demonstrates*. It is perhaps more likely that *proves* here means *tests* or *tries*, as in the injunction, "Prove all things." [The proverb in full runs: *Exceptio probat regulam in casibus non exceptis.*]

The words *nihil tetigit quod non ornavit* are perpetually offered as a supposed quotation from Dr. Johnson's epitaph on Goldsmith. Johnson wrote—

"Qui nullam fere scribendi genus  
Non tetigit,  
Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit."

It has been said that there is a doubt as to the propriety of the word *tetigit*, and that *contigit* would have been better.

It seems impossible to prevent writers from using *cui bono?* in the unclassical sense. The correct meaning is known to be of this nature: suppose that a crime has been committed; then inquire who has gained by the crime—*cui bono?* for obviously there is a probability that the person benefited was the criminal. The usual sense implied by the quotation is this: What is the good? the question being applied to whatever is for the moment the object of depreciation. Those who use the words incorrectly may, however, shelter themselves under the great name of Leibnitz, for he takes them in the popular sense: see his works, vol. v., p. 206.

A very favorite quotation consists of the words "*laudator temporis acti*;" but it should be remembered that it seems very doubtful if these words by themselves would form correct Latin; the *se puero* which Horace puts after them are required.

There is a story, resting on no good authority, that Plato testified to the importance of geometry by writing over his door, "Let no one enter who is not a geometer." The first word is often given incorrectly, when the Greek words

are quoted, the wrong form of the negative being taken. I was surprised to see this blunder about two years since in a weekly review of very high pretensions.

It is very difficult in many cases to understand precisely what is attributed to another writer when his opinions are cited in some indirect way. For example, a newspaper critic finishes a paragraph in these words: "unless, indeed, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* has said that it is immoral to attempt any cure at all." The doubt here is as to what is the statement of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. It seems to be this: *it is immoral to attempt any cure at all*. But from other considerations foreign to the precise language of the critic, it seemed probable that the statement of the *Pall Mall Gazette* was, *unless, indeed, it is immoral to attempt any cure at all*.

There is a certain vague formula which, though not intended for a quotation, occurs so frequently as to demand notice. Take for example—  
". . . the sciences of logic and ethics, according to the partition of Lord Bacon, are far *more extensive* than we are accustomed to consider them." No precise meaning is conveyed, because we do not know what is the amount of extension we are accustomed to ascribe to the sciences named. Again: "Our knowledge of Bacon's method is much less complete than it is *commonly supposed* to be." Here again we do not know what is the standard of common supposition. There is another awkwardness here in the words *less complete*: it is obvious that *complete* does not admit of degrees.

Let us close these slight notes with very few specimens of happy expressions.

The *Times*, commenting on the slovenly composition of the Queen's Speeches to Parliament, proposed the cause of the fact as a fit subject for the investigation of our *professional thinkers*. The phrase suggests a delicate reproof to those who assume for themselves the title of *thinker*, implying that any person may engage in this occupation just as he might, if he pleased, become a dentist, or a stock-broker, or a civil engineer. The word *thinker* is very common as a name of respect in the works of a modern dis-

tinguished philosopher. I am afraid, however, that it is employed by him principally as synonymous with a *Comitist*.

The *Times*, in advocating the claims of a literary man for a pension, said, "he has *constructed* several useful school-books." The word *construct* suggests with great neatness the nature of the process by which school-books are sometimes evolved, implying the presence of the bricklayer and mason rather than of the architect.

[Dr. Todhunter might have added *feature* to the list of words abusively used by newspaper writers. In one number of a magazine two examples occur: "A *feature* which had been well *taken up* by local and other manufacturers was the exhibition of honey in various applied forms." "A new *feature* in the social arrangements of the Central Radical Club *took place* the other evening."—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

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#### LITERARY NOTICES.

**THE DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH HISTORY.** Edited by Sidney S. Low, B. A., late Scholar of Balliol College, Oxford, Lecturer on Modern History, King's College, London; and F. S. Pulling, M. A., late Professor of Modern History, Yorkshire College, Leeds. New York: *Cassell & Company, Limited*.

The first thought that suggests itself upon taking up Messrs. Cassell & Company's "Dictionary of English History" is "why was this important work not done long ago?" The want of such a book of reference is not a new one but has been long felt by students and amateurs of history. Indeed there is hardly a man or woman who has not at some time or other felt the need of furbishing up his or her historical knowledge at short notice. One may hunt the pages of a history by the hour and not find the date or incident he wants to know about. The editors of this stout volume, Sidney J. Low, B.A. and F. S. Pulling, M.A., have made the successful attempt to give a convenient handbook on the whole subject of English history and to make it useful rather than exhaustive. The present work is not an encyclopædia, and the editors are aware that many things are omitted from it which might have been included, had its limits been wider, and its aim more ambitious. To produce a book which should give, as concisely as possible, just the information, biographical, bibliographical, chronological, and constitutional, that the reader of English history is likely to want is what has been here attempted. The needs of modern readers have been kept in view. Practical convenience has guided them in the somewhat arbitrary selection that they have been compelled to make, and their plan had been chosen with great care and after many experiments. It should be said that though the book is called a Dictionary of Eng-

lish History that the historical events of Scotland, Ireland and Wales are included. The contributors for special articles, have been selected from among the best-known historical writers in England, and no pains have been spared to make this book complete in the field it has aimed to cover.

That high authority, the London *Athenæum*, has the following words of praise for this work:—

"This book will really be a great boon to every one who makes a study of English history. Many such students must have desired before now to be able to refer to an alphabetical list of subjects, even with the briefest possible explanations. But in this admirable dictionary the want is more than supplied. For not only is the list of subjects in itself wonderfully complete, but the account given of each subject, though condensed, is wonderfully complete also. The book is printed in double columns royal octavo, and consists of 1119 pages, including a very useful index to subjects on which separate articles are not given. As some indication of the scale of treatment we may mention that the article on Lord Beaconsfield occupies nearly a whole page, that on Bothwell (Mary's Bothwell) exactly a column, the old kingdom of Deira something more than a column, Henry VIII. three pages, Ireland seven and a half pages, and the Norman Conquest three pages exactly. Under the head of 'King,' which occupies in all rather more than seven pages, are included, in small print, tables of the regnal years of all the English sovereigns from the Conquest. There is also a very important article, 'Authorities on English History,' by Mr. Bass Bullinger, which covers six and a quarter pages, and which will be an extremely useful guide to any one beginning an historical investigation.

"Many of the longer articles contain all that could be wished to give the reader a concise view of an important epoch or reign. Of this Mrs. Gardiner's article on Charles I. is a good example. Ireland is in like manner succinctly treated by Mr. Woulfe Flanagan in seven and a half pages, and India by Mr. C. E. Black in six, while the Indian Mutiny of 1857-8 has an article to itself of a page and a half by Mr. Low. Institutions also, like Convocation, customs like borough English, orders of men such as friars, and officers like that of constable, have each a separate heading; and the name of the contributors—including, besides those already mentioned, such men as Mr. Creighton, Profs. Earle, Thorold Rogers, and Rowley, and some others whose qualifications are beyond question—afford the student a guarantee that he is under sure guidance as to facts."

PERSONAL TRAITS OF BRITISH AUTHORS.

WORDSWORTH, COLERIDGE, LAMB, HAZLITT, LEIGH HUNT, PROCTER. Edited by Edward T. Mason. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons*.  
IBID. BYRON, SHELLEY, MOORE, ROGERS, KEATS, SOUTHEY, LANDOR.

IBID. SCOTT, HOGG, CAMPBELL, CHALMERS, WILSON, DE QUINCEY, JEFFREY.

Mr. Mason, the compiler of these volumes, has a keen sense of that taste which exists in all people (and certainly it is a kind of curiosity not without its redeeming side) which prompts a hearty appetite for personal gossip about appearance, habits, social traits, methods of work and thought concerning distinguished men. Yet there is another side to the question, however interesting such information may be. This is specially in gossip about authors. The literary worker puts the best part of himself in his writings. Here all the noble impulses of his nature find an outlet, and in many cases he thinks it sufficient to give this field for his higher traits, and puts his lower ones alone into action. No man is a hero to his valet. A too near acquaintance, and that is just what the editor of these volumes seeks to give us, is always disillusioning. The conception which the author gives of himself in his books is often sadly sullied and belittled, when we come to know the solid body within the photosphere of glory, which his genius radiates. Yet it is as well that we should know the real man as well as what is commonly known as the ideal man. It enables us to guard against those specious enthusiasms, which maybe dangerously aroused by the brilliant sophistries of poetry or rhetoric.

Knowing the actual lives and habits of great men is like an Ithusiel spear, often, when we study teachings by its test. But putting aside the desirability of knowing intimately the lives of great authors on the score of literature or morals, it cannot be denied that such information is of a fascinating sort. Mr. Mason has gathered these personal descriptions and criticisms from all sorts of sources. Literary contemporaries, accounts of friends and enemies, the confessions of authors themselves, family records, biographies, magazine articles, books of reminiscence—in a word every kind of material has been freely used. Authors are shown in a kaleidoscopic light from a great variety of stand-points, and we have the slurs and sneers of enemies as well as the loving admiration of friends. Descriptions are pointed with racy and pungent anecdotes, and it is but just to say that we have not found a dull line in these volumes. Mr. Mason has performed his work with excellent editorial taste. There is a brief and well-written notice appended to the chapter on each author, and a literary chronology, the latter of which will be found very useful for handy reference. These racy volumes ought to find a wide public, and we think, aside from their charm for the general reader, the literary man will find here a well-filled treasury of convenient anecdote and illustration, which, in many cases, will save him the toil of weary search. In these days of many books, such works have a special use which should not be ignored.

ITALY FROM THE FALL OF NAPOLEON I. IN 1815, TO THE DEATH OF VICTOR EMMANUEL IN 1878. By John Webb Probyn. New York: *Cassell & Company, Limited*.

"Italy from the Fall of Napoleon I., in 1815, to the Death of Victor Emanuel, in 1878," by John Webb Probyn, is just ready from the press of Cassell & Company. In noticing this important work we can do no better than to quote from the author's preface. "The purpose of this volume," writes Mr. Probyn, "is to give a concise account of the chief causes and events which have transformed Italy from a divided into a united country. A detailed history of this important epoch would fill volumes, and will not be written for some time to come. Yet it is desirable that all who are interested in the important events of our time should be able to obtain some connected account of so striking a transformation as that which was effected in Italy between the years 1815 and 1878. It has been with the object of giving such an account that this volume has

been written." Mr. Probyn lived in Italy among the Italians while this struggle was going on, and he writes from a close knowledge of his subject.

HARRIET MARTINEAU (FAMOUS WOMEN SERIES). By Mrs. F. Fenwick Miller. Boston: *Roberts Brothers*.

The distinguished woman who forms the subject of this biography is less known and read in America than she should be, and it is to be hoped that this concise, lucid and well-written account of her life and work will awaken interest in one whose literary labors will merit perusal and study. Miss Martineau was one of the precursors of that movement for the larger life and mental liberty of her sex, which to-day has assumed formidable proportions, and indulged, we need hardly say, many strange vagaries. Miss Martineau began to write at an early age and soon began to impress herself on the public mind, though it was for a long time suspected that she was a man. The whole tone of her mind and intellectual sympathies was eminently masculine, though on the emotional and moral side of her nature she was intensely feminine. An early love disappointment, as has been the case with not a few literary women, shut her out from that circle of wifehood and motherhood in which she would have been far more happy than she was ordained to be by fate. Yet the world would have been a loser, so true is it that it is often by virtue of those conditions which sacrifice happiness that the most precious fruits of life are bestowed on the world. It would be interesting to follow the literary career of Miss Martineau, if space permitted, as her life was not only rich in its own results but interwoven with the most aggressive, keen and significant literary life of her age. To the world at large Miss Martineau, who had a philosophical mind of the highest order, is best known as the translator of Comte, of whose system she was an enthusiastic advocate. Her translation of Comte's ponderous "Positive Philosophy," published in French in six volumes, which she condensed into three volumes of lucid and forcible English, is not merely a masterpiece of translation, but a monument of acumen. So well was her work done, that Comte himself adapted it for his students' use, discarding his own edition. So it came to pass that Comte's own work fell out of use, and that his complete teachings became accessible only to his countrymen through a retranslation of Miss Martineau's original translation and

adaptation. Remarkable as were her philosophical powers, her work in the domain of imagination, though always hinging on a serious purpose, was of a superior sort. A keen and successful student of political economy, she wrote a series of remarkable tales, based on various perplexing problems in this line of thought and research. In addition to these, her pathetic and humorous tales are full of charm, and distinguished by a style equally charming and forcible. She might have been a great novelist had not her fondness for philosophical studies become the passion of her life. She was an indefatigable contributor to newspapers and magazines on a great variety of subjects, though she generally wrote anonymously. It was for this reason that her literary labors, which were arduous in the extreme, were comparatively ill-paid, and that life, even in her old age, was no easy struggle for her. The work, among her voluminous writings, on which her fame will probably rest as on a corner-stone, is "A History of the Thirty Years Peace." This is a history of her own time, pungent, full of powerful color, though often sombre, impartial yet searching, characterized by the sternest love of truth, and couched in a literary style of great force and clearness. She showed the rare power of discussing events which were almost contemporary, as calmly as if she were surveying a remote period of antiquity. The *Athenæum* said of this book on its publication: "The principles which she enunciates are based on eternal truths, and evolved with a logical precision that admits rhetorical ornament without becoming obscure or confused." Another remarkable work was "Eastern Life," the fruit of research in the East. In this she made a bold and masterly attack on the dogmatic beliefs of Christianity. The end and object of her reasoning in this work is: That men have ever constructed the Image of a Ruler of the Universe out of their own minds; that all successive ideas about the Supreme Being have originated from within and been modified by the surrounding circumstances; and that all theologies, therefore, are baseless productions of the human imagination and have no essential connection with those great religious ideas and emotions by which men are constrained to live nobly, to do justly, and to love what they see to be the true and right. The publication of this book raised a storm of opprobrium, for England was then far more illiberal than now. Yet it is a singular fact that, in spite of her free-thinking, Harriet

Martineau had as her intimate friends and warm admirers some of the most pious and sincere clergymen of the age. She died in 1876 at the age of seventy-four, after a life of exemplary goodness and brilliant intellectual activity, honored and loved by all who knew her, even by those who dissented most widely from her beliefs. She was among those who ploughed up the mental soil of her time most successfully, and few, either men or women, have written with more force, sincerity and suggestiveness on the great serious questions of life.

WEIRD TALES BY E. T. W. HOFFMAN. New Translation from the German, with a Biographical Memoir, by J. T. Beally, B.A. In two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Hoffman, the German romancer, to most English readers who know of him, is a *nomen et preterita nihil*, yet in his own land he is a classic. His stories are mostly short tales or novelettes, for he appears to have lacked the sustained vigor and concentration for the longer novel, like our own Poe, to whom he has been sometimes likened in the character of his genius. Yet how marvelously unlike Poe's are the stories in the volumes before us! The intense imaginativeness, logical coherence and lofty style which mark Poe are absent in Hoffman. Yet, on the other hand, the latter, who like his American analogue revels in topics weird and fantastic, if not horrible, relieves the sombre color of his pictures with flashes of homely tenderness and charming humor, of which Poe is totally vacant.

Hoffman, who was well born, though not of noble family, received an excellent education. He studied at Königsburg University, where he matriculated as a student of jurisprudence, and seems to have made enough proficiency in this branch of knowledge to have justified the various civil appointments which he from time to time received during his strange and stormy life, only to forfeit them by acts of mad folly or neglect. He was by turns actor, musician, painter, litterateur, civil magistrate and tramp. Gifted with brilliant and versatile talents, there was probably never a man more totally unbalanced and at the mercy of every wind of passion and caprice that blew. Had he possessed a self-directing purpose, a steady ideal to which he devoted himself, it is not improbable that his genius might have raised him to a leading place in German literature. Yet perhaps his talents

and tastes were too versatile for any very great achievement, even under more favorable conditions. As matters stand he is known to the world by his short tales, in which he uses freely the machinery of fantasy and horror, though he never revolts the taste, even in his wildest moods. Yet some of his best stories are entirely free from this element of the strained and unnatural, and show that it was through no lack of native strength and robustness of mind, that he selected at other times the most abnormal and perverse developments of action and character as the warp of his literary textures. Hoffman's stories are interesting from their ingenuity, a certain naïve simplicity combined with an audacious handling of impossible or improbable circumstances, and a charming under-current of pathos and humor, which bubbles up through the crust at the most unexpected turns. We should hardly regard these stories as a model for the modern writer, yet there is a quality about them which far more artistic stories might lack. It is singular to narrate that some of his most agreeable and objective stories, where he completely escapes from morbid imaginings, are those he wrote when dying by inches in great agony, for he, too, like Heine—a much greater and subtler genius—lay on a mattress grave, though for months and not for years. The stories collected in the volumes under notice contain those which are recognized by critics as his best, and will repay perusal as being excellent representations of a school of fiction which is now at its ebb-tide, though how soon it will come again to the fore it is impossible to prophecy, as mode and vogue in literary taste go through the same eternal cycle, as do almost all other mundane things.

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#### FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

PAUL IVANOVICH OGORODNIKOF, who died last month at the age of fifty-eight, was destined for the army, but, being accused of participation in political disturbances, was confined in the fortress of Modlin. After his release he obtained employment in the Railway Administration, whereby he was enabled to amass a sum sufficient to cover the cost of a journey through Russia, Germany, France, England, and North America, of which he published an account. He was subsequently appointed correspondent of the Imperial Geographical Society in North-East Persia, and on his return home he devoted his exclusive attention to



literature. His most interesting works, perhaps, are "Travels in Persia and her Caspian Provinces," 1868, "Sketches in Persia," 1868, and "The Land of the Sun," 1881. But he was the author of various other works and numerous contributions to periodical literature, and in 1882 his "Diary of a Captive" was published in the *Istorichesky Vyestnik*.

THE opening of the new college at Poona, India, which took place recently under the most favorable auspices, is noteworthy as marking the first important attempt of educated natives in the Bombay presidency to take the management of higher education into their own hands. The college has been appropriately named after Sir James Fergusson, who has always taken a great interest in the measures for its establishment, and during whose tenure of office as Governor of Bombay (now drawing to a close) such marked progress has been made in education in that presidency.

THE first part of the second series of the Palæographical Society's facsimiles, now ready for distribution to subscribers, contains two plates of Greek *ostraka* from Egypt, on which are written tax-gatherers' receipts for imposts levied under the Roman dominion, A.D. 39-163; and specimens of the Curetonian palimpsest Homer of the sixth century; the Bodleian Greek Psalter of about A.D. 950; the Greek Gospels, Codex T. of the tenth century; and other Greek MSS. There are also plates from the ancient Latin Psalter of the fifth century and other early MSS. of Lord Ashburnham's library; Pope Gregory's "Moralia," in Merovingian writing of the seventh century; the Berne Virgil, with Tironian glosses of the ninth century; the earliest Pipe Roll, A.D. 1130; English charters of the twelfth century; and drawings and illuminations in the Bodleian Cædmon, the Hyde Register, the Ashburnham Life of Christ, and the Medici Horæ lately purchased by the Italian Government.

PRINCE B. GIUSTINIANI has placed in the hands of the Pope, in the name of his friend Lord Ashburnham, a precious manuscript from the library of Ashburnham House. It contains letters by Innocent III. written during the years 1207 and 1209, and taken from the archives of the Holy See when at Avignon at the beginning of the fifteenth century. The letters are fully described in the *Bibliothèque de l'École des Chartes*.

ONE of the late General Gordon's minor contributions to literature is a brief memoir of Zebehr Pasha, which he drew up for the in-

formation of the Soudanese. General Gordon caused the memoir to be translated into Arabic, and we believe that copies of it are still in existence. It was written during the General's first administration of the Soudan.

THE memoirs of the late Rector of Lincoln will appear shortly, Mrs Mark Pattison having finished correcting the proofs. Much difficulty has been experienced in verifying quotations, frequently made without reference or clue to authorship. In one or two instances only the attempt has been reluctantly abandoned in order not indefinitely to delay publication. Mrs. Mark Pattison leaves England in February for Madras, where she will spend next summer as the guest of the Governor and Mrs. Grant Duff at Ootacamund. Her work on industry and the arts in France under Colbert is now far advanced towards completion.

A "NATIONAL" edition of Victor Hugo's works is about to be brought out in Paris by M. Lemonnier as publisher, and M. Georges Richard as printer. The plan of this new edition has been submitted by these gentlemen to M. Victor Hugo, who has given them the exclusive right to bring out, in quarto shape, the whole of his works. The publication will consist of about forty volumes, which are each to contain five parts, of from eighty to a hundred pages. One part will appear every fortnight, or about five volumes a year, and the first part of the first volume, which will contain the *Odes and Ballads*, is to appear on February 26, which is the eighty-third anniversary of the poet's birth. The price will be 6 frs. per part, or 30 frs. per volume, so that the total cost of the forty volumes will be close upon £50. There will be also a few copies upon Japan and China paper of special manufacture, while the series will be illustrated with four portraits of the poet, 250 large etchings, and 2,500 line engravings. The 250 large etchings will be by such artists as Paul Baudry, Bonnat, Cabanel, Carrier-Belleuse, Falguière, Léon, Glaize, Henner, J.-P. Laurens, Puvis de Chavannes, Robert Fleury, etc., while the line engravings will be by L. Flameng, Champollion, Maxime Lalanne, and others.

THE festival at Capua in commemoration of the bi-centenary of the birth of the distinguished antiquary and philologist, Alessio Simmaco Mazzecchi, which should have been held last autumn, but was postponed on account of the cholera, was celebrated on January 25. The meeting in the Museo Campano was attended by a large number of visitors from the neigh-

boring towns and from Naples, and speeches were delivered by the Prefect (Commendatore Winspeare), Prof. F. Barnabei, and several others.

DR. MARTINEAU'S new book, "Types of Ethical Theory," will be issued in a week or two by the Clarendon Press. The author seeks the ultimate basis of morals in the internal constitution of the human mind. He first vindicates the psychological method, then develops it, and finally guards it against partial applications, injurious to the autonomy of the conscience. He is thus led to pass under review at the outset some representative of each chief theory in which ethics emerge from metaphysical or physical assumptions, and at the close the several doctrines which psychologically deduce the moral sentiments from self-love, the sense of congruity, the perception of beauty, or other unmoral source. The part of the book intermediate between these two bodies of critical exposition is constructive.

THE Spelling Reform Association of England have adopted, as a means of encouraging the progress of their cause, a new plan specially calculated to secure the adhesion of printers and publishers. They offer to supply experienced proof-readers free of cost, who are prepared to assist in producing books and pamphlets "in any degree of amended or fonetic spelling."

SOME interesting materials towards a memoir of the late Bishop Colenso have been derived from an unexpected source. A gentleman in Cornwall heard that a bookseller in Staffordshire had for sale a collection of the bishop's letters. This coming to the knowledge of Mr. F. E. Colenso, the latter purchased them at once, and found that they consisted of letters ranging from 1830 to the middle of the bishop's university career. The collection also includes two letters from the bishop's college tutor which show the high estimation in which the young man was held by those who were brought into contact with him at Oxford.

IT is understood that the late Henry G. Bohn's collection of Art books, though comparatively few in number—said to be less than 800—forms a perfectly unique library of reference, and in many languages. We hear that it includes splendidly bound folio editions of engravings from the great masters in almost every known European gallery. Mr. Bohn's general private library—a substantial but by no means extensive one considering his colossal dealings with books—is not likely to be

sold. It may not be generally known that he lent nearly 1,400 volumes to the Crystal Palace Exhibition some years ago, and lost them all in the fire there.

MESSRS. TILLOTSON AND SON, of the *Bolton Journal*, who are the originators of the practice of publishing novels by eminent writers simultaneously in a number of newspapers in England, the United States, and in the colonies, announce that they intend shortly to publish, instead of a serial novel of the usual three-volume size, what they call an "Octave of Short Stories." The first of these tales, "A Rainy June," by "Ouida," will appear on February 28th. The other seven writers of the "Octave" are Mr. William Black, Miss Braddon, Miss Rhoda Broughton, Mr. Wilkie Collins, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Joseph Hatton, and Mrs. Oliphant.

DR. C. CASATI, who has just published a work in two volumes entitled *Nuovo rivelazioni sui fatti in Milano nel 1847-48*, is preparing for the press an edition of the unpublished letters of Pietro Borsieri, the prisoner of the Spielberg, together with letters addressed to him by several of his friends, among whom were Arrivabene, Berchet, Arconati, and Della Cisterna. The correspondence contains many particulars relating to the sufferings of these patriots in the Austrian prisons, and to the privations suffered by Borsieri and his companions in America. Dr. Casati will contribute a biographical sketch of Borsieri and notes in illustration of the letters.

AT the meeting of the Florence Academia dei Lincei (department of historical sciences) on January 18, it was announced that no competitors having presented themselves for the prize offered by the Minister of Public Instruction for an essay on the Latin poetry published in Italy during the eleventh and twelfth centuries, the competition will remain open until April 30, 1888.

EDWARD ODYNIC, the Polish poet and journalist, and friend of Mickiewicz, died in Warsaw on January 15. He was born in 1804, and was educated at the University of Wilna, where he was a member of the celebrated society of the Philareti. His period of poetic activity falls chiefly in the time of the romantic movement in Poland. His odes and occasional poems were printed in 1825-28, and many of them have been translated into German and Bohemian. His translations from Byron, Moore, and Walter Scott are greatly admired

in Poland. He also published several dramas on historical subjects. Odyniec was editor, first of the *Kuryer Wilanski*, and afterwards of the *Kuryer Warszawski*, and was highly esteemed as a political writer. He was personally very popular in Warsaw, and his funeral was attended by many thousands of people.

DR. A. EMANUEL BIEDERMANN, Professor of Theology in the University of Zürich, died in that city on January 26. He was born at Winterthur in 1819, studied theology at Basel and Berlin 1837-41, and in 1843 was elected Pfarrer of Münchenstein in the Canton of Basel-land. In 1850 he was made Professor Extraordinarius of Theology in the University of Zürich, and in 1864 Professor Ordinarius of "Dogmatik." His *Christliche Dogmatic* (Zürich, 1864) is the best known of his theological writings. In connection with Dr. Fries he founded in 1845 the Liberal ecclesiastical monthly, *Die Kirche der Gegenwart*, out of which the still extant *Zeitstimmen* was developed.

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#### MISCELLANY.

AN AERIAL RIDE.—The recent ascents, first at Berlin, then at Baden, of Herr Lattemann, who is the inventor and constructor of an entirely novel miniature balloon, "Rotateur," are remarkable, if foolhardy, performances. The intrepid aeronaut rises in the air merely suspended to a balloon by four ropes to a height of 4,000 feet. The Rotateur has the form of a cylinder, with semi-spherical ends and a horizontal axis. It holds about 9,300 cubic feet of ordinary gas, just enough to lift the weight of a man, without car, anchor, or other apparatus, about 4,000 feet. The balloon may be revolved round its horizontal axis by two cords attached at the periphery of the cylinder. The aeronaut is able by these cords to turn the valve, placed below, through which the gas is taken in and allowed to escape, when desired, round either the sides or to the top. This circular hole, as soon as the balloon is filled, is stretched out by a thick cane to such an extent longitudinally as to close it almost entirely, only leaving a narrow slit, through which, it is asserted, no gas can escape. If the aeronaut desires to let off the gas, he turns the cylinder balloon round its axis by manipulating the cords, the opening is moved to the side or top, and the cane removed by sharply pulling the cord attached to it, so that the opening becomes circular again, and allows the gas to escape. This is the new valve arrangement

—the egg of Columbus—patented by Herr Lattemann. For up to the present time the valve was the Achilles heel of the balloon, because it was placed at the top, sometimes failing to act, at others not closing air-tight. Herr Lattemann in his ascents wears a strong leather belt, through the rings of which two ropes are drawn, and by which he fastens himself to the right and left of the balloon net. He thus hangs suspended as in a swing. Two other ropes, attached to the balloon, and passing through other rings in his belt, end in stirrups, into which the aerial rider places his feet. At his earlier ascents Herr Lattemann used a saddle, which he has now discarded, preferring to stand free in the stirrups. As soon as the aeronaut has balanced himself in his ropes, the signal "Off!" is given, and the balloon sails away. Herr Lattemann has hitherto been entirely successful in his ascents, which last about half an hour.

THE CONDITION OF SCHLESWIG.—A graphic description is given in an article written by a correspondent of the *Times* in Copenhagen of the treatment to which the Danish inhabitants of Schleswig are subjected by the Germans. All the efforts of the authorities governing the duchy tend to the goal of crushing, and, if possible, exterminating the Danish language and Danish sentiment. The Danes in Schleswig cling with characteristic toughness to their language and to the old traditions of their race; they hate the Germans; they groan under the foreign yoke of suppression. Resisting all temptations and all menaces from Berlin, they still turn their regards and their love toward the Danish King and the Danish people, and they swear to hold out, even for generations, until the glorious day comes, as it is sure to come in the fulness of time, when the German chains shall be broken. It would be a very trifling sacrifice for Prussia, that has made such enormous gains and risen to the highest Power in Europe, to give those 200,000 or 250,000 Danish Schleswigers back to Denmark, the land of their predilection. The northern part of Schleswig is of no political or strategical importance to Prussia, and the proof of this is that the fortifications in Alsen and at Düppel are being levelled to the ground. Several instances of these petty persecutions are given by the correspondent. The names of towns and villages have been Germanized; railway guards are not permitted to speak Danish; in the public schools primers and songs and plays are to be in German, and the

children are punished if they speak among themselves their maternal language; history is arranged so as to glorify Germany and disparage Denmark; the Danish colors of red and white are absolutely prohibited; in short, from the cradle to the grave, the Danish Schleswiger is submitted to a process of eradicating his original nature and dressing him up in a garb which he hates and detests. This petty war is carried on day after day under the sullen resistance and open protests of the Schleswigers, and proves a constant source of hatred and animosity between two nations destined by nature to be friends and allies. Of late the Prussian functionaries in Schleswig have entered upon a system of positive persecution that passes all bounds. Last summer several excursions of ladies and girls from the Danish districts in Schleswig were arranged to different places, one to the west coast of Jutland, another to Copenhagen; they came in flocks of two or three hundred, were hospitably entertained, enjoyed the sights and the liberty to avow their Danish sentiments, and then they returned to their bondage. Such of them as did not carefully hide the red and white favors or diminutive flags had to pay amends for their carelessness. But the great bulk of them could not be reached by the law, for, in spite of all, it has not yet been made a crime in Schleswig to travel beyond the frontier. With characteristic ingenuity, the Prussian functionaries then hit upon a new plan, and visited the sins of the women and girls upon their husbands, fathers, or brothers. If these turned out to have, after the cession, opted for Denmark, and to be consequently Danish citizens only sojourning in Schleswig, they were peremptorily shown the door and ordered to leave the duchy within 48 hours or some few days. An edict authorizes any police-master to expel any foreign subject that may prove "troublesome" (*lästig*), and this term is a very elastic one. If the male relatives were Prussian subjects no law could be alleged against them, but among these such as filled public charges, particularly teachers and schoolmasters, have been summarily dismissed. In this way, farmers, small traders, artisans, dentists, school teachers, and so forth, whose wives or sisters or daughters did take part in the excursion trips, have been mercilessly driven away and deprived of their means of living. New cases of such expulsions are recorded every day. A system of the most petty persecution is at the same time enforced against those who cannot be turned out.

CHINESE NOTIONS OF IMMORTALITY.—A writer in a recent issue of the *North China Herald* discusses the early Chinese notions of immortality. In the most ancient times ancestral worship was maintained on the ground that the souls of the dead exist after this life. The present is a part only of human existence, and men continue to be after death what they have become before it. Hence the honors accorded to men of rank in their lifetime were continued to them after their death. In the earliest utterances of Chinese national thought on this subject we find that duality which has remained the prominent feature in Chinese thinking ever since. The present life is light; the future is darkness. What the shadow is to the substance, the soul is to the body; what vapor is to water, breath is to man. By the process of cooling steam may again become water, and the transformations of animals teach us that beings inferior to man may live after death. Ancient Chinese then believed that as there is male and female principle in all nature, a day and a night as inseparable from each thing in the universe as from the universe itself, so it is with man. In the course of ages and in the vicissitudes of religious ideas, men came to believe more definitely in the possibility of communications with supernatural beings. In the twelfth century before the Christian era it was a distinct belief that the thoughts of the sages were to them a revelation from above. The "Book of Odes" frequently uses the expression "God spoke to them," and one sage is represented after death "moving up and down in the presence of God in heaven." A few centuries subsequently we find for the first time great men transferred in the popular imagination to the sky, it being believed that their souls took up their abode in certain constellations. This was due to the fact that the ideas of immortality had taken a new shape, and that the philosophy of the times regarded the stars of heaven as the pure essences of the grosser things belonging to this world. The pure is heavenly and the gross earthly, and therefore that which is purest on earth ascends to the regions of the stars. At the same time hermits and other ascetics began to be credited with the power of acquiring extraordinary longevity, and the stork became the animal which the Immortals preferred to ride above all others. The idea of plants which confer immunity from death soon sprang up. The fungus known as *Polyporus lucidus* was taken to be the most efficacious of all plants in guard-

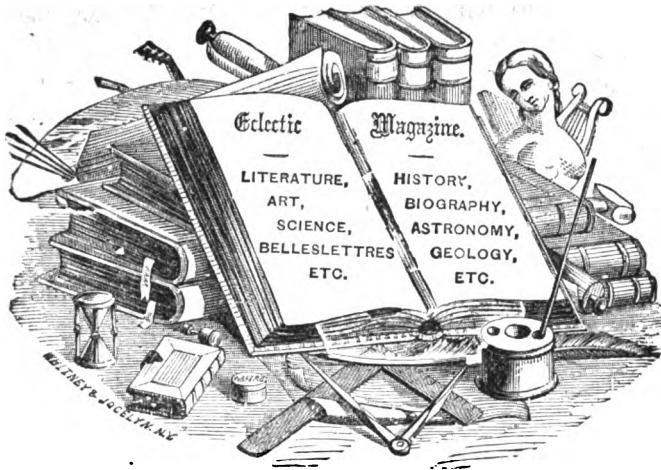
ing man from death, and 3,000 ounces of silver have been asked for a single specimen. Its red color was among the circumstances which gave it its reputation, for at this time the five colors of Babylonian astrology had been accepted as indications of good and evil fortune. This connection of a red color with the notion of immortality through the medium of good and bad luck, led to the adoption of cinnabar as the philosopher's stone, and thus to the construction of the whole system of alchemy.

The plant of immortal life is spoken of in ancient Chinese literature at least a century before the mineral. In correspondence with the tree of life in Eden there was probably a Babylonian tradition which found its way to China shortly before Chinese writers mention the plant of immortality. The Chinese, not being navigators, must have got their ideas of the ocean which surrounds the world from those who were, and when they received a cosmography they would receive it with its legends.—*Nature*.

AN APPROACHING STAR.—One of the most beautiful of all stars in the heavens is Arcturus, in the constellation Boötes. In January last the Astronomer Royal communicated to the Royal Astronomical Society a tabulated statement of the results of the observations made at Greenwich during 1883 in applying the method of Dr. Huggins for measuring the approach and recession of the so-called fixed stars in direct line. Nearly 200 of these observations are thus recorded, twenty-one of which were devoted to Arcturus, and were made from March 30 to August 24. The result shows that this brilliant scintillating star is moving rapidly towards us with a velocity of more than fifty miles per second (the mean of the twenty-one observations is 50.78). This amounts to about 2,000 miles per minute, 180,000 per hour, 4, 320,000 miles per day. Will this approach continue, or will the star presently appear stationary and then recede? If the motion is orbital the latter will occur. There is; however, nothing in the rates observed to indicate any such orbital motion, and as the observations extended over five months this has some weight. Still it may be travelling in a mighty orbit of many years' duration, the bending of which may in time be indicated by a retardation of the rate of approach, then by no perceptible movement either towards or away from us, and this followed by a recession equal to its previous approach. If, on the other hand, the 4,500,000 of miles per day continue, the star must become visibly brighter to posterity, in

spite of the enormous magnitude of cosmical distances. Our 81-ton guns drive forth their projectiles with a maximum velocity of 1,400 feet per second. Arcturus is approaching us with a speed that is 200 times greater than this. It thus moves over a distance equal to that between the earth and the sun in twenty-one days. Our present distance from Arcturus is estimated at 1,622,000 times this. Therefore, if the star continues to approach us at the same rate as measured last year, it will have completed the whole of its journey towards us in 93,000 years.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

GERMANS AND RUSSIANS IN PERSIA.—a correspondent of the *Novoje Vremja* recently had an opportunity of ascertaining some interesting facts from a naval officer who is in the service of the Shah, and whom he met on board a Persian steamer in the Caspian Sea. The Persian cavalry is organized and commanded by Russian officers, while the artillery is commanded and instructed by Germans. The Persian soldiers, however, dislike their German superiors, who treat them very badly and are arrogant to a degree with the native officers. On the contrary, the Russians are generally popular—so it is said. There is the worst possible feeling between the Russians and the Germans, who seize every opportunity of annoying each other. A short time ago their military manœuvres were held, attended by the Shah and the whole Corps Diplomatique. The infantry made a splendid show, and the cavalry, too, was much admired, but the firing of the artillery was execrable, and, as ill-luck would have it, the German Consul was wounded in the foot. The Shah was furious, whereupon the German officers called out that the ammunition had been tampered with by the Russians. At once the Shah ordered an inquiry to be made, the only consequence of which was to give mortal offence to the Germans. But it is, perhaps, not necessary to go quite so far as Teheran to find traces of the profound antagonism existing between Russians and Germans. Czar and Kaiser may embrace to their hearts' content, but, strange to say, wherever their subjects meet abroad they quarrel. At the market town of Kowno, in the Russian Government district of Saratoff, a sanguinary encounter took place a few days ago between German settlers and Russian peasants, who had come from the neighborhood for the annual fair. As many as ten were killed and thirty wounded. The outbreak of a large fire interrupted the fighting, otherwise the list would have been far more considerable.



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THE POLITICAL SITUATION OF EUROPE.

BY F. NOBILI-VITELLESCHI, SENATOR OF ITALY.

I.

IT is a matter worthy of consideration why the progress which is in our time so unexpectedly rapid in all which concerns the physical world, should be so slow, or rather so limited, in the sphere of morals. We might almost say that, like a line ascending in a spiral form, progress can in each historical period only be made within the given orbit in which the period itself revolves.

With respect to the two principal questions which interest mankind in its complex—that is, in its political and social—existence, the orbit in which the historical period preceding our own revolved, as far as politics are concerned, circled round what we may term the State, although this does not precisely correspond to our present conception of the word; and socially it re-

volved round an absolute system of proprietorship, together with the rights and duties which were to a varying extent attached to it, and which included a relative and practically obsolete exercise of charitable customs.

That which was called a State was not always a combination which had, in accordance with the modern conception, the public welfare as its sole and supreme object, but it generally depended on certain rights which had their origin in facts of extreme antiquity. These combinations were of two kinds. The most usual, which was indeed almost universal in Europe, was the monarchy, in which a given family governed and represented the interests of a more or less extensive number of peoples, which in virtue of ancient rights, of conquests, of treaties, or in any other way belonged to her. In a few rare instances these

monarchies were elective, and the rulers, who were elected by a college, a caste, or in some other manner, found themselves in the same conditions as hereditary sovereigns. The least common, but not the least important and successful, form of government was that of the communities which governed themselves. But even this form relied for its existence on the same elements as the monarchies—that is, on rights, conquests, and treaties, or similar reasons—on which alone the political state of Europe was based up to the year 1815.

By this we mean that up to 1815 no right was recognised in political life except that which derived its origin from some fact or facts which were supposed to constitute rights, such as successions, conquests, concessions, or gifts. Spain, in virtue of one or other of these titles, ruled the Low Countries and the kingdom of Naples, nor did it occur to any one to discuss the fitness of this strange aggregation of different peoples, united in a single State. It would be tedious to cite all the instances of curious combinations to which the ancient European rights gave rise. Although they had a tendency to dissolve under the influence of recent times, yet the system was maintained up to 1815, the date of the last great treaty which was made on this basis, and of which the effect remained up to 1845.

Throughout this protracted period, of which the beginning is conrouted with that of European civilisation, a certain progress did, however, take place in the conditions of European society, which advanced from the capitulations of Charles the Great to the English Great Charter, from arbitrary decrees to the statutes of the republic of Florence, and finally, to the legislative acts of Joseph the Second in Austria, of Leopold in Tuscany, Charles the Third in the kingdom of Naples, and of all the contemporary governments which uttered their last word on such progress as was possible to politicians of that period, and which consisted in adapting as far as possible the inflexible exigencies of ancient rights to the necessities of modern facts, and in inducing those who governed by divine right to consider the interests of the people. But this was only up to a certain point, and the relative

conditions of the governors and the governed did not cease to be the basis of European policy.

Speaking of these things at this day is like speaking of another world. A State which is not governed in the interests of those of whom it consists would be a tyranny. It is held to be an iniquity to hold a people subject to a rule which is independent of ethnographical, geographical, or economical considerations, and such a people would be considered justified in throwing off the yoke, if possible. A war undertaken to maintain a purely dynastic title would be regarded as an intolerable burden, to which no nation is bound to submit.

The arguments which are used to stigmatise and condemn the old system as unjust and out of date are naturally derived from its evils, dangers, and inconveniences. The people were subject to laws, taxation, and wars, for causes which did not concern them, and which for that very reason multiplied without control. The Thirty Years' War and the War of Succession cut down whole peoples, not for their own benefit, but in order to decide to whom they should belong. A permanent state of war appeared to be the inevitable result of the conflagration of all these rights, which were contested at the expense of the happiness of peoples. Meanwhile science had changed the basis of rights, and the famous principles of 1789, which had their birth in the intoxication of the nascent revolution and were nourished by the blood of its maturer age, found their way into codes and constitutions. The old system, condemned both in theory and practice, was anathematised by the rising generation, which claimed to have discovered the secret of true policy, and the grand panacea for all the evils of humanity.

Nor was it otherwise with social questions. The conception that every man might do what he pleased with his own, and might transmit it to others both before and after his death, was more or less present in the constitution of all civil societies. But this system deprived of the enjoyments of life all those who were unable to acquire property for themselves, and to whom no one could or would transmit it. In one word, in this system there were no official disposi-

tions for the poor, who nevertheless constitute the eternal problem of human society. In fact, money enough for the permanent and complete relief of the poor could not be found, nor the mode of useful legislation on this subject. But an appeal beneath the beneficent influence of Christianity was made to the most refined sentiments of humanity, and created duties which, however imperfectly fulfilled, were imperious, and relied on a divine sanction. In this way charity provided for the variable and indefinite needs which exist in all human societies, from the richest and most fortunate to the poorest and most unhappy, and did so with the buoyant and indefinite force inspired by sentiment, which contrasts strongly with similar laws and provisions enacted by the State.

The modern phase of thought does not venture openly to attack socially property, as politically it has attacked divine right, because it has not known what to substitute in its place. It was less difficult to sustain universal suffrage, which met with fewer obstacles in its translation into fact than communism or socialism. There has therefore been no direct attack on property, but for a long while circuitous means have been taken to undermine its rights. By the destruction of the feudal system, the bonds which connected property with the exercise of political power were burst asunder, and another blow was struck at its stability by the abolition of the rights of eldest sons, and of all the other privileges belonging to it, according to ancient usage. Later, legitimate successions and those of intestate persons have been regulated, and thus the disintegration has been gradually prepared. Finally, the laws of taxation for purposes of the State or of public welfare have further confiscated a large portion of private property. Hence it may be said that on great part of the Continent property of every kind—rural, urban, movable, or immovable—has become a merchandise, great part of which is administered by trustees for the benefit of the State, while the rest is subject to a number of laws, contracts, and combinations which cause it to pass from one person to another with the utmost rapidity, so that its enjoyment may be

extended to as large a number as possible, since the mode of distributing it to all has not yet been discovered.

Charity has been overthrown by the same blow. It has shared the unpopularity of her preachers, and it also, without being directly attacked, has been subjected, under different pretexts, to the destruction and conversion of a very large number of institutions founded under its banner, and discredit has been thrown on its practices and provisions, while the struggle for existence has been brutally substituted for charity. So much the worse for the man who cannot help himself out of a difficulty. The motto of our time is a species of *sauve qui peut*, which begins in the transactions of the money market and leads some to the temple of fortune and others to the river or to the lunatic asylum.

We do not, however, assert that the inexhaustible source of human kindness with which God has mercifully endowed our nature does not still find means of doing good, and great good. Institutions, which are for the most part beneficent, abound on every side, and supply the place of the ancient foundations which have disappeared. But the conception and its mode of execution are different and do not correspond with the old usage. Everything is done according to rule in modern philanthropy. There are free municipal schools in which instruction is given to those who do or do not desire it. There are hospitals in which a definite number of patients afflicted by certain diseases are collected, and if the number is exceeded or the symptoms are not the same, they are left to die until a hospital is founded which is intended for such cases. If a man is in want of bread he receives a garment, because the institution which might help him only provides clothes; and if a whole family is dying of hunger they will receive a mattress if directed to an institution which only supplies beds. The liberal charity which is personal and intelligent, and which corresponds to the infinite variety and combinations of human necessities, lingers, thank God! in the hearts of the beneficent, but its form is discredited and its means are abridged. The great mass of the funds which were devoted to charity is now diverted into the official and semi-official channels of



modern philanthropy. In my opinion, the relief which is now given does good without remedying the evil, since a dinner for to-day is always welcome, but it will not prevent a man from dying of hunger next week, or of cold if he has not wherewithal to cover himself; while a loaf or a cloak given at a propitious moment may save the life of a man or of a whole family. So it may be said that the place of charity has been taken by the struggle for existence, only modified by administrative philanthropy.

This second revolution was produced by the growing discredit which resulted from the evils and inconveniences which had their source in the ancient conception of property, and from those which were attributed to the free and sentimental charity. Property, when in the hands of a few privileged classes, made few happy while the many were unhappy. Charity created miseries by encouraging idleness. Such were the principal arguments which overthrew the old system.

Thus political power of an exclusive and egotistic character, which was founded on divine right, was destroyed in order to constitute governments on a popular basis; labor was substituted for charity. It appeared to the philosophers who carried out this great revolution that nothing more was needed to inaugurate a new golden age in which the rivers would flow with milk, and ripe fruits would fall on every man's table. It is needless to add that peace and general satisfaction were to be the results of this profound and laborious revolution.

## II.

The old order of things was, however, hardly demolished before two distinct and menacing questions were raised upon its ruins—Nationality and Socialism. Let us begin with the first.

Since the country (*patria*), in the limited sense of the word, had disappeared—that is, the political unity which was represented by the dynasty or flag or even simply a steeple, the early symbol of the old societies—the sentiment of association took its concrete form in a fresh combination, more in harmony with the democratic tendencies of our times. It assumed the widest possible basis—to constitute a society which should unite all common interests,

and should be governed in conformity with these. It is, indeed, not surprising that men who speak the same language, inhabit the same zone, who are alike in their customs and dispositions, who are, in short, what is now called a nation, should present all these characteristics, and should therefore become the new political unit both of the present and the future, thus replacing the earlier units formed by heredity or conquests without respect to the interests of all the component elements.

Nothing in nature is produced at one stroke; and some races had already advanced towards nationality, and especially France, which had laboriously constituted herself into a nation, before the word was used in its political meaning. But the country to which it was allotted to assert loudly and explicitly this new form of political life was Italy in 1859. The formula of nationality as the basis of right was first proposed by her and obtained acceptance by international jurisprudence, and this basis had scarcely been established before it led to the overthrow of six thrones which boasted of different origins, among which was the most ancient and most venerable of all—the temporal power of the Popes. The experiment was favorably received, and Germany lost no time in adopting it, since the old system had produced in that country the same conditions of divisions and of relative weakness which had occurred in Italy. The campaigns of 1866 and of 1870 served to contribute to the new theory the force which was necessary to convince European diplomacy.

Even those who most reluctantly accept modern ideas do not now speak of anything but nationality. It might be supposed that there had never been any other basis for politics, since this has in a very short time been so completely and universally accepted.

The production of these nationalities has, however, been accompanied by all the defects of the system which preceded them. They have brought with them all the rancours of ancient Europe. The rancours of Francis I. and of Charles V. have been transmuted into the deadly enmity which exists between French and Germans. The testament of Frederic II. has led to the pro-

gramme of the German people, and the ambitious projects of Catherine II. have issued in the aspirations of the Slave race. So though the new era which began with nationality indicates a real progress in the internal constitution of the different States, and in the fundamental reasons for their several governments ; still with respect to their international relations to universal justice and to general peace, in a word, with respect to the progress of the human race in morals, we find ourselves—to make use of the metaphor we employed at first—in a fresh spiral, equally limited in space, in which there is a relative progress, but it has only a slight influence on the general progress of humanity. And, to turn from abstract principles to the concrete limits of politics, the present state of things is not promising nor hopeful for the peace of Europe.

The first and most curious phenomenon which accompanied the affirmation of different nationalities as a guarantee of peace in Europe, has been compulsory service—a euphemism which implies that the whole male population of Europe is trained and educated for war ; thus men are fashioned into as deadly instruments as were ever found in barbarous ages and during the warfare of the old system. Military education, both technical and gymnastic, is brought to such perfection that whole generations are trained like hounds for mortal conflict, and each man may on an average kill ten others in the course of a minute. Even in traversing Europe by the railway we may observe near the fortresses, and indeed in the great centres of population, arenas, gymnasia, drilling grounds, and young men clothed in the prescribed warlike uniform. This strange spectacle is unnoticed because it is concealed and confounded with the attractions of modern civilisation ; but it must strike all who seek to penetrate its external phenomena : and certainly those who established the present civilisation did not anticipate such a result.

We must, however, leave the speculative side of the question to philosophers, since what concerns us in the interests of this same civilisation is to examine the practical results of the situation in Europe in its political aspect, with which we are at this moment occupied. Brief-

ly, we wish to ascertain what is now the political situation of Europe, in consequence and in presence of the new basis on which European rights are established.

And primarily, since the application of these new rights, all nationalities, if they do not feel the present necessity, yet they have potentially a tendency to assimilate the elements which properly belong to them. And each forms a judgment of the situation in accordance with his standard and purpose.

Thus, for example, Russia, under the pretext of consisting for the most part of Slav peoples, begins to nourish in her bosom the ambition of uniting all the Slav races under the well-known name of Pan-Slavism. No matter that the Slavs of Poland and Bohemia differ widely from those of Russia proper in their language, religion, and habits, perhaps more widely than from those of another nationality. Panславists extend to the race the privileges of the nation, and as it would be difficult to define logically where the one begins and the other ends, so among them, and especially among those who believe, perhaps rightly, that they speak in the name of Russia, the Slav nation consists of a third of Europe, reaching from the North Pole to the Adriatic. In order to unite it under Russian rule, it would be necessary to overthrow, or at any rate seriously to mutilate, the dominions of Turkey and of Austrian Hungary.

The demolition of the Turkish empire and the diminution of Austrian Hungary would be carried still further by the nationality of Greece, which requires for its proper development to absorb another portion of Turkey, and to deprive Austria of such access to the sea as the Slavs might leave to her.

The Italian nationality would also propose some modifications of the geography of Europe, less searching than the above, but not without their importance.

France and Spain are the countries which have least to ask in the way of expansion ; the former because her territory was acquired before the enunciation of the principle was formulated, the latter because of her limited proportions, unless, following the interpretations of Russia, she should entertain the ambition, which up to this time is scarcely

perceptible if it exists at all, of acquiring the whole Iberian peninsula.

If we continue our circuit of the continent we come to the two small nationalities of Flanders and Scandinavia. These two, although their populations are the least numerous, seem less sensible of the necessity of political reunion. It is certain that no one in Belgium and Holland has seriously formulated the idea of a fusion, nor yet among the Scandinavians. These States enjoy a certain ease of circumstances and unusual prosperity, without being tormented by the demon of aggrandisement; they allow the claims of nationality to remain dormant in order that they may enjoy in prosperity and contentment what they have acquired by political shrewdness and indefatigable labor; but it may be said that in these conditions they stand alone in Europe.

The circuit we have made from the extreme north to the centre of Europe includes the most complete, successful, and indisputable instance of a compact and homogeneous nationality in that of Germany. Twenty-five years ago this was hardly regarded as an ethnographical or historical designation, and it was certainly not political, since the tendencies and interests of the different States of Germany were quite dissimilar, even when, as in many of the most important questions, they were not altogether opposed to each other. Now that the nationality has arisen, has grown and reached maturity, and in two memorable campaigns has swept all obstacles from its path, it would be as useless to try to arrest its development and divert it from its path as to try and make the Rhine flow back to its source.

The German nation must absorb a few more States in order to constitute itself into a political unity, but since the most important would shake to its foundations the Austro-Hungarian empire, this last annexation will be deferred as long as possible. The fraction of Germans which remains to be absorbed into the empire would only augment the number of its constituents by some millions, and its territory by some provinces; meanwhile in its present condition it fulfils the mission of a colony detached from the parent nation, impressed with the same char-

acteristics, and adhering to the same interests, and thus constituting a weighty instrument for carrying out the national views throughout the Austro-Hungarian empire, which, amidst the conflict of the different nationalities of which it consists, is clearly and irresistibly impelled towards that which is the nearest, the most energetic, and the most powerful. This state of things is too favorable to Germany to allow her to hasten to exchange her independent colonies in Austria into faithful subjects of the German Emperor. There remain other tendencies to assimilation on the side of Russia and of Switzerland. The first are so problematical that they may be regarded as a pretext rather than a claim. The second have not, up to this time, acquired any appearance of probability, since Switzerland has had the privilege of constituting an artificial and political nationality out of such as are truly geographical and ethnographical, and has gallantly resisted any encroachment, so that on this side also any assimilation must be regarded as immature. We must not, however, forget the homogeneity of race, if Germany should be for any cause impelled to approach or to cross the Alps. In such a case the effects of this homogeneity must make themselves felt.

These tendencies are not, however, all equally active, nor have they all the same intensity. Up to this time some of them are still latent, and give no sign of their existence, nor are they the only factors of the political state of Europe. Besides their tendencies to become complete, nationalities have certain other tendencies, objects, and ends, which may be said to be peculiar to each of them, since they correspond with their special needs, relate to certain conditions, and are in conformity with the mission which each State has, or thinks it has, in the political concert of nations.

Since, therefore, we are considering the subject from the political point of view, as it now exists, we shall only regard those tendencies which actually demand satisfaction, and which, therefore, constitute an element and a factor of contemporary politics. The more important tendencies may be reduced to few, intense in character, and wielding mighty forces. The others may be con-

sidered as depending by those which are greater and stronger, only differing in degree of intensity and power. They generally take an intermediate place, and receive their satisfaction second-hand, according to their position on the right or wrong side in the great conflict of interests. They usually follow the fortune of the conquered or conquering leaders.

Russia, the dominant Slav race of the north, in addition to the desire of assimilation with her brethren, tends towards the sun, in order to exert an influence over the temperate zone, in which the most vital interests of Europe are at issue. This is the popular tradition which goes by the name of the testament of Peter the Great. Russia has persistently and indefatigably extended her conquests in the direction of the East. If this movement appears to be at present less decided, it is because her want of success in the last war and last treaty has reacted on the constitution of the empire, which is thus weakened and hindered in its efforts at expansion. But as soon as this impulse of internal dissatisfaction is subdued, her activity abroad will be renewed. The man or the government which is able to lead Russia back into her old course will solve the enigma by which she is now agitated.

She advances towards the east from two sides—the north and west. In the former direction she is impelled by the force of circumstances. The only element of order amid the nomadic and barbarous peoples which overspread the country extending from the sides of the Caucasus to the interior of Asia, the endless controversies about frontiers enable her to advance stealthily and insensibly, owing, as we have said, to the very nature of things. On the western side she makes her way deliberately, and in spite of all the obstacles opposed to her. These are of two kinds—the resistance of the Ottoman empire; and that of the European Powers, which are either interested in maintaining it or desire to succeed to its territory. England stands first in the first category, Austria in the second, if, indeed, she is not alone in the desire to succeed to Turkey.

Russia would have overcome the first

obstacle, in spite of the tenacity of the Ottoman policy and the bravery of the army, if it were not complicated by the second. The great and moribund empire of Turkey has still vitality enough to respond to the affectionate care of the more or less interested physicians who take charge of her.

But since 1870 the political attitude of Europe with respect to Turkey has completely changed. Each of the three Powers which with a somewhat elaborate disinterestedness assumed her defence in 1855 has modified its views. Italy, to whom it was hardly more than a pretext for inaugurating her political constitution, has attained her object and will no longer apply herself with the same tenacity of purpose to the maintenance of the Ottoman empire. France and England have abandoned their office of guardians, to assume the more profitable one of heirs—the one in Tunis, the other in Egypt. As for Russia, with which we are now occupied, her position is also different. Now that France has taken her share, she has no great interest in upholding the tottering giant against whom she has directed one of the most recent and most decisive blows; and, on the other hand, she is by no means interested in opposing the plans of Russia or in offending her, since she recognises in this Power the only hope of vengeance remaining to her in the present state of things.

England, on the other hand, who has taken her share of the succession, wishes, if possible, to prolong the existence of the dying man, especially since Russia is with more or less reason considered by a certain section of public opinion in England to menace her influence and even her possessions in the East, as well as in the West. The influences of Russia and England are so heterogeneous, one to the other, that whenever they come in contact, although it may be in the distant future, it must be a reciprocal source of danger. But now that England has secured Egypt, she has perhaps no longer the same intense interest in the preservation of the Turkish empire by which she was actuated in 1855.

From 1870 onwards, a new and very important actor appeared on the Oriental stage. Austria, repulsed by the different nationalities—by Italy in 1859,

by Germany in 1866—for the very reason that she was the only European State which did not rely on nationality, that exclusive and jealous factor of modern politics, has been obliged to depend on one of those already in existence, and also to create for herself a scope and office which might justify her own existence. She has found these two objects fulfilled by the Oriental question.

Since the Hapsburg dynasty found itself placed on the confines of German nationality, and close to all the fractions of different nationalities which the storms of past ages had thrown on the shores of the Danube on one side, and on the Balkan peninsula on the other, it quickly took the part of ruling all these different nationalities, which, owing to their insignificance, could not aspire to form a political unit, and therefore relied on the great German nationality which was behind them. But, as we have said, this did not suffice; another object was presented to them, dictated by the nature of things—that is, to substitute the Mohammedans in the supremacy of Eastern Europe, as they were incompatible with European civilisation, and at the same time to prevent this, which is commonly called the key of Europe, from falling into the hands of a really numerous nationality, which would on many accounts have excited the fears of all European interests.

Through this act, dictated, as we have said, by the necessities of things, Austria has found herself inextricably bound to Germany and opposed to Russia, with whom she contests the two objects most dear to the latter—the acquisition of the Catholic Slav races which Austria jealously cherishes in her bosom, and her progress towards the sun, or towards whatever obstructs her advance to the East. The indissoluble bonds which unite the policy of Germany with that of the Austro-Hungarian empire enable the former country to enjoy the inestimable advantage of exerting a powerful influence on Eastern diplomacy without, however, showing the hand which she neither could nor would withdraw.

Consequently, Russia finds in the German nationality upon her western frontier a much more serious and permanent barrier than that which was raised by

the political combinations of 1855. Her development in the East is opposed, as well as the expansion of her influence in Europe, which is still more important. We see these two great nationalities fatally opposed to each other by their most vital necessities, and in the objects they most ardently desire. The wise and prudent combinations of the statesmen of these two great countries are applied to smooth difficulties and distract attention from these fatal conditions; and owing to the calm temperament of these nations, and to the discipline still maintained by their Governments, they have been successful up to a certain point. The ancient alliance of the three emperors has, however, already become that of two. On the one side there is a true and serious alliance established between the two houses of Germany and Austria; on the other, a close, warm, and probably sincere friendship between the houses of Germany and Russia. But none such can be firmly established between the three; and as for the two most numerous and powerful nationalities of Europe, they may (and the God of Peace will reward them for it) dissimulate, soften, temporise—do everything in their power to avert too rapid or too violent a collision of the important interests of their subjects, but they cannot change the nature of things. The two great nationalities, Slav and German, are essentially rivals, both in geographical position and in their political aims.

These considerations naturally lead us to speak of the German nationality.

This nationality, like all those of recent origin, desires to feel itself secure. On the one side there is an instinctive fear of the possible conflagrations to which the influence of their powerful neighbor may give rise; on the other, it cannot lose sight of the strong antagonism between Germany and France which dates from 1870. It will for a long period be difficult to overcome this antagonism, since it is founded on the great frontier interests which have been contested on both sides. As long as France is deprived of her traditional frontier she will never feel herself secure, and if it were surrendered by Germany, she would lose all the fruits of her loss and bloodshed in 1870. Even if it were

only a contest for influence and supremacy, it is not in the French nature to submit to defeat without feeling from time to time the desire for revenge. This impulse alone in so excitable a nation is enough to keep Germany watchful in this direction. Certainly such an occurrence is not at present either certain or threatening, but it is always possible that their two formidable neighbors may combine, and this would re-act also on the different nationalities which compose the Austro-Hungarian empire. It is this danger which keeps the German nation in an indefinite and indefinable state of uneasiness, to her own economical ruin, as well as to that of all the European States which are compelled to imitate her.

To this feeling of uneasiness must be referred the feverish activity of the Imperial *Cabinet*, who never ceases to make and unmake plans and combinations, dominated by the single idea which was cherished by the rival nationality of France from the time of Louis the Fourteenth to that of Thiers—namely, to keep all Europe in a divided state. This is not only in order to carry out the famous maxim, *Divide et impera*, but because among all the possible combinations, some might be, if not fatal, yet dangerous to the existence of Germany.

This possibly was foreseen in 1870, and it is known that lengthy negotiations secured the neutrality of Russia in that war. The concessions made to Russia in the East were part of the price of that neutrality, and chief among these was the revision of the Treaty of Paris.

It was readily believed that the opportunity of securing predominance in Europe, for which Germany had been so elaborately prepared, and which a chance unlikely to occur twice in the lifetime of peoples so liberally offered her, would not be let slip by the German Government. The war with France has been justly called a Punic War, or a deadly strife for supremacy in Europe. And therefore the second Punic War was looked for in a period in which it should not be possible for Russia to intervene. According to the plan by which the Roman Horatius fought with his rivals one by one, it seemed that the

dominion, if not of the world, at any rate of Europe, was secured to Germany.

This opinion was confirmed, inasmuch as the first question which arose after 1870 was the Eastern question. The part taken by Germany is well known, and certainly the peace was concluded at Berlin, where the Treaty of San Stefano, which had secured to Russia the price of her action, was cancelled. Russia issued from the struggle seriously shaken, nor has she yet recovered from the shock. The Russian nation, deluded in its most cherished expectations, has been given up to a state of discontent which it is not necessary to study in its forms but in its essence. The people are conscious of having been misdirected in their course, and are displeased with whoever has failed to interpret their wishes.

It seemed as if this might have been the moment for a second war with France, and especially since it was unlikely that Russia would forget, when her strength returned, the *aiuto da fé* made at Berlin of the Treaty of San Stefano. To this end all the manœuvres of the Berlin Cabinet seem to have tended, as if the powerful hand of the German Chancellor had only been exerted to effect its conclusion.

The mountain did not, however, bring forth a mouse but a *canard*, for such it must appear to our calmer judgment, in the unexpected rumor of a Franco-German alliance. We are not now in a position to examine the reasons of this abortive birth. It only concerns us to show that when the hypothesis of this solution was overthrown by the power so ably and opportunely exerted, the question was reproduced to the German nation in its integrity. Placed between and in collision with the interests of two great nationalities, the one consisting of nearly sixty and the other of forty million inhabitants, Germany was still uneasy and insecure. Her people are, however, strictly disciplined, trained for conflict, and of a naturally brave temperament, and all means have been used to develop this quality in them. We know that when men conscious of strength are uncomfortable or of evil humor they soon try to mend their condition, and that they expend their wrath on some thing or person

until they have regained security and calmness. This constitutes one of the most serious questions now presented to Europe, and whence issues much of the uncertainty and dangers which menace its peace.

The Chancellor, with the ability and diplomatic genius which no one can dispute that he possesses, involves this phantasm in all sorts of wrappings, with the double aim of appeasing it and of rendering it less alarming to Europe. He expends all the energy which was accumulated in the violent struggle in diplomatic combinations. Hence the friendly relations with Russia have continually become closer; hence the triple alliance again, the courteous treatment of Spain, the favorable recognition of the French occupation of Tunis, so acceptable to France, although received with dissatisfaction by Italy; hence also the English occupation of Egypt was not opposed by Germany from the first, while it was very displeasing to France. All this incessant activity of German diplomacy, which appeared to be ably directed, and very probably really was so directed, to procure the isolation of France, was on that account supposed to lead the way to a second Franco-German war. But at the present it should rather be regarded as a long succession of manœuvres and a complicated diplomatic strategy, which had lost sight of its immediate object and had for the time no other interests than those which the episodes of this grave question present to the curiosity of all Europe—a question of which the issue is so uncertain and indefinite that at the moment when the object in view appeared to be obtained in the complete isolation of France, we hear of a Franco-German alliance. Incredible as it may appear, this is the fact. The alliance is spoken of, and this is enough to show that everything is possible in the state of tension in which things are in Central Europe.

The sudden transition from a state of mortal war to that of an alliance might have been contemplated in the political exigencies of the times of Cardinal Richelieu—that is, when foreign politics were of a kind of sacerdotalism, only transacted by Cabinets, on which public opinion exercised little or no

influence. But it is difficult to believe, in the present state and exigencies of public opinion, and especially in France, that it would be easy or possible to stifle in a diplomatic combination, however able and useful, the memories of Metz and Sedan, the loss of the Rhine Provinces and the occupation of Paris.

Such an opinion may be to some extent accepted by the victors, but not by those on whom the burden of the war of 1870 fell. We mean by this that when such combinations are contemplated and the attempt is made to carry them into effect, they will not change the actual state of things. The rivalry, incompatibility, and rancours produced by interests which are different and in many cases opposed to each other in two neighboring and powerful nations, may be subdued for a while, but they must sooner or later revive until the question is substantially resolved by the triumph of one side or the other. It is precisely because she has been unwilling or unable to resolve it, that Germany remains in this condition of profound disquietude—a condition which has taken no certain and definite direction, but which is pregnant with possible dangers for the rest of Europe.

We have said that the movement has not yet taken a definite direction, but not that its tendency does not begin to declare itself. While setting aside for a little and adjourning to a more or less distant future the question of its own safety, the German nation, in common with others, has certain objects in view beyond that of mere existence; it has natural aspirations which give a purpose to life. We have said that the Slav races of Russia are drawn towards the sun, and the Germans are as strongly attracted towards the sea.

The people of Germany are very poor, owing to the natural conditions of the soil and climate, poor also owing to compulsory military service, to which, however, they willingly submit for the sake of their national existence. If a strong people does not long tolerate an uneasy condition, neither can it tolerate poverty. One which is strong and poor is a dangerous neighbor to richer peoples. Now, from whatever side we cross the German frontier, we are struck by the prosperity and riches of the neigh-

boring nations, whether agricultural, manufacturing, or mercantile. The only advertisement posted up in every German village is the name of the company, battalion, and regiment to which it belongs, instead of the numerous advertisements which we find in similar villages of Belgium, France, and Holland, announcing transactions of trade, commerce, and manufactures. When we see the poor and humble villages which are thus classified, we might say that the German nation is merely encamped in the midst of Europe.

In the present conditions of Europe, and precisely on account of the nationalities to which the credit must be given, territorial acquisitions among neighbors and the subjection of one people to another have become hardly possible except in a few limited cases which cannot enter the mind of any statesman as having any large significance in the political future. Since European nations can no longer, as of old, obtain expansion at the expense of one another, they now seek for it in distant lands, amid lower civilisations and in societies which are less firmly constituted. This is done not only by conquest, but by colonisation and commercial establishments of every kind, which assure influence, and still more riches and prosperity to their founders. For this end, it is important that a nation should have easy access to the sea. The German nation is eminently continental and has only an inconsiderable extent of seaboard. Hence Germany has need of the sea, and this tendency attracts her equally towards the north and east of Europe. This has probably influenced her policy in the late Eastern war, and this subsidiary necessity is the complement of the more important need of securing her own safety which has been the object of the policy of the German Chancellor in its varying transitions. It agrees with the colonising tendencies which have come openly to a head within the last few months.

We have thus briefly indicated the tendencies of two among the principal nationalities. France comes next in importance, and since she is in fact the most ancient, so that her customs and interests are firmly welded in spite of

all her misfortunes, she need not greatly concern herself about the fact of her existence. It would be difficult to make any breach in the unity of France, since the traces of her ancient divisions no longer exist. Her external borders may be enlarged or restricted wherever the popular characteristics are less marked, or even ambiguous, so that their affections and interests may oscillate towards neighborly nations. But the great nucleus of the people has no fear of being other than it is, and this is not now the source of agitation in France. It is precisely because she has long been secure in the enjoyment and free exercise of all her faculties as a nation that her tendencies are more clearly and explicitly displayed.

Unfortunately these tendencies are towards domination and empire as the scope and means of her prosperity. As soon as France was constituted into a nation, or from the Revolution onwards, her history is only a history of aggressions which nothing but superior force from without and exhaustion within could arrest. The necessity of expansion by warlike means is so intense in the French nation that she is hardly subjected to foreign compulsion before there is an outbreak of internal disturbances. France, conquered in 1815, only remained quiet until she had recovered strength. The blood hardly begins to circulate in her veins when she either overthrows her Government or makes war on foreign Powers. The dilemma imposed like an incubus on all the rulers of France for the last hundred years issues in this—either war or revolution.

The present Government, instinctively conscious of this state of things, and not feeling strong enough to make war on its more powerful neighbors lest it should be ruined in its turn, has invented a diversion by transposing the problem—waging war in Asia and Africa, and carrying fire and flames into all parts of the world which could offer no resistance. The first idea of this policy must be ascribed to Louis Philippe, who owed the tranquillity of the early years of his reign to the conquest of Algeria. Other European nations have undertaken colonisation or conquest of distant lands with reference to their material prosperity, but conquest has



been the primary object of France. Economic views take a secondary place, out of proportion with the scale of the enterprise, and are, indeed, rather a pretext. This constitutional restlessness of France, which is only arrested by force, has long constituted one of the gravest perils which threaten the peace of Europe.

Italy, as well as Germany, feels the need of security, and this common need has, since 1870, united the interests of the two countries. There are insuperable obstacles in the tendency natural to all nationalities to absorb unconsciously the congenial elements of other States. The only symptoms of this tendency have been displayed on the side of Austria, which is not herself a nation, but those who so improvidently in any respect promoted it were also perhaps not aware that behind Austria stands Germany, and that Trieste on the Adriatic corresponds to that nation's tendency towards the sea. But as far as her own existence is concerned, Italy is irrevocably bound to all the combinations which may secure her, and is the irreconcilable enemy of all those who threaten her.

The path of Greece is equally barred by Austria and Russia, nor has she much hope of making way against these two great Powers, unless their antagonism can nourish such hopes.

We have reserved England to the last, because her political condition as it concerns her nationality is altogether distinct from those with which we have been hitherto occupied. If by nationality we mean homogeneous characteristics of race, a similarity in language, religion, and customs, the Anglo-Saxon nationality extends beyond the United Kingdom into both hemispheres. If, on the other hand, we regard the United Kingdom as an actual political unit, we find that it is composed of different races, in which are included the English, Scotch, and Irish, which have nothing in common with each other but their official language. And yet, while the English nation has for good reasons never posed, morally speaking, as the champion of nationalities, she presides over the most cultured, numerous, and energetic nationality in the world. But the Anglo-Saxon nationality does not

need nor desire, and indeed is unable, to be a political unit. It may be said that the Anglo-Saxon race has passed through the historical period of a nationality without observing it. It has advanced beyond this period to attain to the ideal of a civilisation forming whole parts of the world, in which only one language is spoken, in which we find the same customs, interests, and religion, or, at any rate, the faculty of accepting, each man for himself, what seems good to him, without allowing this diversity to produce, either in theory or practice, a distinction which has any political efficacy.

In those parts of the world there are not five or six groups of men which look askance at each other with a hostile air, and which, because they speak a different language, have a different history and religion, believe themselves to be justified as a matter of duty and honor in exterminating each other two or three times in a century. Because a scrap of ground belongs to one set of people, does not that appear to be a sufficient reason to the others to maintain millions of armed men trained for their reciprocal destruction? Geographical degrees do not suffice to create different and conflicting interests which may justify them in mutual injuries, and in inflicting on one another the long series of small and great miseries which begin with protracted wars and fiscal duties and end in the imposition of quarantine.

This fact gives to the English people, which represents that nationality in Europe, an exceptional power and authority. The English people may become decadent as an European Power, but as a nationality it will be unmenaced, since it does not represent a limited political unit, but the half of the world. If the German nationality should ever be baffled in the political combination made since 1870, she would lose her political importance in the world. But if Britain were attacked and conquered, the Anglo-Saxon nationality would still remain the greatest political power in the universe. Hence this nationality or race is exalted above all the narrow sentiments which underlie the policy of the different European States; but England herself as a State and political unit is jealous of the power which has

in less than two centuries produced the miraculous development of the Anglo-Saxon race to its present extent ; but if this jealousy is shown by the legitimate defence of a greatness achieved by what was, comparatively speaking, a handful of men from a remote island in the Atlantic, it does not express itself in the palpitations of a whole people struggling for their existence, which is the case with continental nations.

It follows from her exceptional circumstances that the aims of England in Europe are few, and different from those of other States, and that her policy has gradually become more disinterested in the contests which divide continental Europe. She has witnessed the supremacy of France, as she now witnesses the supremacy of Germany ; she has watched the rise of Italy and the decline of the Mussulman empire, to which she formerly appeared so warmly attached, and it has not affected her political position. The political vicissitudes of this half of the century have disturbed the balance of all the States of Europe, while England has during the same half century pursued her unalterable course through all these changes, not only without adopting compulsory service, but also without adopting conscription, and with an army which a continental Power would scarcely consider sufficient for a grand review. One point, however, England holds it necessary for her honor and interests to maintain—namely, her maritime supremacy and the free action of her eminently commercial people, in order to carry on her mission of civilisation, which is at once noble and lucrative. She will strive for this object with her last penny and with the last drop of her blood, and it is on this side only that the English nation takes its place as a great factor in European politics. She will strive for this object with her accumulated materials of character, power, and wealth, and at all events she will for a long time strive with the success and efficacy which no one can deny that she possesses. But with this exception her points of contact with Europe are few, and there is little probability of friction since her object is remote. Instead of striving for her nationality in Europe, she carries on without a conflict the advance of civilisation throughout the world.

But she cannot, we have said, be indifferent to any attacks on her maritime supremacy, nor to the serious rivalry with her colonial policy displayed by the European States. For this reason, and with a recollection of all which the continental blockade cost her, she regards with displeasure the excessive preponderance of any one of the great European Powers. England consists of a belly and brain nourished by scattered members which include in their manifold organism all parts of the world. If any one member is severed or paralysed, the blow is felt in the centre. The inclination to found colonies aroused in different European nationalities, which is, indeed, the necessary consequence of their development, naturally interests England in the highest degree, nor can the cases be rare when these new aspirations must be checked by the appearance of the British flag.

We have now indicated all the perils and difficulties which threaten the peace of Europe under the present political conditions that come from the principles established with so much difficulty by philosophers who were actuated by humanitarian motives, and who inscribed on the banner which floated above the ancient citadel of their cherished theories, the magic word "Fraternity."

On their banner there was also inscribed "Equality," which would lead me to speak of socialism, if space allowed it : as in Europe the progress in social questions has not been more fortunate. And just as monarchy had hardly been called in question before it was face to face with the republic, so the rights of property have hardly been discussed before riches and poverty are confronted, and the whole problem of the distribution of wealth rises again like a phantom before society. But this article has already reached such a length that I must postpone to a future occasion the treatment of that important and extensive subject. What I have said, however, is quite enough to show that if in Europe the present state of opinion on these subjects should not be modified, national wars as well as civil wars could eventually carry us at least through a temporary period of barbarism.

Yet we do not believe that we should lose confidence in progress, and repudi-

ate it in order to revert to the old state of things, nor yet that the principles and ideas of which we have spoken are not really progressive. Progress is a law of humanity which, if it were not, as it undoubtedly is, beneficial, must be fatal to it; and it is certainly a mark of progress that community of language, customs, and tendencies is regarded as a reason for political union rather than certain arbitrary or fortuitous combinations of successions, treaties, conquests, and the like. Above all, it is well to have substituted the right of good government for that which is merely arbitrary. We must again regard as progressive some of the modifications introduced in the laws relating to property. I say some of them, since it was perhaps dangerous to shake prematurely the foundations of the systems by which it has been ordered up to this time, when those which are to replace them are still imperfect and untried.

But a long process of moral discipline is required, which may by instruction modify the ideas about the two great modern conceptions of politics and society.

Besides, and in the meantime as a compensation, our gentler customs, a real progress in the education of sentiments and general culture, greatly neutralise the effect of this violent state of things. After the Russian has made a long tirade on the future of the Slav race, he sets out for the Rhine or Paris, and forgets the mystical and obscure visions of Holy Russia in the genuine pleasures of civilisation. When the German lays aside his deadly arms in order to re-enter civic life, his prejudices against the Latin race often fade before the amenity of a Frenchman and the glorious sun of Italy. Undoubtedly the multiplicity, the facility and gentleness of intercourse produced by modern civilisation, are of great efficacy in paralysing the effects of national antagonism and of social hatreds, but our watchfulness must not therefore relax. But, notwithstanding all these considerations, we persist in believing that until European opinion is modified on these important subjects, European policy must always take account of them, constantly on the watch lest she should be surprised by wars and unforeseen catastrophes,

which would compromise the long and laborious work of her refined civilisation.

As long as nationalities are compelled to be rivals, it is necessary to find some compensation for this rivalry. The ancient system of the balance and equilibrium of power, which has seemed to be old and disused armour, was perhaps never more opportune than now. If a general confederation after the American manner seems visionary, as opposed to the actual state of things in Europe, it might be practical and efficacious to substitute this system of equilibrium for partial alliance, and to establish the political balance of Europe in a normal position. But it is necessary that this work should be effected in time, before the preponderance of different Powers should become more marked, and especially before the ambitions and greed which are now upon the surface should strike deeply into the basis of international policy. A well-planned system of approximating those elements which are in any sense homogeneous or guided by common interests would tend to secure peace and strengthen governments, and would at the same time keep in check the social discontent which is nourished by political dissensions, gathers strength from the uncertainty and weakness of our present institutions, and triumphs in our misfortunes.

Here we must break off on the brink of conclusions and remedies. A few words will not suffice to sum up the moral of this long dissertation, nor was it our intention to do so either in few words or many. The question is too large for solution in the pages of a Review.

It simply appeared to be an opportune moment for pointing out the singular situation created by the progress of modern ideas, and to indicate the dangers involved in it.

We do not wish to exaggerate these dangers, and have ourselves pointed out that modern civilisation also includes their correctives, and that they do not imply the end of all things, nor that another flood of Deucalion is needed to renovate the human race from its very beginnings.

But precisely because European civilisation is so elaborate and complex, it

would be an error to suppose that catastrophic causes are needed in order seriously to affect the conditions of our comparative civility. Feudal and tyrannical wars took place in barren lands, amid rude castles and squalid villages; those which are national and social must be fought out amidst gardens and the monuments of art and manufacture. The last wars recorded by history had Lombardy and Champagne as their theatre, or were fought in the streets of Paris. Any of the tendencies indicated by us in the foregoing considerations which should terminate in a conflict would take place under analogous conditions and in the same degree of civilisation which, while

it might mitigate the modes of warfare, must make its effects more grievous. And the same ambition to possess distant countries which are more or less civilised may also be equally full of danger to commerce, international relations, the peace of Europe, and the interests of civilisation.

The privileged rules of the policy of the old world imposed upon themselves a limit to excessive power, and used the saying, *Noblesse oblige*. A new motto might be proposed to the builders and destroyers of Governments in our day, which would be equally noble and might be more fertile of results — *Progrès oblige*. — *Nineteenth Century*.

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### ORGANIC NATURE'S RIDDLE.

BY ST. GEORGE MIVART.

AMONGST the many sagacious sayings of the patient and profound thinkers of Germany, not the least noteworthy was Schelling's affirmation that the phenomena of instinct are some of the most important of all phenomena, and capable of serving as a very touch-stone whereby the value of competing theories of the universe may be effectually tested. His prescience has been justified by our experience. The greatest scientific event of the present time is the wide acceptance of the theory of evolution, and its use as a weapon of offence and defence. It is used both against the belief that intelligent purpose is, as it were, incarnate in the living world about us, and also in favor of a merely mechanical theory of nature. Now it would be difficult to find a more searching test of that theory's truth than is supplied by a careful study of instinct. The essence of that view of nature which is associated with the name of Professor Haeckel,\* a negation of the doctrine of

final causes and an assertion of what he calls "Dysteleology," that is, the doctrine of the purposelessness of the organs and organisms which people a purposeless planet. That doctrine may be called the gospel of the irrationality of the universe, and it is a doctrine to which a proof of the real existence of such a thing as "instinct" must necessarily be fatal. Instinct has been defined\* as a "special internal impulse, urging animals to the performance of certain actions which are useful to them or to their kind, but the use of which they do not themselves perceive, and their performance of which is a necessary consequence of their being placed in certain circumstances." Such an impulse is always understood to be the result of sensations; actions which take place in response to *unfelt* stimuli being referred, not to instinct, but to what is termed *reflex action*. In such action it is commonly supposed that the mechanism of a living body occasions a prompt responsive muscular movement upon the occurrence of some unfelt stimulation of the nervous system. The nervous system, or total mass of nerve-stuff—which is technically called "nerve-tissue"—in the body of an

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\* It is often associated unfairly with the illustrious name of the late Mr. Darwin. His special views lend themselves indeed to Haeckelianism, and have been pressed into its service; yet they are by no means to be identified therewith. As Professor Huxley has pointed out with his usual lucidity and force, Darwin's theory can be made to accord with the most thoroughgoing teleology.

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\* See Todd's *Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology*, vol. iii. p. 3.

animal, such as a beast, bird, reptile, or fish, is composed of two parts or divisions. One of these divisions consist of a voluminous and continuous mass—the brain and spinal cord (or spinal marrow), which form what is called the central part of the nervous system. The second division consists of a multitude of white threads or cords—the nerves, which form what is called the peripheral part of the nervous system. Of these nerves one set proceed forth from the central part of the nervous system to the different muscles, which they can cause to contract by a peculiar action they exert upon them, thus producing motion. Another set of nerves proceed inwards, from the skin to the central part of the nervous system, and by their peculiar action give rise to various sensations, according as different influences or stimulations are brought to bear upon the skin at, or in the vicinity of, their peripheral extremities. Under ordinary circumstances, different stimulations of the surface of the body convey an influence inwards, which produces sensation, and give rise to an outwardly proceeding influence to the muscles, resulting in definite and appropriate motions.

There are cases in which responsive actions take place under very abnormal conditions—as after a rupture of part of a man's spinal cord, or the removal of the whole brain in lower animals, such as the frog. A man so injured may have utterly lost the power of feeling any stimulation—pricking, cutting, or burning—of his legs and feet, the injury preventing the conveyance upwards to the brain of the influence necessary to ordinary sensation, and stopping short at the spinal cord below the point of injury. Nevertheless, such a man may execute movements in reponse to stimuli just as if he did feel, and often in an exaggerated manner. He will withdraw his foot if tickled with a feather just as if he felt the tickling, which he is utterly incapable of feeling. Similarly a decapitated frog will make with his hind legs the most appropriate movements to remove any irritating object applied to the hinder part of its body. Such action is termed "reflex action," on the supposition that the influence conveyed inwards by nerves going from

the skin to the spinal cord is reflected back from that cord to the muscles by the other set of nerves without any intervention of sensation. This action of the frog may be carried to a very singular extreme. At the breeding season the male frog tightly grasps the female behind her arms, and to enable him the more securely to maintain his hold, a warty prominence is then developed on the inner side of each of his hands. Now if such a male frog be taken, and not only decapitated, but the whole hinder part of the body removed also, so that nothing remains but the fragment of the trunk from which the two arms with their nerves proceed, and if under these circumstances the warty prominences be touched, the two arms will immediately close together like a spring, thus affording a most perfect example of reflex action. It has been objected by the late Mr. G. H. Lewes and others that we cannot be sure but that the spinal cord itself "feels." But there is often an ambiguity in the use of the term "to feel." By it we ordinarily mean a "modification of consciousness;" but experiences such as those just adverted to, and others in ourselves to which I shall next advert, show clearly that surrounding agents may act upon our sense organs without the intervention of anything like consciousness, and yet produce effects otherwise similar to those which occur when they do arouse consciousness. Without, then, entering into any discussion as to whether "sentiency" may or may not be attributed to the spinal cord, it seems evident that some definite term is required to denote such affections or modifications of living beings as those just referred to. Inasmuch as they are affections of creatures possessing a nervous system, which is the essential organ of sensation, and as they resemble sensation in their causes and effects though feeling itself may be absent, they may be provisionally distinguished as "unfelt sensations." Such are some of the actions with which instinct is contrasted, because, unlike instinct, they are not carried on by the aid of felt sensations, the highest of such insentient action being reflex action.

There are also a number of actions which constantly recur in ourselves,

which more or less nearly approximate to reflex action. Thus the respiratory movements, the various muscular motions by the aid of which we breathe, are ordinarily performed by us without advertence, though we can, if we will, perform them with self-conscious deliberation. It is well also to note that when our mind is entirely directed upon some external object, or when we are almost in a state of somnolent unconsciousness, we have but a vague feeling of our existence—a feeling resulting from the unobserved synthesis of our sensations of all orders and degrees. This unintellectual sense of "self" may be conveniently distinguished from intellectual consciousness as "consentience." We may also, as everybody knows, suddenly recollect sights or sounds which were quite unnoticed at the time we experienced them; yet our very recollection of them proves that they must, nevertheless, have affected our sensorium. Such unnoticed modifications of our sense organs may also be provisionally included in the category of those actions of the lower animals, before provisionally denominated "unfelt sensations." It is not, however, with such inferior activities as reflex and other insentient actions that instinct is commonly contrasted, but with "reason." Now "reasonable," "consciously intelligent" conduct is understood by all men to mean conduct in which there is a more or less wise adaptation of means to ends—a conscious, deliberate adaptation, not one due to accident only. No one would call an act done blindly a reasonable or intelligent action on the part of him who did it, however fortunate might be its result. Instinctive actions, then, hold a middle place between (1) those which are rational, or truly intelligent, and (2) those in which sensation has no place. But a great variety of actions of different kinds occupy this intermediate position, and we must next proceed to separate off from the others, such actions as may be deemed *truly* instinctive.

M. Albert Lemoine, who has written the best treatise\* known to us on

instinct and habit, distinguishes instinctive actions as those which are neither due to mechanical or chemical causes, nor to intelligence, experience, or will. They are actions which take place with a general fixity and precision, are generally present in all the individuals of each species, and can be perfectly performed the very first time their action is called for, so that they cannot be due to habit. Instinct, he very truly says, is more than a want and less than a desire. Instinct is a certain felt internal stimulus to definite actions which has its foundation in a certain sense of want, but is not definite feeling of want of the particular end to be attained. Were that recognised, it would not be *instinct*, but *desire*. It is but a vague craving to exercise certain activities the exercise of which conduces to useful or needful, but unforeseen, end. Instinct often sets in motion organs quite different from those which feel the prick of want, and which do not (experience apart) seem to have relation with it. Hunger does not stimulate to action the organs of digestion which suffer from it, but excites the limbs and jaws to perform acts by which food may be obtained and eaten. In examining into instinct, we must be careful not to omit the consideration of it as it exists in man, since we can know no creature so well as we can, by the help of language and reflection, know ourselves and our own species. Nevertheless, it may be well to begin by calling attention to certain apparently undeniable cases of instinct in other animals, since in them instinct is much more apparent and complex than in man, in whom it is indeed reduced to a minimum. It might naturally be expected to be so reduced in him—if it is a power serving to bridge over the gulf which exists between such almost mechanical action as reflex action, and true intelligence—since in man acts of intelligence, or habits originated through intelligence, come so constantly into play. But before enumerating cases of animal instinct, a word should be said as to one character which M. Lemoine attributes to instinctive action, namely, "consciousness." This term is an exceedingly ambiguous one, as it is often referred, not only to our distinct

\* *L'Habitude et l'Instinct*. Baillière. Paris. 1875.

intellectual perception of our own being and acts, but also to every state of feeling however rudimentary it may be. I would therefore avoid the use of so equivocal a term, while fully admitting that no sensation in any animal is possible without some subjective psychical state analogous to what I have before denominated "consentience." Now, as to the lower animals: birds unquestionably possess instinctive powers. Chickens, two minutes after they have left the egg,\* will follow with their eyes the movements of crawling insects, and peck at them, judging distance and direction with almost infallible accuracy. They will instinctively appreciate sounds, readily running towards an invisible hen hidden in a box, when they hear her "call." Some young birds, also, have an innate, instinctive horror of the sight of a hawk and of the sound of its voice. Swallows, titmice, tomtits, and wrens, after having been confined from birth, are capable of flying successfully at once, when liberated, on their wings having attained the necessary growth to render flight possible. The Duke of Argyll† relates some very interesting particulars about the instincts of birds, especially of the water ousel, the merganser, and the wild duck. Even as to the class of beasts I find recorded: ‡ "Five young polecats were found comfortably embedded in dry withered grass; and in a side hole, of proper dimensions for such a larder, were forty frogs and two toads, all alive, but merely capable of sprawling a little. On examination the whole number, toads and all, proved to have been purposely and dexterously bitten through the brain." Evidently the parent polecat had thus provided the young with food which could be kept perfectly fresh, because alive, and yet was rendered quite unable to escape. This singular instinct is like others which are yet more fully developed amongst insects—a class of animals the instincts of which are so numerous, wonderful, and notorious that it will be, probably, enough to refer to one or

two examples. The female carpenter bee, in order to protect her eggs, excavates, in some piece of wood, a series of chambers, in special order with a view to a peculiar mode of exit for her young: but the young mother can have no conscious knowledge of the series of actions subsequently to ensue. The female of the wasp, *sphex*, affords another well-known but very remarkable example of a complex instinct closely related to that already mentioned in the case of the polecat. The female wasp has to provide fresh, living animal food for her progeny, which, when it quits its egg, quits it in the form of an almost helpless grub, utterly unable to catch, retain, or kill an active, struggling prey. Accordingly the mother insect has only to provide and place beside her eggs suitable living prey, but so to treat it that it may be a helpless, unresisting victim. That victim may be a mere caterpillar, or it may be a great, powerful grasshopper, or even that most fierce, active, and rapacious of insect tyrants, a fell and venomous spider. Whichever it may be, the wasp adroitly stings it at the spot which induces, or in the several spots which induce, complete paralysis as to motion, let us hope as to sensation also. This done, the wasp entombs the helpless being with its own egg, and leaves it for the support of the future grub. Another species feeds her young one from time to time with fresh food, visiting at suitable intervals the nest she has made and carefully covered and concealed with earth, which she removes and replaces, as far as necessary, at each visit. If the opening be made ready for her, this, instead of helping her to get at her young, altogether puzzles her, and she no longer seems to recognise her young, thus showing how thoroughly "instinctive" her proceedings are. Other instances of instinct, such as those of the stag-beetle and emperor moth, I will refer to presently. But most wonderful, perhaps, of all are the instincts of social insects, such as bees, where there are not only males and females, but a large population of practically neuter insects, the special instincts and peculiarities of which have of course to be transmitted, not directly by an antecedent set of neuter animals, but by

\* As Mr. Spalding has shown. To him I am indebted for the other facts about young birds given in the text.

† *The Unity of Nature*, chap. iii.

‡ See *Magazine of Natural History*, vol. iv. p. 206.

females, the instincts and peculiarities of which are very different from those of the neutral portion of their progeny.

The instincts we have hitherto noticed, and, I may say briefly, the instincts of animals generally, are destined to subserve two functions, (1) the preservation and, mainly, the nutrition, of the individual, and (2) the reproduction of the species. Armed with the facts we have now noticed, let us turn to consider instinct as it displays itself in ourselves. As one example, there is the instinct action by which an infant first sucks the nipple, and then swallows the thence-extracted nourishment with which its mouth is filled. This action must be reckoned as instinctive, because it is done directly after birth, when there has been no time for learning to perform the action; it is one absolutely necessary for the life of the infant; it is an action which is definite and precise, similarly performed by all the individuals of the species, though effected by a very complex mechanism, and is effected prior to experience. Yet it is not as mechanical as reflex action, for not only sensation, but consentience, accompanies the act. Thus sucking in man is an instinctive action, while spitting, on the other hand, is an art. The latter is not necessary to life, and the power of performing it is slowly acquired by experience, as are also our powers of walking and feeding ourselves. But the action of sucking in an adult human being is of course not instinctive; and because the child learns to walk, it by no means follows that the insect learns to fly. It is thus plain that actions may be instinctive in one animal and not in another; or at one period of life in the same animal and not at another. In a child, however, sucking, deglutition, inspiration, and expiration are instinctive actions, as are also those by which the products of excretion are removed from the body. The second class of instincts, those which ensure the continuance of the race, show themselves of course, only much later. Yet, long before the little girl can represent to herself future tributes to her charms, she seeks to decorate her tiny body with the arts of infant coquetry. Still less does she look forward to the pains and pleasures of

maternity when she begins to caress and chastise, to soothe and cherish, her first doll, and fondly presses it to that region whence her future offspring will draw its nourishment. Again, when the lapse of a few years having made her a young woman and the boy a youth, they first feel the influence of love, however ignorant they may be of the physiology of their race, they will none the less, circumstances permitting, be surely impelled towards the performance of very definite actions. In the more refined individuals of the highest races of mankind, the material, merely animal, consummation of sexual love is most certainly far from being the one great end distinctly looked forward to by each pair of lovers. Yet every incident of affectionate intercourse, every tender glance, every contact of hand or lip, infallibly leads on towards the one useful end, indispensable to the race, which nature has in view. Such actions fully merit to be called "instinctive." Indeed the act of generation is ministered to in nature by the most manifold, imperious, general, and inexplicable of all the instincts, and its instinctive character is the most strongly marked of all. It has emphatically for its origin a rigorously determined and precise want, partly painful, partly pleasurable—a mixture of a feeling of privation with a sense of power. Its end is unknown to the agent, or if known is disregarded, and in almost all animals it demands the concurrent and reciprocal action of two diverse organisms. If anyone would deny that it is instinctive in man, I would advise him to study the sad phenomena connected therewith which may be observed in our asylums for the insane.

There are other human actions which are sometimes reckoned as instinctive, such as guarding the eye against injury by suddenly closing the eyelids. This action, however, appears to be an acquired art, though the habitual act of winking to keep clean the surface of the eye may be instinctive. Some other actions, however, not generally regarded as instinctive, I should be disposed so to regard. Such are the first *active* exercises of the senses of seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting, and feeling (the first "looking," the first "listening," etc.)



which the child performs at the very beginning of its learning to perform them. It would seem, then, as if no one could deny the existence of such a thing as instinct, and yet it has been denied, not only in recent times, but centuries ago. Thus Montaigne sought to explain instinct as but a form of intelligence, while Descartes taught that it was but mechanism. Condillac regarded it as the result of individual experience, and Lemarck considered it to be merely "habit" which had become hereditary. In our own day Darwin has sought to explain it as partly the result of accidental variations of activity, which variations have become naturally selected, and partly the result of intelligent, purposive action which has become habitual and inherited. Let us consider these attempts at explanation seriatim. First as to mechanism: This is an hypothesis no one at present entertains, as everyone now credits animals with sensitivity. Moreover, instincts are not absolutely invariable, but are modifiable according to the degree of "intelligence" which animals possess. They cannot, therefore, be due merely to a mechanism. The attempt to explain "Instinct" by mere "reflex action" is equivalent to an attempt to explain a phenomenon by omitting its most striking characteristic. In "reflex action" we have a sudden response to a stimulus, which response is more or less purposive as regards the time of its occurrence, but has no reference to future events to occur long after the faintest waves of the stimulating action have died out. The very essence of "instinct," however, is to provide for a more or less distant future, often, as we have seen, the future of another generation. It is essentially *telic*, and directed to a future unforeseen, but generally useful, end. This explanation, then, is fundamentally and necessarily inadequate. It is like an explanation of the building of a house, by "bricks, mortar, bricklayers, and hodmen," with the omission of all reference to any influence governing their motions and directing them towards a common and predetermined end which is not theirs. But though we cannot explain "instinct" by "reflex action," there is none the less a certain obvious

affinity between these two forms of animal activity, and it is in part my object to point out the nature of this very affinity.

Next we may pass in review the two hypotheses that instinct is but (1) a form of intelligence, or (2) individual experience. As to the first, I have already given instances of unquestionably instinctive actions performed by birds as soon as they quit the eggshell, and it would be but waste of time to argue against the view that the human infant is guided by intelligent purpose and conscious foresight in his very first acts of sucking, swallowing, and defecation. Actual intelligence, therefore, is a radically insufficient explanation, as also, for the very same reasons, is Condillac's hypothesis as to individual experience. About "lapsed intelligence" I will speak later on. Lemarck's hypothesis, that instinct is but inherited habit, is one which is much more worthy of careful consideration than any we have yet considered. For it may be admitted at once that habits may be inherited. There are many instances of such inheritance in human beings, and as regards the lower animals, the barking of dogs may be taken as an instance of a habit thus perpetuated. In fact "habit," when inherited, so simulates instinct, that their confusion is far from surprising. There is, however, this radical difference between them: "habit" enables an agent to repeat with facility and precision an act which has been done before, but "instinct" determines with precision the first performance of such act. Referring instinct to habit, but temporarily relieves the difficulty of those who object to instinct, by putting it a step back. It is impossible to believe that any of the progenitors of an infant of to-day first acquired, during his or her lifetime, the habit of sucking, or that the habits of neuter insects thus arose. But after all, if we could explain "instinct" by "habit," should we thereby make the phenomena less mysterious? "Habit" is due to an internal spontaneity of living things. A living thing no doubt requires some internal sollicitation, in order that it should move, but when it does move that movement is *its own*. All living organisms tend to act. With them ac-

tion is not only their nature, 'tis a want ; and, within limits, their powers and energies increase with action, and diminish and finally perish through repose. The power of generating any "habits," lies in the very first act of the kind an organism performs, and it is only the first act which owes nothing to habit. If such were not the case, an act might be performed a thousand times and yet not generate habit. It is this mysterious internal active tendency which distinguishes all living organisms from inorganic bodies. The latter tend simply to persist as they are, and have no relations with the past or the future. They have, therefore, no relations with time at all—for the actual present ever evades us. Organisms, on the other hand, which are permanently more or less changed, through habit, by every new motion and sensation, have their future prepared by their past, and thus, as it were, at every present moment they live both in the past and in the future, a mode of existence which attains its fullest development in the highest living organism—man, the creature looking before and after ! Thus those who would do away with mystery in nature would gain little by explaining instinct through habit, though, as we have seen, the phenomena presented to us by the human infant and by neuter insects absolutely bar any such explanation. Moreover, the attempt to explain "instinct" through "inheritance" is a contradiction, since "inheritance" supposes something already obtained, otherwise it could not be transmitted. So far, then, from "hereditary transmission" explaining "instinct," instinct, in whatever remote ancestor it first arose, must have been a violation of the law of hereditary transmission.

Now as to "lapsed intelligence : " This hypothesis assumes that a conscious deliberate, discriminating faculty must have once been exercised by wasps, bees, ants, and other much more lowly animals, in the performance of all those actions which are now instinctive. But could the adult female insect be supposed to foresee the future needs of her progeny, often so totally different from her own wants ? It would surely be too much to ask us to believe that she could distinctly recollect all her past experi-

ence as a chrysalis and as a grub from the moment she first quitted the egg. Can we suppose that the generative acts of male insects, such as bees, could have been due to deliberate and rational choice, when every such act is necessarily fatal to him who performs it ?

Nevertheless, persuaded as I am that "lapsed intelligence" will not explain "instinct" generally, I should be the last to deny that certain apparently instinctive actions may be so explained, and I fully admit that intelligent action in ourselves does tend to become practically though not really instinctive. It is, moreover, very fortunate for us that such is the case, as thereby we are saved great mental friction. Our intellect has first to be laboriously applied to learn what afterwards becomes almost automatic, as the actions of reading, writing, etc. Sensations and bodily actions having been duly kneaded together, the intellect becomes free to withdraw and apply itself to other work—fresh conquests of mere animality—leaving the organism to carry on automatically the new faculties thus acquired. Were it not for this power which we have of withdrawing our attention, our intellect would be absorbed and wasted in the merest routine work, instead of being set free to appropriate and render practically instinctive, a continually wider and more important range of deliberate purposive actions. We come now to the sixth and last attempt to explain instinct, namely, Mr. Darwin's attempt. He has recognised the futility of seeking to explain many instinctive actions in any of the modes we have yet considered, and he has proposed, as before said, to explain such residual instinctive phenomena by the play of natural selection, *i.e.* of the destructive forces of nature upon small, accidental abnormalities of action on the part of individuals of a species ; such abnormalities, when favorable to the existence of the individual, being preserved and perpetuated by the destruction of the other individuals of the same species who adhered to their ancestral tendencies. But this proposed explanation is not an explanation of the *origin* of instincts, but only of the changes and transformations of instincts already acquired. But putting back the date or modifying the form

of the original instinct, in no way alters the essential nature of instincts or diminishes its mystery. Let us look at one or two strong cases of instinct, and see if it is credible that they should be due to mere accidental, haphazard, minute changes in habits already acquired. In the first place, there is the wonderful instinct of the duck, which feigns to have an injured wing, in order to entice a dog away from the pursuit of her ducklings. Is it conceivable that such an act was first done by pure accident, and that the descendants of her who so acted, having inherited the tendency, have been alone selected and preserved? Again, there is the case of the wasp, sphex, which stings spiders, caterpillars, and grasshoppers exactly in the spot, or spots, where their nervous ganglia lie, and so paralyzes them. Even the strongest advocate of the intelligence of insects would not affirm that the mother sphex has a knowledge of the comparative anatomy of the nervous system of these very diversely formed insects. According to the doctrine of natural selection, either an ancestral wasp must have accidentally stung them each in the right places, and so our sphex of to-day is the naturally selected descendant of a line of insects which inherited this lucky tendency to sting different insects differently, but always in the exact situation of their nervous ganglia; or else the young of the ancestral sphex originally fed on dead food, but the offspring of some individuals who happened to sting their prey so as to paralyze but not kill them, were better nourished and so the habit grew. But the incredible supposition that the ancestor should accidentally have acquired the habit of stinging different insects differently, but always in the right spot, is not eliminated by the latter hypothesis.

There is, again, the case of neuter insects and the highly complex instincts of insects living in communities, such as bees, ants, and termites. The Darwinian theory has the great advantage of only needing for its support the suggestion of some possible utility in each case; and as all structures and functions in nature have their utility, the task is not a difficult one for an ingenious, patient, and accomplished thinker. Yet Mr. Darwin, with all his ingenuity,

patience, and accomplishments, has been unable to suggest a rational explanation for the accidental origin of these insect communities with their marvellously complex instincts. I will confine myself to one more instance of a highly noteworthy instinct, which no one has in any way succeeded in explaining. The instance I refer to is that by which an animal, when an enemy approaches, lies quite quiescent and apparently helpless, an action often spoken of as "shamming death." To evade the force of this remarkable case of instinct, it has been objected that the disposition of the limbs adopted by insects which thus act, is not the same as that which the limbs assume when such insects are really dead, and that all species are not when thus acting equally quiescent. The first observation, however, does not concern the matter really at issue. The remarkable thing is not that a helpless insect should assume the position of its own dead, but that such a creature, instead of trying to escape, should adopt a mode of procedure utterly hopeless unless the enemy's attention is thereby effectually eluded. It is impossible that this instinct could have been gradually gained by the elimination of all those individuals who did not practice it, for if the quiescence, whether absolutely complete or not, were not sufficient at once to make the creature elude observation, its destruction would be only the more fully insured by such ineffectual quiescence. The same argument applies to birds which seem to feign lameness or other injury. Yet even if we could account for these cases, which as a fact are as yet entirely unaccounted for, it would not do away with the need of recognising the real existence and peculiar nature of instinct. It would not do so on account both of man's highest and of man's lowest instinctive powers. To speak first of the former: as instinct, such as we have hitherto discovered, is the appointed bridge between mere organic and intellectual animal life, so there is in man a further development of instinct, peculiar to him, and serving to bridge over the gulf between mere intelligent animal faculty and distinctly human reflective intellectual activity. Such special intellectual in-

instinct is that which impels man to the external manifestation by voice or gesture of the mental abstractions which his intellect spontaneously forms, and which are not formed by the lower animals, which give no evidence of this power of abstraction. Language could never have been deliberately invented nor have arisen by a mere accidental individual variation, for vocal and gesture signs are essentially conventional, and require more or less comprehension on the part of those to whom they are addressed as well as on the part of those who use them. Analogous considerations apply to the first beginnings of what cannot be reckoned as merely instinctive activities, but the origins of which must have been akin to instincts. I refer to the beginnings of literature, art, science and politics, which were never deliberately invented. Even men who supposed they were inventing and constructing a certain new order of things with full purpose and much intelligence, have really been all the time so dominated by influences beyond their consciousness, that they really evolved something very different from what they supposed or intended. This fact has been most instructively shown by De Tocqueville and Taine with respect to the men who promoted and carried through the great French Revolution. So much, then, for man's highest instinctive powers: but our argument has no need to refer to them, for a consideration of man's lowest instinctive powers alone suffices to show that they cannot be due to "natural selection," even when aided by "lapsed intelligence." Can it be for a moment seriously maintained that such actions of the infant as those of the sucking, deglutition, and defecation, or the sexual instincts of later life, ever arose through the accidental conservation of haphazard variations of habit in ancestral animals? If it cannot be maintained, as I am confident it cannot, then it is absolutely impossible successfully to evade the difficulty of the existence of instinct. However far we may put back the beginnings of instinct, the question as to its origin (with its subsequent modifications) ever returns, and indeed with increased importunity. How did the first sentient creatures obtain and swal-

low their food? How did they first come to fecundate their ova or suitably to deposit them? How did they first effect such movements as might be necessary for their respiratory processes? Wherever such phenomena first manifested themselves in sentient organisms, we are compelled therein to recognise the manifest presence of instinct—the appointed means (as before said) of bridging over the interval between the purely vegetative functions and the intelligent activities of sentient animal life. "Natural selection" is manifestly impotent to account for the existence of such a faculty as that of "instinct." We have already seen that the hypothesis of "lapsed intelligence" is also impotent to account for it. Thus the most recently attempted explanation falls altogether to the ground. Nevertheless the theory of evolution renders it necessary to assume that as new species of animals were from time to time evolved, so also were new and appropriate instincts. How then are we to account for the origin of such new instincts? That a certain mystery attends such origin cannot be denied, but a parallel mystery attends all other kinds of vital phenomena. What can be more mysterious than the purely organic functions of animals? Though not truly instinctive, they are full of unconscious purpose, and so are akin to instinct. Our nutrition is a process of self-generation by which the various bodies which constitute our food become transformed into our own substance. This process is effected by what is called assimilation, by which process the ultimate substance, or parenchyma, of our own body and of the bodies transforms part of what is immediately external to it, into the parenchyma itself. Again, the process of secretion is, as it were, parallel to the process of alimentation or nutrition. In secretion, the body extracts from the blood new substances (the secretions) which do not exist *as such* within it. In nutrition, the body extracts from the blood new substances (the various tissues) which do not exist *as such* within it. The blood is not the only source of our nutrition, since it has the power of replenishing itself. Thus the living particles which form the ultimate substance of our body exercise a certain

power of choice with respect to the contents of the fluids which come in contact with them. Such particles are not passive bodies; they are active living agents, and their action no one has yet really explained. Here, then, are a set of activities which, if duly pondered over, will be found to be fully as mysterious and inexplicable in their unconscious teleology as any phenomena of instinct as ordinarily understood. But there is another class of organic vital actions which also seem to have a decided affinity both to reflex action and to instinct, though they are not to be regarded as actual instances of either of these faculties. The actions I refer to are those which bring about the repair of injuries and the reproduction of lost parts. They are like reflex action inasmuch as they take place in perfect unconsciousness and without the will having any power over them. They are like instinct inasmuch as they are directed towards a useful and unforeseen end. In the process of healing and repair of a wounded part of the body, a fluid, perfectly structureless substance, is secreted, or poured forth, from the parts about the wound. In this substance, cells arise and become abundant; so that the substance, at first structureless, becomes what is called cellular tissue. Then, by degrees, this structure transforms itself into vessels, tendons, nerves, bone, and membrane—into some or all of such parts—according to the circumstances of the case. In a case of broken bone, the two broken ends of the bone soften, the sharp edges thus disappearing. Then a soft substance is secreted, and this becomes at first gelatinous, often afterwards cartilaginous, and, finally, osseous or bony. But not only do these different kinds of substance—these distinct tissues—thus arise and develop themselves in this neutral or, as it is called, “undifferentiated” substance, but very complex structures, appropriately formed and nicely adjusted for the performance of complex functions, may also be developed. We see this in the production of admirably formed joints in parts which were at first devoid of anything of the kind. I may quote, as an example, the case of a railway guard, whose arm had been so injured that he had been compelled to

have the elbow with its joint cut out, but who afterwards developed a new joint almost as good as the old one. In the uninjured condition the outer bone of the lower arm—the radius—ends above in a smooth-surfaced cup, which plays against part of the lower end of the bone of the upper arm, or humerus, while its side also plays against the side of the other bone of the lower arm, the ulna, with the interposition of a cartilaginous surface. The radius and ulna are united to the humerus by dense and strong membranes or ligaments, which pass between it and them, anteriorly, posteriorly, and on each side, and are attached to projecting processes, one on each side of the humerus. Such was the condition of the parts which were removed by the surgeon. Nine years after the operation the patient died, and Mr. Syme had the opportunity of dissecting the arm, which in the meantime had served the poor man perfectly well, he having been in the habit of swinging himself by it from one carriage to another, while the train was in motion, quite as easily and securely as with the other arm. On examination, Mr. Syme found that the amputated end of the radius had formed a fresh polished surface, and played both on the humerus and the ulna, a material something like cartilage being interposed. The ends of the bones of the forearm were locked in by two processes projecting downwards from the humerus, and also strong lateral and still stronger anterior and posterior ligaments again bound them fast to the last-named bone.\* It would be easy to bring forward a number of more or less similar cases. The amount of reproduction of lost parts which may take place in many of the lower animals is astonishing. Thus the tails of lizards, if broken off, will grow again, and the limbs of newts will be reproduced, with their bones, muscles, blood-vessels, and nerves. Even the eye and the lower jaw have been seen to be reproduced in the last-named animals. If certain worms be cut in two, each half will become a perfect animal, the head producing a new tail, and the tail a new head; and a worm called a *nais* has

\* See Mr. Timothy Holmes's *System of Surgery*, 3rd edit. vol. iii. p. 746.

been cut into as many as twenty-five parts with a like result. But the most remarkable animal for its power of repairing injuries is the fresh-water hydra, almost any fragment of which will, under favorable circumstances, grow into a new and entire fresh animal. It is also a notorious and very noteworthy fact that, in both man and the lower animals, the processes of repair take place the more readily the younger the age of the injured individual may be. But these unconscious but practically teleological processes of repair, are often preceded by actions which everyone would call instinctive.

There is yet another class of organic vital actions to which I must advert, which are at once utterly unconscious, while the fact that they are directed to a distinct end is indisputable; in fact they are purposive in the very highest degree that any unconscious actions can be purposive. They are the actions of true reproduction, and they come before us naturally here, since a consideration of the process of remedial reproduction in the individual, naturally leads us on to the consideration of the *reproduction of the species itself*. In the cases of the frog and the butterfly, everyone knows that the creature which comes forth from the egg is very different from the parent. Animals, in fact, mostly attain their adult condition by passing through a series of development changes; only as a rule that series is not abruptly interrupted by plainly marked pauses, as it is in the frog and butterfly, and, therefore, such changes, instead of being obvious, are only to be detected with difficulty and through patient research. Almost every animal thus goes through a series of very remarkable changes during its individual process of development or, as it is called,

during its "ontogeny." This process, in its perfect unconsciousness, is like reflex action, but it is far more wonderful, since in the earliest stages even nerve-tissue is absent and has itself to be formed. In the accuracy of its direction towards a useful end, it is the very counterpart of the most developed instinct; nor, if the impulses by which adult individuals are led to seek and to perform those processes which give rise to the embryo, are to be called instinctive, is it easy to see how the analogical use of the term "instinctive" can be refused to that impulse by which each developing embryo is led to go through those processes which give rise to the adult. The action of each organism during its individual development may be compared, and has evidently much affinity with, the processes of nutrition and the repair and reproduction of parts lost through some injury. These processes of nutrition and repair have also evidently a close relation to reflex action and reflex action has also a close affinity to instinctive action. Instead, however, of explaining "instinct" by "reflex action," I would rather explain reflex action, processes of nutrition, processes of repair, processes of individual development, by instinct—using this term in a wide analogical sense. For we know the wonderful action and nature of instinct as it exists in our own human activity, standing, as it were, at the head of the various unconsciously intelligent vital processes. These processes seem to me to be all diverse manifestations of what is fundamentally one kind of activity. Of these manifestations, instinctive action is the best type, because by it we can, to a certain extent, understand the others, whereas none of the others enable us to understand instinct.—*Fortnightly Review*.

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#### A VERY OLD MASTER.

THE work of art which lies before me is old, unquestionably old; a good deal older, in fact, than Archbishop Ussher (who invented all out of his own archiepiscopal head the date commonly assigned for the creation of the world) would by any means have been ready to admit. It is a bas-relief by an old mas-

ter, considerably more antique in origin than the most archaic gem or intaglio in the Museo Borbonico at Naples, the mildly decorous Louvre in Paris, or the eminently respectable British Museum, which is the glory of our own smoky London in the spectacled eyes of German professors, all put together. When Assyrian

sculptors carved in fresh white alabaster the flowing curls of Sennacherib's hair, just like a modern coachman's wig, this work of primæval art was already hoary with the rime of ages. When Memphian artists were busy in the morning twilight of time with the towering coiffure of Ramses or Sesostris, this far more ancient relic of plastic handicraft was lying, already fossil and forgotten, beneath the concreted floor of a cave in the Dordogne. If we were to divide the period for which we possess authentic records of man's abode upon this oblate spheroid into ten epochs—an epoch being a good high-sounding word which doesn't commit one to any definite chronology in particular—then it is probable that all known art, from the Egyptian onward, would fall into the tenth of the epochs thus loosely demarcated, while my old French bas-relief would fall into the first. To put the date quite succinctly, I should say it was most likely about 244,000 years before the creation of Adam according to Ussher.

The work of the old master is lightly incised on reindeer horn, and represents two horses, of a very early and heavy type, following one another, with heads stretched forward, as if sniffing the air suspiciously in search of enemies. The horses would certainly excite unfavorable comment at Newmarket. Their "points" are undoubtedly coarse and clumsy: their heads are big, thick, stupid, and ungainly; their manes are bushy and ill-defined; their legs are distinctly feeble and spindle-shaped; their tails more closely resemble the tail of the domestic pig than that of the noble animal beloved with a love passing the love of women by the English aristocracy. Nevertheless there is little (if any) reason to doubt that my very old master did, on the whole, accurately represent the ancestral steed of his own exceedingly remote period. There were once horses even as is the horse of the pre-historic Dordonian artist. Such clumsy, big-headed brutes, dun in hue and striped down the back like modern donkeys, did actually once roam over the low plains where Paris now stands, and browse off lush grass and tall water-plants around the quays of Bordeaux and Lyons. Not only do the bones of the contemporary horses, dug up in caves, prove this, but

quite recently the Russian traveller Prjevalsky (whose name is so much easier to spell than to pronounce) has discovered a similar living horse, which drags on an obscure existence somewhere in the high table-lands of Central Asia. Prjevalsky's horse (you see, as I have only to write the word, without uttering it, I don't mind how often or how intrepidly I use it) is so singularly like the clumsy brutes that sat, or rather stood, for their portraits to my old master that we can't do better than begin by describing him in *propria persona*.

The horse family of the present day is divided, like most other families, into two factions, which may be described for variety's sake as those of the true horses and the donkeys, these latter including also the zebras, quaggas, and various other unfamiliar creatures whose names, in very choice Latin, are only known to the more diligent visitors at the Sunday Zoo. Now everybody must have noticed that the chief broad distinction between these two great groups consists in the feathering of the tail. The domestic donkey, with his near congeners, the zebra and co., have smooth short-haired tails, ending in a single bunch or fly-whisk of long hairs collected together in a tufted bundle at the extreme tip. The horse, on the other hand, besides having horney patches or callosities on both fore and hind legs, while the donkeys have them on the fore legs only, has a hairy tail, in which the long hairs are almost equally distributed from top to bottom, thus giving it its peculiarly bushy and brushy appearance. But Prjevalsky's horse, as one would naturally expect from an early intermediate form, stands halfway in this respect between the two groups, and acts the thankless part of a family mediator; for it has most of its long tail-hairs collected in a final flourish, like the donkey, but several of them spring from the middle distance, as in the genuine Arab, though never from the very top, thus showing an approach to the true horse habit without actually attaining that final pinnacle of equine glory. So far as one can make out from the somewhat rude handicraft of my prehistoric Phidias the horse of the quaternary epoch had much the same caudal peculiarity; his tail was bushy, but only in the lower half.

He was still in the intermediate stage between horse and donkey, a natural mule still struggling up aspiringly toward perfect horsehood. In all other matters the two creatures—the cave man's horse and Prjevalsky's—closely agree. Both display large heads, thick necks, coarse manes, and a general disregard of "points" which would strike disgust and dismay into the stout breasts of Messrs. Tattersall. In fact over a T.Y.C. it may be confidently asserted, in the pure Saxon of the sporting papers, that Prjevalsky's and the cave man's lot wouldn't be in it. Nevertheless a candid critic would be forced to admit that, in spite of clumsiness, they both mean staying.

So much for the two sitters; now let us turn to the artist who sketched them. Who was he, and when did he live? Well, his name, like that of many other old masters, is quite unknown to us; but what does that matter so long as his work itself lives and survives? Like the Comtists he has managed to obtain objective immortality. The work, after all, is for the most part all we ever have to go upon. "I have my own theory about the authorship of the Iliad and Odyssey," said Lewis Carroll (of "Alice in Wonderland") once in Christ Church common room: "it is that they weren't really written by Homer, but by another person of the same name." There you have the Iliad in a nutshell as regards the authenticity of great works. All we know about the supposed Homer (if anything) is that he was the reputed author of the two unapproachable Greek epics; and all we know directly about my old master, viewed personally, is that he once carved with a rude flint flake on a fragment of reindeer horn these two clumsy prehistoric horses. Yet by putting two and two together we can make, not four, as might be naturally expected, but a fairly connected history of the old master himself and what Mr. Herbert Spencer would no doubt playfully term "his environment."

The work of art was dug up from under the firm concreted floor of a cave in the Dordogne. That cave was once inhabited by the nameless artist himself, his wife, and family. It had been previously tenanted by various other early families, as well as by bears, who seem

to have lived there in the intervals between the different human occupiers. Probably the bears ejected the men, and the men in turn ejected the bears, by the summary process of eating one another up. In any case the freehold of the cave was at last settled upon our early French artist. But the date of his occupancy is by no means recent; for since he lived there the long cold spell known as the Great Ice Age, or Glacial Epoch, has swept over the whole of Northern Europe, and swept before it the shivering descendants of my poor prehistoric old master. Now, how long ago was the Great Ice Age? As a rule, if you ask a geologist for a definite date, you will find him very chary of giving you a distinct answer. He knows that chalk is older than the London clay, and the oolite than the chalk, and the red marl than the oolite; and he knows also that each of them took a very long time indeed to lay down, but exactly how long he has no notion. If you say to him, "Is it a million years since the chalk was deposited?" he will answer, like the old lady of Prague, whose ideas were excessively vague, "Perhaps." If you suggest five millions, he will answer oracularly once more, "Perhaps;" and if you go on to twenty millions, "Perhaps," with a broad smile, is still the only confession of faith that torture will wring out of him. But in the matter of the Glacial Epoch, a comparatively late and almost historical event, geologists have broken through their usual reserve on this chronological question and condescended to give us a numerical determination. And here is how Dr. Croll gets at it.

Every now and again, geological evidence goes to show us, a long cold spell occurs in a northern or southern hemisphere. During these long cold spells the ice cap at the poles increases largely, till it spreads over a great part of what are now the temperate regions of the globe, and makes ice a mere drug in the market as far south as Covent Garden or the Halles at Paris. During the greatest extension of this ice sheet in the last glacial epoch, in fact, all England except a small south-western corner (about Torquay and Bournemouth) was completely covered by one enormous mass of glaciers, as is still the



case with almost the whole of Greenland. The ice sheet, grinding slowly over the hills and rocks, smoothed and polished and striated their surfaces in many places till they resembled the *roches moutonnées* similarly ground down in our own day by the moving ice rivers of Chamouni and Grindelwald. Now, since these great glaciations have occurred at various intervals in the world's past history, they must depend upon some frequently recurring cause. Such a cause, therefore, Dr. Croll began ingeniously to hunt about for.

He found it at last in the eccentricity of the earth's orbit. This world of ours, though usually steady enough in its movements, is at times decidedly eccentric. Not that I mean to impute to our old and exceedingly respectable planet any occasional aberrations of intellect, or still less of morals (such as might be expected from Mars and Venus); the word is here to be accepted strictly in its scientific or Pickwickian sense as implying merely an irregularity of movement, a slight wobbling out of the established path, a deviation from exact circularity. Owing to a combination of astronomical revolutions, the precession of the equinoxes and the motion of the aphelion (I am not going to explain them here; the names alone will be quite sufficient for most people; they will take the rest on trust)—owing to the combination of these profoundly interesting causes, I say, there occur certain periods in the world's life when for a very long time together (10,500 years, to be quite precise) the northern hemisphere is warmer than the southern, or *vice versa*. Now Dr. Croll has calculated that about 250,000 years ago this eccentricity of the earth's orbit was at its highest, so that a cycle of recurring cold and warm epochs in either hemisphere alternately then set in; and such cold spells it was that produced the Great Ice Age in Northern Europe. They went on till about 80,000 years ago, when they stopped short for the present, leaving the climate of Britain and the neighboring continent with its existing inconvenient Laodicean temperature. And, as there are good reasons for believing that my old master and his contemporaries lived just before the greatest cold of the Glacial Epoch, and

that his immediate descendants, with the animals on which they feasted, were driven out of Europe, or out of existence, by the slow approach of the enormous ice sheet, we may, I think, fairly conclude that his date was somewhere about B.C. 248,000. In any case we must at least admit, with Mr. Andrew Lang, the laureate of the twenty-five thousandth century, that

He lived in the long long agoes;  
'Twas the manner of primitive man.

The old master, then, carved his bas-relief in pre-Glacial Europe, just at the moment before the temporary extinction of his race in France by the coming on of the Great Ice Age. We can infer this fact from the character of the fauna by which he was surrounded, a fauna in which species of cold and warm climates are at times quite capriciously intermingled. We get the reindeer and the mammoth side by side with the hippopotamus and the hyena; we find the chilly cave bear and the Norway lemming, the musk sheep and the Arctic fox in the same deposits with the lion and the lynx, the leopard and the rhinoceros. The fact is, as Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace has pointed out, we live to-day in a zoologically impoverished world, from which all the largest, fiercest, and most remarkable animals have lately been weeded out. And it was in all probability the coming on of the Ice Age that did the weeding. Our Zoo can boast no mammoth and no mastodon. The sabre-toothed lion has gone the way of all flesh; the deinotherium and the colossal ruminants of the Pliocene Age no longer browse beside the banks of Seine. But our old master saw the last of some at least among those gigantic quadrupeds; it was his hand or that of one among his fellows that scratched the famous mammoth etching on the ivory of La Madeleine and carved the figure of the extinct cave bear on the reindeer-horn ornaments of Laugerie Basse. Probably, therefore, he lived in the period immediately preceding the Great Ice Age, or else perhaps in one of the warm interglacial spells with which the long secular winter of the northern hemisphere was then from time to time agreeably diversified.

And what did the old master himself look like? Well, painters have always been fond of reproducing their own lineaments. Have we not the familiar young Raffael, painted by himself, and the Rembrandt, and the Titian, and the Rubens, and a hundred other self-drawn portraits, all flattering and all famous? Even so primitive man has drawn himself many times over, not indeed on this particular piece of reindeer horn, but on several other media to be seen elsewhere, in the original or in good copies. One of the best portraits is that discovered in the old cave at Laugerie Basse by M. Elie Massénat, where a very early pre-Glacial man is represented in the act of hunting an aurochs, at which he is casting a flint-tipped javelin. In this as in all other pictures of the same epoch I regret to say that the ancient hunter is represented in the costume of Adam before the fall. Our old master's studies, in fact, are all in the nude. Primitive man was evidently unacquainted as yet with the use of clothing, though primitive woman, while still unclad, had already learnt how to heighten her natural charms by the simple addition of a necklace and bracelets. Indeed, though dresses were still wholly unknown, rouge was even then extremely fashionable among French ladies, and lumps of the ruddle with which primitive woman made herself beautiful for ever are now to be discovered in the corner of the cave where she had her little prehistoric boudoir. To return to our hunter, however, who for aught we know to the contrary may be our old master himself in person, he is a rather crouching and semi-erect savage, with an arched back, recalling somewhat that of the gorilla, a round head, long neck, pointed beard, and weak, shambling, ill-developed legs. I fear we must admit that pre-Glacial man cut, on the whole, a very sorry and awkward figure.

Was he black? That we don't certainly know, but all analogy would lead one to answer positively, Yes. White men seem, on the whole, to be a very recent and novel improvement on the original evolutionary pattern. At any rate he was distinctly hairy, like the Ainos, or aborigines of Japan, in our own day, of whom Miss Isabella Bird has drawn so startling and sensational a

picture. Several of the pre-Glacial sketches show us lank and gawky savages with the body covered with long scratches, answering exactly to the scratches which represent the hanging hair of the mammoth, and suggesting that man then still retained his old original hairy covering. The few skulls and other fragments of skeletons now preserved to us also indicate that our old master and his contemporaries much resembled in shape and build the Australian black fellows, though their foreheads were lower and more receding, while their front teeth still projected in huge fangs, faintly recalling the immense canines of the male gorilla. Quite apart from any theoretical considerations as to our probable descent (or ascent) from Mr. Darwin's hypothetical "hairy arboreal quadrumanous ancestor," whose existence may or may not be really true, there can be no doubt that the actual historical remains set before us pre-Glacial man as evidently approaching in several important respects the higher monkeys.

It is interesting to note too that while the Men of the Time still retained (to be frankly evolutionary) many traces of the old monkey-like progenitor, the horses which our old master has so cleverly delineated for us on his scrap of horn similarly retained many traces of the earlier united horse-and-donkey ancestor. Professor Huxley has admirably reconstructed for us the pedigree of the horse, beginning with a little creature from the Eocene beds of New Mexico, with five toes to each hind foot, and ending with the modern horse, whose hoof is now practically reduced to a single and solid-nailed toe. Intermediate stages show us an Upper Eocene animal as big as a fox, with four toes on his front feet and three behind; a Miocene kind as big as a sheep, with only three toes on the front foot, the two outer of which are smaller than the big middle one; and finally a Pliocene form, as big as a donkey, with one stout middle toe, the real hoof, flanked by two smaller ones, too short by far to reach the ground. In our own horse these lateral toes have become reduced to what are known by veterinaries as splint bones, combined with the canon in a single solidly morticed piece.

But in the pre-Glacial horses the splint bones still generally remained quite distinct, thus pointing back to the still earlier period when they existed as two separate and independent side toes in the ancestral quadruped. In a few cave specimens, however, the splints are found united with the canons in a single piece, while conversely horses are sometimes, though very rarely, born at the present day with three-toed feet, exactly resembling those of their half-forgotten ancestor the Pliocene hipparion.

The reason why we know so much about the horses of the cave period is, I am bound to admit, simply and solely because the man of the period ate them. Hippophagy has always been popular in France; it was practised by pre-Glacial man in the caves of Périgord, and revived with immense enthusiasm by the gourmets of the Boulevards after the siege of Paris and the hunger of the Commune. The cave men hunted and killed the wild horse of their own times, and one of the best of their remaining works of art represents a naked hunter attacking two horses, while a huge snake winds itself unperceived behind close to his heel. In this rough prehistoric sketch one seems to catch some faint antique foreshadowing of the rude humor of the "Petit Journal pour Rire." Some archæologists even believe that the horse was domesticated by the cave men as a source of food, and argue that the familiarity with its form shown in the drawings could only have been acquired by people who knew the animal in its domesticated state; they declare that the cave man was obviously horsey. But all the indications seem to me to show that tame animals were quite unknown in the age of the cave men. The mammoth certainly was never domesticated; yet there is a famous sketch of the huge beast upon a piece of his own ivory, discovered in the cave of La Madelaine by Messrs. Lartet and Christy, and engraved a hundred times in works on archæology, which forms one of the finest existing relics of pre-Glacial art. In another sketch, less well known, but not unworthy of admiration, the early artist has given us with a few rapid but admirable strokes his own reminiscence of the effect produced upon him by the sudden onslaught of the hairy brute,

tusks erect and mouth wide open, a perfect glimpse of elephantine fury. It forms a capital example of early impressionism, respectfully recommended to the favorable attention of Mr. J. M. Whistler.

The reindeer, however, formed the favorite food and favorite model of the pre-Glacial artists. Perhaps it was a better sitter than the mammoth; certainly it is much more frequently represented on these early prehistoric bas-reliefs. The high-water mark of palæolithic art is undoubtedly to be found in the reindeer of the cave of Thayngen, in Switzerland, a capital and spirited representation of a buck grazing, in which the perspective of the two horns is better managed than a Chinese artist would manage it at the present day. Another drawing of two reindeer fighting, scratched on a fragment of schistose rock and unearthed in one of the caves of Périgord, though far inferior to the Swiss specimen in spirit and execution, is yet not without real merit. The perspective, however, displays one marked infantile trait, for the head and legs of one deer are seen distinctly through the body of another. Cave bears, fish, musk sheep, foxes, and many other extinct or existing animals are also found among the archaic sculptures. Probably all these creatures were used as food; and it is even doubtful whether the artistic troglodytes were not also confirmed cannibals. To quote Mr. Andrew Lang once more on primitive man, "he lived in a cave by the seas; he lived upon oysters and foes." The oysters are quite undoubted and the foes may be inferred with considerable certainty.

I have spoken of our old master more than once under this rather question-begging style and title of primitive man. In reality, however, the very facts which I have here been detailing serve themselves to show how extremely far our hero was from being truly primitive. You can't speak of a distinguished artist, who draws the portraits of extinct animals with grace and accuracy, as in any proper sense primordial. Grant that our good troglodytes were indeed light-hearted cannibals; nevertheless they could design far better than the modern Esquimaux or Polynesians, and carve

far better than the civilized being who is now calmly discoursing about their personal peculiarities in his own study. Between the cave men of the pre-Glacial age and the hypothetical hairy quadrumanous ancestor aforesaid there must have intervened innumerable generations of gradually improving intermediate forms. The old master, when he first makes his bow to us, naked and not ashamed, in his Swiss or French grotto, flint scalpel in hand and necklet of bear's teeth dropping loosely on his hairy bosom, is nevertheless in all essentials a completely evolved human being, with a whole past of slowly acquired culture lying dimly and mysteriously behind him. Already he had invented the bow with its flint-tipped arrow, the neatly chipped javelin-head, the bone harpoon, the barbed fish-hook, the axe, the lance, the dagger, and the needle. Already he had learnt how to decorate his implements with artistic skill, and to carve the handles of his knives with the figures of animals. I have no doubt that he even knew how to brew and to distil; and he was probably acquainted with the noble art of cookery as applied to the persons of his human fellow creatures. Such a personage cannot reasonably be called primitive; cannibalism, as somebody has rightly remarked, is the first step on the road to civilisation.

No, if we want to get at genuine, unadulterated primitive man we must go much further back in time than the mere trifle of 250,000 years, with which Dr. Croll and the cosmic astronomers so generously provide us for pre-Glacial humanity. We must turn away to the immeasurably earlier fire-split flints which the Abbé. Bourgeois—undaunted mortal!—ventured to discover among the Miocene strata of the *calcaire de Beauce*. Those flints, if of human origin at all, were fashioned by some naked and still more hairy creature who might fairly claim to be considered as genuinely primitive. So rude are they that, though evidently artificial, one distinguished archæologist will not admit they can be in any way human; he will have it that they were really the handiwork of the great European anthropoid ape of that early period. This, however, is nothing more than very delicate hair-splitting; for what does it matter

whether you call the animal that fashioned these exceedingly rough and fire-marked implements a man-like ape or an ape-like human being? The fact remains quite unaltered, whichever name you choose to give to it. When you have got to a monkey who can light a fire and proceed to manufacture himself a convenient implement, you may be sure that man, noble man, with all his glorious and admirable faculties—cannibal or otherwise—is lurking somewhere very close just round the corner. The more we examine the work of our old master, in fact, the more does the conviction force itself upon us that he was very far indeed from being primitive—that we must push back the early history of our race not for 250,000 winters alone, but perhaps for two or three million years into the dim past of Tertiary ages.

But if pre-Glacial man is thus separated from the origin of the race by a very long interval indeed, it is none the less true that he is separated from our own time by the intervention of a vast blank space, the space occupied by the coming on and passing away of the Glacial Epoch. A great gap cuts him off from what we may consider as the relatively modern age of the mound-builders, whose grassy barrows still cap the summits of our southern chalk downs. When the great ice sheet drove away palæolithic man—the man of the caves and the unwrought flint axes—from Northern Europe, he was still nothing more than a naked savage in the hunting stage, divinely gifted for art, indeed, but armed only with roughly chipped stone implements, and wholly ignorant of taming animals or of the very rudiments of agriculture. He knew nothing of the use of metals—*arum irrepertum spernere fortior*—and he had not even learnt how to grind and polish his rude stone tomahawks to a finished edge. He couldn't make himself a bowl of sun-baked pottery, and if he had discovered the almost universal art of manufacturing an intoxicating liquor from grain or berries (for, as Byron, with too great anthropological truth, justly remarks, "man, being reasonable, *must* get drunk") he at least drank his aboriginal beer or toddy from the capacious horn of a slaughtered aurochs.

That was the kind of human being who alone inhabited France and England during the later pre-Glacial period.

A hundred and seventy thousand years elapse (as the play bills put it), and then the curtain rises afresh upon neolithic Europe. Man meanwhile, loitering somewhere behind the scenes in Asia or Africa (as yet imperfectly explored from this point of view), had acquired the important arts of sharpening his tomahawks and producing hand-made pottery for his kitchen utensils. When the great ice sheet cleared away he followed the returning summer into Northern Europe, another man, physically, intellectually, and morally, with all the slow accumulations of nearly two thousand centuries (how easily one writes the words! how hard to realise them!) upon his maturer shoulders. Then comes the age of what older antiquaries used to regard as primitive antiquity—the age of the English barrows, of the Danish kitchen middens, of the Swiss lake dwellings. The men who lived in it had domesticated the dog, the cow, the sheep, the goat, and the invaluable pig; they had begun to sow small ancestral wheat and undeveloped barley; they had learnt to weave flax and wear decent clothing; in a word, they had passed from the savage hunting condition to the stage of barbaric herdsmen and agriculturists. That is a comparatively modern period, and yet I suppose we must conclude with Dr. James Geikie that it isn't to be measured by mere calculations of ten or twenty centuries, but of ten or twenty thousand years. The perspective of the past is opening up rapidly before us; what looked quite close yesterday is shown to-day to lie away off somewhere in the dim distance. Like our palæolithic artists, we fail to get the reindeer fairly behind the ox in the foreground, as we ought to do if we saw the whole scene properly foreshortened.

On the table where I write there lie two paper weights, preserving from the fate of the sibylline leaves the sheets of foolscap to which this article is now being committed. One of them is a very rude flint hatchet, produced by merely chipping off flakes from its side by dexterous blows, and utterly unpolished or unground in any way. It belongs to

the age of the very old master (or possibly even to a slightly earlier epoch), and it was sent me from Ightham, in Kent, by that indefatigable unearther of prehistoric memorials, Mr. Benjamin Harrison. That flint, which now serves me in the office of a paper weight, is far ruder, simpler, and more ineffective than any weapon or implement at present in use among the lowest savages. Yet with it, I doubt not, some naked black fellow by the banks of the Thames has hunted the mammoth among unbroken forests two hundred thousand years ago and more; with it he has faced the angry cave bear and the original and only genuine British lion (for everybody knows that the existing mongrel heraldic beast is nothing better than a bastard modification of the leopard of the Plantagenets). Nay, I have very little doubt in my own mind that with it some æsthetic ancestor has brained and cut up for use his next-door neighbor in the nearest cavern, and then carved upon his well-picked bones an interesting sketch of the entire performance. The Du Mauriers of that remote age, in fact, habitually drew their society pictures upon the personal remains of the mammoth or the man whom they wished to caricature in deathless bone-cuts. The other paper weight is a polished neolithic tomahawk, belonging to the period of the mound-builders, who succeeded the Glacial Epoch, and it measures the distance between the two levels of civilisation with great accuracy. It is the military weapon of a trained barbaric warrior as opposed to the universal implement and utensil of a rude, solitary, savage hunter. Yet how curious it is that even in the midst of this "so-called nineteenth century," which perpetually proclaims itself an age of progress, men should still prefer to believe themselves inferior to their original ancestors, instead of being superior to them! The idea that man has risen is considered base, degrading, and positively wicked; the idea that he has fallen is considered to be immensely inspiring, ennobling, and beautiful. For myself, I have somehow always preferred the boast of the Homeric Glaucus that we indeed maintain ourselves to be much better men than ever were our fathers.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

## THE ORGANIZATION OF DEMOCRACY.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

IN the Colonies, at least in Canada, there are a good many of us who believe, not in the expansion of England, but in the multiplication of Englands, and to whom Imperial Federation, or any scheme for the political re-absorption of an adult and distant Colony into its Mother Country, appears totally impracticable. Yet we regard the Mother Country not only as the object of our filial affection and pride, but as the centre of our civilization, feel a practical as well as a sentimental interest in everything that touches her, and tremble at her danger as at our own.

We look on from a distance, it is true; and though the cable transmits to us the news, it does not, nor do even the newspapers and the correspondents, transmit to us the mind of England. In this respect our judgment may be at fault. On the other hand, we are out of the fray; we stand clear of English parties; we care for nothing but the country; we see, while those immediately engaged do not see, the heady current of faction, ambition, chimerical aspiration, political fatalism, and disunionist conspiracy hurrying the nation towards a bourne which all the speakers and writers on the Franchise Bill and the Redistribution Bill, by the vagueness of their speculations on the practical results, proclaim to be unknown.

The electorate, that is to say, the government—at least the body by which the government is appointed and its policy is determined—is undergoing reconstruction on the largest scale. Yet we look in vain, even in the speeches of the great statesman who is the author of these measures, for any forecast of their practical effect, of the influence which they will have on the character of government, or of the sort of policy which they will produce. Able and impressive as the speeches may be, there is little in them but philanthropy and arithmetic, neither of which is politics. The effect of the Redistribution Bill especially is evidently a matter of the merest conjecture. Lord Salisbury thinks that it will act in one way, and

Mr. Chamberlain that it will act in another. The first considers it favorable to aristocratic reaction, the second considers it favorable to authoritative democracy. The Bill is a leap in the dark. In any case less important than that of a reconstruction of the national institutions, safe experiments would probably precede sweeping change. A new mode of paving would be tried first in one or two streets; a new mode of cultivation would be tried first in one or two fields. But if you proposed to try the Redistribution Bill in one or two specimen districts, a chorus of scornful reprobation would arise from all parties, sects, and ambitions. Nor would any voices be louder than those of some who are foremost in hailing the advent of political science, and preaching the necessity of a scientific method in all things. This is not a deliberation on the amendment of national institutions; it is a battle of parties. Each party is seeking not so much to improve the government as to make it the instrument of particular theories or passions. But this surely is what a government, an executive government at least, ought not to be. A government ought to be the impartial guardian for the whole nation of law, order, property, personal rights, and the public safety; while opinion is left to shape itself by discussion, reach maturity, and at length impress itself on legislation. This whole movement is pre-eminently the work of party, and inspired by its passions. Reform in 1832 was really national; the nation earnestly desired liberation from a corrupt oligarchy. But the subsequent suffrage agitations have been mainly set on foot by the politicians for the purposes of their party war.

Democracy has come. By all reflecting men its advent seems to be acknowledged, by most it is welcomed as bringing, so far as we can see or so far as experience, though chequered, informs us, an increase of happiness to the masses of mankind, and therefore, in the highest sense, to all. But it requires to be organized and regulated; otherwise the

end will be anarchy and, as the inevitable consequence of anarchy, a relapse into a government of force. Republics, as we have more than once seen, are capable of suicide. The people is no more divine than kings, though its divinity was proclaimed by the Maratists : it is capable of governing itself as wrongly as any king can govern it. The ignorance, the passions, the self-interest, not only of particular classes, but of all of us alike, need to be controlled, as far as institutions can control them, and eliminated from the Councils of the State. The Americans, as was said before, have tried to organize and regulate democracy. The framers of the American Constitution—no veil of illusion being spread before their eyes by the surviving forms and names of an old monarchy—saw the problem which destiny had set before them. It was not such a problem as would be presented to them by the America of the present day, with its New York and its Chicago, its flood of foreign immigrants, and its enfranchised negroes ; far less is it such a problem as Great Britain, with the populace of its great cities, its host of Radical and Secularist artisans, its uninstructed millions of farm laborers, and its disaffected Irishry presents to the British statesman. They had to deal only with the Puritan freeholders of New England and the planters of the South. Still they saw the necessity of providing a solution, and a solution they produced—one not in all respects correct, even in its day (for the mode adopted of electing the President was a fatal error), yet effective as well as deliberate, and such as has sufficed, notwithstanding the great increase of the strain upon the machinery, to shelter civilization and avert anarchy. They instituted an executive government invested with actual power and existing independently of parties in Congress, a real though suspensive veto, a Senate elected on a Conservative principle, a written constitution in the keeping of a Supreme Court, by which all powers and jurisdictions are strictly defined and limited, and which can be amended only with the deliberate consent of the nation at large. Besides, as was said before, the Federal system itself, by localizing questions and breaking the

sweep of agitation, has a highly Conservative effect. These safeguards, with the political qualities of the Anglo-Americans and the Germans, prevent a catastrophe which without them would certainly come. But England has nothing like them. She has nothing but an "ancient throne," now stripped of the last vestige of political power, and an aristocracy which is evidently doomed, and, by its struggles to retain its obsolete privilege, stimulates revolution. The only Conservative institution which is really effective is the non-payment of Members of Parliament ; and this Democracy has already marked for abolition.

One could wish for a blast of the Fontarabian horn to awaken British statesmen, in this decisive hour, to the fact that England, though she has the consecrated form, has no longer the substance of monarchical government. Her only government is the House of Commons, or a committee of leaders of the dominant party, holding their offices during the pleasure of that House. In the electorate is the supreme power ; this is now not only the fact but a recognized fact. Twice the Ministry, after submitting its policy to the judgment of the constituencies by a dissolution of Parliament, has resigned in deference to the verdict. Yet these same statesmen go on dealing with the electorate as though they were not dealing with the government or with the sovereign power, but only with a representation of the people convened for the purpose of assenting to taxation. They seem to fancy that flood the electorate as they will with ignorance, passion, and all the elements of violence and anarchy, the government will still be carried on calmly and wisely by the occupant and the Ministers of the "ancient throne." Is it possible that the mere phrase "servants of the Crown" can cast such a spell over practical minds ?

Down to this time the political history of England has been a long revolution, of which the Whig or Liberal party in its successive phases has been the organ, and by which, after many oscillations and vicissitudes, supreme power has been drawn from the Crown and the aristocracy to the Commons. The destructive part of the process is now all

but complete, only a small remnant of precarious power being retained by the House of Lords. The constructive part remains to be performed. The task of British statesmen at the present day is, in effect, to found a Democratic Government. The ground has been cleared for the new edifice, but the edifice has yet to be built. Its foundations have hardly yet been laid.

Without giving way to reactionary panic, it may surely be said that the times are critical. They are not evil ; they are full, on the contrary, of the unripe promise of good ; but they are critical. Statesmen cannot afford to act blindfold. Democracy comes, as it was likely that it would come, not by itself, but as part of a general revolution, political, social, and religious. Nihilism marks, by its all-embracing lust of destruction, the connection between the different revolutionary forces, while it exhibits them in their delirious excess. The English reform movement in the early part of the century was almost exclusively political ; other agitations were called into being by the general disturbance, but they were secondary and subsided ; the main object sought was the removal of abuses in government ; the leaders were strict economists, and, far from seeking a social revolution, would have recoiled from the idea. But a momentous change has taken place since that time. The fermentation is now not only political but general. Political power is sought by the masses and their leaders, not merely for the sake of purifying the administration and reducing its cost, but in the hope that it may be used to effect a great social change. Secularism has become an important factor in the situation. Rate religious influence, and that of faith in a future state as low as you will, it can hardly be denied that the patience of the masses under the inequalities of the social system has hitherto been largely sustained by the belief that the system was a providential ordinance, and that those who did their duty in it, even if they suffered here, would be in some way made happy in the sum of things.

Nor has the doctrine of spiritual equality been without its effect in consoling the lowly for their inferiority of rank. Hereafter scientific conviction,

derived from the study of the social organism, may supply the place of religious impressions as a motive for acquiescence in things as they are. At present it is the destructive process of science that has almost exclusively taken place in the mind of the Radical proletarian. Believing now that this world is all, he naturally desires to grasp his full share of its good things without delay. His sensibility having been quickened with his intelligence, he feels inferiority as well as privation, and is impelled by social envy as well as by desire. His education has advanced just far enough to enable him to imbibe theories which coincide with his wishes. If he cannot understand the fine reasonings of Mr. George, he can understand the confiscation, and he thinks that so much fine reasoning must make the confiscation moral. Communism and semi-communism are rife ; there is a tendency to them even at the Universities, and in other high places. Perhaps the loss of faith in the Church leads some to see an indemnity for it in a communistic polity. If there is not in England, as there is in Germany, a strong Socialistic party, there appears to be a growing disposition to make a Socialistic use of the suffrage. There is certainly in many quarters an exaggerated idea of the powers and duties of the fictitious being styled the State. One conspicuous candidate for the succession to the leadership, at all events, is evidently holding out hopes of a Socialistic system of high taxation for the benefit of those who produce least, and he appears inclined to head a crusade against the property of all landowners, and of all owners of houses in towns. Nor is he without rivals in this quest of popularity on the Tory side. The ball of agrarianism which has been set rolling by recent legislation, in Ireland, rolls on, and its course is not likely to stop in Skye. All this may be working for good. The writer of this paper, at all events, has no inclination to take the despondent view. But surely there is enough to warn statesmen that they must exercise forecast, that they must try, while they can, to secure to the nation a stable and rational government ; that they must not hastily divorce power from intelligence and responsibility ; that they must



not plunge the country headlong into unorganized and unregulated democracy. If this Parliament comes to an end without having created any conservative safeguards, while it has instituted a suffrage destined evidently soon to be universal, the reins will have been thrown on the necks of the horses, and the last leverage of Conservatism will be gone. M. Taine has just shown us whither horses with the reins upon their necks may run, and what wreck they may make of their own hopes. It is true that great resignation, and even apathy, has been sometimes shown by the masses in times of suffering from dearth. No doubt the masses move slowly; but you incite them to move when you thrust into their hand the vote and send among them people to teach them that by a violent use of it they can raise themselves to the level of the rich. Able and powerful men of the ruling class itself are now, either from philanthropy or from party motives, doing their utmost to pave the way for a Socialistic revolution.

Of all the calamities that ever befel the human race, the greatest was the French Revolution. Wide, happily, is the difference between the France of a century ago and the England of the present day. In the case of England there is no Versailles, no deficit, no gulf between the aristocracy and the middle classes; while there is diffused intelligence instead of a night of political ignorance in which all sorts of spectres stalked, general habits of self-government in place of a paralyzing centralization, and a political character, as we may flatter ourselves, stronger and sounder than was that of the French. Still there are some points of similarity, especially the dangerous conjunction of social or agrarian with political revolution. In England, as in the France of the eighteenth century, scepticism has gained the minds of the ruling class; with their convictions their nerve is shaken, and it is difficult to see who would stop the avalanche if once it should begin to slide. Nor is there wanting a sybaritic Jacobinism which ominously reminds us of the Palais Royal. Pleasure-hunting and frivolity, athletic and of other kinds, appear to have reached a great height, and to pub-

lic questions a sort of careless fatalism seems to prevail. No doubt there is still plenty of force and of seriousness in the country; but something like a convulsion may be needed to bring them to the front. The masses in France, though galled by the burdens of feudal lordship, were not, properly speaking, Socialistic. Socialism proper can hardly be said to have shown its head before the conspiracy of Babœuf; and the nation was still at the chore monarchical and Catholic, as was proved by the ease with which both monarchy and Church were restored by Napoleon. Should the manufacturing and maritime supremacy of England be still more severely challenged and continue to decline, an amount of suffering might be produced among her people hardly less than was, in reality, that of the people in France. If Socialistic legislation commences in earnest, and, as the inevitable consequence, property begins to shrink from circulation and investment, stoppage of industry and dearth of bread cannot fail to ensue, and we know what the effects of these would be in the middle of a Socialistic revolution. Much ought to be risked, if there were real hope of equalizing, by any political action, the human lot. But who seriously believes this to be possible? Who does not know that the things which we deplore and are slowly mending will only be made worse by convulsions?

Surely, if this work were in the hands of patriotic and comprehensive statesmanship, not in those of party, there would be, instead of a mere extension of the Franchise, a revision of the Constitution. Before, by the admission of a large popular element, the strain upon the conservative and regulative parts of the machine was increased, those parts would be looked over and put in order; this question of the Second Chamber would be settled, and if the result was a determination to reform the House of Lords, that determination would be carried into effect, and the institution would be placed in a condition to do its work, before the next general election.

In a reform of the House of Lords it is difficult to feel any confidence. The hereditary principle seems to be thoroughly dead. In the Middle Ages it had a root in the faith and in the igno-

rance of mankind ; it had its temporary uses, and at the same time it had its correctives. A mediæval lord was obliged to exert himself that his lordship might not be taken by another. A mediæval king was obliged to exert himself if he wished to keep his crown upon his head. Now, except in the rare cases of men moulded of Nature's finest clay, with whom nobility acts really as an obligation, hereditary rank and wealth kill duty in the cradle. It is found impossible to get a decent attendance in the House of Lords. In answer to Lord Roseberry's appeal, a Peer says that he will be happy to attend if the nation will re-enact the Corn Laws, so as to enable him to keep a house in town. To indulge a mere whim, the hereditary wearers of the crown refuse to visit Ireland, and thus fling away the affections of the Irish people. The historical cause has been tried during this controversy and the issue is not doubtful. We have seen how the House of Lords, since it assumed its present character, which it did under the second Tudor, has worked. That it has acted as a court of mature wisdom, revising on grounds of impartial statesmanship the rash decisions of the popular House, is as complete a fable as its Norman pedigree. It has simply opposed the selfish resistance of a privileged order to change of every kind. Could it have its way, not only Rotten Boroughs and Sinecurism, but the old Criminal Code, Religious Intolerance, Arbitrary Imprisonment, the Censorship of the Press, the Paper Duty, even Slavery and the Slave Trade, would still be cumbering the earth ; or, rather, long ago, the nation would have been compelled to choose between political death and revolution. To fear, on questions which caused national excitement, the House of Lords has at last given way ; but not to reason and justice. A multitude of minor reforms it has strangled, by its obstructiveness, altogether. The only great measure of change which this organ of mature wisdom ever readily passed was the Franchise Bill of 1867, which was described by its own author as a leap in the dark, and had been devised with the view of swamping progressive intelligence in a flood of ignorance and beer. Nor has obstruction been the only sin of that

order of which the House of Lords is the organ ; it has given to the general policy of England a class bias ; it stimulated the crusade against the French Revolution, and unlike the crusading Barons of the Middle Ages, it stayed at home revelling in high rents and in a mass of sinecures, of which it sacrificed not one penny, while the people bled and starved in a cause which was not theirs. It has fostered militarism generally as a diversion from domestic reform. On economic questions the legislation of the Lords has been mere landlordism. As mere landlords they have acted, from the day on which they sold the national religion to the Pope for a quiet title to the Church lands, to the day on which they passed the Arrears Bill, after showing their sense of its character, in order that they might recover some of their back rents. If twice in the course of their long history they have been for a moment on the side of freedom, fear for their Church lands, combined with jealousy of ecclesiastical favorites, was the cause. The period of their most complete ascendancy, in the last century, was the epoch of political corruption ; and the conduct of the House at the time of the railway mania, when it formed a Ring in the landlord interest, was, to say the least, not a proof that hereditary wealth lifts its possessor above commercial motives. Many histories are darker than that of the House of Lords ; few are less heroic ; and the facts are now deeply imprinted on the minds of the people. Faith in the "noble blood" of the scapegrace son of a law lord, once dissipated, is not likely to return. The hereditary wealth itself, which is the real basis of aristocratic influence, and without which the Peerage would be a thing of shreds and patches, is reduced by agricultural depression, and will be greatly broken up by the abolition of primogeniture and entail,—a change which is sure to come, for it will be found that the only antidote to agrarian communism is the free acquisition of land. The hereditary principle is dead, and can serve England or civilized humanity no more. Introduced into, or retained in, any Senate, it will carry with it the seeds of death. As soon as it obeys, as obey it certainly will, its

obstructive instinct, the cry against it will be renewed. It will not become less odious by becoming weaker. If the life element which it is proposed to introduce remains antagonistic to the hereditary element, the tribunal of mature wisdom will be divided against itself and fresh conflicts will ensue. If it is assimilated, you will have the House of Lords over again, and more odious than ever, since the life element will be regarded as having apostatized and betrayed its trust.

Yet the whole theory of a Second Chamber as a necessary part of Parliamentary institutions appears to have no other origin nor any sounder basis than a mistaken view of the nature of the House of Lords, which all the world has supposed to be a Senate, when in fact it was an estate of the feudal realm, representing not a higher grade of deliberative wisdom but simply the special interest of the great landowners. The only valid argument in favor of the retention of the House of Lords is, in fact, the difficulty which the Bicamerists find in devising anything to be put in its place. Nomination is a total failure; the nominated Senate of Canada is a legislative cypher, the debates of which are not even reported, and the places in it are a mere addition to the bribery fund of the party leader. If both Chambers are elective, as in Victoria, the result is a collision and a deadlock, out of which, in the case of sovereign assemblies, there would be no colonial officer or governor to point a way. Co-option in any form, or election by an order, would give us the oligarchy over again, perhaps in a worse shape than ever, since the members would have to cultivate the good graces of a privileged and reactionary electorate. Not only as to the mode in which their Senate is to be elected are the Bicamerists at fault; they are equally at fault as to the special materials of which it is to be composed. If age or wealth is to be the qualification, impotence or odium will be the result. If the wisest are to have their seats in the Senate, the popular House will be deprived of its best leaders. Supreme power must centre somewhere; it will centre in that body which most directly represents the national will. Let the assembly, then, which is the seat of su-

preme power, be the seat of collective wisdom. Concentrate in it, as far as possible, all the best available elements, those of a conservative character as well as the rest. Frankly recognize its authority, and invest it at the same time with a full measure of responsibility. Notoriously the existence of a Senate diminishes the sense of responsibility in the popular chamber, and diminishes it out of proportion to the control really exercised; for a Senate soon gets tired of incurring the unpopularity of rejection. This surely is a more rational and hopeful plan than that of abandoning the seat of supreme power to popular impulse, and affixing by way of safeguard an artificial regulator to its side. Checks and balances belong to mechanics, not to politics; in mechanics you can apportion force, in politics force cannot be apportioned, though nominal authority may. That there are good and useful elements in the House of Lords, especially among the new creations, nobody doubts. Let them be transferred, with any social influence which in these democratic times may adhere to them, to a sphere where they can act with effect. At present they are ostracized by seclusion, as is clearly perceived by some Radicals, who on that ground deprecate a reform of the House of Lords. Let Lord Salisbury go to the Commons and Lord Hartington stay there. The Lords are warned by their partisans against imitating the foolish abdication of the French aristocracy in the famous holocaust of feudal titles. To that it may come, if they do not take care. But this is an earlier stage of the revolution, and the day of grace has not yet expired. Let the Lords do that which the French aristocracy ought to have done, and by doing which they might have averted the catastrophe. Let them at once go over frankly to the *Tiers Etat*, and strengthen by their accession the conservative forces in the national assembly. Convulsive efforts to retain an obnoxious privilege only inflame the revolutionary spirit, and at the same time make it still more desperately difficult for rational statesmanship to deal with the situation. Tory democracy is apparently a plea for founding aristocracy on demagogism, and for stemming Socialism by heading it and

combining it with a foreign policy of violence. Can the House of Lords be so blind as not to see in what such a course must end? What has been the end of other attempts of privilege to save itself by an alliance with extreme Radicalism against moderate reform?

Not in a Second Chamber, patched up or newly created, but in a well-regulated franchise and a rational mode of election, are effectual securities for the permanent ascendancy of national reason over passion in the legislature to be found. The electorate has been dealt with by successive reformers in the belief that its functions, and therefore the necessary qualifications for it, have remained unchanged. But its functions have been greatly changed, and have become infinitely more important and difficult than they originally were. Instead of merely choosing delegates to give his assent to taxation, the elector is now called upon to choose a ruler, and, at the same time, virtually to decide upon the general policy of the country. This is beyond the capacity of any ordinary voter. Everybody knows what happens, and until an immense progress shall have been made in popular education, must happen—how the intelligent elector, even supposing him to escape bribery and all other corrupt influences, votes at best for the Blue or Yellow ticket, and too often votes not even for the Blue or Yellow ticket, but with reference to some merely local or personal question, some fancy or antipathy, leaving the broad interests of the country and the qualifications essential to a legislator altogether out of sight. The author of "Round My House" tells us how opinion among the French peasantry in certain districts was swept by an angry fancy about a reduction in the value of a coin. What chance would Chatham or Peel, representing a great national policy, have stood against the lowest demagogue if he had been on the unpopular side of the question about the Cider Tax or Wood's halfpence? An ordinary citizen, occupied in trade or manual labor, has not the leisure, if he had the knowledge and capacity, to study the complex questions put before him. Yet there are reformers who desire to set Hodge to choose not only out of the worthies of his own neighbor-

hood, but out of all the notabilities of the country, among whom the largest vote would probably be polled by the Tichborne Claimant. From selfishness the poor are at least as free as the rich; they would vote at least as well if they knew how; but the knowledge is to them unattainable. In no sphere but that of politics does anybody propose to thrust upon people power of which it is manifestly impossible that they should make an intelligent use. Not only is it manifestly impossible that the people should make an intelligent use of the power of direct election to the governing assembly and of determining its policy: it is morally impossible that they should really make use of it at all. They are unorganized, and, though they live in the same district, unconnected as a rule with each other: they have no means of taking counsel together for the selection of a member. The selection must therefore be made for them by some self-constituted agency. That agency is the Caucus, into the hands of whose managers and masters the representation, styled popular, really falls.

Both the party organizations in England are now adopting the system, and thus confiscating the suffrage which they profess by legislation to bestow. One of them at least already has the Boss, and both of them will soon have the complete machine, with a host of professional politicians, recruited from the class which prefers place-hunting to honest trades. Government, in a word, will fall into the hands of irresponsible intriguers, and will be dominated in ever-increasing measure by knavery and corruption. Nor is there any assignable remedy for the evil; the wire-pullers and professional politicians alone can give their time to the elections, and therefore it is hardly possible to organize the means of casting off their yoke. Attending "primaries" is often preached as the duty of the patriotic citizen; but the patriotic citizen who does attend the primary finds everything arranged by the wire-pullers beforehand and himself impotent and a laughing-stock. This will not appear in the first flush of a revolutionary movement, while the present leaders retain their ascendancy, but it will appear as soon as the revolution settles down. Public education, it is

true, has been introduced in England ; but it has always existed in the United States, and it has not saved that country from the Boss. To save the country from the Boss is now the highest aim of the best citizens ; but they will hardly succeed without a constitutional change.

American reformers, if they want to go to the root of the evil, have a light to guide their efforts in the successful working of their Senate, which, being elected indirectly, through the State Legislatures, is a body of remarkable ability, and possesses the general confidence of the nation ; while the House of Representatives, elected directly by the people, that is, by the wire-puller, who usurps the functions of the people, presents a most unfavorable contrast. Those who have sat in both say the difference between the two political atmospheres is immense. Rid the Senate of Party, and it would be about as good a governing body as any nation could reasonably desire. Indirect elections through local councils is the plan which seems to promise the best central legislature ; and it takes from the primary elector nothing which at present is really his. Ordinary knowledge and intelligence ought to suffice to enable a man to choose from among his neighbors those who are fittest to manage his local affairs. But the local councillors would be a comparatively picked body ; they might reasonably be expected to give their minds to the central election ; they would not be too many for concert ; and they would exercise their power as a trust under the eyes of the people. As permanent bodies they could not, like the College of Presidential Electors, be reduced to the mere bearers of a mandate. A high trust, by adding to the importance and dignity of local councils, would be likely to draw into them better men. Through such an organization, apparently, opinion might freely and quietly flow from the people to the depository of power. Local and social influences would no doubt be strong ; but they are more wholesome than that of the Boss, and, as was said before, it is easier to enlarge the parochial than to make the wire-puller honest. Parochialism, however, has been pretty well broken up by the press and the telegraph. Hardly anybody can

now live in intellectual isolation. The Caucus itself, so far as it works fairly, is a tribute to the principle of indirect election.

To begin by passing a measure of Home Rule, not for Ireland alone, but for the United Kingdom, to reconstruct the local institutions, unloading upon them part of the now crushing burden of the central legislature, and then to base the central institutions upon them, is a policy which might at least claim attention, and, perhaps, deserve partial experiment, as an alternative to central revolution, if the nation and its leaders had not surrendered themselves to the revolutionary current.

Like the mode of election, the qualification for the franchise has never undergone any rational consideration with reference to the changed status and duties of the elector, who, instead of being really a subject, is now a participant in sovereign power. Nothing has been thought of the property qualification, which by successive agitations has been reduced to the vanishing point, and the next time anybody wants to raise the political wind will finally disappear. The broader the basis of electoral institutions can safely be made the better, and with indirect instead of direct election to the central legislature, it would be safe to make it very broad. Still some qualifications are necessary, even for the primary elector ; nor, if the writer may trust his own observation, is there any indisposition on the part of the intelligent working-classes to look at the matter in that light. A common education is now placed within everybody's reach by the help of the State, and it entails corresponding obligations. A mode of ascertaining that the elector could read and write, or at least read, by means of a certificate or test, might surely be devised. Personal application for registration would also be a fair requirement, since a man would hardly be fit to share the sovereign power who did not care enough about his vote to ask for it ; and it would probably act as a useful criterion, self-applied. With the full powers of a citizen should also go, in reason, the full duties—liability to serve on juries, to assist in the enforcement of the law, to take part, if called upon, in the defence of the country.

There is a vague notion that all human beings, or all who pay taxes (which, directly or indirectly, everybody does), have a natural right to a vote, and this is carried so far that votes are about to be given to a multitude of Irish who openly profess themselves the enemies of the State, and announce that they will use the votes for its destruction. Perhaps this Irish experiment may help to bring us all to reason, and convince us that nobody has a right to the means of doing mischief to himself and his fellows, or to anything but that form of government which is practically the best for all.

Considering how our morality and happiness depend on the maintenance of right relations between the sexes, it is surely a proof of the desperate recklessness of party that the Conservative leaders should be willing to fling female character and ultimately the home into the political caldron for the sake of gaining the female vote. Their calculation may prove unfounded; at least on this continent the women of Conservative temperament seem to stay at home, while the revolutionary Megæra mounts the platform and, brandishing her torch among the Anarchists of Chicago, bids the poor trust in dynamite instead of trusting in God. That gentleness and purity will come with woman into public life is certainly not the decisive verdict of experience, so far as experience has gone. It rather seems that her gentleness and purity depended on her absence from the political arena. Will the government be improved by being made feminine? That is the question to be answered in the common interest of both sexes. The male nature, though not higher, is the more practical. Men, as a rule, alone are brought into daily contact with the world of action by the varied experiences and exigencies of which the balance of political character is formed. Men alone can be said to be fully responsible. Unless sentiment should undergo a total change, a female Member of Parliament or office-holder could not be called to account like a man. In this rough world how will a nation prosper which is swayed by the emotions of its women? The sexes may be co-equal, and yet, having different natures, they may have different parts

to play in the community as they certainly have in the family. Laws have been made by man, because law, to take effect, must have force behind it, and the force of the community is male. If women made such laws as some of them threaten to make in the interest of their sex, men would refuse to execute the law. If women voted a war for some object of female enthusiasm, as the French women would for the defence of the Pope, men would refuse to march. The authority of government would then fall. A woman cannot support the police or take part in the defence of the country. Women are not a class with separate interests of its own, but a sex, the political interests of which are identical with those of their husbands and brothers. Their property is not of a special kind, nor can it be alleged to have suffered any wrong by general legislation. Assuredly general legislation has of late not been unfavorable to woman. Perhaps they get more from the chivalry of male legislation than they would get if, armed with political power, they were fighting for themselves. To the argument that property held by them is unrepresented, the answer is that no property is represented in any hands beyond the minimum required for a qualification in each case. This is a small hardship compared with the practical exclusion from voting of all our sailors, the flower of our industry, and of a large number of those employed by commerce in the work of distribution. Woman, if she has her disabilities, has also her privileges, which, with the general guardianship of affection, the majority of the sex would probably be unwilling to renounce for the sake of gratifying the ambition of a few. Conservatives especially may be expected to consider the effects likely to be produced on female character and on domestic life by the introduction of women into politics and the general revolution in the relations between the sexes of which that measure is an integral part. Female aspirations begin to take a new turn. An American apostle of woman's rights told us plainly the other day that she considered maternity a poor aim for a woman's ambition. Nature answers by dooming the race to decay.

A stable, though responsible, executive, invested with a reasonable amount of authority, commanding the general confidence of the people, and capable of exercising forecast and governing on a plan, especially with regard to foreign affairs, is a necessity of civilized life. How is it to be secured for the future to England? Have reforming statesmen asked themselves that momentous question, or has the necessity of answering it been hidden from their eyes by the illusion which surrounds the "ancient throne?" What basis has Government at present but party? Is not that crisis crumbling to pieces? Is not the Liberal party in the House of Commons split up into discordant sections and held together solely by the authority of a leader in his seventy-fifth year and without any visible heir of his power? Have not the Irish entirely severed themselves from it and taken up a position which renders a reunion with them hopeless? Is not even the Tory party, though as a party of reaction less exposed to disintegration than a party of progress, went by divergent tendencies towards Conservatism on one side and Tory democracy on the other? Is not everybody at a loss to conceive how, after next election, and when the number of Parnellites shall have been increased, a party broad and strong enough to support a government is to be formed? The disintegration is not confined to England; it extends to all countries in which Parliamentary institutions prevail. It is extending now to the United States, where the reforming Republicans voted in the Presidential election; and the other day the Liberal party in Belgium suddenly split in two. The consequences everywhere are the fatal instability and weakness of government, the only exception being Germany, where Bismarck holds himself above party, governs on a principle really monarchical, and makes up a majority from any quarter that he can? France, with her Chamber full of Sectionalism, cabal and unruly ambition, lives always on the brink of administrative anarchy: industry and commerce never knowing whether next day they will have the shelter of a government over their heads. The Executive in the United States stands on an independent

though elective footing; if it depended for its existence from day to day on the factions of Congress, chaos would soon come. Is there any prospect of a return to party union and solidity? As intellects grow more active, idiosyncracies more pronounced, ambitions more numerous and keen, is it likely that divergences will become fewer and that patient submission to party discipline will increase? Is not the tendency everywhere the opposite way? What permanent claim has party on the allegiance of a moral being? What is it but a soft name for faction, the bane of States? Why should a good citizen surrender his conscience to it? Why should good citizens for ever divide themselves into two hostile camps, and wage political war against each other? Is an unpatriotic and anti-social principle to be accepted as the last word of politics? The supply of organic questions cannot be inexhaustible. When it is exhausted and divisions of principle have disappeared, on what ground of reason or moral motive are parties to rest? Must they not thenceforth become factions pure and simple? Have they not become factions pure and simple, whenever organic questions have ceased to be at issue? Party has been the organ by which in England the Long Revolution has been conducted to its issue, and power has been gradually wrested from the Crown and transferred to the Commons. Hence the belief, shared by the whole of Europe, that party was inseparable from Parliamentary institutions, and that in no other way could free government be carried on. If free government can be carried on in no other way, the prospect is dark, for party is apparently doomed, alike by morality and by the growing tendencies of the age. But there is obviously one other way at least in which free government can be carried on. Instead of making office the prize of a perpetual faction fight, the members of the Executive Council of State may be regularly elected by the Members of the Legislature for a term certain, under such a system with regard to the rotation of vacancies as may at once secure sufficient harmony between the two bodies and a sufficient continuity in the executive government. The responsibility of

the Executive for the decisions of the Legislature, and its obligation to resign upon every Legislative defeat, which is a mere accident of English history and devoid of rational foundation, would then cease. The Legislature and the Executive would be at liberty each to do its own work. The Executive would be national, and would receive the general support of the community instead of being an object of organized hostility to half of it; it would be stable instead of being as it is now throughout Europe ephemeral as well as weak. Responsibility on the part of its members instead of being diminished would be increased. It would become individual, whereas now it is only collective, the whole Cabinet and the party majority being bound to support each Minister whatever may be his failure in duty. Personal aptitude might be considered in the elections to the offices, whereas at present little can be considered beyond the necessity of providing for all the leaders, and a good financier or Minister of Marine would not be turned out because he was in the minority on a Franchise Bill.

The nations have been so much engaged in taking authority out of bad hands, that they have forgotten that it is a good and necessary thing in itself. Government has become dangerously weak. The greater part of its energy is now expended, not in the work of administration, but in preserving its own existence. Not only is it exposed to the incessant attacks of an Opposition whose business is to traduce and harass it, but it is now hardly able to sustain itself against the irresponsible power of the press, wielded nobody knows by whom, but often under secret influences, which are a great and growing danger in all communities. To keep the popular favor, which is to them the breath of life, the members of the Cabinet have to be always on the stump, reserving to themselves little time for rest or reflection, and the stump orator is rapidly superseding the statesman. This vacillation of policy on the Egyptian question, the consequences of which all have been deploring, has not been so much that of the Government as that of the nation itself worrying and distracting the Government through the press. A country with an Empire and a world-wide diplo-

macy cannot afford to have an Executive, the policy of which is always shifting with the wind of opinion, and which can exercise no forecast, because it is not sure of its existence for an hour. In India, the danger is not so much from native disaffection as from British agitation, which the Company managed to exclude, but which, since India has been driven into the vortex of British politics, a party Government has no power to control. Those who are as far as is the writer of this paper from being Imperialists, must see, nevertheless, that while the Empire exists it creates a special necessity for a strong and undemagogic Government, and that on any hypothesis, a disruption, or general dissolution from a collapse of the central authority, is not the thing to be desired. The Radicals themselves are saying that what the country now wants is a strong government, by which, however, people often mean a government strongly imbued with their own ideas.

England ought not to be very much in love with the party system at this moment, for it has well-nigh laid her, with all her greatness and her glory, at the feet of Messrs. Healy and Biggar. Faction and nothing but faction has brought her to the verge of a dismemberment, which, by carving a hostile Republic out of her side, would reduce her to a second-rate Power, and condemn her to play a subordinate instead of a leading part in the march of European civilization. "England has lost heart" is the exulting cry of Mr. Parnell. She has lost heart because she is betrayed by faction, seeking under highly philanthropic and philosophic pretences to climb into power by bartering the unity of the nation for the Irish vote. With a truly national government she would soon be herself again.

There is another point which, while time for consideration remains to them, British statesmen will surely do well to consider. It would seem paradoxical to say that England, the parent of constitutional government, has no constitution; but it will be admitted at once that she has no legal constitution, at least that her legal constitution is not actual. Actually she has nothing but a balance of power, or rather the power no longer balanced of the House of



Commons, which if the Crown attempted to govern would stop the supplies, and if the Lords attempted to vote would force the Crown to coerce them by a swamping creation, or incite the people to terrify them into submission. The term "Constitutional," though it seems full of mysterious and august meaning, has never really denoted anything but the limit of practical force. If it has been unconstitutional for the Lords to amend a money Bill, but constitutional for them to reject a Bill respecting a tax, as in the noted case of the paper duty, the reason was that the rejection was final, whereas the amended Bill would go back to the Commons, who would throw it out. But while the Commons have annihilated the power of the Crown, and reduced that of the Lords almost to a cipher, they remain themselves liable to dissolution at the will of the party leader into whose hands that prerogative has come, and who can thus suspend at any moment the existence of the supreme government, reduce its members to private citizens, and, if they resist, deal with them as common rioters through the police. In the ordinary course of things the existence of the supreme government is suspended, and an interregnum ensues, whenever the regular Parliamentary term expires. This is hardly the sort of ship with which it is wise to put out on the wide waters of democracy. England, like other nations under the elective system, needs a written constitution, defining all powers and duties, guarding against any usurpation, and entrusted to the keeping of a court of law. Traditions and understandings, which may be maintained and serve their purpose so long as the government is in the hands of a family group of statesmen walking in the ancestral paths, will not command the same respect in a far different order of things. The written constitution is the political Bible of the United States, and without it all would soon be usurpation and confusion. A written constitution in no way interferes with the freedom of development which is the supposed privilege of the unwritten. It only provides that development shall proceed in the way of regular and

legal amendment, and not in that of violent collision and intimidation by street parades. The system of constitutional amendment works perfectly well in the United States. The power might be safely reposed in the people at large. Men who are not competent to vote on the complex question of the general policy of the country, and at the same time on the merits of the candidate, are competent to vote on a single question submitted by itself, and with regard to which, moreover, there is little danger of corruption or illicit influence. But the nation at large ought, by petition sufficiently signed or in some other way, to have the power of initiating constitutional amendments or compelling their submission by the Government as well as of rejecting them when submitted. Elective rulers, once installed in power, are no more willing to part with it than kings. Such a body as the American House of Representatives, though it might become a sheer political nuisance, would never take the first step in reform. There ought to be a power of enforcing change, when the necessity for it has become apparent to the nation, without having recourse to a violent revolution, or even to intimidation such as is being used in default of a better means to wrest the veto from the House of Lords.

These are the views of one who has long been convinced that the day of hereditary institutions had closed, that the day of elective institutions had fully come, that the appointed task of political science was to study the liabilities, weaknesses and dangers of the elective system with a view to their correction or prevention, and that the mission of the Liberal party in England was to conduct the critical transition and guide Europe in accomplishing it without revolution. If such views are condemned as Conservative by Radicals, and as Republican by Conservatives, neither charge can well be repelled. They certainly cannot be congenial to any who exult in the prospect of a socialistic revolution. But the upshot of all that has been here said is that Democracy must be organized and regulated. Unorganized and unregulated, it will probably end in confusion.—*Contemporary Magazine.*

## SIR WILLIAM SIEMENS.\*

BY WILLIAM LANT CARPENTER.

I AM about to endeavor to set forth the life and work of Sir William Siemens, who was not only an ardent scientific discoverer, but one whose work for the last five or six years has interested the general public to a degree that has perhaps never before been the case with any man so devoted to science as he was. Of him it may be said, without fear of contradiction, that he has, beyond all his contemporaries, promoted the practical application of scientific discovery to industrial purposes. It has also been said by one who had the privilege of his friendship, that "no one could know him without feeling how lovely his character was. Wonderful as were the qualities of his mind, they were equalled by the nobleness of his heart."

These two sentences, then, will serve to indicate my purpose. In telling, with necessary brevity, the story of the life of Sir William Siemens, I shall try to keep in view the fact that even his great powers, without his large heart, would never have produced the impression which he did upon the national mind. Hence, after I have given a sketch of some of the more important discoveries of the inventor, and their consequences to the national life, I shall, with the help of materials most kindly and liberally placed at my disposal by his family, try to show what manner of man he was, and what impression he made upon those who had the very great advantage of personal communion with him.

Charles William Siemens was born at Lenthe in Hanover on April 4, 1823, and was one among many of a family eminent for their scientific knowledge and practical skill. The possession of such unusual talents by a whole family is rarer, perhaps, in the intellectual life of England than in that of Germany; at any rate, in the absence of definite statistics such as those compiled with so much care by Mr. Francis Galton, the general impression is that such is the case. It is not difficult to discern in the scientific

career of the Brothers Siemens some prominent characteristics of their race; and in the life of Sir William, the sympathy of the German mind for general principles, and the tenacity with which it clings to them, are well illustrated, and stand out in strongly-marked contrast to the usual indifference of the average English mind to theoretic conclusions, as opposed to so-called practical ones. It would be well-nigh impossible to find among Englishmen one instance in which an inventor has been so confident of the possible utility of a few grand general principles, that he has worked out from them several great inventions; and that he felt himself justified in this confidence after years of hard work is evidenced by his own saying that "the farther we advance, the more thoroughly do we approach the indications of pure science in our practical results."

William Siemens received his early educational training at Lübeck, and in the course of it the stimulus afforded to excellence of workmanship by the German guild system made an early and lasting impression upon his mind, for he repeatedly referred to it in after life. From Lübeck he went to the Polytechnical School at Magdeburg, where he studied physical science with apparatus of the most primitive kind, and under great disadvantages, as compared with the facilities of our modern laboratories. After this he studied at Göttingen University, where, under Wöhler and Himly, he first got that insight into chemical laws which laid the foundation of his metallurgical knowledge, and here began to develop in him that wonderful thirst for discovery, which abundant success never quenched. Here, also, occurred what he has himself described as "the determining incident of his life." Mr. Elkington, of Birmingham, utilising the discoveries of Davy, Faraday, and Jacobi, had devised the first practical application of that form of energy which we now call the electric current, and in 1842 he established a practical process of electro-plating. In the following year, as the result of his

\* A Lecture delivered before the (London) Sunday Lecture Society, January 18, 1885.

own and his brother Werner's work, William Siemens presented himself before Mr. Elkington with an improvement in his process, which was adopted. This is the first on the list of inventions on the diagram behind me. Speaking of his first landing in London he says :

"I expected to find some office in which inventions were examined, and rewarded if found meritorious ; but no one could direct me to such a place. In walking along Finsbury Pavement, I saw written up in large letters so-and-so (I forget the name) 'undertaker,' and the thought struck me that this must be the place I was in quest of. At any rate I thought that a person advertising himself as an undertaker would not refuse to look into my invention, with a view of obtaining for me the sought-for recognition or reward. On entering the place I soon convinced myself, however, that I had come decidedly too soon for the kind of enterprise there contemplated, and finding myself confronted with the proprietor of the establishment, I covered my retreat by what he must have thought a very inadequate excuse."

Returning to Germany, he became a pupil in the engine works of Count Stolberg, to study mechanical engineering. While there he worked out a great improvement upon Watt's centrifugal governor for regulating the supply of steam to an engine, and in 1844 he returned to England with his invention, and soon decided to stay here. His object in doing so was to enjoy the security which the English patent law afforded to inventors, for in his own country there were then no such laws. This chronometric governor, though not very successful commercially, introduced him to the engineering world ; it was originally intended for steam engines, but its chief application has been to regulate the movement of the great transit instrument at Greenwich. Then followed in quick succession several minor inventions which met with varying practical success, such as the process of anastatic printing, which was made the subject of a Royal Institution lecture in 1845 by Faraday ; a water meter, which has since been in general use ; an air pump, &c., &c.

About this time the researches of

Joule, Carnot, and Mayer upon the relations between heat and mechanical work were attracting much attention among scientific men, and at the age of twenty-three, William Siemens adopted the hypothesis now known as the dynamical theory of heat. More than once I have drawn attention to the exact numerical relation between units of heat and units of work established by Joule, viz., that 772 foot-pounds of work is required to generate heat enough to raise the temperature of 1 lb. of water 1° Fah., and I have pointed out here and elsewhere that this was the first well-authenticated example of that grandest of modern generalisations, the doctrine of the Conservation of Energy, the truth of which is constantly receiving new illustrations.

With a mind thoroughly pervaded by this important principle, Siemens applied himself to the study of steam and caloric engines, and saw at once that there was an enormous difference between the theoretical and the actual power gained from the heat developed by the combustion of a given quantity of coal, and hence that there was a very large margin for improvement. He at once determined to try to utilise some of this wasted heat, and he conceived the idea (to which I invite your particular attention) of making a regenerator, or an accumulator, which should retain or store a limited quantity of heat, and be capable of yielding it up again when required for the performance of any work. In the factory of Mr. John Hicks, of Bolton, he first constructed an engine on this plan ; the saving in fuel was great, but it was attended by mechanical difficulties which at that time he was unable to solve. The Society of Arts, however, recognised the value of the principle by awarding him a gold medal in 1850. Three years afterwards, his paper "On the Conversion of Heat into Mechanical Effect," before the Institution of Civil Engineers, gained him the Telford premium (awarded only once in five years) and the medal of the Institution. In 1856 he gave a lecture upon his engine at the Royal Institution, considered as the result of ten years' experimental work, and as the first practical application of the mechanical theory of heat ; he then indicated the economic considerations which en-

couraged him to persevere in his experiments, pointing out that the total national expenditure for steam-coal alone amounted to eight millions sterling per year, of which at least two-thirds might be saved !

His efforts to improve the steam-engine, however, were speedily followed by a still more important application of the mechanical theory of heat to industrial purposes. In 1857 his younger brother, and then pupil, Frederick (who, since the death of Sir William, has undertaken the sole charge of the development of this branch of his elder brother's work), suggested to him the employment of regenerators for the purpose of saving some of the heat wasted in metallurgical operations, and for four years he labored to attain this result, constructing several different forms of furnace. His chief practical difficulties arose from the use of solid fuel—coal or coke—but when, in 1859, he hit upon the plan of converting the solid fuel into gaseous, which he did by the aid of his gas-producer, he found that the results obtained with his regenerators exceeded his most sanguine expectations. In 1861 the first practical regenerative gas furnace was erected at the glass works of Messrs. Chance Bros. in Manchester, and it was found to be very economical in its results. Early in 1862 the attention of Faraday was drawn to this matter, and on June 20 of the same year, that prince of experimentalists appeared before the Royal Institution audience for the last time to explain the wonderful simplicity, economy, and power of the Siemens regenerative gas furnace. Age and experience have not diminished the high estimation in which it is held ; after nearly twenty years of continuous working and extended application, Sir Henry Bessemer described it in 1880 as an "invention which was at once the most philosophic in principle, the most powerful in action, and the most economic, of all the contrivances for producing heat by the combustion of coal."

The furnace consists essentially of three parts ; (1) the gas producer, which converts the solid coal into gaseous fuel ; (2) the regenerators, usually four in number, which are filled with fire-brick piled in such a way as to break up into many parts a current of air or gas

passing through them ; (3) the furnace proper, where the combustion is actually accomplished. In using the furnace, the gaseous fuel and air are conducted through one pair of regenerators to the combustion chamber ; the heated gases from this, on their way to the chimney, pass through the other pair of regenerators, heating them in their passage. In the course of, say, one hour, the currents are reversed, so that the comparatively cold gas and air pass over these heated regenerators before entering the furnace, and rob them of their heat. While this is going on, the first pair of regenerators is being heated again, and thus, by working them in alternate pairs, nearly all the heat, which would otherwise have escaped unused into the chimney, is utilised.

By this process of accumulation the highest possible temperature (only limited by the point at which its materials begin to melt, can be obtained in the furnace chamber, without an intensified draft, and with inferior fuel.

It has been found that this furnace is capable of making a ton of crucible steel with *one-sixth* of the fuel required without it, and that while the temperature of the furnace chamber exceeded 4,000° Fahrenheit, the waste products of combustion escaped into the chimney at 240° Fahrenheit, or very little above the temperature at which water boils in the open air.

At the locomotive works of the London and North Western Railway at Crewe, where these furnaces have long been used, it was formerly the practice to lock a piece of pitch pine into the flue leading to the chimney, and if at the end of the week the wood was charred, it was evidence that more heat had been wasted than ought to have been, and the men in charge of the furnace were fined.

This all-important national question, the waste of fuel, which in modern phraseology may be truly called the waste of energy, was constantly before the mind of Sir William Siemens, who lost no opportunity, in his public utterances, of impressing his hearers, and that still wider circle which he reached through the medium of the press, with a sense of the weighty consequences which it involved. In an address at Liverpool in 1872, as President of the Institution

of Mechanical Engineers, he estimated the total coal consumption of this country at one hundred and twenty million tons, which at 10s. per ton amounted to sixty millions sterling. He strongly asserted that one-half of this might be saved by the general adoption of improved appliances which were within the range of actual knowledge; and he went on to speak of outside speculations, which would lead to the expectation of accomplishing these ends with one-eighth or even one-tenth of the actual expenditure. In 1873 he delivered a famous lecture on Fuel to the operative classes at Bradford, on behalf of the British Association, in which he illustrated how fuel should be used by three examples, typical of the three great branches of consumption: *a*, the production of steam power; *b*, the domestic hearth; *c*, the metallurgical furnace. In connection with the last point he mentioned that the Sheffield pot steel-melting furnace only utilised *one-seventieth* part of the theoretical heat developed in the combustion, and contrasted with it his own furnace for melting steel. In discussing the question of the duration of our coal supply, he indicated what should be our national aim in the following suggestive and inspiring passage:

"In working through the statistical returns of the progressive increase of population, of steam power employed, and of production of iron and steel, &c., I find that our necessities increase at a rate of not less than 8 per cent. per annum, whereas our coal consumption increases only at the rate of 4 per cent., showing that the balance of 4 per cent. is met by what may be called our 'intellectual progress.' Now, considering the enormous margin for improvement before us, I contend that we should not be satisfied with this rate of intellectual progress, involving as it does an annual deficit of four million tons to be met by increased coal production, but that we should bring our intellectual progress up to the rate of our industrial progress, by which means we should make the coal production nearly a constant quantity for several generations to come."

One of the direct results of this lecture, which was read and warmly commended by some of the most eminent

men of the time, was that Dr. Siemens was consulted by Mr. Mundella in reference to parliamentary action by the Board of Trade in regard to the coal question.

In 1874 he received the Albert Gold Medal from the Society of Arts "for his researches in connection with the laws of heat, and for services rendered by him in the economisation of fuel in its various applications to manufactures and the arts," and in 1877 he devoted nearly the whole of his address to the Iron and Steel Institute, of which he was then President, to the same subject, in which, as regards the probable duration of our coal supply, he had been for some time engaged in a controversy with the late Professor Jevons, maintaining that "the ratio of increase of population and output of manufactured goods would be nearly balanced for many years to come by the further introduction of economical processes, and that our annual production would remain substantially the same within that period, which would probably be a period of comparatively cheap coal."

One of the most important applications of the regenerative furnace has been to the manufacture of steel, and he soon perceived that it was necessary for himself to solve the various difficulties which others regarded as practically insuperable. "Having," he says, "been so often disappointed by the indifference of manufacturers and the antagonism of their workmen, I determined in 1865 to erect experimental or 'sample steel works' of my own at Birmingham, for the purpose of maturing the details of these processes, before inviting manufacturers to adopt them." The success of experiments in 1867-68, in making steel rails, brought about the formation of the Landore Siemens Steel Co., whose works were opened in 1874. When Dr. Siemens was knighted, the employés of this company embodied their congratulations in an address, and had prepared for him a very beautiful model of a steel furnace in ivory and silver; the presentation of these was prevented by his premature death, but the address stated that "the quantity of steel made here to the end of last year on your process was upwards of 400,000 tons!" In the ten years ending in

1882, the annual production of open-hearth steel in the United Kingdom increased from 77,500 tons to 436,000 tons. During an action in the Superior Courts of the United States, it was stated that the inventor had received a million dollars in royalties, the annual saving in that country by his process being  $3\frac{1}{2}$  millions of dollars! These statements refer mainly, I believe, to the conversion of cast or wrought iron into steel, either by the "direct" process of acting on pig-iron with iron ore in an open hearth, or by the "scrap process" (Siemens-Martin) of melting wrought-iron and steel scrap in a bath of pig-metal. Both of these require the preliminary treatment of the blast furnace, and in speaking of them in 1873, Dr. Siemens said that "however satisfactory these results might appear, I have never considered them in the light of final achievements. On the contrary, I have always looked upon the direct conversion of iron and steel from the ore, without the intervention of blast furnaces and the refinery, as the great object to be attained." How far he succeeded in this may be gathered from the fact that in a paper read on April 29, 1883, before the Iron and Steel Institute, on the "Manufacture of Iron and Steel by the Direct Process," he showed how to produce 15 cwt. of wrought iron direct from the ore in three hours, with a consumption of 25 cwt. of coal per ton of metal, which is one-half the quantity previously required for the production of a ton of pig-iron only, in the blast furnace! The long and costly experiments which ended in the realisation of his views extended over twenty-five years; and it is worthy of note that he told the Parliamentary Committee on Patents that he would not have continued them if the English patent law had not insured such a period of protection as would repay him for his labor.

Great, however, as the economic results of the gas-producer have been, its inventor looked forward to still more remarkable applications of it. In 1882 he told the British Association, in his presidential address, that he thought "the time is not far distant when both rich and poor will largely resort to gas as the most convenient, the cleanest, and the cheapest of heating agents, and

when raw coal will be seen only at the colliery or the gas-works. In all cases where the town to be supplied is within, say, thirty miles of the colliery, the gas-works may with advantage be planted at the mouth, or, still better, at the bottom of the pit, whereby all haulage of fuel would be avoided, and the gas, in its ascent from the bottom of the colliery, would acquire an onward pressure sufficient probably to impel it to its destination. The possibility of transporting combustible gas through pipes for such a distance has been proved at Pittsburg, where natural gas from the oil district is used in large quantities." It may be well to point out here that as a step towards this, it was a favorite project of his—practically carried out in some places—to divide the gaseous products of the ordinary distillation of coal into two, the middle portions being illuminating gas of 18 to 20 candle power instead of 16, and the first and last portions, which under this system may be largely increased, being heating gas; such gas he expected to see sold at 1s. per 1,000 cubic feet. The obvious and only practicable objection to the plan is the necessity for doubling all the mains and service-pipes. That we shall eventually burn gaseous fuel on the domestic hearth, as we have lately learnt to do on the metallurgical, I have not the smallest doubt; it is a mere question of the time necessary for the education of the public mind upon the question; the apter the pupil, the more speedy will be the desired result. Let it be thoroughly understood by every one that the soot which hangs in a pall over London in a single day is *equivalent to at least fifty tons of coal*, and then there will be no difficulty in seeing that the true and the only remedy for our London fogs, with all their attendant ills, is—gaseous fuel. May we not hope that, though Sir William Siemens has gone from among us, the great movement for smoke abatement, in which he so earnestly labored during the last three years of his life, may have full effect?

If I have dwelt thus long upon this particular branch of my subject, it is because I know of no other which so well illustrates two points in Sir William Siemens' character which I have alluded to at the outset: his unwavering devo-

tion to general principles and their consequences, and his ardent desire to promote the practical welfare of mankind. There is, however, as the late Professor Rolleston remarked to him, no subject which more impresses the minds even of persons who are laymen as regards science, than the history of Telegraphy (and I may perhaps be permitted to add, of Electrical Engineering generally), now so inseparably connected with his name. The University of Göttingen, at which he studied, was the cradle, if not the birthplace, of the electric telegraph in 1833. Shortly after, Sir Charles Wheatstone in England, and Mr. Morse in the United States, were simultaneously working at the same problem, and each claimed the honor of having solved it.

The telegraph, however, was still in a very undeveloped state when the Brothers Siemens began to study it, and their series of inventions, especially for long-distance telegraphy, largely aided in bringing it to its present condition. One of their first was the Relay, an electro-magnet so delicate that it will move with the weakest current. By the use of five of Siemens' polarised relays, a message can be sent by the Indo-European Telegraph from London to Teherán, a distance of 3,800 miles, without any retransmission by hand, and during the Shah of Persia's visit in 1873, Dr. Siemens arranged for messages to be thus regularly despatched from a room in Buckingham Palace. In 1858, Messrs. Siemens Brothers established near London the well-known telegraph works, and the construction by them in 1868 and following years of the Indo-European Telegraph—the overland double line to India through Prussia, Southern Russia, and Persia—was the first great undertaking of the kind. Writing of it in August, 1882, during the first Egyptian campaign, Dr. Siemens said, "At the present time our communication with India, Australia, and the Cape depends, notwithstanding the nominal existence of the line through Turkey, on the Indo-European Telegraph."

The Messrs. Siemens were also pioneers in submarine telegraphy, the first cable covered with gutta-percha having been laid across the Rhine by Dr. Werner Siemens in 1847. The invention of

the machine for coating the conducting wire with the insulating material, gutta-percha, or india rubber, is entirely due to Dr. William Siemens, who also subsequently designed the steamship *Faraday* for the special work of laying and repairing submarine cables. This unique vessel was launched on Feb. 16, 1874, and when she was completed, Dr. Siemens invited all his scientific friends to inspect her, and challenged them to suggest any improvements in her arrangements. She was first used in laying the Direct United States Cable, which is above 3,000 miles in length. In this connection I may perhaps be permitted to relate a very characteristic anecdote. When Dr. Siemens took a contract for a cable, the electrical tests of which were specified, it was his invariable habit to give out to the works a considerably higher test, which every section of the cable had to pass, or be rejected *in toto*. In the case of this cable, probably during manipulation on board ship, a minute piece of wire penetrated the insulating material, bringing down the electrical test to a point below the "works" test, but still decidedly above the contract test. The discovery was not made until so late that to cut out the faulty piece involved a delay of some days in the middle of the Atlantic, but Dr. Siemens insisted upon its being done; after this, stormy weather came on, and the cable had to be cut and buoyed, while the *Faraday* had to winter on the American side, and resume operations next spring. The money loss involved amounted, I am told, to more than £30,000. Perhaps the most remarkable of the later feats was the fulfilment of a contract with the Compagnie Française du Télégraphe de Paris à New York, who ordered a cable 3,000 miles long from the Messrs. Siemens in March, 1879, and it was handed over to them in perfect working order in September of the same year! There are now nearly 90,000 miles of submarine cable at work, costing about £32,000,000, and a fleet of thirty-two ships are employed in laying, watching, and repairing these cables, of which there are now eleven across the Atlantic alone.

In connection with the subject of telegraphy, and as an instance of the versatility of Dr. Siemens's inventive powers,

I may point out that in 1876 he brought out the pneumatic postal telegraph tube, by which, as is pretty generally known, written messages are blown or sucked through tubes on various metropolitan routes, instead of being transmitted electrically. About the same time, also, he constructed his ingenious bathometer, for ascertaining the depth of the sea at any given point, without the tedious operation of sounding; and some years previously he worked out his electrical thermometer or pyrometer, enabling the observer to read the temperature (whenever he desired) at any distant and inaccessible point, such as the top of a mountain, the bottom of the sea, the air between the layers of a cable, or the interior of a furnace.

Probably the most prominent idea associated in the public mind with the name of Siemens is that of electric lighting, and perhaps electric tram and railroads. As I have more than once pointed out in this room, the dynamo-machine, by which mechanical energy is converted into that form of energy known as electricity (which may be used both for lighting and for the transmission of power), is derived from a principle discovered by Faraday in 1831. Sir William Siemens' devotion to this, and the important practical consequences which he deduced from it, constitute another example of that mental characteristic to which I have already alluded. Faraday's discovery, briefly described, was that when a bar magnet was suddenly inserted into a coil of wire, or when a wire was suddenly moved through a magnetic field, a momentary current of electricity was developed in the wire. Although this current is exceedingly small and brief, it is capable of unlimited multiplication by mechanical arrangements of a simple kind. One means for accomplishing this multiplication was the Siemens armature of 1857, which consisted, at first, of a piece of iron with wire wound round it longitudinally, not transversely, the whole to be rotated between the poles of a powerful magnet; in its present form it is one of the most powerful and perfect things of its kind, and the evolution of the Siemens armature, as we now have it, from the rudimentary type of a quarter of a century ago, has been characterised by Sir W.

Thomson as one of the most beautiful products of inventive genius, and more like the growth of a flower than to almost anything else in the way of mechanism made by man.

Ten years afterwards came his classical paper "On the Conversion of Dynamical into Electrical Force, without the use of permanent Magnetism," which was read before the Royal Society on February 14, 1867. Strangely enough, the discovery of the same principle was enunciated at the same meeting by Sir Charles Wheatstone, while there is yet a third claimant in the person of Mr. Cromwell Varley, who had previously applied for a patent in which the idea was embodied. It can never be quite certain, therefore, who was the first discoverer of the principle upon which modern dynamo-machines are constructed. I need not describe here the way in which this principle is carried out in all dynamo-machines. Suffice it to say that they differ from Faraday's magneto-electric machines in having electro-magnets in the place of permanent steel magnets, and that these electro-magnets are, if I may be allowed the expression, self-excited by the play of mutual give and take between the armature and the magnet.

It was the invention of the dynamo-machine which made practicable the application of electricity to industrial purposes. Experiments have shown that it is capable of transforming into electrical work 90 per cent. of the mechanical energy employed as motive power. Its practical application is still in its infancy. In 1785 Watt completed his "improvements" in the steam-engine, and the century which has since elapsed has not sufficed to demonstrate the full extent of its utility. What may we not expect in the next hundred years from the extension of the dynamo-machine to practical purposes?

In the development of appliances for the production of the electric light Sir William Siemens took a leading part, and, as is well known, his firm has been *facile princeps* at all the important electrical exhibitions. But while ever zealous to promote its progress, he never took a partisan view of its utility, candidly admitting that gas must continue to be the poor man's friend. In 1882



he told the Society of Arts that "Electricity must win the day as the *light of luxury*, but gas will find an ever-increasing application for the more humble purposes of diffusing light."

In the hands of Dr. Siemens the enormous energy displayed in the Electric Arc was applied to other purposes than mere lighting. In June, 1880, he greatly astonished the Society of Telegraph Engineers by exhibiting the power of an electrical furnace designed by him to melt considerable quantities of such exceedingly refractory metals as platinum, iridium, &c. He explained that he was led to undertake experiments with this end in view by the consideration that a good steam-engine converts 15 per cent. of the energy of coal into mechanical effect, while a good dynamo-machine is capable of converting 80 per cent. of the mechanical into electrical energy. If the latter could be expended without loss in an electric furnace, it would doubtless far exceed in economy any known air furnace.

Moreover Sir William Siemens may fairly be described as the creator of electro-horticulture. Some experiments which he made early in 1880 led him to the conclusion that the electric light could influence the production of coloring matter in leaves, and promote the ripening of fruit at all seasons of the year, and at all hours of the day and night. In the following winter he put these conclusions to the test of experience on a large scale at his country house, Sherwood, near Tunbridge Wells, and the results obtained were communicated to the British Association at York in 1881, in a paper, the value of which was recognised by its receiving the rare distinction of being printed in full in the annual report.

Some photographs, which he kindly allowed me to take, represent the difference between three kinds of corn grown under ordinary conditions, and the same corn, under the same conditions, with the added stimulus of the electric light from sunset to sunrise. He came to the conclusion that, although periodic darkness evidently favors growth in the sense of elongating the stalks of plants, the *continuous* stimulus of light was favorable to a healthy development at a greatly accelerated pace, through all the

stages of the annual life of the plant, from the early leaf to the ripened fruit.

I have left until the last any notice of a field of work which the Messrs. Siemens may be truly said to have made peculiarly their own, viz., the electrical transmission and distribution of power; for I firmly believe that in the future, although not perhaps in the near future, the practical consequences of this will be such as are little dreamed of now; and this opinion is, I know, held by men far more competent to judge than I am.

In March, 1877, Dr. Siemens startled the world, in his address to the Iron and Steel Institute, by his proposal to transmit to distant points some of the energy of the Falls of Niagara. As I have before explained in this room, the electrical transmission of energy depends upon the fact that a dynamo-machine may be used either to convert mechanical into electrical energy, or to effect the *reverse change*. Hence to transmit power in this way, two dynamo-machines, connected by a metallic conducting rod, or cable, are necessary; the first, at the water-fall or other source of power, produces the electrical energy, which, in its turn, is reconverted into mechanical power by the second dynamo at the other end of the line. In his own grounds at Tunbridge Wells he made numerous experiments in this subject, distributing the power from a central steam-engine over various parts of his farm, there to perform different functions. The most interesting practical examples, as yet, are to be seen in the electric railroads erected and worked by Siemens Brothers in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, &c., and in the Electric Tramroad at Portrush. The special interest of this line lies in the fact that it was the first real application to railroads of "waste energy," inasmuch as the cars are propelled by the power of a waterfall eight miles off! The last occasion on which I had the privilege of meeting Sir William Siemens was when, honored by his invitation, I was present at the opening of this line in September 28, 1883. On that occasion, which, half-a-century hence, will be as memorable as the opening of the Stockton and Darlington railroad, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland recognised the fact that this was an entirely new departure in the development

of the resources of Ireland, and Sir William Siemens, in a most characteristic speech, admitted that, had he known the difficulties before him, he should have thought twice before he said "Yes" to Dr. Traill's question as to whether the proposed line could be worked electrically, but that, having said "Yes," he was determined to carry out the project. As illustrating the character of the man, I may here quote the saying common in his workshops, that as soon as any particular problem had been given up by everybody as a bad job, it had only to be taken to Dr. Siemens for him to suggest half-a-dozen ways of solving it, two of which would be complicated and impracticable, two difficult, and two perfectly satisfactory.

His extraordinary mental activity is shown in the fact that between 1845 and 1883 no less than 133 patents were granted in England to the Messrs. Siemens, 1846 and 1851 being the only years in which none were taken out. During the same period he contributed as many as 128 papers on scientific subjects to various journals, only three years in this case also being without such evidences of work, and in 1882 the number of these papers reached seventeen, the average being about seven patents and original scientific papers per year for more than the third of a century, a truly wonderful record of untiring industry. To show the impression his work made upon the world, I quote the following passage from the many which appeared in the newspapers at the time of his death. It is headed :

#### ONE MAN'S INTELLECT.

Siemens telegraph wires gird the earth, and the Siemens cable steamer *Faraday* is continually engaged in laying new ones. By the Siemens method has been solved the problem of fishing out from the stormy ocean, from a depth comparable to that of the vale of Chamounix, the ends of a broken cable. Electrical resistance is measured by the Siemens mercury unit. "Siemens" is written on water meters, and Russian and German revenue officers are assisted by Siemens apparatus in levying their assessments. The Siemens process for silvering and gilding, and the Siemens anastatic printing, mark stages in the development of these branches of industry. Siemens differential regulators control the action of the steam-engines that forge the English arms at Woolwich, and that of the chronographs on which the transits of the stars are marked at Greenwich. The Siemens cast-

steel works and glasshouses, with their regenerative furnaces, are admired by all artisans. The Siemens electric light shines in assembly-rooms and public places, and the Siemens gas light competes with it, while the Siemens electro-culture in greenhouses bids defiance to our long winter nights. The Siemens electric railway is destined to rule in cities and tunnels. The Siemens electric furnace, melting three pounds of platinum in twenty minutes, was the wonder of the Paris Exposition, which might well have been called an exposition of Siemens apparatus and productions, so prominent were they there.

Almost alone among all these results, his theory of the "Conservation of Solar Energy" dealt with a question not affecting, or at least not immediately affecting, human welfare. A great authority has characterised this as "one of the highest and most brilliant flights that the scientific imagination has ever made." While astronomers quietly accepted the conclusion that the sun is cooling down, and will become at some distant but calculable epoch a mere cinder hung in space, he endeavored to show that energy can no more be lost in the solar system than it is in the laboratory or the factory. Sir William Siemens's theory assumed that the interplanetary spaces are filled with an exceedingly thin or rare atmosphere of the compounds of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, such for example as aqueous vapor and hydro-carbons. In this atmosphere the sun is revolving with a velocity four times that of the earth, and hence the solar atmosphere at his equator is thrown out to an enormous distance from his surface. One consequence of this is a perpetual indraught, at the poles of the sun, of the surrounding atmosphere. Thus the sun is everlastingly being fed, and everlastingly sending out its light and heat, which thus recuperate themselves; in this way the solar energy, which is sometimes assumed to be lost in the empty void of interstellar space, really acts upon the rare vapors therein, and converts the universe into a kind of vast regenerative furnace! Had the author of this ingenious theory lived but a few years longer, he would doubtless have labored to strengthen it with further observations and arguments. As it is, it must remain as a daring and original suggestion, the effort of a keen and sagacious mind to bring to fresh subjects the ex-

perience and the knowledge accumulated by work of quite a different kind. It is more scientific to believe, with him, that there is some restorative and conservative agency at work, than to suppose that the universe is gradually cooling down into a ball of slag, were it only because his theory does not require an effort of creation at once tremendous and futile. It leaves us free to avoid contemplating a time when the solar system was not, and another when it will cease to be.

Let us now take a brief glance at one or two of Sir William Siemens's public addresses on more general subjects. His interest in education was so keen, and especially in that branch of education known as technical or technological, that these addresses almost invariably had this for their subject, and were frequently given at some public ceremony in connection with it, such for example as distributions of prizes. The most important of them, perhaps, was given on October 20, 1881, at the re-opening of the Midland Institute in Birmingham. He there surprised his audience by depreciating the German polytechnic system of colleges, on the ground that their students were wanting in originality and adaptability to new conditions. After recounting at some length the recent industrial applications of electricity, he said :

"My chief object in dwelling, perhaps unduly, upon these practical questions, is to present to your minds in a concrete form the hopelessness of looking upon any of the practical processes of the present day as permanent, to be acquired in youth and to be the staple occupation of a lifetime. . . . The practical man of former days will have to yield his place to the unbiassed worker who with open mind is prepared for every step forward as it arises. For this purpose it is necessary that he should possess, beyond the mere practical knowledge of his trade, a clear appreciation of the principles of action underlying each operation, and such general acquaintance with the laws of chemical and physical science as will make it easy for him to adapt himself to the new order of things."

He urged the prime importance of the teaching of science being included

in the curriculum of *every* school, and of an adequate supply of trained teachers, as well as of properly equipped laboratories of all kinds, wherein to train them. Replying to the proverb, "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," he said : "A little knowledge is an *excellent* thing, only it must be understood that this little is fundamental knowledge," and he endorsed Lord Brougham's pithy saying, "Try to know something about everything, and everything about something."

In 1878 and 1879 he gave addresses on the same subject in Liverpool, Tunbridge Wells, Paris, and elsewhere. In pointing out the results of the superior French system of technical education, he urged that we should not servilely copy it, but that we should imitate the French example with due regard to the idiosyncrasies of our own country. He approved the spontaneous and self-supporting nature of the English system, as more adaptable to free and vigorous development than a governmental system. His address to the Coventry Science Classes in October, 1882, upon *Waste*, in which he took as examples, waste of time, of food, of personal energy, of mechanical energy, and of fuel, was full of wise and sound practical advice, clothed in the simplest language.

In conclusion, let me try, with the aid of private letters and papers which it has been my privilege to peruse, to bring before you some of the personal characteristics of the man whose life-work we have been considering. Of his extraordinary perseverance in overcoming obstacles I have already spoken, and it has been well remarked that, to a mind and body requiring almost perpetual exercise, these difficulties supplied only a wholesome quantity of resistance. In the two valuable qualities of tenacity and pliancy of intellect he has perhaps never been surpassed. Suppleness and nimbleness of mind are rarely allied with that persistent "grip," which, without them, is not unlikely to degenerate into obstinacy. In Sir William Siemens these qualities were happily balanced. His talents were the admiration of his contemporaries, and his memory will ever be respected and honored by all, friends and rivals alike ; for the facility with which he applied his

powers to the solution of the most difficult problems was equalled by the modesty with which he presented the successful result of his efforts. An eminent engineer said of him, "With all his great work, no envious word was ever mixed!" At the time when he received his honorary degree from the University of Oxford, a distinguished Oxonian wrote: "I believe an alumnus more distinguished by great ability, and by a high and honorable determination to use it for the good of his fellowmen, and to help forward man's law of existence, 'Subdue the earth and have dominion over it,' never received a degree from the University of Oxford." Of the other distinctions heaped upon him, it was often said that the Society rather than Dr. Siemens was honored; and when he was knighted, a well-known man of science, writing to congratulate him, said: "At the same time I feel that the ennobling of three such men as yourself, Abel, and Playfair confers more honor on the order of knighthood than even it does on science."

The fame of Sir William Siemens was world-wide, as it deserved to be; but those who knew him best will be the most ready to acknowledge that the qualities of his heart were no less conspicuous than those of his intellect. Hear what his pupils and assistants said of him:—"How my dear old master will be missed, and what a gap in many walks of life will be unfilled!" "There are many younger members of our profession who will look elsewhere in vain for such genial uniform kindness and sympathy as his invariably was." "The seven years I spent in his service were the happiest in my life." "It was the loss of the kindest and best friend I ever had, and I have not known such sorrow since the loss of my older brother. The keenest incentive I had in my new work was the desire of showing him that his kindly recommendation was justified by the event." In acknowledging the gift from Lady Siemens of some objects of remembrance, one writes: "They, as visible objects on which his eyes must have rested frequently, will, I feel certain, when I shall look at them, tend to encourage me in overcoming difficulties, of which there exist always plenty for those who wish to contribute their share,

however small, to the progress of things of this world. It is this example which Sir William Siemens has given to all the world, which will, I believe, be the most beneficial for future generations, and for those who are wise enough to follow it."

Of his character as a man of business let Messrs. Chance Bros. speak, as one testimony out of many: "Our firm having been the first to carry out in England on a large scale the Siemens regenerative process, we were brought into close and frequent communication with him, and had the opportunity of appreciating not only his extraordinary inventive powers, but also his thorough straightforwardness and integrity of character."

I have spoken of his interest in education, and I quote two opinions thereon. Lord Sherbrooke, in conversation with a mutual friend, regretted immensely, that he had not been a pupil of Sir W. Siemens, and spoke of him, and of those who were working with him to enlarge our sphere of knowledge, as the salt of the earth. A distinguished American expressed himself as strongly impressed not only with a sense of his great learning, but with admiration of the native strength of his mind, and the soundness of his educational views.

Many testified to his great benevolence. The German Athenæum wrote: "If the world of science has lost in your late husband one of its brightest stars, the poor, the striving student, as well as the struggling artist, have lost a liberal benefactor and a patron; and on hearing of his sad and too early death, many will have exclaimed, 'We ne'er shall look upon his like again!'" An eminent man spoke of him as one "whose life has been spent in an unselfish and unceasing devotion to God's creatures." Many of the letters which I have read convey the thoughts of some of his friends on hearing of his death, in language such as this: "We all felt struck down; realising how much poorer his loss had left the world, leaving us as he did when full of the vigor of his endless interests, and brightening all around him, not only by his genius and high intellect, but by his marvellous benevolence and tender consideration, so full was he of kind feeling and thought for others. He was in a high degree the possessor of

those sweet domestic virtues which, while so simple and unostentatious, were so spontaneous and charming. What an eminently well-rounded life was his! Our children will always remember how he was held up to them as a man almost without an equal." A confidential servant, who had lived in his family many years, wrote of him as the most Christ-like man she had ever met; and that he always reminded her of the Arab prince who asked the recording angel, when writing in his book the names of those who loved the Lord, to write him as one who loved his fellow-men; the angel wrote and carried the book to heaven, bringing it back again to show; and when the prince looked, lo, his name led all the rest!

Of his family relations, the Rev. Mr. Haweis thus wrote, in a sermon on "Friends!" "What a beautiful sight, too, was the friendship of the late Sir William Siemens for his brothers, and theirs for him! not less beautiful because lived out unconsciously in the full glare and publicity of the commercial world, into which questions of amity are not supposed to enter, especially when they interfere with business. But here were several brothers, each with his large firm, his inventions, his speculations, yet each at the other's disposal; never eager to claim his own, never a rival! These men were often separated by time and space, but they were one in heart."

One who had exceptional opportunities of knowing him wrote: "His characteristic of intensity in whatever he was engaged in was remarkable. Even in his relaxations he entered into them with his whole heart; indeed, it did one good to hear his ringing laugh when witnessing some amusing play—the face lit up with well-nigh childlike pleasure—no trace of the weariness which had been visible after a long day of work of such varied kinds, all demanding his most serious attention, involving often momentous world-wide results. As a travelling companion he was indeed the light and happiness of those who had the privilege to be with him. Everything that could lessen fatigue, or add to the enjoyment and interest of the journey, was thought of, and tenderly carried out, and the knowledge of the pleasure he was giving was his sweet reward. Young people

and children clustered round him, and he spared no trouble to explain simply and clearly any question they asked him."

The Rev. D. Fraser, in a funeral address, said: "The combination of mental power with moral uprightness and strength is always impressive. And this is what signally characterised him whose death we mourn. There have been very few more active and inquiring minds in this generation: the keenness and swiftness of his intellectual processes were even more surprising than the extent and variety of his scientific attainments. But such powers and such acquirements have, alas! been sometimes in unworthy alliance with jealous dispositions and a low moral tone. What will endear to us the memory of William Siemens is that he was, while so able and skilful, also so modest, so upright, so generous, and so totally free from all narrowness and paltriness of spirit. And God, whose wisdom and power he reverently owned, has taken him from us!"

Yes, God has taken him from us to a deeper insight into, and a greater work amongst and beyond, those works of His which he so loved and studied here. Can we imagine a greater fulness of joy than that which must now be his in the vast increase of his knowledge, and the satisfying of every wish of the great warm heart and noble nature which was so plainly but the beginning of better things? How can we doubt that for a nature so richly endowed there is higher scope alike for knowledge and for service in the great Eternity? Such beauty and grandeur and energy and power cannot be laid low—they are not destroyed, nothing is lost, but all will live again in ever-growing splendor! A noble, beautiful, and gifted spirit has passed to the higher and fuller life, and with us is left an influence for good which cannot die. Just as this generation is now profiting by the solar radiation which fell on the earth countless ages ago, so will the labors of Charles William Siemens form a store of knowledge, potential with respect to this and succeeding generations, and destined to confer advantages, greater than we can now estimate, on the ever-advancing cause of science, and on the moral, intellectual, and material progress of humanity!—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

## A FRENCH DRAMA UPON ABELARD.

BY A CONCEPTUALIST.

ONE warm evening in the summer of 1836, the late Count Charles De Rémusat, sauntering through the streets of Paris in that frame of mind which the French describe by the expressive word *desœuvrement*, was arrested by the *affiche* on the portals of the Ambigu-Comique. It announced a drama by MM. Anicet Bourgeois and François cornue, called *Héloïse et Abelard*. It had been running for several months; and the vacant politician entered the house and settled himself in a *fauteuil d'orchestre*. The future friend and colleague of Thiers, whom he preceded to the grave only by a narrow interval, was already a person of some distinction; but though in many respects a severe critic, he was singularly tolerant of the literary defects and the artistic shortcomings of dramas intended to propitiate the popular taste by fertility of incident and freshness of invention. That evening, however, he confessed himself displeased. The play violated familiar records without either heightening or purifying passion, and sacrificed history to fiction, without rendering it more philosophical.

But though he walked homeward with that sense of dissatisfaction which is generally experienced by persons of education and sensibility after a visit to the modern theatre, the play continued to haunt him. With its subject he must have been already thoroughly familiar, for are not Eloisa and Abelard the most celebrated lovers in history? But though at college he had been distinguished by the elegance of his lyrics, De Rémusat had attained the meridian of life without acquiring, or even attempting to acquire, a distinct reputation as a man of letters. Like most of the aspiring spirits of his time, he had betaken himself to political journalism, trusting that it would conduct to parliamentary honors, and obtain for him a share in the direction of affairs of State. At first a somewhat docile pupil of Guizot, by the time the famous *Globe* was started he had shaken himself entirely free from the influence of that doctrinaire statesman, and he shortly became one of its most indefati-

gable contributors. How successfully he had employed his pen may be surmised from the fact that his name appears in the list of signatures to the famous Protest against the *Ordonnances* of Polignac, which caused the Revolution of July. The first Parliament summoned after the accession of Louis Philippe found him, at the age of thirty-three, Member for Muret a constituency in the Haute Garonne which he continued to represent till the Revolution of 1848. Justifiably ambitious of power, that he might advance the cause of Constitutional Government, he abstained from associating his reputation with non-political compositions; and this sternly practical resolve seemed, through long persistence, at length to have weaned him from all interest in the more subtle workings of the intellect.

But there is something stronger than the resolves of the most resolute man, and that is innate disposition, or natural bent, which, try to rid himself of it as he may, *tamen usque recurret*. De Rémusat flattered himself that, in strenuously devoting his faculties to political journalism, in writing leading articles on the current topics of the hour, in examining Parliamentary Bills, and in composing Legislative Reports, he had stifled in himself the original taint of an evil passion for literature. That accidental visit to the Ambigu-Comique, the representation of that inferior and distorted play, stirred in him afresh his native passion. He could not get rid of the figure of that strange personage, at once exalted philosopher and frensied lover, belonging unquestionably to history, yet made, it would seem, expressly for the purposes of romance. On the very morrow of that eventful evening, he might have been seen in the library of the Chamber of Deputies, asking for the volume that contained the correspondence of Abelard and Eloisa. The chamber was not sitting, for it was vacation time; and he carried the book with him to Lafitte, in the Haute Garonne, where he had recently established his household gods. He perused it without

delay or intermission ; for the man who, taking up the correspondence of the separated lovers of the Paraclete, could lay it down unfinished, may rest assured that he has little genuine interest in the more romantic workings of human nature. But on the 6th of September the Ministry of Casimir-Périer was overthrown, and Count Molé was summoned to form a Cabinet. His Minister of the Interior was M. Gasparin, and De Rémusat was appointed Under-Secretary of State for the same department. Had the career of the new Ministry been a protracted one, it is possible that time would have divorced his attention from Abelard and mediæval philosophy. But in less than a twelvemonth Molé's Cabinet was overthrown, and the liberated Under-Secretary buried himself once more in the passions and dialectics of the twelfth century. He spent much of the winter of 1837 in studying the period in which the Gallic Socrates—Gallorum Socrates, it was the pleasure of Abelard's followers to designate him—had lived, triumphed, and suffered ; and in the course of the summer of the following year a "Philosophical Drama" on the subject was completed. For nearly forty years it lay in manuscript in the author's drawer, though he occasionally permitted himself the indulgence of reading portions of it in the intellectual salons of Paris which he frequented. Its success in those select but critical circles was considerable ; and it was probably the encouragement thus extended to him that led to his writing *Abélard, sa Vie, sa Philosophie, et sa Théologie*, the best account extant of the great Conceptualist, his metaphysics, and his fate.

The latter work was published as long ago as 1845. Why, then, was the drama kept back ? The reason is a curious one. Perhaps in foraging so extensively among the records of the twelfth century, De Rémusat had become impressed with the mediæval motto, "Beware the man of one book." He was afraid, so his son assures us, to risk his reputation with the public as a statesman and a man of affairs, by appearing before it as the writer of a drama, even a "philosophical" one, on a subject notoriously romantic.

"Il faut bien dire," says M. Paul De Rémusat, "que la première raison de mon père pour refuser de publier le drame d'Abélard, c'était la pensée que, dans notre pays, les hommes sont d'avance et dès leur début, et qu'il ne voulait point sortir de la situation littéraire et politique où il s'était d'abord placé. Il avait vu trop souvent la défiance accueillir une œuvre nouvelle et étrangère aux premiers essais d'un écrivain. L'idée d'un homme universel, ou seulement doué de talents variés, est rarement acceptée, et ce qu'on gagne en étendu paraît presque toujours perdu en profondeur. L'exemple de Voltaire, qui était si longtemps discuté et contesté, est plus effrayant pour les audacieux que rassurant pour les timides. Mon père n'espérait pas que l'on fit en sa faveur une exception à la loi commune de la spécialité de l'esprit. Il lui semblait qu'il n'eût acquit en littérature quelque réputation qu'au dépens de son autorité politique."

These scruples, at least in the case of De Rémusat, seem excessive. The French *bourgeoisie* have never had that rooted antipathy to men of genius which is characteristic of the middle class in England ; and it certainly would not have taken the better part of fifty years to convince them that the author of *Vivian Grey* had in him the stuff of a practical and hard-headed statesman. Moreover, a philosophical drama, by the very sobriety of its title, protects its author against the charge of excessive literary levity. Finally, the political career of the author of *Abélard*, though not devoid of distinction, was hardly of that commanding sort which might console some men, at its close, for the sacrifice of more congenial tastes and more enduring fame. He became Minister of the Interior, for a brief period, in Thiers' Cabinet of 1840, and after the Revolution of 1848 he remained a member of the Constituent and Legislative Assemblies. But the *Coup d'état* practically put an end to his political prospects. It is true he reappeared, for a short interval, as the *fides Achates* of Thiers during that statesman's brief tenure of power after the Franco-German War. But he was too advanced in years, and too completely overshadowed by his conspicuous friend, who concentrated all business and all distinction in his own person, to add anything to his former reputation as a politician. His son observes that, in withholding the publication of his drama upon Abélard, he perhaps remembered one of the most touching observa-

tions of his hero, "*Dieu punit en moi la présomption des lettrés.*" I read the moral of De Rémusat's life differently. The penalty attached to the presumption of men-of-letters he undoubtedly escaped. It was the politician whom Heaven punished, for presuming to think that a man can arrange and map out his career irrespectively of the gifts with which it has endowed him, or that it is permissible, in deference to the prejudices of the vulgar, to protect one's brow against the imperishable bays of the poet, lest they should be denied the tinsel and quickly-fading wreaths of the popular politician. He lived, we will trust, to estimate the relative value of things more wisely, though he might have learnt, while studying the fate of Abélard, that notoriety, which is the nearest approach to fame to be secured by a politician, is "fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain." But if he learned the lesson, he learned it in long years of exclusion from worthless power. He returned to his books when universal suffrage, allied with despotism, brought forth that atrocious bastard, Imperial Democracy; and he found in pursuits, his native passion for which he had once been half ashamed to own, something more than compensation for the loss of personal rivalries and sterile debates.

At the same time, let us beware of doing De Rémusat an injustice. That he was one of those men who careess their reputation, and, in doing so, too often mar it, is certain; for we have his own avowal of the infirmity, corroborated by the statements of his son. But, in accounting for the suppression of his drama upon Abélard, we must allow something to genuine and, let me hasten to add, excessive modesty. It is not the voice of the literary coquette, but of the diffident literary workman, that we overhear in these charming sentences, to be found in the preface to his prose labors upon Abélard:

Changeant de but et de travail, je m'occupai alors de mieux connaître l'Abélard de la réalité, d'apprendre sa vie, de pénétrer ses écrits, d'approfondir ses doctrines; et voilà comme s'est fait le livre que je sou mets en ce moment au jugement du public. Destiné à servir d'accompagnement et presque de compensation à une tentative hasardeuse, il paraît seul aujourd'hui. Des illusions téméraires sont à demi dissipées; une sage voix que je voudrais

écouter toujours, me conseille de renoncer aux fictions passionnées et de dire tristement adieu à la muse qui les inspire.

Abi

[Quo blandi juvenum te revocant preces.

No doubt a mere literary *succès d'estime* would not have satisfied one who had been an Under-Secretary of State; and great literary reputations were being made in France at the time this resolution was taken. But De Rémusat goes on to say that he "tenait à expier en quelque sorte une composition d'un genre moins sévère," and frankly stating that the drama was "une de ces œuvres enfin qui n'ont qu'une excuse possible, celle du talent," he, with sincere humility, put it back in his drawer.

Was he right? Having read his Philosophical Drama, I am of opinion that he was wrong. It exhibits literary faculty of a high order, and it is deficient in none of those penetrating qualities of intelligence which serve to render the imagination at once free and efficient when engaged in dramatic work. We do not say that it reaches the heaven of invention; and, indeed, its author was inspired by no such soaring ambition. He writes in prose, and prose which, though always classical and often eloquent, never seeks to pass the boundary between prose and poetry invariably respected by the judicious. But he had saturated himself with the atmosphere of the time in which the action of his drama is laid; and he had represented to himself in clear and well-defined outlines the character of his central figure. To do all this is surely to write a work of no little difficulty with no little success.

Shortly after quitting Nantes by the post-road that conducts to Poitiers, the traveller passes, before reaching Clisson, a village consisting of one long street, which, if he thinks it worth while to inquire, he will be told is called Le Pallet. No one, however, will concern himself to add that behind the unpretending but venerable church which stands on a slight elevation to the left, above the last cottages in the place, are to be seen some all but submerged walls, and here and there the choked vestiges of an ancient moat. These are all that remain of the castle of Le Pallet, which was levelled with the ground more than four centuries



and a half ago, in the course of the wars that succeeded the attack directed by Marguerite de Clisson against John V., Duke of Brittany. Hard by is an insignificant stream, known as the Sanguèze, and which evidently owes its name, like the Italian Sanguinetto that flows into the Lake of Thrasymene, to the blood of battle that is recorded to have once dyed its waters.

In 1079, the Castle of Le Pallet stood intact on its little eminence ; and in that year, though on what day of the calendar cannot be said, the famous dialectician, Pierre Abélard, was born within its walls. His father, its lord, was called Bérenger ; his mother's name was Lucie. This much may be asserted, with every probability that it is true ; but these bare facts are about all that tradition has preserved, or literary industry unearthed. Bérenger, though inured, like everyone in his position in those warlike times, to the exercise of arms, manifested a predilection for letters rarely encountered in his class, and is said to have intentionally inspired his sons with a love for philosophical studies, not easily reconciled with the performance of knightly duties. There were, at least, three other sons of the marriage, Raoul, Porcaire, and Dagobert, and a daughter, Dényse ; and if we may trust the testimony of the first of the Letters which compose the famous correspondence of Eloisa and Abelard, into all Bérenger's sons alike was inculcated the notion that distinction in knowledge is a worthier object of ambition than the trophies of war. Pierre manifested a much readier disposition than his brothers to accept the paternal estimate of the relative value of courage and culture ; and though he was the eldest-born, he waived his rights of inheritance in order more freely to pursue the path indicated by his parent. The story is a strange, not to say an incredible one, for times when the sword was the only true badge of honor ; and we are driven to conclude either that Abelard sought to remove from himself the stigma which he would have incurred by such a choice, had he not surrounded it with the halo of filial duty, or that his biographers were determined that dramatic completeness should attend his character from the very outset of his career. His own words are

that he deliberately abandoned the court of Mars in order to shelter himself in the lap of Minerva. Probably the only conclusion that can safely be drawn from all the statements respecting his selection is, that he developed at an early age extraordinary talents for the acquisition of learning and the conduct of philosophical discussion, and that he was freely permitted to indulge his bent by parents who had no interest in thwarting him.

It was impossible, however, that he should cultivate his passion for letters and philosophy within the boundaries of Brittany, then, as now, perhaps the least instructed portion of what was not yet territorially known as France. He travelled from place to place in search of persons who taught dialectics, and even thus early he prided himself upon imitating the ancient philosophers to the extent of being a peripatetic or vagrant. Among his preceptors at this period, the name of one only is known to us ; nor is it possible to say where it was that Abelard reaped the benefit of his teaching. Jean Roscelin, Canon of Compiègne, was already under ecclesiastical ban for his uncompromising Nominalism, when Abelard entered upon his teens, and for a time at least had to take refuge in England. Some have contended that Abelard must have passed a portion of his youth upon our shores ; but the supposition is as utterly without proof as the assertion of Otho of Frisingen that Roscelin was Abelard's first instructor in philosophy. It is more probable that the young catechumen encountered the ostracised teacher in some of those more hidden and remote conferences of learning, to which the hostility of his ecclesiastical superiors had compelled him to limit his philosophical energy.

But what was that which Abelard wished to learn and that Roscelin, or any teacher, or, as we should say, Professor of the period, had to communicate ? And how was the knowledge, which some sought to impart and many to acquire, conserved ? Universities had not yet been called into being ; and no great centres of recognized learning drew to themselves the youth or crystallized the opinions of an entire nation. In their stead, and operating as yet as

sole substitute, were Episcopal Schools, under the immediate protection and supervision of the Archbishop or Bishop of the diocese; and it depended almost as much on the ambition of a Prelate as upon the importance of his See, whether his School acquired a wide renown, or remained the obscure head-quarters of local instruction. Deriving his faculties from the Bishop, there presided over each Episcopal School a clerical lecturer, or "scholastic"; and all those who attended his classes, or course, were termed his scholars. The success of his teaching and the number of his followers necessarily shed lustre on his episcopal superior and upon the province in which the latter resided; and the emulation which burned among the more intelligent and aspiring members of the Episcopate, in their endeavors to secure for their respective schools Masters of erudition and eloquence, was almost an exact anticipation of the spirit of honorable rivalry that subsists among the Governing Bodies of modern German Universities. Those who favor the doctrine that there is nothing new under the sun, will perhaps be disposed to look backward rather than forward for a parallel to the influence of the Scholastics of the Middle Ages. Hippias, Prodikos, Gorgias, and other less famous men, whose names have been preserved to us by Plato, passed from city to city in ancient Greece, teaching and disputing. Some, we are told, amassed considerable fortunes; while one and all gathered about them the restless brains of their generation, who carried through the land the fame of their doctrines and the brilliance of their rhetoric.

De Rémusat's drama opens in the cloister of Nôtre-Dame, where a number of scholars are assembled to hear a lecture by Guillaume de Champeaux. The master has not yet arrived; and the first scene is passed in what the undergraduates of the nineteenth century call chaff. Finally, the great lecturer makes his appearance; the scholars crowd around him, and he proceeds to expound his thesis of the reality of Universals, or the substantiality of abstract ideas. In a word, he is the champion of Realism as opposed to Nominalism, and maintains, for example, that Man exists as really and es-

entially as any individual man, and that Humanity is not a mere name or intellectual abstraction, but just as much an entity as a building composed of so many stones. At the end of his discourse he says, "Are you all satisfied, or is anyone present harassed by doubt? If so, let him speak, and I will answer him."

Abelard rises. He is unknown equally to master and to scholars, but he soon enchains attention by the vigor of his dialectic. He involves the lecturer in a series of contradictions, and ends by establishing his proposition that Universals are neither realities, nor mere names, but Conceptions, and by winning over the whole class to his views. In vain Guillaume de Champeaux pronounces the word heresy, and points out that Abelard bases his theories on the dangerous foundation of human reason. The remainder of the First Act, which is entitled "La Philosophie," is devoted to depicting the supremacy gradually obtained by the brilliant young Breton over the students of Nôtre-Dame, until, Guillaume de Champeaux finally abandoned by his scholars, Abelard can exclaim, "*Maintenant l' Ecole de Paris, c'est moi!*"

The Second Act, the scene of which is laid at Laon a year later, is headed "La Théologie"; and in it Abelard acquires over Anselme of Laon, in theological controversy, a victory analogous to that he had previously won over Guillaume de Champeaux in the realm of metaphysics. The audience is the same, for the students of Nôtre-Dame have followed Abelard to Laon; and the same is the weapon with which his triumph is achieved. "When theology," he exclaims in the course of a warm disputation with Anselme, "is not seconded by dialectic, vainly does it knock at the door of the spirit; it is reason that holds the key, and opens to the truth." Anselme replies with anathemas. Then Abelard bursts out:—

"You hear him. My friends, he is old and feeble. Be good to him, but lead him away. His advanced age unfits him for these wrestlings with science. Take him into the air. Alas! Saint Matthew was right when he said you may not put new wine into old bottles."

His words are received with acclamation; and the overthrow of Anselme de

Laon, in spite of his friendship with Saint Bernard, is as complete as the dethronement of Guillaume de Champeaux. In an incredibly short space of time, Abelard has seen the fulfilment of his most ambitious dreams, and he finds himself surrounded by a band of scholars who regard him as the oracle of his age. Yet in the midst of these astounding triumphs, he experiences "a mixture of impatience and weakness, of ardor and weariness," and thus soliloquizes:—

"My fondest hopes have been surpassed. Withal a secret disquietude, the source of which escapes me, leaves me dissatisfied. I feel agitated, fatigued, worn out. Everything with me has succeeded; nothing is wanting to me that I can name, and yet I am not happy. A vague sense of irritation, which I cannot overcome, prevents me from delighting in anything; this life of struggle is arid and devouring, and in the glowing eyes of my scholars I often discern more joy than I can attain by all the efforts of my intellect."

It is not difficult to surmise the disease from which Abelard was suffering. It was

The dreary desert of the mind,  
The waste of feelings unemployed;

and it is just as easy to guess the cure that is forthcoming. The Third Act is called "L'Amour," and we find Abelard installed, for so many hours a day, in the house of Fulbert, Canon of Nôtre Dame—for the scene has again shifted to Paris—indoctrinating his erudite niece Eloisa into all the learning of the time. In De Rémusat's drama she is represented as already in love, if not with the person, with the renown of Abelard; and before his second visit she thus communes with her thoughts:—

He is coming. I cannot read, except through him. I understand nothing, except through him. Before he came I fancied I knew something, appreciated the ancients, and felt what is beautiful. I was a child feeding upon memory; that is all. It is he, he alone, who has revealed to me the secret of things, who has shown me the essence of my thoughts, who has initiated me into the mysteries of the spirit.

He arrives, and the lesson begins. She is all attention. But Abelard wanders from the theme. He would fain, he says, tear himself from the crowd, and study with her. "We would read, we would work together—or rather, for what avails this study that consumes the soul—we would enjoy

tranquillity, long walks, a bright sun, a beautiful country, a boat upon the river, or the fire-side, even as we are now. Should we not be happy?" Her answers do not satisfy him, for they are modest and measured. "You do not understand me," he exclaims, with impatience, and she begs to be forgiven for being so inapt a scholar. No, it is not that. They resume the lesson, but this time it is the *Heroides* of Ovid that lie before them. Together they read *Hero to Leander*, and *Leander to Hero*, those two exquisite Love Letters, which will always make Ovid a contemporary. "Galeotto fu il libro e chi lo scrisse," says Dante, in that unmatched description of the *Tempo de' dolci sospiri*, and *Di dubbiosi desiri*; and what happened to Francesca dà Polenta and Paolo Malatesta when reading

Di Lancilotto, comeamor lo strinse,

happened equally to Abelard and Eloisa when reading the imaginary correspondence of Hero and Leander. "O, tu es is belle!" "C'est toi qui es beau." "Beau de noter amour."

Very French, no doubt. But it is done with considerable skill, and occupies almost as many pages as I have devoted to its words. Love scenes cannot be compressed. They are, of necessity, long, except to those who figure in them. Whether this was the portion of his philosophical drama which the serious statesman was fond of reading aloud in the intellectual *salons* of Paris, I cannot say. But, if it was, I suspect that some of the more staid matrons among his audience repeated the words put by the author into the mouth of his heroine, "C'est comme la vapeur de l'encens, cela enivre."

Meanwhile, Abelard neglects his public duties, and his attachment to one fair student becomes the subject of speculation and banter among his scholars. By degrees the weakness of the great Scholastic is bruited in the streets, and ballads are sung at night in the public places associating his name with the niece of Fulbert. One of these Abelard himself overhears. Here is one strophe with its refrain:—

C'est l'histoire singulière  
A se raconter le soir,  
Du maître et l'ecolière,  
De l'amour et du savoir.

Fillettes, fillettes,  
Trop lire est mauvais.  
Cueillez des violettes  
Au près Saint-Gervais.

He is alarmed, and his consternation is increased when he learns from Eloisa that the suspicions of her uncle have been aroused. There is but one remedy—marriage. Eloisa protests; for will not marriage rob Abelard of glory and preferment? At last she consents, but with the utmost reluctance, to secret nuptials. Abelard himself, in the celebrated letter written by him, *Ad Amicum*, declares that Fulbert was privy to their union, and that it was the self-sacrificing denial by Eloisa, after the marriage, that any union had taken place, which roused the vindictiveness of her uncle. De Rémusat, I suppose for the sake of dramatic effect, represents Fulbert as ignorant of the marriage until the mutilated body of Abelard lies at her feet:—

*Fulbert.*

Tenez, voilà votre fiancé.

*Héloïse* (se jetant sur son amant).

Mon mari!

*Fulbert.*

Son mari! Je suis perdu.

So ends the Third Act. The fourth is called, somewhat arbitrarily, "La Politique," and is mainly concerned with the condemnation of Abelard by the Council of Soissons. True, the authority of the King is invoked against him; but the enemies by whom Abelard is pursued are theologians, and it is they who humiliated him by compelling him publicly to burn his treatise on the Trinity. But for the reappearance of Eloisa at this critical juncture, the Fourth Act would be somewhat tedious. There is no historical foundation for her intervention; but it is strictly in harmony with what we know of her character, and De Rémusat turns it to admirable account. Abelard asks why she seeks out one who is condemned, who is proscribed, who is silenced? She replies that she has come to be with him on the greatest day of his life. Nothing was wanting to his glory but martyrdom; and now he has obtained it. His work is finished; let him abjure the world that has treated him so ill.

Viens, allons-nous-en, quittons le siècle,  
fuyons ce pays, la France, le monde chrétien.  
Chez les infidèles nous trouverons plus de

repos, nous serons plus ignorés, nous vivrons plus heureux. Cherchons la retraite la plus profonde, la plus lointaine, la plus perdue; cachons à tous notre vie et notre bonheur.

Next she invokes the seductive allurements of nature, and presents to him a picture of rural loveliness and felicity, recalling the famous invitation to sunny climes in *The Lady of Lyons*:—

Nous irons vers ces climats vantés où le ciel est si pur, l'air si doux, la fleur si embaumée. . . . Ensemble, nous verrons se lever l'aurore; ensemble, nous verrons le jour finir, et ta main dans ma main, mon cœur sur ton cœur, nous n'aurons qu'une vie pour deux âmes?

Is it that these glowing words recall to Abelard what she has utterly forgotten, and what she was too tender and disinterested a spirit even to remember? He cannot rise to the height of her great argument. "Fuyez, que je ne vous revoie jamais," he replies. "Votre présence est un supplice, laissez moi!" Her answer reveals the secret of her whole nature:—

En vérité, je ne vous comprends pas. Vous êtes malheureux, opprimé, abandonné, et vous repoussez le seul être au monde qui vous aime et qui vous reste.

But it is all in vain. She still fails to understand him, and, with the faith and humility of all true love, she asks if she has offended him:—

Non, je ne suis pas offensé, remettez-vous, je vous remercie. Héloïse, vous êtes bonne et dévouée, je suis profondément touché de vos soins. Vous allez retourner à votre monastère. Vous savez combien cette maison a besoin de votre présence; ne m'oubliez pas, priez pour moi, vous et vos religieuses.

Growing still colder, his last words are, "Adieu, Madame, je me recommande à vos prières." She kisses his hand, and exclaims, "Et qui priera pour moi?"

The Fifth Act, entitled "La Mort," is passed in the Convent of Cluny, where Abelard is a sort of ecclesiastical prisoner under the supervision of Saint Bernard. His one sole desire is to make a pilgrimage to Rome, to explain his doctrines to the Pope, and to get the ban of heresy removed from his teaching. But he is broken in health, and troubled in brain. His mind wanders. In sleep he murmurs the name of Eloisa. His sole consolation is the faithful attachment of a former

pupil, who brings him ever and anon news of her who is living and praying at Paracleta. At last he expires; and the drama closes with the tolling of the convent bell.

I have given, I fear, but an inadequate idea of the merits of the play; for its chief value is in the full and varied picture it presents of the life and manners of the time. It is almost needless to say that it is not a stage but a closet drama, and it has the necessary defect of every such composition; it is a little wearisome. But no form, and no treatment, could blunt the interest that must ever cling to the pathetic story of Abelard and Eloisa; and I should be surprised to hear that any reader could close the book without feeling that it is suffused with the *lachrymæ rerum* that unfailingly touch the human heart.

For the rest, I do not know that anyone could treat the story of the unhappy lovers of the Paraclete, imaginatively, in such a way as to disarm criticism. I do not refer to any technical difficulty, arising out of the central catastrophe in Abelard's life. To the true imaginative artist, that would mean as little as it meant to Eloisa. Indeed, it would assist him to obtain compassion for Abelard, just as it made Eloisa love him only all the more. It is the something beyond compassion of which Abelard stands in need, that would baffle the most skilful artistic handling. He would necessarily have to be the hero, and, unfortunately, he is not heroic. Were it not that such a woman as Eloisa loved him, I should be inclined to say that he was hateful. I doubt if there ever lived the man altogether worthy of such a love as hers; yet one would be sorry to think that hundreds of men do not exist more worthy of it than he was. One forgives him much for her sake; yet it is her perfection that makes him look the more imperfect. The contrast between her simplicity and his complexity, between her single-minded devotion to him and his many-sided calculations of what would be best for himself, ends by making him odious; and one is compelled to acknowledge the truth of that bitter saying of Rousseau, "Tout homme réfléchi est méchant."

It is to no man-of-letters, recent or

remote, neither to Bussy-Rabutin nor to Colardeau, neither to Pope nor to De Rémusat, but to the famous Correspondence of the pathetic pair, that we must turn if we are to understand either their character or their story. The first letter is written by Abelard, not to Eloisa, but to "a Friend," and relates the leading incidents of his life. Nowhere, it has often been remarked, does a man so thoroughly, because so unconsciously, betray the secret of his disposition as in his letters. *Raconter son histoire* is, to this day, a favorite occupation with Frenchmen; and Abelard is garrulous about his own merits, his own grief, his own successes. He speaks contemptuously of William of Champeaux, and with just as little respect of Anselm of Laon. It was, however, customary in the Middle Ages for controversialists to treat each other with scant courtesy; the flattering consideration which people who sneer at each other in private now-a-days exhibit towards each other in public not having yet come into fashion. It is when Abelard narrates how he made the acquaintance of Eloisa that we get the full measure of his fundamentally coarse and selfish nature. Fancy a man writing of a woman who had loved him, and loved him as Eloisa loved Abelard, that she was *per faciem non infima*, or, as we should say in English, "not bad-looking"! Fancy his being able to remember, let alone to describe without intolerable shame, that, having heard of her accomplishments, he deliberately planned to win her affections, adding that he felt sure this would be easy, because "*tanti quippe tunc nominis eram, et juventutis et formæ gratia præeminebam, ut quamcunque feminarum nostro dignarer amore nullam vererer repulsam*," that he was so celebrated, so young, and so good-looking, that he had no fear of being repulsed by any woman whom he honored with his love! The repugnance inspired by such language would be great, even if he had afterwards appreciated the prize he had begun by coveting so basely. It is not easy to forgive Saint Augustine for his conduct towards the mother of Deodatus. But he, at least, describes the passions of his youth with sincere humility and profound remorse; whilst Abelard recalls without a pang

the colloquies and correspondence he planned in order to influence Eloisa. In the same spirit he narrates the tender, passionate passages that ensued. He is equally ignoble when Fulbert discovers their attachment. He excuses himself by reminding her uncle "quanta ruina summos quoque viros ab ipso statim humani generis exordio mulieres dejecerint," how many of the greatest men, from the beginning of time, have been ruined by the seductions of women. By way of compensation, he tells us that he offered to marry Eloisa on condition that their union should be kept secret, *ne famæ detrimentum caperem*, lest, forsooth, his fame should suffer detriment. If, instead of hiring a couple of bravos Fulbert had taken him by the heels and flung him into the Seine, one's sense of justice would have been better satisfied.

Turn we a moment from the composed reminiscences of this circumspect dialectician, to the woman *per faciem non infima*, whose heart he had broken and whose life he had ruined. In obedience to his wish she had taken the veil, and writes to him from the Convent of the Paraclete, made over to her by him, and of which she was now the Lady Abbess. She has read his letter "To a friend," of which she says, with unconscious irony, that though it was composed to soothe that friend's sorrows, it is full of the sorrows of the writer himself. She finds this the most natural thing in the world; and all she asks is that to her, too, he will write, and that he will instruct her, who gave herself entirely to him, how to direct those who have given themselves entirely to God. She reminds him, not reproachfully, but in order to convince him that she has need of him still, that at a word from him she had completed her own ruin, and that, though he was the only object of her love, she had promptly taken the veil at his bidding, "ut te tam corporis mei quam animi unicum possessorum ostenderem," in order to show that she belonged to him, and to him alone, body, heart, and soul. "God is my witness," she goes on, "that in loving you I loved yourself only, not anything you could give or bring me." Then, going to the utmost limit and horizon of feminine love and self-sacrifice, she adds: "Et si uxoris nomen sanctius ac validus videtur,

dulcius mihi semper extitit amicæ vocabulum; aut, si non indigneris, concubinæ vel scorti; ut, quo me videlicet pro te amplius humiliarem, ampliorem apud te consequerem gratiam, et sic etiam excellentiæ tuæ gloriam minus læderem." How completely Pope has falsified this sentiment in his famous paraphrase! His Epistle of *Eloisa to Abelard* is, no doubt, an admirable composition; but it is unfair to Eloisa, since its main note is passion, not self-sacrifice, and self-sacrifice was the beginning, middle, and end of her love for Abelard. Once only she reproaches him. He had made her take the religious habit before assuming it himself. Why? Did he doubt her? She is overwhelmed with grief at the thought; for does he not know that she would have gladly either preceded or followed him into the jaws of hell? Nay, she must perforce have done so, for her heart was not hers, but his. Why, then, does he not write and console her? Was it concupiscence, rather than affection, that made them one? For her part, she has no difficulty in answering the question. "Dum tecum carnali fruerer voluptate, utrum id amore vel libidine agerem incertum pluribus habebatur." Can they, she asks, be in any doubt now? "Nunc enim finis indicat quo id inchoaverrim principio." The end surely shows by what motive she was impelled at the beginning. Everything she has given up—himself, the world, pleasure, and freedom; reserving to herself nothing but the luxury of still executing his will. Of a truth, it was so; and reading this extraordinary correspondence, anyone who is curious on the subject may discover for himself the eternal distinction between

Short-remembered lust and long-remembering love.

With an utter unconsciousness of his own baseness, Abelard recalls the arguments employed by Eloisa to dissuade him from the marriage insisted on by him solely from dread of the anger of Fulbert and the reproaches of the world. She invoked, he tells us, the name of every writer, Pagan and Christian, in whose pages are portrayed the drawbacks and disadvantages domestic life presents to a man of genius and ambition. Cicero, Theophrastus, St. Paul,

St. Jerome, all are pressed into the service to prove that a man cannot attend both to a wife and to philosophy. "Where is he," she asks, "that, wishing to dedicate himself to meditations upon the Scriptures or upon philosophy, can put up with the cries of the nursery, the songs of the nurse that lulls a babe to sleep, the perpetual coming and going of domestics?" Rich men can sometimes avoid these interruptions and inconveniences; but philosophers are never rich, and she cites Seneca to convince him that she would be a chain round his neck, a tether to his feet. The title of lover would be more honorable and more safe for him; and as for her, she cares not what she is called, so long as he loves her. Her sole ambition is to retain his affection by tenderness, and not by worldly ties. Finding him unconvinced—for Abelard well knew that such arguments would have no weight with Fulbert—she declared, with sobs and tears, that it was the one step to be taken if they wanted to destroy their happiness and to prepare for themselves a sorrow as profound and lasting as their love. After recalling this outburst of tender desperation, he observes, with the fine tranquillity of a truly critical spirit, that Eloisa thereby demonstrated, as the whole world has since acknowledged, that she was endowed with the gift of prophecy!

In order to understand and appreciate what some persons will perhaps consider the perverse and even unfeminine expostulations of Eloisa, it must be remembered that, in the twelfth century, marriage was supposed to disqualify a man for a career of distinction. The celibacy of the clergy, for which Hildebrand had battled so unremittingly, was now definitively established, and all who aspired to employment in or about the precincts of the Church had to sanction, by their practice, the slur thus passed upon women. When Abelard first met Eloisa he was not an ecclesiastic. But he was saturated with ecclesiastic ideas; and if he was to pursue his study and exposition of Theology, he could do so only under episcopal protection, which would never have entrusted the defence of spiritual truths to one who had openly contracted a carnal union. It is easy to perceive what immense value Abelard attached to the

recognition of his powers, and to the establishment of his fame; nor is there any difficulty in surmising that he often expatiated to Eloisa on a theme so interesting to them both. It has been said—

Man dreams of fame, but woman wakes to love.

But, waking or dreaming, Eloisa thought only of Abelard's glory, Abelard's advancement. Her secret, unacknowledged love was to feed his fame, as the hidden root and unnoticed tendrils feed the swelling trunk, impelling it into blossom and leaf and fruit. Well might Mr. Cousin declare, when a discussion was once raised as to who is the greatest woman that ever lived, that Eloisa towers above all competitors. But for the self-obliterating tenderness of her heart, the self-asserting strength of Abelard's intellect would long since have been forgotten. Fancy a man worrying himself to death in order to establish that he is not heterodox in his views concerning the reality of Universals, while such a woman offers him, in her own particular person, the sum and abstract of all that is worth having in the world!

Yet, in some sort, Abelard expiated his faults. I fail to see in him the passionate champion of free thought, which De Rémusat and others sometimes appear disposed to represent him, or it would be more easy to extend to him the indulgence which, for that reason, has to be yielded to a tortuous egotist like Voltaire, or to a cold-hearted sentimentalist like Rousseau. As far as I can see, he entertained certain metaphysical opinions, which, whether sound or otherwise, are not of the smallest practical importance, and upon which the dignity and happiness of mankind in no degree turn. Accused of heresy, he was condemned; and the condemnation was peculiarly wounding to his vanity. But he made his peace with the Church, and in one of the latest of his letters to Eloisa is particularly anxious to convince her that he has done so. No doubt it was not easy to battle with the strongly-organized Theology of the times; but if anyone should ask what Abelard was to do when accused of heresy, the answer might be that of the mother of Horatius, who, when asked,

“Que voulezvous qu'il fasse contre trois?” replied: “Qu'il mourût!” Eloisa had died a thousand times over for his sake. Could he not die once for his precious Universals and his tenets on the Trinity, if he really thought them true, and so very important!

No; the only hold he has upon our indulgence is that time and suffering at length awakened in his heart a tardy tenderness for Eloisa, and inspired him with something like an appreciation of her unrivalled goodness. He handed over to her his refuge of the Paraclete; and when she wrote to him for comfort, for counsel, for spiritual explanations, he did not withhold them. He could not be so blind, or so unmindful of the past, as not to read between the lines, and not to perceive that under the exposition of the difficulties she was experiencing in directing the community of which she had become the head, there still palpitated the recollection of the earliest instruction she had received at his hands. Then he expounded Ovid. Now he comments on the Scriptures. But the master was the same, and the same the pupil; and over and over again the Abbess of the Paraclete recalls the niece of Fulbert. We feel that she almost

invents doubts, that she multiplies scruples, and that she entangles herself in perplexities, in order that he may solve them. In a word, she is as unchangeably in love with him as ever. He is measured and circumspect in his replies; but a certain vein of spiritual tenderness underlies them, and we feel that his nature has grown nobler, and his heart is, at last, less pre-occupied with self. Perhaps he had discerned now, when it was too late, the value of a woman's love, and the worthlessness of worldly notoriety. Before he died, he begged that his body might be carried to the Paraclete. Thither, accordingly, it was secretly transported and lovingly interred by her who, as the Chronicle of Tours says, “*était véritablement son amie.*”

For twenty years more, Eloisa lived on, a model of sanctity and wisdom. Even Villon, in one of his ballads, speaks of her as “*la très sage Heloise.*” When she died, her sole request was that she might be laid by the side of Abelard. Her injunction was obeyed; and as her body was being lowered into the grave, that of Abelard was for an instant reanimated, so tradition affirms, and he opened his arms to receive her —*National Review.*

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## THE UNITY OF THE EMPIRE.

BY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

LORD BEACONSFIELD called the English an enthusiastic people, and there is some danger that we may hastily infer that if our fit of enthusiasm for new schemes of Imperial Federation be not at once caught up by the colonies, a permanent union with them is impossible. It must be “either a closer union or disintegration,” say some. But let us not be too hasty in assuming that sudden developments are necessary.

If Mr. Goschen will allow us to say so, “after all” it is no bad thing that the Federation League should have been formed, although it may produce just now more “fads” than federation. The formation of the Society shows that men's minds are alive to the value of the colonies. It is to be hoped that there will be less said of drawing “the bonds be-

tween us and our children closer,” and more of confirming their position where satisfactory, and of securing their commercial aims. The position of a listening and helpful friend should be ours, rather than that of a dictatorial parent. Where colonists have spoken of federation, they have often meant reciprocity in trade. Where Englishmen have spoken of it, they have often meant only colonial contribution to common defence. Our long-established trade has taught us that defence means defence of trade-interests, wherever they lead. Our sons' minds have been more set on creating industries at home, and they have hardly begun to think of wars which come from opening new markets. Although the different lines of thought lead to the same conclusion, namely,



organised union for common interests, we may be somewhat premature in laying down plans for Imperial co-operation. They who have as yet spoken of these plans are, for the most part, British politicians. It is, however, significant that the Prime Minister of Canada was present at a meeting of the "Imperial Federation League," and gave a general promise of Canadian aid in any "wars of defence." It remains to be seen how far Canada would be willing to impose a permanent charge on her Treasury for other than home defence. As yet she has had too much to do in developing public works to attain to more than the maintenance, in a poorly organised and badly officered condition, of a force of about 20,000, out of a nominal roll of 40,000 militia, whose fine physique and great individual intelligence make them worth a great deal more than their small numbers imply. She has shown that she looks to England to do armed marine duty for her, and she is not desirous to garrison her one important fortress near her Atlantic coaling stations—namely, Halifax. But she is showing her knowledge of her inadequate military condition, and is training officers and is voting larger sums for the annual drilling of the militia. Her population, expanding over vast surfaces, is being strengthened both for civil and military cohesion by a thorough railway system; but she will need all the consciousness her best men have, that defence means preparation and organisation, if she wishes to inspire respect for her ever-increasing and ever more vulnerable possessions. One of her statesmen, formerly her High Commissioner to England, has suggested that a tonnage duty, levied on all ships sailing under the British flag, be devoted to fortification of coaling stations. It is to be feared that the shipowning provinces of the Dominion would object to this excellent proposal, although it might meet with the approval of those who are less directly interested in marine property, and would be an indirect tax which might commend itself to inland provinces and to some of the Australian colonies.

If Canada, then, has but recently shown striking aptitude to realise the conditions necessary for adequate de-

fence, how does it stand with Australia and the Cape? The Cape Government's past attitude may be described in few words: "Be always taking what you can, and seeking how you can get more; our contribution towards necessary expenses being one corps of Rangers." With Australia it is different. She has shown a natural desire to prevent her neighborhood from being garrisoned by convicts or the forces of warlike States, and she has been quite ready to pay handsomely for any English assistance she requires. Some of her colonies have exhibited a most spirited desire to share the expenses of maritime as well as land defence, and have even offered their vessels for offensive operations. The excitement attending the outbreak of war, with the sympathy for the mother-country, may be depended on to produce offers of assistance whenever England needs them. It is the permanent contribution for a common policy in the piping times of peace which presents more difficulty. Her division into several colonies, often showing a good deal of jealousy of one another, has prevented any combined scheme of national defence; but she, like Canada, may be relied upon to slowly improve her opportunities. The spirit is willing, but the stress is weak. She has not known the pinch of danger. Until a Customs Union exists throughout her continent, and railways bind her together, she will not be able to do justice to the patriotism so conspicuous among her people, or take the place due to herself in the Imperial union of States.

There is always a minority among all English-speaking peoples who deem military expenditure so much waste, a mere thing of vanity, of fuss and feathers. There is in the colonies a certain minority who, as with us, deem patriotism to mean anxiety for the welfare of those only who may for the time have identical ideas as to trade, or who may reside within easy distance of certain centres, geographical or manufacturing. Their ideas are not to be left out of account, for they embody one of the most powerful of human sentiments—namely, the imagination (for it is not the reality) of immediate interest. It is important to show such parties that anything proposed to be done is devised not only for

Australian, or Canadian, or British purposes, but for mutual and general good. We adopt free trade because we think it suits us. The colonies have no direct taxes, and have a high revenue tariff because they think such arrangements suit them. It does not follow that we need not care for them because they are not free traders. In giving us more favored treatment than they give to foreigners, and in taking far more of our goods than they take of foreign goods, they yield to us more than we yield to them, for we treat them and foreigners equally. Our gain from their affections and trade connection far outweighs the cost of the navy we keep to protect the ships which carry the commerce. But in asking them to look to their own defence we exercise a legitimate moral influence, which is not for British interests only, but for theirs also. We must not ask too much or more than their legislatures will freely sanction. There has been no sign as yet that Colonial Parliaments desire to shirk the legitimate expenses of common defence. They have much to do with their money, but will listen to any reasonable representation for the general weal. It is probable that maritime war, except as regards shore-torpedoes, can be best and most cheaply undertaken by the British Navy, while it may be reasonable to ask the colony requiring the service of the ships for any special duty affecting their coasts to contribute to the expense of maintenance during the time they are so engaged. War is becoming a common danger for all parts of the empire. It is so in a greater degree, the more the colonies develop, and possess, or are connected with, great areas around the original settlements. Any hostile force would in the Pacific attack at once the Australasian cities and the valuable coaling stations of Vancouver, thus injuring at once Australia and Canada. It is the same in case of war with Russia. These colonies have, therefore, a right to have their wishes consulted, to be informed of all that is passing that may lead to war, and in case of the non-observance of that consideration which should be shown by the Imperial Executive, would acquire a right to refuse supplies and declare neutrality. The only way to reduce the danger of temptation to such

action is to admit them in some form into Imperial Councils. It should not be possible that a Secretary of State can settle payment to America for alleged outrages by New England fishermen, without consulting Canada and Newfoundland, and then expect these colonies to pay the damage assessed without their knowledge. It should not be possible for Downing Street to negotiate with France about the abrogation of her fishing rights in Newfoundland, without informing Canada of what is contemplated. It should not be possible for British Ministers to propose that France be given islands in the Pacific in lieu of rights in Newfoundland, without consulting Australia. If we take powers of attorney, it should be by express commission.

In commercial matters we have ceased to assume the power of attorney. It is a mark of the great change which has been wrought by the growth of our so-called dependencies that Lord Grey, who twenty years ago specially claimed for the mother-country the right of directing the fiscal policy of the colonies, should be the first to propose the immediate adoption of the suggestion, made at the Colonial Institute in 1884, to have a "council of envoys." The Board of Advice he proposes is nothing else. It would be a Committee of Privy Council holding regular meetings, and able to advise, check, and direct the Secretary of State. It would advise the consummation of different commercial bargains made for the advantage of different parts of the Empire with foreign nations. Made under the auspices of England, these would always give to England the most favored nation treatment. But they would not be made on England's basis of free trade, and hence the dislike of some among us to the proposal. The council or board would further agree how best to defend the interests created by such treaties. It cannot be too strongly stated that the making of such separate treaties is no new thing. Since the appointment by Canada of a High Commissioner to represent her in England, she has had the fullest latitude given to her to send her envoy to make separate bargains with Spain and France, the English ambassador acting as introducer and coadjutor

in the negotiations undertaken by the Canadian. This was a great and new departure at the time, but it marked a recognition by England of actual facts, which will grow clearer and clearer to the eyes of all men every year. The situation of our Empire is an entirely new one. Nothing like it has ever existed since the world began. There is no precedent for it. Our union with our sons must be strengthened, not by tying them to our commercial programme, but by helping them to realise that which they desire to adopt. The partners in the Imperial firm must pursue each his own line to benefit himself, and so raise the reputation of the partnership as being composed of men of wealth and enterprise. In affairs affecting the standing and credit of the whole number, or of several, they may meet the senior in consultation, and, as each represents important property, a new policy is not likely to be adopted lightly, nor will any project calculated to enhance profits lack good backing. The statesmen in Canada, who have been in office since this new departure has been fully inaugurated, are perfectly satisfied with the position of their country in this most important of all matters. The leader of the Opposition, before he knew of this freedom given to the Canadian envoy, spoke of his countrymen as "the subjects of subjects," for that was indeed the position in which the old British policy placed them, and it was one which could not survive an increase in their own power. "We want," said Sir John MacDonal last month at Montreal—"we want no independence in this country, except the independence that we have at this moment. What country in the world is more independent than we are? We have perfect independence; we have a Sovereign who allows us to do as we please. We have an Imperial Government that casts on ourselves the responsibilities as well as the privileges of self-government. We may govern ourselves as we please; we may misgovern ourselves as we please. We put a tax on the industries of our fellow subjects in England, Ireland, and Scotland. If we are attacked, if our shores are assailed, the mighty powers of England on land and sea are used in our defence." And under this so-called "protection" gov-

ernment the tariff against English goods is one-half less than that imposed against us by the Americans; and the merchandise bought from us is immense in quantity, Australia taking even more proportionately than does Canada. Australia, probably owing to the want of a common tariff, has not as yet shown a wish to have her representatives put on the same footing as that secured, by Canada's desire, to her envoy. The Sydney Convention, indeed, rather gave the Agents General to understand that they were not sent in any way as quasi-ambassadors. This alone shows the unreadiness to undertake common action and to push common interests, for there is no strong central government having any definite will and policy which it is necessary to have explained and illustrated and pushed by personal conference and contact with the Home authority in Downing Street. I fear that the Cobden Club have more tribulation in store, for it is highly probable that all Australia will have a common high revenue tariff. Then will come, as has already come in British North America, the desire to push a national commercial policy in alliance with England.

The work, then, of any friends of Imperial Union should be first to ascertain the desires of the colonists. If any special scheme be thought good here, it should be submitted to the colonial governments by the Association before it is pressed on the public for acceptance. We can form, as it has been suggested, a vigilance committee in Parliament at home to take cognisance of anything affecting the colonies, and this we can do without consulting anybody but the men who may desire to serve. But it is difficult to believe that any Australian or other administration can have been consulted and can have given a favorable reply to such proposals as the following, namely:—1. The proportional representation in one unwieldy Parliament of the colonies. The House of Commons has too much to do now, and hardly attends to Indian affairs. It is not to be imagined that colonial M.P.'s would like to be constantly out-voted by a British majority, nor is it conceivable that, when the colonial population is larger than ours, England would submit to be out-voted by the colonies. Mere difficulties

of personal attendance would make the scheme hard of execution, and its unpopularity makes it impossible.

2. Nomination to the House of Lords of prominent politicians from distant parts of the Empire. It may be sufficient to ask what politician, having good influence in his native Parliament, would leave it to sit in a House which has little weight even in England, and less in deciding Imperial issues? And if any man chose a seat in the House of Peers in preference to a place in his own Parliament, how could he be considered a representative of the Government in power in his own country? If he be not that, he would have no right to speak in the name of his own country, nor could his vote bind her action. If not a prominent man, his acceptance of such a nomination would only excite ridicule. Who would be a Viscount Wagga-Wagga or Marquis of Massa Wippi? A man elected to sit in the present House of Lords would only be one voter in an assembly of several hundred, and would have no special weight.

3. Conference of Trades Unions. This would be useful as indicating where the unemployed or well-provided emigrants had best direct their steps. It may be safely assumed that the workmen of towns where high wages may be had would not invite others to come and thus depress the standard of the remuneration earned by labor.

4. A council like that of the German "Reich." This would be more easily accepted than the sending of a contingent to either House of Parliament, but it has not been discussed.

Other suggestions might be mentioned which all partake too much of the fault of looking at Federation as a means of making more powerful the British vote in a general union, and in not being endorsed by colonial voices. We should make vocal their desires rather than press upon them our own. The idea of a Board of Advice, composed of their representatives, has the merit of giving them opportunity of speech and of knowledge. It would not "draw closer the bonds" so much as prevent any strain on those which exist. Do not let us do anything "behind the backs" of those whom our action in their behalf may touch, however indirect-

ly. Let no Minister in a colonial Parliament be able to say, "We are threatened with this or that in consequence of Imperial action; but it was not until the danger had been incurred that we knew there was any likelihood that it would arise." We need have no misgiving that the colonies would be unreasonable in their fears, or averse to incur the danger if fully informed, any more than we apprehend from an English House of Commons repudiation of the responsibility of the Executive charged with the responsibility of war or peace. But the danger of repudiation becomes less, the more those affected by the determination are taken into confidence. The revival in some form of a Committee of the Privy Council, to advise "on trade and the plantations," would be the most certain method of giving for the present knowledge and voice to the combined colonial representatives. If the colonial Governments do not care for this, the "question falls" for the time, and we may patiently await the demand, taking care in the meantime to fully inform each individual representative of our rising "auxiliary kingdoms" of what is passing, and granting them free access to all persons and papers they desire to see, if these may be shown to Parliament. It has been objected that delay would be caused by any council. If the council be small, this is not likely, because telegraphic communication makes Australia as near to the Colonial Office as is Victoria Street. The time, if there be any delay, may be well spent in avoiding future misunderstanding. There is hardly any conjuncture where a Secretary of State must act with lightning rapidity in colonial affairs; but, if the necessity arose, the British Government must, as they do now, take the responsibility. It is also said against the plan that in most cases the members of the council whose countries are not affected by the business would only sit twirling their thumbs. This objection applies to all boards, councils, and Parliaments, and is an argument for autocracy. It is also alleged that the Indian Council Board is an analogy, and has been proved a nuisance. But the Indian councillors represent only their own opinions, and these often formed on past experience, where-

as the men on the Privy Council Board of Advice would represent those whose voices would be potent factors in deciding questions submitted, because they are the mouthpieces of living nations and of living policy. A minute drawn up by Australia, dissenting from a given policy, would not be looked at so lightly as is a minute by an Indian councillor who may object to an addition to a salt tax. We should therefore consult with the colonial cabinets, and ask them if they do not think that we can obtain, by regular and recognised conference with their envoys, more intimate knowledge of the desires of their people; further opportunity for them to bring their wishes directly to the notice of England and of brother colonists; a better chance for them to combine to further the views of one of their number, or to declare against any impracticable project; less danger that any imprudent course shall be entered on by any one colony without consultation with others and with Britain; a time of discussion for any schemes for joint defence—in short, less

isolation, and consequently greater strength for any policy taken up with forethought. The Secretary of State would be supported in adopting any given line by knowing he had the Empire at his back, or, by finding himself alone, would know when to advise withdrawal. But it is a question whether the day for any such plan is yet come. It is only yesterday that Canada became a Pacific Power. It is only to-day that the Australians are being united by railroads, and they are still sundered in fiscal policy. The Cape has not yet become possessed of a people sufficiently powerful to make themselves felt. In any case let the colonies speak out, and we can wait, for "all's well" at present with the loyal sentiments of our scattered brethren.

During this last fortnight they have again proved that they are heart and hand with us in time of trouble. Let us, if they desire it, make their voices be heard in council. They have told us that their cannon shall speak for us in the field.—*Nineteenth Century.*

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### ODD QUARTERS.

BY FREDERICK BOYLE.

My record of campaigns and outlandish travel includes in its barest shape, Borneo, Upper Egypt, Central America, the Cape, the West Coast of Africa, the Danubian Principalities, Afghanistan, India, Turkey, Greece, Egypt a third time; were I to count the episodes, it would swell into a geographic catalogue. In such journeying I have found many odd billets, a few of which I purpose to sketch just as they occur to mind in writing, without story or connection. But, so far as may be, I shall avoid those scenes which have been made familiar to the public through historic events, and through the descriptions furnished by my own "Special" fraternity.

No eccentricity of fortune surprises me now, though it brings vastly more discomfort for the time than in earlier days; and my recollections grow weaker proportionately. However strange one's quarters, however distressed or

frightened one may be, an abiding consciousness dwells in the soul that one has seen and done and gone through the same experience already. The power of observation is not dulled, nor the sense of fun, still less that of alarm; but the circumstances do not seem worth remembering particularly. If one reflects more, one feels less. After his first visit to the Antipodes, so to speak, a boy has stories inexhaustible of anecdote, remark, and adventure; but from each succeeding journey he brings back shorter and drier reports, until a trip to the moon would seem hardly worth telling at length: after stating the facts, he has done. Last week I entertained a confrère just returned from El Teb and Tamasi; we have served together in divers parts, and the public, I understand, has been interested in our stories; but all through the evening not fifty words were exchanged touching on matters personal in his late

vicissitudes. It seems less and less worth while to dwell upon impressions and to carry them away, the more impressions one gathers. This is not the common belief. We read of men in novels, who having been everywhere and done everything, are always ready with a tale of adventure that thrills the heroine. I will venture to say that such a personage has not been far into terra incognita, nor has served in many wars, unless, of course, he is a professional talker.

Thus it happens that a man's earliest memories of travel are the strongest, though they be insignificant compared with others he might have collected on the same ground at a later date. I have a hundred cabinet pictures of Egypt as I knew it, an idle boy, but not one worth sketching from the late campaign. That was a very big business;—one recorded the facts, stored them for use, and forgot the incidents. It is only by an effort that I recall scenes therein quite otherwise impressive than that unforgettable experience of Esné by night, which struck me twenty-one years ago, and still remains fresh of color. At that time the banished sisterhood of Almeh, Ghawazee, dancing and singing women, still dwelt at the spot assigned them—or many did. We had seen a performance in going up, and had ordered something more special for our return. An old negress who kept what one may describe as the box office, in a vile mud hut, assured us with conviction that the best dancer and the loveliest woman in those parts would attend at nightfall. A respectable Arab addressed us returning to the dabeah, and asked permission to go with our party. In the evening he followed to a hut, somewhat larger but not less vile than the box office. The only lights were set on the mud floor, one by each of the musicians, who squatted there smoking *hasheesh* to nerve them for special exertions. In a line across the back, their faces hardly to be distinguished, sat the Ghawazee, arrayed in silks and muslins of the brightest hue, the coins that decked their heads twinkling and faintly jingling as they moved restlessly. The police-officer sat beside us, on one of our chairs, in snowy uniform and gold belt. Everybody smoked, including specially

the candles, and the spiral cloud from every mouth had a curious effect so long as it was visible.

The band struck up, with voice and instrument—a metallic hum, a nasal scream, a twang of strings so loose that they seemed to take their note from the wood itself, a dull beat of tomtoms. Presently a Ghawazee arose. You have all read descriptions of the performance, but it must be seen in its natural habitat, as here, to keep any sort of interest. I have never beheld it, that I recollect, in the pitiless glow of gas, when, no doubt, it is grotesque. But in that dim and ruddy twilight, the long robes and full trousers of the Ghawazee, quivering to the tremulous movement of her limbs, have sudden strange effects of sheen and shadow. The arms out-curved, with small castanets betwixt the index and the thumb, the head thrown back, the closed eyelashes, the white teeth gleaming, have significance and charm also in that misty air, though they seem prurient affectation under strong light. But the entertainment is monotonous. Before our programme was half through, we called for the *prima ballerina*, and she came forward—a good-looking woman, helmeted with coins—put out her small bare foot, the toes turned up, rounded her arms, and tinkled her castanets with the air of a mistress. At the instant our guest sprang by and seized her, shouting—the musicians tumbled this way and that—the candles upset—a woman took fire—the police-officer bawled—and we were a struggling mass in the doorway! The dragoman afterwards explained that this man's son had married the dancer, on an understanding, of course, that she dropped her profession. He heard that the box-keeper had tempted her, with her husband's consent, to perform for our benefit, and hence the interruption.

A series of earthquakes alarmed Nicaragua in January, 1866, and the municipality of the capital asked us to explore Mombacho, an ancient crater from which the disturbance was supposed to come. My companion and I rode out, with guides, and at night-fall reached Dirioma, an Indian village. A superb avenue of organo cactus leads to that secluded settlement; the trunks, ten feet high, looked like fluted pillars of marble in the pale glow of starlight. Dirioma

is much the same now, probably, as the Conquistadores found it, a marvel of color, softness, and grace of form. Each dwelling, framed of bamboos and sticks, like a bird-cage, stands in its own compound; the road runs straight and broad and smooth in front; palms droop over the cactus hedge, black against the night sky as ostrich plumes, and behind them lies a dusky mass of foliage, gleaming red in the glow of the hearth. All day and all night the place is still, for Indian children, if they play, are silent.

Our billet assigned was such a hut, hung round with hollow logs used as beehives; in dismantling we upset one, but the insects were familiar with disasters of the sort, and they took it kindly. We asked about "Carib Stones," as usual—all antiquities are called Carib Stones in Nicaragua—and the guide led us into another compound, where a very old man crouched beside an enormous fire, with three or four Indians about him. When our inquiries were explained, with difficulty, the veteran brightened and began talking like a machine. Some feathers of the quetzal bird lay beside him; these he snatched up, waved, and shook to emphasise his statements. We could understand very little of the patois, more than half Indian; but the naked old man's shadow played grotesquely on the lattice wall behind, the brandished plumes flashed emerald and sapphire, the elders sat round like wrinkled effigies in bronze, their small eyes fixed upon us with never a wink. The ancient hero did not tell much—he spoke of the golden temple which, as everybody knows, is hid somewhere in the neighboring woods; but gave no precise information. Afterwards we learned that this was a lineal descendant of the old caciques of Dirioma, who gave four thousand axes of gold—or whatever the number may have been—to Gil Gonzalez de Avila. Though he worked as a slave before the emancipation, the Indians revere and obey him to such degree that a Secretary of State thought worth while to ask of us what his remarks had been.

Many odd quarters we knew on the West Coast, where men and circumstances have a character all their own. Quisa recurs to my mind just now;

I could not tell why, for we saw places as strange under more exciting conditions. This is the first town, or was, within the Ashanti realm proper. It looked almost civilized to us, marching from the coast—for refinement is comparative—and decidedly picturesque. Quisa might be called a town, its ways streets, its dwellings cottages of unusual form. A row of fine shade-trees in the middle of the chief thoroughfare had earthen benches at their feet, where the elders sat for council and gossip. The king's house stood at the intersection of the main streets. It had not the alcove or box in the outer wall, so conspicuous in the architecture of Coomassie, but the façade, of polished stucco, was broken by niches, and moulded arabesques, two inches in relief, covered it all over. What they represented or signified we could not make out with confidence, so thoroughly had the style been "conventionalized" by generations of artists; but in the original idea they were human figures probably, engaged in war and ceremonies of state. The wall was colored in Venetian red, with a pleasing gloss upon it, and it stretched twenty yards or so on either side the doorway. This was a Moorish arch, of wood, the same in type as those we are familiar with at Sydenham, and gaily painted. Inside and out all was clean and perfect.

Through this doorway a passage, smoothly coated with chunam, and tinted red, opened into the *cour d'honneur*. On the right hand, just inside the door, stood a fetich niche, very like an exaggerated font for holy water. It contained the usual medley of rubbish—bones and sticks and teeth and roots and tangles of string; a lot of eggshells also, pierced and tied together. Opposite to this niche was a hollow in the wall, two steps above the ground, just long enough and broad enough for a man to lie; the quarters, doubtless, of a slave who kept the door. What I have termed the *cour d'honneur* was a small quadrangle, unroofed, with alcoves much like boxes at a theatre on three of its sides. The middle one, that fronting the entrance, occupied the full breadth of the wall, saving a doorway that led through to the next court; the others were smaller. These boxes stood on a level, perhaps

five feet above the floor of the yard. They had no way in from the back, but access was gained by steps from below, and the parapet, of mud and chunam, was cut away at that point. Wooden columns and arches, of Moorish design and color, marked the king's box—that in the middle. They had hangings apparently, for pegs were there, and I found a silk "cloth" on the ground.

It was not difficult, with our experience, to refill this courtyard with the pride and pomp and circumstance of Quisa royalty. There sat the king on his earthen bench, wrapped in a spotless robe of cotton, home-spun, and home-dyed in graceful patterns. His sandals, with a golden sole and little, solid, golden figures for ornament, rested on a patchwork carpet of silk. His arms were bare, but loaded with bracelets; some of the costly Aggry bead, some a bristling string of nuggets unworked. Arab charms, wrapped in small leather cases, sewn with gold, encircled his wrists and elbows and knees, and they dangled from the arch above. On the floor at either hand crouched a page, one holding his pipe, silver-bound, one his drinking calabash, mounted in gold and carved. Behind these favorites squatted the bearer of the toddy jar, Dutch earthenware, set in silver, and the drinking calabash, carved and bound in gold; of the silver-mounted stool and gun, the silver spittoon, and knives with silver hafts in a belt of leopard-skin—in short, the retinue essential to his majesty's comfort. Nearest of all stood the executioner, with his four-handled sword of office, looking like a toy-stool of gold with a clumsy blade thrust through the seat. The royal councillors sat upon the cross-benches, and the smaller alcoves were occupied by wives and slaves, handsome enough, many of them, their lips full but not thick, their noses straight, their skins brown with a shade of gold. A mass of ornaments, in bullion or filagree, decked the long wool of these ladies, combed to all manner of fantastic shapes: eccentricity has no bounds in dealing with that stiff and elastic material, which grows to a surprising length amongst Ashantis and Fantis. I have seen it drawn out, kinkles and all,

eighteen inches from the skull, and thus remain stark on end, until the lady had time to get it arranged in, for instance, the exact similitude of a pine-apple, divided into lozenges, with a neat curl in the centre of each.

So the king of Quisa sat to display his magnificence daily, and to administer justice. It is the inclination of us superior beings to imagine that "off with his head," is the monotonous refrain of every judgment pronounced by negro royalty. The notion is gathered perhaps rather from burlesques and comic songs than from inquiry, and I suspect that shrewd comment and patient debate were often heard in that pretty court. The general effect of it, even empty, astonished us all, from Sir Garnet to Tommy Atkins. But we showed our emotion in various ways. I entered with two young doctors, who had their billet at the palace. After going through and surveying it in silence, one of them hurriedly unpacked a trunk, produced his everlasting banjo, and sang an air of the day: "You know it all depends upon the way in which it's done!" This exercise finished, he was equal to discussion.

A natural halting-place, as one may say, at the end of the first march from Jellalabad is the castle of a great Ghilzai chief, whose name I forget. He had been an active enemy in the late war; but for reasons unknown the political department long refused to let us take possession of this building, which is called Rosarbad, though it was empty; nor would they even permit us to encamp in the fields and groves about it. Accordingly a very small post was established on a bleak hillside in the neighborhood, a spot so stony and barren that pegs would not hold in the soil. Two nights I passed there are scored in the blackest of chalk among my experiences of mere wretchedness; for a gale was always blowing and tents were always collapsing: if one's own escaped, the yelling and roaring of other sufferers made life almost as miserable. As for the horses, they enjoyed a battle scarcely interrupted, and the squealing all night, with the shouting of furious troopers, banished sleep. A detachment which had three weeks' duty at that outpost lost a quarter of its strength by invaliding, the re-



sult of sheer fatigue. When I add that a night attack was always probable, and often threatened, the least fanciful of readers may conceive that existence at Boulé camp was not happy.

It was an aggravation and a mockery for these unfortunates to see the great tower of Rosarbad above the cypresses and planes but a thousand yards away, to know that it was confiscated by the laws of war, and that no human being dwelt in those comfortable quarters. The state of things became unbearable at last, the Politicals were overruled, and when I came down country from Gandamuck I found the castle occupied. It was late in the month of April. Quitting the barren, rocky highway, we rode across a bridge, rough but neat, through a screen of trees, and found ourselves in a landscape thoroughly and charmingly English. The crops were strange, no doubt, but they looked familiar. The stalwart peasantry who toiled there had dark faces and outlandish dress; but, buried to the waist in green, stooping above their work, they passed, at a glance, for English husbandmen. And the trees that bordered these pleasant fields, full-leaved, deepshadowed, resembled our native elm. Even the atmosphere was English, the still golden haze of a midsummer evening. We pulled up, each struck with thoughts not lightly to be breathed. The foreign landscape, the parched hills and dusty road behind, were all shut out. One might fondly dream for an instant that war and exile had come to an end, that these ruddy turrets peeping above the trees marked the ancient, hospitable home where we were eagerly expected. Our orderly looked and stared, and gazed and muttered—the stupid exclamation does not signify; it was meant to suggest wonder and delight and feeling beyond an honest trooper's power of expression.

Envious fancy had done its utmost among those poor fellows camped at Boulé, in picturing the spot they were forbidden to approach. But it surpassed anticipation. I am not going to describe the scene, for I made no sketch, and some who will read this did, whilst every one who halted there keeps a recollection of Rosarbad. Nothing like it did we see in any part of Afghanistan. Though

built of mud, its lofty walls, brand new, had almost the sharpness of granite, and they were thick enough to stand some pounding of solid shot. Frosts have tried them now, doubtless, rains have channeled them, the battlements are ruinous, and no tone right angle remains; but it was mighty handsome in our day, looking like a feudal fortress, with a gate-tower almost majestic overlooking a grove of cypresses on the other side the moat: so dense was the foliage of this copse that daylight could not pierce it. A miscellaneous throng of bunniahs had converted its twilight arcades into a bazaar, hanging bright cottons from trunk to trunk, and establishing booths full of cheap glitter. Sowars and sepoys, in flowing, picturesque undress, strolled hand in hand through the chiar-oscuro. Giant Pathans prowled up and down, all beard and eyes and dirt, gazing with rapt, vulture-like expression at the luxury displayed. Sometimes a yell arose, a sound of scuffling, a rush of frightened traders and of sepoys to the rescue; then from the struggling mass a prisoner was dragged, and perhaps a groaning comrade was borne to the gate.

Within the portcullis and the vaulted approach lay a garden, actually a garden, bordered on one side by the durbar hall, on another by a row of small latticed chambers. In the hall, which was raised several feet above the level, stood an enormous tub, into which a column of water fell by a shoot. It was forced to the upper story, and thence descended. Of all surprises that befell a visitor to Rosarbad, none equalled this. A soothing cataract, a shower-bath, and a fish-pond all in one make a convenience for the drawing-room hardly known in Europe. After the first enthusiasm, however, certain disadvantages betrayed themselves. The middle of the hall was a quagmire, and if in the zeal of admiration one approached too near, the mud held one fast while the shower wet one through. But this made part of the day's fun. The officers of the little garrison cherished their odd quarters, and they applied their leisure to gardening, with such success that visitors were sometimes presented with a rose. I need scarcely say that the name of the castle has no connection with botany. The Pathan

seems to be acquainted with five flowers only—jasmine, rose, chrysanthemum, iris, and narcissus. Painful to an enthusiast is the most successful of Oriental gardens. Though they bear a mass of flowers so that Peshawur, for instance, has an air laden with scents, the individual bloom is mean and the tree pitiful.

In contrast to the glories of Rosarbad, I recall a billet on the other side of Afghanistan. We had been snowed up in the Kojak pass—a miserable time, and when a thaw released us I pushed on with a comrade towards Quetta—a ride to try one's good humor; for with the thaw came rain, which, made that bare desert as slippery as ice—a peculiar condition dreaded under the name of 'put.' We got off the track somehow beyond Abdallah Karez, and very glad were we to find an empty village, where a Baboo go-master was posted to collect stores of forage and grain. He had three sepoy to protect him—a guard much less formidable than a score of Pathan dogs, left by their masters, I suppose, which fed upon the carcasses of camels lying all around. This Baboo was an ingenious man. The mud huts had been dismantled perhaps; anyhow, they were roofless and badly gapped. In the long frost our go-master had a bad time; the thermometer below zero at night, or always close upon it, and no better protection than a tent for his southern limbs. Moreover, there was some chance that the enemy might swoop down, or he thought so. Superstition loses its awful power in the extremity of wretchedness. The Baboo, who was forbidden to touch a dead insect or even to look at it, employed sepoy and muleteers, and anyone he could catch, in building a fortification of dead camels all round his store-house; and he lived therein, shuddering with remorse, but warm and secure. While the frost lasted it was mighty comfortable, but the thaw had reduced that Baboo to sore distress. His wall was decaying visibly under conditions which I need not suggest, and to enter the enclosure needed more heroism and more cotton wool than the average mortal is provided with. A camel's is a heavy and unwieldy carcass when frozen hard: a regiment of scavengers could not have cleared away those scores of bodies when loosed by the thaw.

The Government stores were protected after a fashion hitherto thought peculiar to Chinese warfare, by "stink-pot" torpedos in effect, and neither friend nor foe dared approach. I do not know the end of that story. If it is the traveller's privilege to see queer incidents, it is too often his ill-luck to miss the explanation and the catastrophe.

A scene I cherish with especial tenderness is that passed at Changhi, behind Singapore. A Malay fishing village lay beneath our bungalow, upon a broad and snowy beach. In barbarous regions of the North men live underground, but these dwellings were suspended in the sunny air amongst plumes of coconut and betel; behind them rose the shadowy jungle. There was no cultivated land in sight, for the Malay finds his harvest and his garden in the sea. The smooth sand below high-water mark was a parterre of sponges, green and red, and purple blue, intermixed with coral. Old-fashioned people in Europe cherish certain round masses of limestone, daintily fluted, and put them under a glass case for ornament. Imagine their beauty in the spot where nature places them, every lip and hollow on the cream-white surface traced out in vividest pencilling of green, with the seaflovers of sponge around them.

But after the first impulse of delight, one almost comes to overlook this charming foreground; for beneath the water lies a tangle and a maze of all things lovely for shape and color and growth and motion. Coral takes a hundred flowery forms, weeds branch like trees or wave like serpents, sponges are cups of amethyst and ruby. When waves lie still, one sees just as clearly into the depths below as into the air above, and almost as far, as it seems. The vegetation is gigantic in its loveliness. There are coral growths shaped like an Egyptian lily and as white, but three feet in diameter, wherein a mermaid might take her bath. Others break into a thicket, each twig covered with snowy rosettes which bear a morsel of green velvet in their bosoms. Others are great round hillocks diapered with emerald, with here and there a bush of scarlet thorn springing from their sides. Through and over the garden, long silvery weeds tremble and quiver in a net. Small fish

as quick as humming-birds, and almost as gay, dart to and fro. Water snakes float past in coils like Indian enamel of every shade, in red and brown and yellow and purple. I am grateful that fate allowed me three weeks of life at Changhi.

But I have dwelt also, too long, with those northern people referred to who burrow in the earth, and with those southerners, not half long enough, who inhabit the trees. Not to be forgotten are our quarters before Plevna, in the compound of a Bulgar farm-house. The floor of its single room lay perhaps two feet beneath the soil, and one entered by a steep incline—that is to say, the inhabitants entered. The ends of the roof descended just so low as to give room for a foot-square window at the level of the earth; but on they incline mentioned, it rose. One of my comrades in this hostelry was poor MacGahan, who lay on his back and sang the whole day through when at home. He had laid some hay upon the “stoop” beside the entrance, and from amongst it his bright eyes watched and his voice resounded. I lived in a waggon. One day the gude-wife interviewed my dragoman. She expressed her belief that it was MacGahan’s songs that brought the rain, which, indeed, was perennial. She clung to her point with vehemence. Her husband arrived, and so did some Cossacks. They listened with great interest for a while, understanding not a word, and then, with a happy impulse, hustled the Bulgar head first into his den. The motive of this proceeding lay beyond our comprehension, and theirs also, no doubt; but the Cossack is an irresponsible being. When we laughed they roared, crinkling their jolly, ugly faces until the eyes vanished altogether. I gave them a drink, but not a many-bladed knife, which was lost to human sight in that hour.

The dirtiest experience to which mankind may be subjected is a campaign; but when Russ meets Turk on Bulgarian fields you have a conjuncture of men and circumstances not to be realised elsewhere. The country was sodden at that time, the camps mid-leg deep in puddled clay. General Zortoff, who had the command, occupied a hut much like ours, a couple of hundred yards away; but we always mounted to pay a call,

for the space round head-quarters was an actual bog. Officers waiting on the general sat perched upon fences round his yard, in a manner very drolly miserable. The staff had their office in a cowshed which had not been cleaned for years.

A month in a Dyak house is another pleasing recollection. For that space of time, barring nights camped out, my quarters lay besides the council fire. A hoop of human heads hung above it, within arm’s length of my own. Ugly were they as valued—precious ugly, one might say with literal truth—but the ghosts never visited my dreams. All the inhabitants of a Dyak village dwell under one roof, more than a thousand feet in length sometimes. The whole building stands twenty to sixty feet in air on massive posts. Every family has its single apartment side by side, the chief’s in the middle, and every door opens on a clear, sheltered space running from end to end, which we call the inner verandah, for there is a second beyond the eave. Opposite the chief’s door lie the big stones of the council hearth, the heads, belonging to the clan, strung on hoops, and details of common property. That month spent with savages, living their life, noting the thousand small events of every day, about which the most thoughtful of men would hardly think of asking speculative questions—the experience of that time taught me much that has been useful since: for the naked barbarian and the æsthetic philosopher are one. He who knows by practice the instincts of human nature understands a thousand mysteries inscrutable to one who has only its acquired customs to guide him.

Pleasant was the teaching. Fog alone was visible from the top of the ladder when the house began to stir—a sea of mist from which arose, with no trunks perceptible, the crowns of fruit trees and feathered crests of palms. First the married men turned out, and then the bachelors appeared from their separate quarter; shivering under his bark blanket, each cut a plug of betel and chewed it. Then graceful girls came out with long shovel baskets, some leisurely and composed, others bustling; these had not winnowed the paddy over night, and certain of the youths knew why. After

a while the housewife opened her door, and in that defiant voice which belongs to hard-working mothers everywhere, summoned her family to breakfast. When they reappeared the fog was lifting, the sky dappled like an opal. Cheered by the growing warmth men moved briskly, arranging their tools and arms and gear. The young women and maidens followed, a pleasing bevy, with loads strapped to their backs, and all the villagers descended to the lower earth.

Only the chief and his old councillors remained—sitting over their eternal fire, chewing their eternal betel—the granddames, and the sick. Towards sunset the laboring folk returned, and the males sat to chew and gossip, but the girls had still their hardest work to do. Presently all the house resounded with the thud of pestles, and the air was filled with husks from the pounded rice. A silence of interest and hunger followed whilst the meal was cooking, and then the pleasure of the day began. For the elders it was only talk, always the same, as far as I could gather, of bad times and good times, and the prospect of the year; seldom personal, and never gossiping, at the chief's fire, where all heads of families assembled. No one paid attention to the youth or to the maidens, so soon as their household duties were complete. By this time darkness had quite fallen, and there was no light excepting the low fires. Shoulders glossy as brown silk were faintly luminous in the twilight, as we looked down the house; from time to time a fire shot out, revealing the seated group around, lively enough, but subdued. Shadows stalked from hearth to hearth, tinkling and sparkling in brazen finery, and vanished with the gloom;—then the whispered chatter of girls, the smothered merriment, became more loud, with expostulations and mirthful appeals for help. A very pleasant scene; but I loved also to awake at midnight, and observe that different picture. The councillors, taking no exercise, never turned in; all the night through they maundered, and dozed, and coughed, and chewed betel. Above them the teeth of the weazened "heads" glimmered through the smoke. A labyrinth of posts and beams was faintly outlined in their rear. Now and again a young form passed stealthily, for in the

hours of darkness courtship is seriously pursued. Beneath the cave I caught a glimpse of azure sky, and palm fronds gleaming in the moonlight. Of all the odd quarters I have known this is still the dearest to memory.

Once upon a time I lost myself in the veldt, somewhere by the Vaal river. Leaving Pniel in a "spider cart," with a mulatto groom, I inspected the wet-diggings as far as Gong-Gong, and then got off the track. They told me that to go wrong would be impossible, with an Africander to steer my course, but I contrived to do it. Some philosophers would have you think that every savage has an instinctive mastery of woodcraft, but experience leads me to think that fools are almost as common in Barbarie as in Christendom. We lost ourselves, and wandered two days, heading direct for the Atlantic—and for nothing else in particular, besides the Namaqualand desert. Settlements are very few in that veldt, and the only one we came across was Jantje's kraal on the second evening;—Jantje has since rebelled, and is now an outlaw, I believe. It had some forty huts on the top of a mound, encompassed by raging brooks;—for the sky had been little better than a sieve since we started. There was no sign of life, but a swelling roar of voices directed me to a wooden church, which I entered. All the population were there, and the vehemence of their devotions was deafening. A fat man hurried up, not ceasing to howl with the rest—his mouth opened from ear to ear and nose to chin. He took my arm, and led me out like a stray dog, whilst the congregation bellowed and stared without a pause. So many white lips—and teeth—fixed on me, in a gathering darkness that obscured the black faces, had an effect indescribably gruesome and absurd.

Outside the church this personage turned to resume his place, singing all the time as loud as he could bawl. My groom coming up arrested certain demands of explanation, which began to take a serious form, but no help could be got from Jantje's people. We annexed an empty hut and camped there supperless, wet through. My first experience of tompans was made that night.

This curious insect dwells in deserted Kaffir buildings and nowhere else, I believe. He is armed after the best and newest suggestions of science for naval equipment—his vital parts and locomotive machinery protected by the cuirass, his artillery, of great weight and superior rifling, on the Moncrieff system, swift to attack and agile to retreat. You cannot crush him with any weapon less ponderous than a hammer; to ignore a beast as large and as flat as a threepenny bit is impossible, and moral influence seems to be quite ineffective. To sing hymns and cultivate tompons was the only visible employment of Jantje's kraal. I cannot affect to regret that its inhabitants have been scattered to the winds. Wherever they have fled they have found an opportunity to study better manners.

But I was going to recall the odd quarters at Jacobsdaal which brought this adventure to a fitting close. We had no treaty of extradition with the Free State at that time—I do not know that we have one now. All sorts of criminals took refuge at Jacobsdaal, a tiny but prosperous settlement lying just across the frontier. During my absence a gust of indignation had swept over the Diamond Fields, and all the guilty, the suspected, and the alarmed had fled. The landlady of the best "Accommodation House" declared to me, almost with tears, that her dwelling, hitherto inveterate in virtue, was become a rendezvous of malefactors. She advised me to try the other shop for once, since even thieves would not go there by choice—naturally. I did so, and found the guests sitting down. In

the place of honor was a canteen man, badly wanted by the New Rush police. I also recognized an acquaintance accused of cheating at cards in the "Pig and Whistle;" another who had been lately described to the magistrate as "tremendous delirious;" an American gentleman whom the police had vainly besought to render an account to his partners. One of these latter, in attendance on his fugitive associate, identified for me a man charged with murder, and two common thieves. The conversation was most polite. The chairman's suasive tones in proposing a "leetle mutton" were as good as testimony to character. He had a trick of cocking the old smoking-cap upon his head before every observation, as if to point it with knowingness. The extreme propriety with which he guided the conversation so overawed the thieves that they were too hoarse to talk. My poor "tremendous" friend yielded to the same wholesome influence, and addressed everyone in the third person as "the honorable gentleman on my right," or left, or opposite. As for the manslaughterer, he showed warm philanthropy, arguing with vehemence that black people have as good rights as white, and better in their own country. Circumstances made this topic embarrassing to the chairman. He cocked his smoking-cap from side to side, imploring everyone to take some more of everything. After supper he made a little speech, ending with a toast—"Home, lads, mothers and dads." The company drank it with deep emotion.—*Belgravia*

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SIR TRISTRAM DE LYONESSE.

BY E. M. SMITH.

THE ancient adage that "there is no new thing under the sun," has been recently applied by a popular writer of fiction to the romantic stories of the day. But surely nowhere are the words of the Preacher more abundantly illustrated than in the realm of narrative poetry. With whom did "The Canterbury Tales," "The Fairy Queen," "The

Idylls of the King," originate? Certainly not with Chaucer, Spenser, or Tennyson. The hidden sources of those delightful rivers of song lie far away, so far that few care to trace them. The same, or nearly the same, story is handed down from one man to another, till at last some master-mind catches its true significance, tells it for once as it

was never told before, and links his name with it through all the ages. Sometimes though more rarely, different capabilities of the same story will strike more than one master-mind, and then the comparisons are full of interest, and bring out into sharp relief the idiosyncrasies of each narrator. It has been so with portions of the "Iliad," of the "Nibelungen Lied," and of our own "Morte D'Arthur." It is so still with the story of Sir Tristram de Lyonesse, who, of all King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table, seems to have gone the farthest and fared the best. Rarely indeed has the homage of poets so far apart in time, and varying so widely in spirit and conception, been tendered so persistently to one object. Arthur may pass away in peace to the cool valley of Avilion, Launcelot to his grave in Joyous Guard, Galahad to the Blessed Vision which last he saw with mortal eyes in the city of Estorause; but Tristram is of the earth, earthy, and on the earth he abides. Twelve centuries have not quenched the ardor of his love for fair Iseult, nor traced one wrinkle on his brow.

Briefly, the legend of his life is this: Sir Tristram de Lyonesse as his first great exploit slew Sir Marhaus, the deadly foe of his uncle, King Mark, but was by him so desperately wounded that he sailed to Ireland under the name of Tamtris, to be cured of his wound by the surgical arts of the Queen of Ireland, sister to Sir Marhaus, and mother of the beautiful Princess Iseult. On his return to Cornwall he described the Princess in words so glowing that King Mark resolved to marry her, and sent his nephew back to escort her over the sea. Fearful lest all should not go well, the Queen gave to her daughter's faithful maid, Bragwaine, a magic potion, which the bride was to drink on the night of her marriage with King Mark, to ensure their mutual love. Unwittingly, however, Tristram and Iseult drank of it together on board the vessel; and, all their lives, it wrought them woe and misery, until at length they died together, and were buried side by side. The facts are always much the same—but the hero alters so completely as to change the whole aspect of the story, and make the interpretation put upon it different in every age.

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When we first meet with him among the Welsh bards of the sixth century, he is simply Drystan, or Trystan, the Tumultuous; his name has not already doomed him to that *triste* existence, which grows consistently more and more tragic throughout the later records of his life. He is the son, not of King Meliodas, but of Talwz; his lady is Essylt; his uncle, Mark Meirzion; and the chief points in his character are curiously brought out by his association with Greidial and Gwgon, as one of the three heralds of Britain; with Gwair and Cai, the diademed princes; with Call and Pryderi, the mighty swineherds; with Gwair and Eiddillig, the stubborn chiefs; with Caswallan and Cynon, the faithful lovers. Heraldry, obstinacy, fidelity—no very promising material for a hero nowadays; but then the lines on which a poet worked were simpler.

For three years this tumultuous being withdrew from Arthur's Court in disgust at the issue of one of his quarrels, and the King, with almost incredible folly, instead of rejoicing at the deliverance, sent after him twenty-eight warriors in succession, all of whom Trystan overthrew. At last, Gwalzmai with the Golden Tongue (the Gawaine of later days) tried his fortune, accosting the fierce chieftain in these words:

Tumultuous is the wave naturally  
When the sea is its base:  
Who art thou, warrior incomprehensible?

To which Trystan Ossianically replies:

Tumultuous be a wave and a thunderstorm:  
While they be tumultuous in their course,  
In the day of conflict I am Trystan.

Finally the Golden-tongued prevails, and they return together.

Our next glimpse of him is in the kingdom of the *trouvères* and *troubadours*, with whom he is a great favorite. The famous Mademoiselle Marie, in her translation, the "Lai Dee Chevrefoil," written about the middle of the twelfth century, sings of a pretty episode in his love, which none of her successors have improved upon, and which most of them have omitted. There are allusions to him in Chrestien de Troyes, who wrote before the year 1191, and in the works of a poetical king of Navarre, about 1226. The date of the Auchinleck MS., "Sir Tristram," which Scott raised such

a tempest by ascribing to Thomas the Rhymer of Ercildoune, is said to be 1330. It is written in a curious and very effective metre; the short abrupt line of two syllables falling regularly near the end of each stanza reins in the full swing of the rest with great force and directness. The poem is full of life and vigor, and there are touches of naïf insight here and there in strange contrast with the rough, matter-of-fact tone of the whole. Many and quaint are the adventures of the hero, especially when he kills a dragon in Ireland for the sake of Iseult, that "brid bright, as blood upon snowing," and her mother cures him of the pain caused by its poisonous tongue, with treacle; or when, having overcome a terrible "geaunt" in Brittany, he requires him to adorn the walls of his castle with "images" of Iseult and Bragwaine, the beauty of which so astounds his young brother-in-law, evidently a novice in works of art, that he straightway falls backward and breaks his head!

This poem, or another much like it, was celebrated both at home and abroad, where "Thomas of Britain" was henceforth quoted as the great authority on the subject. About the same time lived Raoul de Beauvais, who also made it his study; Rusticien de Puise, whose work is in prose; and the authors of two metrical fragments in French, from one of which Scott completed the Auchinleck MS., though its end had not been unearthed when he became its editor. The translation, which carried the name of Tristram northward as far as Iceland, is still kept in the library at Copenhagen; and G. de le Flamma tells us that when the tomb of a Lombard king was opened in 1339, there was found inscribed on his sword, "This was the sword of Sir Tristram, who killed Amoroyt of Ireland." Seghart von Bamberg wrote of him in 1403, and also Eylhard von Habergen. Of the same period is the Romance by Gotfried of Strasburg, who died in the midst of his work, leaving it to be finished in a less poetical spirit by Ulrich von Turheim and Heinrich von Vribert.

Our own Geoffrey of Monmouth was the first to draw Sir Tristram into the magic circle of Arthur's knights, in whose good company he has ever since remain-

ed. Lady Juliana Berners mentions him as the inventor of "venery" or terms of hunting; and his name occurs in "The Temple of Glass," and in Gower, who states that he fell by King Mark's own hand, a tradition followed only by Sir Thomas Malory and Tennyson. In the "Orlando Furioso" we hear of the "Rocca di Tristano," and Ariosto and Boiardo drew from his legend, old even then, their fountains of love and hatred. Dante places him next to Paris among the lovers flitting by like cranes in his "Inferno." In 1485 Sir Thomas Malory, himself a knight, published his noble "Morte D'Arthur," in which Tristram is one of the most striking figures; and it is remarkable that although he never seems to have thought there was anything to condemn greatly in the nephew's conduct, he palliates it by defaming the uncle as much as possible—a moral concession not to be found in either of the earlier romances, which he must have consulted for his work. But we will not multiply references, lest the reader should be fain to cry with the author of "Sir Hain and Dame Anieuse,"

Or pues tu chanter de Tristan,  
Ou de plus longue, se tu sez.

The theme was getting wearisome. Le Seigneur Luce du château de Gast had exhausted it in his prose Romance (where, for the first time, Palamides, the Paynim lover of Iseult, and Dinadan, the foolish knight, appear); and, besides this, there was a "Romance of Meliodas," Tristram's father, and afterwards a "Romance of Ysaie le Triste," his son; so that all the details of his private life were nearly as well known as those of Mr. Carlyle's to the present generation. "Ysaie le Triste" appeared in 1522; and in 1554, when no imagination, however vivid, could possibly add a single exploit to those which had been recounted already, Jean Mauugin took a new departure, and turned the whole thing into an allegory, in which Sir Tristram became the type of Christian chivalry. His queer attempt is justly ridiculed by Scott; but it is not altogether without interest, as the first indication of the symbolic spirit in which modern poets have treated the legend—with the exception of Scott himself,

whose beautiful Conclusion and Ballad are pure imitations of the mediæval spirit as well as of the mediæval form, and have nothing modern about them. Towards the end of the sixteenth century the taste for chivalrous romance died out in Europe—or rather fell asleep—and the name of Tristram was no more heard for more than two hundred years, except in a glowing stanza or two of Spenser's "Fairy Queen." Then came the revival of Scott and Southey to prepare the way, and lastly that signal triumph of the ancient story in our own day, when four of the greatest living poets singled it out for illustration, and it became a living power again in the hands of Wagner, Tennyson, Swinburne, and Matthew Arnold. But its power is of a different kind, for a change has come over the spirit of the dream, since it was first dreamed long ago among the Welsh mountains.

Accordingly Tristram, once the mere sport of existing circumstances, becomes a highly responsible person with correctly oppressive notions of duty. He has grown old along with the rest of the world; he rides no more lighthearted through the forest, sails no more gaily across the sea, forgetful of all but life and its deliciousness, woos no more whom he would. Nor, in the modern versions, does he die merrily, as he died in the "Morte D'Arthur" and in the "Book of Howth," "harping afore his lady La Belle Isoud." Wagner, to whom one might have fancied, *à priori*, that such an exit for his tenor would have been most welcome, sentences him to lingering death of a wound given him by the traitor Melot; Tennyson fells him with a blow of King Mark's from behind; in Matthew Arnold he dies naturally; in Swinburne the false words of Iseult Les Blanchés Mains finish the work of sickness. His love, his death, are all-important now; whereas of old the first was but an interesting episode in the life of a man who was second only to Sir Launcelot at a tourney, and the last so insignificant as to be disposed of in a single sentence. We hear nothing now of the Castle of Maidens, or of Lonazep; nothing of the wife of Sir Segwarides, or of other fair ladies; nothing at all of that great crisis in his life when he met Sir Launcelot at

the peron, "and either wounded other wonderly sore, that the blood ran out upon the grass."

Of course there may be a reason for this in the fact that we look upon Tristram as a hero by himself, and therefore have no need to illustrate his inferiority to Launcelot, and to Launcelot only, in love and in war. But where are ye now, Sir Palamides, Sir Bruno, and Sir Elias? Your very names have a forgotten sound.

The knights' bones are dust,  
And their good swords rust,  
Their souls are with the saints, I trust.

But he who wishes to find any record of their doings with Sir Tristram must search through the length and breadth of Malory's twenty-one books ere he find it. Nor is there any trace in the modern poems of the sweet old story, how after that "deep draughts of death" had taken the Lady Elizabeth, Tristram's mother, and his father, King Maliodas, had "let call him Tristram, the sorrowful-born child," and had actually, for love of her, "endured seven years without a wife," he married a wicked lady, who tried to poison Tristram; and how she was condemned to death for the attempt, and he rescued her from his father's wrath, and made them accorded, and how she "loved him ever after, and gave Tristram many great gifts."

All these things, which relieved the sombre hues of the picture have faded into dimness. The martial glory of Tristram has passed away; nothing but tragedy remains—the sin, the sorrow, the inexplicable fate which linked two separated lives together. Long ago it was a bit of witchcraft pure and simple; now the magic drink has become the symbol of mystery and doom, and what not. Like Paolo and Francesca da Rimini, the guilty souls are hurried round and round without a moment's respite by the whirlwind of their passion, in that wonderful opera which the most devoted followers of Wagner esteem his masterpiece of blended poetry and music. The fierce, dark, rapturous rejoicing of love on the very edge of death lights it up with a lurid glare, which makes everything else look pale and fanciful by comparison; it has no parallel in art, even among Wagner's



other works, nor can any one desire that it should have. The great difficulties which stand in the way of its representation may prevent it from ever becoming popular in the sense in which "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser" are popular; but those who have had the good fortune to hear it will not easily forget its unique and terrible power. It is strange that Wagner should have made King Mark an ideal uncle, tender and forgiving to the last degree, and so full of self-denial that had he but known of the fatal drink in time, he would have resigned his bride to his nephew with the best grace in the world. Dramatically the action loses by this change; the sympathies of the audience are baffled and divided; do what we will, the conduct of the hero seems mean and treacherous, and his death more arbitrary than it need have been, since Melot, the traitor who gives him his mortal wound, had far less reason to hate him than had the injured bridegroom. Indeed, it is difficult to see what Wagner himself thought that he gained by this amendment, unless that tragedy itself becomes more tragic by the needless suffering inflicted on a high and noble soul, ready to sacrifice its dearest hopes rather than undergo the agony of seeing another's virtue tempted beyond endurance. There is also one dire offence against good taste, worthy of Wagner's earliest models (and of Shakespeare in "King Lear"), in the scene where Tristram tears the bandage from his wounds. But if the hero fares rather badly, until we forgive him for the sake of his death-cry, "Liebe!" the heroine has never in the course of her long life found such an interpreter. She has lost, indeed, her old, light-hearted innocence; but she has lost it to become one of the grandest and most original creations in the whole range of the drama. She surpasses even the bounds of passion; the very *fury* of love is upon her, from the moment when, foreseeing that she can no longer live without him, she resolves to make Tristram drink with her of the death-drink, and the charm begins to work, to the moment when she falls dead besides his body. The magic only reveals what shame forbade her to confess. The key to her whole character lies in her answer to Bragwaine's entreaty that she will

not give the signal for Tristram's approach by extinguishing the torch in the window of her tower in King Mark's palace—

Und wär 'es meines Lebens Licht,  
Lachend es zu löschen  
Zag 'ich nicht.

Wagner showed his wisdom when he left her alone in her glory, and made no attempt to introduce that other Iseult of Brittany, who certainly interferes with any conception of Tristram as the most faithful of lovers. "And for because that Sir Tristram had such cheer and riches, and all other pleasures that he had, almost he had forsaken La Beale Isoud. And so upon a time Sir Tristram agreed to wed Isoud les Blanchés Mains. And at the last they were wedded, and solemnly held their marriage." But this is far too natural and unheroic for the nineteenth century; and poor Iseult the Second fares ill at the hands of our poets—excepting Matthew Arnold who, with unwonted chivalry, has taken up the cause of this distressed damsel (this "snow-drop by the sea," whose own brother forsook her for her namesake), and made of her one of those meek, motherly, sweet little women, who are ready to forgive any one they love anything; and who, too weak either to make or mar the lives with which they come in contact, yet hold their own by the power of that clinging, lasting devotedness, which is all their innocent natures let them know of passion. Very sweet is his picture of her, standing in her gorgeous robes by the chimney-piece with the firelight flickering on her white face and her white hands, and her jewelled clasp, ready to vanish gracefully the moment her rival enters; and it is with a gentle feeling of regret that we lose sight of her at last, wandering on the seashore with her children, while she tells them the old story of Merlin and Vivien to beguile the weary hours of her widowhood. Here and here only the pure, white-handed maiden-wife bears away the palm from the old Iseult of Tristram's dreams, with

Her proud, dark eyes,  
And her petulant, quick replies;

and we rather resent her intrusion than welcome her, when she comes back to nurse him, very repentant indeed, like a

sort of queenly Sister of Mercy. His dying request is also a great innovation :

Close mine eyes, then seek the princess Iseult ;  
 Speak her fair, she is of royal blood !  
 Say, I charged her, that thou stay beside me—  
 She will grant it ; she is kind and good.

The hero of " the last tournament " is a very different being. Of all those who have told the story, Tennyson alone seems to have looked upon Tristram as thoroughly base and unworthy. Such a knight as this, so rough, licentious, and wanting in courtesy, could never have been Launcelot's second ; and indeed Tennyson lays no stress whatever on the strong friendship which existed between them — so strong that neither would ever wittingly harm any relation or friend of the other. As Wagner has made the legend a symbol of that strife between man, his passions, and his circumstances, which is the complex motive of our latest tragedy,—as Matthew Arnold has drawn from it the lesson, that quiet and neglected lives often do more to make the world lovely than great and brilliant ones (a lesson which chivalry would never have found there),—so Tennyson has made it a symbol of that degradation of the whole nature, which follows the conscious surrender of the spirit to the flesh, and has drawn from it the lesson that the very happiness of partners in guilt is tainted with bitterness and turns to ashes in their mouths. Nowhere else is there such a sharp contrast implied between Launcelot, the sinner who repented and was given time for repentance, and Tristram, the sinner who repented not and was cut off in the midst of his sin. There is a great gulf between them, across which they do not even join their hands.

Iseult stands in much the same relation to Guinevere ; she is coarser, more ironical, free from any feeling of remorse ; but she surpasses Tristram as Launcelot surpasses Guinevere, in " faith unfaithful," and one has a strong compassion for her in her lonely home, looking out over the wild sea, with that stealthy spy of a husband, dogging her every footstep. How full of compressed, dramatic force the last lines are !

He rose, he turn'd, then, flinging round her  
 neck,  
 Clasp'd it ; and cried " Thine Order, O my  
 Queen !"

But while he bow'd to kiss the jewel'd throat,  
 Out of the dark, just as the lips had touch'd,  
 Behind him rose a shadow and a shriek—  
 " Mark's way," said Mark, and clove him  
 through the brain.

Not so has Swinburne read the character. His Tristram of Lyonesse is once more the free, open-handed, light-hearted hero, or rather he would be if he had not inevitably contracted some of the *Zeit-Geist*, its weariness, its languor, its power of analysis. His gaiety is not spontaneous—his song is as labored as if he had had to send it up for an examination ; his love is over-heavy with its own sweetness. The long-drawn, honied lines drag on and on through pages of description, till we almost long for a rough, dissonant note to break the eternal, soft, alliterative hissing and kissing. But Iseult bears the wealth of jewelled epithets lavished upon her, and it is easy enough to understand them when we are under the spell of her fascination, or when she is finely contrasted with the cruel, cold-blooded Iseult of Brittany, who in her jealous anger kills her husband, by telling him that the sails of the ship which is bringing his love to him are black instead of white, so that he thinks she has refused to come :

And fain he would have raised himself and  
 seen  
 And spoken, but strong death struck sheer  
 between,  
 And darkness closed as iron round his head,  
 And smitten through the heart lay Tristan  
 dead.

So there he lies. But he may yet be born again, and fight, and love, and die, for who knows what shall be in the days to come, or to what ancient songs the houses of our children's children may echo ? It may be there is yet a further interpretation of the riddle, the outlines of which we cannot even guess ; and that the two Iseults may come to like each other. Things even more strange than this have happened. It was said that out of Tristram's grave there grew an eglantine, which turned itself around Iseult's ; and although it was cut three times by order of the king, the eglantine was ever fair and fresh. By this time it has grown into a mighty tree, and, for all we know, it has not done growing yet.—*Merry England*.

## OLD MYTHOLOGY IN NEW APPAREL.

BY J. THEODORE BENT.

WE are generally accustomed to consider mythology as a bygone episode of *juventus mundi*; it may seem at first sight strange to realize that what we have read of in Homer exists to-day. But so it is, and the following facts collected during lengthened tours in remote corners of Greece will prove, I hope, that the mystic beings of classical Greece are present now, when the world is supposed to be growing old. All my instances are from the islands of the Ægean Sea, the Cyclades and the Sporades, where communication with the outer world has never been great, and over which the various waves of Goths, Italians, Turks, which in a measure destroyed the identity of continental Greece, had, comparatively speaking, slight influence, and that only in the towns near the coast, whereas up in the mountains of Naxos, Amorgos, &c., pure Greek blood still flows.

Here the mythology of their ancestors is deeply ingrained in the inhabitants, both in the ritual of their Church, and in their manners and customs; the ritual, indeed, of the Eastern Church is but an intellectual adaptation under Christian guidance of the problems propounded by the later philosophers to the popular doctrines of polytheism.

I was in the island of Keos, or Zia, one of the Cyclades, when the idea of forming this collection struck me, and it was on the occasion of being told that here St. Artemidos is considered as the patron saint of weakly children. The church dedicated to this saint is some little way from the town on the hill slopes; thither a mother will take a child afflicted by any mysterious wasting, "struck by the Nereids," as they say; she then strips off its clothes, and puts on new ones blessed by the priest, leaving the old ones as a perquisite for the church; and then if perchance the child grows strong, she will thank St. Artemidos for the blessing vouchsafed, unconscious that she is perpetuating the archaic worship of Artemis. The Ionian idea of the fructifying and nourishing properties of the Ephesian Artemis has

been transferred to her Christian namesake.

About these Nereids, too, we hear much in modern Greece, and they have the properties of many of our mythological friends, those of Keos, for example, are supposed to 'live on cliffs and in trees; if a man sleeps under the shadow of a cliff or tree, and is taken with a cold sweat, they say "the goddess of the tree has injured him," and accordingly to appease her they spread on the place a clean white cloth, and put on it new-made bread, a plate with honey, another with sweetmeats, a bottle of good wine, a knife and fork and an empty glass, an unburnt candle, and an incense pot; an old woman utters some mystic words, and then all go away, "that the Nereids may eat and the sufferer regain his health." We have here a ceremony very like that anciently performed at Athens to appease the Eumenides when a banquet was laid near the caves they were supposed to haunt, of which honey and milk were the necessary ingredients.

The Nereids in many cases correspond to the nymphs of antiquity; they preside over healing streams, and they wash in them at night when the waters sleep, and no one at that time dares to approach for fear of becoming frenzied (*νυμφόληπτος*).

The cloak of Phœbus Apollo has fallen on the prophet Elias. As of old temples on all the highest hills of the islands are dedicated to the sun-god; the reason is obvious. "Ἥλιος, the sun deity (the *h* not being aspirated), at once suggested Elias to the easily accommodating divines, and to all intents and purposes the prophet supplies the place of the sun-god of antiquity. Prophet Elias has power over rain; in times of drought people assemble in crowds in his church to pray for rain, and in this he has the attribute of *δυβριος* or *ύετιος* Ζεῦς. When it thunders they say the prophet is driving in his chariot in pursuit of demons.

To pass on to another analogy. There is a curious parallel between St. Anarguris, the patron saint in some parts of

flocks and herds, and the god Pan of ancient days. On the island of Thermià (*Κύθνος*) I saw a church dedicated to St. Anarguris built over the mouth of a cavern, as the protecting saint of the place, instead of Pan, the ancient god of grottos. But a still more marked instance of the continuation of Pan worship occurs to-day on Keos at the little church of St. Anarguris, at a remote hamlet called *Ἰσθὸ μακρινὸ*. Whenever an ox is ailing they take it to this church and pray for its recovery ; if the cock crows when they start, or they hear the voice of a man or the grunt of a pig, there is every hope that the animal will be cured ; but on the contrary, if they hear a cat, a dog, or a woman, it is looked upon as an evil omen. When at the church of St. Anarguris they solemnly register a vow that if the ox recovers they will present it to the saint when its days of work are over ; accordingly, every year on the 1st of July, the day on which they celebrate the feast of St. Anarguris, numbers of aged oxen may be seen on the road to this church, where they are slaughtered on the threshold and the flesh distributed amongst the poor.

St. Nicholas, again, is the lineal descendant of Poseidon ; he is the sailor's god. Wherever in ancient times there existed a temple to the honor of Poseidon we now find an insignificant white-washed edifice dedicated to St. Nicholas. This is especially noticeable at Tenos, where was in antiquity the famous shrine and feast of Poseidon. On this island the chief town is now called St. Nicholas, and hither yearly assemble to worship thousands of Greeks from all parts of the world before a miracle-working shrine. Modern priestcraft, in short, has cleverly arranged that Tenos should be the modern Delos where the topic of independent panhellenism can be freely discussed.

Everything nautical has to do with St. Nicholas ; in Mykenos a little church built on a rock out in the harbor is dedicated to him ; another on the sea shore at Paros is dedicated to *Ἅγιος Νικόλαος Θαλασσίτης* ; his picture, or *εἰκὼν*, is painted on the inside of crabs' backs, which are gilded outside and worshipped. In nautical songs St. Nicholas is always alluded to as the inventor of the rudder, and is represented as seated at the helm,

whilst Christ sits at the prow and the Virgin in the middle. In a storm sailors call on him for assistance, as the ancients did on the Dioscouri, whom they thought to have power to allay storms direct from Poseidon himself.

We always find St. Dionysius as the successor of Dionysos in the Christian ritual. The island of Naxos was a chief centre of the worship of the wine-loving god in antiquity ; and a fable about St. Dionysius, still told in the islands and on the mainland, clearly points to the continuity of the myth. It is as follows :—

St. Dionysius was on his way one day from his monastery on Mount Olympus to Naxos, and he sat down to rest during the heat of the day. Close to him he saw a pretty plant which he wished to take with him, and, lest it should wither by the way, he put it into the leg bone of a bird, and to his surprise at his next halting-place he found it had sprouted ; so, accordingly, he put it into the leg bone of a lion, and the same thing occurred ; finally, he put it into the leg of an ass, and in reaching Naxos he found the plant so rooted in the bones that he planted them altogether. And up came a vine, from the fruit of which he made the first wine, a little of which made the saint sing like a bird, a little more made him strong as a lion, and yet a little more made him as foolish as an ass.

At Melos they have a curious feast which recalls a Bacchic revelry. Every landowner who wishes to plant a vineyard calls together, on a certain day, fifty or more men, when church is over ; to these he gives a spade apiece, and slaughters some goats and fills skins with wine. Then they all start off together to their work, preceded by a standard-bearer holding a white banner. In the field they eat the food, drink the wine, and plant the vineyard, all in the space of one day, and return home again, most of them in a decided state of intoxication. This is followed by a dance and further revelry in front of the church, which doubtless the village priest will hallow with his presence. The Greeks, taken as a whole, are a sober race, but on certain occasions and festivals it is almost a religious duty to drink heavily. In the island of Paros there actually exists a church dedicated

to the drunken St. George, whose feast-day is on the 3rd of November. The priest thereof, in answer to my inquiries about this strange name, remarked that the 3rd of November is the anniversary of St. George's burial, and then the inhabitants usually tap their new-made wine and get drunk; but why they should on such a solemn occasion speak of *Ἅγιος Γεώργιος μεθύσσης* I could not divine, unless we take into account the hereditary tendency of the Greeks to deify passions.

A curious instance of the survival of the mythical Titans I met at Chios, at the southern point of which island exists a colossal white rock; this the natives told me was a stone which Samson had once hurled against God, and it had fallen here. But of all the myths of antiquity which exist to-day none is more marked than the belief in Charon, the Styx, and Hades. In Thermià they believe that in Charon's infernal kingdom are lamps which represent the life of men, and when each man's lamp is extinguished for want of oil he will die.

A Greek peasant looks upon death quite differently from what a peasant of the western world is taught to believe. To him it is the end of all joy and gladness; the songs over his body (myriologues) speak of the black earth, the end of light and brilliancy. A popular Klephtic song on the death of Zedros, when read by the side of Sophocles' description of the death of Ajax, shows how curiously alike are the ideas of death as painted in the two poems. Charon is still believed to be a white-haired old man with long and fearful nails, and in myriologues or lamentations, which are still of every-day occurrence in the islands, you actually hear of Charon's caïque. He is now spoken of as Charos. I had been told that in some parts of Greece they still put money on the mouth of a deceased person to pay the passage (*ναύλον*). I sought in vain for instances of it in the islands; but one day, whilst attending a child's funeral in a mountain village of Naxos, I saw a wax cross put on the child's mouth by the priest, and on inquiry I was told it was the *ναύλον*, *i.e.*, freight money—so completely has the Eastern Church incorporated into itself the ancient ideas.

In a popular song I have heard Cha-

ron spoken of as a "bird like unto a black swallow," which compares curiously with the passage in the twenty-second *Odyssey*, where Athena is represented as sitting on the roof of the palace at Ithaca like a swallow, on the day of vengeance for Penelope's suitors.

It will be apparent from the above remarks that at the time of the change of religion from paganism to Christianity, names were given to saints to supply wants felt by the abandonment of polytheism. There are many instances of this. For example, St. Eleutherius is the saint called upon by women in childbirth to deliver them; deaf people are recommended to consult St. Jacob (*\*Ἀκουφος* as he is called, *κουφος*—deaf), and in Lesbos I was told that St. Therapon could heal all manner of diseases. In the same way young married people who wish for a numerous progeny chose St. Polycarp as their patron saint, so that they may have many teeth in their house, as the saying goes (*πολὸν ὀδόντια ὀσὸ σπῆτι*).

St. Charalambos is, however, the Æsculapius of modern days. He used to hold jurisdiction over the plague, and is represented as a hideous wizard, trampling under foot a serpent with smoke issuing out of its mouth; and in fever-stricken, marshy districts St. Charalambos still reigns supreme. In many places it is the custom on the outbreak of a pestilence for forty women to make a garment in one day, which is hung up in the saint's church. For instance, at Zephyria, the mediæval capital of the island of Melos, which was abandoned altogether about twenty years ago as unfit to live in, I visited the ruins, and in the centre of them saw still standing the church of St. Charalambos, and an old man, who happened to be picking his olives there at the time, told me the history of the desolation, and the methods they used to resort to when he was young to rid the place of disease; how they used to bury heifers whole; and how they used to fasten up illnesses in a cauldron—that is to say, they wrote down the names of the various maladies on paper, and boiled them in a cauldron with some money and a cock in front of the shrine of the modern Æsculapius. But in vain; the town had to be abandoned, for it had been cursed by a priest,

and never could hope to recover salubrity.

It is a very common custom for Greek peasants to pass the night in a church of St. Charalambos with a view to cure an ailment; at festivals too, near miraculous *eikons*, such as the one at Tenos, the invalids pass whole nights in the church, reminding one forcibly of that ridiculous scene in Aristophanes (Plut. vv. 655) when the priests stole the food from the invalids who were asleep in the temple of Æsculapius, and we can easily see in this custom a mild form of the ancient *ἐγκοίμησις*, when the sick folks lay down in the skin of a newly killed ram in the churches, and in this luxurious couch awaited the inspiration of the divinity.

The quackeries and incantations common in Greece to-day as specifics for certain diseases are many of them very quaint, being long rhymes and formulas mixing up Christ, the Virgin, and saints with magic words and signs which savour of heathendom. It is the old women only who are supposed to know them, and they are very shy of producing them before a foreign unbeliever. They are just like those women who in ancient Athens practised quackery and secret cures, which were zealously guarded and kept up as specialities in families. Curiously enough these old women in Greece who profess to cure diseases will tell you, arguing from the analogy of plants, that all diseases are worms, which consume the body, and that they are generated by the wrath of the gods. They have arrived at the bacillus theory by much straighter reckoning than our physicians.

On the day of the commemoration of the dead I was in a small village in Amorgos, and there witnessed the quaint ceremony of *κόλλυβα*. Every house on this occasion sends to the church a plate of boiled corn; tottering old women with one foot in the grave generally bring it, and pour the contents into a large basket placed before the high altar whilst the service is going on, and then into the mass of corn they stick a candle, and if the family is especially grand they have separate plates with sesame seeds, or adorned with patterns of raisins and almonds. After the service is over the boiled corn and other delicacies are distributed amongst the poor outside the

church. These offerings are very suggestive of the ancient idea of Demeter and her daughter.

We will now consider another branch of mythology—the fickle goddesses, the Fates (*Μοῖρα*), whose workings in modern Greece are looked upon with as much superstition as of old. On the island of Sikinos I attended an interesting ceremony called the *μοῖρισμα* of a child, which happens a year after its birth. All the friends and relatives are gathered together to a feast. A tray is brought out, and on it are put various objects—a pen, money, tools, an egg, &c., and whichever the infant first touches with its hands is held to be the indication of the *μοῖρα* as to the most suitable career to be chosen for it. The meaning of the first-mentioned articles is obvious. The demarch of Sikinos told me that his son had touched a pen, consequently he had been sent to the university at Athens, and had there distinguished himself, but the meaning of the egg is not quite so clear, and the egg is the horror of all parents, for if the child touches it he will be fitted for no calling in life—he will be a good-for-nothing, a mere duck's egg, so to speak, in society.

Some ceremony such as this must have been the one alluded to by Apollodorus when he tells us that seven days after the birth of Meleager the Fates told the horologue of the child, and the torch was lighted on the hearth. In some places still the seventh day is chosen as the one for this important ceremony, and it is called *ἑφτά*. When it is dark and the lamps lighted a table is put in the middle of the house, a basin full of honey in the centre of the table, and all round quantities of food. Numerous oil lamps are then lighted; one dedicated to Christ, another to the Virgin, another to the Baptist, and so forth. A symbol of faith is then read and deep silence prevails, and the saint whose lamp is first extinguished is chosen as the protector of the infant. At this moment they say the Fates come in and "*καλομοιράζονσι*" the child, and take some of the food from the table.

The Fates are in some places supposed to write on the forehead of a man his destiny. Pimples on the nose and forehead are called *γραψίματα τῶν Μοίρων*.

The decrees of the Fates are unalterable. According to various legends, attempts have been made to change them, but without avail. Only once, a girl of Naxos, so I was told, up in a mountain village, who was excessively ugly, managed to learn from a magician where the Fates lived, and that if she could get them to eat salt they would go blind and change her fate. She contrived to bring this about, and became lovely, married a prince, but had no children; "showing," continued the legend by way of moral, "that the Fates never consent to a person being altogether happy."

This changing from ugliness to beauty is a common subject for legends and beliefs. The first woman to see a child after birth must be lovely, so as to impart to it her beauty, and the first man must be of great strength, so as to impart his vigor. This reminds one of one of Herodotus's stories (vi. 61), when he seriously tells us of the change of an ugly child into the fairest woman of Sparta by her nurse taking her daily to the temple of the heroine Helen to pray. One day the heroine met the nurse and predicted that the child would become fair, which accordingly, says Herodotus, came to pass.

In Melos the Fates are greatly consulted in matrimonial concerns. The 25th of November, St. Catharine's day, is considered the most suitable, and St. Catharine is accordingly prayed to by unmarried maidens to intercede on their behalf. On the vigil of her feast they make cakes with a good deal of salt in, which they eat before going to bed. As a natural result of eating so much salt and thinking about matrimony their dreams often take the turn of water and a kindly man offering them to drink. If this is so they are sure to marry that man.

Many of our mythological personages and legends have their parallel to-day. There are the Lamiae, for instance, evil-working women who live in desert places, ill-formed like their ancestors, daughters of Belus and Sibyl; utterly unfit are they for household duties, for they cannot sweep, so an untidy woman to-day is said to have made the sweepings of a Lamia (Τῆς Λαμίας τὰ σαρώματα); they cannot bake, for they put bread into the oven before heating it; they have dogs and horses, but give bones to their

horses and straw to their dogs. They are very gluttonous, so much so that in Byzantine and modern Greek the verb *λαμίωνω* is used to express over-eating. They have a special predilection for baby's flesh, and a Greek mother of to-day will frighten her child by saying that a Lamia will come if it is naughty, just as was said to naughty children in ancient in ancient days; for the legend used to run that Zeus loved Lamia too well, untidy though she was, and Hera, out of jealousy, killed her children, whereat Lamia was so grieved that she took to eating the children of others. Some Lamiae are like the Sirens, and by taking the form of lovely nymphs, beguile luckless men to their destruction; for example, an ecclesiastical legend, savoring strongly of Boccaccio, tells us how a Lamia charmed a monk as he sat by the side of a lake one evening; dawn came, and the monk was seen no more, but some children swore to having seen his hoary beard floating on the waters of the lake.

Dragons are common now in every weird place, especially where those large stoned Hellenic walls are standing, and stories like those of Perseus, the Centaurs, the Cyclops, &c., are common among the peasants who speak of these old remains as *Τοῦ Δράκου τὸ σπίτι*, the Dragon's house. In one fable we have the exact story of Ulysses and Polyphemus. One Spanos is the traveller, ὁ Δράκος is Polyphemus, and the facts are the same.

The witches (*σπρίγλαι*) of modern folk-lore are supposed to be over a hundred, and to be able to turn into birds at will like the harpies of old; they love the flesh of unbaptised babies, and for this reason children wear charms, as they do also against the evil eye (*βασκανεία*). My host on the island of Pholygandros most solemnly told me how a person with the evil eye could wither a fruit-tree by admiring it, and on my looking sceptical, he quoted several instances which had come under his immediate notice. This is the *ὀφθαλμὸς βάσκανος* of antiquity, the god Fascinus of Latin mythology, whom Pliny tells us was worshipped so strangely by the Vestal Virgins.

I witnessed a very sad case on the island of Kimolos of a sailor who, in a

storm, as he rounded the dreaded Cape Malea on his return home, had been struck, as they told me, by that mysterious ghost-demon the *Τελώνια*; he was kept in the village church all day, and had been in there all night, whilst his relatives were praying vehemently around him for the return of his shattered intellect. This *τελώνια* is a species of electricity, and appears during storms on the mastheads, which the Greek sailors personify as birds of evil omen, which settle on the masts with a view to destroy the ship and drown the sailors. They have

words expressly for exorcising this phantom, and sometimes they try to drive it away by beating brass or shooting. In Italy this is called the fire of St. Elmo, and is evidently the same idea which in ancient times was connected with the Dioscouri.

From these points it will be easily seen how much that is old lives to-day. In manners and customs and daily life the peasant Greeks reproduce even more that can be identified as ancient, but this is apart from my present subject.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

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OUTWITTED.

A TALE OF THE ABRUZZI.

I.

It was a warm afternoon in April, and the sun was blazing hotly down upon the wooded heights of the Abruzzi and upon the marble cliff against which nestles the little village of Palenella.

The blue-green aloes were unfurling their sharp-pointed leaves in the clefts and crannies of the rocks above, and every now and then the wild roses sent a pink shower fluttering down to the flat roofs below, where maize and wheat were spread out to dry in the sun.

Lucia Ceprano was sitting at the door of her gray stone cottage this hot afternoon, busily engaged in peeling and splitting willow rods preparatory to mending a certain dilapidated old basket which lay on the ground beside her.

The stony village street was silent, and not a creature was visible but herself, except, indeed, a few fowls which were promenading in the sun, and some little black pigs which lay sleeping with outstretched legs in sundry dusty hollows.

The fact was, that the whole population of Palenella was gone to take part in a procession in the little town of Palene. Not a creature had stayed at home but Lucia Ceprano; and no one now was surprised at this or anything else she took it into her head to do, for the villagers had made up their minds that she was "cracked."

Lucia had refused the wealthiest young

men in the district; Lucia owned property, yet she worked as hard as if she were poor; Lucia did not dance the tarantella, was not merry, would not have a lover, and never beat her mule, even when he was as obstinate as only a mule can be!

Such was the indictment against her; and in an out-of-the-way village like Palenella, where every one was about five hundred years behind the outside world, any one of these eccentricities would have been quite enough to make people call her crazy.

Then again, though she certainly was beautiful, it was in a very different style from her neighbors; indeed, she was of quite a different type from what one usually sees anywhere in the whole district, as far South as Naples.

The women in these parts are small, agile, and graceful, with pretty little dark brown faces, small, sharp noses, pouting lips, and wild curly hair, almost entirely covering their low foreheads. They are light-hearted creatures, laughing and chattering the whole day long; and in character they are an odd mixture of carelessness, shrewdness, passion, cunning, and narrow-mindedness.

Lucia, on the other hand, was well grown and stately-looking; her face was oval, and she had smooth black hair and wonderful deep brown, tranquil eyes, which seemed to look thoughtfully at everything; and her mouth, though well-formed and full-lipped, was firmly



closed ; she moved about in a dignified, deliberate way, and she was reckoned the most unsociable girl in the village, for she never spoke a word more than was actually necessary.

The very fact of her being so unlike other village girls, however, caused Lucia to be quite the rage at one time. All the young men for miles round were crazy about her, and she had as many offers as there were Sundays in the year ; for she had other attractions besides her beauty. Every one knew that besides the very tolerable property in Palenella, which was all her own and quite unencumbered, Lucia also possessed 10,000 lire, or something over 400*l.*, in the national bank of Rome, so that for these parts she was a considerable heiress.

Lucia allowed her suitors to say their say without interruption, and then raising those calm, wonderful eyes, and looking steadily at them for the space of a second, she announced that she had no intention of marrying.

Things had gone on in this way from Lucia's fifteenth birthday for five years ; every Sunday and holiday some one made her an offer, and every Sunday and holiday some one was refused, until she gave up answering at all, and merely waved her lovers off with a gesture of her hand, neither more nor less than contemptuous.

The young men had taken offence at her behavior at last, and now revenged themselves by pronouncing her cracked, and leaving her to herself. All but one of them at least did so, and he was the son of a wealthy farmer, Pietro Antonio by name, who lived higher up among the mountains. Pietro was not so easily to be got rid of as the rest, and, do what she would, he followed her everywhere, lying in wait for her at the fêtes and processions, watching for her at church and market, and persecuting her to such an extent, now with pretty speeches and entreaties, and now with angry threats, that at last Lucia gave up going to the fêtes, and did not even venture to church except in the late evening, when she could do so unobserved.

For Pietro was a wild, passionate youth, with something of the savage about him, and as Lucia disliked him even more than her other suitors, she

had determined to stay at home this afternoon for fear she should meet him at Palene and be exposed to his vehement importunities.

She had therefore been alone for some hours ; but now she heard a distant sound of voices, laughing and chattering. The villagers were coming back, and were climbing the rocky pathway which led to their homes, and soon the little street was all alive again.

At the first sound of their approach, Lucia had retreated into the cottage, and set about warming up the polenta for her mother ; and as she stood in the large kitchen, with the blaze from the fire lighting up her grave, madonna-like face, this personage came in.

She was an old, grey-haired woman, but there was an almost wild glare in her small, sharp eyes, as she glanced angrily at the girl.

"What a shame it is !" she cried, pulling off her red silk neck-kerchief and kicking away a chair. "The idea of my being the only woman to have an unmarried daughter ! Here I am pointed at by every one ! I'm the mother of the 'crazy girl,' forsooth, and I can't show my face anywhere !"

"Bah !" said Lucia, without looking up from the fire ; "where can't you show your face ?"

"Why, neither in the village nor in the whole country round," returned the old woman, passionately.

"Don't you trouble yourself about any of their gossip, mother ; and don't force me to marry, for I can't take any of the young men about here," said Lucia, calmly.

"Forced you will be, sooner or later," returned her mother. "One of them will cut off your hair, and then you know you must marry him, whether you like it or not," she added dolefully.

"Shame on the men here, then !" exclaimed Lucia, with flaming eyes. "Shame on any man who forces a woman to marry him by such means ! lying in wait to cut off her hair, and then making a show of it in the village until the poor thing is obliged to marry the thief, or she will be forever disgraced and never get another husband ! Shame on men who win their wives in this fashion !"

"Ah, well ! it has been the taming of

a good many obstinate girls for all that, and they are happy enough now. Look at Emilia Mantori and Teresina," continued the mother; "they held out for a couple of years, and then one fine day they lost their plaits! They came back from the fields with their hair cut short; the boys hooted them down the street, and three weeks later there were two merry weddings, and now it is all as right as can be!"

"I hope that will never be my fate, mother," said Lucia; "never!" and she clenched her brown hand with its long, shapely fingers, while all the blood left her lips. "If people behave like brigands, they may expect to be treated like brigands. Any one who lays a finger on my hair will have to look out for himself, as all the ruffians about here know full well, and so they keep their distance."

"Our lads are not ruffians; they may be a little wild, but there are some good fellows among them."

"I don't know a single one, then, and I won't marry a soul here. If ever I am married, it shall not be to a man who will beat me and make me work just as if I were a mule; and you know very well that is what all the men do here in the Abruzzi, so why do you go on complaining and fault-finding? I tell you what will be the end of it, if you go on scolding and worrying, you will drive me away, and I shall go to Rome and open some sort of little shop—"

"And leave your mother here in poverty and misery!"

"You are not poor, mother, for you can stay here as long as you live, and there is quite enough to keep you well, without your having to work hard. Besides, I don't want to leave you at all, as long as you don't want to force me into a marriage I hate!"

"Very well, I won't, then," said the old woman. "Stay as you are, since you will have your own way."

By this time the sun was almost setting, and a flood of red-gold light was pouring in through the open door; the mountains were all bathed in purple vapor, and the still warm evening air was fragrant with the scent of roses, geraniums, and lavender.

The mother and daughter had eaten

their supper in silence, and Lucia had just risen to take away the things, when a shadow fell across the threshold, and on Lucia's looking up, a bold voice said, "Good evening, signorina."

The speaker was a fine young man wearing a blue velvet jacket, high-crowned hat, and a large woollen scarf, which was knotted round his waist, and he was looking passionately at Lucia with his piercing, coal-black eyes.

"Do you want to see my mother?" asked Lucia, in anything but an encouraging manner.

"No; I want to see you, signorina," answered the young man, with much polite suavity, taking off his hat as he spoke.

"If you are come to say the same as before, Pietro Antonio, you may spare yourself the trouble," said Lucia, clearly and firmly.

"Then you won't let me come into your house, Lucia Ceprano?" asked the young man, with a sudden contraction of his thin-lipped mouth, and a look in his eyes not unlike that of an enraged tiger.

"The door is open, you can come in," said Lucia, calmly, "and you can talk to my mother if you like;" and with that she left the room by the back-door, and went out into the little garden which was fenced round with aloe bushes.

Meantime Pietro stepped into the cottage, and throwing his hat upon the table, sat down opposite the old woman, saying, "You don't seem to have made much progress, Mother Ceprano."

"You can see for yourself," said she, in a low voice.

"Then she will soon be off to Rome, and you will have to work like the rest," said the young man, without any apparent malice, "for everything here belongs to her. It was her father's property, I know, and settled on her."

"She will let me have it," said the old woman, dejectedly.

"But she won't go on doing all the work for you! She works for you both now; and then there's the interest of her money; of course she will want that for herself when she is in Rome," continued the young man, casting a sharp sidelong glance at the old woman as he spoke. "Yes, your comfortable, easy-

going life will be quite at an end, mother, unless—but perhaps she is going to take you with her?" inquired Pietro, in a tone of much sympathy.

"I'm sure I don't know; but she was saying only this very day again that go she would, and I believe she will."

"Ah!" returned the young man, his lips working with suppressed passion, "then you will just have to hire a couple of strong women to do your field work—that's all!"

"You know very well there's not land enough to keep three people," retorted the mother, angrily.

"Then keep the girl!" said Pietro, lightly.

"Keep her! keep her! it's easy talking; pray, can *you* keep her, Pietro Antonio?"

"Yes, I can, if you will help me," said the young man, softly.

He rose from his seat, and going to the back-door, peered out into the garden. But Lucia was not there. No doubt, thought he to himself, she had gone out somewhere to avoid the chance of encountering him again. At all events, she was safe out of the way; and closing the door again, he drew his chair nearer to the old woman, and said in a low tone, "Look here, mother, I can force her to stay here. She wouldn't be the first girl who found herself obliged to marry the man who wanted her! You know what I mean; and though it would be a real pity to spoil her hair, such beautiful hair as it is, too—still—"

"And what if she were to stab you, Pietro? You don't know what she is," and the old woman looked uneasily at the floor.

"It will be your business to take care that she can't do anything of the kind. Take her knife away when she is asleep, hide me in the garden and let me in when it is all safe. When she wakes up again the plait will be mine, and then we shall be all right."

"She will turn me out of the house when she knows, and I shall be worse off than ever," returned Mother Ceprano, anxiously.

"I shall be there to look after you, shan't I? and won't it all be for her own happiness? You know I am the richest fellow in the whole district, and

there isn't another girl who would refuse me. You know yourself she couldn't make a better match, and her refusing me is nothing but a whim; and if you give way to her, she will end by being an old maid herself, and making you into a common working woman—so there!"

"Yes, I know that; it's all true enough, and it would be a real blessing for us all—for you and me and herself—if she would have you; but I say you don't know her, Pietro, you don't know her, and I am certain some mischief will come of it."

"Bah! that's all talk—a woman indeed—that *would* be a new idea," said Pietro, with a contemptuous laugh. "I'll soon tame her! The prouder and wilder they are to begin with, the tamer and more gentle they are afterwards. When I carry her plait through the streets—and that's what I will do if she makes any more fuss—she will follow me like a lamb, see if she won't! There has never been a girl in these parts yet who has been disgraced in this way without being thankful to marry the only man who could give her back her good name."

"Ay," interposed the mother, in a frightened tone, "but then she is not like other girls. You are strong and clever, and thought a great deal of, and you are the chief man in the place for miles round; but where is the good of all that if she hates you, and perhaps does you some injury, and turns me out of doors?"

"She *doesn't* hate me, it's only her childish pride; I know all about that, and it does not trouble me a bit," returned Pietro, coolly. "You know I have promised to settle so much a year upon you if she marries me, and I will engage that you shall stay here and have the use of the cottage and the land rent-free, and be able to keep a servant. There! So now, please to make up your mind at once, mother. Will you or won't you? yes or no?"

"I can't—I daren't."

"Then be poor, as poor as the poorest in the place! Work is wholesome; those who work long, live long! Good-bye, Mother Ceprano," said the young man, scornfully, moving to the door as he spoke.

"Stay!" cried the old woman, hoarsely. "I'll do it."

"When?" asked Pietro, still standing in the doorway.

"I will send you a message when I think there is a good chance. I shall only say that I want you to come and speak to me, and then you can come about eleven o'clock that night."

"Well, then, it's settled, mind. Be careful, don't gossip, and, above all, keep your word."

"I shall keep my word," said old Mother Ceprano, gloomily, as she accompanied Pietro to the door; and as she went back into the now dark kitchen, she muttered, "She can't make a better match; he is rich, very rich, and he is looked up to, and he is handsome, and there are others worse than he. She will be all right, and what he says is quite true; it is only a whim."

## II.

EARLY the next morning, before her mother was astir, Lucia was up and busy in the yard; and after fetching the mule from his stable and loading him with a couple of large flat baskets full of onions, she mounted him herself, and trotted off towards Palene.

Lucia's dress was like that of the other peasant women, and consisted of a red silk kerchief tied closely over the head; another of yellow, which covered her shoulders, was crossed over her chest and tied behind; and a green woollen gown. Her beautiful black hair was smoothly braided in one long thick plait, which hung down her back. So far there was nothing remarkable about her costume; but she also wore what was peculiar to herself, a leather belt with a metal sheath and a large gardening knife stuck in it. She kept her hand almost constantly upon this weapon, a circumstance which gave her a rather savage Amazon-like appearance, strangely at variance with her calm madonna face, and smooth hair.

But as the mule jogged on through the fresh morning air, and Lucia watched the golden sunlight playing on the rocks above and the fields below, her thoughts were anything but savage, for she was saying to herself, "Who would think that human beings could be so wicked when one sees how beauti-

ful and peaceful, and happy everything is? They don't notice it, for they are like animals still; they live like wild beasts. It is different in towns; it is better even in Palene, but how very different it must be in Rome, or Florence, or Naples! There, so I have read, people are good and gentle, and forgiving. They don't love like wolves and hate like tigers. I know just one man myself, but then he is a foreigner, and they would be certain to kill him if I married him. Couldn't we escape to Rome?" pursued the maiden thoughtfully, bending her body down over the mule. "But no," she went on, "they would find him out even in Rome, and one fine day he would be found dead and I should have murdered him."

The mule, finding that his mistress was not paying any heed to him, now stood quite still and put down his head to crop a few mouthfuls of grass. But this roused Lucia from her dreams, and taking hold of the reins and uttering a loud "Aia!" she put him to a quicker pace, and in a few minutes more they had reached the end of their journey.

The little town of Palene consists of three narrow streets, a small market-place, a municipal building, and a tolerably large and handsome church. Facing the market-place are two houses rather superior to the rest, which are painted pink and blue, and have bright green blinds. One of the two, at the time of which we are writing, was a shop kept by a man named Lugeno, who called himself a "general-dealer, barber, coffee-house and tavern keeper." In front of the shop stood a table and four chairs, while baskets of fruit and vegetables stood about the entrance, and over the door hung half-a-dozen cages containing canary birds.

The owner of this miscellaneous business, Don Ernano Lugeno, was standing at his shop-door enjoying the fine spring air, and comfortably smoking a short meerschaum, as Lucia came up on her mule. Now people in Palene do not smoke meerschaums, so this circumstance alone was enough to suggest the idea of his being a foreigner, and the impression was only confirmed by a glance at the man's face and figure. With his broad shoulders, yellow hair, fresh complexion, golden beard, and

bright, deep-blue eyes, Don Lugeno was the perfect type of the northern giant, in spite of his Italian name. In truth his real name was Hermann Lütgens, and he was a native of Pomerania, but some accident had brought him to Italy when a boy, and there he had remained ever since. He was now about thirty, and for the last ten years he had been in business at Palene; but in spite of the numerous strings to his bow, already mentioned, he did not get on very well, and in fact, made but a very poor living. Yet he was very industrious, and in addition to selling green-grocery, singing-birds, coffee and wine, he repaired watches, mended tables and chairs, put in window panes and painted beautiful sign-boards; so that he was looked upon as quite indispensable in all times of need, and was highly popular with everybody for his cheerful, obliging temper, and not less for his moderate charges. Still Don Lugeno did not prosper, and the reason was that he had one darling passion; he was an ardent sportsman, and every now and then he would disappear for two or three days into the woods, quite forgetting his business and his customers; and when at length he came home looking dishevelled and half wild, he seldom brought with him more than a lean hare, a small marten, or a miserable quail. In spite of his small success, however, Don Lugeno could not break himself of his love of sport, and it was this which kept him a poor man.

Still, in spite of his poverty, all the women in the place, whether old or young, had a very kind feeling for Don Ernano, as he was called (all the people in the place being usually known by their Christian names), and, if he had been so inclined, he might several times have made such a match as would have raised him at once to a position of ease and comfort. But he was not inclined to give up his liberty, or so it seemed, and the men liked him all the better, for being, as they believed, a woman-hater.

Whether, however, he really was the inveterate woman-hater he was supposed to be might reasonably have been doubted by any one who had chanced to observe how instantly his face lighted up when Lucia and her mule turned the corner into the market-place. They

were coming to him, of course, for Lucia supplied his shop with vegetables, and had done so for years. He had known her and dealt with her ever since her childhood, and now that she was a woman, and a beautiful woman into the bargain, it had more than once crossed his mind that, if he could afford to marry, there was no one in the whole neighborhood whom he should like so well to call his wife as Lucia Ceprano. Well as he knew her, however, he was far too shy, and far too humble to hint at such an idea, for Lucia was an heiress—a great heiress for those parts, and he—how could he have the face to ask her to marry a poor man like himself, when she might have the choice of all the young men for miles round? Still, though he drove the thought away as often as it rose, it only returned again, and each time, somehow, it looked more fascinating than before. If only he were better off, if only he could get away from Palene to some more civilised place and ask Lucia to go with him, he felt as if he could do anything, even give up his sporting tastes, and settle down steadily. But it was of no use thinking of such a thing; for even if all the other difficulties were disposed of, what right had he to suppose that she cared a straw about him, except as a good customer for her garden produce? No, the idea must be put away; and to assist him in getting rid of it, Don Ernano went out for two or three days' shooting, and when he came back he was poorer, and his home looked more desolate than ever, and the first thought which entered his mind, as he crossed the threshold, was, "How different it would be if Lucia were here to see after things!"

Altogether, therefore, the poor Don's expeditions were not very successful, and on this particular morning he was feeling a little dejected in spite of his cheerful looks. But the mule stopped at the shop, and as Lucia sprang lightly down, he went forward with a smiling greeting to help her unfasten the heavy baskets.

"Are you quite well, Don Ernano?" asked Lucia, looking up at him with her deep brown eyes. Then, as the giant blushed and turned away to hide his confusion, she added, quickly, for

she pitied him for his shyness, "Here are the onions you wanted; beautiful large ones, aren't they? but can you use so many?"

Don Ernano had apparently not quite recovered his composure, for he pulled his ear for a moment or two without speaking, and then said slowly, "I could use them all, certainly, but—well—the fact is, signorina, I haven't much ready money just now."

"Ah! I know," said Lucia, calmly; "Don Ernano has been out shooting again."

"The signorina knows?" said Don Ernano, looking at the beautiful girl in amazement.

"Yes, I know, and I have been thinking why it is that you don't get rich," pursued Lucia, without a trace of coquetry in her manner. "You are clever and handy, you don't gamble and you don't drink; why, you might be the foremost man in the town, and yet you don't get a step farther. I have come to the conclusion that it is the shooting which is at the bottom of it."

Don Ernano gazed more and more earnestly at the girl as she spoke, and the sympathy which he read in her face went to his very heart. But he only pulled his ear again, and said rather sheepishly, "The signorina may be right, but it is the only pleasure I have in the world. What am I to do? It is so dreary at home, and sometimes I get bored almost to death."

"Ah! you ought to marry, Don Ernano," said Lucia, simply, still busying herself with the onions. "If you had a wife you would have a real home and some one to work for."

"Yes," returned the light-haired giant, "marry! it is easy to say, but who would have me, a penniless foreigner? I have thought about it now and then; but it is a hard matter for a man like me to get a good wife."

"I should not think that," said Lucia, reflectively, looking at him again as she spoke, for they were old acquaintances these two, and on intimate terms—"I should not think that. You see I have known you ever since I was a little girl, and I know you are good and clever. I dare say, the truth is you like your liberty."

"Maybe," returned Don Ernano;

and then with sudden gravity he added, "but maybe also the right one has not yet come my way."

"Ah! then you are fastidious; I understand. Now, Don Ernano, what sort of wife do you want, I wonder? I am quite curious to know."

"What sort?" repeated the Don, again pulling at his ear, and then adding, in a low tone, "Well, one like yourself, signorina."

"Me! you are joking!" returned Lucia, with an attempt at a laugh; "why, I am only a small farmer's daughter."

"My father was less than a small farmer. He was an iron-worker, and emigrated first to Austria and then to Italy; so you see you are above me, even if I were not as poor as a rat. And as you are so far above me, there is no harm in my saying that a wife like you is just what would suit me, eh?"

"Don Ernano, can you make any use of the onions?" interrupted Lucia, in a frightened tone, without venturing to raise her eyes from the ground.

"Certainly, signorina, if you don't mind leaving them and letting me settle with you at the end of the month."

"I'll trust you," replied Lucia, hurriedly emptying the baskets; and with a hasty "good-bye," she reseated herself on the mule and trotted off again to Palenella, leaving Don Ernano half afraid that he had managed to offend her.

### III.

As soon as Lucia was well out of the little town, she seemed suddenly to discover that she had plenty of time to spare, for she let the mule walk on as slowly as he pleased, while she herself gazed at the golden hedge of broom which bordered the road, as if she were intent on counting its million blossoms.

Travelling at this pace, it was noon before she reached the village; but instead of receiving her with reproaches for her long absence, as would usually have been the case, her mother spoke so pleasantly, that in spite of her absence of mind, Lucia could not help being struck by it.

She knew how obstinately bent her mother was on getting her married, and she began to feel suspicious and alarmed.

"Pietro was here a long time yesterday," she suddenly thought to herself; "there is something in the wind, no doubt." And when evening came, without saying a word to any one, Lucia dragged her bed from its place beside her mother's in the large kitchen, and put it in a little store-room, with a heavy iron door and a grated window.

"Is it possible she can have overheard what we were saying?" thought the old woman, as she watched her daughter's proceedings in silent dread. But no, that was out of the question, Lucia had spent nearly the whole time of Pietro's visit in the church, for she herself had met her there later. "It is only another of her whims," she went on, trying to comfort herself, "and it will be easy to spoil the lock of the door some night before she goes to bed. Pietro Antonio shall not be thwarted, if I can help it." And having thus made up her mind, she too went to bed; but she was still much perturbed about Lucia's odd behavior, and she began to fear that the girl would suddenly take herself off to Rome and so escape out of her clutches. The more she thought of it, the more eager she grew to bring about the marriage with Pietro without any further loss of time. "To-morrow she will be hard at work all day," mused the old woman; "she will be tired out and sleep soundly. I don't know that there is likely to be a better opportunity."

All through the night Lucia's mother lay wide awake, tossing to and fro and revolving her cruel plans in her mind. Early in the morning she sent the previously agreed message to Pietro Antonio, and when evening came she put a stone in the lock of the door, and thought she had made all safe.

Lucia went to her room that night tired out with her day's work, as her mother had expected; but she was not too tired to notice that there was something amiss with the door. She tried it over and over again, but it was all in vain, the lock would not act, and she gave it up in despair.

She guessed at once what it meant, and for a moment she stood still, trembling and almost gasping for breath; but in another moment she had recovered herself, and made up her mind what to do.

She put out the lamp and laid down on the bed just as she was, without undressing; but after lying there quite still for about an hour she rose again, slipped quietly out to the stable, fetched a great wood-cutter's axe, and hurried noiselessly back to her chamber.

Once more she lay down, keeping her eyes wide open, listening with all her might, and hardly daring to breathe.

Presently she heard the sound of whispering, then there was a light step in the yard, and in the house.

One bright ray of moonlight shone through the grated window and made a pattern of black and white bars on one patch of the stone floor, but otherwise the room was quite dark, and Lucia now got up and stationed herself in the darkest corner of the room. But all remained quite quiet for nearly another hour, every moment of which seemed a century to the poor girl.

At the end of this time, a faint light appeared through the crack of the door, which was gently pushed open, and then appeared her mother holding a lamp and followed by Pietro Antonio, who had a large pair of vine-shears in his hand.

As they entered, Lucia suddenly advanced from her corner with the axe uplifted. "Come here, you coward, if you dare," she cried to the young man, who stood there speechless, motionless, and as white as death from surprise and fright.

He looked at the pale-faced girl, looked at the uplifted axe and her strong arms, and slowly moved away without uttering a word, followed by the old woman, who was shaking all over to such a degree that she could hardly stand, while her teeth chattered loud enough to be heard.

They were gone! and all was still again; but Lucia spent the rest of the night sitting on the bed-side, with her beautiful head resting against the hard cold stone wall, without venturing to close her eyes. In the morning she neither spoke to her mother nor prepared the breakfast as was her custom, and kept her mouth more tightly closed than ever.

When she had washed and dressed, and plaited her hair more carefully than usual, she brought out the mule, saddled and bridled him; but to her mother's

immense astonishment, instead of proceeding to load him with vegetables, she just mounted and rode away in the direction of Palene.

The mule trotted along merrily and quickly, but as it was still very early, Lucia stopped him after a while and allowed him to graze, while she got down and lay on the grass, resting her weary head on her hand and gazing into the distance with her large brown eyes. Little by little her pale face brightened, and began to lose the hard look it had worn since the previous night. She even began to smile a little and looked almost happy. At last some pleasant thought seemed to strike her, for she actually laughed and blushed, and then getting up and calling her mule, she went on her way.

In little more than half an hour she was again standing before Don Ernano's shop in the market-place.

"Ah, signorina, you are early indeed to-day," he began; then glancing at the unloaded mule, he went on, "you want the onions back, no doubt? I was afraid Mother Ceprano——"

"I did not come about that," replied Lucia abruptly, with an odd shy smile. "I came to-day to ask your services as hair-dresser; you cut and dress hair, I know. Will you be so good as to cut off my hair?"

"What, signorina!" cried the horrified barber, "cut off your beautiful hair! No, you don't mean it, I couldn't have the heart!"

"Are you a barber, Don Ernano?" asked Lucia with the gravity and firmness peculiar to her.

"Yes, it is on the sign-board, and I cut anybody's hair when I am asked, but—but—do you want to sell your beautiful plait?" he asked, with quite a sad expression in his kind eyes.

"No, I don't want to sell it, but I want it cut off, and I have come to ask you to do it for me," answered Lucia firmly and decidedly.

"Must I really?" said Don Ernano, feeling a little cast down by the girl's energetic tone and manner.

"Yes—you must—if you will," was her rather odd answer, and therewith she hurried into the shop.

"If you knew how it grieved me!"

began the barber again. "Is it a vow, signorina?"

"Something of the sort, but it is more than that to me," was the short answer.

"Then you have quite made up your mind?" he ventured to ask once more.

"Will you do it or will you not, Don Ernano?" asked Lucia as if she were much offended and would leave the shop.

"Well—if it really must be done—please to sit down, signorina," said the barber, moving reluctantly to the cupboard in which he kept his implements.

Just at this moment two men came into the shop, and said with a sly glance at his fair customer, "You're engaged, Don Ernano?"

"At your service in a moment, gentlemen," he answered; then bending over Lucia and taking her great plait, which was almost as thick as her arm, in his hand, he said in a low tone, "You will have just a little bit left?"

"No, cut it off close," answered Lucia in a whisper.

Don Ernano gently put her head in the right position; and Lucia, looking calmly and cheerfully into the little glass before her, could see with what a dismal countenance the light-haired giant went about his task, which was no such easy one, and took some minutes to accomplish. It was done at last, however, and the barber held the severed plait in his hands, his face wearing a very troubled expression.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said Lucia, rising and bowing to the two men; "good morning, Don Ernano!" and before he had recovered from his astonishment, Lucia was out of the shop and trotting away on her mule, leaving him to look after her and shake his head in perplexity, while he still held the beautifully plaited tail of hair in his hands.

"A very pretty customer, signor!" said his visitors, who had not heard all that had passed.

"A lovely girl," answered Don Ernano thoughtfully, "but strange, very strange, I can't make her out."

"Have you bought the plait?" they asked.

The barber shook his head gravely.



"What then?" they asked with curiosity.

"I don't know," was the short answer, as the barber made hurried preparations for shaving his customers.

He was anything but nervous in a general way, but to-day his hand trembled so much that he would certainly have performed his duties very clumsily if he had not made a great effort to recover his self-command.

"What does it mean?" he muttered, when he found himself once more alone. "What am I to do with it? I wonder whether it is a vow; I know the women about here do make strange vows sometimes; but she is so clever and sensible and not at all superstitious."

Don Ernano thought over the affair for some time, but as he could not arrive at any conclusion, he locked the plait of hair up in his cupboard, and spent the next few hours in a rather uncomfortable state of mind, feeling that he was involved against his will in a matter which he did not understand.

#### IV.

LUCIA reached Palenella again about midday, and rode into the village holding in her hand the kerchief she usually wore on her head, a circumstance which of itself would have been enough to attract attention, since uncovered heads were rarely seen in the village. But, as the absence of the kerchief revealed the fact that her heavy plait had disappeared leaving only a short, stubbly stump to show where once it had been, it was not many minutes before the whole village was exclaiming, "Lucia's hair has been cut off!"

The news had spread like wild fire even before Lucia reached her own door, and was speedily confirmed, if confirmation were needed, by the fearful outburst of weeping and wailing with which Mother Ceprano received her disfigured daughter.

The old woman wrung her hands, tore her hair, uttered maledictions, screamed and howled so wildly that she was heard even in the farthest most houses, and the whole population speedily collected round the house.

Lucia had not yet dismounted, and there she now sat on the mule, looking perfectly calm and collected, while

the children danced round her mocking and jeering, and the men and women whispered and gazed in astonishment.

It must be confessed that the villagers' first feeling was one of hearty satisfaction in the proud Lucia's humiliation. But they quite expected to see some young man appear waving the plait in triumph, and when they found this did not happen, their gratification gave way to wrath and indignation against the unknown person who had done the deed. The pride of the whole community was hurt, and wild voices were heard shouting, "Whoever it was he shall not go unpunished! A girl of our village—he has insulted us all, every one—he shall make it good or pay for it with his life!"

The men doubled their fists and raised their arms, uttering savage threats and imprecations, as they pressed round Lucia who sat like a statue, watching the growing excitement and tumult with intense interest.

"Who was it? who did it?" they shouted to her from all sides. "Do you know him? Who has dared to insult you and all of us? You *must* say who it is!" were the cries uttered in various tones by a hundred angry men and women.

"He must marry you, he must, or he shall die! Who was it? who?"

"A man in Palene," answered Lucia in a clear voice.

"Palene? he shall die if he won't do his duty. But what is his name?"

"Don Ernano!"

"What, he? a foreigner! the light-haired man! the sportsman!" cried several voices.

"It's all the same," screamed others, "it's just the same. It would make no difference if he were a townsman—he shall die if he won't do you justice and restore you to honor; yes, he shall die by our hands," cried all, old and young, with angry, flashing eyes.

"He must give the village satisfaction at once," cried one who had taken the lead; "I will go to him now. Take your knives, my men, and say who'll go with me?"

"I! I!" cried at least twenty voices, and a number of men separated from the rest and started off at a rapid pace along the road to Palene.

Lucia now dismounted, led the mule into his stable and retreated to her dismal little room out of her mother's way. Here she sat down quite exhausted on the only chair it contained, and drew a deep breath.

"Now no one can kill him for marrying me, for they will make him," she said softly to herself, "and he won't refuse. He likes me, I'm sure of that now, and Pietro Antonio won't dare to touch him, for he would have the whole village against him."

It was about an hour after all this commotion that the first of the Palenella peasants entered Don Ernano's wine-shop and called for a tumbler of wine. In a few seconds more another came in, and then a third, and before the barber knew where he was, his room was filled with peasants, all of whom carried knives in their gay-colored sashes, and looked very menacing.

Don Lugeno, though peaceably disposed, was a brave man enough, but he could not help feeling somewhat aghast on the present occasion, for there was evidently something strange about his visitors.

"Don Ernano," began the spokesman, "you have cut off the plait of one of our girls—eh? is it so?"

"Yes!" returned the barber with some embarrassment, but without the slightest suspicion of what was meant, or what the question boded.

"Have you the plait?"

"Yes, I have."

"Then please to show it to us."

The barber went and fetched it from the cupboard and held it up, saying, "Here it is."

"You know the girl?" they inquired further.

"Yes, it is Lucia Ceprano; I have known her a long time."

"Good! Will you marry her?" inquired the leader suddenly stepping up to the barber.

"Marry—Lucia Ceprano?" exclaimed Don Ernano quite taken a-back.

"Will you?" and a dozen large knives flashed into the air, while in an instant the men had closed the entrance into the shop, surrounded the terrified owner and driven him into a corner.

"Yes or no?" said they in suppressed tones.

Lugeno looked from one to the other and tried to collect himself. He saw plainly enough that it was no laughing matter, for the men were looking at him with an expression of deadly hatred in their eyes, and they looked so sullen and determined that he felt he had never before been so immediately face to face with death. He could hardly breathe, but he struggled to say, "Only tell me——"

"Still, man," whispered the ring-leader; "no shirking, and no unnecessary words. Answer me; will you marry Lucia Ceprano of Palenella, whose plait you have cut off, or not? Say you will, now, this instant, without any humbug, or in two minutes you are a dead man, as sure as we all stand here!"

A gleam of joy and relief came into Don Ernano's eyes; he breathed more freely, and wiping his forehead, said with a smile, "Why, of course I will, my men, with all my heart, if she will have me."

"She must!" was the rejoinder, spoken in tones of as much determination as before. "Then you swear, here before us, to marry Lucia, as soon as possible, at all events within the month, and you will be married in our church, by our priest?"

"I swear it," said the barber with great alacrity.

"That's well; and you have acted wisely, master, let me tell you, for you would not have left your shop alive otherwise!"

Thereupon the men put up their knives, ordered some wine, each separately drank to the health of the still bewildered Don Ernano, bade him a polite farewell, and returned to the village. The evening was not far advanced when they reached Palenella, and going straight to Mother Ceprano's house, they found her still lamenting and vituperating the rascal who had done the evil deed, while Lucia was sitting contentedly at the table eating her supper with a good appetite.

"We have good news for you, Lucia," cried a dozen voices; "he'll marry you. He has solemnly sworn to marry you within the month. You may be quite easy about it, for he will do all that is right by you, and he will give us satisfaction. He is a clever man, much respected, and as good as anyone in the village."

"Thank you, my friends, I am quite satisfied. You have done me a good turn and I'll never forget it," said Lucia, looking positively radiant with happiness.

That night the village was a long time in settling down to its usual state of quietness; for the men felt they had achieved a grand victory and could do no less than celebrate it, little guessing, of course, that they had been outwitted by a girl, and that so far from being the victors they had actually been defeated, and had had their own weapons turned against them.

Meanwhile, in spite of her happiness, Lucia was feeling a little uneasy as to the way in which Don Lugeno might view her conduct, and very early in the morning she was in the shop again. So early was she, indeed, that he did not hear her enter, as he was busy with his coffee in the kitchen.

"Don Ernano," began Lucia in a humble, tremulous tone, "can you forgive me?"

The barber turned round like a flash of lightning.

"Lucia! Lucia!" he exclaimed joyously; "but, my dear girl, do for mercy's sake tell me what it all means. Is it true? Am I really to marry you?"

"Do you mind very much, signore? I thought—I fancied—" said poor Lucia, trembling, and panting for breath.

"Mind! Ah, signorina, it is not that; I am only too happy to think I am to have such a dear, good, beautiful wife," said Lugeno consolingly, and his manner was so hearty as to leave no room for doubt as to his sincerity. "My dearest girl, don't cry; this happiness has come upon me like a—like a thunder-bolt. You're the very wife I should have chosen above all others; but I don't understand what has happened, or how it has all come about. Why, I have been forced to accept happiness such as I dared not even dream of at the point of twenty knives! How is it, dear signorina? And why did you make me cut off your plait?"

Don Ernano spoke so kindly and pleasantly that Lucia had soon dried her tears, and now looking up at him with a beaming face, she said, "I will tell you all about it, Don Ernano. You see I was obliged to do as I did, or you could

not have married me without incurring the vengeance of that wicked Pietro who is very angry at my refusing him. Now you are under the protection of the whole village, and he will take good care not to come in your way."

Then Lucia went on to tell her lover all the ins and outs of the affair, and how, after Pietro's attempt two nights ago, she had made up her mind to get him to cut off her hair rather than let anyone else do so.

"And now will you forgive me?" she asked in a gentle, shame faced tone.

"Forgive? I'll thank you with all my heart, you dear, brave, clever girl. I declare you are wiser and cleverer than the wisest lawyer," and drawing the tall, handsome village maiden to him, he gave her a long kiss, which was cordially returned.

"What a pity about your beautiful hair! I wish it were grown again," said he, tenderly stroking his bride's close-cropped head.

"Well, you are a hair-dresser, so you must see what you can do," said Lucia; "but I have made a good exchange. Where is the girl who would not sacrifice the finest head of hair for a good husband, especially," she added shyly, "when the lover himself cut it off?"

While Lucia and Don Ernano were thus pleasantly engaged, there had been a great disturbance at Palenella. Pietro Antonio, having just heard all that had happened, had hurried to the village in a furious passion. First he poured out his wrath on the peasants for their stupidity, and then tried to set them against the barber, whom he had always hated, and now of course detested more than ever. He told the peasants that he was a crafty rascal, that he and the girl understood one another, and had acted in concert, and that he only wanted her money.

But he soon found that this would not do. The villagers had no mind to be robbed of their triumph, and were quite certain they understood the matter better than he did, and they used such forcible arguments to convince Pietro of the justice of their views, that he retired to his bed for a fortnight, and after that, not only gave Palenella a very wide berth, but soon left the district and went to Naples.

Mother Ceprano behaved in a most amiable and polite manner to her future son-in-law, who, by Lucia's advice, determined to let the little property at Palenella and allow his mother-in-law the rent of it for her life. Also he made up his mind to sell his business in Palene and have a nice barber's shop and small *café* in Rome, where he and Lucia would do their utmost to please their customers.

Three weeks later the marriage was celebrated with much firing of guns and rockets in the presence not only of the whole village, but of most of the inhabitants of the town of Palene, and there was every reason to hope that it would prove a happy one, in spite of the strange way in which bride and bridegroom had been brought together.—*Belgravia*.

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## THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

BY HENRY MAY.

THE simple definition of banking is money-dealing. A banker properly so called is but a tradesman engaged in buying and selling money, that symbol of wealth which in all civilised countries facilitates or renders possible the exchange of commodities, which are wealth itself. A banker produces nothing, nor does he, except in a most indirect manner, add anything to the wealth of the country. His business is the collection and distribution of that general representative of merchandise, money, much in the same way as an ordinary shopkeeper collects and distributes the special articles of his individual trade. Joint-stock banks, then, are but co-operative distributing associations formed for the purpose of fighting against some real or fancied oppression, and of competing, to the supposed advantage of the public, with private enterprise. They are formed for the purpose of competing with private bankers whose business they appear to be gradually absorbing, possibly by a sort of process of the survival of the fittest. In this way the origin, in 1694, of the Bank of England, the parent joint-stock bank of the kingdom, and the largest and most important money-dealing institution in the world, may be traced to the combination of the Government, merchants, traders, and the general public to oppose the exactions, usury, and financial tyranny of the goldsmiths and stock-jobbers of the period. A very limited acquaintance with pamphlets published at the time of the Great Revolution will show that the Bank of England was the natural outcome of

necessity, a necessity which guaranteed its success if honestly and prudently managed. Through its means the foundation of a safe paper currency was secured, the national credit maintained, and the system of usury and extortion prevalent throughout the country undermined—at the expense, it is true, of many so-called bankers, stock-jobbers, and goldsmiths, but to the great gain of the nation, its commerce, and the general public. Of the originator of the Bank of England—Mr. W. Paterson, who remained a director only for a year or two—we know really very little, except that he was equally the founder of the ill-fated Darien Expedition of 1698, that he was an able, honorable, and enthusiastic man, and that he died in Scotland, where, “pitied, respected, but neglected,” he lived for many years.

The original capital of the Bank was £1,200,000, which was subscribed in a few days. The whole of this amount was, as a condition of the charter, lent to the Government at eight per cent., the Bank being allowed an additional £4,000 a year for the management of the Government accounts. The necessary capital for carrying on the banking business appears to have been obtained from the public by the issue of bank bills, termed by some flippant writers of the period “Speed's notes,” from the name of the first chief cashier. These bills were evidently a sort of “deposit receipt,” bearing interest at the rate of twopence per cent. per diem, or at the rate of three per cent. per annum, and they appear to have given sore offence

to the goldsmiths. The Bank of England commenced business in the Mercers' Hall, Cheapside, where the first "General Court of Proprietors" was held. But after a few months, this situation being found inconvenient, an agreement was made with the Grocers' Company (which appears to have been in difficulties) for the use of their hall in Princes Street. The original working staff of the Bank consisted of fifty-four clerks, whose united salaries amounted to the modest sum of £4,340 a year, averaging a little more than £80 a year each. The chief cashier (Mr. T. Speed), the chief accountant, and the secretary received £250 a year each, and one clerk is scheduled in the pay-sheet as working "gratis." Addison, in No. 3 of the *Spectator*, gives us the following pleasant little glimpse of the Bank at work in 1710: "In one of my late rambles, or rather speculations, I looked into the great hall where the Bank is kept, and was not a little pleased to see the directors, secretaries, and clerks, with all the other members of that wealthy corporation, ranged in their several stations, according to the parts they act in that just and regular economy." From which it would seem that the Bank dignitaries of old had a firm belief in the virtues of the "master's eye," scorned bank parlors and private rooms, and were content to work with their servants *coram populo*—a good, homely, old-fashioned practice, no doubt, but one scarcely adapted to modern banking requirements. Bank of England directors in those days, however, had a good deal more to do with mere clerical duties than they have at present. They by no means shirked the most practical responsibilities of office, for we find that at that period, and for many years afterwards, even the warrants for the payments of dividends were signed by two of their body.

It was not until after the Bank had existed some forty years that the directors found the business so completely outgrow the accommodation afforded by the Grocers' Hall as to necessitate a separate building of its own. The foundation of the present building was laid in 1732 on the site of the residence of Sir John Houblon, the first governor of the Bank, and

business was commenced in the new premises in 1734. The edifice was greatly enlarged between the years 1770 and 1786, and was completed, pretty much as it now stands, in 1786, an Act having been procured in 1780 to enable the directors to purchase the adjoining church, land, and parsonage—in fact the whole parish—of St. Christopher le Stocks, to the rector of which non-existent parish the Bank pay £400 a year to this day. The drawing office now stands on the site of the old church, the garden being the churchyard. In 1800, when Princes Street was widened, the present wall-screen round the Bank was erected by Sir John Soane giving a uniform appearance to the exterior of the building. There is much in the architectural interior of the Bank which is well worthy of admiration; for instance the quadrangle called the bullion-yard, in Lothbury, the garden, rotunda, and court rooms, &c. The long prison-like stone-colored passages and offices devoted to public business, however, are singularly cold and cheerless, owing chiefly to some apparent, yet unaccountable, objection of the authorities to employ color as a decorative auxiliary; possibly from a fixed but mistaken idea that color is antagonistic to cleanliness and brightness to business.

Although the necessities of the State contributed to the establishment of the Bank of England, they were, at intervals of every few years, compelled, after making a feeble resistance, to purchase the continuance of their privileges on exceedingly onerous terms. The history of the seven renewals of the charter between 1694 and 1800, and of the accordance of permission to increase the capital of the Bank, is one continuous record of State exactions. The Bank, as a condition of State patronage, were on each successive occasion forced to increase their loans to the Government at low rates of interest or without any interest whatever, three millions sterling being lent for six years without interest in 1800. Interest on previous loans was reduced, exchequer bills were cancelled, and on one occasion a free gift of £110,000 was made to the State. As a consequence the Government debt to the Bank increased at a rapid rate, till it

amounted at last to upwards of four-teen and a half millions sterling, or rather more than the whole capital of the Corporation. In 1833 the Government paid off one-fourth of this debt in reduced annuities, and thereby reduced it to £11,015,100, at which amount it now stands. While Ministry after Ministry thus accurately tested the pliability of the "Governor and Company," and relentlessly preyed on their fears as to the continuance of their monopoly, it is pleasant to read of the intense feeling of loyalty which actuated the directors in all their dealings with the State. When, after the Rebellion of 1715, the Government proposed to reduce the interest on the National Debt from six to five per cent., the Bank testified to their desire to assist the measure by at once agreeing to accept the lower rate, and to provide money to pay off those creditors who declined to submit to the reduction. Again, when a further reduction in the interest on part of the National Debt was proposed in 1750, the Bank at once assented, and arranged to find a sum of money to pay off the dissentients. The passive attitude lately assumed by the Bank directors towards the conversion scheme of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer contrasts somewhat unfavorably with the loyal attachment of the Bank to the State in olden times. The transactions of the Bank of England with Government for a period of one hundred and twenty years ending with 1816 are but a series of loans and advances by the Bank in anticipation of the revenue, or of payments of treasury bills drawn by the Government agents abroad. These large advances and payments were entirely independent of the permanent loan made to the Government by the Bank, and were supposed to be but temporary assistance rendered to the State in times of sore need, to be repaid periodically as the revenue was collected. But repayment was not made. Again and again did the Governor and Company represent to the Ministers that they were unable to continue to increase the floating debt without endangering the safety of the Bank. Coaxed and bullied in turn (especially by Pitt), they allowed their loyalty to outrun their prudence, and yielded more or less gracefully time

after time, till at last in 1797 they were compelled to suspend cash payments, entirely through their exertions to aid the Government. Undoubtedly the exclusive privileges which the Bank in the infancy of banking enjoyed were in some sense a *quid pro quo* for their services to the State, and the fear of losing their charter may have been a strong incentive to loyalty. The subsequent gradual enfranchisement of banking by the various enactments between 1826 and 1858 and the enormous progress which banking has since made throughout the country, have, however, considerably lessened the value of these privileges, and from a mere proprietor's point of view it is quite possible that the Bank of England might profitably forego their charter altogether, now that they are in no fear of losing it, and, so far as pure banking is concerned, they no longer enjoy a monopoly. These considerations may have tempered the loyalty of the directors, and may account for the very independent fashion in which they nowadays approach the Government for the transaction of business upon which, in the olden time, they were accustomed to enter with fear and trembling.

The establishment of branches by the Bank of England in 1826 was a direct consequence of the great panic of 1825, caused, as the Government alleged, by reckless speculation encouraged and fostered by private banks, and by the over-issue of country bank notes. In a correspondence with the Bank, the Government expressed their determination to "improve the circulation of the country paper," and, after paying the Bank the complement of saying, "We believe that much of the prosperity of the country is to be attributed to the general wisdom, justice, and fairness of the dealings of the Bank," suggested that the Bank of England should establish branches of their own in different parts of the country, and should, moreover, yield part of their exclusive privilege of joint-stock banking by permitting the formation of banks with more than six partners, except in or within sixty-five miles of the metropolis. After a vain attempt to obtain some compensation for the concession of their monopoly for joint-stock banking the

Bank yielded on both points, and an Act was passed authorising the establishment of Bank of England branches and the formation of country joint-stock banks. The circulation of one and two pound notes was also prohibited by this Act.

The Bank charter was again renewed in 1833, when Bank of England notes were first made a legal tender, and the usury laws repealed so far as they affected three months' bills. The most important clause in this charter, however, was that which legalised the establishment of joint-stock banks in and within sixty-five miles of London. This led to the establishment of the London and Westminster Bank in 1834, the first of those numerous metropolitan joint-stock banks which now so extensively and beneficially administer to the commercial wants of the country. Up to about this time it had been universally considered that the Bank of England enjoyed the exclusive privilege of joint-stock banking within the above radius, but now the astonishing discovery was made that this was not so, and in fact never had been so; and this discovery was confirmed by the law officers of the Crown. The directors protested, but resistance was useless. The Bank lost its supposed privilege, though it is very questionable whether the Government behaved quite straightforwardly in the matter. This Act, together with one or two subsequent banking Acts, thus completely enfranchised banking, and abolished a monopoly which was, after all, obstructive both to financial and commercial progress. The abolishment of any monopoly is invariably but a question of education and time, and, in accordance with the doctrine of experience, it does not appear that the Bank have really lost anything by the competition engendered by the enfranchisement of joint-stock banking, while commerce and the community have undoubtedly gained enormously.

We come now to Sir Robert Peel's famous Bank Charter Act of 1844, entitled "An Act to regulate the issue of Bank Notes, and for giving to the Governor and Company of the Bank of England certain privileges for a limited period." It confirms the curtailed privileges of the Bank for eleven years, subject afterwards to redemption on twelve

months' notice being given and the repayment of the debt due by the Government to the Bank. A clause in the subsequent National Debt Act of 1870, however, provides that the Bank of England shall continue to be a corporation until all the public Funds shall be redeemed by Parliament, thus practically granting it a lease in perpetuity. The Act of 1844—to some of the special provisions of which I shall presently refer—practically regulates the whole banking system of the country, and at the present time governs the Bank of England in the conduct of their business. In accordance with its provisions, the issue of Bank of England notes was first kept distinct from the banking business proper by the creation of the "Issue Department" and the "Banking Department," with which probably most of my readers are perfectly familiar, at least by name. Besides these Issue and Banking Departments, there is in the Bank a third most important department, devoted to what is generally, though somewhat inaccurately, termed "the management of the National Debt." In their capacity of bankers to the State the governor and company of the Bank of England have always acted as the financial agents of the Government for distributing, and paying the dividends on, the funded debt, as well as for the performance of other book-keeping duties in connection therewith. Of late years the Bank have undertaken similar duties for the Indian and several Colonial Governments, for the Metropolitan Board of Works, and for various corporations and municipalities. The considerable portion of the Bank premises devoted to this agency business is now generally spoken of by financial and banking writers as "The Department for the Management of the National Debt"—an imposing title doubtless, which says a good deal more than it means, and one, for aught I know, adopted nowadays by the Bank themselves; but, possibly influenced by the recollections of days long gone by, I confess my partiality for the old familiar title of "Stock Offices."

In the conduct of their business, then, the Bank of England perform three distinct and important functions—that of financial agents, that of issuers of notes

under the control of the State, and that of Government and general bankers. The duties involved in these functions are discharged, severally, towards the State and the various governments and corporations for whom they are agents; towards the general public, from or to whom they buy or sell notes and gold; and towards the Government and customers for whom they act as ordinary bankers. I will consider briefly the system by which these three functions are discharged. The offices comprised in the department for the management of the National Debt are the various stock offices in which are kept the stock ledgers and the transfer books, the Dividend Office, the Cheque Office, the Unclaimed Dividend Office, the Power of Attorney Office, and the Will or Register Office. The nature of the business transacted in these different offices is sufficiently indicated by their names, with the exception of the Cheque Office, which, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, is probably so called because it has nothing whatever to do with "cheques," but is devoted, for the most part, to the purpose of checking the amounts and totals of the dividend warrants paid by the "Dividend Pay Office," an office which belongs to the Banking Department. Some idea of the amount of work done in the various Stock Offices may be gathered from the circumstance that they employ the services of some 450 clerks. Nearly 2,000 books are in constant use in some ten or twelve rooms. The dividend warrants on the funded debt alone number about half a million a year, and are, when paid, sent to Somerset House for verification, together with a duplicate copy of the dividend book. As a remuneration for its services in connection with the National Debt, the Bank is paid a commission of £300 per million on the first six hundred millions of the amount and £150 per million on the remainder. Since the funded debt is now altogether about £628,500,000, the Bank receives on this account about £184,000 per annum, a remuneration which cannot be considered excessive.

The extreme accuracy and dispatch with which the clerical labor involved in the business of the Stock Offices is performed, is almost marvellous, and reflects the highest credit on the adminis-

trative machinery of the Bank. Every possible expedient is resorted to for the purpose of facilitating the work and guarding against error, even to the free employment of the Bank's printing-office and the use of the stereotype process in the preparation of the dividend books in duplicate. It is worth mentioning that all the old stock ledgers, transfer books, vouchers, and documents connected with the various stocks which have been created since the establishment of the Bank are carefully preserved and systematically arranged for ready reference in the Stock Office Library under the charge of a librarian, whose duties, however, though involving great responsibility, are more monotonous than onerous.

The "Issue Department" of the Bank of England is the outcome of the determination expressed by the Government in 1844 "to regulate the issue of bank notes." The experience of former years, more particularly that of 1825, had fully demonstrated how undesirable, and even dangerous, it was to leave the circulation of bank notes to the uncontrolled discretion of country bankers, and though there can be no reason to doubt that the Bank of England had hitherto used the power which they possessed of expanding or contracting their circulation at will with great judgment, and substantially to the benefit of the mercantile community, it was thought desirable that the control of the whole circulation in the country should be practically vested in the State, and be governed by some sound financial principle. The theoretical basis of the Act of 1844 is the principle that bank notes should not be mere symbols of credit—simple I O U's, as it were, which are a confession of a want of cash—but of actual "ear-marked" gold; of ready money, which alone regulates, or should regulate, the extent of the commerce of the country. The soundness of this principle is doubted by many financial authorities on the ground that it checks the proper expansion of trade and in times of crisis has failed in practice. I cannot, however, here discuss the large subject of currency, but must accept the law as I find it, merely stating that in my opinion it affords the only safe basis upon which any sound currency can be regulated. To carry out this law effectually, then, it was obviously neces-



sary that the Government should create or select some establishment from which bank notes might be issued, and in which the gold that these notes represented should be set apart or stored. As the State Bank, the Bank of England was naturally entrusted with these functions. Hence the creation of the "Issue Department." But in order to afford some elasticity to the circulation, and to deal gently with the "vested interests" of the Bank of England and country bankers alike, the Act provides that no banks of issue shall be permitted other than those in existence in May, 1844, and that an average of the note circulation of these banks shall be taken, which shall in future be the maximum circulation allowed to them. This maximum was subsequently fixed at about eight and three-quarter millions. Provisions are also made by which, on certain terms, issuing banks may cede their privilege of issue to the Bank or forfeit them altogether in case of bankruptcy or certain changes in the constitution of their partnerships. The total amount of these "lapsed issues" since 1844 is about two and three-quarter millions, leaving the present authorized maximum circulation of the country banks at about six millions. No stipulation is made that any proportion of this circulation shall be based upon gold. This matter is left entirely to the judgment of the bankers themselves, whose discretion, however, there seems no reason to question, since from the weekly returns supplied to the Government in conformity with the Act, it appears that not more than one-half the notes of the maximum issue are in actual circulation. With regard to the Bank of England, permission is accorded to the Issue Department to issue notes to the amount of fourteen millions upon securities—including the £11,015,100 due by the Government to the Bank—to be set apart for the purpose of guarantee. The Bank is furthermore permitted to increase the amount of notes issued on securities to the extent of two-thirds of the lapsed issues of country banks. The extra issue thus acquired is now £1,750,000, which brings up the total amount of issue on securities to £15,750,000, inclusive of the Government debt. Any further issue of notes must be represented by an equal amount of bullion or gold

coin transferred to the separate vaults of the Issue Department, but one-fourth of the amount so transferred may consist of silver bullion.

The Bank are required to furnish the Government with a weekly report of the accounts of the Issue and Banking departments. This report, which is popularly called "The Bank Return," is published each Thursday afternoon, and is copied in the morning newspapers of Friday, together with the comments and deductions, more or less speculative and intelligent, of the different City editors. The Bank Return, so far as it regards the Issue department, is simplicity itself. Let the reader put one of them before him. On the one side he will find the total amount of notes issued, and on the other the bases of the issue, divided into the "Government debt," the "other securities" (which together make up the total of £15,750,000, above mentioned), "gold coin and bullion," and "silver bullion," if there be any, which is very seldom the case. The simple term "bullion" signifies gold bullion, or gold in bars, which the Bank are compelled to receive from any person tendering it, in exchange for notes, at the rate of £3 17s. 9d. per ounce of 22 parts out of 24 of pure gold.

It is evident that the amount of bank notes issued varies in exact proportion to the amount of gold in the Issue Department, the issue against the Government debt and other securities being invariable. Roughly speaking, the contraction or expansion of the circulation indicates a corresponding curtailment or increase in commercial facilities or requirements. Hence the Issue Department return becomes an important guide to the operations of bankers, brokers, and financial firms, by whom it is carefully watched, since the increase or diminution of the stock of gold may be said respectively to be a signal of safety or danger. The receipts or withdrawals of gold in any large quantity by or from the Bank are of two kinds, inland and foreign. The former for the most part occur at certain regular periods of the year, such as the harvest season, Scotch "term-time," &c. They exercise but a very modified and temporary influence on the money market, for the laws by which they are governed are very fairly

understood and recognised, and the amount of gold *actually in the kingdom* remains unaltered. It is far different, however, with the demand or supply of gold from foreign countries, the importance of which to the financial world is so great that the amount of gold received or delivered by the Bank on foreign account is by them made known day by day, and is duly chronicled in the City articles of the morning papers. The exports and imports of gold (which practically, regulate the note issue) are governed by the state of the foreign exchanges, which are probably a mystery to many of my readers, but which up to a certain point may be readily understood. Approaching the subject as tenderly and in as elementary a manner as possible, I will at once simplify matters by saying that, with a few exceptions (such as regard India, Russia, China, &c.), the foreign rates of exchange represent the amount of money in its own currency (be it paper or gold) that the specified financial centre of each country is willing to give for a pound sterling on London. They vary almost daily, and are indications either of indebtedness or of the abundance or scarcity of money, and are described as favorable or unfavorable to this country according to whether they are high or low. A rate of exchange is an indication of indebtedness, according to the position of the balance of trade or indebtedness between the country fixing it and England. When in any given country this indebtedness is in favor of England, it is obvious that in that country bills on London for the purpose of remittance will be in demand, and will fetch more money; consequently the rate at which they will be purchased rises. When the balance of trade is against England, it is equally evident that bills on London are not so much wanted, and the price of them—that is the rate of exchange—consequently falls.

But I have said that a rate of exchange may be an indication of abundance or scarcity of money in the country quoting it; and it is often so in this manner. Let us suppose that there is no balance of trade to settle between a given country and England, but that the rate, of discount, or value of money, in the former is, say, three per cent., while

in England it is, say, four per cent. It follows that *primâ facie* it is more profitable to send surplus money to England for employment than to keep it at home. In the absence of trade bills a demand for drafts transferring money to London sets in, and the rate of exchange rises. Let us now reverse this condition of things. Suppose money to be dearer in a given country than in England; it is evident in that case that capitalists here would find it more profitable to employ their money in that country than at home, and that the foreign rate of exchange would consequently fall. I have spoken hitherto of remittances by bills or drafts only, but it is obvious that a scarcity of these vehicles for the transfer of money may so drive up the rate of exchange that it becomes more profitable to send gold. When this point is reached the foreign rate of exchange is said to stand at "gold point." If I have made myself clearly understood, the reader will now see how the rate of discount by attracting or repelling money affects the movement of gold in the Bank of England, and why, when the Bank desire to either simply protect their stock of gold or their "reserve," and so prevent any contraction of the note issue, or to attract gold from abroad, and so expand the circulation, or increase the "reserve," they raise the official rate of discount step by step until the desired end is accomplished; or why, when the stock of gold is large and the note issue may with safety be contracted, they facilitate the trade of the country by lowering their minimum rate, at the risk of gold being required for export. He will, too, gain some slight idea of how the world's stock of gold is moved about from country to country at the call of commerce, and how true it is that the trade of any country is, or ought to be, regulated solely by its supply of gold, or ready money.

The offices comprised in the Issue Department of the Bank are the Hall, the Bullion Office, and the Gold-weighing Room. In the Hall, notes and gold are exchanged by the public one for the other, and notes are exchanged for other notes of a higher or lower denomination. In the Bullion Office bar-gold is bought at the rate of £3 17s. 9d. per ounce, or exchanged for sovereigns at

the rate of £3 17s. 10½d. per ounce, at which rate bullion is also sold. Nearly all the imports of gold and silver to this country are taken to the Bank of England for delivery to the consignees. The duties connected with these consignments are undertaken by the Bullion Office, where small charges are made for weighing, packing, and collecting freight, &c. In the Gold-weighing Room gold coin is weighed automatically, at the rate of about 2,000 pieces an hour each, by about a dozen beautiful little machines worked by an atmospheric engine. Bank notes are not re-issued after having been once paid, and in the Bank Note Office registers are kept in which are recorded the dates of issue and return to the Bank of each respective note. The particulars of the payment of any note can be ascertained by a reference to the Bank Note Library, where the paid and cancelled notes are kept for seven years, after which they are burnt on the Bank premises. For the privilege of issuing the £15,750,000 against securities, and for exemption from stamp duty, the Bank pay an annual sum of about £200,000, together with any profit which they may derive from the notes issued against gold to the Government. The paper on which bank notes are printed is manufactured expressly for the Bank of England at Laverstock in Hampshire, but the dies from which the water-mark is made, as well as the plates from which the notes are printed, are made at the Bank. The notes are all printed at the Bank's own printing-office under the care of the printing superintendent, the quantity of notes required from time to time being regulated by the chief cashier, who is responsible for their safe custody as soon as, by a second process of printing, the numbers and dates have been filled in for the purpose of issue. The average number of bank notes paid and cancelled each day is more than 40,000, and no less than 80,000,000 cancelled notes may be found as a rule, stored and sorted for reference, in the Bank Note Library. The Bank of England also undertakes the printing of "rupee paper" for the Indian Government.

The "Banking Department" of the Bank of England is the separation of the ordinary banking business from the

business of financial agency and issuing notes. In a speech on the renewal of the Bank charter in 1844 Sir Robert Peel said, "With respect to the banking business of the Bank, I propose that it should be governed on precisely the same principles as would regulate any other body dealing with Bank of England notes." The Bank Act of 1844, then, does not touch the management of the Banking Department in any way beyond requiring that a weekly statement of its assets and liabilities shall be published. This statement—which forms part of the "Bank Return"—may be thus analysed. On the left hand side are the liabilities, divided into the liability towards the proprietors of the Bank as shown by the amounts of "Proprietors' Capital" and "Rest" (which latter is practically an addition to the capital); the liability to the Government, as shown by the amount of "Public Deposits," which are the balances of different Government accounts; the liability to the customers as shown by the amount of the "Other Deposits," which are the sum of the balances of the current or "drawing" accounts; and the liability to the holders of the Bank's acceptances as shown by the amount of "Seven-day and other Bills" in circulation. On the other side of the statement are the assets by which these liabilities are represented, divided into "Government Securities," which show the amount of the banking capital invested in Government securities; the "Other Securities," which show the amount of other investments made by the Bank; and, separately, the "notes" and "gold and silver coin," which show the amount of cash in hand for the current purposes of the Banking Department. This sum of notes and gold and silver coin forms, so to speak, the cash assets of the Bank, and the proportion which it bears to the current liabilities disclosed by the public and other deposits and seven-day bills is called the proportion of reserve to liabilities, and is always a matter of great interest, and often of great anxiety, to the City on Thursdays.

The question of the proportion which these cash assets should bear to liabilities is one of extreme importance to a prudent banker. It is generally considered that it should be about one-third,

but a proportion of reserve to liabilities of only 33 per cent. in the Bank Return would create considerable anxiety, while in an ordinary joint-stock bank's accounts it would, I fancy, be abnormally great, far greater than that disclosed by the half-yearly accounts submitted to the shareholders, which may naturally be supposed to represent the financial position in the most favorable light. The publication of the weekly Bank Return is so useful and important to commerce, banking, and finance that it is to be regretted that the law which calls for it is not extended to all joint-stock if not to private banks. We might then hope to see an end put to that faulty system of banking which in good times, in order to pay extraordinary dividends, encourages overtrading by giving every possible facility to speculation, and, when a reaction comes, suddenly cuts off all "accommodation," calls in all resources, and drives its customers to the Bank of England, in the hope of obtaining that ready money which it is no longer willing itself to supply. The Bank of England, through their Banking Department, undertake duties merely towards their own customers and the Government. Their banking business is conducted for the most part (in theory, at all events) on the same lines as any other banking institution. It is unreasonable, therefore, to suppose that it is any part of their duty, in times of panic or crisis, to find ready money for a public shunted over to them by its own bankers, who from an inordinate desire to pay large dividends have placed themselves in a position of inability or unwillingness to find it themselves. And yet some such theory as this is advanced by many well-known writers on banking and finance. Bankers, probably knowing the weak points in their system, become sadly selfish, and are quick to take fright at the first signs of a panic, which they often do much to increase. The suspension of the Bank Act is to them the only true solution of the difficulties caused by over-trading, over-speculation, and inflation of general business. At their earnest entreaty—not at the solicitation of the Bank of England—has the Act been thrice suspended: not, as subsequent events proved, because any suspension of the Act was really

necessary, but because bankers hesitated to do their duty to their customers, except under the shelter of its protecting wing. Nothing can be more erroneous, or, indeed, more mischievous, than the doctrine that it is the duty of the Bank of England to keep the "reserve" of the whole country, simply on the ground that, for Clearing House purposes, it suits the convenience of bankers to entrust them with large balances, and because they act as agents for the Government in automatically regulating the note issue of the kingdom.

The business of the Banking Department—which, except as regards the magnitude of its transactions, and the current accounts of other bankers and of the Government, differs but little from that of any other London banks—is carried on chiefly in the Private Drawing Office, the Public Drawing Office, the Discount Office, and the Bill and Post Bill Offices. Besides these offices there are the Dividend Pay Office, devoted to the cash payment of dividends, and the Chief Cashier's Office, where advances on securities and the various public loans are initiated, and to which is attached the private room of the chief cashier, which for the most part corresponds with the manager's room in any ordinary bank. In the Private Drawing Office are kept the private accounts of the general customers of the Bank, a separate counter being reserved for the exclusive convenience of bankers. It is a popular error to suppose that the conditions of keeping an account with the Bank of England differ in any essential particular from those of most of the other banks. A satisfactory introduction will enable any one to open an account, and no restriction is placed upon the amount of balance to be kept, except that if it does not prove remunerative to the Bank a charge is made in proportion to the amount of trouble and expense involved. Roughly speaking, a remunerative balance in ordinary cases is considered to be an average balance throughout the year of one pound for each cheque drawn. Thus if a customer draws two hundred cheques in a year and keeps an average balance of £200 his account is probably considered remunerative. Cheques may be drawn on the Bank of any amount however small,

though there was, I believe, many years ago, a sort of understanding that customers should not draw cheques for an amount under five pounds. The Public Drawing Office, as its name implies, is devoted to the custody of the drawing accounts of the Government and various public companies and institutions. The Discount Office is charged with the reception of all bills offered for discount by parties who have opened discount accounts with the Bank. These bills are submitted to a committee of directors (sitting daily for the purpose) who decide upon the amount of accommodation to be granted and the rate of discount to be charged. The net proceeds of the bills discounted are then passed to the credit of the customer's account, while the bills themselves are entrusted to the care of the Bill Office, which occupies itself with the duty of sorting and arranging them (together with bills belonging to customers) so that they may be duly presented for payment at maturity. In the Post Bill Office the Bank issue to the public their acceptances at seven or sixty days' sight, technically called "Bank post bills," for any required amount, in even or uneven sums. The amount of business transacted in this office has considerably diminished of late years, owing to similar facilities being granted by bankers generally throughout the country. The Bank of England have nine country branches, which keep separate accounts for the Issue and Banking departments, and the particulars of each day's transactions, together with the balance sheets, are posted nightly to the Branch Banks Office in London, through which office all the correspondence and business transactions connected with the branches are carried on. There is also one branch in London at the West-End.

The economy of the Bank of England is controlled by the Governor, the Deputy-Governor, and twenty-four Directors. The clerical machinery is divided into the "Cash side" and the "Accountant's side." The former, under the practical charge of the chief cashier, comprises the transaction of all business where actual cash is concerned, together with the necessary book-keeping which it involves; the latter, under the charge of the chief accountant, takes

cognizance of all matters of pure book-keeping where no actual cash is concerned, such as those which relate to the National Debt accounts, the registration of Bank notes, and so on. In olden times these divisions were kept much more distinct than they are at present. There was formerly a certain antagonism between the two "chiefs" which, however, has long since disappeared, and they now live together in a state of remarkable harmony, without even fighting over the question of precedence which the chief accountant is supposed to claim—mainly, I fancy, on alphabetical grounds, because A comes before C. The supervision of each office on both "sides" of the Bank, is entrusted to a principal and deputy-principal, who are accountable in the first place to the chief cashier or chief accountant, as the case may be, and afterwards to a committee of directors. The secretary is a separate officer of the Bank. He stands midway, as it were, between the two "sides," having certain relations with each. He nurses the charter, and sees that its forms and ceremonies are complied with; he records the proceedings of the courts, summons and attends all committees, and "picks up their bits." He waits upon the governors, and does odd literary jobs, stops notes, puts the candidates for clerkship through their preliminary examination, collects income-tax, and grants orders to view the Bank, &c. His duties, in short, are as multifarious as those of the General Post Office, and it is satisfactory to think that they are as equally well performed by the present incumbent and his staff.

The total number of employes all told in the Bank is about 1,100, and the salary list, including pensions, is about £300,000 per annum. There is an excellent library and reading-room in the Bank, to which the directors have liberally contributed both money and books. There are also a Widows' Fund and Guarantee Society, a Life Insurance Company, a Volunteer Company, and a Club, or dining room, where clerks can dine cheaply and well, connected with the Bank, which owe very much of their prosperity to the liberality and kind consideration of the directors. The governors and directors of the Bank divide between them £14,000 per an-

num. Of this the governors receive £1,000 each and the directors £500 each. Beyond the status which their position gives them, they derive no benefit from their office, while they tax themselves most liberally by their contributions towards the welfare of their clerks. The governor and deputy-governor remain in office for two years only, and this short tenure of office is, with considerable reason, thought to be detrimental to the efficient and consistent administration of the functions of government. The great blot of the system seems to be the want of continuity of policy which is engendered. A governor, let us say, is an enlightened financier; for two years his policy is paramount; but his successor then comes, and perhaps reverses everything, and the onus of the change, so far as the Bank customers are concerned, is left to be borne by the permanent officers of the Bank, who have perhaps never been consulted in the matter, or whose opinions, based on the experience of many years, may be ruthlessly ignored. The two years' system undoubtedly has its advantages in the constant introduction of new blood, it also strengthens the governors from above and below the chair. The directors below the chair give the governor a loyal and hearty support, because they feel that one day their own turn may come, while those above the chair, having passed through the ordeal, know the value of their colleagues' support. But the result of this

is nevertheless the institution of a sort of one-man power, which is well enough when there is a Hubbard, Hodgson, or Crawford in the chair, or if there is a Baring, Hambro, Rothschild, or Goschen to follow, but which may have its disadvantages.

I have thus traced the rise, sketched the progress, and dwelt briefly on the present position of the Bank of England. In spite of the gradual abolition of their monopoly, in spite of the curtailment of their exclusive privileges, and in spite of all consequent competition, the "governor and company" have never failed to lead the van of the banking progress of the kingdom, and to maintain their proud position as the first banking institution in the world. Bill-brokers may occasionally grumble at the late revival of an old rule restricting the periods of advances to six weeks before dividend time, and customers may occasionally smile or fume at the traces of red-tapeism which still linger in the establishment; but no one can look back, as I do, over a period of forty years, without fully appreciating the value of the important and beneficial changes and improvements which have lately been effected in every department of the Bank for the purpose of facilitating the transaction of business and studying the convenience of the public, or without feeling an increased veneration and respect for "the old lady in Threadneedle Street."—*Fortnightly Review*.

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#### EXPLORATION IN A NEW DIRECTION.

ONE great temptation to the exploration of the world is rapidly passing away. There is little to be found that will gratify the love of the marvellous. Of an absolutely new land there is now no lingering hope. We know enough of the ocean to be sure that there exists no undiscovered continent, no unsuspected peninsula—unless it be in the Antarctic circle—and no island large enough to be either of value or of interest. It is not, it is true, many years since Saghalien, which was supposed to be a peninsula, was discovered to be an island; a new island near Spitzbergen was found the

other day; and there may be an unnamed islet or two in the North Pacific still awaiting visitors; or a rock in the Indian Ocean, as forgotten by all mankind as that strange British dependency, the Chagos group—a series of hill-tops just peering above the water—is by nearly all Englishmen; but such discoveries can only be classed as rectifications of detail in geography. They neither arouse imagination nor stimulate enterprise, as the old discoveries did; nor can there be many more of them. The coasts of the world and its oceans have been surveyed by the persistent energy of

half-a-dozen Governments, who have gone on with their work unnoticed for more than a century ; and the water-system of the little planet has been thoroughly explored. The survey of the land is less complete ; but it is advancing, as the Scotchman said of Sunday, "with fearful regularity." What with England, Germany, France, Portugal, the African Association, Mr. Thomson, Mr. Johnston, and the merchants hunting for bargains, we shall soon be in possession of a perfect map of Africa ; and are already tolerably certain that no unknown race exists, and that there is no considerable space in which we are likely to find either new animals, or a new flora of any but scientific importance. The kind of delight which woke among men when the first giraffe was caught, or the first kangaroo was exactly sketched, is not, we fear, a delight reserved for this generation. There is just a faint hope of such a "find" when we get fairly inside New Guinea ; but it is only faint. There may be a buried city somewhere in the back of Peru, as interesting as the ruined city in Cambodia, and Yucatan might repay much more patient searching than it has received ; while there are spaces in Thibet unknown to white men, and a province or two outside Afghanistan which even Russians have not visited. Indeed, if rumor does not lie, they discovered a village a few weeks ago which no official had seen for eighty years, and where the people were entirely self-governing ; but the story looks a little mythical, and the people thus discovered were still only Russians. Brazil has not been thoroughly searched, but knowledge of its contents accumulates at Rio, and its less-visited provinces are known to be almost blank ; and now Mr. im Thurn, with his patient courage, jumping upwards from rock to rock and tree to tree, has revealed the mystery of Roraima, the secret mountain-top in Guiana which a correspondent of our own first set the world agog to discover. It is a plateau, twelve miles by four, entirely bare of trees, with no animals upon its surface, which is full of small lakes, and with nothing to repay the explorer except the consciousness of victory, a magnificent prospect, and a few orchids which fashionable gardeners will hardly prize. There is no clan living up

there isolated from mankind for a few thousand years ; and the wonderful animals of which the Indians talked, and which should, if the fear of man is not instinctive, but only a result of centuries of distrust, have trotted up to Mr. im Thurn saying, "Come, sketch me," existed only in the wild imaginations of men who honestly believe that all dreams are real, and who cannot completely dissociate their own thoughts from the subjects of their thoughts—the possible explanation of many a rare old legend. So disappears one more though remote hope of scientific excitement. There are not many Roraimas in the world ; and when some bold gold-seeker has traversed Eastern Peru, and some adventurous Frenchman, with muskets for sale, has forced his way up among the Shans behind Laos, and the African land-grabbers have met, as they will meet, and the first Australian has killed the first German in the centre of New Guinea, there will be little left for the explorer, who now shakes his head over the wonderful dream we heard a missionary recount thirty-five years ago,—that in the depths of Australia we might yet discover a buried town, and evidences of a civilisation which had rotted-down till its survivor was only an aborigine who had forgotten fire. How that discovery would delight the Duke of Argyll, giving him the victory in his life-long defence of the possibility of utter degeneracy ! But we fear that the pleasure—which, as hard-headed thinker, he well deserves—is not reserved for him.

We fancy exploration, to become again thoroughly interesting, must be directed towards things, rather than places ; the whole world being searched for things of value, and especially new dyes, new fibres, and new foods. We have always thought that there was nearly as much to interest men in Mr. Fortune's hunt of years for the green indigo—which undoubtedly exists, though he failed to find it—as in any exploration of a new island. The delight of the American who has just discovered a cotton-plant six times as fruitful as the old variety, must be very keen, and not altogether fainted by the reflection—though that is unavoidable—that in such a plant there must be dollars. Just imagine what that

man would do for mankind who found a new and vigorous potato, different from the plant which now grows in Ireland, and which is, according to a writer in the *Cornhill*, being propagated by cuttings, which is a single undivided plant, liable to inherit, through all its millions of apparently separate existences, the weaknesses of the original tuber, and liable also to exhaustion, as of old age. It has no children; only a power, so to speak, of having bits of its flesh cut off and planted. It is never renewed from seeds, and so, by all the analogies of Nature, will perish; though the banana, which also is never renewed—and, indeed, in one variety, has become seedless—has lasted ages. It is quite possible that there are only two bananas in the world. Or imagine a new and successful cereal,—a real one in the true silica armor, with a head twice as heavy, and grains twice as nutritious, as those of wheat. Why should wheat be the final source of bread? Man got saccharine matter from all sorts of things—grapes, honey, and fruits—from the earliest times; but he was old in the world, and had passed through many civilisations, before he discovered the cane and crushed the beet, and so got his present boundless store of sugar. A cereal as fruitful as wheat and as hardy as rye would change the face of Northern Europe; while one which could flourish on exhausted soil or in a damp climate, might affect the distribution of mankind. The direct gain of mankind from such a discovery might be counted by hundreds of millions; and we know of no law of Nature which should prevent it, and of no guarantee that the cultivating races have exhausted search. They most of them, in the early ages, when they longed for substitutes for fish, and meat, and berries, must have clutched the first edible grass they could find without much hunting for better. Farmers will smile, but there may be grains they never saw. Mincing Lane thinks it knows all about tea, and, no doubt, does know a good deal; but Mr. Alexander Hosie, of the Chinese Consular service, has eaten and drunk a tea which needs no sugar. At least, in the fascinating Report which he has presented to Sir H. Parkes, and which has just been published by Parliament to

teach travellers how to observe, while recording the result of his hunt after white tree-wax, he says:—"I come now to the last class of tea, the discovery of Mr. Baber. If my memory is not at fault, he was regaled by a priest on Mount Olmei with tea possessing both the flavor of milk and sugar. It may have been in the very temple on the mountain-side in which I am now writing that Mr. Baber was agreeably surprised. At anyrate, I am sipping an infusion which is without doubt sweet, and which is declared by the priest to be brewed from a naturally-prepared tea-leaf. It is a large dark-brown leaf, and is very sweet when chewed. The people at the bottom of the mountain, whom I first questioned regarding this tea, asserted that the leaves were sweet because they were first steeped in molasses; but the balance of evidence, as I have since found from extensive inquiry, is against any such artificial preparation. The tree is said to grow in only one gorge in the mountain, whence the leaves are brought for sale." What will Mincing Lane give for a shipload of that tea, the very existence of which, till drunk and eaten, the dealers would have regarded as a solemn joke? Men are wise about silk-culture in Italy and Southern France; but they do not know, as the Chinese told Mr. Hosie, that the mulberry-leaf is too strong food for baby-silkworms, and that the wretched little insect, if you want plenty of silk, should be fed-up in earliest infancy on the leaves of a silkworm thorn-tree, fifteen feet high, unknown to Europeans, though Mr. Hosie found it everywhere in Szechuen, growing by the road-sides, and as hardy as the thorns, of which it is a variety, usually are. How much difference in annual cash-earnings would the importation of that thorn make in Lombardy? Why should not the Governments, which so steadily map-out the seas, even combining to do it, institute a patient and exhaustive search for new grasses able to produce flour, and new vegetables fit for eating? They might not produce many Mr. Hosies, who, if the Members of Parliament read his Report, will very soon find himself as well-known in London as any popular author; but they also might. The men like Mr. Fortune and Mr. Hosie, the men whose



observation nothing escapes, are not rare among botanists, and would need but little encouragement to carry on for years a persistent inquiry which, if carefully limited to defined objects, would almost certainly produce some considerable result. The work, it will be said, is one for Societies; but it seems a pity to waste the great resource which Governments possess in the wide distribution of their agencies, and in their power of carrying-on their inquiries without reference to time. There will be a Legation at Peking and Lima, and Jeddo, and Teheran, a hundred years hence; and one official inquirer who records everything, and is replaced when he departs, and is always protected and treated with civility, can, in that space of time, accumulate much knowledge, and will cost but little money. It is organised and protracted inquiry, not a mere spasmodic effort, that we want to see, and that will benefit mankind. Let the Societies hunt for their rare orchids, and plants with lovely blooms, and all

manner of scientific novelties, and let the Governments promote the search for prosaic things which the ordinary inquirer will neglect. We shall find no new edible animal, we fear, unless it be some variety of goat which can be bred into fatness, and made to yield sweet meat—kid properly cooked, that is, roasted to death, is better than most mutton—but a new cereal is clearly a possibility, and might be worth all the botanical discoveries made since the settlers in Virginia sent home the potato. The late Mr. Bagehot, who was always dropping witty wisdom, used to say that the wildest speculator he ever heard of was the first man who dropped grain into the earth and waited till it grew up, and to regret that his name, like that of the discoverer of fire, and of the first man who mastered a horse, was for ever lost. We think we may venture to say that the name of the man who next discovers a cereal of true value will not be.—*The Spectator*.

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#### A RUSSIAN PHILOSOPHER ON ENGLISH POLITICS.

ABOUT five-and-twenty years ago, I happened to be engaged in the service of my country in a distant part of the world. The duties which devolved upon me threw me into a daily contact with a Russian officer similarly employed. Notwithstanding the conflicting interests which we severally represented, and the somewhat delicate and often strained relations resulting therefrom, we had not been long in each other's society without becoming sensible of a personal sympathy too powerful to be resisted, and which soon ripened into an intimacy which lasted for many years; indeed we were thrown so exclusively upon our own resources, deprived as we were of all other society, that we must probably soon either have become bitter enemies or fast friends. A certain similarity of taste, I had almost said of aspiration, forced upon us the latter alternative; and it was probably due to this that we were enabled to bring the special duties upon which we were engaged to a successful conclusion, whereby we earned the approval of our respective Govern-

ments,—represented in his case by a decoration, and in mine by a curt complimentary despatch; for in those days C.B.'s and C.M.G.'s were not flung about with the lavish profusion which has since so largely depreciated their value. It was a relief, when the labors of the day were over—which had taxed all our powers of ingenuity and forbearance, and we had fatigued our brains by inventing compromises and devising solutions which should satisfy the susceptibilities of our respective Governments—to jump on our horses and take a sharp dash across country, just by way of clearing our brains of diplomatic cobwebs. Generally we played at follow-my-leader, and we took it in turns to be leader; for we were both young, and had, in fact, been weighted with responsibilities beyond our years, which made us rush into a reaction that consisted in an active endeavor to break our necks every afternoon with all the keener zest,—to the intense astonishment of the natives of the uncivilised region to which we had been temporarily banished.

Then, as we jogged slowly home, we would fall into those discussions, on social, religious, psychological, and moral problems, by which our souls were vexed, which lasted through dinner, and often far into the night. I found in my companion an earnestness, depth, and originality of sentiment which were most remarkable in one so young, the more especially as I had not supposed that his training and early associations had been of a character to develop that side of his nature; possibly the very restraints to which he had been subjected had stimulated his instincts for independent thought and speculation. Knowing English, French, and German almost as well as his mother-tongue, he had read extensively and greedily in all three languages; and, owing to certain family circumstances, he had spent the most part of his life away from his native land, applying himself, with an acuteness and a faculty of observation extraordinary in one so young, to a study of the political institutions, social conditions, and national characteristics of the different European countries in which he had lived. So precocious did his intelligence appear to me in this respect, that I soon came to consider myself in some degree a sort of disciple; and I have always been conscious that his influence during the nine months that we were together affected my own subsequent views of life, and indeed to some extent moulded my future. In the course of these discussions he unburdened himself to me on all subjects as fully as he would have done to a brother—indeed, considering who his brother was, far more freely; and did not shrink from commenting upon the social and political condition of his own country, and from giving vent to opinions which would probably have consigned him to the mines of Siberia for life had he been known to entertain them. The confidence which he thus displayed towards me only served to bind us more closely together, though I was ever haunted by the fear that the day might come when he might misplace it, with consequences which might be fatal to himself. As he was absolutely devoid of all personal ambition, this would be of little moment, if it only resulted in the abrupt termination of his career, which, from

his natural independence of character, I anticipated could not long be postponed. It occurred even sooner than I expected. Within six months of my parting from him, I received a letter in which he told me he had fallen into disgrace, and was going to live in Italy. The exigencies of my own service had taken me to a very different part of the world; but we kept up, nevertheless, an active correspondence for some years, during which he occasionally sent me notes of a book he was writing, in letters which continued to exhibit more and more the results of his extensive reading and profound faculty of observation, philosophic speculation and generalisation. Suddenly, about fifteen years ago, and without a word of warning, these ceased. All my letters remained unanswered; and when, some time afterwards, I found myself in Rome, and inquired at the address to which I had sent them, it was only to learn that the present proprietors of the house were comparatively new people, and had never heard of him. Meantime I had myself retired from the service, and being of a wandering and unsettled disposition, had only returned to my own country for a few months at a time. I had lived too long in summer climes, and under less conventional restraints, to be happy in it; but one of my constant regrets was that I had never thought of providing my Russian friend with a permanent address, so that in case of his ever being able or willing to communicate with me again, he might know where to find me. Meanwhile I could only account for his silence by the painful supposition that he had in some manner incurred the severe displeasure of his Government, and was languishing in that distant semi-arctic region which is hermetically sealed to all communication with the outside world.

My delight may easily be imagined, therefore, when scarce two months ago, chancing to be a passenger on board a steamer in the Mediterranean, I found myself seated the first day at dinner next to a man, the tones of whose voice I thought I recognised, though I was for a moment puzzled by the alteration in his general appearance, and who turned out to be my long-lost friend, upon whom, as I looked at the furrows on his

countenance, I saw that something more than time—though it had extended over twenty-five years—had worked a change. This same interval had, doubtless, done something for me ; so we both looked at each other for a moment in hesitation before permitting the joy of mutual recognition to burst forth. We soon found, on comparing notes, that we had been longing to find each other, and that nothing now prevented our pitching our tent together on the sunny Mediterranean shore, in the hope and belief that we should find that the companionship which had suited us so well twenty-five years previously, would only be rendered more full of interest and profit by the experiences which we had undergone since that period ; nor had we conversed an hour before we became convinced that, however much we might have changed in outward appearance, our affection for each other, and our human sympathies generally, had undergone no alteration. It is therefore in a villa surrounded by orange-groves, with terraces overlooking the sea, built curiously into the fissures of impending rock, that I am writing this ; or, to be more strictly accurate, I should say it is in a summer-house attached to the villa, fifty feet beneath which the sea is rippling in ceaseless murmur, while my friend, stretched on a Persian rug in the shade formed by the angle of the wall with the overhanging rock, here covered with a creeping jasmine, heavy with blossom, is watching the smoke of his cigarette, and listening while I read to him passages here and there of the notes which I had taken of our last night's conversation. It had been suggested by the arrival of letters and newspapers from England, and it occurred to me that the remarks of my friend as a calm and unprejudiced observer upon the present political, social, and moral condition of my own country, possessed a value which justified me in asking his permission to be allowed to publish them, the more so as he had just returned from spending some months in London ; and he was of far too liberal and philosophical a temperament and cosmopolitan training and sympathy to be influenced by national prejudice ; while, had he ever been once biassed by it, the treatment he had undergone at

the hands of his own Government would have long since effectually removed it.

" I will introduce you to the public by telling the story of our previous acquaintance, just as it occurred," I observed. This the reader will remark that I have already done ; but I did not read my introduction to my friend, as I knew he would have raised strong objections to the complimentary passages. " Now tell me what I am to call you ?"

" Ivan is safe, simple, and not far from the truth, unless you prefer a pair of initials like my well-known countrywoman O. K. It has amused me to observe," he added, with a smile, " as I have watched the performances, social, literary, and political, how much more easy it is for a woman to understand the genius of a man than the genius of a nation."

" Perhaps that is because the nation is composed of women as well as of men," I replied.

" After all, it comes to pretty much the same thing," said Ivan ; " for the genius that he understood well enough to beguile, seems to apprehend equally well the genius of the nation he governs, or he could not have beguiled it in the sense she desired. The whole incident serves to illustrate the mystery of woman's true sphere of influence, so little understood by the women themselves who agitate for their rights."

" I am not disposed to admit," I answered, " that the incident in question proves your case ; for I know none of your own countrymen, to say nothing of the women, who understand the genius of the English people, for to do so implies an apprehension of the genius of their institutions, and it is the incapacity of foreigners generally to appreciate these which causes them to regard our domestic policy in the light of an unfathomable mystery which it is hopeless to attempt to penetrate, and our foreign policy as a delusion and a snare."

" When your Government gets into difficulties," said Ivan, " it certainly goes to work to get out of them in a way exactly the opposite to that which other European Governments, and especially we in Russia, are in the habit of pursuing. Foreign policy is with us the great safety-valve by which the bubbling

passions of the country find a vent, and our central authority takes refuge from its troubles in foreign wars and schemes of territorial aggrandisement; your Government pursues a diametrically opposite system, and considers, apparently, that its best chance of safety lies in stirring up domestic broils, and exciting the people to fever-heat of political passion among themselves. In other words, while our statesmen believe that they can best secure their own positions and avert the perils arising from mis-government by distracting public attention from internal affairs and rushing into dangers abroad, yours hope to escape the consequences of their blunders abroad by promoting revolutionary tendencies at home. It would be curious to analyse the causes which have resulted in such opposite political methods, the more especially as both, in their different ways, are equally prejudicial to the highest national interests, and, from a philosophical point of view, would furnish a most interesting political and sociological study. As it is, my own country produces upon me the effect of a dashing young woman, still intoxicated with her youthful conquests and greedy for more, while she refuses to admit that a gnawing disease is preying upon her vitals, still less to apply any remedies to it; in yours, on the other hand, I seem to see an old woman in her dotage, who makes blatant and canting profession of that virtue which her age and feebleness have imposed upon her as a necessity, while she paints, and rouges, and pampers herself with luxury, and fritters away the little strength and energy she still possesses in absorbing herself with domestic details and the quarrels of her servants, and leaves her vast estates to take care of themselves. Considering the dangers with which both countries are menaced, the great difference which I observed between the Governments of the two countries is, that in one, government takes the form of active insanity—in the other, of drivelling imbecility. After all, there is always more hope for a young lunatic than an old idiot. We may pull through all right yet, but we shall have a very rough time to pass through first."

"And you think that we are too far gone ever to do so," I remarked, rather

discouraged by the gloomy view he took of the present condition and future prospects of my native country."

"I don't altogether say that. It is not with countries as with individuals; the latter always pass from their second childhood into their graves. But for nations, who can say that there is not reserved a second youth? though history does not record an instance of any nation having ever attained to it. The process is probably a slow one; but in these days of rapid development, to say nothing of evolution, we cannot be sure even of that."

"Still," I pursued, a little nettled at the severity of his judgment in regard to my own country,—I did not care what he said about Russia, of which I was in no position to judge,—"I should like to know upon what grounds you base your opinion that England is an old idiot. The expression, I think, is scarcely parliamentary."

"In using the term to which you object," said Ivan,—"which, after reading the language recently used in debate in your House of Commons, I maintain is strictly parliamentary,—I was not so much alluding to England as to its Government; and I will endeavor to explain to you the reasons which lead me to think that the expression is not misapplied. There are at the present day, including the population of the United States, between eighty and ninety millions of people who owe their origin to the British Isles; who speak the English language as their mother-tongue; who possess in a more or less degree the national characteristics of the race from which they have sprung; who exercise an influence over a greater area of the surface of the earth than that of any other race upon it; who directly control over 250 millions of people not of their own race, and indirectly control many millions more; whose commercial relations are more extensive than those of all the other nations of the world put together; whose wealth is unrivalled; whose political institutions have hitherto served as a model, as they have been the envy of less favored peoples; and who may be said, without fear of contradiction, to lead the van of the world's civilisation. It is difficult, when we spread a map out before us, to

realise that so small a dot as Great Britain appears upon it, should have given birth to these stupendous forces; and one is led to examine into the processes by which so marvellous a position has been achieved in the world's history as that which these small islands must occupy, even though that position seems now about to be destroyed by what appears to an outsider to be a combination of national decrepitude and administrative impotence,—for it is only when a nation has itself lost its vigor, that it tolerates imbecility on the part of its rulers. The greatness of England has been built up, not on the conquests of its neighbors, or of nations equally civilised with itself, as we have seen occur in the cases of other great empires, but in the comparatively easy subjugation of barbarous peoples; in the occupation and colonisation of countries sparingly inhabited by savage races; in the material development of vast tracts of the earth's surface; in the creation of new markets, of new sources alike of supply and of demand; and in the energetic and profitable employment of capital in all the regions of the earth. This was possible, and possible only because her adventurous sons who went forth into wild and distant regions to occupy, to develop, and to create, always felt that they had behind them a motherland whose proud boast it was that she ruled the waves, and a nation and Government so thoroughly animated by their own daring and adventurous spirit, that they knew that none were too humble or insignificant to be watched over and protected; nay, more, they were encouraged in hardy enterprises, and often assisted to carry them out.

“During the last two or three years, the circumstances of my life, into which it is not necessary for me now to enter, have forced me not merely to circumnavigate the globe, but especially to visit those British possessions, and those seaboard lands still relative if barbarous, upon which your countrymen are so thickly dotted as merchants or settlers, and where British subjects of foreign race abound, who carry on their avocations under that British protection which used to be a reality, but is now only a name. Familiar as I have been with Englishmen from my youth, I

found a spirit of bitter discontent rife, which, even among your grumbling race, was altogether a new feature in their conversation, especially with a foreigner. Many were making arrangements to close up their business and abandon the commerce in which they were engaged; some, and this was especially the case among the British subjects of foreign race, were taking steps to change their nationality. In some of the colonies the language held sounded to my Russian ears little short of high treason; while I often heard Englishmen in the society of foreigners say that they were ashamed to call themselves Englishmen—a sentiment which I do not remember ever having heard one of your countrymen give vent to in my youth.

“I only mention these as illustrations of the fact which was forcibly impressed upon me during my travels, that the influence of England was waning, not in Europe, where it *has* waned, but where it might be recovered by a vigorous stroke of policy,—but in Asia, Africa, and America—in those continents from which she derives her position and her wealth. The waning of British influence in Europe means, comparatively, nothing, so far as British commerce is concerned. The waning of that influence in the three other continents means national decay. It has not been by her great wars, her European campaigns, that England has achieved greatness, but by her little ones in those distant countries which your Government seems ready to retire from, bag and baggage, at the first word of a new-comer; and yet one would suppose that nothing could be clearer to a people not in its dotage than this, that if they do not protect their merchants, the latter will not be able to compete with those who are protected. If you desire proof of this, look at the increasing substitution of German for English houses of commerce all over the world; and if commerce languishes, food becomes dearer for those very classes who cry out against those little wars which, when wisely turned to account have proved your best national investments, and have been the indirect means of giving food and employment to your starving millions. I see that there is some talk of

a committee being appointed to inquire into the causes of the depression of trade. Those causes are not very far to seek; or rather, in another sense, they are very far to seek. You must travel from China to Peru to find them, and they will stare you in the face. I have been watching, while you are squabbling over your Franchise and your Redistribution Bills, how your trade is slipping from you. So you go on fiddling on the two strings of your electoral fiddle, while Rome is burning. One would have supposed that England was old enough by this time to have discovered that it would not improve her voters to give them another shuffle; that she had experience enough to know that electors were like playing cards, the more you shuffle them the dirtier they get. With the interests of the empire at stake, certainly in two if not in three continents, you play the ostrich, and bury your heads in parish politics—parish politics of the most pestilent and useless description.

“Do you want to know why trade languishes? It is summed up in a short sentence: Want of confidence on the part of the trader; it cramps his enterprise, damps his ardor, spoils his temper, and crushes all the manliness out of him. The commercial stability of England was not built up by a lot of unprotected females, which is the condition the British merchant abroad is rapidly being reduced to by the neglect and apathy and indifference to his interests of his Government. He is perfectly well aware in every port there is a consul, that he is considered a nuisance by that functionary, who knows that in the degree in which he prevents his complaints from reaching the department which is supposed to direct the foreign policy of England, he will be considered capable and efficient. No longer does he feel himself to be the *Civis Romanus* of old days. His sugar plantations may be destroyed in Madagascar, his commercial interests may be imperilled in China, he may be robbed and insulted in Turkey; but he is gradually being taught, by bitter experience, that it is hopeless to look to diplomatic interference for redress. Meanwhile the British taxpayer continues to pay for that expensive luxury whose function it is supposed to be to

protect those commercial interests abroad upon which the prosperity and wealth of Great Britain depends. In like manner the ties between the mother country and her colonies are weakened by her persistent shrinking from the responsibilities and obligations which the welfare and security of those colonies involve. She sacrifices ruthlessly that prestige upon the maintenance of which the safety, and in some cases the allegiance, of her subjects depends. She deludes unhappy colonists into making investments and settlements in half-civilised States upon the faith of treaties, which she ignominiously shrinks from enforcing at the first appearance of danger, and calmly leaves her savage allies to be slaughtered and her colonists to be plundered, as in the case of South Africa; or she makes transparent display of her timidity and weakness, as has been conspicuously the case in her relations with her Australian possessions; or retreats from the protection of her natural frontiers, as she has lately done in India. And all this is in pursuance of a theory of political economy incomprehensible to the unprejudiced observer like myself, that it is cheaper and more advantageous to the national prosperity to sacrifice the commercial interests of the country than to incur the risks and expense of protecting them. The only explanation one can give of an infatuation so incredible, of a policy so short-sighted and so fraught with disaster, is, that it is based on ignorance—ignorance of the present injury that it is working, and ignorance of the dangers to which it is giving birth. There can be no surer way of precipitating the crisis which England seeks to avoid, and which, when it comes, must involve the utter ruin of her trade, than the invitation which her craven attitude offers to her covetous and unscrupulous neighbors, whether they be civilised or uncivilised, to encroach to their own profit, until at last the veil which is now before the eyes of the public in England will be torn away, and they will find themselves suddenly called upon to abandon the parochial details over which they have been wrangling, for sterner work. It will be too late then to regret the penny-wise and pound-foolish policy which

plunged them into the mess : the only question they will have to consider is, whether it is not too late to get out of it."

"I am a good deal surprised," I remarked, after having listened to the unflattering utterances of my friend with some dissatisfaction, "that you entirely ignore all other considerations than those of mere policy and expediency. Granting, as you say, that the present policy of England imperils its commercial ascendancy, are no other considerations to be allowed to guide the policy of a nation than those connected with its pocket? Have we no moral duties to perform, no example to set, no principles to maintain? Or are we ever to remain a nation of shopkeepers, fighting unscrupulously for markets; grabbing the territory of savages, under the pretext of civilising them, which is usually accomplished by the process of extermination; and jostling all other comers out of the markets of the world by fair means or foul? Because these means served us some centuries ago, and because, if you will, our national greatness is built upon them, does it follow that we should cling to them in these more enlightened days? If the moral instinct of the people of England begins to revolt against them, even to the prejudice of the national purse, do our money-bags constitute a sufficient reason why we should remain in the Cimmerian darkness and brutality of the middle ages? Of all men you were the last whom I expected to hear confound moral progress with political imbecility."

"Nay," returned Ivan, "I should be the first to congratulate you on a policy of moral progress, if, in that pursued at present by England, I could discover it. What moral progress is there in a policy which has resulted in the slaughter of thousands of unhappy Arabs in Egypt and the Eastern Sudan? Where does moral progress show itself in the expedition which has worked its weary way into the heart of Africa, to fight against the naked savages there? Where is the moral progress of a policy which has necessitated another military expedition to South Africa, and new annexations of territory there? What moral progress have you

achieved in Turkey, where you are bound by treaty to institute reforms in that part of the empire over which you are supposed by the same treaty to exercise a protectorate, the very existence of which, under the policy of moral progress, it has been found convenient to ignore, because it involves responsibilities towards an oppressed and suffering people, whose oppression and whose sufferings it would now be expensive and troublesome to recognise, though political capital enough is made out of them when the exigencies of your local party warfare demand it? The question is, In what does real moral progress consist? Certainly not in the blatant profession of moral platitudes—the abstract truth of which everybody recognizes—when they are accompanied by a practice which gives them the lie direct. There can be nothing more demoralising to the moral welfare of a nation than a policy which is in flagrant contradiction to its lofty moral pretensions. Not only does it degrade the national conscience, but it renders that conscience an object of derision and contempt among foreign nations. To be logical and consistent, the politician 'who is in trouble about his soul' must follow one of two courses,—either he must recognise the fact that national egotism, like individual egotism, is a vice which admits of no compromise, and that the duty of his 'country is to love other countries better than itself; that the love of money, and therefore the making of it, is the root of all evil; that when the nation is metaphorically asked for its cloak, it should give its coat also—and when smitten on one cheek, should turn the other to the smiter;—when he is reluctantly convinced that, however desirable this higher law might be, and however indisputable its morality, it is, under the existing conditions of humanity, impracticable, then he has no alternative but to base the national policy upon the exactly opposite principle, which is that which governs the policy of all other nations, and assume that his duty consists in protecting the interests of his own country against those of rival countries, which are all engaged in an incessant competitive warfare against each other; and he will find, by experience, that any attempt to

compromise with the opposite or altruistic principle will inevitably lead to disaster, for it will involve that hesitation and weakness in the conduct of affairs which will encourage those rivals to overt acts of offence and encroachment that must ultimately lead to bloody wars in defence of those national interests which a policy of vacillation and of moral inconsistency will have imperilled. Sooner or later, it is certain that the force of events will rip off the thin veneering of cant which had served to delude the ignorant masses, and to conceal either the stupidity or the insincerity of its professors. I say stupidity, for there can be little doubt that among those who guide the destinies of the nation are many who honestly share the belief with the public they help to mislead, that to shrink from responsibilities, to temporise in the face of danger, to make sacrifices and concessions in order to conciliate, will avert catastrophes instead of precipitating them; while there are others to whose common-sense it would be an insult to make any such assumption."

"But these others," I observed, "may, without any insult to their common-sense, be supposed to entertain the opinion that the possessions of the British empire are sufficiently extended and difficult to protect, to render any further annexation of territory, or acquisition of responsibility, undesirable."

"Doubtless; and in this I agree with them. Indeed, the incapacity they have shown to protect what they have got, is the best reason they could assign for being unwilling to have more; but it does not touch the question of the principle upon which England's policy should be based in her dealings with foreign nations, and with her own colonial possessions; in other words, what are the most economical and at the same time the most moral methods of self-preservation? I put economy before morality, because, whatever may be the professions of Governments in practice, as a consideration, it always precedes it. If bloodguiltiness was not always attended with so much expense, people's consciences would be far less sensitive on the subject. Hence it happens that highly moral financiers are apt

to regard things as wicked in the degree in which they are costly, while they are too short-sighted as statesmen to perceive that a prompt expenditure is often the best way of saving a far heavier amount, which must be the result of the delay—or, in homely phraseology, that a stitch in time saves nine. The most economical and the most moral method of self-preservation, then, will be found in consolidating, protecting, and extending the commercial position and moral influence of the great English-speaking people in all quarters of the globe. At this moment, though surrounded by enemies who envy and hate her, there is no country more safe from attack than Germany, because she is governed by a statesman who never shirks responsibility, cowers before danger, or, in moments of difficulty, takes refuge in compromise or concession. It is not England, with her horror of war, that has, during the last decade, been the Power which has prevented a European war, otherwise inevitable, from breaking forth; the statesman to whom the peace of Europe has been due, upon whom that peace now depends, and who is therefore doing the most for the moral progress of Europe, is exactly that statesman who never indulges in moral platitudes, and whom his worst enemy cannot accuse of hypocrisy. No one will pretend that peace is not more conducive to economy and moral progress than war; but to secure it, a great military position and a great national prestige are alike indispensable. England has, or should have, the first naval position in the world, and, until lately, her national prestige was second to none. These advantages confer on her great responsibilities; to part with them is to diminish her powers of usefulness in the world, and her mission of civilising it. As the champion of civil and religious liberty, she owes a duty to humanity, which it would be a crime alike in the eyes of God and man for her to relinquish, even though it may cost blood and treasure to maintain it,—for the amount expended to maintain it would be as nothing compared to the sacrifices of both life and money which the abandonment of this duty would entail upon the world. I speak feelingly, for I cannot conceive a greater disaster be-



fall the human race, than to see the place of England usurped by the nation of which I have the honor of being a humble member," here Ivan smiled bitterly. "So absorbed are you in your own vestry quarrels, that you either forget or are ignorant of the place you occupy in the regard of millions, who see in England the apostle of free thought, free speech, free institutions. Your standard, which we look up to as the flag of liberty, and which should be nailed to the mast, we watch you with dismay lowering to every piratical craft, while the crew are fighting about a distribution of provisions, and the pilot seems to prefer running his ship on the rocks to boldly facing the enemy's cruisers. Nothing strikes us members of the oppressed and suppressed races as more anomalous and incomprehensible, than the fact that the party in England which are most ready to compromise the honor of that flag, and to haul it down on the least provocation, are precisely that party who are most loud-tongued in their profession of sympathy for those races to whom it is the banner on which their hopes are fixed—the symbol in their eyes of progress, civilisation, and political freedom. Hence it is that all those among us who are not absolute anarchists, find ourselves unconsciously withdrawing our sympathies from that political party in your country, who, while they style themselves the party of progress and of advanced thought, are in reality compromising the cause which I feel sure they honestly cherish and believe in, by destroying the prestige and lowering the influence of the one European Power which is its great representative—and, to our own great wonderment, are beginning rather to pin our hopes for the future upon those whom we have hitherto considered reactionary, because they called themselves Conservative and aristocratic, but who, in this crisis of the fortunes of their country, resist a policy calculated to impair its supremacy. Thus, on a higher principle than that appealed to by the political moralists who direct the helm of State, may the best interests of morality be reconciled with those of their own country; for it is by maintaining the supremacy of England that the principle which is identified with her

institutions, her traditions, and the aspirations of her people, can be best secured in the interests of that universal society of which she forms part, and towards which she undoubtedly has moral obligations and responsibilities. The party which seeks to evade them, whether upon specious theories started by *doctrinaires* ignorant of international conditions, or upon penny-wise and pound-foolish grounds of economy, are in reality the party of reaction; for they are the best allies of reactionists, and are playing into their hands, as no people have better reason for knowing than the Russians, who have observed with dismay the sympathy of your Prime Minister with 'the divine figure of the North,' as he has styled our ruler, and his methods of government; while from our point of view, the party of progress in England, let them call themselves Conservative if they so please, are those who, true to the grand traditions of the country, are determined to keep it in the van of freedom, not merely because its wealth and prosperity are due to that absolute civil and political liberty which imposed no check upon individual enterprise or achievement, but because with the preservation of its greatness are bound up the most cherished interests of the human race."

"Come, Ivan," I said, laughing, "you have wound up with a peroration as much too flattering to my country as you were too uncomplimentary at the start. For an 'old idiot,' you have ended by giving her a pretty good character."

"Not at all," he rejoined; "I ended by describing her splendid position and advantages. I called her an old idiot for either being unconscious of them, or throwing them away consciously. And I ventured to add a word of encouragement to those who are struggling to prevent these being thrown away, and to assure them that, in their resistance to the short-sighted and fatuous policy of their present rulers, they have the cordial sympathy of philosophic Liberals like myself (I am not now speaking of Socialists and Nihilists, whose lands are against all parties) all over Europe. One of your own most eminent philosophers, himself a Liberal, has recently written a book, in which he has shown

the danger by which the true principle of liberty is threatened from the reactionary tendencies of the democratic autocracy. I merely wish to assure you that we in Europe are fully alive to this danger, and dread as much the despotism which springs from the divine right of mobs, as from that of kings. There is to my mind as little of God in the *vox populi* as in an Imperial ukase; and our only safety between these two extremes, which I should rather be disposed to call infernal than divine, lies in the common-sense, patriotism, and virtue of those statesmen, politicians, and lawyers who, holding a middle course between them, as being both equally dangerous to the principles of true liberty, endeavor not merely to preserve the institutions of that country which is the home of liberty, but, by maintaining its supremacy, enable it to resist attacks from whatever quarter."

"I have lived too much out of England for the greater part of my life," I remarked, "to be much of a party man; still, from early and family association, my sympathies rather incline towards that party which now control its policy, though I admit they have shown but indifferent foresight, skill, or judgment in grappling with the difficulties which they had to confront. Still it is only fair to them to remember that these were left them as a heritage by their predecessors; and that if they have blundered somewhat in the effort to set matters right—conspicuously in Egypt, for example—it was not they who set matters wrong in the first instance in that country."

"That I entirely deny," responded Ivan, "as I think I can prove to you in a very few words. But before doing so, allow me to express my surprise at your admission that, because you were a Liberal in the days of Lord Palmerston, who was pre-eminently the representative of the policy which I have advocated as being that which should animate a British statesman, your sympathies should extend to those who, while they wear the old party livery, have entirely departed from the old party lines. His mantle has indeed fallen upon them, but they have so completely turned it inside out that it is no longer recognizable. In the days when a party existed

which called itself 'Liberal-Conservative,' there was no violent political issues at home to check the current of a domestic legislation which was ever steadily progressive; while in foreign affairs the Government of the day, whether it was Conservative or Liberal, followed the well-established traditions of British policy abroad, which, if it had incurred the jealousy of European Powers, at all events commanded their admiration and respect. The utterly inconsistent and perplexing attitude which England has now assumed, so entirely at variance with the principles by which her foreign policy was formerly governed, must of necessity deprive her of all sympathy abroad, for she has proved herself totally untrustworthy as an ally—while all true Liberals must deplore the agitation which has resulted from a domestic legislation that has a tendency unnecessarily to exacerbate party feeling, and drive people into violently opposite extremes. Nothing is more fatal to all real progress than a wild and unreasoning rush in the direction in which it is supposed to lie, because the inevitable consequence is a reaction most probably equally unreasoning. Moreover, these violent swings of the political pendulum must always be attended with the greatest possible danger. A Conservative triumph which is purchased at the price of acts of folly, rashness, or weakness, perpetrated by their opponents, is paid for by the country, and is but a sorry bargain. It is not under such violently disturbing influences that sound and healthy Liberal progress is made. And all history proves that the liberty which is born in convulsions invariably degenerates into a license which culminates in a tyranny.

"And now one word in reply to your allusion to the present position of matters in Egypt, and more especially with regard to that legacy of disasters which the present Government maintain they have inherited from the policy of Lord Beaconsfield, and which, with characteristic weakness, they constantly invoke as an excuse for their own shortcomings. When the Anglo-French *condominium* was established in Egypt—which is regarded as the *fons et origo mali*—an *entente cordiale*, which was rapidly ripening into an alliance, had been formed between Germany,

Austria, and England, in which, to a certain extent, Italy was included, and upon which Turkey depended for her existence; it formed, therefore, a combination of European Powers which controlled Europe, and was in a position to dictate, especially to Prussia and France, both weakened as those two Powers were by recent wars, and by internal dangers and dissensions—both being, moreover, the only Powers in Europe whose interests clashed with those of England in the East, and whose policy, therefore, it was the interest of England narrowly to watch, and, if need be, to control. The faculty for doing this had been wisely secured to her by the European combination in which she had entered, above alluded to. Under these circumstances she had nothing to fear in Egypt from an association with France in the dual control. Practically it became a single control; for, with Germany and Austria at her back, England could dictate her own policy in Egypt, and, in the event of its not suiting her French associate, could even dare to enforce it without the slightest fear of the peace of Europe being endangered thereby. Her political supremacy in Egypt was, in fact, guaranteed to her by Germany and Austria, who had no reason to regard it with jealousy, while they obtained in return that commanding position which England's adhesion to their alliance secured them in Europe. So far, then, from having succeeded to a heritage of difficulty, the present Government succeeded to one of absolute security. But the whole aspect of the political chess-board was changed when the new player, who took over the game in the middle of it, removed the piece which gave check to king and queen, and which, if it was not moved away, rendered final victory a certainty. Lord Beaconsfield's policy in Egypt turned upon the Anglo-Germanic-Austrian Alliance. When, after his fall from office, this was rudely ruptured by insulting expressions of antipathy to Austria on the part of his successor, the effect of which, subsequent expressions of apology were inadequate to efface—by a strongly marked coldness towards Germany, and a no less marked *rapprochement* towards France—the latter Power, relieved from

the dread of the European combination, which had up to that moment held her quiescent in Egypt, jumped up like a jack-in-the-box, and favored us with that series of intrigues which gave us Arabi, and the evils that followed in his train. Meantime, utterly isolated in Europe by that rupture with the most powerful friends in it, with which the policy of Lord Beaconsfield had provided you, you found yourselves betrayed and deserted by the ally you had chosen instead of them; while every concession you made to that ally, and every attempt at conciliation, only plunged you deeper in the mire, in which you have since been left to flounder alone, a laughing-stock and object of derision to all Europe, and more especially to those Powers who might have proved your salvation, but who have since entered into other European combinations from which England is excluded, and which may prove in the highest degree dangerous to her. No assertion, therefore, can be more utterly false in fact than the statement that the heritage to which this Government succeeded was one of trouble. So far from it, the policy of their predecessors had left them in a position of commanding strength; and to lay the misfortunes which have since arisen at the door of those who had taken such precautions that they could never arise, is as though a general who should take over the command of an army placed strategically in an impregnable position, should abandon that position altogether, and after being defeated in the open field, find fault with the nature of the defences he had abandoned. But," added Ivan, with a yawn, stretching himself, looking at his watch, and going to the open window, "you will think that I have degenerated from the philosophical spectator into the keen party politician. This I was compelled to be during my recent visit to London, where you are nothing if you are not partisan. The flavor of Piccadilly clings to me still: how much more delicious are the odoriferous night airs of these southern climes! Look up at those stars, my old friend, before you go to bed, and thank them that you have been spared the cares and the ambitions of the Treasury bench."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

## BLACKSTONE.

BY G. P. MACDONELL.

BLACKSTONE has now been dead more than a century, but neither lawyers nor laymen have yet made up their minds whether he was an intellectual giant, or only a second-rate man of letters, with a little learning and a pretty style, who acquired popularity because he flattered the English constitution. His friends have pitched high their eulogy. Sir William Jones, speaking to the freeholders of Middlesex, who had little reason to love Blackstone, called him the pride of England, and in a grave legal treatise referred to the *Commentaries* as the most correct and beautiful outline that ever was exhibited of any human science. Hargrave, fresh from annotating Coke upon Littleton, described him as an almost second Hale, and that as it were in the very presence of Hale, in a volume of tracts half filled with Hale's legal lore. "To me," said Mr. Justice Coleridge, the nephew of the poet, and one of Blackstone's many editors, "the *Commentaries* appear in the light of a national property, which all should be anxious to improve to the uttermost, and which no one of proper feeling will meddle with inconsiderately." And a distinguished German jurist, exaggerating only a little, has said that Englishmen regard the *Commentaries* as "*ein juristisches Evangelium*." The history of the work is in itself remarkable. If we except the *Institutes* of Justinian, and the *De Jure Belli ac Pacis* of Grotius, perhaps no law book has been oftener printed. Not to speak of the many adaptations, more or less close, or of the many abridgments of the *Commentaries* (one of these was "intended for the use of young persons, and comprised in a series of letters from a father to his daughter,") they have, in their original form, gone through more than twenty complete editions in England since the publication of the first volume in 1765. Nor has the homage of parody—in the shape of a "Comic Blackstone"—been wanting to place them among the classics. In America they have attained at least an equal fame. In the speech on Conciliation, delivered

in 1775, Burke said that he had heard from an eminent bookseller that nearly as many copies had been sold there as here. Two years later, one of the five members appointed to frame the laws of Virginia seriously proposed that, with suitable modifications, the *Commentaries* should be taken as their text. There is reason to believe that they are now held in higher esteem in America than among ourselves. The American editions, already nearly as numerous as the English, still continue to multiply,\* while forty years have passed since we have had an English Blackstone with an unmutilated text. His own countrymen are now content to know him through the medium of condensed and often lifeless versions, though it is not so far back since, for those who aspired to the amount of legal knowledge which a gentleman should possess, Blackstone was the very voice of the law. If on many sides Blackstone received the meed of excessive praise, his critics, it must be allowed, did not spare him. They have not been many, but they have spoken so emphatically, and, within certain limits, so unanswerably, that they have aroused suspicion whether, after all, Blackstone may not have been a charlatan. He was naturally regarded with distrust by lawyers of the rigid school, who felt that legal learning was gone if such primers as the *Commentaries* were to displace the venerable Coke. The book was not many years old before the phrase "Blackstone lawyers" came to be used as synonymous with smatterers in law. But such criticism had a professional ring, and perhaps in the end did the assailed author more good than harm.

If nowadays the name of Blackstone is held in diminished respect, the fact is mainly due to the contempt poured upon him by Bentham and Austin. They mercilessly exposed his shallow and confused philosophy. Bentham, reviewing one by one his opinions on government,

\* A second edition of Professor Cooley's *Blackstone* was published in Chicago last year.

maintained that they were not so much false as wholly meaningless ; and Austin declared that neither in the general conception, nor in the detail of his book, is there a single particle of original and discriminating thought. It is tainted throughout, said the one, with hostility to reform ; it was popular, said the other, because it " truckled to the sinister interests and mischievous prejudices of power." Austin found nothing to praise even in its style, which, though fitted to tickle the ear, seemed to him effeminate, rhetorical, and prattling, and not in keeping with the dignity of the subject.

So long as his admirers could see no defects in his work, and his critics were blind to its merits, judgments of Blackstone kept moving along parallel lines, and never met. Standing at this distance of time, when the *Commentaries* have long lost the glitter of novelty, when we have not Bentham's cause for anger, and when nobody retains a belief in the infallibility of Austin, it should be possible to treat Blackstone more fairly than either his friends or his enemies have done. There are signs that a juster estimate is now being formed, and the clearest of these is the testimony of one who must know by his own experience what were the difficulties which Blackstone surmounted. Sir James Stephen admits that he was neither a profound nor an accurate thinker, that he is often led to speak of English law in terms of absurd praise, and that his arrangement of the subject is imperfect. But " the fact still remains," he says, " that Blackstone first rescued the law of England from chaos. He did, and did exceedingly well, for the end of the eighteenth century, what Coke tried to do, and did exceedingly ill, about 150 years before ; that is to say, he gave an account of the law as a whole, capable of being studied, not only without disgust, but with interest and profit. . . . A better work of the kind has not yet been written, and, with all its defects, the literary skill, with which a problem of extraordinary difficulty has been dealt with is astonishing.

Few authors ever had a clearer field. Long before his day, indeed, the immense growth of the law had been regarded as a heavy burden. Lawyers

groaned, just as they groan now, over the increasing accumulation of statutes and reports. And yet Coke upon Littleton remained the beginner's chief guide. Coke called his work the *Institutes of the Laws of England* ; but, whatever its other merits, it lacks every quality which the title would suggest. It is unsystematic, undigested ; it makes no pretence of leading its reader from principles to rules ; and it spares him the details of no curious anomaly. It is like an overgrown treatise on the subjunctive mood. The need had long been felt for a better work ; and the broad outlines had been sketched by Hale in his admirable *Analysis of the Civil Part of the Law*, which Blackstone followed in every essential feature. Some treatises too had appeared written with a purely educational purpose. Of these the most successful, long recommended as an elementary text-book for students, was the *Institutes of Wood*, a Buckinghamshire clergyman. It was a praiseworthy attempt to present the law in a methodical form, but it lacked literary merit, and had all the dulness of an epitome. It is memorable only as the book which the *Commentaries* displaced.

Blackstone saw his opportunity. Perhaps no one else in his time combined in the same degree the qualities which the work required ; nor was there any one so capable of writing a law-book, which could be read with interest by educated laymen, and at the same time be accepted as almost authoritative by practising lawyers. Blackstone's training enabled him to gain the ear of both ; for he was not only a lawyer, but a man of letters. His love of literature developed early, and along with it a desire to win literary fame. He does not seem to have read widely, but the pleasure which in his school days he derived from Shakespeare and Milton, Pope and Addison, was dulled neither by advancing years nor by the absorbing demands of the law. " The notes which he gave me on Shakespeare," said Malone, who used them in his edition, " show him to have been a man of excellent taste and accuracy, and a good critic." He was something of a poet himself ; but the " Lawyer's Farewell to his Muse," the " Lawyer's Prayer," and the " Elegy on the Death of the

Prince of Wales," though they have occasionally been unearthed as curiosities, have long been swept away with other rubbish of the kind. The following lines, which are his best, and in which we feel the very spirit of the *Commentaries*, will not tempt further even the most diligent seeker after neglected poets. Their historical audacity would amaze Professor Freeman.

'Oh, let me pierce the secret shade  
Where dwells the venerable maid !  
There humbly mark, with rev'rent awe,  
The guardian of Britannia's Law,  
Unfold with joy her sacred page  
(Th' united boast of many an age,  
Where mix'd yet uniform appears  
The wisdom of a thousand years) . . .  
Observe how parts with parts unite  
In one harmonious rule of right ;  
See countless wheels distinctly tend  
By various laws to one great end ;  
While mighty Alfred's piercing soul  
Pervades and animates the whole.'

The Pope who was lost in Blackstone we can as easily spare as the Ovid who was lost in Murray. Yet it was from that love of literature to which his poetical compositions bear witness, perhaps in some degree also from the enforced measure and restraint of verse, that he acquired a style, which though it has not the freshness and variety of Addison's, its most direct model, has the same singular clearness and almost the same ease and flow. By education, not by accident, did he come to deserve Bentham's one compliment that he it was who first, of all institutional writers, taught jurisprudence to speak the language of the scholar and the gentleman.

Beyond keeping up a certain interest in architecture, on which in early youth he is said to have composed a treatise, Blackstone seldom allowed himself to be diverted from a persevering and varied study of law. He divided his time between Westminster and Oxford, and long remained undecided whether he should finally settle in the law-courts or among his books. While, with hardly any practice of his own, he was training himself with unusual diligence, as his reports of cases testify, in the practical part of his profession, he had it clearly before him that law is not to be mastered by any one who neglects its history. "In my apprehension," he said, when he was a student, "the learning out of use is as necessary as that of every day's

practice ;" and he carried out this belief by making the *Commentaries* as much a history as an exposition. Even more plainly than in his great work we can see in his edition of *Magna Charta and the Charter of the Forest* how unflinching were his zeal and patience, and how minute his investigations. His knowledge of general history may have been superficial, as Hallam said it was ; he may have had old-fashioned notions about Alfred the Great, even though he does warn his readers against the tendency to ascribe all imaginable things to that king ; yet the *Commentaries* contain what, on the whole, is still the best history written in English of English law.

The plan of the book had long been in his mind ; he was indirectly led to carry it out through an attempt of the Duke of Newcastle to corrupt him. Lord Mansfield (then Mr. Murray) recommended him to the chair of civil law at Oxford, which was vacant in 1756, but he lost the appointment, according to report, because he was not hearty enough in promising the duke support "whenever anything in the political hemisphere is agitated in the university." Murray, hearing of his disappointment, advised him to lecture on his own account upon English law. He took the advice ; the novelty of the lectures and their ability made them successful ; and when the Vinerian chair of common law was founded in 1758 he was appointed the first professor. Making hardly any change in form, arrangement, or mode of treatment, as appears from his notes which are still extant written in the neatest of hands, he expanded the lectures into the *Commentaries*. But while he never deviated from his original plan, his store of knowledge grew steadily throughout the fourteen years which elapsed between his first private lectures and the appearance of his work. When the question of *ex officio* informations was debated in the House of Lords in 1812, Lord Ellenborough spoke of him as follows :—"Blackstone, when he compiled his lectures, was comparatively an ignorant man ; he was merely a fellow of All Souls' College, moderately skilled in the law ! His true and solid knowledge was acquired afterwards. He grew learned as he proceeded with his

work. It might be said of him, at the time he was composing his book, that it was not so much his learning that made the book, as it was the book that made him learned." The *Commentaries* were not, however, the work of a merely book-learned man; besides his attendance in the courts as a spectator, Blackstone had enjoyed several years of good practice before the first volume appeared; but Ellenborough's opinion is substantially sound. It is indeed one of the striking facts about Blackstone that while as years went on his mind gained little in breadth, and his fundamental ideas underwent no change, he was able, by simple hard work and with abilities not by any means the highest, to make himself at length one of the really learned lawyers of his time. Several names might be mentioned which on special lines of law stand far above his; but there was no one who rivalled him in that extent of general knowledge which an institutional writer must possess. The *Commentaries* have won the peculiar distinction of being quoted and of carrying weight in every political discussion which raises questions of constitutional importance, and also of being cited in our courts (though under protest from some rigid judges) as only a little lower than that small group among our law-books which have an inherent, and not merely a reflected, authority. We should do Blackstone grievous wrong if from his popularity we assumed that his knowledge was superficial.

Thus, both as lawyer and as man of letters, he was peculiarly fitted for his work. Written with less literary skill, the *Commentaries* would long ago have been forgotten; if his learning had been more minute he would never have written them at all. A work which, partly through favoring circumstances, but mainly through its merits, has effected a real revolution in legal studies, is not to be dismissed by saying that its philosophy is weak, and that it is hostile to reform.

There is certainly no profound nor much original thought in Blackstone's four volumes. Nobody was ever made better able to comprehend a difficulty in English law by means of the notions on laws in general to be found in that famous chapter, which, as Sir Henry Maine

puts it, may almost be said to have made Bentham and Austin into jurists by virtue of sheer repulsion. They lead to nothing, and explain nothing. They are rather the obeisances made by a polite professor to his subject, or a lawyer's invocation of his muse, than the necessary foundations of a system. Blackstone repeats the venerable doctrine that human laws depend on the law of nature and the law of revelation, and that no laws are valid which conflict with these; but he never dares to apply it to any rule of English law. And when he comes to speak of parliament and monarchy, he has forgotten that odd proof of the perfection of the British constitution, with its divine combination of power, wisdom, and goodness, of which Bentham made such easy fun. He does not so much as pretend to be original. He is so dependent on others that he adopts not only their opinions but even their language, and by no means always does he let us know that he is quoting. He does not refer to Locke when he is stating, practically in Locke's words, the theory of the right of society to inflict punishment; he never mentions the name of Burlamaqui, who was his guide, most faithfully followed, in the analysis of laws in general; and he fails to acknowledge half his obligations to Montesquieu.\* Indeed, the free use he makes of Montesquieu's famous chapter on the English constitution would be appalling, did we not remember that he was only following a professional custom of appropriation, which legal authors have not yet wholly abandoned. There is, in fact, scarcely a single sentence of that chapter which has not, somewhere or other, found its way into the *Commentaries*; and, as often as not, the Commentator leaves us to infer that the reflections are his own.

In estimating the value of Blackstone's work, however, we should not make too much of the fact that his general theories are either weak or borrowed. The truth is that when we have got rid of them we have not touched the substance of the work itself; his exposition of English law remains unaffected, whether they be

\* Blackstone does not seem to have read either Burlamaqui or Montesquieu in French. He invariably uses the words of Nugent's translations, which had then been recently published.

true or false. Moreover, these same theories of his have a considerable indirect interest ; for as they afford us an opportunity of observing how, at a turning-point in the history of modern thought, certain important ideas acted upon an intellect, which, from its very want of independence and courage, all the better reflected the common opinions of the time. His philosophy exhibits the doctrine of the social contract in a state of decay, and enables us to watch the English mind preparing itself for utilitarianism.

Blackstone refuses to accept the social contract in its naked form ; he ridicules the notion of individuals meeting together on a large plain to choose the tallest man present as their governor ; and he traces the growth of society upwards from the family living a pastoral life to the settled agricultural community. His conception of social development comes as near the current modern theories as that of any thinker of his century, save Mandeville. But the social contract was too tempting to be altogether abandoned. He speaks of it as a tacit agreement between governor and governed, of protection on the one side and submission on the other, and from this implied agreement he draws conclusions as freely as if it were a historical fact. Stating Locke's theory without any qualification, he bases upon the contract (for he recurs to the word) the right of society to punish crime. The laws under which thieves suffer were made, he tells us, with their own consent. So he says that the oath of allegiance is nothing more than a declaration in words of what was before implied in law. And he justifies the Revolution on the ground that King James had endeavored to subvert the constitution by breaking the original contract. Believer as he is in the law of nature, Blackstone is more than half a utilitarian. True, he has based all law on both the natural and the revealed law ; but by a fortunate coincidence everything that tends to man's happiness is in accordance with the former. Except where the revealed law applies, the actual rule of life is that man should pursue his own true and substantial happiness. "This," he says, "is the foundation of what we call ethics or natural law." Throughout

the whole of his work his tests are purely those of utility, and with his broad principles of unbending orthodoxy he mingles theories, some of which the most thorough-going utilitarian would think too bluntly stated. Repudiating the notion of atonement or expiation, he maintains that punishment is only a precaution against future offences. He treats property as an adventitious right, unknown in the natural state ; and to the amazement of some of his editors he has the courage to face the logical result, that theft is punished, not by any natural right, but only because it is detrimental to society. It is a *malum prohibitum*, not a *malum in se*. He goes so far as to say that where the law prohibits certain acts under pecuniary penalties, the prohibition does not make the transgression a moral offence, or sin, and that the only obligation in conscience is to submit to the penalty. He affirms as a thing beyond doubt that human laws have no concern with private vices. And he professes to defend the measures which placed Catholics and Dissenters under disabilities, not upon theological grounds, but simply because all dissent is subversive of civil government. We may be sure that Blackstone would not have spoken as he did if he had believed that average men in his time would consider his doctrines offensive ; and taking him as an index of contemporary opinion, we can see that the field was ready for Bentham.

Blackstone's hostility to reform has a special interest. There is, perhaps, no better example to be found in our literature of the typical Englishman, who loves his country, who considers its constitution the best constitution, its laws the best laws, and the liberty which its citizens enjoy the completest liberty which the world has known. He was conservative by circumstances and profession, as well as by temperament. His opinions were formed at a time when men lived politically at a lower level than they ever did before or have done since. No bold reforming spirit could have grown up in the Jacobite unrest of half a century, with the Whigs, to all appearance, permanently seated in power, and desirous of showing that the party of the Revolution was capable of moderation. There was no party of



progress. No clear line of principle divided Whigs from Tories: so that it became a passive thesis that they had exchanged positions. There were, in short, no great ideas in the air, which could stimulate to movement such a vigorous man as Blackstone. Perhaps some of his conservatism was due to his profession. The instances are probably rare of an English lawyer, with either extensive practice or great learning, who, on questions of personal liberty, whether of religion or of speech or of trade, has stood far in advance of the average opinion of his age. The profession tends to foster conservatism. The habit of deciding by precedents and usage is not to be shaken off when the mind turns from law to politics; and the men who declared that the common law is the perfection of reason, and who thought that it savored of profanity to speak disrespectfully of common recoveries, could not be expected to doubt the excellence of the British constitution or the necessity of Catholic disabilities. Something, too, must be allowed for the influence of a training which both narrows the scope of reasoning, and within the narrower limits makes it close and unbroken. A mind so schooled will naturally shrink from the gaps in evidence which the innovator must boldly face and overstep. May we not in the same way explain the alleged conservatism of men of science?

The main theme of Blackstone's teaching is that of contentment with a constitution which to him seemed as nearly perfect as any work of man can be. "Of a constitution," he says, "so wisely contrived, so strongly raised, and so highly finished, it is hard to speak with that praise which is justly and severely its due: the thorough and attentive contemplation of it will furnish its best panegyric. It has all the elements of stability; for by a graduated scale of dignity from the peasant to the prince, it rises like a pyramid from a broad foundation, diminishing to a point as it rises. It is this ascending and contracting proportion," he says, with the law of gravitation in his mind, "that adds stability to any government." "All of us have it in our choice," these are Blackstone's words, "to do everything that a good man would desire to do; and are restrained from nothing,

but what would be pernicious either to ourselves or our fellow-citizens." He does not, however, mean as to accept this statement too literally. He shows that the constitution has faults—"as we should be tempted to think it of more than human structure"—and he is careful to tell us what he means when he says that this or that institution is perfect. As the expounder and historian of English law, he uses words of higher praise than he would do if he wrote as a politician. He feels that he is dealing with the spirit of laws, and that it is not his business to consider every change of circumstances which may have impaired their efficiency. To point out each defect, or to suggest ways of amendment, would, moreover, have been alien from the purpose of a work in which he sought to interpret the laws and to teach respect for them; and therefore he does not guard himself against exaggeration, sharing the opinion of Burke, that we only lessen the authority of the constitution if we circulate among the people a notion that it is not so perfect as it might be, before we are sure of mending it. He has in his mind the idea of a theoretical perfection not incompatible with practical injustice. In a well-known passage he says that *by the law as it stood in the time of Charles II.*, "the people had as large a portion of real liberty as is consistent with a state of society," naming the year 1679 as the point of time at which he would fix what he calls the *theoretical* perfection of our public law; and yet he observes that "the years which immediately followed it were times of great *practical* oppression." \* This is in substance the view of Burke when he says that the machine is well enough for the purpose, provided the materials were sound. Indeed there is scarcely one of Blackstone's thoughts on politics and government which may not be paralleled in the writings and speeches of Burke. They were agreed that our representative system was practically perfect; that religious dissent is subversive of civil government; and

\* This is Fox's comment on the passage:—"How vain, then, how idle, how presumptuous is the opinion that laws can do everything! and how weak and pernicious the maxim founded upon it, that measures, not men, are to be attended to!"

that the people were bound by their original contract to a scheme of government fundamentally and inviolably fixed on king, lords, and commons. Burke was among the first to read and admire the *Commentaries*; and had Blackstone lived ten years longer he would have read the *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, and applauded every word. We might describe him, in fact, as a Burke with the genius left out.

Over Blackstone's mind the antiquity of the constitution exercised a potent spell. The retrospective imagination, as it has been called, made him regard with reverence institutions that reach back to a time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. The parliament and the monarchy, the sheriff, the corner, and trial by jury, seemed to be less the work of man's hands than to partake of the dignity and immutability of the laws of nature; and the sense of trivial anomalies was lost in the veneration which he felt for a system of laws embodying in unbroken continuity the wisdom of a thousand years. It is not an unworthy emotion. There are few, let us hope, who have never been stirred by reflecting on the growth of that English liberty, which finds splendid voice in the prose of Milton, and whose presence, with "its gallery of portraits, its monumental inscriptions, its records, evidences, and titles," glows in every line of Burke. On its practical side the emotion may be healthy or may be baneful. We call him the crudest of politicians who never reflects that our laws have grown with the people, that they contain the experience of a nation, and are not the paper schemes of clever theorists, and that they are surrounded by traditions which no convulsion ever swept away and which give them half their strength. It is this that a greater lawyer than Blackstone meant when he said that time is the wisest thing in the inferior world. But to timid natures antiquity becomes the proof, and not merely the evidences of excellence; so that the mind is led to make a severance between the past and the present, and while respecting the constitution as a thing of gradual growth to forget that the growth continues. Blackstone's whole nature was affected by this illusion of distance. It distorted like his

historical beliefs and his practical judgments. It made him maintain, as Bolingbroke did, that our liberties are but the restoration of the ancient constitution of which our Saxon forefathers were deprived by the policy and force of the Normans. To Montesquieu's opinion that as Rome, Sparta, and Carthage lost their liberties, so those of England must in time perish, it made him give the naïve reply that Rome, Sparta, and Carthage, at the time when their liberties were lost, were strangers to trial by jury. It made him spend all his ingenuity in defending the rule of descent which excluded kinsmen of the half-blood. And it was the chief cause of the contempt which, like Coke, he had for statute law. Though he never ventures to say so in plain terms, as his predecessors did with something more than rhetorical belief, yet at heart he is convinced that the common law is the perfection of reason.

Yet to represent Blackstone's mind as absolutely stationary would be unjust; for now and again he puts forward a gentle suggestion of improvement. He draws attention to defects in the system of trial by jury, and makes several excellent proposals for its amendment. He even anticipates the legislation of our own day when he points out that our laws are faulty in not constraining parents to bestow a proper education on their children. He recognises the possibility of a change in political representation, which would admit the people to a somewhat larger share; and it is doubtless on the strength of that mild admission that Major Cartwright included him in the list of men conversant with public affairs who had expressed themselves in favor either of a fair representation or of short parliaments. The criminal law seemed to him very far from perfect. Within his own lifetime it had been made a capital crime to break down the mound of a fish-pond whereby any fish should escape, or to cut down a cherry-tree in an orchard. These laws would never have been passed, he says, with a confidence which it is not easy to share. If, as was usual with private bills in his days, public bills had been first referred to some of the learned judges for their consideration. It was still felony without benefit of

clergy to be seen for one month in the company of the persons called Egyptians. He believed that this would not have continued, if a committee were appointed at least once in a hundred years to revise the criminal law—a proposal which his friend Daines Barrington made about the same time and worked out in some detail.

His conservatism, or, to give it the harsher name, his hostility to reform, was in great part due to timidity and insufficient knowledge of the world. He was a shy and reserved man, whose life was divided between one kind of narrowness at Westminster, and another kind of narrowness at Oxford. He was shut off from the real life of England. Among his books, which taught him that the state should foster trade, he could know only by hearsay of the new industrial movement then beginning to transform the country, and destined soon to sweep away the absurdities which he upheld, such as the innumerable attempts to fix the rate of wages, the navigation laws, and the statute of Charles II., commanding the people to bury their dead in wool. The very fact that he does not suggest a compromise between restriction of trade and its freedom, leads one to infer that he had never seriously thought about the question. Only with regard to apprenticeship does he mention that a doubt could exist, and then he refrains from giving a clear opinion. Amid the Toryism of Oxford, where he had seen students expelled for Methodists, Blackstone was hardly likely to understand what toleration, much less what religious freedom, meant. He deprecated persecution, once indeed he uses with unwonted energy the phrase "dæmon of persecution,"\* but it is rather under the impulse of a mild humanity than from any trust in the people or any large love of liberty. When a strong protest was raised by Dr. Priestley and Dr. Furneaux against his account of the laws relating to Protestant Dissenters, whom almost in so many words he called dangerous citizens, he seems to have been quite surprised at the attack. He wrote a pamphlet in reply to Priestley, explaining that his aim

had been to expound the law not justify it, which was not quite accurate, and declaring that he was all for tolerance; and he went so far as to expunge the most obnoxious sentence, and to give in subsequent editions a fuller and somewhat fairer account of the law. Even in its final form the passage is not worthy of one who was speaking from a position of really high authority, which should have induced judicial calmness. "They have made him sophisticate," said Bentham, referring to Priestley's and Furneaux's attack; "they have made him even expunge; but all the doctors in the world, I doubt, would not bring him to confession." Yet it is not so much utter illiberality of nature that the passage suggests as simple inexperience, and his fixed belief that truth must always be a compromise. He was but echoing the opinion commonly held by churchmen in his time, an opinion which he had never tested by contact with the people.

He had an opportunity of gaining experience as a politician, but in the House of Commons he learned nothing, and succeeded only in tarnishing his legal reputation. He entered it in 1762, and sat first for the rotten borough of Hindon, and afterwards for Westbury till 1770. For the first six years his name scarcely ever occurs in the debates. The only fact, indeed, known of this part of his political life, is a proposal which he made when the repeal of the Stamp Act was carried, that "it should not be of force in any colony where any votes, resolves, or acts had passed derogatory to the honor or authority of Parliament, until such votes, etc., were erased or taken off the records." The second stage of the Wilkes case, after the elections of 1768, raised him to an unfortunate notoriety. Every circumstance combined to make Blackstone the most bitter of Wilkes's opponents. He had committed himself to strong opinions on the absolute supremacy of Parliament; he was solicitor-general to the Queen; he was shocked at Wilkes's blasphemy; and Lord Mansfield had been maligned. He had only one moment of merely formal hesitation. When De Grey, the Attorney-General moved that the comments on Lord Weymouth's letter were an insolent, scandalous, and seditious libel, Blackstone argued that

\* He is referring, however, to persecution on the Continent and by the Pope.

the courts were open, and that the House of Commons was not the place to try the question. The other acts of the persecution had his complete approval. He himself took the lead in moving that the charge against Lord Mansfield was "an audacious aspersion on the said Chief Justice;" he advocated the expulsion of Wilkes; he supported the motion which declared that Wilkes being expelled was incapable of sitting in the existing Parliament; and he delivered an able speech, in which he put forth all his strength, in favor of the validity of Colonel Luttrell's election. He was rash enough in that speech to give it as his firm and unbiassed opinion that the law and custom of Parliament on a matter of privilege is part of the common law, that the House had acted according to that law and custom, and that Wilkes was therefore disqualified by common law from sitting as a member of Parliament. He paid heavily for his "firm and unbiassed opinion." In the *Commentaries* he had given what was, no doubt, intended to be a complete list of the causes of disqualification; and none of them applied to Wilkes. Twice during the remainder of the debate, first by Mr. Seymour and afterwards by Grenville, "the gentle shepherd," was this passage effectively turned against him. "It is well known," according to Junius, "that there was a pause of some minutes in the House, from a general expectation that the doctor would say something in his own defence; but it seems, his faculties were too much overpowered to think of those subtleties and refinements which have since occurred to him." A paper war ensued in which Junius, Sir W. Jones, Dr. Johnson, and Blackstone himself took part. In an anonymous pamphlet, betraying its author, as Junius said, by "its personal interests, personal resentments, and above all that wounded spirit, unaccustomed to reproach, and, I hope, not frequently conscious of deserving it," Blackstone clung tenaciously and almost angrily to his opinion, which he stated even more emphatically than he had done in the House of Commons. There he expressly refrained from saying whether expulsion necessarily involves incapacity; in his reply to "the writer in the public press, who subscribes him-

self Junius," he said as expressly that incapacity is the necessary consequence of expulsion. He retracted nothing. Sincere, no doubt, in his belief that it was Wilkes the blasphemer, not Wilkes the demagogue, whom he had helped to expel and incapacitate, he still held that the House of Commons had acted not only legally but wisely. He gave a pledge of his conviction by repairing the omission in his book. In its subsequent editions appears, as if it were a well settled rule, the statement that if a person is made a peer or elected to serve in the House of Commons, the respective Houses of Parliament may upon complaint of any crime in such person, and proof thereof, adjudge him disabled and incapable to sit as a member. His earlier statement of the law, however, was not forgotten, and "the first edition of Dr. Blackstone's *Commentaries on the Laws of England*" is said to have become a toast at Opposition banquets. Nobody has now any doubt that Blackstone was in the wrong, confounding, as was pointed out at the time, the independence of the several parts of the legislature with the authority of the whole. His tenacity and the prestige of his name gave him the support of his party; but before long, had he lived, he would have suffered the mortification of seeing the House of Commons expunge from its journals all the declarations, orders, and resolutions respecting the election of John Wilkes, Esquire, as "subversive of the rights of the whole body of the electors of this kingdom."

Having failed as a politician, he was made a judge. He sat on the bench from 1770 till his death in 1780, and he left behind him the reputation of having striven to administer justice with scrupulous care. He was certainly not a great judge. He was cursed with indecision; he was diffident of his own opinion, and never strenuous in supporting it; and in consequence, if we can trust Malone's account of him, "there were more new trials granted in causes which came before him on circuit than were granted on the decisions of any other judge who sat at Westminster in his time." The habit of mind which in private life produced in him almost a mania for punctuality made him as a judge a strict observer of forms; and

he would not have consented, even if he had been able, to make and modify law as did his contemporary, Lord Mansfield. The time was pre-eminently favorable for earning a great judicial reputation; the law, impeded by fictions, formalities, and obsolete statutes, lagged behind a nation whose commerce had increased more than tenfold within living memory; and public opinion would have dealt leniently with a judge who shaped the old rules to satisfy the new needs. But Blackstone had not the courage for such work; and, save for the case of *Perrin v. Blake*, one might well tell the legal history of the ten years which he spent on the bench and never mention his name. *Perrin v. Blake* is too technical to be here described; enough to say that it maintained inviolate the venerable rule in Shelley's case, with which Lord Mansfield had been profanely tampering. The case excited great interest in the profession, partly from its own importance and partly from some per-

sonal controversies to which it gave rise. Lord Campbell, indeed, writing more than seventy years after it had been decided, says that when conversation flags amongst lawyers the mention of *Perrin v. Blake* never fails to cause excitement and loquacity!

The politician and the judge are forgotten now, and only the commentator remains. But his life was consistent throughout. He had a reverence for authority and a respect for formalities; his mind turned more readily to apology than to criticism; and destitute of ideals he lived in a narrow groove, contented with himself and the world. When he and Serjeant Nares were calling for the expulsion of Wilkes because he was a blasphemer, Burke described their arguments as "solid, substantial, roast-beef reasoning." The phrase paints to the life the worshipper of the constitution, who staked the fate of England upon trial by jury.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

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#### LITERARY NOTICES.

JELLY-FISH, STAR-FISH AND SEA-URCHINS (International Scientific Series). BEING A RESEARCH INTO PRIMITIVE NERVOUS SYSTEMS. By G. J. Romanes, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., etc. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*  
Mr. G. J. Romanes, one of the most distinguished of living English scientists, and a worthy follower in the track of Darwin, has given the world in his study of the lowest forms of animal life a book of great interest to the general reader who is interested in scientific matter. At first glance the line of research followed might not seem particularly engaging except to the professional student, but one hardly dips into the book without finding his attention aroused and stimulated. The poetic enthusiasm with which Mr. Romanes introduces the subject quickly finds a response in the mind of the reader. He writes:

"Among the most beautiful, as well as the most common, of the marine animals which are to be met with upon our coasts, are the jelly-fish and the star-fish. Scarcely anyone is so devoid of the instincts either of the artist or of the naturalist as not to have watched these animals with blended emotions of the æsthetic and the scientific—feeling the beauty while wondering at the organization. How

many of us who live for most of the year in the fog and dust of large towns enjoy with the greater zest our summer's holiday at the seaside? And in the memories of most of us is there not associated with the picture of breaking waves and sea-birds floating indifferently in the blue sky, or on the water still more blue, the thoughts of many a ramble among the weedy rocks and living pools, where, for the time being, we all become naturalists, and where those who least know what they are likely to find in their search are most likely to approach the keen happiness of childhood? If so, the image of the red sea-stars bespangling a mile of shining sand, or decorating the darkness of a thousand grottoes, must be joined with the image, no less vivid, of those crystal globes, pulsating with life and gleaming with all the colors of the rainbow, which are perhaps the most strange, and certainly in my estimation the most delicately lovely creatures in the world.

"It is with these two kinds of creatures that the present work is concerned, and, if it seems almost impious to lay the 'forced fingers rude' of science upon living things of such exquisite beauty, let it be remembered that our human nature is not so much out of joint that the ra-

tional desire to know is incompatible with the emotional impulse to admire. Speaking for myself, I can testify that my admiration of the extreme beauty of these animals has been greatly enhanced—or rather I should say that this extreme beauty has been, so to speak, revealed—by the continuous and close observation which many of my experiments required: both with the unassisted eye and with the microscope numberless points of detail, unnoticed before, became familiar to the mind; the forms as a whole were impressed upon the memory; and, by constantly watching their movements and changes of appearance, I have grown, like an artist studying a face or a landscape, to appreciate a fulness of beauty, the *esse* of which is only rendered possible by the *per cipi* of such attention as is demanded by scientific research. Moreover, association, if not the sole creator, is at least a most important factor of the beautiful; and therefore the sight of one of these animals is now much more to me, in the respects which we are considering, than it can be to anyone in whose memory it is not connected with many days of that purest form of enjoyment which can only be experienced in the pursuit of science."

No matter how interesting investigation into any set of natural phenomena may be, probably none is more attractive than a study of primitive nervous systems. Alike in the survey of the whole of the animal kingdom and in the study of the development of any individual form there are certain broad truths evident. First among these may be mentioned the significant fact that the nervous system of all animals originates from some of the cells of that layer of the body which was originally the outermost. This is the lesson taught by nature that the prime necessity of living organisms is a knowledge of the outer world, and that the most sensitive and important system of organs primarily stands in a direct relation to the outer world. The investigations of Leuckart, Haeckel, Oscar and Richard Hertwig, and Prof. Schafer fully established the fact as to the origin of nerve fibres and sense-cells from the outer layer of the body, and as to the primitively diffused disposition of the central nervous system. This was first observed of the jelly-fish, but subsequent investigation proved it also to be the case with star-fish, sea-urchins and all the forms of echinoderms. Haeckel, in 1860, showed that the eyes of the star-fishes are nothing more than elongated epithelial cells provided with pigments, and throughout life quite superficial in position.

" Though Mr. Romanes gives a succinct account of the authentic conclusions reached by other students in this line of scientific research, his book is mostly devoted to his own investigations. He makes a great many curious observations as to the habits and characteristics of the classes of animals of which he treats, beside giving a very complete account of their physiology and morphology. The work is fully illustrated with cuts, and though it may seem at first to bristle with technical matter, the reader will speedily find himself interested in the studies and conclusions of the author.

ORIGIN OF CULTIVATED PLANTS (International Scientific Series). By Alphonse de Candolle, Foreign Associate Academie of Sciences, Institute of France, Foreign Member of the Royal Societies of London, Edinburgh and Dublin, etc., etc. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

M. De Candolle's "Origin of Cultivated Plants" (No. 48 of the International Scientific Series) is a work calculated certainly to arouse the attention of agriculturists, botanists, and others aside from those interested in the dawnings of civilization from the historical or philosophical standpoint. The labors of both father and son in this field have made the name of De Candolle distinguished in science as worthy successors of Linnæus, and thirty years' labor in the field of geographical botany have wrought results of the most important kind. There are few plants which are not adequately discussed in this book in spite of the fact that, owing to the great number of varieties which long cultivation has produced, and the remoteness of time when they were first reclaimed from nature, great difficulties are offered to any correct history of their origin. The author combats the erroneous opinions promulgated so widely by Linnæus, who, in spite of his greatness, oftentimes took things too much on trust. Many of these mistakes dated back to the times of the Greeks and Romans, and certainly it was time that some adequate hand should attempt a correction. The data of correction have been drawn from data of varied character, some of which is quite recent and even unpublished, and all of which has been sifted as men sift evidence in historical research. The author claims that, in spite of all the difficulties in his way, he has been able to determine the origin of almost all the species, sometimes with absolute certainty, sometimes with a very high degree of probability.

Some plants cultivated for more than two

thousand years are not now known in a spontaneous state. This can be accounted for on one of these two hypotheses; either these plants, since history has begun, have changed so entirely in form in their wild as well as in their cultivated condition that they are no longer recognized as belonging to the same species, or they are extinct species. In case they are extinct, this extinction must have taken place of course during the short period (scientifically speaking) of a few hundred centuries, on continents where they might have spread, and under circumstances which are commonly considered unvarying. This shows how the history of cultivated plants is allied to the most important problems of the general history of organized beings. The study of plants by our author is divided into those cultivated for their subterranean parts, such as roots, tubercles or bulbs; those cultivated for their stems or leaves; those cultivated for their flowers or for the organs which envelop them; those cultivated for their fruits, and those cultivated for their seeds. In the process of investigation we readily observe that De Candolle, who appears a master of the tools of research in every branch of study, has not only used botanical resources, but those of history and of travel, of archæology, plæontology, and of philology. The wealth of learning lavished by the author on his work is sometimes almost bewildering. One of the most striking results of the author's researches is that certain species are extinct or are fast becoming extinct since the historical epoch, and that not on small islands, but on vast continents without any great modifications of climate. M. De Candolle tells us that in the history of cultivated plants he has noticed no trace of communication between the peoples of the old and new worlds before the discovery of America by Columbus. The Scandinavians, who had pushed their excursions as far as the north of the United States, and the Basques of the Middle Ages, who followed whales perhaps as far as America, do not seem to have transported a single species. Neither has the Gulf Stream produced any effect. Between America and Asia, two transports of useful plants, perhaps, took place, the one by man (the batata, or sweet potato), the other by the agency of man or of the sea (the coconut palm).

THE ADVENTURES OF TIMIAS TERRYSTONE.  
A Novel. By O. B. Bunce. New York :  
*D. Appleton & Co.*

Mr. Bunce, the author of several charmingly

written works of the essay character, among which may be mentioned "Bachelor Bluff," "My House an Ideal," etc., again challenges the critical attention of the intelligent reading public, in a form this time which will command wider interest—the novel. The "Adventures of Timias Terrystone" is in no sense a romance; it is not a story of action, or in the least melodramatic; it is not in any wide or deep sense a novel of character, though the personages have well-marked individualities and act consistently with them. So far as the actual life depicted is concerned, the story glides pleasantly over the surface of things, not professing or caring to deal with the more deep and startling issues of life, but touching the facts of every-day happening with a light and graceful hand, and showing a very keen sensibility to the fresh and lovely aspects of youth. The hero is a young artist who, being a waif, did not know his own parentage, and being brought up in a very unconventional way, disdains even at the last, when he discovers his ancestry, all pride of birth and family. The adventures of the youthful painter, though chiefly of an amatory character, as his great personal beauty and freshness of character appear to exercise a great charm over the other sex, are manifold, and both interesting and amusing, he being a more refined and purer Gil Blas. But we doubt whether the main interest will be found in the mere story, though novel-readers will not go amiss of genuine enjoyment in this way. In the mouth of one of the characters, a bluff, easy-going, wandering Bohemian, our author places a great number of keen, incisive, critical, or eloquent observations, as the case may be. These thoughts are so full of pith that they can hardly fail to be widely quoted, and our readers will not have to draw on their good nature to pardon us if we give them some of these well-spiced plums: "A man who goes through the world with his eyes open learns something at every step: but one who immerses himself in a library simply converts himself into a catalogue. . . . What are reading and writing, anyway, but a prejudice of society? Do men get more character more self-reliance, greater capacity for dealing with the problems of life, by filtering through the brain the dreams of the poets and the philosophers? I tell you that when our boys should be scouring through the woods, rolling down-hill, scaling the mountains, making themselves splendid young Apollos, we shut them up in a deadly school-room, which soon drives the color out of their cheeks, vigor out of their

limbs, pluck out of their hearts, and snap out of their brains. Civilization is a bundle of absurdities—it is worse, it is a upas-tree, that is fast poisoning the race.”

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“ ‘Men fall in love, they say, with beauty, with goodness, with gentleness, with intellectual qualities, with a sweet voice, with a smile, with an agreeable manner. with a lovable disposition, with many ascertainable and measurable things, and yet we find them continually falling in love with women who are not beautiful, nor good, nor wise, nor gentle, nor possessing any ascertainable or measurable thing. You’ll find a hundred reasons given for falling in love, or being in love, and rarely the right reason—which is commonly simply because a man cannot help it. . . . The philosophy of the thing is just here—a woman’s eye glances, or her lips smile, or her neck is white and well turned, or she has a pretty hand, or she flutters a fan gracefully, or she looks sympathetic, or she beckons, or some other trifle as light as gossamer, as valueless as a mote in the sun, as much without significance as the fall of a leaf, and the man is subdued, and immediately he begins to declare that the woman is lovely, when she is not ; that she is gentle and good, when anyone can see the shrew in her eye ; that she is wise and capable, when she is as perverse as a donkey, and as empty as an abandoned shell on the sea-shore ; and so goes on manufacturing qualities and attributes for her out of air. To satisfy his judgment he creates an ideal, and tries with all his might to persuade himself there are good reasons for his passion—and so there are, but they are not written down in the catalogue of attractions. He is in love because a mysterious force of nature has touched him. The woman may be unbeautiful, heartless, selfish, cruel, untrue, coarse, frivolous, empty, but if the magic of nature—something of the magic, I suspect, that Puck used on the eyes of Titania—touches him, he sees not one of these things in their true aspect. Yes, the Titanias that have fallen in love with men crowned with donkey-heads, and the men that have fallen in love with serpents, thinking them doves, are many—and all because of a diabolism, or a mystic fury in nature that delights in bringing incongruous elements together for the sake of a dance of delirium.’ ”

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“ ‘The reason why the world is as bad as it is, is because it has been lectured so much. Denunciation has never improved the morals

of the world since the days of Jeremiah to the present hour. Many men are better for reading Emerson—none are better for reading Carlyle ; in fact, the influence of your picturesque scold like Carlyle is to make fault-finding look like a virtue, and make people imagine that, if they are only vehement enough in denouncing other people’s sins, they will thereby clear their skirts of their own. It is the vice of a certain kind of piety that it is forever plunged into the deepest concern about other people’s iniquities. Your devout Catholic goes to church to confess his sins ; your acrimonious Puritan goes to church to confess other people’s sins.’ ”

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“ ‘And too often their own virtues,’ said Mary.

“ ‘Let us not imitate the censorious spirit in judging of him, for there is a great deal of good in his class, but believe firmly that denunciation cures nothing. There ought to be organized an anti-scolding league.’

“ ‘Of women?’ asked Mary, smiling.

“ ‘I am compelled to confess,’ said Philip, that the number of Jeremiahs in the world has been—excessive ! And all the time your sex is so full of gentleness and sympathy ! Perhaps the abominable doings of the men have been too much for their patience, and that we deserve the rating we get. But while we deserve it, that is not the way to reform us—we will succumb to your kindly words much sooner than to your objurgations.’ . . .

“ ‘If there were not a censorious and fault-finding Mrs. Grundy, one very important restraint on people would be removed,’ remarked young Studley.

“ ‘See how old notions survive !’ exclaimed Philip. ‘The world must be driven and whipped, in order that it may be tractable and proper. Hang a thief, and you will stop stealing ; drown a scold, and you will stop scolding ; storm at a child, and he will grow up virtuous ! But, you see, no body of people has ever tried my plan, and hence you know how the old whip and penalty method has worked, but you do not know how the moral and sympathetic dispensary plan will operate. For my part, I believe in human nature, and I am convinced that a plan that works well in a narrow circle would obey the same laws in a larger circle. But shall there not be a truce to philosophy ?’ ”

We appeal to our readers if these quotations do not inspire an appetite for more. For our part, we have rarely found more mellow, yet



pungent wisdom put in more agreeable form. Certainly the Bohemian, Philip, reminds us very strongly of another personage, considerably in the mouths of the reading public not very long since, Bachelor Bluff.

THE SECRET OF DEATH. FROM THE SANSKRIT. WITH SOME SELECTED POEMS. By Edwin Arnold, M.A., author of "The Light of Asia," "Pearls of the Faith," "Indian Idylls," etc. Boston: *Roberts Brothers*.

The leading poem, from which this collection takes its title, is an adaptation from the first three books of a celebrated Sanscrit poem, the "Katha Upanishad." The scene as described at the beginning of the poem is in a temple beside the river Moota Moola, near the city of Poona, and here a Brahmin priest and an English Sahib read together from the manuscript, the learned Brahmin commenting as his English pupil recites from the poem. The thread of motive may be briefly described: Gautama for love of heaven gave all he had to the poor. He had given all, and at last gave his son, Nachikêtas, to Yama, the God of Death, the last gift he had remaining. The youth, who had been trained in the highest holiness, went humbly to the abode of Yama, the King of Death, where he remained three days before the god came. When at last Yama came, he found that a holy Brahmin had waited for him three days, and to atone for this he promised him three wishes before he should die. Nachikêtas asked for three things: that his father should be comforted for his loss; that he should reach the abodes of heaven without first passing through the purgation of hell. Then he asks the third boon of Yama:

" 'There is this doubt,' young Nachikêtas said: 'Thou dost give peace—is that peace Nothingness? Some say that after death the soul still lives, Personal, conscious; some say, Nay, it ends! Fain would I know which of these twain be true, By thee enlightened. Be my third boon this.' Then Yama answered, 'This was asked of old, Even by the gods! This is a subtle thing, Not to be told, hard to be understood! Ask me some other boon: I may not grant! Choose wiser, Nachikêtas; force me not To quit this debt—release me from my bond!' Then, still again spake Nachikêtas: 'Ay! The gods have asked this question; but, O Death! Albeit thou sayest it is a subtle thing, Not to be told, hard to be understood, Yet know I none can answer like to thee, And no boon like to this abides to ask. I crave this boon!'"

Yama tries to evade the fulfilment of this request. He will give the petitioner any and all things, but this he would not answer, if he could help.

" 'Choose,' spake he, 'sons and grandsons, who shall thrive

A hundred years: choose for them countless herds—  
Elephants, horses, gold! Carve out thy lands  
In kingdoms for them. Nay, or be thyself  
A king again on earth, reigning as long  
As life shall satisfy. And, further, add  
Unto these gifts whatever else thou wilt.  
Health, wisdom, happiness—the rule of the world,  
And I will fill the cup of thy desires!  
Whatso is hard to gain and dear to keep  
In the eyes of men, ask it of me, and have!  
Beautiful, fond companions, fair as those  
That ride the cars of Indra, singing sweet  
To instruments of heavenly melody,  
Lovelier than mortal eye hath gazed upon:  
Have these, have heaven within their clinging arms!  
I give them—I give all; save this one thing:  
Ask not of Death what cometh after death!"

At last, in compliance with persistent solicitation, the dread god yields, and in his answer is contained the highest and subtlest teaching of Indian philosophy. A short passage will sufficiently indicate its character, for it is impossible within any brief compass to clearly elucidate the mysteries placed in Yama's mouth:

" 'If he that slayeth thinks "I slay;" if he  
Whom he doth slay, thinks "I am slain,"—then both  
Know not aright! That which was life in each  
Cannot be slain, nor slay!"

" 'The untouched Soul,  
Greater than all the worlds [because the worlds  
By it subsist]; smaller than subtleties  
Of things minutest; last of ultimates,  
Sits in the hollow heart of all that lives!  
Whoso hath laid aside desire and fear,  
His senses mastered, and his spirit still,  
Sees in the quiet light of verity  
Eternal, safe, majestic—HIS SOUL!

" 'Resting, it ranges everywhere! asleep,  
It roams the world, unsleeping! Who, save I,  
Know that divinest spirit, as it is,  
Glad beyond joy, existing outside life?

" 'Beholding it in bodies bodiless,  
Amid impermanency permanent,  
Embracing all things, yet 'the midst of all,  
The mind, enlightened, casts its grief away!

" 'It is not to be known by knowledge! man  
Wotteth it not by wisdom! learning vast  
Halts short of it! Only by soul itself  
Is soul perceived—when the Soul wills it so!  
There shines no light save its own light to show  
Itself unto itself!

" 'None compasseth  
Its joy who is not wholly ceased from sin,  
Who dwells not self-controlled, self-centred—calm,  
Lord of himself! It is not gotten else!  
Brahm hath it not to give!"

It need hardly be said that such a poem as this, though not of a character to be enjoyed by those who read verse simply for its sensuous charm or its dramatic and narrative pictures, will yield fruit for interesting reflection to more thoughtful minds.

The other poems in the volume are of a

lighter character. Among those specially noticeable are the three Hindu songs, the pastoral poem, "Neucia," translated from the Italian of the great Florentine ruler, Lorenzo de Medici, who, if he destroyed the liberties of his city, raised it to its highest place in literary and art glory, as also in commercial and political power; "The Epic of the Lion;" "The Wreck of the Northern Belle;" and "Amadis of Gaul to Don Quixote de La Mancha." The latter, which is from the Spanish, is a little gem:

"Thou who did'st imitate the mournful manner  
Of my most lonely and despised Life,  
And—leaving joy for suffering and strife—  
Upon the bare hillside did'st pitch thy banner!  
Thou whose unshamed eyes with tears oft ran over—  
Salt dripping tears—when giving up all proper  
Vessels of use, silver and tin and copper,  
Thou atest earth's herbs on the earth, a woful dinner—  
Rest thou content, Sir Knight! Ever and ever,  
Or at the least whilst through the hemispheres  
Golden Apollo drives his glittering mares—  
Famous and praised shall be thy high endeavor!  
Thy land of birth the glory of all nations,  
Thy chroniclers the crown of reputation."

The volume, on the whole, very well sustains Edwin Arnold's growing reputation as one of the first half dozen of the contemporary English poets.

GREATER LONDON: A NARRATIVE OF ITS HISTORY, ITS PEOPLE, AND ITS PLACES. By Edward Walford, M.A., joint Author of "Old and New London." Illustrated with Numerous Engravings. Vol. II. London, Paris, and New York: *Cassell & Co., Limited.*

Mr. Walford's reputation needs no exploitation in the line of work which he has followed, just as good wine needs no bush. He has done much to embalm the literary and historic glory of London and its environs in the past, and the present volume, which completes "Greater London," is no less interesting than its predecessors. All the celebrated and interesting spots in the vicinity of London, their traditions, history, personal and literary associations, etc., are described not only as a labor of love, but with a wealth of knowledge in detail. It is not easy to characterize the mass of information given, it covers so wide and varied a field. Certainly the reader of English history will find that he is helped very materially to a vivid realization of the great personages and events which have made the record of England's past so dramatic and fascinating. Such books as these are not merely interesting in themselves, but throw a flood of light on the mind of the reader.

## FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE Abbé Liszt is engaged on the fourth volume of his Memoirs. The work is expected to fill six volumes. The first volume is to appear immediately.

THE authorities of the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg intend to bring out a palæographical series, containing specimens of their most important Greek, Latin, Slavonic, French, and other manuscripts.

M. RENAN's health has improved, but his projected tour in Palestine is postponed on account of the disturbed condition of the East. His lectures at the Collège de France on the Old Testament are attended by persons of both sexes and listened to with much interest.

A PRAISEWORTHY step has been taken by the Edinburgh Town Council in resolving to place memorial tablets on all spots of historical interest in the city. The first place to receive this mark of attention is the site in Chambers Street (formerly College Wynd) of the house where Sir Walter Scott was born; and it has also been decided to erect a memorial stone over the grave of the novelist's father in Greyfriars' Churchyard.

THE Senate of Hamburg has made a gift of 1,000 marks to Herr Karl Theodor Gædertz, the author of *Geschichte des Niederdeutschen Schauspiels*, in acknowledgment of the value of his work in the illustration of the literary history of Hamburg. The present was made through the Hanseatic Minister, in Berlin, where Herr Gædertz resides.

A BIOGRAPHY of the late Richard Lepsius is in preparation by his pupil and friend Prof. G. Ebers. The author has had the diaries, letters, and other papers of Lepsius placed at his disposal for this purpose.

THE successor of the lamented Prof. Lepsius at the Royal Library at Berlin is not yet appointed. We are glad to learn that the post will not be filled by a great name only, but by a specialist. This is, in fact, greatly needed, as the Berlin library is one of the least accessible in Europe to scholars in general. Books are given out but twice a day, and then only if they have been asked for the previous day.

"COUNT PAUL VASALI," whose lively sketches of Viennese society in the *Nouvelle Revue* have just been completed, announces that he intends shortly to commence a similar series on society in London.

A COLLECTION of unpublished letters of the Countess of Albany is being prepared for the press by Prof. Camillo Antona-Traversi. It is stated that these letters far exceed in interest all the specimens hitherto printed of the correspondence of the Countess.

SAYS the *Athenæum*. The Trustees of Cornell University have invited Mr. Eugene Schuyler to give a course of lectures on the diplomatic and consular service of the United States. The course is to be in connection with the Department of History and Political Science. It is hoped that these new lectures, by supplementing those already given in the university in connexion with international law and history, will aid in training men to compete for positions in the service when a proper reform shall be made in the matter of appointments.

THE study of palæography is receiving increased attention just now in Italy. A short time since a palæographical school was founded at Naples, under the direction of the learned archivist, Dr. A. Miola. More recently the Pope has established at the Vatican a similar institution, which he has placed under the management of Father Carini.

THE *Revue Politique et Littéraire* states that the MS. of two unpublished tales by Perrault has just been discovered. The titles are "La Fée des Perles" and "Le Petit Homme de Bois." It is added that the MS. will be offered to the Bibliothèque nationale.

A CORRESPONDENT writes from Paris that M. Victor Hugo seemed strong and well on his birthday, though troubled with deafness. He expressed his gratification at the Laureate's sonnet, which made a deep impression on him at the time of its publication, and which he has not forgotten.

THE correspondent of the *Academy*, M. Lambros, has found in a MS. of the fourteenth century, belonging to the Ministry of Education at Athens, a collection, in form of a dialogue, from the works of Menander and Philistion. Boissonade printed a similar one from a Paris MS. to be found in Meineke, "Fragm. Com. Græc.," iv. 335 ff. That consists, however, of only fifty-four verses, while the Athens one contains 350. The MS. also contains a collection of 415 maxims from Menander, each consisting of a single line.

THE French edition of Mr. H. M. Stanley's book on the Congo, which, as recently announced, is to be published in Brussels, will,

we are informed, be translated by Mr. Gerard Harry, one of the editors of the *Indépendance belge* and of the *Mouvement géographique*.

MR. R. L. STEVENSON'S second series of "New Arabian Nights" will be called, not "The Man in the Sealskin Coat," as at first announced, but "The Dynamiter." Its purpose is comic. It consists of a "Prologue" and an "Epilogue," both in the Cigar Divan (in Rupert Street) to which, as readers of the first series may remember, the chance of revolution relegated Prince Florizel of Bohemia; of a certain number of "adventures;" and of a set of subsidiary stories, "The Fair Cuban," "The Brown Box," "The Destroying Angel," and "The Superfluous Mansion." It will be published almost at once, we believe.

DR. LUDWIG GEIGER has begun a new journal which promises to be of great literary importance, *Vierteljahrsschrift für Kultur und Litteratur der Renaissance*. (Leipzig: Seeman.) In the first number the editor contributes a very thorough study of the life and writings of Publio Fausto Andrelini, of Forli, who taught in Paris from 1489 to 1518, and did much to quicken the impulse of humanism in France. Herr Grimm examines Vasari's authority for the statement that Michelangelo finished four statues of captives for the tomb of Julius II. He comes to the conclusion that Vasari was mistaken, and that only two, now in the Louvre, were really his work. Herr Zupitza criticises "Three Middle-English versions of Boccaccio's story of Ghismonda and Guiscardo"—one by Banister, a second by Walter, and a third anonymous. Besides these articles are published unprinted letters of Guarino and Reuchlin. This new quarterly journal has every prospect of filling a decided need in literature, and bringing to light much new material for literary history.

IN a recent number of the *Deutsche Rundschau* Herr Herzog gives a vivid sketch of modern progress in an article on "Die Einwirkungen der modernen Verkehrsmittel auf die Culturentwicklung." His general conclusion is that the discovery of railways and the electric telegraph has tended to democratise society and substitute practical materialism for any moral ideal of life. Only when commerce has become truly world-wide, and national interests have ceased to jar and conflict, must we look for a world-state in which ideal ends again will meet with due recognition. Freiherr von Lilicronen, in a paper

on "Die Kunst der Conversation," undertakes the defence of German "Ernst" against French "esprit" as a basis for social life. An English bystander is probably inclined to suggest a happy blending of the two. Dr. H. Hüffer publishes some hitherto unprinted letters of Heine to his friend Johann Hermann Detmold. They are the scanty records of a friendship of thirty years, and are of great importance for Heine's biography, especially as regards his life in Paris and his relations to his wife.

In an exhaustive paper recently read before the Académie des Inscriptions (*La Donation de Hugues, Marquis de Toscane, au Saint Sépulchre, et les établissements latins de Jérusalem au Xe siècle*), M. Riant reminds us how little is known of the history of Palestine previous to the time of the Crusades from the Latin side, although much has been done of late years to elucidate its history in connection with the Greek Church. He makes the re-examination of an important grant of property by the Duke of Tuscany, in A.D. 993, to the Holy Sepulchre and St. Maria Latina the occasion for a sketch of the Latin occupation from the end of the sixth to the end of the eleventh centuries, showing especially the nature of Charlemagne's protectorate of the holy places. The document itself he subjects to a searching criticism, calling up, while so doing, a most striking figure in the Abbé Guarin, of Cuxa (one of the grantees), an eloquent ecclesiastic of great influence in both France and Italy, and a wide traveller.

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#### MISCELLANY.

LEARNING TO RIDE.—Six half-hour rides on six successive days will do infinitely more towards moulding the muscles to the equestrian form than three lessons of two hours each, with an interval of a day between. When the services of a competent teacher cannot be had, the next best aid is that of a good model to imitate: not a soldier, although some of the very finest horsemen are found among cavalry officers, because a soldier has to follow rules which do not affect a civilian; not a huntsman, because to the best huntsmen the horse is only a machine, and one hand is always occupied with the horn or the whip; but from watching a clever colt-breaker or accomplished professional steeplechase rider very useful lessons may be learned. It may safely be assumed that any man of forty, not disqualified by physical defeats or oppressed with excessive corpulence, may, with patience,

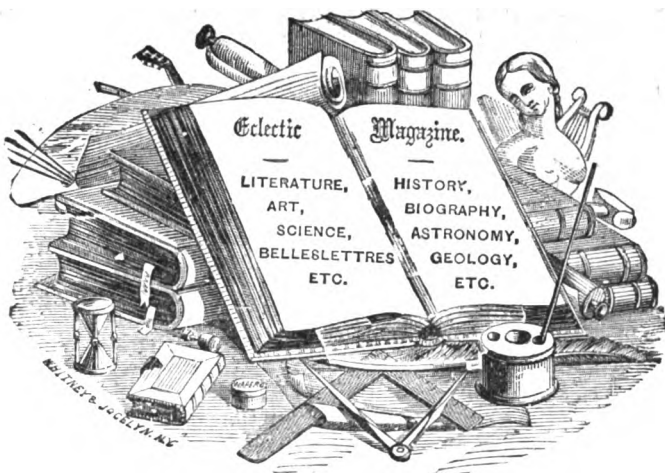
perseverance, and pluck, without rashness, learn how to ride and how to enjoy riding any well-broken horse, without looking ridiculous, after from fifty to sixty well arranged rides, within the space of three months. But it is a sort of exercise that cannot be taken up and abandoned for a long interval with impunity. Even practised horsemen suffer severely after a certain time of life, if, after a long cessation from horse exercise, they attempt the feats of their youth; feverishness, indigestion, a fluttering heart, a disordered liver, remind them that for long days the man requires preparation as much as the horse. A great deal of the comfort of riding depends on proper garments for the lower limbs. Theoretically, there is no riding-dress so comfortable as well-made breeches and boots either of the modern cavalry or the plain "butcher pattern." The next best substitute is a pair of leather overalls, fastened at the sides by buttons, not with springs. But those whose age and position would make boots for riding in a town objectionable must pay attention to their trousers. The material for riding-trousers should be thick woollen, and may be dark—there are some very nice partly-elastic materials in dark colors—they must be constructed by a real trouser-maker, who will make you sit down when he measures you, and they must be worn with straps whether straps are in fashion or not. Wellington boots are the best with trousers; shoes are quite out of the question. Trousers without straps, slipping up the leg of a timid horseman, are an acute form of unnecessary misery, which was the fashion for many years up to 1877, when straps again appeared on the trousers of the more correct riders in Rotten Row.—*Illustrated Book of the Horse.*

A TRAGIC BARRING-OUT.—In the inner part of Riddell's Close stands the house of Bailie John Macmorran, whose tragic death made a great stir at its time, threw the city into painful excitement, and tarnished the reputation of the famous old High School. The conduct of the scholars there had been bad and turbulent for some years, but it reached a climax on September 15th, 1595. On a week's holiday being refused, the boys were so exasperated, being chiefly "gentilman's bairnes," that they formed a compact for vengeance in the true spirit of the age; and, armed with swords and pistols, took possession at midnight of the ancient school in the Blackfriars Gardens, and declining to admit the masters or anyone

else, made preparation to stand a siege, setting all authority at defiance. The doors were not only shut but barricaded and strongly guarded within; all attempts to storm the boy-garrison proved impracticable, and all efforts at reconciliation were unavailing. The Town Council lost patience, and sent Bailie John Macmorran, one of the wealthiest merchants in the city (though he had begun life as a servant to the Regent Morton), with a posse of city officers, to enforce the peace. On their appearance in the school-yard the boys became simply outrageous, and mocked them as "buttery carles," daring anyone to approach at his peril. "To the point likely to be first attacked," says Steven, in his history of the school, "they were observed to throng in a highly excited state, and each seemed to vie with his fellow in threatening instant death to the man who should forcibly attempt to displace them. William Sinclair, son of the Chancellor of Caithness, had taken a conspicuous share in this barring out, and he now appeared foremost, encouraging his confederates," and stood at a window overlooking one of the entrances which the Bailie ordered the officers to force, by using a long beam as a battering-ram, and he had nearly accomplished his perilous purpose, when a ball in the forehead from Sinclair's pistol slew him on the spot, and he fell on his back. Panic-stricken, the boys surrendered. Some effected their escape, and others, including Sinclair and the sons of Murray of Springiedale, and Pringle of Whitebank, were thrown into prison. Macmorran's family were too rich to be bribed, and clamored that they would have blood for blood. On the other hand, "friends threatened death to all the people of Edinburgh if they did the child any harm, saying they were not wise who meddled with scholars, especially *gentlemen's sons*," and Lord Sinclair, as chief of the family to which the young culprit belonged, moved boldly in his behalf, and procured the intercession of King James with the magistrates, and in the end all the accused got free, including the slayer of the Bailie, who lived to become Sir William Sinclair of Mey, in 1631, and the husband of Catherine Ross, of Balnagowan, and from them the present Earls of Caithness are descended.—*Old and New Edinburgh*.

INTELLIGENCE IN CATS.—Cats are like oysters, in that no one is neutral about them; everyone is, explicitly or implicitly, friendly or hostile to them. And they are like chil-

dren in their power of discovering, by a rapid and sure instinct, who likes them and who does not. It is difficult to win their affection; and it is easy to forfeit what it is hard to win. But when given, their love, although less demonstrative, is more delicate and beautiful than that of a dog. Who that is on really intimate terms with a cat has not watched its dismay at the signs of packing up and leaving home? We ourselves have known a cat who would recognise his master's footstep after a three months' absence, and come out to meet him in the hall, with tail erect, and purring all over as if to the very verge of bursting. And another cat we know, who comes up every morning between six and seven o'clock to wake his master, sits on the bed, and very gently feels first one eyelid and then the other with his paw. When an eye opens, but not till then, the cat sets up a loud purr, like the prayer of a fire-worshipper to the rising sun. Those who say lightly that cats care only for places, and not for persons, should go to the Cat Show at the Crystal Palace, where they may see recognitions between cat and owner that will cure them of so shallow an opinion. When we were last there, one striking instance fell in our way. Cats greatly dislike these exhibitions; a cat, as a rule, is like Queen Vashti, unwilling to be shown, even to the nobles, at the pleasure of an Abasuerus. Shy, sensitive, wayward, and independent, a cat resents being placed upon a cushion in a wire cage, and exposed to the unintelligent criticism, to say nothing of the fingers of a mob of sightseers. One very eminent cat, belonging to the Masters' Common Room at Christ Church, Oxford, whose size and beauty have on several occasions entailed on him the hard necessity of attending a cat show, takes, it is said, three days to recover from the sense of humiliation and disgust which he feels, whether he gets a prize or not. On the occasion to which we refer, a row of distinguished cats were sitting, each on his cushion, with their backs turned to the sightseers, while their faces, when from time to time visible, were expressive of the deepest gloom and disgust. Presently two little girls pushed through the crowd to the cage of one of the largest of these cats, crying, "There's 'Dick'!" Instantly the great cat turned round, his face transfigured with joy, purred loudly, and endeavored to scratch open the front of the cage, that he might rejoin his little friends, who were with difficulty persuaded to leave him at the show.—*Spectator*.



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THE RUSSIAN ADVANCE IN CENTRAL ASIA.

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HENRY RAWLINSON, K.C.B.

It is easier to write about the Russian advance at the present day than it was a few years back. The ground has been cleared of much of the rubbish which formerly encumbered it. Not long ago the apologists of Russia were wont to compare the progress of her arms in Central Asia with the progress of our own in India. We were warned of a certain law of nature which impelled civilisation to advance on barbarism, and were asked to hail with sympathy, rather than view with suspicion, the extension of a Power which, as it swept on in its resistless course, diffused the blessings of order, of knowledge, and of commerce over a vast region hitherto sunk in a savagery of the worst description. But public opinion is now somewhat changed. No one questions that Russia is entitled to great credit for the civilising influence that has at-

tended her progress, for the large benefits she has conferred upon humanity in her career of conquest through Central Asia. By crushing the Turcoman raiders, indeed, and by abolishing the slave markets of Khiva and Bokhara, she has restored peace and prosperity to districts which were groaning in misery, and has earned the gratitude of thousands of terror-stricken families. Whatever may happen in the future, she has gained imperishable glory in the past by her victories of peace along the desolated frontier of Khorassan; but here the register of her good deeds must end. To suppose that she launched her forces across the Caspian in 1869 and engaged in Central Asian warfare with a view to these beneficent results, is to ignore the whole spirit and character of her policy. Fortunately there is now no room for misconception. Her soldiers and states-

men have recently laid bare her springs of action with a plainness that is almost cynical, but at the same time with a fulness of detail that must carry conviction to all unprejudiced minds. It was during the Crimean war, we are told, that Russia first realised her false position in regard to England. In her schemes of aggrandisement in Europe she was liable to be met and thwarted at every turn by British alliances and British influence; and when engaged in war she was open to our attack in every quarter, in the Black Sea, the Sea of Azof, the Baltic, or the coast of Georgia, without any possibility of retaliation. If she was to develop in due course, as had so often been predicted, into the leading Power of the world, it was thus absolutely necessary that the inequality complained of should be redressed. Some weak point in our armor must be discovered. Some means must be found to shatter the palladium of our insular security. Hence there arose the idea of creating a great Oriental satrapy, under Russian administration, which should envelop the north-west frontier of our Indian Empire, and from which, as occasion might arise, pressure could be exerted, or, if necessary, armed demonstrations might issue, which would neutralise British opposition in Europe, and would place our policy on the Bosphorus or elsewhere in subordination to her own. In former times, as is well known, elaborate schemes have been discussed at St. Petersburg for the actual invasion of India, and, if we may judge from the utterances of the Moscow press and the fervid letters of certain Russian generals, the same exalted ideas still prevail in many military circles; but assuredly no such extravagance has been apparent in the careful plan of trans-Caspian operations hitherto adopted by the Russian Government, which has, on the contrary, been of the soberest and most practical character.

The end in view has been simply to arrive by gradual accretion of territory at the frontier of India. In pursuance of this object Russia has incurred expense without any immediate prospect of return, to an extent which has filled economists with dismay; fifty millions sterling, at least, having been expended by her in Central Asia during the last

twenty-five years. Native rights at the same time have been mercilessly trampled on, and, above all, diplomacy has pushed its privilege of deception far beyond the bounds hitherto recognised as legitimate; but success, which condones all such irregularities, has rewarded her efforts, and the crisis has now arrived, almost sooner than was expected.

A brief summary of the salient points which have marked the persistent advance of Russia in Central Asia seems to be all that is required at present. For the first ten years following on the Crimean war her generals, having crossed the Kirghiz steppes from Orenburg, were gradually feeling their way along the valley of the Jaxartes. Creeping up the river, and taking fort after fort and city after city, they everywhere defeated the rabble soldiery of the Uzbeks, and finally, in 1867, planted the Russian flag on the famous citadel of Samarcand, adjoining the mausoleum of Timúr. Here, according to prearranged design, the progress of the Russian arms was arrested, pending the approach of co-operating columns from the Caspian; but, in the meantime, the neighboring Khanate of Bokhara, hitherto the most important of the Central Asian States, was brought completely under control, and the influence of Russia was fully and firmly established on the Oxus. To the westward a still more important series of operations was now commenced. In 1869 the first Russian detachments crossed the Caspian, and boldly invaded the country of the Turcomans. Had such an expedition been carried out in Europe, it would have been stigmatised as piracy, for there was absolutely no provocation on the part of the tribesmen, nor even was the formality observed of declaring war. Coercive measures, without further warning and with varying success, were directed against the tribes of the neighborhood. Gradually the sphere of action was extended. Khiva was reduced in 1873, and then the Tekkehs, the principal tribe of the Turcoman confederacy, who inhabited the steppe from Kizil-Arvat to Merv, were seriously attacked. The western division of this tribe, called the Akhals, made a stout resistance, on one occasion in 1879 beating off the regular troops led by Lomakin, and seriously imperil-

ling the whole Russian position. Ultimately, however, in 1880, the renowned Scoboleff, greatly assisted by the Persian chiefs of Kuchán and Bujnoord, who furnished carriage and supplies from the adjacent frontier of Khorassan, penetrated to the heart of the Akhal country and took their stronghold, Geok Tepeh, by storm. All active opposition then collapsed, and in due course conciliation, combined with intimidation, being skilfully employed against the Eastern Tekkehs, who were demoralised by the subjugation of their brethren in Akhal, and who applied for support in vain both to Persia and to Cabul, Merv—"the Queen of the East," as she has been called—surrendered to Russia in February, 1884, and the first act of the great Central Asia drama, after twenty-five years of sustained and energetic action, was brought to a successful close. It is needless to say that during this long and desperate struggle to reach and occupy Merv there were many phases which tended to distract public attention from the main object in view. To many persons who followed the Russian proceedings with an observant and even friendly eye—for the atrocities committed by the Turcomans had excited general indignation against them—the explanation which most commended itself was, that as Russia had already established an important government in Turkistan very imperfectly supplied with the means of communication with the Wolga, she found it indispensable to supplement the northern line with a more direct and assured route to the west, which route should traverse the Turcoman steppe *viâ* Merv and Askabad, and should thus connect Tashkend and Samarcand with the Caspian. And it is quite possible that consideration of this nature—which from a strategical point of view were perfectly sound and proper—may have had some weight in determining the course of events, combined, as they naturally were, with a full appreciation of the advantages in respect to prestige and military power which must accrue from the creation of a new empire in Central Asia; but I must adhere to my view that neither strategy, nor lust of conquest, nor military glory, nor any of the thousand and one motives which in matters of peace and war or-

dinarily actuate nations, was the governing principle in directing the Russian advance into Central Asia. That principle was, I believe, an intense desire to reach the threshold of India, not for the purpose of direct or immediate attack, but with a view to political pressure on Great Britain, with which Power she would thus, for the first time, be brought in territorial contact.

With this conviction strong on my mind, and with a lively sense of the inconvenience to India of Russian contiguity, is it surprising that I should feel constrained to put the following questions? Ought we to have remained passive while the meshes were thus being woven round us? Ought we not rather to have impeded by all the means at our command the passage of the Russian columns from the Caspian to Merv? There were many such means available. We might have persuaded Persia, whose jealousy was already excited by the movement of the Russian columns along her frontier, to interdict that supply of grain and transport animals from Khorassan which was indispensable to a successful advance. We might have furnished the Tekkehs of Akhal with arms and money to resist the invaders. We might have warned the Russian Government in plain but forcible language that her occupation of Merv would infallibly lead to war. It is impossible, indeed, to acquit ourselves of shortcoming in this respect. It is impossible to avoid the conviction that, by a want of firmness in action as in language, the crisis which now threatens us has been unduly accelerated. I have no wish to reopen old sores, or to revive the acrimonious strife of 1881, when the questions of the evacuation of Candahar and the abandonment of the Quetta railway were debated with the keenness of political disagreement, embittered by the virulence of party feeling; nor, indeed, although strongly advocating at the time the retention of the Western Afghan capital, and believing as I still do that Russia was mainly encouraged to advance on Merv by our retirement from Candahar, am I at all insensible to the solid advantages which resulted from the adoption by the Government of the day of an opposite course of action. I freely admit three distinct sources of gain. Firstly,



the considerable expense of maintaining an independent government in Candahar for the last four years has been saved to the public treasury ; secondly, we have avoided local friction with the Dúrání population, which might have seriously hampered us under present circumstances ; and, thirdly, we have succeeded during the interval in maintaining friendly relations with the Amír of Cabul, a result which, according to the best authorities—I refer especially to Sir Lepel Griffin's statement on this head—would have been impossible had he been subjected to the constant sense of humiliation, as well as to the pecuniary loss, occasioned by the dismemberment of his kingdom and the continued presence of a British garrison at Candahar. Yet, admitting the value of such results, I cannot but think them a poor compensation for the cramped position, both military and political, in which we now find ourselves. At any rate, if we were at present established in strength at Candahar as we were in 1881, with the railway completed to that town from Sibi, and with a small detachment occupying Girishk on the Helمند, the improvement in our military position would be at least equivalent to an additional force of 20,000 men in line should hostilities really supervene with Russia, whilst the relations we should have been able to establish during the interval with the Hazáreh and Parsiwán section of the population—relations which must in the future constitute our chief element of strength in the country—would have rendered us almost indifferent to the jealousy and opposition of the Afghans.

Having thus disposed of all preliminary matter, I now take up the frontier question, from which arises our present acute misunderstanding with Russia. Oriental states have notoriously elastic and fluctuating frontiers, and Afghanistan is no exception to the general rule. At different periods, indeed, since the institution of the kingdom of Cabul by Ahmed Shah in 1747, the Afghan power has extended on one side to Cashmire, on another to Deregez in Khorassan, while to the south it has stretched into Beluchistan and even to the frontiers of Sindé. More frequently of late years it has been circumscribed within much narrower dimensions, and has moreover

been disintegrated and broken up into three distinct chiefships. The normal condition of the kingdom may be considered to be such as it presented on Shir Ali Khan's accession to power in 1868, Herat and Candahar being united to Cabul, and the seat of government being established at the eastern capital. It was shortly after this, in 1872, that, on the invitation of Russia, who had already brought Bokhara under her influence, and was exercising a tutelary direction of her affairs, we undertook, in the interests of Shir Ali Khan, to specify the northern districts over which we considered that he was entitled to claim jurisdiction, the object being thus to define a frontier between the Afghans and Uzbeqs, which should obviate in the future all risk of collision or misunderstanding. As Russia at that time had no relations whatever with the Turcomans of Merv, it is not very obvious why it should have been thought necessary to protract the Afghan frontier beyond the Bokhara limit to the west of the Oxus. Perhaps the object especially was to protect the Afghan-Uzbek states of Andekhúd and Mymeneh, which in the time of Dost Mohammed Khan had been subject to Bokhara. Perhaps Russia already contemplated the absorption of Merv, and foresaw that all territory outside of the Afghan boundary would naturally fall into her own hands. At any rate, the memorandum of 1872, better known as the Granville-Gortchakoff arrangement, after defining the Bokhara frontier as far as Khjoa Saleh on the Oxus, went on to name, as districts to be included in Shir Ali's dominions, " Akcheh, Sir-i-Púl, Mymeneh, Shilbergán, and Andekhúd, the latter of which would be the extreme Afghan possession to the northwest, the desert beyond belonging to independent tribes of Turcomans ;" and further : " The Western Afghan frontier between the dependencies of Herat and those of the Persian province of Khorassan is well known and need not be defined." Now, however much it may be regretted that this memorandum, which was evidently drawn up as a mere basis for negotiation, and not as a formal declaration of territorial rights, was not more explicit in defining the trace of the line, and especially in marking the points at which it would cross the Murgháb and

abut on the Heri-rúd, it did at any rate establish two main points of geographical interest. In the first place, it clearly distinguished between the independent Turcoman desert to the north and the Afghan hilly country to the south; and in the second place it naturally, and as a matter of course, assigned to Afghanistan the "dependencies of Herat" to the west of the Murgháb, which dependencies again were divided, it was said, from Persian territory by the "well-known" boundary of the Heri-rúd.

The terms of this agreement were in February 1873 formally accepted by Russia; and, faulty and irregular as the document is from a diplomatic point of view, it has quieted all frontier agitation between the Oxus and Heri-rúd for the last ten years, and would have served the same purpose for another ten years in advance but for the unfortunate intrusion of Russia into the controversy as a sequel to her conquest of Merv.

Russia first reintroduced a discussion on the frontier early in 1882, suggesting, in the interests of peace and order, that the arrangement of 1872-3 should, in respect to the western portion of the line, be complemented by some formal demarcation, determined by actual survey of the country; but as the Tekkehs were then independent, and there seemed to be no advantage in encouraging Russia to absorb their territory up to the line of demarcation, the proposal for a joint commission of delimitation was received by us at the time with some coldness. Two years later, in February 1884, affairs having much advanced in the interim, negotiations were resumed, and in due course (July 1884) a commission *ad hoc* was appointed, General Lumsden being nominated by the British Government, and General Zelenoi by the Russian, with instructions to meet at Serakhs in the following October.

Now, it is quite evident that in the earlier stages of these frontier discussions the Russian Foreign Office understood the provisions of the 1872-3 arrangement, which were held to govern the later negotiation, in their natural and common-sense acceptance. The principle of a distinction between plain and hill was fully recognised, and the phrase "dependencies of Herat" was held necessarily to include the province of

Badgheis, a tract which extended from the Paropamisus range to Serakhs, and which had been a dependency of Herat from the time of the Arab conquest. The line on which the commissioners were to be engaged is thus everywhere spoken of by M. de Giers and M. Zinovieff in the preliminary negotiations as a direct line from Khoja Saleh to Serakhs, or to the neighborhood of Serakhs, and there is no hint of any deflection of the line to the south. After the annexation of Merv, however, and especially after M. Lessar had perambulated Badgheis and made a careful study of the valleys of the Kushk and Murgháb rivers, larger views appear to have dawned upon the Russian authorities. Geographical and ethnological conditions were then invented that had never been thought of before. It was discovered that the Paropamisus range was the true natural boundary of Herat to the north, that the district of Badgheis, which lay beyond the range, had been absolved from its allegiance to Herat by efflux of time, Afghan jurisdiction having been suspended during the Turcoman raids which had desolated the district for above fifty years; above all, it was asserted that the Saryk Turcomans who dwelt at Penj-deh and in the valley of the Kushk, well within the Afghan border, must be registered as Russian subjects, because another detachment of the same tribe, who dwelt at Yolatan, beyond the desert and near Merv, had proffered their allegiance to the Czar. Questions of principle of such grave moment, it was further stated, required to be settled by the two European Governments before the commissioners could enter on their duties, and General Zelenoi was accordingly, without further explanation or apology, sent to rusticate at Teflis, regardless of the public convenience or of the respect due to his colleague, who had been waiting for him for four months on the Murgháb with an escort of 500 men and a large gathering of attendants and camp-followers.

The abrupt and discourteous manner in which Russia gave effect to her altered views, by withdrawing her commissioner, was not calculated to improve the prospect of an amicable settlement. Other graver matters, too, soon supervened. Before General Lumsden had arrived at

the Heri-rúd, Russia had pushed forward a patrol to Púl-i-Khatún, about fifty miles south of Serakhs, thus occupying one of the points on which the Commission would have had to adjudicate; and subsequently she extended her advance still further into the "debateable" land, placing a strong post at Ak Robát, in the very centre of Badgheis, so as to cut off from the Afghans a famous salt lake which supplies the whole country with salt as far as Meshed and Askabad, and was thus a valuable source of revenue; and also taking possession of the pass and ruined fort of Zulficár, fifty miles south of Púl-i-Khatún, where one of the favorite tracks of the old Turcoman raiders crossed the Heri-rúd, and where an Afghan picket was already stationed. This last aggression, which was later sought to be justified by Russia on the ground of retaliation for an unauthorised Afghan advance on the Murgháb, brought the outposts of the two nations into immediate contact, and would certainly at the time have caused a collision but for General Lumsden's urgent remonstrances. On the Murgháb, too, affairs were equally critical. As long ago as 1883, before the appointment of a frontier commission was ever thought of, the Amir of Cabul, alarmed by the Russian proceedings at Merv, had established a strong military post at Bala Murgháb, in the Jamshídí country,\* and about fifty miles short of the Saryk settlement at Penj-deh. This was a purely military precaution, with no political significance, and could give offence to no one. In March of the following year, however, the situation was a good deal altered. Owing to a visit from M. Lessar, who came from Merv for the express purpose of testing the fidelity of the Saryk Turcomans to the Amir of Cabul, and who

was generally regarded as the forerunner of a Russian advance, so much alarm was created in the neighborhood that application was made to the commandant at Bala Murgháb to send a detachment of his troops to Penj-deh for the protection of the Saryk tribesmen; and it was fortunate that this requisition was complied with, for otherwise the chances are that the Afghans would have lost the place, as the Russians were actually preparing to attack it.

The importance of this incident of the Afghan occupation of Penj-deh has been a good deal exaggerated by Russian partisans, who claim that the "debateable" land reserved for the adjudication of the commissioners was thus first invaded by the Afghans; but in reality, as will be presently explained in detail, no question had ever been raised in the country as to Penj-deh being outside the jurisdiction of Herat, previous to M. Lessar's visit in March 1884, and the Cabul commander at Bala Murgháb, in ignorance of the appointment of a commission in Europe to consider any such question, naturally and properly supposed that he was merely carrying out an arrangement of internal police in strengthening his northern outpost. As it afterwards turned out, however, Russia attached the greatest importance to this obscure position of Penj-deh. Colonel Alikhanoff, indeed, always preferring action to negotiation, made an attempt to seize it with a detachment from Merv a few months after its occupation by the Afghans, and only desisted when he found that he must fight for its possession. There have been since repeated demonstrations of attack from the northward, and at the present moment it is the point where a collision between Russians and Afghans is most to be apprehended, the Saryks of Yolatan under Russian orders holding Púl-i-Khishti on the Kushk river, while the Saryks of Penj-deh under Afghan orders hold the neighboring position of Ak Tepeh, within half a mile's distance, at the junction of the Kushk and Murgháb, and peace being only kept between the rival parties by the presence of our assistant commissioner, Colonel Ridgeway, who has been directed by Sir P. Lumsden to watch the frontier with an escort of fifty lancers, as long as he can with safety remain.

\* Bala Murgháb, where Sir P. Lumsden and his party have passed the winter, is apparently built on the site of the old city of *Abshin*, which was the capital of the *Sháhs* of Gharshistan, a line of princes of great celebrity in Oriental history. The family was of Persian descent, and reigned in Gharshistan (the upper valley of the Murgháb) for nearly two centuries during the Samanide and Ghaznevide dynasties, the Shar Abu Nasar, who was defeated by Mahomud and died in captivity at Ghazni in A.H. 406, being one of the most earned men of his time.

It must now be noted, that while local proceedings of this grave character have been taking place on the Murgháb, diplomacy in Europe has not been idle. When Russia decided not to send her commissioner to the frontier pending our acceptance of the new principles which were to govern the negotiation, she proposed for our consideration a zone of arbitration within the limits of which the boundary line was to be drawn. Negotiations on this subject are still proceeding, but no definite arrangement has been yet arrived at.

It must be patent to all the world that if Russia were pursuing a really honest policy, and were not striving to make a bargain especially favorable to her own interests, she would leave the delimitation commission to decide, according to evidence obtained on the spot, what was meant in the arrangement of 1872-3 by drawing a distinction between the Afghan hilly district and the Turcoman desert, as well as what extent of territory ought to be fairly included within "the dependencies of Herat." On these points, which constitute the real difficulties of the situation, I now propose to make a few general remarks, repeating the arguments in favor of the Afghan claims which I have already submitted to the public in another place.\*

Firstly, then, in regard to what is meant by the dependencies of Herat, the district between the Murgháb and Heri-rúd is known by the name of Badgheis, not, as has been fancifully suggested, from any traditional connection with the mythical Bacchus, but rather, as is stated in the *Bundehesh*, that curious repository of ancient Aryan legends from the tribe of Vad-keshan, who were probably a subdivision of the Hiyátheleh or Ephthalities, and who, according to Beladheri, were first established in the district, in direct dependency on Herat, by the Sassanian king Firoz in the fifth century A.D. Badgheis, from its rich and abundant pasturage and its sylvan character, soon became the favorite appanage of Herat, and the two names have been bracketed in all history and geography ever since, the Lord of the Eastern Marches being called, under the Sassanians, the Marzabán of Herat

and Badgheis, and the district in question having followed the fate of the capital in all subsequent revolutions. The geographers, Istakhrí, Ibn Haucal, Mokadassi, Edrisi, and their followers to the time of the Mongol conquest, all describe Badgheis as the most valuable portion of the Herat territory. Although indifferently supplied with running streams, and being thus deficient in irrigated lands, particularly in the northern part of the district, it was on the whole well peopled, wells and *kahriz*es (or underground aqueducts) supplying the wants of the inhabitants. Again, in the southern and eastern portions of Badgheis, including the northern slopes of the Paropamisus range and the valley of the Kushk river, the natural beauties of the district became proverbial. The author of the *Heft Akhím* describes this part of Badgheis as a flower-garden of delights, and adds that it contains a thousand valleys full of trees and streams, each of which would abundantly supply an army not only with encamping ground but with grass and water, and fuel and fodder, and all the necessaries of life. He also alludes to the strong hill forts in the Kaitú range, Naraitú and others, of which our officers have lately seen the remains, and thus illustrates the famous passage in the *Bundehesh* which records that "Afrasiáb of Tur (the eponym of the Hiyátheleh) used Bakesir of Badgheis (*Baghshúrde* of the Arabs; now called Kileh Maúr) as a stronghold and made his residence within it, and a myriad towns and villages were erected on its pleasant and prosperous territory." The geographers enumerate some ten or twelve considerable towns, which continued to flourish till the time of the Suffaveans, the capital being Dehistán (probably modern Gulran or Gurlan), which must have been founded by the Dahæ when they accompanied the kindred tribe of Tokhari or Hiyátheleh in their original immigration.

The boundaries of Badgheis seem to have fluctuated according to the power of the neighboring states, and it is not always easy to verify the notices of the geographers, owing to the disappearance of the old names. Still, it is important to note that Hafiz Abrú, who was a minister of Herat under Shah Rúkh, states

\* See *Pall Mall Gazette*, March 2, 1885.

categorically that Badgheis was bounded on the west by the Persian districts of Jam and Serakhs, thus proving that, at any rate at that period, the district extended northward up to the confines of the desert. To the east Badgheis was frequently made to include Merv-er-Rúd (Ak Tepeh), Penj-deh, Baghshúr (Kileh Maúr), Baún or Bavan (Kara Tepeh), and the entire valley of the Kushk river, while to the south it was separated from the plain of Herat, as at present, by a range of hills (now called Barkhút), the prolongation of the great Paropamisus. Such being the concurrent testimony of all writers as to the configuration of the country in antiquity, and Badgheis being so intimately connected with Herat as is the Campagna with Rome, it is difficult to understand on what grounds it can now be excluded from Afghan territory as indicated in the memorandum of 1872. The argument that neither Dost Mohammed Khan, nor Shir Ali Khan, nor even Abdur Rahman Khan until quite lately, exercised any effective jurisdiction in the district, or held it in military subjection, is certainly of no value; for this condition of recent possession, which at one time did really govern the distribution, was specially excluded from consideration in determining claims to Afghan nationality by Prince Gortchakoff's letter of the 19th of December, 1872; and it would be a monstrous aggravation of the original outrage if the Turcomans, who had rendered Badgheis uninhabitable for fifty years, were, in virtue of their forcible interruption of Afghan government, to become themselves the legal owners of the country.

With regard again to the claims of Russia to inherit through the Saryk Turcomans, a portion of whom have lately become her subjects, the pretension is still more preposterous, since her outposts were not within 500 miles of the disputed territory when in 1872 the dependencies of Herat were adjudged to Afghanistan. It must be acknowledged that Badgheis has for the last fifty years been swept and harried by the Turcoman raiders till not a vestige of habitation has been left in the district. The land, especially along the Heri-rúd, is utterly desolate; but who will pretend that violence and outrage of this exceptional character has obliterated the rights

of Herat to resume possession of the country on the re-establishment of order and security? In real truth Herat has never abandoned her hold *de jure* upon Badgheis. The towers along the southern hills, which Macgregor remarked in 1875, were intended to protect the immediate plain of Herat from the further incursions of the Tekkeh savages, who suddenly swept down like a hurricane from the north whenever an opportunity offered, not to serve as landmarks for the Afghan territorial border; they were strictly works of internal defence, and as such have no analogy with the line of border towers along the course of the Heri-rúd, which at an earlier period had been erected by Kilich Khan, an officer of Shah Zamán's, with a view to resist invasion from Persia, and the ruins of which are still to be seen in a scattered line, extending from Kohsán to Garmáb in the vicinity of Púl-i-Khatún. Practically, and in so far as the safety of Herat is concerned, it can make no great difference if the Russian outposts are stationed at Púl-i-Khatún, or Zulficár, or at Kohsán. Herat would be equally open to attack from any of these points, and must rely for protection on its own means of defence; but it must be remembered that this is not a mere strategical question: on the contrary we are dealing with the rights and property of an independent sovereign as the guardian of his interests, and have no sort of authority to override the one or alienate the other on grounds of geographical or political convenience. Badgheis is unquestionably Afghan territory. Rescripts are still extant, addressed to the inhabitants by the Suddozye kings of Cabul. In 1873 Shir Ali Khan specifically named Badgheis, in his negotiations with Lord Northbrook, as an Afghan district which was likely to be overrun by the Turcomans if these tribes were expelled from Merv by the Russian arms. Again, in the famous memorandum of 1872, I have a certain knowledge that the phrase, "dependency of Herat," was specially intended to cover Badgheis, and finally the assessment of the district is actually borne on the Herat register at the present day.

And now with regard to the other point at issue between Russia and ourselves—the dependency of Penj-deh,

which, being situated on the Murgháb, just before the river issues from the hills, should belong geographically to Afghanistan, and which, moreover, is at least forty miles south of a direct line drawn from Serakhs to Khoja Seleh on the Oxus—a brief summary of its history would seem to be required. In antiquity Penj-deh was a mere suburb of the great city of Merver-Rúd, now marked by the ruins of Ak-tepeh. Formed, according to the geographer Yacút, of five separate villages (whence the name) on the river Murgháb, which had been gradually consolidated into a single township under Malik Shah, it was at the time of Yacút's visit, in A. H. 617, one of the most flourishing places in Khorassan. Shortly afterwards it was ruined by the Mongols, and a second time it was devastated by Timour, but under his successors, and especially during the reigns of Shah Rúkhh and Sultan Hussein Mirza, it again rose to a state of great prosperity, and ever since, except during some brief intervals of foreign dominion, it has remained in close dependency on Herat. When Ahmed Shah Abdalli, on the death of Nadir in 1747, established the kingdom of Cabul, the Kushk and Murgháb valleys were held by Eymák tribes, Hazárehs, Fírozkohts, and Jamshídís, who cultivated the lower lands along the rivers and pastured their flocks over the downs of Badgheis, unmixed with either Afghans or Turcomans, but paying revenue to Herat in common with all the other tribes who inhabited the ranges of the Paropamisus.

The earliest Turcoman intruders into the valley were Ersári, from the Oxus. These nomads first appeared in about 1825, and were shortly followed by Salors from Yolatan, and somewhat later by detached parties of Saryks from Merv, all the new visitors, however, acknowledging the jurisdiction of the local Jamshídí or Hazáreh chief, and paying their dues to the Afghan ruler of Herat. In 1858 a further dislocation occurred; the Ersáris, who never liked the Murgháb, returned to the Oxus, while the Salors and Saryks, retreating before the Tekkehs of Merv, took their places at Penj-deh. Later still the Salors crossed over to the Heri-rúd, leaving the Saryks alone in possession of the lands on the Murgháb and Kushk, where they remain in the

same condition of squatters on Afghan lands to the present day. During all this long period, that is from the first appearance of the Ersáris at Penj-deh, an annual tax has been levied on the Turcoman cultivators and shepherds, either by the local Eymák chiefs—lords of the soil, and themselves accountable to Herat—or by an officer specially deputed for the purpose by the Afghan Governor of Herat. The names of the *naibs*, or deputy governors, who have thus acted in command of the district are all well known, and in many cases the individuals are still living to attest their employment at Penj-deh under the Afghans. In fact, no question was ever raised as to the Afghan right to Penj-deh, or as to the political condition of the Saryks, until after the Russian occupation of Merv. The Saryks were Turcoman tribesmen renting Afghan lands, and during their tenancy accounted as Afghan subjects, precisely as other divisions of the great Turcoman community who were settled temporarily in Persia, in Khiva, and in Bokhara, during their sojourn paid tribute to, and acknowledged the jurisdiction of, those States. If the Saryks of their own free will desired to quit their Afghan lands at Penj-deh and in Badgheis and migrate to their former pastures, which have passed under the rule of Russia, the Afghans could not properly interfere to prevent them; nor, indeed, with a view to avoiding friction on the frontier, is it at all clear that an arrangement of this nature might not be to the advantage of the Herat Government. But it was wholly indefensible that Russia, on the broad principle of ethnographical unity, should, as she recently did, demand as a right the registration of the Saryks as Russian subjects, and should require the transfer of the lands which they occupied to Russian jurisdiction. A frontier, too, is now boldly claimed, assigning to Russia Penj-deh, with all the adjacent lands on the Murgháb and Kushk, and troops are moved up the river from Merv to support the claim, at the imminent risk of provoking collision and thus initiating war.

It remains now to consider the prospect before us in regard to this momentous alternative of peace or war. To those who, like myself, have watched

the cautious and consistent proceedings of Russia in Central Asia since the close of the Crimean war, with a growing presentiment of evil, but still not without a certain admiration of such determined policy and a warm approval in many cases of the results, the immediate future presents no special features of mystery or alarm. The occupation of Merv and the incorporation in the Russian Empire of the vast hordes who roam the steppes from the Caspian to the Oxus was but the crowning act of a long series of costly but tentative enterprises, all leading up to the same much-desired consummation. The threshold of India was reached. Russian Turcomania was now conterminous with British Afghanistan, and it only remained to give effect to the situation in the manner most conducive to Russian interests. It must be understood, then, that in all the recent discussions between London and St. Petersburg regarding lines of frontier, work of the Commission, relations with the tribes, &c., Russia, in prosecution of those interests, has been guided by three distinct considerations, all aiming at the strengthening of her position in view to future pressure upon England. Firstly, she requires the best strategical base available for immediate demonstration against Herat. As far as actual attack is concerned, her power would be as formidable if launched from Serakhs or Merv as if she had already advanced half-way to Herat and were encamped at Zulficár and Chemen-i-bid; but in respect to a passive but continued pressure, no doubt her best position would be on the northern skirts of the hills which divide Badgheis from Herat, and in full command of the upper valley of the Kushk. Hence her desire to possess a boundary line from Zulficár on the Heri-rúd by Chemen-i-bid to Meruchek on the Murgháb, and hence the persistency with which she clings to this line, even at the risk of actual conflict. Secondly, she requires the full command of the Murgháb and Kushk valleys, not only because the most direct, and by far the most commodious, road to Herat from her northern base, the Caspian and Askabad, leads by Merv and Penj-deh, but also because Penj-deh dominates the communication between Herat and Afghan Turkestan, and would be

thus of the greatest strategical importance in the event of war between Russia and Cabul. Hence the insistence with which she clings to Penj-deh and the boldness she has shown in enveloping the place with her troops, hoping, as it would seem, to redeem Alikhanoff's former failure to obtain peaceful possession by now provoking a disturbance between the Saryks and Afghans which shall justify her own forcible interposition. And, thirdly, in regard to the Saryks of Penj-deh, it should be clearly understood that it is not the tribesmen that Russia principally cares about, but the lands which they occupy. She is tempting them, no doubt, to declare in her favor by every means in her power, and she ostentatiously displays before them the bait that she has now occupied Badgheis as far as Ak Robát, and thus commands the Salt Lake and the pastures which they have hitherto enjoyed as Afghan tenants; but if the Afghans were to resume occupation of Badgheis, and the Saryks were to offer, nevertheless, to migrate to Merv or the Tejend, it is doubtful whether she would receive them. The whole controversy, indeed, may be regarded as a sham, or at best a means to an end, the possession of Penj-deh being the real object aimed at, on account of its affording such a convenient basis for threatening, or even for attacking, Herat.

The measures which Russia has taken to carry out the above objects are of a very grave significance. Although it is known that we have already recognised the validity of the Afghan claim to Badgheis and Penj-deh, and are, moreover, pledged to support by our arms the Amir of Cabul, Abdur Rahman Khan, in the event of an unprovoked aggression on his territory by a foreign enemy, she has, on the mere ground apparently that she contests his claim to these districts, advanced her troops as far as Zulficár, Ak Robát, and Púl-i-Khishti. She has, in fact, as matters stand at present, superseded the work of the commission. She has arbitrarily drawn up a line of frontier deciding all the moot points of jurisdiction in her own favor; and by her military dispositions she has given evidence that she intends to uphold this territorial distribution by force of arms. We have in the meantime done all that was pos-

sible with honor to avert hostilities. We have refused to abandon the hope of a settlement of the frontier dispute through the agency of the delimitation commission, and we have in various ways stretched conciliation to the utmost, merely requiring that no further advance shall be made into the debateable land by the pickets or patrols on either side, pending negotiation. Although no formal arrangement to this effect has been agreed to, orders have been issued to the Russian commanders on the spot, and a sort of truce of a very temporary character has been thus established; but what is to be the outcome of this strained position of affairs? The truce cannot be prolonged indefinitely, and in the meantime any chance collision between Cossack and Afghan patrols may set the whole country in a blaze, for considerable reinforcements are said to be marching on Penj-deh both from Merv and from Herat, and there is much exasperation of feeling upon either side.

It is, of course, well understood that neither Russia nor England is desirous of entering on a war at the present time, and if the quarrel were really what it is ostensibly, it might be safely assumed that a recourse to arms would be impossible. To suppose, indeed, that two mighty nations like Russia and England would enter on a serious conflict, which would cost millions of money and entail the sacrifice of thousands of lives, upon a paltry squabble regarding a few hundred square miles of barren desert or a few hundreds of savage Turcomans, would be a simple absurdity. But the fact is that there are far graver interests in the background. Russia, in pursuance of her original design of demonstration against India, will certainly strain every nerve and encounter very serious risks in order to obtain a frontier suitable to her purpose. She desires to secure a strong and permanent position at the foot of the Barkhút hills, not perhaps with a view to undertaking the siege of Herat, for if such were her object the route up the Kushk valley would offer a more convenient mode of approach, but especially in order to increase her prestige among the Turcomans and Persians, and, if possible, to overawe the Afghans, while at the same time she would exert a severe and continuous pressure upon

India. This pressure undoubtedly would be very inconvenient to us, entailing, as it would, the necessity of a constant preparedness for war, and we should be fully justified in seeking to protect ourselves against it by every means at our command. Already, for defensive purposes, we have created a strong and friendly government in Afghanistan, and we have undertaken to give it our cordial support. If, therefore, Russia continues to maintain the positions which she has usurped far within the Afghan limits, and thus permanently violates the integrity of the country, resisting all negotiation, and even thwarting our efforts through the commission to effect a compromise, there would seem to be no alternative but a resort to arms. The Afghans are quite aware of this, and are prepared to bear the brunt of the attack. The Amir, with very brief preparation, could probably put 100,000 men into the field; and supported with an auxiliary British army, which India, it may be confidently assumed, is ready to supply, would prove at least as formidable an antagonist as Omar Pasha or Shamil. Fortunately there is already a small British force under Sir P. Lumsden in the immediate vicinity of Herat, which in conjunction with the garrison of the city would be sufficient, it is thought, to protect the place from a Russian *coup de main*, pending the arrival of British reinforcements; and it must be borne in mind that if once the die were cast and Russian supremacy were fairly challenged by us in Central Asia, we might be joined by unexpected allies. The Turcomans and Uzbeks, though cowed at present, are not subdued. Persia is incensed at her spoliation by Russia of the slopes of the Attock and the canals and rice-grounds of old Serakhs, besides being much alarmed at the gradual envelopment by Russian arms of her rich and warlike province of Khorassan; and even Turkey would not be indisposed to strike another blow on behalf of her ravished provinces, if there were the faintest prospect of success. To the possibility of European complications I need not allude, but it is hardly to be doubted that in any general *débâcle* the balance would be against Russia and in favor of England.

But it is just possible that at the



eleventh hour Russia may listen to the voice of reason and moderation, and may by timely concession render the resumption of the work of the commission possible. In that case war, immediate war, might be avoided. It must not, however, for a moment be imagined that, unless forced by severe military disaster, Russia would really abandon the great object of threatening India, in pursuit of which she has already sacrificed so much treasure and spilt so much of the best blood of her army. All that we should gain would be a respite. With her attention riveted on Herat, which would henceforward become the centre-piece of the Asiatic political tableau, Russia might be content to withdraw from her present aggressive attitude, and bide her time at Merv and Serakhs. Our own proceedings must in any case mainly depend on the issue of the interview which is about to take place between the Viceroy of India and the Amir of Cabul. If, as there is every reason to anticipate, a complete understanding should be arrived at between the two authorities, the further demonstration against India would be met and checked. The defences of Herat, under British superintendence, would rapidly assume the dimensions and completeness befitting the importance of the position as the frontier fortress of Afghanistan and the "key of India;" and an auxiliary British garrison might even, if the Amir required its co-operation, be furnished from India, so as to enable him to show a bold front to his enemies, or, in case of need, to beat off attack from the north. Under such circumstances the

situation would very closely resemble that which I ventured to foreshadow in 1874—the only difference, indeed, being that whereas I then proposed, much to the dismay of the peace party both in England and in India, to lease Herat and Candahar of the Amir of Cabul, so as to enable Great Britain to negotiate direct with the Russian Government, in the present case the normal arrangement of territory would remain unchanged, and England would merely appear in relation to Herat as the Amir's ally and representative. The passage will be found in *England and Russia in the East*, second edition, 1875, p. 378, and is as follows: "What this occupation [of Herat] might lead to, it is impossible to say. Russia might recoil from contact with us, or we might mutually retire to a convenient distance from each other, or in our respective positions at Merv and Herat—Russia being able to draw on her European resources through the Oxus and the Caspian, while a railway through Candahar connected our advanced garrison with the Indus—we might lay the foundation of that liminary relationship along the whole line of frontier, which, although unsuited to the present state of affairs in Central Asia, must inevitably be the ultimate condition of our joint dominion in the East."

P. S. It should be well understood that this article has been drawn up on the writer's personal responsibility, and does not in any way commit the Government to the opinions or line of action which it advocates.—H. C. R.—*Nineteenth Century*.

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## THE STATE *VERSUS* THE MAN.

BY EMILE DE LAVELEYE.

### II.

A CRITICISM OF MR. HERBERT SPENCER.

"La nature est l'injustice même."—RENAN.

FOUR articles of Mr. Herbert Spencer's which appeared in the *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*, have recently been reprinted together, and form now a work which Mr. Spencer has entitled "The Man *versus* The State." This little

volume merits the most attentive study, because in it the great sociological question of our day is treated in the most masterly manner. The individualist theory was, I think, never expounded better or with stronger arguments based on first principles, or supported by so great a number of clearly analyzed and admirably grouped facts. These pages are also full of important truths and of

lessons, from whence both nations and governments may derive great benefit. Mr. Spencer's deductions are so concise and forcible that one feels oneself drawn, against one's will, to accept his conclusions; and yet, the more I have thought on the subject, the more convinced have I become that these conclusions are not in the true interest of humanity. Mr. Herbert Spencer's object is to prove the error and danger of State socialism, or, in other words, the error and danger of that system which consists in appropriating State, or communal, revenues to the purpose of establishing greater equality among men.

The eminent philosopher's statement, that in most civilized countries governments are more and more adopting this course, is indisputable. In England Parliament is taking the lead; in Germany Prince Bismarck, in spite of Parliament; and elsewhere either Parliament or town councils are doing the same thing. Mr. Spencer considers that this effort for the improvement of the condition of the working-classes, which is being everywhere made, with greater or less energy, is a violation of natural laws, which will not fail to bring its own punishment on nations, thus misguided by a blind philanthropy. I believe, on the contrary, that this effort, taken as a whole, and setting aside certain mistaken measures, is not only in strict accordance with the spirit of Christianity, but is also in conformity with the true principles of politics and of political economy.

Let us first consider a preliminary question, on which I accept Mr. Spencer's views, but for different reasons from his: On what are individual rights founded, and what are the limits of State power? Mr. Spencer refutes with pitiless logic the opinions of those who, with Bentham, maintain that individual rights are State concessions, or who, like Matthew Arnold, deny the existence of natural rights. The absurdity of Bentham's system is palpably evident. Who creates the government? The people, says he. So the government, thus created, creates rights, and then, having created rights, it confers them on the separate members of the sovereign people, by which it was itself created. The real truth is, that government defines and sanctions rights, and employs

the public strength to enforce their being respected, but the rights themselves existed before.

Referring to the history of all primitive civilization, Mr. Herbert Spencer proves to Mr. Matthew Arnold that in familial and tribal communities there existed certain customs, which conferred recognized and respected rights, before ever any superior authority which could be designated by the name of State had been formed. Only, I think Mr. Herbert Spencer is wrong in making use of the term "natural rights." This expression was an invention of the French philosophers of the eighteenth century, and it is still employed in Germany by a certain school of philosophers as *Naturrecht*. Sir Henry Maine's clever and just criticism of this expression in his book "Ancient Law" should warn us all of the vague and equivocal meaning it conceals. The jurists and philosophers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries attached two very different significations to the term "natural rights." They sometimes applied it to the condition of primitive societies, in which their optimism led them to dream of a reign of justice, liberty, and equality, and at other times they made use of it when speaking of the totality of rights which should be possessed by every individual, by reason of his manhood. These two conceptions are equally erroneous. In primitive societies, in spite of certain customs which are the embryo of rights, might reign supreme, as among animals, and the best armed annihilate their weaker neighbors. Certainly, one would look in vain there for a model of a political constitution or code suitable to a civilized people. Neither can it be maintained that the "Rights of man," as proclaimed by the American and French Revolutions, belong to each individual, only because he forms part of the human species. The limit of rights which may be claimed by any one individual must depend upon his aptitudes for making good use of them. The same civil code and the same political institutions will not equally suit a savage tribe and a civilized nation. If the granting of the suffrage to all were likely to lead a people to anarchy or to despotism, it could not be called a natural right, for suicide is not a right.

If one analyze completely the expression "natural rights," one finds that it is really not sense. Xavier de Maistre, annoyed by the constant appeals to nature which are to be found in all the writings of the eighteenth century, said, very wittily: "Nature, who and what is this woman?" Nature is subject to certain laws, which are invariable; as, for instance, the law of gravitation. We may call these "laws of nature," but in human institutions, which are ever varying, nothing of the sort can exist. This superior and ideal right, which is invoked for the purpose of condemning existing laws, and claiming their reform or suppression, should rather be called *rational right*—that is to say, right in conformity with reason.

In every country, and at all times, an order of things may be conceived—civil, political, penal and administrative laws—which would best conform to the general interest, and be the most favorable to the well-being and progress of the nation. This order of things is not the existing one. If it were, one might say, with the optimists, that all is for the best in the best of possible worlds, and a demand for any amelioration would be a rebellion against natural laws, and an absurdity. But this order of things may be caught sight of by reason, and defined with more or less accuracy by science; hence its name of rational order. If I ask for free trade in France, for a better division of property in England, and for greater liberty in Russia, I do so in the name of this rational order, as I believe that these changes would increase men's happiness.

This theory permits of our tracing a limit between individual liberty and State power.

Mr. Herbert Spencer proves very clearly that there are certain things which no man would ever choose to abandon to State power; his religious convictions, for instance. On the other hand, all would agree that the State should accept the charge of protecting frontiers and punishing theft and murder, that is to say, the maintaining of peace and security at home and abroad; only here, like most Englishmen, Mr. Herbert Spencer invokes human will. Find out, he says, on the one hand, what the great majority of mankind

would choose to reserve to an individual sphere of action, and, on the other, what they would consent to abandon to State decisions, and you will then be able to fix the limit of the power of public authority.

I cannot myself admit that human will is the source of rights. Until quite recently, in all lands, slavery was considered a necessary and legitimate institution. But did this unanimous opinion make it any more a right? Certainly not. It is in direct opposition to the order of things which would be best for the general welfare; it cannot, therefore, be a right.

Until the sixteenth century, with the exception of a few Anabaptists who were burnt at the stake, all believed that the State ought to punish heretics and atheists. But this general opinion did not suffice to justify the intolerance then practised. The following line of argument, I think, would be most in keeping with individual interests, and, consequently, with the interests of society in general: A certain portion of men's acts ought not to be in any way subject to sovereign authority, be it republican or monarchical. But what is to be the boundary of this inviolable domain of individual activity? The will of the majority, or even of the entire population, is not competent to trace it, for history has proved but too often how gross have been the errors committed in such instances. This limit can, therefore, only be fixed by science, which, at each fresh progress in civilization, can discover and proclaim aloud where State power should cease to interfere. Sociological science, for instance, announces that liberty of conscience should always be respected as man's most sacred possession, and because religious advancement is only to be achieved at this price: that true property, or, in other words, the fruit of personal labor, must not be tampered with, or labor would be discouraged and production would diminish; that criminals must not go unpunished, but that justice be strictly impartial, so that the innocent be not punished with the guilty.

It would not be at all impossible to draw up a formula of these essential rights, which M. Thiers called necessary liberties, and which are already inscribed

in the constitutions of America, England, France, Belgium, Holland, and all other free nations. It is sometimes very difficult to know where to set bounds to individual liberty, in the interests of public order and of the well-being of others; and it is true, of course, that either the king, the assembly, or the people enacts the requisite laws, but if science has clearly demonstrated a given fact it imposes itself. When certain truths have been frequently and clearly explained, they come to be respected. The evidence of them forms the general opinion, and this engenders laws.

To be brief, I agree with Mr. Herbert Spencer that, contrary to Rousseau's doctrine, State power ought to be limited, and that a domain should be reserved to individual liberty which should be always respected; but the limits of this domain should be fixed, not by the people, but by reason and science, keeping in view what is best for the public welfare.

This brings me to the principal question I desire to treat. I am of opinion that the State should make use of its legitimate powers of action for the establishment of greater equality among men, in proportion to their personal merits, and I believe that this would be in conformity, not only with its mission properly speaking, but also with rational rights, with the progress of humanity; in a word, with all the rights and all the interests invoked by Mr. Herbert Spencer.

I will briefly resume the motives given by Mr. Herbert Spencer to show that any wish to improve the condition of the working-classes by law, or by the action of public power, so as to bring about a greater degree of equality among men, would be to run against the stream of history, and a violation of natural laws. There are, he says, two types of social organization, broadly distinguishable as the "militant" and the "industrial" type. The first of these is characterized by the *régime* of status, the second by the *régime* of contract. The latter has become general among modern nations, especially in England and America, whereas the militant type was almost universal formerly. These two types may be defined as the system of compulsory co-operation. The

typical structure of the one may be seen in an army formed of conscripts, in which each unit must fulfil commands under pain of death, and receives, in exchange for his services, food and clothing; while the typical structure of the other may be seen in a body of workers who agree freely to exchange specified services at a given price, and who are at liberty to separate at will. So long as States are in constant war against each other, governments must perforce be on a military footing, as in antiquity. Personal defence, then, being society's great object, it must necessarily give absolute obedience to a chief, as in an army. It is absolutely impossible to unite the blessings of freedom and justice at home with the habitual commission of acts of violence and brutality abroad.

Thanks to the almost insensible progress of civilization and to gradual liberal reforms, the ancient militant State was little by little despoiled of its arbitrary powers, the circle of its interventions grew narrower and narrower, and men became free economically, as well as politically. We were advancing rapidly towards an industrial *régime* of free contract. But, recently, the Liberals in all countries have adopted an entirely opposite course. Instead of restricting the powers of the State, they are extending them, and this leads to socialism, the ideal of which is to give to government the direction of all social activity. Men imagine that, by thus acting, they are consulting the interests of the working-classes. They believe that a remedy may be found for the sufferings which result from the present order of things, and that it is the State's mission to discover and apply that remedy. By thus acting they simply increase the evils they would fain cure, and prepare the way for a universal bondage, which awaits us all—the *Coming Slavery*. Be the authority exercised by king, assembly, or people, I am none the less a slave if I am forced to obey in all things, and to give up to others the net produce of my labor. Contemporary progressivism not only runs against the stream of history, by carrying us back to despotic organizations of the militant system, but it also violates natural laws, and thus prepares the degeneration of humanity. In family life the gratuitous

parental aid must be great in proportion as the young one is of little worth either to itself or to others, and benefits received must be inversely as the power or ability of the receiver.

"Throughout the rest of its life each adult gets benefit in proportion to merit, reward in proportion to desert, merit and desert being understood as ability to fulfil all the requirements of life. Placed in competition with members of its own species, and in antagonism with members of other species, it dwindles and gets killed off, or thrives and propagates, according as it is ill-endowed or well-endowed. If the benefits received by each individual were proportionate to its inferiority, if, as a consequence, multiplication of the inferior was furthered and multiplication of the superior hindered, progressive degradation would result, and eventually the degenerated species would fail to hold its ground in presence of antagonistic species and competing species." (Page 65.)

"The poverty of the incapable, the distress that comes upon the imprudent, the starvation of the idle, and the shouldering aside of the weak by the strong, which leave so many 'in shallows and in miseries,' are the decrees of a large, far-seeing benevolence." (Page 67.)

When the State, guided by a wrongly inspired philanthropy, prevents the application of this wise law, instead of diminishing suffering it increases it: "It tends to fill the world with those to whom life will bring most pain, and tends to keep out of it those to whom life will bring most pleasure. It inflicts positive misery, and prevents positive happiness." ("Social Statics," p. 381, edit. 1851.)

The law that Mr. Herbert Spencer desires society to adopt is simply Darwin's law—"the survival of the fittest." Mr. Spencer expresses his astonishment that at the present day, more than at any other period of the world's history, everything is done to favor the survival of the unfittest, when, at the same time, the truth as revealed by Darwin, is admitted and accepted by an ever-growing number of educated and influential people!

I have endeavored to give a brief sketch of the line of argument followed by Mr. Herbert Spencer. We will now see what reply can be made to it. I think one chief point ought not to have escaped the eminent writer. It is this: If the application of the Darwinian law to the government of societies be really justifiable, is it not strange that public opinion, not only in England, but in all

other countries, is so strenuously opposed to it, at an epoch which is becoming more and more enlightened, and when sociological studies are pursued with so much interest? If the intervention of public power for the improvement of the condition of the working-classes be a contradiction of history, and a return to ancient militant society, how is it that the country in which the new industrial organization is the most developed—that is to say, England—is also the country where State intervention is the most rapidly increasing, and where opinion is at the same time pressing for these powers of interference to be still further extended? There is no other land in which the effort to succor outcasts and the needy poor occupies so large a portion of the time and means of the well-to-do and of the public exchequer; there is nowhere else to be found a poor-law which grants assistance to even able-bodied men; nowhere else would it ever have been even suggested to attack free contract, and consequently the very first principles of proprietorship, as the Irish Land Bill has done; and nowhere else would a Minister have dared to draw up a programme of reforms such as those announced by Mr. Chamberlain at the Liberal Reform Club at Ipswich (Jan. 14, 1885). On the Continent all this would be looked upon as rank socialism. If, then, as a country becomes more civilized and enlightened it shows more inclination to return to what Mr. Herbert Spencer calls militant organization, and to violate the Darwinian law applied to human society, may we not be led to conclude that this so-called retrogression is really progress? This conclusion would very easily explain what Mr. Herbert Spencer designates as the "wheeling round" of the Liberal party with which he so eloquently reproaches them.

Why did the Liberals formerly do their utmost to restrict State power? Because this power was then exercised in the interests of the upper classes and to the detriment of the lower. To mention but one example: When, in former times, it was desired to fix a scale of prices and wages, it was with a view to preventing their being raised, while, today, there is a clamor for a lessening of hours of labor with increased remuneration.

neration. Why do Liberals now wish to add to the power and authority of the State? To be able to ameliorate the intellectual, moral, and material condition of a greater number of citizens. There is no inconsistency in their programme; the object in view, which is the great aim of all civilization, has been always the same—to assure to each individual liberty and well-being in proportion to his merit and activity!

I think that the great fundamental error of Mr. Herbert Spencer's system, which is so generally accepted at the present day, consists in the belief that if State power were but sufficiently reduced to narrow it to the circle traced by orthodox economists, the Darwinian law and the survival of the fittest would naturally follow without difficulty. Mr. Spencer has simply borrowed from old-fashioned political economy without submitting to the fire of his inexorable criticism, the superficial and false notion that, if the *laissez-faire* and free contract régime were proclaimed, the so-called natural laws would govern the social order. He forgets that all individual activity is accomplished under the empire of laws, which enact as to ownership, hereditary succession, mutual obligations, trade and industry, political institutions and administrations, besides a multitude of laws referring to material interests, banking organizations, money, credit, colonies, army, navy, railways, &c.

For natural laws, and especially the law of the survival of the fittest, to become established, it would be necessary to annihilate the immense existing edifice of legislation, and to return to the wild state of society when primitive men lived, in all probability, much as do animals, with no possessions, no successions, no protection of the weak by the State.

Those who, with Mr. Spencer and Haeckel and other Conservative evolutionists, are anxious to see the law of the survival of the fittest and of natural selection adopted in human society, do not realize that the animal kingdom and social organization are two such totally different domains that the same law, applied to each, would produce wholly opposite effects. Mr. Herbert Spencer gives an admirable description of the

manner in which natural selection is accomplished among animals:—

“ Their carnivorous enemies not only remove from herbivorous herds individuals past their prime, but also weed out the sickly, the malformed, and the least fleet and powerful. By the aid of which purifying process, as well as by the fighting so universal in the pairing season, all vitiation of the race through the multiplication of its inferior samples is prevented, and the maintenance of a constitution completely adapted to surrounding conditions, and therefore most productive of happiness, is ensured.”

This is the ideal order of things which, we are told, ought to prevail in human societies, but everything in our present organization (which economists, and even Mr. Spencer himself, admit, however, to be natural) is wholly opposed to any such conditions. An old and sickly lion captured a gazelle; his younger and stronger brother arrives, snatches away his prize, and lives to perpetuate the species; the old one dies in the struggle, or is starved to death. Such is the beneficent law of the “survival of the fittest.” It was thus among barbarian tribes. But could such a law exist in our present social order? Certainly not! The rich man, feebly constituted and sickly, protected by the law, enjoys his wealth, marries and has offspring, and if an Apollo of herculean strength attempted to take from him his possessions, or his wife, he would be thrown into prison, and were he to attempt to practise the Darwinian law of selection, he would certainly run a fair risk of the gallows, for this law may be briefly expressed as follows: Room for the mighty, for might is right. It will be objected that in industrial societies the quality the most deserving of recompense, and which indeed receives the most frequent reward, is not the talent of killing one's fellow-man, but an aptitude for labor and producing. But at the present time is this really so? Stuart Mill says that from the top to the bottom of the social ladder remuneration lessens as the work accomplished increases. I admit that this statement may be somewhat exaggerated, but, I think, no one will deny that it contains a large amount of truth. Let us but cast our eyes around us, and we see everywhere those who do nothing living in ease and even opulence, while the workers who have

the hardest labor to perform, who toil from night to morning in mines, or unhealthy workshops, or on the sea in tempests, in constant danger of death, are paid, in exchange for all these hardships, a salary hardly sufficient for their means of subsistence, and which, just now, has become smaller and smaller, in consequence of the ever-recurring strikes, and the necessary closing of so many factories, mines, &c., owing to the long-continued depression of trade. What rapid fortunes have been made by stock-broking manœuvres, by trickeries in supplying goods, by sending unseaworthy vessels to sea to become the coffins of their crews! Do not such sights as these urge the partisans of progress to demand the State's interference in favor of the classes who receive so inadequate a payment for their labors?

The economists of the old school promised that, if the *laissez-faire* and free contract *régime* were proclaimed, justice would reign universally; but when people saw that these fine promises were not realized, they had recourse to public power for the obtaining of those results which the much-boasted "liberty" had not secured.

The system of accumulating wealth and hereditary succession alone would suffice to prevent the Darwinian law ever gaining a footing in civilized communities. Among animals, the survival of the fittest takes place quite naturally, because, as generations succeed each other, each one must create his own position according to his strength and abilities; and in this way the purifying process, which Mr. Herbert Spencer so extols, is effected. A similiar system was generally prevalent among barbarians; but, at the present day, traces of it may be seen only in instances of "self-made men;" it disappears in their children, who, even if they inherit their parents' talents and capacities, are brought up, as a rule, in so much ease and luxury that the germs of such talents are destroyed. Their lot in life is assured to them, so why need they exert themselves? Thus they fail to cultivate the qualities and tastes they may have inherited from their parents, and they and their descendants become in all points inferior to their ancestors who secured to them, by labor and industry, the priv-

ileged position they hold. Hence the proverb, *A père économe fils prodigue* (To a thrifty father, a spendthrift son).

It follows, therefore, that those who wish to see the law of natural selection, by the transmission of hereditary aptitudes, established amongst us should begin by demanding the abolition of hereditary succession.

Among animals, the vitiation of the race through the multiplication of its inferior samples is prevented "by the fighting so universal in the pairing season." In the social order the accumulation and hereditary transmission of wealth effectually impede the process of perfecting the race. In Greece after the athletic sports, or in those fortunate and chimerical days of which the Troubadours sang, "the most beautiful was sometimes given as a prize to the most valiant;" but, in our prosaic age, rank and fortune too often triumph over beauty, strength, and health. In the animal world, the destiny of each one is decided by its personal qualities. In society, a man attains a high position, or marries a beautiful woman, because he is of high birth, or wealthy, although he may be ugly, lazy, and extravagant. The permanent army and the navy would also have to be destroyed, before the Darwinian law could triumph. Conscription on the Continent and enlistment in England (to a less degree) condemn many of the strongest and most warlike men to enforced celibacy; and, as they are subjected to exceptional dangers in the way of hazardous expeditions and wars, the death-rate is far higher amongst them than it would be under ordinary circumstances. In prehistoric times, or in a general way, such men would certainly have begotten offspring, as being the strongest and most apt to survive; in our societies, they are decimated or condemned to celibacy.

Having borrowed from orthodox political economy the notion that it would suffice to put a check on inopportune State intervention for the reign of justice to become established, Mr. Herbert Spencer proceeds to demonstrate that the legislators who enacted the poor-law, and all recent and present law-makers "who have made regulations which have brought into being a permanent body of tramps, who ramble from union to union,

and which maintain a constant supply of felons by sending back convicts into society under such conditions that they are almost compelled again to commit crimes," are alone responsible for the sufferings of the working-classes." But may we not blame law-makers, or, rather, our own social order, for measures more fatal in their results than either of these—for instance, the law which concentrates all property into the hands of a few owners? Some years ago, Mr. Herbert Spencer wrote some lines on this subject which are the most severe indictment against the present social order that has ever fallen from the pen of a really competent writer:—

"Given a race of beings having like claims to pursue the objects of their desires—given a world adapted to the gratification of those desires—a world into which such beings are similarly born, and it unavoidably follows that they have equal rights to the use of this world. For if each of them 'has freedom to do all that he wills, provided he infringes not the equal freedom of any other,' then each of them is free to use the earth for the satisfaction of his wants, provided he allows all others the same liberty. And, conversely, it is manifest that no one or part of them may use the earth in such a way as to prevent the rest from similarly using it, seeing that to do this is to assume greater freedom than the rest, and, consequently, to break the law. Equity, therefore, does not permit property in land. On examination, all existing titles to such property turn out to be invalid; those founded on reclamation inclusive. It appears that not even an equal apportionment of the earth amongst its inhabitants could generate a legitimate proprietorship. We find that, if pushed to its ultimate consequences, a claim to exclusive possession of the soil involves a land-owning despotism. We further find that such a claim is constantly denied by the enactments of our legislature. And we find, lastly, that the theory of the co-heirship of all men to the soil is consistent with the highest civilization; and that, however difficult it may be to embody that theory in fact, equity sternly commands it to be done." "By-and-by, men may learn that to deprive others of their rights to the use of the earth is to commit a crime inferior only in wickedness to the crime of taking away their lives or personal liberties." ("Social Statics," chap. ix.)

Has Mr. Herbert Spencer changed his opinions as to the proprietorship of the soil since these lines were written? Not at all, for, in the chapter entitled "The Coming Slavery," he writes that "the movement for land-nationalization is aiming at a system of land-tenure equitable in the abstract." But if society, in depriving numbers of persons

of their right of co-heirship of the soil, has "committed a crime inferior only in wickedness to the crime of taking away their lives or personal liberties," ought it not, in common justice, to endeavor to repair the injury done? The help given by public assistance compensates very feebly for the advantages they are deprived of. In his important book, "La Propriété Sociale," M. Alfred Fouillée, examining the question from another standpoint, very accurately calls this assistance "la justice reparative." The numerous and admirable charitable organizations which exist in England, the keen emotion and deep commiseration manifested when the little pamphlet, "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London," was first published, the growing pre-occupation of Government with the condition of the working-classes, must be attributed, in the first instance certainly to Christian feeling, but also, in a great measure, to a clearer perception of certain ill-defined rights possessed by those who have been kept deprived of national or rather communal co-heirship. Mr. Herbert Spencer has expressed this idea so closely and eloquently that I hope I may be allowed to quote the passage:—

"We must not overlook the fact that, erroneous as are these poor-law and communist theories, these assertions of a man's right to maintenance and of his right to have work provided for him, they are nevertheless nearly related to a truth. They are unsuccessful efforts to express the fact that whoso is born on this planet of ours thereby obtains some interest in it—may not be summarily dismissed again—may not have his existence ignored by those in possession. In other words, they are attempts to embody that thought which finds its legitimate utterance in the law: All men have equal rights to the use of the earth. . . . After getting from under the grosser injustice of slavery, men could not help beginning in course of time to feel what a monstrous thing it was that nine people out of ten should live in the world on sufferance, not having even standing room save by allowance of those who claim the earth's surface." ("Social Statics," p. 345.)

When one reads through that substantial essay, "The Man *versus* The State," it appears as if the principal or, indeed, the sole aim of State socialism were the extension of public assistance and increased succor for the unworthy, whereas the reality is quite the reverse of this! Scientific socialism seeks, first of all, the means of so raising the work-



ing-classes that they may be better able to maintain themselves and, consequently, to dispense with the help of others ; and, secondly, it seeks to find what laws are the most in conformity with absolute justice, and with that admirable precept, "Benefit in proportion to merit, reward in proportion to desert." In the speech delivered by Mr. Shaw Lefevre, last year (1884), as President of the Congress of Social Science, at its opening meeting at Birmingham, he traced, in most striking language, all the good that State intervention had effected in England of late years : Greater justice enforced in the relations between man and man, children better educated and better prepared to become useful and self-supporting members of the community, the farmer better guaranteed against the exaggerated or unjust demands of the proprietor, greater facilities for saving offered, health ensured to future generations by the hours of labor being limited, the lives of miners further safeguarded, so that there are less frequent appeals to public assistance, and, as a practical result of this last measure, the mortality in mines fallen in the last three years to 22·1 per thousand, as compared to 27·2 per thousand during the ten previous years—a decrease of 20 per cent. ! One fact is sufficient to show the great progress due to this State legislation : in an ever-increasing population, crime is rapidly and greatly diminishing.

Suppose that, through making better laws, men arrive gradually at the condition of the Norwegian peasantry, or at an organization similar to that existing in the agricultural cantons of Switzerland ; that is to say, that each family living in the country has a plot of ground to cultivate and a house to live in : in this case every one is allowed to enjoy the full fruit of his labor, and receives reward in proportion to his activity and industry, which is certainly the very ideal of justice—*cuique suum*.

The true instinct of humanity has ever so understood social organization that property is the indispensable basis of the family, and a necessary condition of freedom. To prevent any one individual from being deprived of a share in the soil, which was in primitive ages considered to be the collective property of the tribe, it was subjected to periodical

divisions ; these, indeed, still take place in the Swiss Allmend, in some Scottish townships, in the greater part of Java, and in the Russian Mir.

If Such a *régime* as this were established, there would be no more "tramps wandering from union to union." In such a state of society as this, not in such as ours, the supreme law which ought to govern all economic relations might be realized. Mr. Herbert Spencer admirably defines this law in the following passage :—

"I suppose a dictum on which the current creed and the creed of science are at one may be considered to have as high an authority as can be found. Well, the command, *If any would not work, neither should he eat*, is simply a Christian enunciation of that universal law of nature under which life has reached its present height, the law that a creature not energetic enough to maintain itself must die ; the sole difference being, that the law which in one case is to be artificially enforced is in the other case a natural necessity."

This passage ought to be transcribed at the commencement of every treatise on social science as the supreme aim of all sociological research ; only the delusion, borrowed from the old political economy, which consists in the belief that this dictum of science and Christianity is in practice in our midst, ought to be suppressed.

Is it not a fact that, everywhere, those who can prove by authentic documents that, for centuries past, their ancestors have thriven in idleness are the richest, the most powerful, the most sought after ? Only at some future date will this dictum of science and Christianity be brought to bear on our social organization, and our descendants will then establish an order of things which will create economic responsibility, and ensure to each the integral enjoyment of the produce of his labor. The difficult but necessary work of sociology is to endeavor to discover what this organization should be, and to prepare its advent. Mr. Shaw Lefevre's speech shows very clearly the road that ought to be taken.

Mr. Herbert Spencer thinks, however, that this road would lead us directly to a condition of universal slavery. The State would gradually monopolize all industrial enterprises, beginning with the railways and tele-

graphs as it has already done in Germany and Belgium, then some other industries as in France, then mines, and finally, after the nationalization of land, it would also take up agricultural enterprise. The freedom enjoyed by a citizen must be measured, he says, not by the nature of the government under which he lives, but by the small number of laws to which he is subject. The essential characteristic of the slave is that he is forced to work for another's benefit. The degree of his slavery varies according to the greater or smaller extent to which effort is, compulsorily expended for the benefit of another, instead of for self-benefit; in the *régime* which is approaching, man will have to work for the State, and to give up to it the largest portion of his produce. What matters it that the master under whose command he labors is not an individual, but society? Thus argues Mr. Herbert Spencer.

In my opinion, the State will never arrive at a monopoly of all industries, for the very simple reason that such a system would never answer. It is possible that some day a social organization such as Mr. Albert Schäffle, formerly Finance Minister in Austria, has explained, may grow up, in which all branches of production are placed in the hands of co-operative societies. But, be that as it may, men would be no more slaves in workshops belonging to the State than in those of merchants or manufacturers of the present day. Mr. Herbert Spencer can every easily assure himself of this fact. Let him visit the State collieries at Saarbruck, or inspect the Belgian railways, and interrogate all the officials and workmen employed; he will find that, from the highest to the lowest, they are quite as free, quite as contented with their lot, as those engaged in any private industry. There is even far more guarantee against arbitrary measures, so that their real freedom is greater than elsewhere. The proof of this is the fact that posts in any industries belonging to the State are always sought for by the best workmen. If the degree of man's slavery varies according to the ratio between that which he is forced to yield up and that which he is allowed to retain, then it must be ad-

mitted that the majority of workmen and small farmers are certainly slaves now, for they have very little or no property, and, as their condition almost entirely depends on the hard law of competition, they can only retain for themselves the mere necessities of life! Are the Italian *contadini*, whose sad lot I depicted in my "Lettres d'Italie," free? They are reduced to live entirely on bad maize, which subjects them to that terrible scourge, the *pellagra*. What sad truth is contained in their reply to the Minister who advised them not to emigrate!—

"What do you mean by the nation? Do you refer to the most miserable of the inhabitants of the land? If so, we are indeed the nation. Look at our pale and emaciated faces, our bodies worn out with over-fatigue and insufficient food. We sow and reap corn, but never taste white bread; we cultivate the vine, but a drop of wine never touches our lips. We raise cattle, but never eat meat; we are covered with rags, we live in wretched hovels; in winter we suffer from the cold, and both winter and summer from the pangs of hunger. Can a land which does not provide its inhabitants, who are willing to work, with sufficient to live upon, be considered by them as a fatherland?"

The Flemish agricultural laborer, who earns less than a shilling a-day, and the small farmer, whose rack-rent absorbs the entire net profits; the Highland crofters, who have been deprived of the communal land, the sacred inheritance of primitive times, where they could at least raise a few head of cattle; the Egyptian fellahs, whose very life-blood is drained by European creditors—in a word, all the wretched beings all over the world where the soil is owned by non-workers, and who labor for insufficient remuneration; can they, any of them, be called free? It is just possible that, if the State were to become the universal industry director (which, in my opinion, is an impossible hypothesis), their condition would not be improved; but at all events it could not be worse than it is now.

I do not believe that "liberty must be surrendered in proportion as the material welfare is cared for." On the contrary, a certain degree of well-being is a necessary condition of liberty. It is a mockery to call a man free who, by labor, cannot secure to himself the necessities of existence, or to whom labor is impossible because he possesses

nothing of his own, and no one will employ him !

Compare the life of the soldier with that of the hired workman either in a mine or a factory. The first is the type of the serf in "The Coming Slavery," and the second the type of the independent man in an industrial organization under the free contract *régime*. Which of the two possesses the most real liberty ? The soldier, when his daily duties are accomplished, may read, walk, or enjoy himself in accordance with his tastes ; the workman, when he returns home worn out with fatigue after eleven or twelve hours' hard labor, too often finds no other recreation than the gin-palace. The laborer at his task must always, and all day long, obey the foreman or overseer, whether he be employed by a private individual, by the State, or by a co-operative society.

"Hitherto," says Mr. Herbert Spencer, "you have been free to spend your earnings in any way which pleases you ; hereafter you shall not be free to spend it, but it will be spent for the general benefit." The important point, he adds, is the amount taken from me, not the hand that takes it. But if what is taken from my revenue is employed to make a public park which I am free to enter whenever I feel inclined, to build public baths where I may bathe in summer or winter, to open libraries for my recreation and instruction, clubs where I may spend my evenings, and schools where my children may receive an education which will enable them to make their own way in the world ; to build healthy houses, let at a low rent, which save me the cruel necessity of living in slums, where the soul and the body are alike degraded ; if all this be done, would the result be the same as if this sum were taken by some private Cræsus to spend on his personal pleasures and caprices ? In the course of last summer, while in Switzerland and Baden, I visited several villages where each family is supplied, from forests belonging to the commune, with wood for building purposes and for fuel ; also with pasturage for their cattle, and with a small plot of ground on which to grow potatoes, fruit, and vegetables. In addition to this, the wages of all public servants are paid for from the communal revenue, so that

there is no local taxation whatever.\* Suppose that these woods and meadows, and this land, all belonged to a landed proprietor, instead of to the commune ; he would go and lavish the revenue in large capitals or in travelling. What an immense difference this would make to the inhabitants ! To appreciate this, it suffices merely to compare the condition of the Highland crofters, the free citizens of one of the richest countries in the world, and whose race has ever been laborious, with that of the population of these villages, hidden away in the Alpine cantons of Switzerland or in the gorges of the Black Forest. If, in the Highland villages of Scotland, rentals had been, as in these happy communes of Switzerland and Baden, partly reserved for the inhabitants, and partly employed in objects of general utility, how very different would have been the lot of these poor people ! Had they but been allowed to keep for themselves the sea-weed and the kelp which the sea brings them, how far better off would they have been than they now are, as is admirably proved in Mr. Blackie's interesting book, "The Scottish Highlanders."

A similar remark may also be applied to politics. What matters it, says Mr. Herbert Spencer, that I myself contribute to make laws if these laws deprive me of my liberty ? He mentions ancient Greece as an example to startle us at the

\* I may mention as an example, the township of Freudenstadt, at the foot of the Kniebis, in Baden. Not a single farthing of taxation has been paid since its foundation in 1557. The commune possesses about 5000 acres of pine forest and meadow land, worth about £10,000 sterling. The 1,420 inhabitants have each as much wood for their building purposes and firing as they wish for, and each one can send out to pasture, during the summer, his cattle, which he feeds during the winter months. The schools, church, thoroughfares, and fountains are all well cared for, and every year considerable improvements are made. 100,000 marks were employed in 1883 for the establishment in the village, of a distribution of water, with iron pipes. A hospital has been built, and a pavilion in the market-place, where a band plays on fête-days. Each year a distribution of the surplus revenue is made amongst the families, and they each obtain from 50 to 60 marks, or shillings, and more still when an extraordinary quantity of timber has been sold. In 1882, 80,000 marks were distributed amongst the 1,420 villagers. What a favored country, is it not ?

notion of our coming state of slavery. He writes: "In ancient Greece the accepted principle was, that the citizen belonged neither to himself nor to his family, but to his city—the city being, with the Greek, equivalent to the community. And this doctrine, proper to a state of constant warfare, is one which socialism unawares re-introduces into a state intended to be purely industrial." It is perfectly certain that the *régime* of ancient Greek cities, which was founded on slavery, cannot be suitable to modern society, which is based on a system of labor. But we must not allow ourselves to forget what Greece was, nor all we owe to that Greek civilization, which, Mr. Herbert Spencer says, the "coming slavery" threatens to re-introduce amongst us. Not only philosophy, literature, and arts flourished as they have never done in any other age, but the political system so stamped characters with individuality that the illustrious men of Greece are types of human greatness, whose deeds and sayings will be engraven on the memory of men so long as the world lasts. If the "coming slavery" gives us such men as Pisistratus, Plato, Aristotle, Xenophon, Lycurgus, Sophocles, Thucydides, Epaminondas, Aristides, or Pericles, we shall, I think, have no cause to complain! But how is it that Greece produced such a bevy of great men? By her democratic institutions, combined with a marvellous system of education, which developed simultaneously the faculties of the mind and the body.

The German army, in spite of its iron discipline, arrives at results somewhat similar, though in a less degree. A rough peasant joins a regiment; he is taught to walk properly, to swim, and to shift for himself; his education is made more complete, and he becomes a man of independent character, better fitted to survive in the struggle for life. If the authorities in towns levy heavy taxes, and employ the money in improving the condition of the inhabitants and in forming those who need forming, even more than in the German army, and after the fashion of the ancient Greeks, will not the generations yet to come be better able to earn their own livelihood, and to maintain an honorable position, than if they had been allowed

to pass their childhood in the gutters? Hr. Herbert Spencer reasons falsely when he says, "What matters it that I make the laws if these laws deprive me of my liberty?" Laws which tax me to degrade and rob me are odious, but laws which deprive me of what I have for my own good and for the further development of my faculties are well-meaning, as is the constraint imposed on his children by a wise father for their instruction or correction. Besides, to contribute to make laws elevates a man's character. As Stuart Mill has proved, this is indeed one of the great advantages of an extension of the suffrage. A man called upon to vote is naturally raised from the sphere of personal to that of general interests. He will read, discuss, and endeavor to obtain information. Others will argue with him, try to change his opinions, and he will himself realize that he has a certain importance of his own, that he has a word to say in the direction of public affairs. The elevating influence of this sentiment over French, and still more over Swiss, citizens is remarkable.

It is perfectly true that, for political and social reforms to be productive of fruits, the society into which they are introduced must be in a sufficiently advanced condition to be able to understand and apply them, but it must not be forgotten that improved institutions make better men.

Go to Norway; crimes are hardly known there. In the country people never close their doors at night, locks and bolts are scarcely known, and there are no robberies; probably, first, because the people are moral and religious, but certainly, also, because property is very equally divided. None live in opulence and none in absolute beggary, and certainly misery and degradation, which often results from misery, are the causes of the great majority of crimes.

The rich financier, Helvetius, wrote, very truly, that, if every citizen were an owner of property, the general tone of the nation would be conservative, but if the majority have nothing, robbery then becomes the general aim. ("De l'Homme," sect. vi. chap. vii.)

In conclusion, let us try to go to the root of the matter. Two systems are suggested as cures for the evils under

which society is suffering. On the one hand, it may be said, in accordance with the doctrines of Christianity and socialism, that these evils are the consequences of men's perversity and selfishness, and that it behoves charity and fraternity to remedy them. We must do our best to assist our unfortunate brethren. But how? By trying, Christ tells us, to imitate God's Kingdom, where "the last shall be first and the first last;"—or by "having all things in common," say the Apostles in all the ardor of primitive Christianity, and later on certain religious communities;—or by the giving of alms and other charitable acts, says the Christianity of the middle ages;—while socialism maintains that this may be affected by reforms in the laws regulating the division of property. On the other hand, political economy and evolutionary sociology teach us that these miseries are the inevitable and beneficent consequences of natural laws; that these laws, being necessary conditions of progress, any endeavor to do away with them would be to disturb the order of nature and delay the dawn of better things. By "the weeding out of the sickly and infirm," and the survival of the fittest, the process of amelioration of species in the animal kingdom is accomplished. The law of natural selection should be allowed free and ample scope in human society. "Society is not a manufacture, but a growth." Might is really right, for it is to the general interest that the mighty should triumph and perpetuate the race. Thus argues what is now called *Science*.

In a book entitled "The True History of Joshua Davidson," the author places ideal Christianity and contemporary society face to face, and shows very clearly the opposition which exists between the doctrines of would-be science and those of the Gospel:—

"If the dogmas of political economy are really exact, if the laws of the struggle for life and the survival of the fittest must really be applied to human society, as well as to plants and animals, then let us at once admit that Christianity, which gives assistance to the poor and needy, and which stretches out a hand to the sinner, is a mere folly; and let us at once abandon a belief which influences neither our political institutions nor our social arrangements, and which *ought* not to influence them. If Christ was right, then our present Christianity is wrong, and if sociology really contains

scientific truth, then Jesus of Nazareth spoke and acted in vain, or rather He rebelled against the immutable laws of nature." (Tauchnitz edition, p. 252.)

Mr. William Graham, in his "Creed of Science" (p. 278), writes as follows:—

"This great and far-reaching controversy, the most important in the history of our species, which is probably as old as human society itself, and certainly as old as the 'Republic' of Plato, in which it is discussed, or as Christianity, which began with a communistic form of society, had yet only within the past half-century come to be felt as a controversy involving real and living issues of a momentous character, and not utopias only remotely bordering upon the possible."

I think it may be proved that this so-called "doctrine of science" is contrary to facts, and is, consequently, not scientific; whereas the creed of Christianity is in keeping with both present facts and ideal humanity.

Darwin borrowed his ideal of the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest from Malthus, from whom he also drew his theories of evolution and of transformism; but no naturalist ever dreamt of applying either of these laws to human society. It has been reserved to sociology to attempt this, because it has accepted, blindfolded, from the hands of economists, this most erroneous principle: that society is governed by natural laws, and that it suffices to give them free scope for the greatest possible happiness and prosperity to reign. It is manifestly true that, as human society is comprehended in what we call Nature, it must obey her laws; but the laws and institutions, in all their different forms, which decree as to the acquisition and transmission of property or possessions, and hereditary succession, in a word, all civil and penal laws, emanate from men's will, and from the decisions of legislators; and if experience, or a higher conception of justice, shows us that these laws are bad, or in any way lacking, we are free to change them. As far as the Darwinian laws are concerned, it would be perfectly impossible to apply them to existing society without more radically destroying all established institutions than the most avowed Nihilist would wish to do.

If it be really advisable that the law of the "survival of the fittest" should

be established amongst us, the first step to be taken would be the abolition of all laws which punish theft and murder. Animals provide themselves with food by physical activity and the use of their muscles. Among men, in consequence of successive institutions, such as slavery, servitude, and revenue, numbers of people now live in plenty on their income, and do nothing at all. If Mr. Herbert Spencer is really desirous to see the supreme principle, "reward in proportion to desert," in force amongst us, he must obtain, first of all, the suppression of the existing regulations as to property. In the animal world, the destiny of each is decided by its aptitudes. Among ourselves, the destiny of each is determined by the advantages obtained or inherited from parents, and the heir to, or owner of, a large estate is sure to be well received everywhere. We see then, that before Darwinian laws can become established, family succession must be abolished. Animals, like plants, obey the instincts of nature, and reproduce themselves rapidly; but incessant carnage prevents their too excessive multiplication! As men become more civilized, peace becomes more general; they talk of their fellow-men as their brothers, and some philosophers even dream—the madmen!—of arbitration supplanting war! The equilibrium between the births and the deaths is thus upset! To balance it again, let us glorify battles, and exclaim, with General Moltke, that the idea of suppressing them is a mischievous utopia; let us impose silence on those dangerous fanatics who repeat incessantly, "Peace on earth, good-will towards men."

In the very heart of nature reigns seeming injustice; or, as M. Renan puts it more strongly, nature is the embodiment of injustice. A falling stone crushes both the honest man and the scamp! A bird goes out to find food for its young, and after long search is returning to its nest with its well-earned gains, when an eagle, the despot of the air, swoops down and steals the food; we think this iniquitous and odious, and would not tolerate such an instance amongst us. Vigorous Cain kills gentle Abel. Right and justice protest. They should not do so, for it is the mere putting in practice "of the purifying process by

which nature weeds out the least powerful and prevents the vitiating of the race by the multiplication of its inferior samples." Helvetius admirably defines, for its condemnation, this Darwinian law which Herbert Spencer would have society accept:—

"The savage says to those who are weaker than himself: Look up to the skies and you see the eagle swooping down on the dove; cast your eyes on the earth and you see the lion tearing to pieces the stag or the antelope; while in the depths of the ocean small fishes are destroyed by sharks. The whole of nature announces that the weak must be the prey of the strong. Strength is a gift of the gods. Through it I become possessor of all it is in my power to capture." ("De l'Homme," iv. 8.)

The constant effort of moralists and legislators has been to replace the reign of might by a reign of justice. As Bacon says, *In societate aut vis aut lex viget*. The object is to subject men's actions more and more to the empire of the law, and that the law should be more and more in conformity with equity. Society has ever been, and still is, to a great extent, too much a reflection of nature. Violations of justice are numerous, and, if these are to be put a stop to, we must oppose ourselves still more to the laws of nature, instead of contemplating their re-establishment.

This is why Christianity, which is an ardent aspiration after justice, is in real accordance with true science. In the book of Job the problem is tragically proposed. The unjust are equally happy with the just, and, as in nature, the strong live at the cost of the weak. Right protests against this, and the voice of the poor is raised against their oppressors. Listen. What deep thought is contained in the following passage!—"Wherefore do the wicked live, become old, yea, are mighty in power? Their seed is established in their sight with them, and their offspring before their eyes. Their houses are safe from fear, neither is the rod of God upon them" (Job xxi. 7-9). "Some remove land-marks; they violently take away flocks and feed thereof. They cause him to go naked without clothing, and they take away the sheaf from the hungry; which make oil within their walls, and tread their wine-presses, and suffer thirst" (Job xxiv. 2, 10, 11).

The prophets of Israel raised an elo-

quent protest against the evils then reigning in society, and announced that a time should come when justice would be established upon the earth. These hopes of a Messiah were expressed in such precise terms that they may serve as a programme of the reforms which yet remain to be accomplished. "He shall judge the poor of the people, He shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor. He shall spare the poor and needy, and shall save the souls of the needy. There shall be an handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains" (Psalm lxxii. 4, 13, 16). "And the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance for ever" (Isaiah xxxii. 17). "Surely I will no more give thy corn to be meat for thine enemies, and the sons of the stranger shall not drink thy wine, for the which thou hast labored; but they that have gathered it shall eat it, and praise the Lord; and they that have brought it together shall drink it in the courts of My holiness" (Isaiah lxii. 8, 9). In the New Jerusalem "there shall be no more sorrow nor crying." "They shall not build, and another inhabit; they shall not plant, and another eat; for as the days of a tree are the days of My people, and Mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands" (Isaiah lxxv. 21, 22).

The prophet thus raises his voice in favor of the poor, in the name of justice, not of charity and mercy. "The Lord will enter into judgment with the ancients of His people and the princes thereof: for ye have eaten up the vineyard; the spoil of the poor is in your houses. What mean ye that ye beat My people to pieces, and grind the faces of the poor? saith the Lord God of hosts" (Isaiah iii. 14, 15). "Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no place, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth" (Isaiah v. 8). In the future society property will be ensured to all, and every one will "sit under his vine and under his fig-tree" (Micah iv. 4).

The ideal of the prophets comprehends, then, in the first place, the triumph of justice, which will bring liberty to the oppressed, consolation to the outcast, and the produce of their labors to

the workers; and secondly, and chiefly, it will bring the glorification and domination of the elect people—Israel.

The ideal of the Gospel makes less of this second consideration of national grandeur and pre-eminence, and places in the foreground the radical transformation of the social order. The Gospel is the "good tidings of great joy," the *Εὐαγγέλιον*, carried to the poor, the approach of the Kingdom of God—that is to say, of the reign of justice. "The last shall be first;" therefore the pretended "natural order" will be reversed!

Who will possess the earth? Not the mightiest, as in the animal creation, and as Darwinian laws decree; not the rich, "for it is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of God." Lazarus is received into Abraham's bosom, while Dives is cast into the place of torment, "where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth." The first of biological precepts, the one respecting the survival of the fittest, as it immolates others for personal benefit, is essentially selfish, which is a vice incessantly reprobated in the New Testament. "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others" (Philippians ii. 4). The chief of all Christian virtues is charity; it is the very essence of the Gospel. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you" (St. Matthew vi. 33).

How very true is the economic doctrine that, with equitable laws, each should enjoy the integral produce of his labor, and that, were this the case, personal activity would attain its highest degree. Nothing is more adverse to the prosperity of a nation than unjust laws; and this is precisely what the prophets and Christ teach us.

If Darwinian laws were applied to human society, the utility of history, considered as a moral lesson for both kings and people, would be destroyed. The history of man might then be looked upon as a mere zoological strife between nations, and a simple lengthening out of natural history. What moral instruction can possibly be drawn from the study of the animal world, where the strong devour or destroy the weak. No

spectacle could be more odious or more demoralizing!

The incomparable sublimity of the Gospel, which is, alas! only too often misinterpreted, consists in an ardent longing for perfection, in that aspiration for an ideal of justice which urged Jesus and His earliest disciples to condemn the world as it then was. Thence sprang the hatred of evil in its many various forms, the desire for better things, for reforms and progress! Why do Mahometans stand still in the march of civilization, while Christian countries advance ever more and more rapidly? Because the first are resigned to evil, whereas the second combat and endeavor to extirpate it. The stoicism—the elevated character of which can hardly be sufficiently admired—the austerity, and purity of such ancients as Marcus Aurelius, nevertheless, bowed before absolute facts, looking upon them as the inevitable results of the actual and natural order of things. Like modern evolutionists, they glorified the laws of nature, considering them perfect. Their optimism led them so far as to adore the cosmos as a divinity. "All that thou wilt, O Cosmos," says Marcus Aurelius, "is my will; nothing is too early or too late for me, if it be at the hour thou decidest upon. My fruit is such as thy seasons bring, O Nature! From thee comes all. Thou art all. All go towards thee. If the gods be essentially good and just, they must have permitted nothing, in the arrangement of the world, contrary to right and justice." What a contrast between this serene satisfaction and the complaints of Job, of the prophets, and of Christ Himself! The true Christian, in direct opposition to stoics and to Mr. Herbert Spencer, holds that the world is completely infected with evil; he avoids it carefully, and lives in the hope of a general cataclysm, which will reduce our globe to ashes, and make place for a new and purified heaven and earth! The belief of stoics and of evolutionary sociologists logically advocates inaction, for it respects the present order of things as attributable to natural laws. The Christian's belief leads him to ardently desire reform and progress, but also, when he is deceived and reduced to despair, it occasionally culminates in revolutionary violence and in Nihilism.

Not only Jesus, but all great religious reformers, such as Buddha, Mahomet, Luther, and the great philosophers, especially Socrates and Plato, and the great law-givers, from Solon and Lycurgus to the legislators of the French Revolution—all the elect of humanity, in fact—are struck with the evils under which our race is forced to suffer, and have imagined and revealed an ideal social order more in conformity with the ideal of justice; and in their writings they place this Utopia in contrast with the existing order. The more Christianity becomes despoiled of dogmas, and the more the ideas of moral and social reform, contained in Christ's teachings, are brought forward as the chief aim, the more Mr. Herbert Spencer's principles will be shunned and avoided. In the splendid development of Roman law, which lasted fifteen hundred years, a similar evolution took place. In the beginning, in the laws of the twelve tables, many traces of the hard law in favor of the mighty may be found. This is symbolized by the lance (*quir*), which gave its name to the quiritarian right. The father was allowed to sell or destroy his children, as they were his possession. He had absolute power over his slaves, who were his "things." The creditor might throw his debtor in prison, or even cause him to be cut in pieces—in *partes secanto*. The wife was entirely in her husband's power—in *manu*. Little by little, as centuries rolled on, eminent lawgivers succeeded each other, and gradual changes were made, so that, finally, just and humanitarian principles penetrated the entire Roman code, and the Darwinian law, which glorifies might, gave place to the Christian law, which extols justice.

This movement will most assuredly continue, in spite of all the abuse it may receive from Mr. Herbert Spencer, and from others who think as he does. It is a result of the advance of civilization from the commencement of Christianity, and even from the time of the prophets of Israel. It will manifest itself, not as it did in the middle ages, by works of mercy, but, under the control of economic science, by the intervention of the State in favor of the disinherited, and by measures such as Mr. Shaw Lefevre approves of, so that each and all should



be placed in a position to be able to command reward in proportion to the amount of useful labor accomplished.

Darwinian laws, generally admitted in the domain of natural history and in the animal kingdom, will never be ap-

plied to human societies, until the sentiments of charity and justice, which Christianity engraves on our hearts, are completely eradicated. — *Contemporary Review*.

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### THE TRUE STORY OF WAT TYLER.

BY S. G. G.

ONE of the most noteworthy objects in the great pageant that passed through the crowds of London on the 10th of last November was an effigy of Wat Tyler, upon a lofty platform, lying prostrate, as if slain, at the feet of Walworth, the Mayor, who stood with drawn sword beside the seeming corpse. The suggestion was that of hero and miscreant—rebellion defeated—the City saved! Many there were in the line of procession who showed, by unexpected hisses and groans, that they did not so read history; and it seems worth while to ask, especially while the greatest contemporary of the Mayor and the Tyler is freshly brought to our remembrance by the Wycliffe quincentenary commemoration, what that scene in Smithfield really meant and what was its issue.

In reading the old chronicles we have to remember the fable of the Lion and the Man. Monks like Knighton of Leicester, and Walsingham of St. Albans, or courtiers like Jean Froissart, with great simplicity betray their bias, and we must often "read between the lines." It is useful also to recollect that the distinction between a rebellion and a revolution turns very much upon the fact of success. Had Wat Tyler won the day, and secured the charter which seemed so nearly within the people's reach, his name would have come down to us in better company than that of Jack Cade and other vulgar insurgents and rioters. A second Magna Charta would have become memorable in English history, and its chief promoter might have been known to posterity as Sir Walter Tyler, or perhaps the Earl of Kent.

We all know the story of the poll-tax—that intolerable impost\* which

\* A shilling a head from every person above fourteen years old.

followed the "glorious wars" and the sumptuous extravagance of Edward III., and which awakened such bitter resistance in the early days of Richard II. The monkish historians themselves tell us how harshly and brutally the tax was levied, especially by one John Legg, the farmer of the tax for Essex and Kent; and if this part of the history stood alone we might pause before we wholly condemned the hasty blow by which the Dartford bricklayer or "tiler" avenged the insulted modesty of his child.\* Why should we give all our admiration to William Tell—with his *second* arrow for the heart of Gessler had his first sped too fatally †—and not recognise in this man of Kent also the honorable indignation of an outraged father? But this may pass, as it is plainly impossible that the great insurrection could have been wholly due to such a cause. Sixty thousand men from Kent, Essex, Sussex, Bedford, would never have been roused to revolt even by the news of this Dartford tragedy. The deed, no doubt, gave impulse to the movement; but the causes of disaffection had been at work long before the levy of the poll-tax; and the "peasant revolt" becomes most deeply interesting, as well as important, when regarded as the first passionate claim of

\* Tyler, "being at work in the same town tiling of an house, when he heard" of the insult offered to his daughter, "caught his lathing staff in his hand and ran reaking home; when reasoning with the collector who made him so bold, the collector answered with stout words and strake at the tylar; whereupon the tylar, avoiding the blow, smote the collector with the lathing staff that the brains flew out of his head. Wherethrough great noise arose in the street, and the poor people being glad, every one prepared to support the said John Tylar."—*Stowe's "Chronicle."*

† Some will say that this is legend; but the illustration nevertheless may stand.

the "lower classes" in England for freedom and their rights as men.

The courtly Froissart informs us that there was in the county of Kent\* "a crazy priest," one John Ball, who had long been testifying against the serfdom in which the peasantry were held. "Why," he asked, "should we be slaves? Are we not all descended from Adam and Eve? By what title do our masters hold us in bondage?" Froissart declares that Ball preached absolute communism, but there is no evidence that he went beyond the vigorous assertion of the equal right of all to freedom. "Every Sunday after mass," writes the chronicler, "as the people came out of church, he would preach to them in the market-place (he had been excommunicated), and assemble a crowd round him . . . and he was much beloved by the people." As a consequence "the evil-disposed in these districts began to rise, saying they were too severely oppressed, that at the beginning of the world there were no slaves, and that no one ought to be treated as such, unless he had committed treason against his lord, as Lucifer had done against God; but they had done no such thing, for they were neither angels nor spirits, but men, formed after the same likeness with their lords, who treated them as beasts. This they would no longer bear, but had determined to be free, and if they labored or did any other work for their lords they would be paid for it."

Such words of the "crazy priest" and his "evil-disposed" hearers seem to us reasonable enough. Their chief fault, perhaps, is that they belong to the nineteenth century, rather than to the fourteenth. Never was a man more emphatically before his time than this same John Ball. The usual result followed. For these and the like "foolish words" he was arrested and imprisoned by Sudbury, Archbishop of Canterbury. But those words could not die, although the first attempt to realise them in deed was—like many a first effort for justice, truth and freedom—premature and a little blind.

\* Other authorities make *Essex* the chief scene of Ball's ministrations. See "Lives of English Popular Leaders," 2nd Series, by C. E. Maurice, 1875.

At the beginning of 1381, then, John Ball was lying in the archbishop's prison at Maidstone. Yet it was not in Kent that the rising actually began. Five thousand men of Essex, according to Walsingham, took the first step to revolt. The monkish chronicler makes merry with their equipment. "Sticks, rusty swords, hatchets, smoke-dried bows the color of old ivory, some with but an arrow apiece, and many arrows with but one feather!" "Think of this ragged regiment," he contemptuously writes, "aspiring to become masters of the realm!"

Placards and flysheets of a quaint and grotesque rather than of an inflammatory character, called upon the people to assert their rights. Knighton of Leicester gives some remarkable specimens, transcribed from the old black-letter manuscripts, purporting to be issued by "Jack the Miller," "Jack the Carter," "Jack Trueman," and "Jack Straw."\* For the most part they are written in a kind of doggerel rhyme, as in the Miller's appeal: "With right and with might; with skill and with will; let might help right, and skill before will; and might before right, then goeth our mill aight." "In the rude jingle of these lines," writes the late Mr. Green, "began for England the literature of political controversy. They are the first predecessors of the pamphlets of Milton and Burke. Rough as they are, they express clearly enough the mingled passions which met in the revolt of the peasants; their longing for a right rule, for plain and simple jus-

\* The contemporary poet, Gower, has described one aspect of the rebellion in some Latin verses which amusingly indicate the names most common among the populace:—

*Watte vocat, cui Thome venit, neque Symme retardat,*

*Bette que, Gibbe simul, Hykke venire jubet, Colle furit, quem Gibbe juvat, nocumenta parantes,*

*Cum quibus ad damnum Wille coire vovet, Grigge rapit, dum Davve strepit, comes est quibus Hobbe,*

*Larkin et in medio non minor esse putat, Hudde terit, quos Judde terit, dum Tebbe juvatur,*

*Jakke domos virosque vellit, et ense necat."*

Some of the chroniclers represent "Jack Straw" as only an *alias* of Wat Tyler, but they were evidently two different persons.

tice ; the scorn of the immorality of the nobles, and the infamy of the Court ; their resentment at the perversion of the law to the cause of oppression."

A leader of this motley band was one Baker, of Fobbing, in Essex, of whom a story is told similar to that of the Dartford Tyler. The Essex men sent messengers to Kent, and a great company, doubtless of John Ball's hearers, speedily assembled. They roamed the country. Broke open the archbishop's prison at Maidstone, and liberated the popular champion. They stopped several companies of Canterbury pilgrims on their way to the shrine of Becket, not to maltreat or to pillage them, but to impose an oath "to be loyal to King Richard, to accept no king of the name of John"—a clause aimed at the deservedly hated John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster—"and, for the rest, to stir up their fellow-citizens to resist all taxes except the 'fifteenths,' which their fathers and predecessors had acknowledged and paid." Wat Tyler of Maidstone—a different person evidently from the man who had slain the tax-collector at Dartford—was chosen as their leader. Hollinshed, after Walsingham, describes him as "a verie craftie fellow and indued with much wit\* (if he had well applied it)."

A march upon London was now planned, for the purpose of meeting King Richard face to face, and demanding a redress of the people's grievances. Sir John Newton, one of the king's knights, was led, by persuasion or force, to act as envoy for the insurgents. The king shut himself up in the Tower of his Court, but was invited to meet the peasant army, now mustered at Blackheath. Perhaps had he done so, much that followed might have been avoided ; but the messengers sent to reconnoitre dissuaded him. His majesty had taken boat and had descended the Thames to Rotherhithe, a detachment from Blackheath having come to the riverside to meet him. At this point Richard was advised by Sudbury the archbishop, and Robert Hales the treasurer, to hold no parley. "Have nothing to do," they said, "with a set of shoeless ribalds."

\* Vir versutus et magno sensu præditus."—Walsingham, i. 463.

For a little time, the royal lad—he was but sixteen—was rowed up and down the river in his barge, pitiably irresolute ; but at last he returned to the Tower, and an advance upon the City was resolved upon by the peasant army, after a sermon by Ball, on Blackheath, from the text—

"When Adam dalf and Eve span,  
Wo was thanne a gentilman?"

The mayor and aldermen were for shutting the City gates, but the mass of the citizens effectually protested against excluding those whom they owned as "friends and neighbors." The gates were accordingly left open all night, and an immense multitude went in and out, as yet comparatively orderly, and certainly honest. They stole nothing, not even food ; everything they took they paid for at a fair price ; any robber amongst them they put to death on the spot. As far as in them lay, these rude undisciplined masses wished to make fair war on those whom they regarded as their oppressors.\* The Duke of Lancaster was the first object of their animosity. His sumptuous palace in the Savoy was ruthlessly destroyed, but the chronicler is careful to relate that the rioters did not appropriate the spoils. His jewels and other valuables he flung into the river, and one man detected in secreting a silver cup was thrown in after it. The records of the kingdom and other State papers were burned, the peasantry in some dim confused way connecting these documents with the oppressions to which they had been subject. Other acts of violence followed, notably the destruction of great part of the Temple, of which Robert Hales was Master. The insurgents, to whom drink had been

\* "It was said that the insurgents as they went along were killing all the lawyers and jurymen ; that every criminal who feared punishment for his offences had joined himself to them ; that masters of grammar-schools had been compelled to forswear their profession, and that even the possession of an inkhorn was dangerous to its owner. Most of the rumors were, no doubt, the mere inventions of the excited imaginations of the chroniclers or their informants. The orderly conduct of the army of Tyler when it was first admitted into London, and the definiteness of the demands which formed the basis of the charter granted by Richard, make the atrocities and absurdities of these acts alike improbable."—C. E. Maurice, p. 164.

freely served by many of the citizens, soon became infuriated and uncontrollable. A wild, half-drunken mob raged through the City, and deplorable excesses were committed.

In this way the Thursday was passed—Corpus Christi Day, June 13, 1381. The City was panic stricken. Walworth, the mayor, proposed, according to Froissart, that an onslaught should be made upon the insurgents during the night, when many of them, lying in drunken sleep, could easily be killed "like flies." But the atrocious counsel was rejected, and on the Friday morning the king came to parley, chiefly, as it appears, with the Essex contingent, gathered at Mile End, "in a fair meadow," writes Froissart, "where in the summer time people go to amuse themselves." The interview was a peaceful one. Nothing could be more simple and reasonable than the demand of the people: "We wish that thou wouldst make us free forever, us, our heirs, and our lands, and that we should no longer be called slaves, nor held in bondage." Richard II. at once acceded to the petition, promised four things: first, that they and their children after them should be free; secondly that they should not be attached to the soil for service, but should be at liberty to rent lands of their own at a moderate fixed price; thirdly, that they should have access, free of toll, to all markets and fairs, cities, burghs, and mercantile towns, to buy and sell; and, fourthly, that they should be forgiven for the present insurrection. The king further prepared to send letters to every town confirming these articles of agreement. Two persons from each locality were to remain to carry back these precious documents; "thirty secretaries" were instantly set to work; and the multitude cheerfully dispersed.

But the men of Kent had meanwhile enacted a terrible scene at the Tower. Taking forcible possession of the place and frightening the six hundred yeomen on guard almost out of their wits in a way which the chroniclers graphically describe, they sought out the archbishop and treasurer who had called them "shoeless ribalds," with Richard Lyons the merchant, chief commissioner for levying the poll-tax, and John Legg, the man who had taken the most promi-

nent part in the collection of the impost, also two of Legg's satellites and an obnoxious friar. These men they beheaded, carrying their heads on long pikes through the streets of London. It was a terrible revenge, and must have steeled the hearts of well-meaning citizens at once against the movement. The king's mother (the Princess Joan, widow of the Black Prince) was in the Tower, half dead with terror. Some of the insurgents had penetrated into her room and thrust their swords into the mattress of her bed in search for the "traitors," but beyond the murder of the archbishop and his companions they seemed to have committed no outrage. The princess herself, on being recognised, was treated with honor, and was conveyed to the Wardrobe, Carter Lane, in the vicinity of Blackfriars, where the king found her when his business at Mile End was done—a royal day's work that might have been one of the best and brightest in the annals of England!

The next morning Richard heard mass in Westminster Abbey, and, on his return with sixty knights, encountered Wat Tyler and his men in Smithfield "before the Abbey of St. Bartholomew." As it appears, Tyler had some further demands to make, not being altogether satisfied with the charter of Mile End.\* Sir John Newton rode up to invite him to approach the king. According to some accounts the knight was received insolently. "I shall come," said Tyler, "when I please. If you are in a hurry you can go back to your master now!" Another narrator tells us that Wat began to abuse Sir John Newton for coming to him on horseback, being met with the courteous reply, "You are mounted, why should not I be so likewise?" In a third chronicle we read that Tyler was approaching Richard covered, and was ordered by Walworth, the mayor, to remove his cap, but roughly refused. There was, at any rate, a brief dialogue between Richard II. and the peasant leader, in which the latter insisted on the immediate issue of

\* It is possible that some of the points above mentioned were among these reserved demands. If so, the king conceded them to Tyler, verbally, before the catastrophe. But this is uncertain. The concessions are enumerated in Rymer's "Fœdera," vol. vii. p. 317.

letters of manumission to all, and added his new demand, to the effect that "all warrens, waters, parks, and woods should be common, so that the poor as well as the rich might freely fish in all waters, hunt the deer in forests and parks, and the hare in the field." This cry for the repeal of the game and forest laws went to the heart of one of the chief grievances of the people. What reply the king gave is not recorded, nor is it easy to disentangle from the conflicting accounts any clear details. One chronicler says that Tyler came too near the king's horse, as if intending some mischief against his majesty; others that he was simply insolent, tossing his dagger from hand to hand as he parleyed; others that blows were actually interchanged between Wat and Sir John Newton. This much at any rate is clear, that the Mayor Walworth—*John* Walworth, as Knighton calls him; *William*, as in the other authorities—aimed a sudden blow at the bold demagogue, who fell at once from his horse, and was dispatched by one of the king's squires, named Sandwich or Cavendish.

With Wat Tyler died also the insurrection, and the hopes of English liberty for many a dreary year. "As he fell from his horse to the earth," writes Walsingham, "he first gave hope to the English soldiery, who had been half dead, that the Commons could be resisted." There was, no doubt, a touch of chivalry in the first words of the young king. "Follow me!" he cried to the people infuriated by their leader's assassination; "I will be your captain!" They were startled, and obeyed, the king preceding them to Islington, where he was met by a large body of soldiers. There was no conflict, and the multitude slowly dispersed, being threatened with death if found in the streets after night-fall.

As soon as the king was safe it was found that his pledges had meant nothing. The promises of enfranchisement, the "letters" about which the "thirty secretaries" had been busy all the night of that memorable fourteenth of June, were treated as void. "Villeins you are," said the king, when asked by the men of Essex to confirm his promises, "and villeins you shall remain. You shall remain in bondage, not such as you

have hitherto been subjected to, but incomparably viler. For so long as we live and rule by God's grace over this kingdom, we shall use our sense, our strength and our property, so to treat you that your slavery may be an example to posterity, and that those who live now and hereafter, who may be like you, may always have before their eyes, and as it were in a glass, your misery and reasons for cursing you, and the fear of doing things like those which you have done." In the spirit of this royal message, commissions were sent into the country to bring those who had taken part in the insurrection to condign punishment. John Ball, the preacher, Jack Straw with the Millers, Truemans, and a host of others, were mercilessly put to death; and in that terrible autumn the scaffold and the gallows had no fewer than seven thousand victims!\* Nothing could more clearly show the panic into which this wild rough outcry for freedom had thrown the constituted authorities in Church and State. One good result, however, of the insurrection was in the vanishing of the poll-tax. Of that impost, at least, we do not hear again. And more—the people had learned their power, a lesson which in the darkest times was never forgotten.

We believe in freedom now. Almost all that John Ball and Wat Tyler demanded is the heritage of every Englishman. They might have sought it, perhaps, by "constitutional methods." Yet we must remember their times. They did but imitate in their rough way during those three days of terror the course which their masters pursued for more than three hundred years! The stroke that laid Wat Tyler low—and made Richard II., that worthless lad, the master of the situation—whatever it was, was not a blow for liberty!

Some partisan writers have associated the teachings of John Ball with the principles maintained by Wycliffe, especially in his treatise "On Dominion." The dates, however, are against this. Ball is said to have been a preacher for more than twenty years before the insurrection. This carries us back to about 1360, an earlier date than we can assign

\* Green's "History of the English People," vol. I. p. 475.

to Wycliffe's treatise, or to his institution of "Poor Preachers." In fact, the chronicler Knighton takes a diametrically opposite view, and regards Ball as a *forerunner* of Wycliffe—the John the Baptist to this false Messiah! In his fervid imagination the Leicester canon sees the apocalyptic visions fulfilled—the catastrophe of the last days! Such events can mean nothing else than the end of the world! "Much has happened since then," and the signs of the times may perhaps be read as fallaciously by seers of to-day. There can, however, be no doubt that before the insurrection, Ball had been an adherent of Wycliffe. The demand for spiritual freedom fell in, at least, with the thoughts and impulses that had prompted the serfs of their wild irregular cry for social and political rights.

"In memory of Sir William Walworth's valor," writes Thomas Fuller in

his "Church History of Great Britain," "the arms of London, formerly a plain cross, were augmented by the addition of a dagger, to make the coat in all points complete." This is still a popular mistake. That dagger, or short sword, has nothing whatever to do with Walworth, or Tyler, or Richard II., or any of the personages, good or evil, of that era. In fact, it was a relic or "survival" of the sword in the hand of the Apostle Paul, formerly engraven on the City seal.\* St. Paul anciently figured as patron saint of London, and when in Reformation times his effigy disappeared from the City arms his sword remained. We know that in Christian art, from about the tenth century, the sword was a familiar symbol of St. Paul, the primary intention no doubt being to denote the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God.

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#### M. JULES FERRY AND HIS FRIENDS.

THE history of the Republic up to this time has been such a course of surprises, that any forecast as to the future must be made with a large reckoning for accidents; but this much may be said, that the Republic owes its present appearance of stability to the want of commanding talents among her ruling men. The outlook could not have been so peaceful had Gambetta been alive. Gambetta had a vast ambition, and a leonine, roaring energy, which provoked furious opposition. The men who have parted his influence among them may be as ambitious as he was; but they are so for personal objects, and as there is nothing great in their characters or their policy, nothing imperious in their manner, nothing stirring or seducing in their eloquence, they are less feared than the man who wished to be a master, and said so. Nobody could denounce M. Jules Ferry as aspiring to become a dictator; yet during the past year he has held more effective power than was ever wielded by Gambetta. He is a faithful party-servant who has been allowed to exercise authority, because his employers have felt that they could dismiss him at a moment's notice. We

bear more from a humble, useful domestic, than from a self-asserting master. Louis XIV., who broke the tyranny of Mazarin, and could not brook the arrogance of Fouquet, submitted to the management of the quiet, astute Colbert.

In his novel "Numa Roumestan," written while Gambetta was alive, Alphonse Daudet showed "the North being conquered by the South," that is, the blustering, bragging, blarneying *blagueurs* of Provence and Gascony enthralling the democracy with their charlatan-ism, and seizing upon all the public offices. Sardou had worked out the same idea in "Rabagas;" but it must be noticed that the holders of the four most important posts in France at this moment—the four Presidents, of the Republic, of the Senate, of the Chamber of Deputies, and of the Cabinet—are conspicuously exempt from the usual attributes of demagogues. They are cold-headed men, plain of speech, dry in manner; they are not Southerners, and, in fact, they are by no means representative of the French as a nation.

\* For this information we are indebted to Mr. Overall, the courteous Librarian of the Guildhall Library.

M. Grévy comes from the Jura, on the borders of Switzerland, a department which has for the last half century been more advanced in public instruction than all the others, and where the *bourgeoisie* are something like the Scotch in their puritanism.

M. le Royer, President of the Senate, a hard, sententious little man, with solemn eyes peering through gold-rimmed spectacles, and a voice like the drone of a Lenten preacher—M. le Royer is a Genevan Protestant, whose father became French by naturalisation. M. Brisson was born and educated at Bourges, in the old province of Berry. He is a trim, mathematically-minded lawyer and logician, creaseless in his morals as in his dress, one of those Frenchmen to whom all the levities of French life—light literature, music, gossip, and even *cuisine*—are distasteful. M. Jules Ferry is a Lorrainer, born in the mountainous Vosges; and, like M. le Royer, a Protestant—at least so far as he confesses to any religion at all.

A nation must be turned upside down before a man like M. Jules Ferry can become Prime Minister. It makes one smile to think that the French have demolished three dynasties, and that countless thousands of enthusiastic revolutionists have let themselves be shot behind barricades, in order that the country may now be ruled by a Cabinet containing three second-rate journalists, and three barristers who have no names at the Bar. "No more revolutions: I have become a Minister," wrote the late M. Garnier Pagès to his constituents in 1848.\* M. Ferry, to do him justice, did not conclude that progress reached its zenith on the day when he took Cabinet office; he has rather shown modest thankfulness at his own elevation, while feeling privately, no doubt, some astonishment. Now that he has been in place some time, the astonishment must have worn off, for he has learnt to know men, and to perceive that circumstances do more for most successful rulers than these accomplish for themselves. An inexperienced man at the helm soon gets accustomed to see the big ship obey

the propulsion of his rudder, and if he be steering in calm weather, he may do as well as the skilled pilot. M. Ferry became Prime Minister *faute de mieux*, and he may remain so (with occasional displacements) *crainte de pire*. The course of French Republicanism is always downward, and the constant preoccupation of men's minds under that happy *régime*, is the fear of worse.

Jules Ferry owed the beginning of his political fortune to his luck in writing for a newspaper which had a witty editor. Just twenty years ago (1865), being then thirty-three years old, he joined the staff of the *Temps*, and after contributing leaders for three years, undertook in 1868 a series of papers attacking the administration of Baron Haussmann as Prefect of the Seine. Baron Haussmann had rebuilt Paris and made it a city unique in the world for beauty and sanitation. M. Ferry could not have performed such a task, but he was able to criticise the Prefect's work, to array long columns of figures showing how much it had cost, and to ask whether it would not have been far better if all these millions had been given to the poor. Baron Haussmann sent *communiqués* to the *Temps* impugning the accuracy of M. Ferry's figures; but the journalist of course stuck to his multiplication, and, as spirited opposition always made a man popular under the Empire, the Vosgian's articles obtained more success than is usual with statistical essays. It was proposed that they should be rebound in pamphlet form and circulated among Parisian householders in view of the general election of 1869. M. Neffzer, editor of the *Temps*, then suggested that the pamphlet should be called "Les Comptes Fantastiques d'Haussmann."\*

The title took, and Jules Ferry got the reputation of being a comical fellow. Resolving to make the most of this character while it lasted, he came forward as a candidate for Paris at the elections of 1869—calling himself a Radical for this purpose. He was no more Radical than comical, but if he had not taken up extreme views he could have offered no reason for oppos-

\* "L'ère des révolutions est fermée! Je suis devenu Ministre, et le peuple entier entre au pouvoir avec moi."

\* A play upon the title of "Contes Fantastiques d'Hoffmann"—a book which is popular in France.

ing the moderate Liberal (M. Guéroult, editor of the *Opinion Nationale*), who was the sitting member of the sixth Parisian ward. M. Ferry defeated his brother-journalist; and in the following year, when the Empire collapsed at Sedan, he became *ex-officio* a member of the Government of National Defence. It will be remembered that this Government was composed of the nine members for Paris, because M. Grévy and some other leading Republicans refused to accept power unless it were lawfully conferred upon them by a national assembly.

M. Ferry was of course installed in Baron Haussmann's post; but during the siege of Paris he was very nearly lynched by some of those excellent working-men who had formerly hailed him as a friend and brother. On the 31st October, 1870, an insurrection broke out in the beleaguered city, and a vigorous attempt was made to overthrow the Government. M. Ferry fell into the hands of the insurgents, and for six mortal hours these rude men subjected him to every species of indignity. They pulled his luxuriant black whiskers, they taunted him with eating white bread and beefsteak, while his proletarian brethren had to content themselves with rations of brown bread and horse-flesh, and when dinner-time came they offered him his choice between a grilled rat and some cold boiled dog. Happily the Breton Mobiles were at hand and delivered him; but from that day M. Ferry's Radicalism perceptibly cooled, and when the Communal rebellion occurred, he took good care not to let himself be kidnapped again by the once-idolised working-man. Decamping to Versailles he remained there throughout the second siege, and did not return to take possession of his post as Prefect of the Seine until the rebellion had been crushed. It was on this occasion that alighting from his brougham near the still-smouldering Hôtel de Ville, and seeing a convoy of Communist prisoners pass, he shook his nicely-gloved fist and exclaimed: "*Ah! tas de canaille!*"

The exclamation was pardonable, for these Communists had shot M. Ferry's friend and former Secretary, Gustave Chaudey, and the new-fledged Prefect must have imagined bullets whistling by his own sleek ears as he looked at them.

However, M. Ferry's vindictiveness went no further than words, for he exerted himself charitably to save some old journalistic comrades who had taken the wrong side during the civil war. He is believed to have secreted several of these in his private lodgings and to have covered them with his official protection while the police were hunting for them. What is more, he honorably connived at the escape of one of his vilest detractors, Félix Pyat. This charming person, always the first to preach sedition and regicide, and the first to fly in the hour of danger, had been unable to get clear away from Paris when the Commune fell. He took refuge in a convent, where the nuns harbored him for six weeks, though these poor women were quite aware that he was the Pyat who had been clamoring for the demolition of churches and the shooting of hostages. Jules Ferry happened to hear of Pyat's whereabouts, but instead of delivering up the wretched man to a court-martial, he caused a passport to be privately given him.

Good nature abounds in M. Ferry's character, and this quality, in combination with perseverance and a quiet talent for picking up other people's ideas, has been the secret of his success. During the last years of the Empire while he wrote for the *Temps*, he was a daily frequenter of the Café de Madrid, and there he was appreciated as an attentive listener to no matter whose stories. He had then, as he has now, a face such as is only to be seen on the shoulders of old-fashioned French barristers and Belgravian footmen. The judges of the Second Empire did not allow *avocats* to wear beards, so M. Ferry shaved his upper lip and chin, but his whiskers were of stupendous size. Add to these a Roman nose, a fine forehead, shrewd playful eyes, a well shaped smiling mouth, and a certain plumpness of girth which removed him altogether out of the category of those lean men whom Shakespeare thought dangerous. He always shook men's hands with a hearty grip; he could laugh loud and long even when not amused; if conversation flagged he could light it up suddenly with a few crackling jokes, but he generally preferred to sit silent, smoking penny cigars (for he was not rich), sipping absinthe,



and taking mental notes of what was being said around him. Now and then, especially if a talker appealed to him, he would nod approval with a grave closing of the eyes, which is the supreme politeness in the art of listening.

He never squandered his knowledge in small talk, so that his public speeches always took his most intimate friends aback. Gambetta once said to him: "You are the most secretive of chatter-boxes,"\* the truth being that Ferry used commonplace ideas in private intercourse, just as some men keep halfpence for beggars. To stake gold in conversational games over a *café* table was more than his intellectual means could afford. A *blagueur* himself in a small way, he knew the destructive power of that light chaff which can be thrown upon a good idea while it has the bloom of novelty on it. Then he was not combative. Gambetta, a millionaire in talents, could scatter his best thoughts broadcast without ever impoverishing himself. At the *Café Procope*, at Brébant's, and in the dining-room of his friend, Clément Laurier, he would pound his fists on the table and thunder out long passages of the speeches which he intended to deliver, and this without caring whether political opponents heard him. "You are showing your hand," Laurier† and the still more prudent Arthur Ranc used to say. But Gambetta could win without hiding his trumps, or he could win without trumps.

Ferry always went into political action with his powder dry, chose his ground carefully and picked out an antagonist whom he was sure to worst. Gambetta would rush at the strongest enemy, Ferry fired at the weakest; but this system had the advantage of leaving him after every combat victorious and unwounded. It was a great triumph to him, when, coming back among his friends, he heard their self-astonished

bravos as they slapped him on the back. There is much slapping on the back in French political assemblies. Many a time has Gambetta's broad hand descended upon Ferry's stalwart shoulders with the shout, "*C'est bien fait, mon petit!*"

The two were capital friends from the first, and remained so till nearly the end. It was not till within two years of Gambetta's death, that the chief began to find his *protégé* a little too independent. Mutinous Ferry never was, but a time arrived when, from one cause and another, he found himself second in influence to Gambetta among the Republican party. He was but Addington to Gambetta's Pitt: nevertheless he got tired of hearing people say that he was only allowed to hold office as a stopgap; and with a proper dignity he resented Gambetta's pretensions to act as occult Prime Minister without assuming the responsibilities of the premiership. Gambetta, as we know, wanted to become President of the Republic, or else Prime Minister with a secure majority to be obtained by *scrutin de liste*. Until he could compass one or other of these ends, he preferred to play the Agamemnon sitting in the Presidential chair of the Chamber of Deputies. M. de Freycinet and M. Ferry each humored this whim so long as it was possible, and indeed nothing could have been more amicably subservient than M. Ferry's conduct while Prime Minister in 1881. He not only dispensed his patronage by Gambetta's directions, but framed all Government measures according to the Dictator's tastes, and even agreed to the performance of little Parliamentary comedies, in which Gambetta pretended to attack the Cabinet in order to dispel the notion that M. Ferry was not a free agent. This state of things, however, could not continue after the general election of 1881, when a strong Republican majority was returned—not to support the Ferry Cabinet, but to set up something better. Gambetta forgot that in putting on the gloves with his friend Ferry, simply *pour amuser la galerie*, he was apt to give knock-down blows which made Ferry look small. The cautious Lorrainer felt that he had had enough of these sparring-matches, and he had the sharpness to see that if

\* "Tu es le plus cachotier des bavards."

† Clément Laurier used to be Gambetta's chief political henchman. During the war he was sent to London to negotiate the Morgan Loan. But the Commune sickened him of Republicanism and he joined the Royalist ranks. He died in 1878, being then one of the Deputies for the Indre. His change of politics never impaired his private relations with Gambetta.

he accepted a portfolio in the "Grand Ministère," which Gambetta formed in November 1881, he would confirm the general opinion that throughout his premiership he had only been the great man's puppet. For all this, it was a very brave thing he did in refusing to sit in Gambetta's Cabinet. Gambetta was deeply offended and doubtless as much surprised as Richelieu would have been if Brother Joseph had declined to "act any longer with him for the present." Happily the Dictator could not punish Brother Jules as the Cardinal would have chastised Brother Joseph.

He sent twice to Ferry to offer him a portfolio, wrote to him once, and ended by proposing to get him elected life-senator and President of the Upper House. But when all these favors were declined with thanks, he shrugged his shoulders and exclaimed: "*Mais c'est absurde!*" meaning that his friend Ferry had come to think a little too much of himself.

Two months after this the "Grand Ministère" had fallen. Jules Ferry had given the *Scrutin de Liste* Bill his vote, but he had refrained from exerting any influence on behalf of the Cabinet. "*C'est un coup de Ferry!*" ejaculated Gambetta, when the numbers of the division were announced,\* and upon somebody's remarking that Ferry had voted aright, "Bah, you should have seen him in the smoking-room," growled the angry chief. "But he was speaking up loudly for you in the smoking-room." "The song is in the tune," answered Gambetta, "and Jules was singing flat."†

The fact is that the fate of the *Scrutin* Bill had turned wholly on the question as to whether Gambetta could be trusted. The measure establishing election by caucus would have placed absolute power in his hands for years, and the Left Centre were naturally afraid of this prospect, which was tantamount to the destruction of regular Parliamentary government. But before committing themselves to a coalition with Radicals and Monarchists, many of these moder-

ate Liberals came and sounded Ferry. He would only answer that he was sure Gambetta meant well, and so forth; but of course this was not enough, and the Moderates marched over to M. Clémenceau. The day after this vote M. Ferry was back in office with the portfolio of Public Instruction, and thirteen months later he was Prime Minister once more, but this time under conditions very different from those which had chequered his first Administration. Gambetta was dead, three Cabinets had been overthrown within eight months, and M. Ferry was actually able to make a favor of accepting a post in which M. de Freycinet, M. Duclerc and M. Fallières had wretchedly failed. Things had come to such a pass that if M. Ferry had objected to form a Government, M. Grévy would have resigned.

Thus M. Ferry was truly on a certain day the *Deus ex machina*. His advance to a position so powerful can only be explained by comparing him to the winner of an obstacle race. Nine years ago, any politician contemplating the possibility of Gambetta's death, would have named at least six Republicans now living as more likely than M. Ferry to succeed him as leader of the party. He would have named Jules Simon, Léon Say, William Waddington, Charles de Freycinet, Challemeil-Lacour, or Eugène Clémenceau; and supposing all these runners had started with M. Ferry over a flat course, it may be questioned, to keep up the racing metaphor, whether Ferry would have been so much as placed. But in an obstacle race, one man comes to grief at the "hanging-tub," one at the crawling, another at the water-jump, and the winner is often the man who, having scrambled through every thing in a haphazard fashion, comes in alone—all the others having dropped off.

No man ever spoilt a fine chance so sadly as Jules Simon—the first to "drop off"—and this all for want of a little spirit at the right moment. The author of many learned and entertaining works on political economy, a bright scholar, charming *causeur*, persuasive debater, a man of handsome face and lordly bearing, infinitely respectable in his private life, full of diplomatic tact and

\* The *Scrutin de Liste* Bill was rejected in the Chamber of Deputies on the 27th January, 1882, by 282 to 227.

† "Le ton fait la chanson, et Jules chantait faux."

with a genuine aptitude for administration—M. Simon had all the qualifications of a party-leader. Under the Empire he was an Orleanist, but he let himself be converted to Republicanism by M. Thiers after the war, and he was the only Minister whom Thiers trusted to the extent of never meddling with the business of his department. He was Minister of Public Instruction and Worship for more than two years, and acquitted himself of his functions in a manner to please both Catholics and Freethinkers, cardinals and vivisection professors. He was perhaps a little too unctuous in his phrases; he had a suspicious facility for weeping, and he scattered compliments and promises about him, as a beadle sprinkles holy water in a May-day procession. But these are the little arts of diplomacy: M. Simon could be quite firm in dismissing a Bonapartist professor, even while shedding tears over the poor man's appeal to be suffered to earn his bread in peace; and when he was sent as High Commissioner of the Government to visit the pontoons and prisons in which Communists were confined, all his tender pity for political offenders in general (he recognised many of his quondam electors in bonds) did not prevent him from investigating each individual case with unemotional acumen. He had power to liberate whom he pleased, but he used it sparingly. At Brest he was much pained by the rudeness of a prisoner to whom he had said kindly: "Why are you here, my friend?" "For having too much studied your books," was the sniggering answer.\* He had another disagreeable shock at the prison of Versailles, where Louise Michel called him "*Vieux farceur*."

But Jules Simon rendered some very great service to the Republican cause. The office-holders of to-day often talk as if they had founded the Republic—which shows that they have defective memories. The Comte de Chambord was the real "Father of the Republic," as even Senator Wallon must acknowl-

edge in his meditative moments.\* If the Bourbon prince had been anything better than a Quaker, Monarchy would have been restored after the Commune—in fact, during the five years that followed the civil war, the Republic merely lived under respite of a death-sentence, so to say, until its enemies agreed as to how it should be exterminated. But they could not agree, and Jules Simon was in a large measure the cause of this. He went about among the Orleanists, coaxing over this one and that one to the idea that Republicanism was the only practical thing for the moment. His favorite argument was this, that Socialists and other such people could be put down much more summarily by a Republican Government than by a King. Under a Bourbon Sovereign, Liberals and Socialists would make common cause, and there would inevitably be another revolution before long; but if the Orleanists would only take the Republic under their patronage they might rule the country according to their doctrines, just as the English Whigs had long ruled England, keeping their Radical tail in subjection. With these words, Jules Simon wiled away many; and the trophies of success thickened upon him. He was elected to the French Academy; in 1875 he was nominated a life-senator, and in 1876, some months after the first general election under the new Constitution, he became Prime Minister.

He kept his post for about eight months, and then one memorable morning he allowed Marshal Mac Mahon to dismiss him from it like a lacquey. The Spaniards, by way of expressing their disbelief in the consistency of courage at all times and in all circumstances, are accustomed to say that a man was brave "on a certain day." One may assert then, without any imputation on M. Simon's general valor, that on the 16th May, 1877, he showed an utter want of pluck. The reason for this appears to have been that he was out of health at the time—worn out by two or three sleepless nights, and disgusted with the worries of office. He had gone to bed

\* "L'Ouvrier," "L'Ouvrière," "L'Ouvrier de huit ans," "Le Travail," "La Peine de Mort," &c., works couched in the purest philanthropy and which remind the working-man of all his grievances against society.

\* M. Wallon was the mover of the resolution: "that the Government of France be a Republic." It was carried in the National Assembly, 1875, by a majority of *one* vote.

on the 15th May without any suspicion that the Marshal President intended to dismiss him and his Liberal Cabinet, and he was therefore astounded when, as he was dressing, a messenger brought him a letter in which the Marshal cavalierly told him that, as he had been unable to manage the Republican majority, he must make way for stronger men.

Now it was quite true that the Republicans under Gambetta had behaved very factiously towards Jules Simon. Parties were so divided in the Lower House that no Minister could govern, and it was manifest that the only way out of the death-lock would be through a dissolution. But M. Simon was cashiered at the instigation of a Royalist Palace Cabal, who wanted the next elections to be held under the auspices of a Reactionary Cabinet, and he should have had the boldness to denounce this intrigue. Instead of doing that he sat down in his dressing-gown, it is said, and wrote a tame, self-exculpatory letter to the Marshal. He did not see that Mac Mahon had played into his hands by enabling him to take his stand as champion of the entire Republican party. A few brave words of defiance to the Cabal, a dignified reproof to the Marshal himself, and an appeal to the whole nation to rouse itself for a grand battle at the polls, this is what Jules Simon's letter should have contained, and an epistle couched in these terms would have made him immensely popular.

But the ejected Premier's abject, doleful apology appearing in the papers on the same day as the Marshal's letter, spread consternation and disgust through the Republican party. It was a whine at the moment when a trumpet blast was expected. Simon had missed the opportunity of being great. The Republicans were ashamed of him, and spurned him with a positive yell of execration. In the course of the morning he hurried to M. Thiers's house, and began in a lachrymose style to descant upon his wrongs, saying that he had never been the Marshal's effective adviser, that the Duc de Broglie had all along been guiding Mac Mahon, &c. "Why on earth didn't you say that in your letter?" screamed Thiers; and the lugubrious M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, lifting up

his long arms in woe, repeated like his chief, "Why was not that said in the letter?"

Why indeed? If Jules Simon had shown spirit he would have been accounted the foremost man of the Republican party after Thiers's death, and he might eventually have been President of the Republic in place of M. Grévy. As it was, the Republicans, after their victory at the general election of 1877,\* refused to rank him as one of their number, and he has ever since been in the humiliating position of a pariah. His speeches in the Senate are always applauded, but not by the Republicans. It has become the fashion among his former allies to speak of him as a renegade, and facetious party-newspapers have not scrupled to play practical jokes upon him. One of these pleasantries was rather funny. A paper announced that M. Simon had inherited a large sum of money, and that, in the excess of his philanthropy, he had taken to distributing twenty 'napoleons' every morning among the first five score beggars (being true Republicans) who knocked at his door. For days the Place de la Madeleine, where the unhappy statesman lived was infested by hordes of vagabonds, howling "Vive la République," and the police found it difficult to disperse these believers in M. Simon's munificence.

M. Léon Say has been mentioned among the politicians who once seemed destined to do great things. He may do some of these things yet, for he has not lost the confidence of his party, but he is such a rider of hobbies, that he can never be expected to fall into the swing trot of any party cavalcade, even though he be suffered to caper at its head. He has been Prefect of the

\* There were mistakes all round in that 15th May business. The Conservatives should have allowed the Republicans a little more rope. If the Simon Cabinet had been overthrown by a vote of the Left, and if another Liberal Administration had been put up to meet with the same fate—then would have been the time to dissolve the Lower House. But the Royalists were too impatient. They called for a national condemnation of Republicanism before the nation had grown tired of Republican dissensions. The 16th May was the making of Gambetta as a leader, for up to that time he had only been a free lance—"un fou furieux," as Thiers called him. He stepped into the place which ought to have been Simon's.

Seine, Minister of Finance, Ambassador to London, and President of the Senate. He is a jovial man, with a plump waist, face and moustache, not quite sixty, the proprietor of the *Journal des Débats*, a millionaire, and the highest French authority on finance. He writes as well as he speaks, and he speaks like a clever book. The Bourse has so much confidence in him that this return to the Ministry of Finance would at any time make the funds rise, and for this reason every Premier has been anxious to have him in the Cabinet. If M. Say would only confine himself to finance as M. Cochéry does to postal matters,\* he might abide comfortably in office for years; but he is a political Sybarite who chafes at rose leaves. He has no sooner accepted a post than he begins to see reasons for throwing it up. Hours are wasted at every change of Cabinet in trying to persuade M. Say to join this or that combination; but either his Free Trade principles stand in the way, or he cannot sit with so and so, or he insists upon having such and such a man to be his colleague. The curious thing is that, while in opposition, M. Say takes immense trouble to get the offer of one of those places, which he rejects when they have been given him. He is not the dog biting at shadows, but the dog who snatches substantial bones, and then turns up his nose at them.

Very different is M. de Freycinet, who has neither snatched at the bones of office, nor surrendered them willingly when they fell in his way. How came this able and active politician to fail so egregiously as Prime Minister? About his talents there is no dispute, and he entered public life under Gambetta's special and most admiring patronage. A distinguished civil engineer, he was almost unknown to the political world, when, at the senatorial elections of 1876, Gambetta brought him forward as candidate for Paris. De Freycinet was elected, and all of a sudden he got talked of as the coming man—that is, the man who was to be Gambetta's factotum. He had dedicated a book on military tactics, with some academical compliments to his patrons; and it was

remembered that he had been Gambetta's military secretary and adviser during the war. He was supposed to be full of new ideas about army reorganisation, railway management, tax-assessment, and colonial extension. The first time he spoke in the Senate there was a hush of curiosity, and though he delivered himself in a small, piping voice, the lucidity of his reasoning, and his business-like exposition of statistics, produced a favorable impression. He was not much cheered, for applause would have drowned his voice. "Nous n'applaudissons pas pour mieux écouter," said Léon Say politely to him.

Unfortunately, De Freycinet too soon forgot that Gambetta had singled him out as an assistant and not as a rival. He did fairly well as Minister of Public Works in M. Waddington's Cabinet, but the rapid using up of men in parliamentary warfare forced him out of his turn into the front rank. His total and often amusing ignorance of foreign countries made him unfit for the post of Foreign Secretary, whilst his want of suppleness rendered him incapable of managing a party by means of easy social intercourse with its most prominent members. He is a politician of self-asserting conscientiousness, with a smileless face, a distant manner, and a captious tone of saying, or rather speaking, "no" to every proposal which he does not approve on a first hearing. At the Quai d'Orsay he always seemed to Ambassadors to be in a hurry; but, though he would draw out his watch two or three times in ten minutes and repeat, "Venons au fait," he generally wasted half the time in every interview by telling his hearers that which he did *not* mean to do, "because my conscience forbids it." At the time when the rewards for the Exhibition of 1878 were distributed, he told an English attaché that as the French Government had allotted 150 crosses of the Legion of Honor to exhibitors, he thought that the Queen of England would do a popular thing by awarding "twenty Garters." When the constitution of the Order of the Garter was explained to him, he said: "Ah well, then twenty Victoria crosses." He once remarked to Lord Lyons that he was afraid it was only an antiquated insular prejudice which prevented the

\* M. Cochéry has been Minister of Posts and Telegraph under six successive Administrations.

English from adopting the French decimal system of coinage; and he maintained in the hearing of Prince Orloff, the Russian Ambassador, that "every Russian peasant speaks French."

Respecting M. de Freycinet's trick of pulling out his watch, a droll story is told. M. Tirard, now Minister of Finance, who made his fortune in the jewelry trade, once gave his colleague a gold watch as a New Year's present, the reason of this gift being that De Freycinet had lately lost a watch. Next time the Foreign Secretary pulled out his timepiece in the Senate, a facetious member observed in a stage whisper: "He wants to make sure that Tirard's present isn't pinchbeck." "I am sure it is not," answered the unjocular Freycinet, turning round quite gravely in his place; "you are quite mistaken in ascribing any such suspicions to me, sir."

De Freycinet and Gambetta soon quarrelled, because the former as Prime Minister wanted to follow out a policy of his own or else compel Gambetta to take the reins. "I'll be coachman or passenger," he said with his love of logical arrangements: "but I won't sit on the box and let you drive from the inside." He had to resign, and the next time he came to office, after the fall of the "Grand Ministère," it was as Gambetta's declared opponent. But Gambetta at once set himself to show that, although he had been unable himself to command a majority, no Cabinet could live without his support, and M. de Freycinet was made the first victim of this demonstration. He was overthrown on the Egyptian question, and as M. Ferry did not care to be bowled over in the same style, the veteran M. Duclerc was asked to form an emergency Cabinet. But this gentleman and his successor M. Fallières, nick-named "le Gambetta blond," were mere nonentities.

M. Duclerc's Cabinet was called the Long Vacation Ministry, because it was too obviously predestined to collapse at the first contact with Parliament. M. Fallières's Administration lasted but ten days, owing to the excessive modesty of its chief in recognising that he had been placed on a pinnacle too high for his nerves. On the strength of his *sobriquet*

—though his only resemblance to Gambetta consisted in his being fat and hearty—he had been giving himself some airs as a pretender to office, but his sudden accession to the Premiership in the trying period that followed Gambetta's death, made him so giddy that he was smitten with gastric derangement and had to pen a resignation in his bedroom. It was then that Jules Ferry, laughing quietly in his sleeve at the discomfiture of his various competitors, came back to the helm as already described.

We have said nothing about M. Waddington and M. Challemeil-Lacour, who were once thought superior to him in their prospects because M. Jules Ferry has really always had advantages over these two rivals. M. Challemeil-Lacour, who is now shelved, has been a much over-rated man, and M. Waddington is an Englishman. If it had not been for M. Waddington's nationality, which has estranged him a little from French thought and made the French people somewhat suspicious of him, his talents would possibly have enabled him to keep the leadership of the Moderate Republicans; but then it has to be borne in mind that if he were not English—a Rugbeian, a Cantab, a scholar and athlete—his talents would not be what they are. M. Waddington may remain a valued servant of the Republic and hold all sorts of high posts except the highest; but the greatest destinies perhaps await Eugène Clémenceau—the sixth on our list of men who were once preferred to M. Ferry, as "favorites" for the first place.

M. Clémenceau is another of those Northerners whose ascendancy disproves M. Daudet's theory. He is a Breton, a doctor by profession, a keen, cold man with a cutting tongue, and something of military peremptoriness in his manner. He began his political career by opening a free dispensary in the Montmartre quarter of Paris, and giving advice gratis to the poor on politics as well as medicine. He was elected mayor for one of the wards of Paris during the siege, and performed his administrative business splendidly, at a time when almost all the other mayors were blundering. He and Gambetta hated each other so thoroughly that it is a wonder they never came to duelling. The Breton Doctor, who loathes "gush," despised

the Southerner's rhodomontade; and Gambetta used to bound and roar like a stung lion at the contemptuous thrusts which Clémenceau made at him both from the tribune and from the columns of his newspaper, the *Justice*. This paper is not pleasant reading, for its editor appears always to write as if he meant to provoke his enemies into personal quarrels. He is a brilliant swordsman, most dangerous because left-handed, and a capital shot with pistols. Even the doughty Paul de Cassagnac once declined a meeting with him.

M. Clémenceau has been patiently biding his time—which does not mean that he has been spending his time to good purpose, for he has attacked every Government during the last eight years with an utter disregard of the dangers which might accrue to the Republic through the continual overthrow of Ministries. This must lead one to doubt whether there is not more of personal ambition than of public spirit in his tactics, for the only alternative would be to suppose him stupid, and that he certainly is not. He has now transferred to Jules Ferry the scorn which he formerly poured upon Gambetta, and the two men must be regarded as exponents of two completely antagonistic schools of Republicanism. Jules Ferry used not to be an Opportunist, but in succeeding to the leadership of Gambetta's party, he has had to take up its programme—colonial extension, little wars for glory, Protection, temporisation in Home affairs, and in particular as regards the relations between Church and State. M. Clémenceau, on the contrary, is a Free-trader, non-interventionist, decentraliser and disestablisher. He is more in harmony with the Manchester school than any other French politician. That huge system of administrative centralisation, which Napoleon created, is to him abhorrent, and he is a partisan of local self-government on the largest scale. He is fond of relating how a certain village mayor, receiving in 1852 a copy of the new Imperial Constitution with orders to post it up, wrote to M. de Morny, saying that he had done as requested, and would be happy to post up as many more Constitutions as might be sent him thereafter.

M. Clémenceau's Church policy may

be summed up in the word Destruction; he goes much further than a mere abrogation of the Concordat. He looks to the day when Notre-Dame shall be a museum, and the Madeleine a scientific institute. He holds that the Republic should repudiate the Catholic Church and treat all ecclesiastical buildings as State property. He would not object to a Gallican Church being afterwards constituted, nor forbid members of that communion from buying back some of the churches if they could afford to do so; but he would apply to Roman Catholics the law against secret societies, and absolutely prohibit French priests, under pain of banishment, to acknowledge the authority of Rome. When people arguing with him about this scheme, remark that "persecution never succeeds," he answers: "Nonsense, it is half-hearted persecution that does not succeed. Protestantism was thoroughly well stamped out of Spain, and Romanism out of England. I should not expect to get rid of our French Romanists within a few years—two or three generations would be required to complete the extirpation. But if the work is to be done fully, it must be commenced with vigor."

M. Clémenceau will never do much when he comes to office, because he wants the power of moving masses. He has already been yelled at in Montmartre as a backslider because he has refused to espouse the economic fallacies of the Socialists. The multitude is not to be swayed by pure reason, and no man can be a successful revolutionist unless he have a dash of the fanatic about him. Events are nevertheless preparing to bring M. Clémenceau to the Premiership, and this consummation will be important because it will involve the incursion of an entirely new set of men into all the public offices. M. Clémenceau's influence comes, not from his doctrines, but simply from his combativeness which has made him the captain of a fine hungry host of young men who see no chance of turning the Opportunists out of their snug places under Government except by banding together as a new party.

If M. Ferry could bring the China and Tonquin wars to a brilliant ending, could manage to create a Budget surplus, reduce taxation, relieve the military bur-

dens of the country, and put an end to the agricultural and commercial stagnation—he might become a People's man for some years. Indeed he might consolidate his popularity by carrying out half of the programme just sketched. The least success on his part in war or diplomacy would be inflated by his Opportunist supporters into a great triumph, because it is indispensable for the existence of a party that its leader should be a man of reputation. Political ideas

must be incarnated in a man before democratic electorates can understand them. Gambetta's death took the Opportunists by surprise, and they were not prepared with a man to put in his place. "*Jouons au Ferry*," said M. Arthur Ranc, and M. Ferry had the great luck of coming to power just at the moment when the Opportunists had begun to perceive that there must be no more overthrowing of Cabinets for some time. —*Temple Bar*.

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## ORGANIC NATURE'S RIDDLE.

BY ST. GEORGE MIVART.

### II.

A THOROUGHLY mechanical conception of nature is the scientific ideal of a very large and a very influential school of thinkers,\* and the goal towards which they strive. In so striving they follow the lead of the earliest of modern philosophers, Descartes, who would probably have felt no small satisfaction could he have foreseen that the doctrine of animal automatism would be so eloquently advocated in the nineteenth century, as well as that of a mechanical evolution of new species of animals and plants.

Evidently the last-mentioned conception was necessary to render the mechanical theory complete. As long as men believed in the action of any mysterious intelligence hidden in nature, and working through it in specific evolution towards foreseen and intended ends, a

mechanical conception of nature was obviously impossible. But no less impossible was the acceptance of such a mechanical hypothesis as long as any belief remained in the existence, in individual animals, of an innate and mysterious *instinctive* power directing their actions in ways beneficial to them or to their race, yet unintended and unforeseen by the creatures which performed those actions. A denial of the existence of any true "instinct," as well as of any unmechanical action in specific evolution, was then necessary for the maintenance of the mechanical theory, and accordingly such denials have been confidently made, as we have already seen.

While, however, this current of thought has been gaining in volume and velocity, another contrary current has no less made itself manifest, and amongst its exponents Edward Von Hartmann\* is an eloquent advocate of the manifest action of intelligence in nature, and of what may thus be called an "intellectual" as opposed to a "mechanical" conception of the universe. He lays much stress upon instinct, and is as earnest in asserting its distinct existence and nature, as are the mechanicians in denying its existence.

As was said at the beginning of the former article, the great interest just now of the study of instinct, lies in its bearings on the Darwinian hypothesis, or rather on the philosophy therewith

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\* Thus Kirchenoff has said (*Prorektoratsrede*, Heidelberg, 1865), "The highest object at which the natural sciences are constrained to aim is the reduction of all the phenomena of nature to mechanics;" and Helmholtz has declared (*Populaer Wissenschaft liche Vortrage*, 1869), "The aim of the natural sciences is to resolve themselves into mechanics." Wundt observes (*Lehrbuch der Physiologie des Menschen*), "The problem of physiology is a reduction of vital phenomena to general physical laws, and ultimately to the fundamental laws of mechanics;" while Haeckel tells us (*Freie Wissenschaft und freie Lehre*) that "all natural phenomena without exception, from the motions of the celestial bodies to the growth of plants and the consciousness of men . . . are ultimately to be reduced to atomic mechanics."

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\* In his work on *The Unconscious*, a translation of which has been lately published by Messrs. Trubner & Co.



connected. Let us then proceed to examine whether or not the analogies before pointed out between instinct and other forms of vital activity can be carried further. Let us especially examine whether the consideration of instinct in the widest sense of that term, throws any glimmerings of light upon that most recondite and still most mysterious process, *the genesis of new species*.

We may be encouraged to hope that such a result is possible from the words of one of those twin biologists who on the same night put forth their independently-arrived-at views as to what we are all agreed to regard as at least an important factor in the origin of species. No less a person than Mr. Wallace has written the following significant words:—

“No thoughtful person can contemplate without amazement the phenomena presented by the development of animals. We see the most diverse forms—a mollusk, a frog, and a mammal—arising from apparently identical primitive cells, and progressing for a time by very similar initial changes, but thereafter each pursuing its highly complex and often circuitous course of development with unerring certainty, by means of laws and forces of which we are totally ignorant. It is surely a not improbable supposition that the unknown power which determines and regulates this marvellous process may also determine the initiation of these more important changes of structure, and those developments of new parts and organs which characterise the successive stages of the evolutions of animal forms.”

These words advocate and confirm what I have elsewhere antecededly urged. Many influences doubtless may come into play in the origin of new species; but let us look a little narrowly at certain influences which *must* come into play therein, and the action of which no man can deny.

One of these influences (which no one has more richly illustrated than has the late Mr. Darwin) is that of heredity; but what *is* heredity?

In the first place it is obviously a property, not of new individuals, not of offspring, but of parental forms. As every one knows, it is the innate tendency which each organism possesses to reproduce its like. If any living creat-

ure, x, was self-impregnating and the outcome of a long line of self-impregnating predecessors, all existing in the midst of one uniform and continuously unvarying environment, then x would produce offspring completely like itself. This fundamental biological law of reproduction may be compared with the physical first law of motion, according to which *any body in motion will continue to move on uniformly at the same rate and in the same direction until some other force or motion is impressed upon it*.

The fact that new individual organisms arise from both a paternal and a maternal influence, and from a line of ancestors every one of which had a similar bifold origin, modifies this first law of heredity only so far as to produce a more or less complex compound of hereditary reproductive tendencies in every individual, the effect of which must be analogous to that mechanical law of *the composition of forces* resulting in the production of a new creature resembling its immediate and more remote progenitors in varying degrees, according to (1) the amount of force springing from each ancestral strain, and (2) the compatibility or incompatibility\* of the prevailing tendencies, resulting in an intensification, perpetuation, modification, or neutralisation of ancestral characters, as the case may be.

All such action is but “heredity” acting in one or other mode; but there is another and fundamentally different action which has to be considered, and that is the action of the environment upon nascent organisms—an action exercised either directly upon them, or indirectly upon them through its direct action upon their parents. That such actions produce unmistakable effects is notorious. It will be, I think, sufficient here to advert to such cases as the well-known brood-mare covered by a quagga, and the peculiar effects of a well-bred bitch being lined by a mongrel. These show how an action exercised upon the female parent (but with no direct action on the immediate offspring) may act indirectly upon her subsequent progeny.

As a rule, modifications accidentally

\* Mr. Darwin tells us that two topknotted canaries produce bald offspring, due probably to some conflicting actions analogous to the interference of light.

or artificially induced in parents are not transmitted to their offspring, as is well shown by the need of the repetition of circumcision, and of pressure of Indian children's heads and Chinese girls' feet, in each generation. Yet there is good evidence that such changes are occasionally inherited. The epileptic offspring of injured guinea-pigs is a case often referred to. Hæckel speaks of a bull which had lost its tail by accident, and which begot entirely tailless calves. With respect to cats,\* I am indebted to Mr. John Birkett for the knowledge of an instance in which a female with an injured tail produced some stump-tailed kittens in two litters.

There is evidence that certain variations are more apt to be inherited than others. Amongst those very apt to be inherited are skin affections, affections of the nervous system and of the generative organs, e.g. hypospadias and absence of the uterus. The last case is one especially interesting, because it can only be propagated indirectly.

Changes in the environment notoriously produce changes in certain cases, even in adults. The modifications which may result from the action of unusual agencies on the embryo have been well shown by M. C. Dareste.† As has been already remarked, processes of repair take place the more readily the younger the age of the subject. Similarly, it is probable that the action of the environment generally acts more promptly and intensely on the embryo than in the older young. That the same organism will sometimes assume very different forms has been observed by Professor Lankester in the case of *Bacterium rufescens*.‡

The effects of changed conditions is often very striking. *Ficus stipulata* grown on a wall has small, thin leaves, and clings to the surface like a large moss or a miniature ivy. Planted out,

it forms a shrub, with large, coarse, leathery leaves.

Mr. Wallace has pointed out some of the curious direct effects of external conditions on organisms. He tells us\* that in the small island of Amboina the butterflies (twelve species, of nine different genera) are larger than those of any of the more considerable islands about it, and that this is an effect probably due to some local influence. In Celebes a whole series of butterflies are not only of a larger size, but have the same peculiar form of wing. The Duke of York's Island seems, he tells us, to have a tendency to make birds and insects white, or at least pale, and the Philippines to develop metallic colors; while the Moluccas and New Guinea seem to favor blackness and redness in parrots and pigeons. Species of butterflies which in India are provided with a tail to the wing, begin to lose that appendage in the islands, and retain no trace of it on the borders of the Pacific. The *Æneas* group of papilios never have tails in the equatorial region of the Amazon Valley, but gradually acquire tails, in many cases, as they range towards the northern and southern tropics. Mr. Gould says that birds are more highly colored under a clear atmosphere than in islands or on coasts—a condition which also seems to affect insects, while it is notorious that many shore plants have fleshy leaves. We need but refer to the English oysters mentioned by Costa, which, when transported to the Mediterranean, grew rapidly like the true Mediterranean oyster, and to the twenty different kinds of American trees said by Mr. Meehan to differ in the same manner from their nearest American allies, as well as to the dogs, cats, and rabbits which have been proved to undergo modifications directly induced by climatic change. But still more strange and striking changes have been recorded as due to external conditions. Thus it is said† that certain branchiopodous creatures of the crab and lobster class (certain crustacea) have been changed from the form characteristic of one genus (*Artemia salina*) into that of quite

\* See *The Cat* (John Murray, 1881), p. 7.

† See *Archives de Zool. expér.* vol. ii. p. 414 vol. v. p. 174, vol. vi. p. 31; also *Ann. des Sci. Nat.* 4 séries, *Zoologie*, vol. iii. p. 119, vol. xv. p. 1, vol. xvii. p. 243; and his work *Recherches sur la production artificielle des Monstruosités ou essais de Tératogénie expérimentale*.

‡ See *Quarterly Journal of Micros. Soc.*, New Series, (1873), vol. xiii. p. 408, and vol. xvi. (1876) p. 27.

\* *Tropical Nature*, pp. 254—259.

† *Nature*, 1876, June 8, p. 133. Schmankevitch at Odessa.

another (*Branchipus*), by having been introduced in large numbers by accident into very salt water. The latter form is not only larger than the former, but has an additional abdominal segment and a differently formed tail. Such changes tell strongly in favor of the existence in creatures of positive, innate tendencies to change in definite directions under special conditions.

It is also obvious that the very same influences (*e.g.* amounts of light, heat, moisture, &c.) will produce different effects in different species, as also that the nature of some species is more stubborn and less prone to variation than that of others. Such, for example, is the case with the ass, the guinea-fowl, and the goose, as compared with the dog, the horse, the domestic fowl, and the pigeon. Thus both the amount and the kind of variability differ in different races, and such constitutional capacities or incapacities tend to be inherited by their derivative forms, and so every kind of animal must have its own inherent powers of modifiability or resistance, so that no organism or race of organisms *can* vary in an absolutely indefinite manner; and if so, then unlimited variability must be a thing absolutely impossible.

The foregoing considerations tend to show that every variation is a function\* of "heredity" and "external influence"—*i.e.* is the result of the reaction of the special nature of each organism upon the stimuli of its environment.

In addition to the action of heredity and the action of the environment, there is also a peculiar kind of action due to an internal force which has brought about so many interesting cases of what is called "serial and lateral homology" which cannot be due to descent, but which demonstrate the existence of an intra-organic activity, the laws of which have yet to be investigated. Comparative anatomy, pathology, and teratology combine to point out the action of this internal force.

"Lateral homology" refers to the production of similar structures on either side of the body, as in the similarity of our right and left hands and feet. "Serial homology" refers to the pro-

duction of similar structures one behind the other, as in the series of similar segments in the body of a worm or a centipede, and the similar series of limbs in the latter animal.

These tendencies to lateral and serial repetition show themselves in ways which cannot be accounted for by inheritance from ancestral forms, but loudly proclaim the presence and action of some internal force tending to produce such homologous repetitions in organisms in different animals.

Thus even in ourselves, when we compare our leg and foot with our arm and hand, we find that they have homologous features which cannot be accounted for as being inheritances from supposed ancestral animals. Our extremities resemble each other in the texture of the skin, the shape of the nails, and other points, and these resemblances are not due to external conditions, but exist in spite of them; and comparative anatomy reveals to us countless similar examples in the animal kingdom. Limbs can hardly be more unlike in form and position than are the arms and legs of birds, and yet we meet with breeds of fowls and pigeons the feet of which are furnished with what are called "boots," that is, with long feathers which grow on the side of the foot, serially corresponding with that of the hand, which grow the feathers of the wing.

Again, in disease, and in cases of monstrosity or congenital malformation, nothing is more common than to find precisely similarly diseased conditions, or similar abnormalities of structure, affecting serially or laterally homologous parts, such as corresponding parts of the two arms or two legs, or of the right (or left) arm and hand and leg and foot respectively.

Altogether it seems then to be undeniable that the characters and the variations of species\* are due to the combined action of internal and external

\* The existence of internal force must be allowed. We cannot conceive of a universe consisting of atoms acted on indeed by external forces, but having no internal power of response to such actions. Even in such conceptions as those of "physiological units" and "gemmules" we have (as the late Mr. G. H. Lewes remarked) given as an explanation that very power the existence of which in larger organisms had itself to be explained.

\* In the mathematical sense of the word.

agencies acting in a direct, positive, and constructive manner.

It is obvious, however, that no character very prejudicial to a species could ever be established, owing to the perpetual action of all the destructive forces of nature, which destructive forces, considered as one whole, have been personified under the name "natural selection."

Its action, of course, is, and must be, destructive and negative. The evolution of a new species is as necessarily a process which is constructive and positive, and, as all must admit, is one due to those variations upon which natural selection acts. Variation, which thus lies at the origin of every new species, is (as we have seen) the reaction of the nature of the varying animal upon all the multitudinous agencies which environ it. Thus "the nature of the animal" must be taken as the cause, "the environment" being the stimulus which sets that cause in action, and "natural selection" the agency which restrains it within the bounds of physiological propriety.

We may compare the production of a new species to the production of a statue. We have (1) the marble material responding to the matter of the organism; (2) the intelligent active force of the sculptor, directing his arm, responding to the psychic nature of the organism, which reacts according to law as surely as in the case of reflex action in healing, or in any other vital action; (3) the various conceptions of the artist, which stimulate him to model, responding to the environing agencies which evoke variation; and (4) the blows of the smiting chisel, corresponding to the action of natural selection. No one would call the mere blows of the chisel—apart from both the active force of the artist and the ideal conceptions which direct that force—the cause of the production of the statue. They are a cause—they help to produce it and are absolutely necessary for its production. They are a *material* cause, but not the *primary* cause. This distinction runs through all spheres of activity. Thus the inadequacy of "natural selection" to explain the origin of species runs parallel with its inadequacy to explain the origin of instinct, as before pointed out.

The *formal* discoverer of a new fossil is the naturalist who first sees it with an instructed eye, appreciates and describes it, not the laborer who accidentally uncovers but ignores it, and who cannot be accounted to be, any more than the spade he handles, other than a mere *material* cause of its discovery. So we must regard the sum of the destructive agencies of nature, as a material cause of the origin of new species, their formal cause being the reaction of the nature of their parent organisms upon the sum of the multitudinous influences of their environment. This kind of action of "the organism"—this formal cause—has been compared by Mr. Alfred Wallace, and by me, with the action of the organism in its embryonic development; and this, I have further urged, is to be likened to the processes of repair and reproduction of parts of the individual after injury, and this, again, to reflex action, and, finally, this last to instinct as manifested in ourselves and in other animals also.

The phenomena, then, exhibited in the various processes which have been passed in review—nutrition, growth, repair, reflex action, instinct, the evolution of the individual and of the species—will, I think, abundantly serve to convince him who carefully considers them, that a mechanical conception of nature is inadequate and untenable. For it cannot be denied that in all these various natural processes, performed by creatures devoid of self-conscious intellect, there is somehow and somewhere a latent rationality, by the imminent existence of which their various admirably calculated activities are alone explicable. We are compelled to admit that the merely animal and vegetable worlds which we regard as irrational, possess a certain rationality. This innate mysterious rationality blindly executes the most elaborately contrived actions in order to effect necessary or useful ends not consciously in view. We have here to consider the question, "How is this blind rationality, this practical but unconscious intelligence, explicable?"

Edward Von Hartmann, the eloquent prophet of the unconscious intelligence of nature, teaches us that such intelligence is the attribute of the very animals and plants themselves.

But can we limit the manifesta-

tions of intelligence and quasi-instinctive purpose to the organic world? By no means. The phenomena of crystallisation, the repair in due form of the broken angle of a crystal, the inherent tendencies of chemical substances to combine in definite proportions, and other laws of the inorganic world, speak to us of unconscious intelligence and volition latent in it also.

A perception of this truth has led to the conception of the universal presence of true intelligence, as it were in a rudimentary form, throughout the whole material universe—the universal diffusion of what the late Professor Clifford called "mind-stuff" in every particle of matter.

Such a belief can, however, be entertained only by those who neglect to note the differences of objects presented to the senses, attending solely to their resemblances, and describing them by inadequate and misleading terms. The habit of perverting language in this manner, has been lately well spoken of as using intellectual false coin. By such an abuse of language and disregard of points of unlikeness, all diversities may easily be reduced to identity. Against such abuse the scientific biologist must energetically protest. The expression "life" refers to definite phenomena which are not found but in animals and plants. The crystal is not really alive, because it does not undergo the cycle of changes characteristic of life. It does not sustain itself by alimentation, reproduce its kind, and die. Anyone choosing to stretch terms may say that molecules of inorganic matter live, because molecules exist. But in that case we shall have to create a new term to denote what we now call life. We might as well say a lamp-post "feels" because we can make an impression on it, or that crystals "calculate" because of their geometrical proportions, or that oxygen "lusts" after that which it rusts. As the late Mr. G. H. Lewes has said: "We deny that a crystal has sensibility; we deny it on the ground that crystals exhibit no more signs of sensibility than plants exhibit signs of civilisation, and we deny it on the ground that among the conditions of sensibility there are some positively known to us, and these are demon-

strably absent from the crystal. We have full evidence that it is only special kinds of molecular change that exhibit the special signs called sentient; we have as good evidence that only special aggregations of molecules are vital, and that sensibility never appears except in a living organism, disappearing with the vital activities, as we know that banks and trades-unions are specifically human institutions."

The considerations which are here applied to vital activity, may be paralleled by others applied to intelligence. They will show us that however profoundly rational may be that world which is commonly spoken of as irrational, yet that its rationality is not truly the attribute of the various animals which perform such admirably calculated actions, but truly belongs to what is the ultimate and common cause of them all, and to that only.

There is, indeed, a logic in mere "feeling," there is a logic even in insentient nature; but that logic is not the logic of the crystal nor of the brute; its true position must be sought elsewhere. It is *in* them, but it is not *of* them.

However, let us patiently consider a little this hypothesis of an innate, *unconscious* intelligence as the cause of the various strictly, or analogically, instinctive actions of animals.

It is in the first place plain that no intelligence could exist so as to adjust "means" to "ends," except by the aid of memory; and "memory" has therefore been freely attributed even to the lower animals. Let us see, then, what the term "memory" really denotes. Now we cannot be said to *remember* anything unless we are conscious that what is again made present to our mind has been present to our mind before. An image might recur to our imagination a hundred times, but if at each recurrence it was for us something altogether new and unconnected with the past, we could not be said to remember it. It would rather be an example of extreme "forgetfulness" than of "memory." In "memory," then, there are and must be two distinct elements. The first is the reproduction before the mind of what has been before the mind previously, and the second element is the rec-

ognition of what is so reproduced as being connected with the past.

There is yet a further distinction which may be drawn between acts of true recollection.

We are all aware that every now and then we direct our attention to try and recall something which we know we have for the moment forgotten, and which we instantly recognise when we have recalled it. But besides this voluntary memory we are sometimes startled by the flashing into consciousness of something we had forgotten, and which we were so far from trying to recollect that we were thinking of something entirely different.

There are, then, two kinds of true memory—one in which the will intervenes, and which may be spoken of as *recollection*, and the other in which it does not, and which may be termed *reminiscence*. Neither of these can exist in a creature destitute of true self-consciousness. There are, however, two other kinds of repeated action which take place even in ourselves, and which should be carefully distinguished.

The first of these are practically automatic actions, which are repeated unconsciously after having been learned, as in walking, reading, speaking, and often in playing some musical instrument. In a certain vague and improper sense we may be said—having learned how to do these things—to *recollect* how to do them; but unless the mind recognises the past in the present while performing them they are not instances of memory, but merely a form of habit in which consciousness may or may not intervene.

The second class of repeated actions just referred to are, on the other hand, those in which consciousness cannot be made to intervene, and are mere acts of organic habit. Thus a man wrecked on an island inhabited by savages, and long dwelling there, may at first have the due action of his digestive organs impeded by the unwonted food on which he may have to live. After a little while, however, the evil diminishes, and in time his organism may have "learnt" how to correspond perfectly with the new conditions. Then with each fresh meal the alimentary canal and glands must practically "recognise" a return of the

recently obtained experience, and repeat its freshly acquired power of healthy response thereto. Can "memory" be properly predicated of such actions of the alimentary glands? It can be so predicated only by a perversion of language. It is not memory, because not only is it divorced from consciousness as it occurs, but it cannot anyhow be made present to consciousness. Again, a boy at school has had a kick at football, which has left a deep scar on his leg. That boy, now become an old man, still bears the same scar, though all his tissues have been again and again transformed in the course of seventy years. Can the constant reproduction of the mark, in any reasonable sense, be said to be an act of, or due to, memory? Evidently it cannot, and neither can it be reasonably predicated of any of the actions of plants or of the lowest animals.

As, then, "memory" cannot be predicated, except by an abuse of language, of the lower forms of life, it would appear that neither intelligence nor rationality can truly exist in them, so as to preside over all those actions of nutrition, repair, reproduction, and instinct which we have examined and distinguished.

Nevertheless, Hartmann and his followers do not on this account hesitate to ascribe true intelligence to unconscious nature, and though such ascription may seem too absurd to deserve serious consideration, it would nevertheless be a great mistake to despise such opinions. For, as Mr. Lewes truly says,\* "As there are many truths which cease to be appreciated because they are never disputed," so there are many errors which are best exposed by allowing them to run to a head. Mr. Butler, who carries this hypothesis of unconscious intelligence to its last consequences, asks,† "What is to know how to do a thing?" His answer is, "Surely, to do it." And he represents how, when many things have been perfectly learnt, they may be performed unconsciously. In a very amusing chapter on "Conscious and unconscious knowers," he says, "Whenever we find people know-

\* *Problems of Life and Mind*, ii. iii. iv. of Third Series, p. 85.

† *Life and Habit*, p. 55.

ing they know this or that . . . they do not yet know it perfectly." In another place he says, \* "We say of the chicken that it knows how to run about as soon as it is hatched . . . but had it no knowledge before it was hatched? It grew eyes, feathers, and bones; yet we say it knew nothing about all this. . . . What, then, does it know? Whatever it knows so well as to be unconscious of knowing it. Knowledge dwells on the confines of uncertainty. When we are very certain we do not know that we know. When we will very strongly, we do not know that we will."

Now the fact is that there is great ambiguity in the use of the word *know*. Just as before with the term memory, so also here, certain distinctions must be drawn if we would think coherently.

A. To "know," in the highest sense which we give to the word, is to be aware (by a reflex act) that we really have a certain given perception. It is a voluntary, intelligent, self-conscious act, parallel to that kind of memory which we before distinguished as "recollection."

B. We also say we "know" when we do not use a reflex act, but yet have a true perception—a perception accompanied by consciousness—as when we teach, and in most of our ordinary intellectual acts.

C. When we so "know" a thing that it can be done with perfect unconsciousness, we cannot be said to "know" it intellectually, although in doing that thing our nervous and motor mechanism acts (in response to sensational stimuli) as perfectly as, or more perfectly than, in our conscious activity. The "knowledge" which accompanies such "unconscious action" is improperly so called, except in so far as we may be able to direct our minds to its perception, and so render it worthy of the name—as we have seen we may direct attention to our unconscious reminiscences, and so make them conscious ones. In the same way then in which we have already distinguished such acts of memory (while unconscious) as sensuous memory, so we may distinguish such acts of apprehension (while uncon-

scious) as *sensuous cognition*. By it we can understand, to a certain extent, what may be the "knowledge" or "sensuous cognition" of mere animals.

D. Besides the above three kinds of apprehensions, we may distinguish others which can be only very remotely, if at all, compared with knowledge, since they can never, by any effort, be brought within the sphere of consciousness. Such are the actions of our organism by which it responds to impressions in an orderly and appropriate but unfelt manner—the intimate actions of our visceral organs, which can be modified, within limits, according to the influence brought to bear on them, as we may see in the blacksmith's hand, the blacksmith's arm, and the ballet-dancer's leg.

If such actions could be spoken of as in any sense apprehensive, they would have to be spoken of as "organic cognitions," but they may be best distinguished as "*organic response*" or "*organic correspondence*."

That the inorganic world, no less than the organic, is instinct with reason, and that we find in it objective conditions which correspond with our subjective conceptions, is perfectly true; but when once the profound difference between mere organic habit and intellectual memory is apprehended, there will be little difficulty in recognising the yet greater difference between "organic correspondence" and the faithfulness of inorganic matter to the laws of its being.

That the *absence* of consciousness in actions which are perfectly performed, does not make such actions into acts of "perfect knowledge," is demonstrated by every calculating machine. No sane person can say that such a machine "possesses" knowledge, though it is true that it "exhibits" it. Similarly we must refuse to apply the terms "memory" and "intelligence" to the merely organic activity of animals and plants.

The assertion that in the vegetal and lowest animal forms of life there is an innate but unconscious intelligence, is an assertion which contains an inherent contradiction, and is therefore fundamentally irrational. Anyone who says that blind actions (in which no end is perceived or intended) are truly intelligent ones, abuses language. The meaning of words is due to convention, and

\* *Unconscious Memory*, p. 30.

anyone who calls such actions truly intelligent, divides himself from the rest of mankind by refusing to speak their language.

What experience have we which can justify such a conception as that of "unconscious intelligence?" We are indeed aware of a multitude of actions which are evidently the outcome of intelligence, but which (like the analogous action of a calculating machine) are performed by creatures really unconscious, though they may possess consentience. But consciousness is the accompaniment of all those actions which we *know* to be intellectual and rational. Our experience then contradicts the hypothesis of the existence of any such thing as "unconscious intelligence." Such a thing is indeed no true concept, for it is incapable not only of being imagined but also of being really conceived of. It resembles such unmeaning expressions as "a square pentagon" or a "pitch-dark luminosity."

Nevertheless, our experience is *in favor* of the existence of an intelligence which can implant in and elicit from unconscious bodies activities which are intelligent in appearance and result. Thus we can construct calculating machines and train animals to perform many actions which have a delusive semblance of rationality.

"Truly intelligent action" we know as being intelligent and rational in its *foresight*, and therefore as necessarily conscious in the very principle of its being.

"Unconsciously intelligent action," improperly called "intelligent" or "wise," is that which is intelligent and wise only as to its results, and not in the innermost principle of the creatures (whether living or mere machines) which perform such action. To speak technically, we have "formal" and "material" intelligence, as we have "formal" and "material" vice and virtue.\* We have already distinguished between the "formal" and the merely

"material" discoverer of a new fossil, and this distinction is one which it is most important to bear in mind. It is the failure to apprehend this distinction which is the root of a vast number of modern philosophical errors, and the error which consists in asserting the reality of "unconscious intelligence" is one of them.

In fact "intelligence" exists very truly, in a certain sense, in the admirably directed actions blindly performed by living beings. It is not, however, "formally" in them, but exists formally in their ultimate cause. Nevertheless that intelligence is so implanted within them that it truly exists in them "materially" though it is not "formally" in them.

We have here, then, the answer to the question, "What is the rationality of the irrational?" It is a rationality which is very really, though not materially, present in the irrational world, while it is formally present in that world's cause and origin.

To every Theist this answer will be a satisfactory one. To him who is not a Theist there is no really satisfactory answer possible. This is a question not of theology but of pure reason antecedent to all theology. To reason, and to reason only, I appeal when I affirm that the existence of a constant, pervading, sustaining, directing, and all-controlling but unfathomable Intelligence which is not the intelligence of irrational creatures themselves, is the supreme truth which nature eloquently proclaims to him who with unprejudiced reason and loving sympathy will carefully consider her ways. He can hardly fail to discover, immanent in the material universe, "an action the results of which harmonize with man's reason; an action which is orderly, and disaccords with blind chance, or 'a fortuitous concurrence of atoms,' but which ever eludes his grasp, and which acts in modes different from those by which we should attempt to accomplish similar ends."\* For myself, I am bound humbly to confess that the more I study nature the more I am convinced that in the action of this all-pervading but inscrutable and

\* Thus a man wishing to aid another, but who by miscalculation causes his death, does an action which is "materially" homicidal, though "formally" his action is a virtuous one. Similarly a man may be "materially" a bigamist but not "formally," as when he has married a second wife being honestly convinced that his first wife was dead.

\* *Lessons from Nature*, ch. xii. p. 374. John Murray, 1876.



unimaginable intelligence, of which self-conscious human rationality is the utterly inadequate image, though the image attainable by us, is to be sought

the sole possible explanation of the mysterious but undeniable presence in nature of a rationality in that which is in itself irrational.—*Fortnightly Review*.

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### CONCERNING EYES.

BY WILLIAM H. HUDSON.

WHITE, crimson, emerald green, shining golden yellow, are amongst the colors seen in the eyes of birds. In owls, herons, cormorants, and many other tribes, the brightly-tinted eye is incomparably the finest feature and chief glory. It fixes the attention at once, appearing like a splendid gem, for which the airy bird-body with its graceful curves and soft tints forms an appropriate setting. When the eye closes in death, the bird, except to the naturalist, becomes a mere bundle of dead feathers: crystal globes may be put into the empty sockets, and a bold life-imitating attitude given to the stuffed specimen; but the vitreous orbs shoot forth no life-like flames, the "passion and the fire whose fountains are within" have vanished, and the best work of the taxidermist, who has given a life to his bastard art, produces in the mind only sensations of irritation and disgust. In museums, where limited space stands in the way of any abortive attempts at copying nature too closely, the stuffer's work is endurable because useful; but in a drawing-room, who does not close his eyes or turn aside to avoid seeing a case of stuffed birds—those unlovely mementoes of death in their gay plumes? who does not shudder, albeit not with fear, to see the wild cat, filled with straw, yawning horribly, and trying to frighten the spectator with its crockery glare? I shall never forget the first sight I had of the late Mr. Gould's collection of humming-birds (now in the National Museum), shown to me by the naturalist himself, who evidently took considerable pride in the work of his hands. I had just left tropical nature behind me across the Atlantic, and the unexpected meeting with a transcript of it in a dusty room in Bedford Square gave me quite a shock. Those pellets of dead feathers, which had long ceased to sparkle and shine, stuck with wires—not invisible—over blossom-

ing cloth and tinsel bushes, how melancholy they made me feel!

Considering the bright color and great splendor of some eyes, particularly in birds, it seems probable that in these cases the organ has a twofold use: first and chiefly, to see; secondly, to intimidate an adversary with those luminous mirrors, in which all the dangerous fury of a creature brought to bay is best depicted. Throughout nature the dark eye predominates; and there is certainly a great depth of fierceness in the dark eye of a bird of prey; but its effect is less than that produced by the vividly-colored eye, or even of the white eye of some raptorial species, as, for instance, of the *Asturina pucherani*. Violent emotions are associated in our minds—possibly, also, in the minds of other species—with certain colors. Bright red seems the appropriate hue of anger: the poet Herbert even calls the rose "angry and brave" on account of its hue: and the red or orange certainly expresses resentment better than the dark eye. Even a very slight spontaneous variation in the coloring of the irides might give an advantage to an individual for natural selection to act on; for we can see in almost any living creature that not only in its perpetual metaphorical struggle for existence is its life safeguarded in many ways; but when protective resemblances, flight, and instincts of concealment all fail, and it is compelled to engage in a real struggle with a living adversary, it is provided for such occasions with another set of defences. Language and attitudes of defiance come into play; feathers or hairs are erected; beaks snap and strike, or teeth are gnashed, and the mouth foams or spits; the body puffs out; wings are waved or feet stamped on the ground, and many other gestures of rage are practised. It is not possible to believe that the color-

ing of the crystal globes, towards which an opponent's sight is first directed, and which most vividly exhibit the raging emotions within, can have been entirely neglected as a means of defence by the principle of selection in nature. For all these reasons I believe the bright-colored eye is an improvement on the dark eye.

Man has been very little improved in this direction, the dark eye, except in the north of Europe, having been, until recent times, almost or quite universal. The blue eye does not seem to have any advantage for man in a state of nature, being mild where fierceness of expression is required; it is almost unknown amongst the inferior creatures; and only on the supposition that the appearance of the eye is less important to man's welfare than it is to that of other species can we account for its survival in a branch of the human race. Little, however, as the human eye has changed, assuming it to have been dark originally, there is a great deal of spontaneous variation in individuals, light hazel and blue-grey being apparently the most variable. I have found curiously marked and spotted eyes not uncommon; in some instances the spots being so black, round, and large as to produce the appearance of eyes with clusters of pupils on them. I have known one person with large brown spots on light blue-grey eyes, whose children all inherited the peculiarity; also another with reddish hazel irides thickly marked with fine characters resembling Greek letters. This person was an Argentine of Spanish blood, and was called by his neighbors *ojos escritos*, or written eyes. It struck me as a very curious circumstance that these eyes, both in their ground color and the form and disposition of the markings traced on them, were precisely like the eyes of a common species of grebe, *Podiceps rollandi*. But we look in vain amongst men for the splendid crimson, flaming yellow, or startling white orbs which would have made the dark-skinned brave inspired by violent emotions a being terrible to see. Nature has neglected man in this respect, and it is to remedy the omission that he stains his face with bright pigments and crowns his head with eagles' barred plumes.

Bright-colored eyes in many species are probably due, like ornaments and

gaudy plumage, to sexual selection. The quality of shining in the dark, however, possessed by many nocturnal and semi-nocturnal species, has always, I believe, a hostile purpose. When found in inoffensive species, as, for instance, in the lemurs, it can only be attributed to mimicry, and this would be a parallel case with butterflies mimicking the brilliant "warning colors" of other species on which birds do not prey. Cats amongst mammals, and owls amongst birds, have been most highly favored; but to the owls the palm must be given. The feline eyes, as of a puma or wild cat, blazing with wrath, are wonderful to see; sometimes the sight of them affects one like an electric shock; but for intense brilliance and quick changes, the dark orbs kindling with the startling suddenness of a cloud illuminated by flashes of lightning, the yellow globes of the owl are unparalleled. Some readers might think my language exaggerated. Descriptions of bright sunsets and of storms with thunder and lightning would, no doubt, sound extravagant to one who had never witnessed these phenomena. Those only who spend years "conversing with wild animals in desert places," to quote Azara's words, know that, as with the atmosphere, so with animal life, there are special moments; and that a creature presenting a very sorry appearance dead in a museum, or living in captivity, may, when hard pressed and fighting for life in its own fastness, be sublimed by its fury into a weird and terrible object.

Nature has many surprises for those who wait on her: one of the greatest she ever favored me with was the sight of a wounded Magellanic eagle-owl I shot on the Rio Negro in Patagonia. The haunt of this bird was an island in the river, overgrown with giant grasses and tall willows, leafless now, for it was in the middle of winter. Here I sought for and found him waiting on his perch for the sun to set. He eyed me so calmly when I aimed my gun, I scarcely had the heart to pull the trigger. He had reigned there so long, the feudal tyrant of that remote wilderness? Many a water-rat, stealing like a shadow along the margin between the deep stream and the giant rushes, he had snatched away to death; many a spotted wild pigeon

had woke on its perch at night with his cruel crooked talons piercing its flesh ; and beyond the valley on the bushy uplands many a crested tinamou had been slain on her nest and her beautiful glossy dark green eggs left to grow pale in the sun and wind, the little lives that were in them dead because of their mother's death. But I wanted that bird badly, and hardened my heart : the "demoniacal laughter" with which he had so often answered the rushing sound of the swift black river at eventide would be heard no more. I fired : he swerved on his perch, remained suspended for a few moments, then slowly fluttered down. Behind the spot where he had fallen was a great mass of tangled dark-green grass, out of which rose the tall, slender boles of the trees ; overhead through the fretwork of leafless twigs the sky was flushed with tender roseate tints, for the sun had now gone down and the surface of the earth was in shadow. There, in such a scene, and with the wintry quiet of the desert over it all, I found my victim stung by his wounds to fury and prepared for the last supreme effort. Even in repose he is a big eagle-like bird : now his appearance was quite altered, and in the dim, uncertain light he looked gigantic in size—a monster of strange form and terrible aspect. Each particular feather stood out on end, the tawny barred tail spread out like a fan, the immense tiger-colored wings wide open and rigid, so that as the bird, that had clutched the grass with his great feathered claws, swayed his body slowly from side to side—just as a snake about to strike sways its head, or as an angry watchful cat moves its tail—first the tip of one, then of the other wing touched the ground. The black horns stood erect, while in the centre of the wheel-shaped head the beak snapped incessantly, producing a sound resembling the clicking of a sewing-machine. This was a suitable setting for the pair of magnificent furious eyes, on which I gazed with a kind of fascination, not unmixed with fear when I remembered the agony of pain suffered on former occasions from sharp, crooked talons driven into me to the bone. The irides were of a bright orange color, but every time I attempted to approach the bird they kindled into great globes of quivering

yellow flame, the black pupils being surrounded by a scintillating crimson light which threw out minute yellow sparks into the air. When I retired from the bird this preternatural fiery aspect would instantly vanish.

The dragon eyes of that Magellanic owl haunt me till now, and when I remember them, the bird's death still weighs on my conscience, albeit by killing it I bestowed on it that dusty immortality which is the portion of stuffed specimens in a museum.

The question as to the cause of this fiery scintillating appearance is, doubtless, one very hard to answer, but it will force itself on the mind. When experimenting on the bird, I particularly noticed that every time I retired the nictitating membrane would immediately cover the eyes and obscure them for some time, as they will when an owl is confronted with strong sunlight ; and this gave me the impression that the fiery, flashing appearance was accompanied with, or followed by, a burning or smarting sensation. I will here quote a very suggestive passage from a letter on this subject written to me by a gentleman of great attainments in science : "Eyes certainly do shine in the dark—some eyes, *e. g.* those of cats and owls ; and the scintillation you speak of is probably another form of the phenomenon. It probably depends upon some extra-sensibility of the retina analogous to what exists in the molecular constitution of sulphide of calcium and other phosphorescent substances. The difficulty is in the *scintillation*. We know that light of this character has its source in the heat vibrations of molecules at the temperature of incandescence, and the electric light is no exception to the rule. A possible explanation is that supra-sensitive retinæ in times of excitement become increasedly phosphorescent, and the same excitement causes a change in the curvature of the lens, so that the light is focussed, and *pro tanto* brightened into sparks. Seeing how little we know of natural forces, it may be that what we call light in such a case is eye speaking to eye—an emanation from the window of one brain into the window of another."

The theory here suggested that the fiery appearance is only another form of

the phosphorescent light found in some eyes, if correct, would go far towards disposing of all those cases one hears and reads about—some historical ones—of human eyes flashing fire and blazing with wrath. Probably all such descriptions are merely poetic exaggerations. One would not look for these fiery eyes amongst the peaceful children of civilization, who, when they make war, do so without anger, and kill their enemies by machinery, without even seeing them; but amongst savage or semi-savage men, carnivorous in their diet, fierce in disposition, and extremely violent in their passions. It is precisely amongst people of this description that I have lived a great deal. I have often seen them frenzied with excitement, their faces white as ashes, hair erect, and eyes dropping great tears of rage, but I have never seen anything in them even approaching to that fiery appearance described in the owl.

Nature has done comparatively little for the human eye, not only in denying it the terrifying splendors found in some other species, but also in the minor merit of beauty; yet here, when we consider how much sexual selection concerns itself with the eye, a great deal might have been expected. When going about the world one cannot help thinking that the various races and tribes of men, differing in the color of their skins and in the climates and conditions they live in, ought to have differently colored eyes. In Brazil, I was greatly struck with the magnificent appearance of many of the negro women I saw there: well-formed, tall, majestic creatures, often appropriately clothed in loose white gowns and white turban-like headdresses; while on their round polished blue-black arms they wore silver armlets. It seemed to me that the pale golden irides, as in the intensely black tyrant-bird *Lichenops*, would have given a finishing glory to these sable beauties, completing their strange unique loveliness. Again, in that exquisite type of female beauty which we see in the white girl with a slight infusion of negro blood, giving the graceful frizzle to the hair, the purple-red hue to the lips, and the dusky terra-cotta tinge to the skin, an eye more suitable than the dark dull brown would have been the intense orange

brown seen in the lemur's eye. For many very dark-skinned tribes nothing more beautiful than the ruby-red iris could be imagined; while sea-green eyes would have best suited dusky-pale Polynesians and languid peaceful tribes like that one described in Tennyson's poem:—

And round about the keel with faces pale,  
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,  
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

Since we cannot have the eyes we should like best to have, let us consider those that nature has given us. The incomparable beauty of the "emerald eye" has been greatly praised by the poets, particularly by those of Spain. Emerald eyes, if they only existed, would certainly be beautiful beyond all others, especially if set off with dark or black hair and that dim pensive creamy pallor of the skin frequently seen in warm climates, and which is more beautiful than the rosy complexion prevalent in northern regions, though not so lasting. But either they do not exist or else I have been very unfortunate, for after long seeking I am compelled to confess that never yet have I been gratified by the sight of emerald eyes. I have seen eyes called green, that is, eyes with a greenish tinge or light in them, but they were not the eyes I sought. One can easily forgive the poets their misleading descriptions, since they are not trustworthy guides, and very often, like Humpty Dumpty in "Through the Looking Glass," make words do "extra work." For sober fact one is accustomed to look to men of science; yet, strange to say, while these complain that we—the unscientific ones—are without any settled and correct ideas about the color of our own eyes, they have endorsed the poet's fable, and have even taken considerable pains to persuade the world of its truth. Dr. Paul Broca is their greatest authority. In his "Manual for Anthropologists" he divides human eyes into four distinct types—orange, green, blue, grey; and these four again into five varieties each. The symmetry of such a classification suggests at once that it is an arbitrary one. Why orange, for instance? Light hazel, clay color, red, dull brown, cannot properly be called orange; but the division requires the five supposed varieties of the dark pig-

mented eye to be grouped under one name, and because there is yellow pigment in some dark eyes they are all called orange. Again, to make the five grey varieties the lightest grey is made so light that only when placed on a sheet of white paper does it show grey at all: but there is always some color in the human skin, so that Broca's eye would appear absolutely white by contrast—a thing unheard of in nature. Then we have green, beginning with the palest sage green, and up through grass green and emerald green, to the deepest sea green and the green of the holly leaf. Do such eyes exist in nature? In theory they do. The blue eye is blue, and the grey grey, because in such eyes there is no yellow or brown pigment on the outer surface of the iris to prevent the dark purple pigment—the *uvula*—on the inner surface from being seen through the membrane, which has different degrees of opacity, making the eye appear grey, light or dark blue, or purple, as the case may be. When yellow pigment is deposited in small quantity on the outer membrane, then it should, according to the theory, blend with the inner blue and make green. Unfortunately for the anthropologists, it doesn't. It only gives in some cases the greenish variable tinge I have mentioned, but nothing approaching to the decided greens of Broca's tables. Given an eye with the right degree of translucency in the membrane and a very thin deposit of yellow pigment spread equally over the surface; the result would be a perfectly green iris. Nature, however, does not proceed quite in this way. The yellow pigment varies greatly in hue; it is muddy yellow, brown, or earthy color, and it never spreads itself uniformly over the surface, but occurs in patches grouped about the pupil and spreads in dull rays or lines and spots, so that the eye which science says "ought to be called green" is usually a very dull blue-grey or brownish-blue, or clay color, and in some rare instances shows a changeable greenish hue.

In the remarks accompanying the report of the Anthropometric Committee of the British Association for 1881 and 1883, it is said that green eyes are more common than the tables indicate, and that eyes that should properly be called

green, owing to the popular prejudice against that term, have been recorded as grey or some other color.

Does any such prejudice exist? or is it necessary to go about with the open manual in our hands to know a green eye when we see one? No doubt the "popular prejudice" is supposed to have its origin in Shakespeare's description of jealousy as a green-eyed monster; but if Shakespeare has any great weight with the popular mind the prejudice ought to be the other way, since he is one of those who sing the splendors of the green eye.

Thus, in *Romeo and Juliet* :—

The eagle, madam,  
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye  
As Paris hath.

The lines are, however, nonsense, as green-eyed eagles have no existence; and perhaps the question of the popular prejudice is not worth arguing about.

If we could leave out the mixed or neutral eyes, which are in a transitional state—blue eyes with some dark pigment obscuring their blueness, and making them quite unclassifiable, as no two pairs of eyes are found alike—then all eyes might be divided into two great natural orders, those with and those without pigment on the outer surface of the membrane. They could not be called light and dark eyes, since many hazel eyes are really lighter than purple and dark grey eyes. They might, however, be simply called brown and blue eyes, for in all eyes with the outer pigment there is brown, or something scarcely distinguishable from brown; and all eyes without pigment, even the purest greys, have some blueness.

Brown eyes express animal passions rather than intellect, and the higher moral feelings. They are frequently equalled in their own peculiar kind of eloquence by the brown or dark eyes in civilised dogs. In animals there is, in fact, often an exaggerated eloquence of expression. To judge from their eyes, caged cats and eagles in the Zoological Gardens are all furred and feathered Bonnivards. Even in the most intellectual of men the brown eye speaks more of the heart than of the head. In the inferior creatures the black eye is always keen and cunning or else soft and mild, as in fawns, doves, aquatic birds, etc.;

and it is remarkable that in man also the black eye—dark brown iris with large pupil—generally has one or the other of these predominant expressions. Of course, in highly-civilised communities, individual exceptions are extremely numerous. Spanish and negro women have wonderfully soft and loving eyes, while the cunning weasel-like eye is common everywhere, especially amongst Asiatics. In high-caste Orientals the keen, cunning look has been refined and exalted to an expression of marvellous subtlety—the finest expression of which the black eye is capable.

The blue eye—all blues and greys being here included—is, *par excellence*, the eye of intellectual man; that outer warm-colored pigment hanging like a cloud, as it were, over the brain absorbs its most spiritual emanations, so that only when it is quite blown away are we able to look into the soul, forgetting man's kinship with the brutes. When one is unaccustomed to it from always living with dark-eyed races, the blue eye seems like an anomaly in nature, if not a positive blunder; for its power of expressing the lower and commonest instincts and passions of our race is comparatively limited; and in cases where the higher faculties are undeveloped it seems vacant and meaningless. Add to this that the ethereal blue color is associated in the mind with atmospheric phenomena rather than with solid matter, inorganic or animal. It is the hue of the void, expressionless sky; of shadows on far-off hill and cloud; of water under certain conditions of the atmosphere, and of the unsubstantial summer haze,

Whose margin fades  
Forever and forever as I move.

In organic nature we only find the hue sparsely used in the quickly-perishing flowers of some frail plants; while a few living things of free and buoyant motions, like birds and butterflies, have been touched on the wings with the celestial tint only to make them more aerial in appearance. Only in man, removed from the gross materialism of nature, and in whom has been developed the highest faculties of the mind, do we see the full beauty and significance of the blue eye—the eye, that is, without the interposing cloud of dark pigment

covering it. In the recently-published biography of Nathaniel Hawthorne, the author says of him: "His eyes were large, dark blue, brilliant, and full of varied expression. Bayard Taylor used to say that they were the only eyes he ever knew to flash fire. . . . While he was yet at college, an old gypsy woman, meeting him suddenly in a woodland path, gazed at him and asked, 'Are you a man or an angel?'" Mrs. Hawthorne says in one of her letters quoted in the book: "The flame of his eyes consumed compliment, cant, sham, and falsehood; while the most wretched sinners—so many of whom came to confess to him—met in his glance such a pity and sympathy that they ceased to be afraid of God and began to return to him. . . . *I never dared gaze at him, even I, unless his lids were down.*"

I think we have, most of us, seen eyes like these—eyes which one rather avoids meeting, because when met one is startled by the sight of a naked human soul brought so near. One person, at least, I have known to whom the above description would apply in every particular; a man whose intellectual and moral nature was of the highest order, and who perished at the age of thirty, a martyr, like the late Dr. Rabbeth, in the cause of science and humanity.

How very strange, then, that savage man should have been endowed with this eye unsuited to express the instincts and passions of savages, but able to express that intelligent and high moral feeling which a humane civilisation was, long ages after, to develop in his torpid brain! A fact like this seems to fit in with that flattering, fascinating, ingenious hypothesis invented by Mr. Wallace to account for facts which, according to the theory of natural selection, ought not to exist. But, alas! that beautiful hypothesis fails to convince. Even the most degraded races existing on the earth possess a language and the social state, religion, a moral code, laws, and a species of civilisation; so that there is a great gulf between them and the highest ape that lives in the woods. And as far back as we can go this has been the condition of the human race, the real primitive man having left no writing on the rocks. In the far dim past he still appears, naked, standing erect, and with a brain "larger

than it need be," according to the theory; so that of the oldest pre-historic skull yet discovered Professor Huxley is able to say that it is a skull which might have contained the brains of a philosopher or of a savage. We can only conclude that we are divided by a very thin partition from those we call savages in our pride; and that if man has continued on the earth, changing but little, for so vast a

period of time, the reason is, that while the goddess Elaboration has held him by one hand, endeavoring ever to lead him onwards, the other hand has been clasped by Degeneration, which may be personified as a beauteous and guileful nymph whose fascinations have had as much weight with him as the wisdom of the goddess.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

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BIG ANIMALS.

"THE Atlantosaurus," said I, pointing affectionately with a wave of my left hand to all that was immortal of that extinct reptile, "is estimated to have had a total length of one hundred feet, and was probably the very biggest lizard that ever lived, even in Western America, where his earthly remains were first disinhumed by an enthusiastic explorer."

"Yes, yes," my friend answered abstractedly. "Of course, of course; things were all so very big in those days, you know, my dear fellow."

"Excuse me," I replied with polite incredulity; "I really don't know to what particular period of time the phrase 'in those days' may be supposed precisely to refer."

My friend shuffled inside his coat a little uneasily. (I will admit that I was taking a mean advantage of him. The professorial lecture in private life, especially when followed by a strict examination, is quite undeniably a most intolerable nuisance.) "Well," he said, in a crusty voice, after a moment's hesitation, "I mean, you know, in geological times . . . well, there, my dear fellow, things used all to be so *very* big in those days, usedn't they?"

I took compassion upon him and let him off easily. "You've had enough of the museum," I said with magnanimous self-denial. "The Atlantosaurus has broken the camel's back. Let's go and have a quiet cigarette in the park outside."

But if you suppose, reader, that I am going to carry my forbearance so far as to let you, too, off the remainder of that geological disquisition, you are certainly very much mistaken. A discourse which

would be quite unpardonable in social intercourse may be freely admitted in the privacy of print; because, you see, while you can't easily tell a man that his conversation bores you (though some people just avoid doing so by an infinitesimal fraction), you can shut up a book whenever you like, without the very faintest or remotest risk of hurting the author's delicate susceptibilities.

The subject of my discourse naturally divides itself, like the conventional sermon, into two heads—the precise date of "geological times," and the exact bigness of the animals that lived in them. And I may as well begin by announcing my general conclusion at the very outset; first, that "those days" never existed at all; and secondly, that the animals which now inhabit this particular planet are, on the whole, about as big, taken in the lump, as any previous contemporary fauna that ever lived at any one time together upon its changeful surface. I know that to announce this sad conclusion is to break down one more universal and cherished belief: everybody considers that "geological animals" were ever so much bigger than their modern representatives; but the interests of truth should always be paramount, and if the trade of an iconoclast is a somewhat cruel one, it is at least a necessary function in a world so ludicrously overstocked with popular delusions as this erring planet.

What, then, is the ordinary idea of "geological time" in the minds of people like my good friend who refused to discuss with me the exact antiquity of the Atlantosaurian? They think of it all as immediate and contemporaneous,

a vast panorama of innumerable ages being all crammed for them on to a single mental sheet, in which the dodo and the moa hob-an'-nob amicably with the pterodactyl and the ammonite ; in which the tertiary megatherium goes cheek by jowl with the secondary deinosaur and the primary trilobites ; in which the huge herbivores of the Paris Basin are supposed to have browsed beneath the gigantic club-mosses of the Carboniferous period, and to have been successfully hunted by the great marine lizards and flying dragons of the Jurassic Epoch. Such a picture is really just as absurd, or, to speak more correctly, a thousand times absurder, than if one were to speak of those grand old times when Homer and Virgil smoked their pipes together in the Mermaid Tavern, while Shakespere and Molière, crowned with summer roses, sipped their Falernian at their ease beneath the whispering palmwoods of the Nevsky Prospect, and discussed the details of the play they were to produce to-morrow in the crowded Colosseum, on the occasion of Napoleon's reception at Memphis by his victorious brother emperors, Ramses and Sardanapalus. This is not, as the inexperienced reader may at first sight imagine, a literal transcript from one of the glowing descriptions that crowd the beautiful pages of Ouida ; it is a faint attempt to parallel in the brief moment of historical time the glaring anachronisms perpetually committed as regards the vast laps of geological chronology even by well-informed and intelligent people.

We must remember, then, that in dealing with geological time we are dealing with a positively awe-inspiring and unimaginable series of æons, each of which occupied its own enormous and incalculable epoch, and each of which saw the dawn, the rise, the culmination, and the downfall of innumerable types of plant and animal. On the cosmic clock, by whose pendulum alone we can faintly measure the dim ages behind us, the brief lapse of historical time, from the earliest of Egyptian dynasties to the events narrated in this evening's *Pall Mall*, is less than a second, less than a unit, less than the smallest item by which we can possibly guide our blind calculations. To a geologist the temples of Karnak and the New Law Courts would

be absolutely contemporaneous ; he has no means by which he could discriminate in date between a scarabæus of Thothmes, a denarius of Antonine, and a bronze farthing of her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. Competent authorities have shown good grounds for believing that the Glacial Epoch ended about 80,000 years ago ; and everything that has happened since the Glacial Epoch is, from the geological point of view, described as " recent." A shell embedded in a clay cliff sixty or seventy thousand years ago, while short and swarthy Mongoloids still dwelt undisturbed in Britain, ages before the irruption of the " Ancient Britons" of our inadequate school-books, is, in the eyes of geologists generally, still regarded as purely modern.

But behind that indivisible moment of recent time, that eighty thousand years which coincides in part with the fraction of a single swing of the cosmical pendulum, there lie hours, and days, and weeks, and months, and years, and centuries, and ages of an infinite, an illimitable, an inconceivable past, whose vast divisions unfold themselves slowly, one beyond the other, to our aching vision in the half-deciphered pages of the geological record. Before the Glacial Epoch there comes the Pliocene, immeasurably longer than the whole expanse of recent time ; and before that again the still longer Miocene, and then the Eocene, immeasurably longer than all the others put together. These three make up in their sum the Tertiary period, which entire period can hardly have occupied more time in its passage than a single division of the Secondary, such as the Cretaceous, or the Oolite, or the Triassic ; and the Secondary period, once more, though itself of positively appalling duration, seems but a patch (to use the expressive modernism) upon the unthinkable and unrealisable vastness of the endless successive Primary æons. So that in the end we can only say, like Michael Scott's mystic head, " Time was, Time is, Time will be." The time we know affords us no measure at all for even the nearest and briefest epochs of the time we know not ; and the time we know not seems to demand still vaster and more inexpressible figures as we pry back curi-



ously, with wondering eyes, into its dimmest and earliest recesses.

These efforts to realise the unrealisable make one's head swim; let us hark back once more from cosmical time to the puny bigness of our earthly animals, living or extinct.

If we look at the whole of our existing fauna, marine and terrestrial, we shall soon see that we could bring together at the present moment a very goodly collection of extant monsters, most parlous monsters, too, each about as fairly big in its own kind as almost anything that has ever preceded it. Every age has its own *spécialité* in the way of bigness; in one epoch it is the lizards that take suddenly to developing overgrown creatures, the monarchs of creation in their little day; in another, it is the fishes that blossom out unexpectedly into Titanic proportions; in a third, it is the sloths or the proboscideans that wax fat and kick with gigantic members; in a fourth, it may be the birds or the men that are destined to evolve with future ages into veritable rocs or purely realistic Gargantuas or Brobdingnagians. The present period is most undoubtedly the period of the cetaceans; and the future geologist who goes hunting for dry bones among the ooze of the Atlantic, now known to us only by the scanty dredgings of our "Alerts" and "Challengers," but then upheaved into snow-clad Alps or vine-covered Apennines, will doubtless stand aghast at the huge skeletons of our whales and our razor-backs, and will mutter to himself in awe-struck astonishment, in the exact words of my friend at South Kensington, "Things used all to be so very big in those days, usedn't they?"

Now, the fact as to the comparative size of our own cetaceans and of "geological" animals is just this. The *Atlantosaurus* of the Western American Jurassic beds, a great erect lizard, is the very largest creature ever known to have inhabited this sublunary sphere. His entire length is supposed to have reached about a hundred feet (for no complete skeleton has ever been discovered), while in stature he appears to have stood some thirty feet high, or over. In any case, he was undoubtedly a very big animal indeed, for his thigh-bone alone meas-

ures eight feet, or two feet taller than that glory of contemporary civilisation, a British Grenadier. This, of course, implies a very decent total of height and size; but our own sperm whale frequently attains a good length of seventy feet, while the rorquals often run up to eighty, ninety, and even a hundred feet. We are thus fairly entitled to say that we have at least one species of animal now living which, occasionally at any rate, equals in size the very biggest and most colossal form known inferentially to geological science. Indeed, when we consider the extraordinary compactness and rotundity of the modern cetaceans, as compared with the tall limbs and straggling skeleton of the huge Jurassic dinosaurs, I am inclined to believe that the tonnage of a decent modern rorqual must positively exceed that of the gigantic *Atlantosaurus*, the great lizard of the west, *in propria persona*. I doubt, in short, whether even the solid thigh-bone of the dinosaur could ever have supported the prodigious weight of a full-grown family razor-back whale. The mental picture of these unwieldy monsters hopping casually about, like Alice's Gryphon in Tenniel's famous sketch, or like that still more parlous brute, the chortling Jabberwock, must be left to the vivid imagination of the courteous reader, who may fill in the details for himself as well as he is able.

If we turn from the particular comparison of selected specimens (always an unfair method of judging) to the general aspect of our contemporary fauna, I venture confidently to claim for our own existing human period as fine a collection of big animals as any other ever exhibited on this planet by any one single rival epoch. Of course, if you are going to lump all the extinct monsters and horrors into one imaginary unified fauna, regardless of anachronisms, I have nothing more to say to you; I will candidly admit that there were more great men in all previous generations put together, from Homer to Dickens, from Agamemnon to Wellington, than there are now existing in this last quarter of our really very respectable nineteenth century. But if you compare honestly age with age, one at a time, I fearlessly maintain that, so far from there being any falling off in the average

bigness of things generally in these latter days, there are more big things now living than there ever were in any one single epoch, even of much longer duration than the "recent" period.

I suppose we may fairly say, from the evidence before us, that there have been two Augustan Ages of big animals in the history of our earth—the Jurassic period, which was the zenith of the reptilian type, and the Pliocene, which was the zenith of the colossal terrestrial tertiary mammals. I say on purpose, "from the evidence before us," because, as I shall go on to explain hereafter, I do not myself believe that any one age has much surpassed another in the general size of its fauna, since the Permian Epoch at least; and where we do not get geological evidence of the existence of big animals in any particular deposit, we may take it for granted, I think, that that deposit was laid down under conditions unfavorable to the preservation of the remains of large species. For example, the sediment now being accumulated at the bottom of the Caspian cannot possibly contain the bones of any creature much larger than the Caspian seal, because there are no big species there swimming; and yet that fact does not negative the existence in other places of whales, elephants, giraffes, buffaloes, and hippopotami. Nevertheless, we can only go upon the facts before us; and if we compare our existing fauna with the fauna of Jurassic and Pliocene times, we shall at any rate be putting it to the test of the severest competition that lies within our power under the actual circumstances.

In the Jurassic age there were undoubtedly a great many very big reptiles. "A monstrous eft was of old the lord and master of earth. For him did his high sun flame and his river billowing ran, And he felt himself in his pride to be nature's crowning race." There was the ichthyosaurus, a fishlike marine lizard, familiar to us all from a thousand reconstructions, with his long thin body, his strong flippers, his stumpy neck, and his huge pair of staring goggle eyes. The ichthyosaurus was certainly a most unpleasant creature to meet alone in a narrow strait on a dark night; but if it comes to actual measurement, the very biggest ichthyosaurian skeleton ever un-

earthed does not exceed twenty-five feet from snout to tail. Now, this is an extremely decent size for a reptile, as reptiles go; for the crocodile and alligator, the two biggest existing lizards, seldom attain an extreme length of sixteen feet. But there are other reptiles now living that easily beat the ichthyosaurus, such, for example, as the larger pythons or rock snakes, which not infrequently reach to thirty feet, and measure round the waist as much as a London alderman of the noblest proportions. Of course, other Jurassic saurians easily beat this simple record. Our British *Megalosaurus* only extended twenty-five feet in length, and carried weight not exceeding three tons; but his rival *Cetosaurus* stood ten feet high, and measured fifty feet from the tip of his snout to the end of his tail; while the dimensions of *Titanosaurus* may be briefly described as sixty feet by thirty, and those of *Atlantosaurus* as one hundred by thirty-two. Viewed as reptiles, we have certainly nothing at all to come up to these; but our cetaceans, as a group, show an assemblage of species which could very favorably compete with the whole lot of Jurassic saurians at any cattle show. Indeed, if it came to tonnage, I believe a good blubbery right whale could easily give points to any dinosaur that ever moved upon oolitic continents.

The great mammals of the Pliocene age, again, such as the deinotherium and the mastodon, were also, in their way, very big things in livestock; but they scarcely exceeded the modern elephant, and by no means came near the modern whales. A few colossal ruminants of the same period could have held their own well against our existing giraffes, elks, and buffaloes; but taking the group as a group, I don't think there is any reason to believe that it beat in general aspect the living fauna of this present age.

For few people ever really remember how very many big animals we still possess. We have the Indian and the African elephant, the hippopotamus, the various rhinoceroses, the walrus, the giraffe, the elk, the bison, the musk ox, the dromedary, and the camel. Big marine animals are generally in all ages bigger than their biggest terrestrial rivals, and most people lump all our big

existing cetaceans under the common and ridiculous title of whales, which makes this vast and varied assortment of gigantic species seem all reducible to a common form. As a matter of fact, however, there are several dozen colossal marine animals now sporting and spouting in all oceans, as distinct from one another as the camel is from the ox, or the elephant from the hippopotamus. Our New Zealand Berardius easily beats the ichthyosaurus; our sperm whale is more than a match for any Jurassic European dinosaur; our orca, one hundred feet long, just equals the dimensions of the gigantic American *Atlantosaurus* himself. Besides these exceptional monsters, our bottle-heads reach to forty feet, our California whales to forty-four, our hump-backs to fifty, and our razor-backs to sixty or seventy. True fish generally fall far short of these enormous dimensions, but some of the larger sharks attain almost equal size with the biggest cetaceans. The common blue shark, with his twenty-five feet of solid rapacity, would have proved a tough antagonist, I venture to believe, for the best bred enaliosaurian that ever munched a *lias ammonite*. I would back our modern *Carcharodon*, who grows to forty feet, against any plesiosaurus that ever swam the Jurassic sea. As for *Rhinodon*, a gigantic shark of the Indian Ocean, he has been actually measured to a length of fifty feet, and is stated often to attain seventy. I will stake my reputation upon it that he would have cleared the secondary seas of their great saurians in less than a century. When we come to add to these enormous marine and terrestrial creatures such other examples as the great snakes, the gigantic cuttle-fish, the grampuses, and manatees, and sea-lions, and sunfish, I am quite prepared fearlessly to challenge any other age that ever existed to enter the lists against our own colossal forms of animal life.

Again, it is a point worth noting that a great many of the very big animals which people have in their minds when they talk vaguely about everything having been so very much bigger "in those days" have become extinct within a very late period, and are often, from the geological point of view, quite recent.

For example, there is our friend the mammoth. I suppose no animal is more frequently present to the mind of the non-geological speaker, when he talks indefinitely about the great extinct monsters, than the familiar figure of that huge-tusked, hairy northern elephant. Yet the mammoth, chronologically speaking, is but a thing of yesterday. He was hunted here in England by men whose descendants are probably still living—at least so Professor Boyd Dawkins solemnly assures us; while in Siberia his frozen body, flesh and all, is found so very fresh that the wolves devour it, without raising any unnecessary question as to its fitness for lupine food. The Glacial Epoch is the yesterday of geological time, and it was the Glacial Epoch that finally killed off the last mammoth. Then, again, there is his neighbor, the mastodon. That big tertiary proboscidean did not live quite long enough, it is true, to be hunted by the cavemen of the Pleistocene age, but he survived at any rate as long as the Pliocene—our day before yesterday—and he often fell very likely before the fire-split flint weapons of the Abbé Bourgeois' Miocene men. The period that separates him from our own day is as nothing compared with the vast and immeasurable interval that separates him from the huge marine saurians of the Jurassic world. To compare the relative lapses of time with human chronology, the mastodon stands to our own fauna as Beau Brummel stands to the modern masher, while the saurians stand to it as the Egyptian and Assyrian warriors stand to Lord Wolseley and the followers of the Mahdi.

Once more, take the gigantic moa of New Zealand, that enormous bird who was to the ostrich as the giraffe is to the antelope; a monstrous emu, as far surpassing the ostriches of to-day as the ostriches surpass all the other fowls of the air. Yet the moa, though now extinct, is in the strictest sense quite modern, a contemporary very likely of Queen Elizabeth or Queen Anne, exterminated by the Maoris only a very little time before the first white settlements in the great southern archipelago. It is even doubtful whether the moa did not live down to the days of the earliest colonists, for remains of Maori encampments are still

discovered, with the ashes of the fire-place even now unscattered, and the close-gnawed bones of the gigantic bird lying in the very spot where the natives left them after their destructive feasts. So, too, with the big sharks. Our modern carcharodon, who runs (as I have before noted) to forty feet in length, is a very respectable monster indeed, as times go; and his huge snapping teeth, which measure nearly two inches long by one and a half broad, would disdain to make two bites of the able-bodied British seaman. But the naturalists of the "Challenger" expedition dredged up in numbers from the ooze of the Pacific similar teeth, five inches long by four wide, so that the sharks to which they originally belonged must, by parity of reasoning, have measured nearly a hundred feet in length. This, no doubt, beats our biggest existing shark, the rhinodon, by some thirty feet. Still, the ooze of the Pacific is a quite recent or almost modern deposit, which is even now being accumulated on the sea bottom, and there would be really nothing astonishing in the discovery that some representatives of these colossal carcharodons are to this day swimming about at their lordly leisure among the coral reefs of the South Sea Islands. That very cautious naturalist, Dr. Günther, of the British Museum, contents himself indeed by merely saying: "As we have no record of living individuals of that bulk having been observed, the gigantic species to which these teeth belonged must probably have become extinct within a comparatively recent period."

If these things are so, the question naturally suggests itself: Why should certain types of animals have attained their greatest size at certain different epochs, and been replaced at others by equally big animals of wholly unlike sorts? The answer, I believe, is simply this: Because there is not room and food in the world at any one time for more than a certain relatively small number of gigantic species. Each great group of animals has had successively its rise, its zenith, its decadence, and its dotage; each at the period of its highest development has produced a considerable number of colossal forms; each has been supplanted in due time by

higher groups of totally different structure, which have killed off their predecessors, not indeed by actual stress of battle, but by irresistible competition for food and prey. The great saurians were thus succeeded by the great mammals, just as the great mammals are themselves in turn being ousted, from the land at least, by the human species.

Let us look briefly at the succession of big animals in the world, so far as we can follow it from the mutilated and fragmentary record of the geological remains.

The very earliest existing fossils would lead us to believe, what is otherwise quite probable, that life on our planet began with very small forms—that it passed at first through a baby stage. The animals of the Cambrian period are almost all small mollusks, star-fishes, sponges, and other simple, primitive types of life. There were as yet no vertebrates of any sort, not even fishes, far less amphibians, reptiles, birds, or mammals. The veritable giants of the Cambrian world were the crustaceans, and especially the trilobites, which, nevertheless, hardly exceeded in size a good big modern lobster. The biggest trilobite is some two feet long; and though we cannot by any means say that this was really the largest form of animal life then existing, owing to the extremely broken nature of the geological record, we have at least no evidence that anything bigger as yet moved upon the face of the waters. The trilobites, which were a sort of triple-tailed crabs (to speak very popularly), began in the Cambrian Epoch, attained their culminating point in the Silurian, wandered in the Devonian, and died out utterly in the Carboniferous seas.

It is in the second great epoch, the Silurian, that the cuttle-fish tribe, still fairly represented by the nautilus, the argonaut, the squid, and the octopus, first began to make their appearance upon this or any other stage. The cuttle-fishes are among the most developed of invertebrate animals; they are rapid swimmers; they have large and powerful eyes; and they can easily enfold their prey (*teste* Victor Hugo) in their long and slimy sucker-clad arms. With these natural advantages to back them up, it is not surprising that the cuttle

family rapidly made their mark in the world. They were by far the most advanced thinkers and actors of their own age, and they rose almost at once to be the dominant creatures of the primæval ocean in which they swam. There were as yet no saurians or whales to dispute the dominion with these rapacious cephalopods, and so the cuttle family had things for the time all their own way. Before the end of the Silurian epoch, according to that accurate census-taker, M. Barrande, they had blossomed forth into no less than 1,622 distinct species. For a single family to develop so enormous a variety of separate forms, all presumably derived from a single common ancestor, argues, of course, an immense success in life; and it also argues a vast lapse of time during which the different species were gradually demarcated from one another.

Some of the ammonites, which belonged to this cuttle-fish group, soon attained a very considerable size; but a shell known as the orthoceras (I wish my subject didn't compel me to use such *very* long words, but I am not personally answerable, thank heaven, for the vagaries of modern scientific nomenclature) grew to a bigger size than that of any other fossil mollusk, sometimes measuring as much as six feet in total length. At what date the gigantic cuttles of the present day first began to make their appearance it would be hard to say, for their shell-less bodies are so soft that they could leave hardly anything behind in a fossil state; but the largest known cuttle, measured by Mr. Gabriel, of Newfoundland, was eighty feet in length, including the long arms.

These cuttles are the only invertebrates at all in the running so far as colossal size is concerned, and it will be observed that here the largest modern specimen immeasurably beats the largest fossil form of the same type. I do not say that there were not fossil forms quite as big as the gigantic calamaries of our own time—on the contrary, I believe there were; but if we go by the record alone we must confess that, in the matter of invertebrates at least, the balance of size is all in favor of our own period.

The vertebrates first make their appearance, in the shape of fishes, towards the close of the Silurian period, the sec-

ond of the great geological epochs. The earliest fish appear to have been small, elongated, eel-like creatures, closely resembling the lampreys in structure; but they rapidly developed in size and variety, and soon became the ruling race in the waters of the ocean, where they maintained their supremacy till the rise of the great secondary saurians. Even then, in spite of the severe competition thus introduced, and still later, in spite of the struggle for life against the huge modern cetaceans (the true monarchs of the recent seas), the sharks continued to hold their own as producers of gigantic forms; and at the present day their largest types probably rank second only to the whales in the whole range of animated nature. There seems no reason to doubt that modern fish, as a whole, quite equal in size the piscine fauna of any previous geological age.

It is somewhat different with the next great vertebrate group, the amphibians, represented in our own world only by the frogs, the toads, the newts, and the axolotls. Here we must certainly with shame confess that the amphibians of old greatly surpassed their degenerate descendants in our modern waters. The Japanese salamander, by far the biggest among our existing newts, never exceeds a yard in length from snout to tail; whereas some of the labyrinthodonts (forgive me once more) of the Carboniferous epoch must have reached at least seven or eight feet from stem to stern. But the reason of this falling off is not far to seek. When the adventurous newts and frogs of that remote period first dropped their gills and hopped about inquiringly on the dry land, under the shadow of the ancient tree-ferns and club-mosses, they were the only terrestrial vertebrates then existing, and they had the field (or, rather, the forest) all to themselves. For a while, therefore, like all dominant races for the time being, they blossomed forth at their ease into relatively gigantic forms. Frogs as big as donkeys, and efts as long as crocodiles, luxuriated to their hearts' content in the marshy lowlands, and lorded it freely over the small creatures which they found in undisturbed possession of the Carboniferous isles. But as ages passed away, and new improvements were slowly invented and patented

by survival of the fittest in the offices of nature, their own more advanced and developed descendants, the reptiles and mammals, got the upper hand with them, and soon lived them down in the struggle for life, so that this essentially intermediate form is now almost entirely restricted to its one adapted seat, the pools and ditches that dry up in summer.

The reptiles, again, are a class in which the biggest modern forms are simply nowhere beside the gigantic extinct species. First appearing on the earth at the very close of the vast primary periods—in the Permian age—they attained in secondary times the most colossal proportions, and have certainly never since been exceeded in size by any later forms of life in whatever direction. But one must remember that during the heyday of the great saurians, there were as yet no birds and no mammals. The place now filled in the ocean by the whales and grampuses, as well as the place now filled in the great continents by the elephants, the rhinoceroses, the hippopotami, and the other big quadrupeds, was then filled exclusively by huge reptiles, of the sort rendered familiar to us all by the restored effigies on the little island in the Crystal Palace grounds. Every dog has his day, and the reptiles had *their* day in the secondary period. The forms into which they developed were certainly every whit as large as any ever seen on the surface of this planet, but not, as I have already shown, appreciably larger than those of the biggest cetaceans known to science in our own time.

During the very period, however, when enaliosaurians and pterodactyls were playing such pranks before high heaven as might have made contemporary angels weep, if they took any notice of saurian morality, a small race of unobserved little prowlers was growing up in the dense shades of the neighboring forests which was destined at last to oust the huge reptiles from their empire over earth, and to become in the fulness of time the exclusively dominant type of the whole planet. In the trias we get the first remains of mammalian life in the shape of tiny rat-like animals, marsupial in type, and closely related to the banded ant-eaters of New South Wales at the present day. Throughout the

long lapse of the secondary ages, across the lias, the oolite, the wealden, and the chalk, we find the mammalian race slowly developing into opossums and kangaroos, such as still inhabit the isolated and antiquated continent of Australia. Gathering strength all the time for the coming contest, increasing constantly in size of brain and keenness of intelligence, the true mammals were able at last, towards the close of the secondary ages, to enter the lists boldly against the gigantic saurians. With the dawn of the tertiary period, the reign of the reptiles begins to wane, and the reign of the mammals to set in at last in real earnest. In place of the ichthyosaurus we get the huge cetaceans; in place of the dinosaurs we get the mammoth and the mastodon; in place of the dominant reptile groups we get the first precursors of man himself.

The history of the great birds has been somewhat more singular. Unlike the other main vertebrate classes, the birds (as if on purpose to contradict the proverb) seem never yet to have had their day. Unfortunately for them, or at least for their chance of producing colossal species, their evolution went on side by side, apparently, with that of the still more intelligent and more powerful mammals; so that wherever the mammalian type had once firmly established itself, the birds were compelled to limit their aspirations to a very modest and humble standard. Terrestrial mammals, however, cannot cross the sea; so in isolated regions such as New Zealand and Madagascar, the birds had things all their own way. In New Zealand, there are no indigenous quadrupeds at all; and there the huge moa attained to dimensions almost equalling those of the giraffe. In Madagascar, the mammalian life was small and of low grade, so the gigantic *æpyornis* became the very biggest of all known birds. At the same time, these big species acquired their immense size at the cost of the distinctive birdlike habit of flight. A flying moa is almost an impossible conception; even the ostriches compete practically with the zebras and antelopes rather than with the eagles, the condors, or the albatrosses. In like manner, when a pigeon found its way to Mauritius, it developed into the practically wingless

dodo ; while in the northern penguins, on their icy perches, the forelimbs have been gradually modified into swimming organs exactly analogous to the flippers of the seal.

Are the great animals now passing away and leaving no representatives of their greatness to future ages ? On land at least that is very probable. Man, diminutive man, who, if he walked on all fours, would be no bigger than a silly sheep, and who only partially disguises his native smallness by his acquired habit of walking erect on what ought to be his hind legs—man has upset the whole balanced economy of nature, and is everywhere expelling and exterminating before him the great herbivores, his predecessors. He needs for his corn and his bananas the fruitful plains which were once laid down in prairie or scrub-wood. Hence it seems not unlikely that the elephant, the hippopotamus, the rhinoceros, and the buffalo must go. But we are still a long way off from that final consummation, even on dry land ; while as for the water, it appears highly probable that there are as good fish still in the sea as ever came out of it. Whether man himself, now become the sole dominant animal of our poor old planet, will ever develop into Titanic proportions, seems far more problematical. The race is now no longer to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. Brain counts for more than muscle, and

mind has gained the final victory over mere matter. Goliath of Gath has shrunk into insignificance before the Gatling gun ; as in the fairy tales of old, it is cunning little Jack with his clever devices who wins the day against the heavy, clumsy, muddle-headed giants. Nowadays it is our "Minotaurs" and "Warriors" that are the real leviathans and behemoths of the great deep ; our Krupps and Armstrongs are the fire-breathing krakens of the latter-day seas. Instead of developing individually into huge proportions, the human race tends rather to aggregate into vast empires, which compete with one another by means of huge armaments, and invent mitrailleuses and torpedoes of incredible ferocity for their mutual destruction. The dragons of the prime that tare each other in their slime have yielded place to eighty-ton guns and armor-plated turret-ships. Those are the genuine lineal representatives on our modern seas of the secondary saurians. Let us hope that some coming geologist of the dim future, finding the fossil remains of the sunken "Captain," or the plated scales of the "Comte de Grasse," firmly embedded in the upheaved ooze of the existing Atlantic, may shake his head in solemn deprecation at the horrid sight, and thank heaven that such hideous carnivorous creatures no longer exist in his own day.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

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#### A DAY OF STORM.

'Twas a day of storm, for the giant Atlantic, rolling in pride,  
 Drawn by the full moon, driven by the fierce wind, tide upon tide.  
 Flooded our poor little Channel. A hundred anxious eyes  
 Were watching a breach new broken—when suddenly some one cries,  
 "A boat coming in!"—and, rounding the pierhead that hid her before.  
 There, sure enough, was a stranger smack, head straight for the shore.  
 How will she land, where each wave is a mountain ? Too late for *how* !  
 Run up a flag there to show her the right place ! She *must* land now !

She is close—with a rush on the galloping wavetop—a stand,  
 As the water sinks from beneath her—her nose just touches the land.  
 And then (as rude hands, sacking a city, greedy of prey,  
 Toss, is some littered chamber, a child's toy lightly away),  
 A great wave rose from behind, and lifting her, towered, and broke,  
 And flung her headlong, down on the hard beach, close to the folk.  
 Crash ! . . . But 'tis only her bowsprit gone—she is saved somehow  
 And a cheer broke out, for a hundred hands have hold of her now.

And they say 'twas her bowsprit saved her, or she must have gone over then ;  
 Her bowsprit it was that saved her ; and little they think, those men,  
 Of one weak woman that prayed, as she watched them tempest-driven !  
 They say 'twas her bowsprit saved her ! I say, 'twas that prayer, and  
 Heaven !

—*The Spectator.*

### SOME TURKISH PROVERBS.

IF the Turk has been qualified as "unspeakable," he is very far from being inarticulate. Strange as it may seem to those who have formed their opinion of him from hearsay, it is not the less true that he is commonly a good conversationalist, and can say well and pointedly what he has got to say, with a wealth of illustration in anecdote, quotation, and proverb. The latter form commends itself especially to the sententious Turkish mind. The synthetic form of the language, too, secures brevity and conciseness, and opportunities are afforded for those constant assonances or rhyming-vowels which are so dear to the Oriental.

On looking over a note-book containing several hundred Turkish proverbs, taken down in the course of reading and conversation, or borrowed from a collection made at the Oriental Academy at Vienna, the writer has amused himself by grouping them roughly under certain heads, so as to illustrate some aspects of the national character and surroundings.

But first it may be interesting to remark how many well-known English and other European proverbs have their exact counterpart in Turkish. How far are these to be accounted for by contact with, or conquest of, Indo-European races? Or has it been a case of "les beaux esprits se rencontrent"? For instance, we find "You should not look a gift-horse in the mouth," in exactly the same words, as well as "He that is born to be hanged will never be drowned," the Turkish version having the advantage of being expressed in two words! The change of words is but slight in "Troubled waters suit the fisher," "One *flower* does not make summer," and "The robe does not make the dervish;" while in Turkey it is not pot that says to kettle, but negro to

negro, that his face is black. We are disposed to prefer "The nail saved the shoe, the shoe the horse, the horse the man, the man the kingdom," to our somewhat lumbering "For want of a nail the shoe was lost," &c. "Wake not the sleeping dog," has as a corollary "Step not on the sleeping serpent;" and we are warned that there is "No rose without a thorn, nor love without a rival."

One instance in which our proverbial wisdom is opposed to the Turkish is to be found in the expression "to kill two birds with one stone." The attempt to do this is condemned by sundry proverbs such as "One arrow does not bring down two birds," and "You cannot knock down nine walnuts with one stone."

Often we are reminded of Scriptural proverbs and aphorisms. "Nothing unheard of in the world" sounds Solomonian enough; while "Out with the eye that profits me not," "The negro does not whiten with washing," and "That which thou sowest, that also shalt thou reap," are strikingly like New Testament teaching. Again and again we find expressed in other words lessons of charity, considerateness, and justice, that would not be unworthy of a Christian teacher, as, "The stranger's prayer is heard;" "The heart's testimony is stronger than a thousand witnessses;" "Among the blind, close your eyes;" "In truth is right;" "Justice is half religion;" "Neighbor's right, God's right."

The heading under which, perhaps, the largest number of proverbs can be grouped, is that of opportune speech and silence. If the Turk, as has been said, talks well, he also knows how to hold his tongue. He looks down with the greatest contempt on the idle chatterer, and does not even think that



good-manners require him to make small-talk when he has nothing to say. In fact, when on a visit to a well-bred Turk, with whom you have no common subjects of interest to discuss, after exhausting those suggested by politeness—his health, your own, that of your family, the weather, and the water (a most interesting topic in the East)—you may safely fall back upon that golden silence which their proverb, like ours, rates above silver speech. Hear his comments on the chatterer:—"There is no ass but brays;" "The dog barks, the caravan passes;" "Fool is he who alone talks, and is his only listener;" "The fool wears his heart on his tongue, the wise man keeps his tongue in his heart;" and "Many words, an unsound heart." He warns us of the mischief of evil-speaking,—“The knife's wound heals, the tongue's never;" "The tongue slays more than the sword;" and "The tongue is boneless, but it breaks bones." Again, he feels keenly the danger of free speech under a corrupt and despotic rule; while he extols honesty and good-faith, and generally condemns lying. The latter is condoned in certain cases, for "Some lies are better than truth," and we may "Lie, but with measure." The *suppressio veri* is even strongly recommended, for is not the "truth-teller banished out of nine cities?" while "He who holds his tongue saves his head," and "There is no better answer than this, 'I know not, I saw not.'"

But to turn to something pleasanter, we will quote a few sayings still familiar in our Turk's mouth, which have survived the corruption of the Palace and official Kings, and seem still to breathe the hardy and independent spirit of the old days, when courage and enterprise were the only passports to the highest places in a conquering empire. Then it could be said that "The horse is to him who mounts, the sword to him who girds it on," "The brave man's word is a coat of mail," "Fortune is not far from the brave man's head," "The hero is known on the battle-field," and "Fear not to-morrow's mischance." Who but a conquering race could have produced such a proverb as "Power on my head, or the raven on my corpse;" and who can fail to hear a true ring in

"Peasant erect is taller than noble on bended knee," or "I am the slave of him who regards me; the king of him who disregards me?"

Almsgiving is creditable, for "The hand which gives is above that which takes;" and it offers temporal advantages as well as spiritual. In this world "No one cuts the hand that gives," and "What thou givest that shalt thou take with thee" [to the next]. But beware of accepting alms or favors if you would keep your self-respect, and "Accept the largess of thy friend as if thou wert an enemy."

Great is the power of wealth; "Even the mountains fear the rich man." It covers a multitude of failings, and averts many ills. "If a man's money is white, no matter if his face be black." "The knife cuts not hand of gold." But then the disadvantages and dangers of it in a land where empty treasuries are filled by the suppression of a few rich men, and the confiscation of their property! Truly the *vacuus viator* has the better part where brigands swarm. "Not even a thousand men in armor can strip a naked man." Our Turk is a man of few wants,—pilaff, coffee, and tobacco are enough for him, and so he will rest contented in the "Health that is better than fortune," sagely reflecting that "A big head has a big ache," that "He who has many vineyards has many cares," and congratulating himself if he can say, "My money is little, my head without strife." He is not likely to make a fortune in business, being destitute of the enterprise, as well as of the sharpness and hardness, necessary to success. "The bazaar knows neither father nor mother," and our easy-going friend has a great regard for these domestic ties. Besides, his religion forbids him either to speculate or to put out money at interest, although he sometimes avoids this prohibition by the clumsy expedient of a fictitious sale, or a "present" taken by the lender.

It is a pity that his rulers should not have profited by his experiences of debt. "Poor without debts is better than Prince," "A thousand cares do not pay one debt," and "Creditors have better memories than debtors," are explicit enough, but, perhaps, were not supposed to apply to Government loans.

We find some sound advice on the subject of friendship. Do not expect your friend to be a paragon,—“Who seeks a faultless friend, rests friendless.” But when you have found him, keep him,—“Old friend, old bath,” you will do better to change neither; and if he is “a true friend, he is better than a relation.” On the other hand, avoid the British error of underrating your foe; he is always dangerous. “Water sleeps, the enemy wakes,” and “Be thine enemy an ant, see in him an elephant,” for “A thousand friends are few, one foe many.”

The references to woman are as ungallant as they are unjust. She is to be treated as a child, and as such contemptuously pardoned for her shortcomings. “You should lecture neither child nor woman;” it would be waste of time. Her intelligence, too, is underrated, “her hair is long, her wits short!” It is she who as a mother “makes the house, and mars it,” and she is classed with good wine as “a sweet poison.” But it must be admitted that in this want of gallantry the Turk is far surpassed by the Persian, who says “The dog is faithful, woman never.”

The lover is regarded as a lunatic, unfit for the society of his fellows. “If you are in love, fly to the mountains,” for “Lover and king brook no companion.” He is “blind,” and distance is nothing to him; for him, “Bagdad is not far,” and the only cures for his malady are “travel and patience.”

A word of advice to those about to marry. “Marry below you, but do not marry your daughter above you;” and “Choose cloth by its edge, and a wife by her mother.” It is natural that we should find many references to that submission which is at the root of Islam. Sometimes we find the idea without reference to the Deity, as in the cases, “When fate comes the eye of wisdom is blind,” “No one eats another’s destined portion,” and “What will come, will come, willy nilly;” but more often he is directly invoked. His will is fate, “Whom he slays not, man slays not,” “Who calls on Him is not abandoned,” “He delays, but neglects not,” provides for the helpless and “builds the blind bird’s nest;” and so we should address ourselves to Him, “asking God

for what we want, not his servant.” If you apply to the latter, you may be disappointed. Even the minister of religion is chary of his assistance. “Food from the Imam’s house, tears from the dead man’s eye,”—you are as likely to get one as the other. Sometimes, too, we meet with a small touch of scepticism, as when we are told, “First tie-up your donkey, then recommend him to God;” and sometimes a cry of black despair, “Happiest he who dies in the cradle.”

Let us conclude this hasty sketch with a few miscellaneous proverbs, remarkable for point or picturesqueness. “The fish stinks from the head” is often quoted in these days of Ottoman decay, in allusion to the bad example which comes from above. We have heard the incapacity for action which is engendered in Turkish rulers by the enforced seclusion of their youth commented on with “Who stays at home, loses his cap in the crowd.” The difficulties of equality,—“You are master, and I am master; who will groom the horse?” On an impostor,—“The empty sack won’t stand upright.” “*Qui trop embrasse, mal tresseint*,” is rendered by “Two water-melons won’t fit under one arm.” “Old brooms are thrown on the roof,” may be taken to apply to the promotion of superannuated fogies. Your hangers-on profit by your success,—“When you climb a tree your shoes go up too.” The higher you are the worse you fall, for “There is a cure for him who falls from horse or donkey-back, but a pick-axe (to dig his grave) for him who falls from a camel.” Let us hope that this proverb, in its literal sense, may never be justified in the persons of our gallant Camel Corps in the Soudan. Three proverbs on the donkey, exemplifying—the useful guest, “They asked the donkey to the wedding, water or wood was wanting;” the power of hope, “Die not, my donkey; summer is coming and clover will grow;” and the folly of exposing oneself to needless criticism, “Don’t cut your donkey’s tail in public; some will say, ‘It is too long;’ others, ‘It is too short.’” And, lastly, as an instance in which the jingle of the original may be reproduced in English,—“The mannerly man learns manners of the mannerless.”—*The Spectator*.

## MACPHERSON'S LOVE STORY.

BY C. H. D. STOCKER.

It was on a summer Sunday morning that the story began—or let me rather say, that I take up the story, for who shall mark the real beginning of those events that mightily color and disturb, and even turn the course of our lives?

In the early sunshine, while the dew was still heavy on the grass, Ian Macpherson had been away three miles up the valley with a dying shepherd. Following the course of the broad, brawling, shallow Riach river; now clambering along steep slate-colored banks of shifting flakes and chips of stone, that looked as if they had swept in avalanches down the abrupt hillside; now springing with the sure, agile step of a born Highlander from one boulder to another as he crossed a streamlet or took a short cut across a bend of the river; now walking quickly over narrow, level reaches of meadow-ground, or amongst springy heather under the birches that overhung the broken gravel banks above the water,—his whole heart was overflowing with that exultation which breathes in the very early hours of morning when the days are long. The earth in that hour was very Paradise, not for anything it had given or ever could give him, but because it was so beautiful, and in its glorious undesecrated solitude seemed still fresh from the hand of God.

The home of the dying man was a mere hovel of peat-sods covered with moss-grown thatch, built on one of those fertile reaches of soil brought down and left here and there in these wild Scotch valleys by floods of long ago. It stood just above the river—all too perilously near in time of storm and flood, you would have thought—and round it towered the rugged hills, echoing unceasingly the murmur of the water and the wind—a murmur, at least, in summer. In winter many a wild storm raged up there, darkening the air with heavy snow and sleet, bowing and breaking and uprooting whole tracts of pines and larch; raving down the shrouded peaks and narrow, dim ravines, and making to tremble the little peat hut and the stout hearts within. And then, when the

storm was spent, would be a silence as of death; snowy steeps and glittering peaks rising up on all sides motionless against a motionless sky, and down below the dark water creeping slow and quiet under masses of ice.

Macpherson could see it all in memory even as he stepped across the summer flowers, for the poor shepherds in the lone huts scattered here and there in the long valley needed him in winter as well as in summer, in foul weather no less than in fair. But today, as he grew accustomed to the half-light in the hut, and the wan face of the dying man became clearer in the shadow of the berth in the wall where he was lying, the minister saw well enough that he would know no more an earthly winter, nor ever see the snow come down upon the hills again. There was only one window in the hut, a single unmovable pane a foot square, let into the sod wall at one end, and rendered even less useful by a strip of rag pinned across it by way of a blind. Most of the light came in dusty beams down the wide chimney, slanting across the background of smoke-blackened wall and rafter, and lying in patches on the uneven mud floor.

As the day was warm the minister set the door wide open, and the dim, dying eyes looked out wistfully at the sunny summer weather and the beautiful wooded slopes where the foot of the opposite hill came down to the river. But he was tired now; all this was passing from him, and his eyes came back to Ian Macpherson's face, where, as he dimly felt, dwelt something that could not pass away—something that death itself would have no power to disturb or change. Light kindled faintly on his rugged, wasted features when Macpherson came and took the toil-worn hand—so powerless now—in his, for in the young minister's life this poor shepherd had seen and understood what no words could have brought home to him—the reality and power of love. He knew that Macpherson counted not his life his own, nor any of the things that he possessed.

Year by year he had felt the subtle influence deepening, and had seen the spirit burning clearer in the eyes, so that to meet him—to the ignorant, simple shepherd—was like meeting an angel. In Macpherson he saw and knew a man in the very prime of manhood, clever, as those said who knew best, and with the world before him; who yet could let the world go by; who sought no preferment, whose whole life and soul and energy were devoted to his people without a thought for himself, and who had ever a kind word and a happy smile for one and all.

These poor people could perhaps not have explained what their young minister was to them; what he really was beyond what they saw they could never know; and yet they did feel that he had sacrificed himself for their sake in staying there, that this sacrifice was no grudging martyrdom, but a glad free-will offering to the Lord he loved and to them. It shed more light upon their hearts than a thousand sermons; it had power to draw aside for them now and again the gross veil of material aims, and to give them as in a mirror a glimpse of eternal love.

This dying man could believe in the great love of the Lord who died for him when he had seen its living power in his minister's life; and, though the comparison is but as of a spark to the sun itself, the selfless brotherhood of one whom he knew very far above him in ways which he could not understand brought home to him the brotherhood of Christ. With his hand in Macpherson's, listening with fast-closing ears to his earnest words, following his childlike, simple prayers, it seemed as if earth and its soul-chains of sin and sorrow faded and fell away; as if the gates of heaven opened wide and wider, and the light shone out more and more perfect, till at last the call came down, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord;" and then the spirit went up out of the darkness and ignorance and poverty of the hard shepherd life, and Macpherson was kneeling alone on the mud floor in the dim hovel beside the dead.

An hour later the solitary bell of the kirk on the wooded knoll overlooking Loch Riach was ringing thin and clear across lake and meadow for morning

prayer, and Macpherson hurried up the steep footpath that wound upwards to the kirk between Scotch firs from the flat grass land about the water.

A group of strangers stood at the kirkyard gate, a young fellow of two or three-and-twenty, a lady who looked about the same age, tall and very fair, and a lad in an Eton jacket with a top hat and broad white collar. No doubt they belonged to the English family who had been expected at the villa near the railway station and the store—the only villa within half a dozen miles.

Macpherson, with the courtesy that is natural to even the shyest Highlander, lifted his hat to them as a matter of course, and would have passed on, but the young man stepped forward and asked if they might go into the church, and whether it mattered where they sat.

"Oh! There's only too much room," he said, when he understood what they wanted, which was not all at once, for the Gaelic was his native tongue and his ears were utterly unfamiliar with English as spoken by English people. He led the way through long rank grass and nettles, across sunken graves and flat tombstones where the inscriptions were worn away, more, surely, by wild winter storms than by church-going feet, for there was no trace of any path from the gate to the door.

"Rummiest hole 't ever I saw, Lily," poor Macpherson heard the boy say in an undertone, as he ushered the strangers into as curious a place of worship as perhaps this nineteenth century can show.

The floor was all uneven and rudely paved with round cobble stones, glistening and dark with perpetual damp; a gallery, sagging rather alarmingly towards the middle, ran across either end; on the front panel of the eastern one was branded in irregular characters,

"I. M. FECIT. AUG. 17, 1771,"

and these were certainly the very newest part of the interior. Along under the north wall was a row of little wooden pews, some with broken doors, others with no doors at all; their flooring consisted merely of earth, with a few rough planks thrown down here and there to help to keep the feet of the congregation more or less dry. The once whitewashed walls were stained and

blotted with great seas of green and red mould, and the atmosphere was as that of a subterranean dungeon—chill, damp, and smelling of ancient decay. Macpherson opened a pew for them, and they took their places while he walked, just as he was, up the crazy pulpit stair, hung his hat on a nail above him, and knelt down. There were two women in one of the rickety galleries, and not more than half a dozen people in the pews below: a farmer's daughter in very gay attire, two or three laboring men in ill-fitting suits of Sunday black; a keeper in his master's former shooting-coat and knickerbockers, and a couple of shepherds in kilt and plaid.

The bell ceased, and the bell-ringer, sexton, precentor, beadle—whatever he was—having made the rope fast where it hung on the gable outside, came in and took his place at the desk under the pulpit, and the Psalm was given out—

“ I to the hills will lift mine eyes,  
From whence doth come mine aid,  
My safety cometh from the Lord,  
Who heav'n and earth hath made.”

But the only person who attempted to sing was the factotum at the clerk's desk, and he rendered the entire Psalm alone from beginning to end, in slow, loud, wavering, twangy tones that took small account of a semi-tone higher or lower, and left the tune, when he had finished, still a matter of conjecture to the uninitiated.

As the service proceeded a few more people came in, dropped into pews here and there, and stared at the unwonted sight of a lovely English face and fresh London millinery. But when Macpherson rose, and gave out his text, “What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?” reading it twice or thrice in his curious foreign accent, every eye was fixed upon his face, and each man placed his arms on the table or shelf in front of him and bent forward to listen.

It was a thin, plain face, with a low, broad brow, high cheekbones and irregular features, that showed against the dull light-blue of the old pulpit; but the dark eyes lit up with intense eagerness as he leaned forward to preach in his fashion the old, oft-repeated lesson, and every line of the slight, wiry figure

was instinct with energy and life. His sermon was short, and his language strong and simple—so simple that to at least one listener it had the force almost of a new revelation. The hearers could not know what that simplicity cost him, though some of them might have remembered a time when they could not understand him; there was nothing to tell how each plain, homely phrase came out victorious over eloquent words and symbolic imagery and high intellectual reasonings that were always thronging there within him; nothing to reveal how hard he was trying to live in them and out of himself, that he might realise their need, and feel how the message he so burned to deliver might best wake echoes in those poor dull hearts that were so slow to respond.

Very earnestly he set forth the nothingness of all the things that “grossly close us in” and bar the way that leads to life. Passionately he pleaded for the great single purpose that opens and makes plain that way and guides unerringly the feet that find it.

The fair English lady, looking up at that young earnest face, and then beyond it, where through the window she could see red fir boughs stirring against the summer sky, wondered at the courage that could face this mere handful of listeners and feel as enthusiastic and speak with as much energy as though thousands hung upon his words. To other than Gaelic ears that voice, too, had a special charm with its undertone of pathos, its plaintive echo of “old, unhappy, far-off things,” the melancholy of a dying language and a race that is being fast merged and lost in the self-asserting, irreverent Saxon, akin to that sorrow on the wind across the moors and among the lonesome hills, even when it comes whispering down the wild warm corries, or blows cool off the sunny summits on a summer day, carrying a sound of tears.

At the evening service the young Englishman was there alone, and on his homeward way Macpherson wondered whether he ought to call at the villa. For the next day or two, however, he knew he would have no time, for there was fever at a little farm on the lower boundary of the parish, and in the poor cottages belonging to it, and as often as

other work would allow Macpherson was there comforting, nursing, helping, and always bringing with him some welcome trifle that the sufferers could not afford; a few eggs, a lemon or two, a little tea, two or three bottles of seltzer-water—anything his kind heart could suggest and his ready hand procure. Visits like these sometimes occupied his whole afternoon, so that he did not come home till the shadows of the hills darkened all the valley.

The sun had disappeared behind the rugged granite steeps to westward, though the eastern summits could see it still and glowed rose-red against the evening sky when Macpherson reached the Manse after Monday's work. The door stood wide and showed a vista of boarded, carpetless passage sprinkled with sand, carpetless stairs opposite the entrance, and a door on either hand; merely looking in, it gave one the impression that whoever kept the house had good intentions, but fell lamentably short in carrying them out. Perhaps, however, it had ceased to strike the master's eye, for he hung up his hat in the passage with quite a sigh of relief, turned to the door on the left with a smile of content on his face, and went into his study.

There, a good deal to his astonishment, stood the young Englishman of yesterday, holding out a cordial hand and introducing himself with an apology as Robert Echalaz.

"I have been making your acquaintance through the names of your books," said he, with a smile. "The—the maid"—he hesitated a moment before venturing to apply this title to the grimy child who had admitted him—"the maid told me, as far as I could make out what she said, that you would be home soon, so I took the liberty of waiting here."

Macpherson assured him that he as very welcome, and fetched in another chair out of the adjacent kitchen to add force to his words.

Then young Echalaz came straight to his point. His brother, he said, was bent on getting some fishing, and they thought that probably Mr. Macpherson, if he could not help them himself, might at any rate be able to direct them to some one who could.

"And I was glad of so plausible an excuse for getting to know you," added the young fellow, with a frank smile. "I—I am preparing for holy orders, and"—he hesitated—"well, I don't know—but I should very much like to have some talks with you."

Macpherson's face lit up with pleasure at this.

"I am afraid I shall disappoint you if you expect to learn anything from me," he said, and his quaint accent struck the young Englishman afresh. Nevertheless, the two talked there for an hour before it even occurred to them that time was passing, and Echalaz jumped up and declared he ought to have been at home before now.

"And the fishing?" suggested Macpherson.

The fishing had been quite forgotten, but it was very soon settled, and Macpherson after some debate promised to meet the two brothers on the following Thursday. He accompanied his new acquaintance down the path to the gate, thinking it would be pleasant to be able to offer him hospitality of some sort, but afraid that dry oatcake would hardly be attractive, even with the addition—supposing that boiling water could be produced within reasonable time—of tea that this well-to-do young Englishman might possibly not think good. Poor Macpherson dismissed his hospitable inclinations with regret that made his grasp of the other's hand all the warmer when they parted.

When Macpherson arrived at the villa at the appointed hour he found Tom waiting at the gate.

"Mother wants you to come in and see her," said the boy, shaking hands, and Macpherson followed him into the house to the drawing-room, where Mrs. Echalaz—a pretty, faded, delicate-looking woman—lay on the sofa beside the open window. She turned her head languidly towards him, and held out a slim white hand.

"Ah, Mr. Macpherson, it is so good of you to devote yourself to my boy," she said, conventionally. "I am sure he is very grateful; are you not, Tom?"

Tom murmured something about "awfully jolly," and suggested that they should start at once.

Mrs. Echalaz, however, first asked

many questions, as to the distance, the river, and the possibility of danger to her son, who was evidently the spoiled pet of the family.

Macpherson assured her that she need not be alarmed, and promised at all events to do his best to take care of Tom; and then, instead of Robert, when he was expected, Lily came in equipped for a walk, and Mrs. Echalaz said, "Ah, yes, my daughter, Mr. Macpherson. I'm sorry to say Robert is not well. He reads too hard, I am sure; he is not fit to go, and so I am sending Lily instead. I can't let Tom"—she changed the expression of the thought in her heart—"Tom would be quite too much for you alone," she said. "I always send one of them with him—not," she added, betraying herself still more to Macpherson's quick perceptions, "not that I doubt your care; I am sure you will not let any harm befall him."

But her last words, far from being expressive of any such assurance, sounded like a reiterated appeal to him to guard her darling.

Macpherson said he would be very careful, and at length the three were allowed to depart.

Tom lost no time in handing over all his encumbrances to his sister, and before they had walked through the wood at the back of the villa he was away after butterflies, leaving Lily and Macpherson to carry the rods and tackle, the fishing-basket, and the lunch. It was a great relief to the young minister to find that the English girl was neither shy nor self-conscious, but ready to talk with the same pleasant frankness and cordiality that had so struck him in the elder brother.

She watched Tom's retreating figure with an indulgent smile for a minute, and then turned to her companion. "May I ask you a great many questions, Mr. Macpherson?" she said, with natural directness.

"Surely," answered he, readily; "and I hope I may be able to answer some of them."

"I want to tell Robert," she explained, with a smile. "After we had been to your little kirk on Sunday we both wanted very much to know you. He is to take holy orders, and he and I think

a great deal about the work to which he will be called. Your life, now, must be something utterly different from anything we have ever seen or imagined before."

"Is it?" he said. "Only because such primitive conditions exist perhaps no longer in England. I suppose a time is drawing nearer that will sweep away what lingers here."

"Well, but—" Lily hesitated an instant. "May I be quite frank?" she put in, deprecatingly. "How is it that you are in such a place?"

He did not know the drift of this question, and looked puzzled.

"Why should I not be?" he asked, diffidently.

The girl glanced expressively to north and south, down and up the lonely valley.

"One might say, speaking roughly," she said, "that there are no people here."

Macpherson too looked up the valley, and saw, far off, the hut where that poor shepherd had died, and thoughts of that Sunday morning brought the light into his face.

"That would be 'speaking roughly,'" he said, with a gentleness that made her feel ashamed at first, and then anxious to justify herself.

"But is your congregation always so small?" she asked.

"That was about the average on Sunday," he answered, and added, with a sigh, as if the fact were one he tried to forget, "It is small. My predecessor, I'm afraid, was unpopular, and latterly very old and feeble, and could not keep them together. A few have come back to me, but only a few."

"Then why do you stay here?" said Lily, impetuously. "Robert told me about your books, and—and the house—the Manse—so poor and bare. He says you must be far above your work. Indeed, we knew it from your sermon on Sunday."

He looked distressed.

"Do you think they will not have understood me?" he asked, with eager anxiety. "Was it difficult—obscure—beyond the mark?"

"Oh, no, no!" said Lily, astonished at his way of looking at it; "a child must have understood every word. I

can't quite explain how it struck me and Robert too ; it was so short and so complete, and the words so simple that one wondered at their intense force ; and yet—yet—"

He looked anxiously at her. "Don't be afraid to find fault, Miss Echalaz," he said, earnestly ; "I shall be so thankful to you—"

"Fault!" she interrupted ; "oh, you don't understand me ! I never heard anything that went so straight from heart to heart as those words of yours. When we came out I turned to Robert, and he turned to me, and we both said, 'Well?' and then Robert asked me what was the secret of such power, but I couldn't tell. And he thought a long time as we went home, about what you had said, and what he would have said in your place, which none of them would have listened to or understood."

Lily smiled rather sadly and broke off, for she remembered how Robert had said to her at last that Macpherson "*walked with God,*" and that that was the secret of his power. She could not well repeat her brother's words, but she knew that they were true, and wanted to acknowledge to Macpherson the debt that both felt they owed to him.

"Ah ! Mr. Macpherson," she said, earnestly, "you made us both ashamed. We were eager to begin teaching, and we suddenly found we had everything still to learn. Robert says he sees now that *nothing*, absolutely nothing, can be done by a man who has not begun with himself."

Macpherson looked up with keen sympathy, divining at once a fellow-struggler, for this was beaten ground to him, sorely familiar.

"That is true enough," he said ; "and yet we all begin at the outside, and are always returning to it again."

Lily sighed.

"Yes," she said, "and looking downward from ourselves instead of up to our ideal—to God. One seems to be always beginning, only beginning, over and over again."

"Perhaps," said Macpherson thoughtfully—"perhaps we need a whole life of beginning to show us what we are, and to teach us that the good that is done is all of God."

"But don't you feel yourself thrown away on such a miserable little congregation?" Lily went on, recurring to her first idea. "Would you not like a large parish?—a city audience?"

His eyes kindled.

"Once," he said, "I wished for a larger field, and, as you say, an *audience* ; and I thought myself thrown away. I looked on this as a mere stepping-stone to preferment ; it was quite too paltry for my enthusiasm ; I could not make myself intelligible to my few people, my sermons flew quite over their heads ; I was disappointed and miserable. I wanted to bring a sacrifice, you understand, Miss Echalaz, but it was to be of my own choosing—such as Cain's. And when I felt that God did not require it of me, I was angry and hurt, just, you know, as Cain was. And then one day a poor shepherd said to me, humbly and simply, 'You are too clever for the like of us.' That was lightning across thick darkness, Miss Echalaz. I understood, by God's mercy, what I had known without understanding all along ; it was obedience that He required ; no sacrifice but the laying down of my will before His. And now," he said, sadly—"now I wish I *could* throw myself away, if it were but for one man."

"But you won't stay here always?" Lily suggested.

"Ah ! I don't know," he answered, with a smile. "We are soldiers ; we go where we are sent ; but I know now that it is good for us—for me at least—to work in a field where no glory can be reaped. If there were a prize within reach one might be in danger of looking away from the Master who calls us to follow only Him."

Lily walked on in thoughtful silence.

Meanwhile Tom had strayed far from the track, plunging knee-deep through heather and green cranberry scrub after butterflies, and alarming the oyster-catchers, which flew whistling and circling overhead, "tiring the echoes with unvaried cries," and grouse, which went whirring and clamoring away up among the big grey boulders on the mountain-side. The two sat down to wait for him.

"Every sight and sound here has a personality for me," Macpherson said, looking across the valley, where along the brow of a scarped hollow lay white



wreaths of snow, and a little cloud above it hung about the mountain-top, clinging as if it would fain wander no more across the pathless heaven.

"That little cloud, see how it clings—heaven-born though it is—to the barren earth. If it lingers there it must dissolve in rain and fall into that cold hollow which never sees the sun."

Even as he spoke the cloudlet stirred, detached itself, and stole slowly away into the blue air.

"Ay!" he said to himself, with expressive intonation as he watched it; and then, bending his head while he held a piece of heather ungathered in his hand, he listened a minute. "Hark!" he said, raising his eyes with a dreamy smile. "Do you hear it?"

Far through the stillness of the sultry summer air came the murmur of water falling down its stony channel.

"It is the burn yonder—that green streak between the hills—tumbling down among the ferns. I used to fancy it mourned to leave its native fountains, and flowery sheltering banks, and the solitude of these mighty hills; but now it seems to me it feels a great destiny drawing it irresistibly onward, down to the forests below, through moor and meadow, to exchange the mountain echoes and the wild birds' cry for the shriek and rattle of railways and the din of busy towns; to hurry onward, though it lose its early sweetness and receive many a foul stain as it goes to join the ocean, the mighty heart which draws it to itself, reaching which at last all its impurity shall be purged away."

He was looking into the far horizon, where rank on rank of faint and fainter hills mingled with the clouds and blue sky, and seemed lost in thoughts beyond the words he had been speaking.

Lily's glance rested on his spiritual face, and presently she sighed.

"My lot, I'm afraid," she said, "is cast in that same city turmoil—we live in London, you know. It will be hard to go back to that artificial, crowded, stifling atmosphere after this." Glancing up and round them at the wide moorland and the hills, "Here the soul lies open to all the winds of heaven; there—ah! one can soon forget there is a heaven at all."

"Hullo!" cried Tom's voice, some little way behind them; and presently he came up flushed and very much out of breath, and flung himself down in the heather at their feet. "I should like to climb up and touch that snow," he remarked, after only one minute's prostrate inaction, resting on his elbows with his chin in his hands and his feet waving slowly about. "I shouldn't fancy your living in winter, sir," he went on, looking up at Macpherson, "but perhaps you just shut yourself up with your books, like a dormouse, till the snow clears off?"

"I can't do that," said Macpherson, simply. "I have been up this valley sometimes in snow so deep that the three miles took over three hours to walk, and once before I could come back there was such a blinding storm that I had to spend the night in that little black hut—you can just see it, to the right, far up the valley. It is not always safe to go alone, but I generally do because I know almost every stone and tree."

Tom cross-questioned a little about these winter expeditions, and then voted for refreshments; but Lily laughed at him, and proposed that they should do a little more of the day's work first, and then the three rose and set forward, Tom engrossing the minister's attention with a host of such far-fetched and extraordinary questions as only a school-boy can possibly propound and care to have answered.

When at last they reached the river, after looking about and choosing a place for lunch, Tom condescended to relieve his sister of his own paraphernalia, told her she might "turn out the grub" because he required the basket, and coolly recommended her to mount guard over everything till they came back.

"Are you not going to fish, Miss Echalaz?" asked Macpherson, becoming aware that it was proposed to leave her alone, and not altogether happy at the idea.

"Oh! she's only chaperon," cried Tom, impatient to be off, and Lily held up a cloud of white knitting which she said would keep her quiet as long as they liked to be away. Tom uttered an urgent "Oh, sir—*please*—she really is all right," Macpherson turned away,

and then the two went obliquely down the bank with their rods, and were soon lost to sight.

All was silence but the babbling of the water among the rocks, and the faint summer air playing in the tassels of the birches, and all above the glowing brown and purple moor the heat twinkled and trembled aromatic of thyme and bog myrtle and juniper.

Lily clattered down the bank and found a shady nook fringed about with stunted birch and ferns, and there she resigned herself to knitting and to thronging thoughts suggested by what the young minister had said.

Macpherson, meanwhile, and Tom had established themselves to their entire satisfaction on two large boulders in mid stream, and abandoned themselves to the "sport" of waiting for the fishes.

Tom, conscious at first of Macpherson's experienced eye, contrived to be very patient for half an hour; but then he could no longer help thinking that the fishes were obstinate, or the spot unfavorable, or the sun too hot and bright, or the air too still, or the fly—probably the fly was not the right kind; at any rate, a change of position must no longer be deferred. By judicious tacking from boulder to boulder, and then across a low shingle island where stunted alder scrub made a shelter for the oyster-catchers, and tufts of saxifrage and stonecrop grew, he arrived at a more likely place, and tried again. Still it was evident that the fishes did not see the matter from his point of view. He very soon wearied of his new position and cast about for a better. He saw a big round boulder out in the very middle of the broadest part of the stream, and was seized with all a boy's longing to be on it, sport or no sport. To long for a thing, with Tom Echaz, was as a rule to attain it rather sooner than later, and he at once began making his way out with plenty of pluck and very little caution, and finally landed with his rod, much wetter than he cared to notice, and tried again. He turned presently, when even this new delight was beginning to pall, to see what Macpherson was doing. Then he fancied he heard thunder, and stood motionless to listen. His eyes were fixed on the brown laughing water, flowing so softly

over the stones below, that caught the sun and shadow through it and looked like broken gold amongst the soft brown of the bottom; the pebbly clatter of the shallow waterfall beyond was in his ears. This was the moment, the sight, the sound that remained indelibly fixed in his memory afterwards—the sultry stillness, and the slumbrous babble and murmur that only made it seem more still. Surely there was a curious sound far off up the valley.

"It is thunder," he said softly to himself, and looked up at the cloudless sky. "How—really—it does sound awfully queer."

He glanced up stream to see what had become of his companion, and called out, "I say, isn't that thunder?"

Macpherson, who also was in the middle of the stream, to Tom's astonishment was in the act of throwing off his coat, and shouted almost before Tom had spoken,

"To the bank—the bank, for your life! At once!" and even careless, unobservant Tom saw his face look white as death against the dark background of rock and river.

Young Echaz, although alarmed, was by no means the man to move without sufficient cause shown, and rather naturally looked about him for his danger before doing what he was told, even when Macpherson shouted again.

Yet the first far-off sound, the shouts and the delay, were all embraced in a few seconds. Then suddenly the boy realised that it was *not* thunder—this fearful, awesome wail and roar that was drawing nearer. He turned in terror, towards the bank, and heard Macpherson call out, "Can you swim?"

"No," Tom shouted, but his voice was lost in the wild tumult of rushing water, the river rose to his waist, the spate was upon them. Bewildered, but not losing all his natural courage, the boy made an effort to plant the thick end of his rod down into the bottom to steady himself, but the next instant the water was about his shoulders, he lost his footing and was swept away upon the flood. Exactly what happened then, or how long it was that he felt himself rolling over, whirling helplessly along with the mighty current, choking and struggling, deafened by the thunder of

the water, fighting desperately for his life, Tom never could make out, but he remembered feeling at last that he was beaten, that his earthly career was "about played out," as he himself expressed it; then there was a moment's vivid anguish of death, and keen memories of things done and left undone in the long ago that he must now "let alone for ever," and then a pause, a stoppage, energy coming back—he was caught and entangled by the fishing-basket that hung about his shoulders, and then a strong arm held him fast and he heard Macpherson's voice saying bravely, "Hold on—you're all safe, thank God!" and in another minute he was dragged on to the bank.

"I'm all right!" he gasped, plucking up his spirits as he got his eyes open and pushed his dripping hair off his face, and then he sat up and laughed at the figure his preserver presented kneeling there in his shirt-sleeves, soaked and streaming with water. "What *will* the water say?" he exclaimed, delighted with his adventure. "Let's go and show ourselves to Lily."

Macpherson sprang to his feet and looked along the bank down stream.

"Where is your sister?" he faltered, dashing the water from his eyes; and then, without waiting for an answer, he was away like an arrow from the bow, running beside the river as hard as man can run. Tom set off running too, and presently saw Macpherson, now far ahead, plunge into the flood.

A dead tree, bleached by last winter's storms, went sweeping past him, checked now and again by projecting rocks or overhanging boughs, and then driven on once more by the overwhelming force of the water. For an instant the boy threw himself upon the ground sobbing loud in agonising dread, and then again he struggled to his feet, choked down his sobs, and ran on at his utmost speed.

Not very far down the river turned at a sharp angle towards the nearer bank, and a few old alders leaned out between the rocks. As Tom drew near enough to distinguish one object from another amongst the foam and swirling water, he gave a glad shout, "Hold on! hold on!" and in another two minutes, holding by the alders, he was clambering

down towards the edge of the water, where Macpherson had caught a bough with one hand and with the other supported Lily, who was clinging to his shoulder.

"Give her your hand," said Macpherson, rather faintly. "I can do nothing."

"Can you give me your hand, Lily?" panted the boy, leaning down. "Can you climb a bit?"

"Oh! save us, Tom! I can't let go," Lily gasped, helpless with terror.

"There's no footing," said Macpherson, desperately.

Tom laid himself carefully along the trunk, and reaching down, succeeded in taking firmly hold of Lily's hand. Macpherson at the same moment exerted his flagging strength to lift her a little towards the friendly boughs.

"Be brave," he said, detaching her clinging hands.

Tom pulled valiantly, and in another minute she was safe; only half out of the water it is true, and trembling with cold and fright, but still able to hold on, and with Tom's help climb up on to dry land.

"Thank God!" Macpherson uttered, and added, "Is she hurt?" but before either could answer they heard a crashing noise and a cry, and steadying themselves to look downwards, saw the dead tree, which had been caught somewhere higher up and detained a little while, go swinging round the curve with its roots tossing in the air, and Macpherson—? Macpherson was gone, and the lower boughs, where he and Lily had been clinging, were all broken and torn away.

\* \* \* \*

Two hours later Mrs. Echalaz was brought to the verge of hysterics at the sight of her daughter, wet from head to foot, her face scratched and bruised, her long wet hair hanging tangled about her shoulders, without hat or gloves, and alone, hurrying towards the house.

Before Lily could explain what had happened Tom too appeared, wet and pale, and choking with sobs, followed at a little distance by two red-bearded, red-haired keepers, wet through also, moving slowly, and carrying between them Macpherson, without coat or hat, his head fallen back, his face white and still,

his arms hanging limply down, water trickling from his clothes and hair.

"I knew it! I said so!" screamed Mrs. Echalaz, clasping Tom in her arms. "Never, never will I trust you out of my sight again!"

Tom broke away, crying bitterly.

"Oh, mother, don't! He's dead!"

"Dead!" shrieked poor Mrs. Echalaz; "and they're bringing him into this house?"

She was rushing out into the passage, but Robert, who had already helped to bring Macpherson in, met her, and led her quietly back.

"You put these two to bed," said he, "and I will take care of him, mother. The men say he may come round," and he hurried away to do all that the keeper's experience suggested and send at once for a doctor.

The keeper, whose name, in common with most of the population of that district, was also Macpherson, told Robert how this very thing had happened only two years before to the young laird and his own son, who were both very nearly drowned, and explained that an unusual amount of rain must have fallen up in the hills, some sudden and violent down-pour, to occasion the spate.

It was long before they dared cease to doubt of Macpherson's recovery, and when at last he really began to mend, the process was slow and tedious.

As soon as her terrors for Tom were appeased by finding that he was not a whit the worse for his wetting, Mrs. Echalaz took so kindly to the young fellow, who certainly owed his whole misfortune to them, that she waited on him and nursed him as patiently and tenderly as his own mother could have done.

"I could not have believed it was so pleasant to be ill," he said to her, with a grateful smile, one day when, helped by Robert and Tom, he had come into the sitting-room for the first time; "I shall be spoiled for going back to work."

They all protested that he need not think of work yet, as he could not so much as walk alone; and many a pleasant day went by in that little sitting-room, where half-drawn blinds made a cool dimness, and an unfamiliar perfume dwelt in the air—attar of roses, perhaps; something quite different, at any rate, from the odor of plain—very plain—

cookery and peat smoke to which he was accustomed at the Manse.

The room was like fairyland, with its hundred costly trifles, china ornaments, scraps of Oriental work, curious fans and other nicknacks, photographs and books littered about in prettily-regulated disorder.

Lying there, weak and weary, his eyes dwelt upon it all with vague, unspeculating wonder and faint content. Mrs. Echalaz and Lily too were always so lovely to look at, "a gude sicht for sair een," their faces so refined, voices so low and gentle, hands so delicately fair; their dress, too, was wonderful and beautiful, like a part of themselves. He felt himself under a deepening spell in their midst; he had never seen things like the things he saw here, nor women like these women.

As for Lily, he was ashamed at all she did for him, but too helpless to protest.

Once, when she saw that he hardly knew how to suffer so much kindness at her hands, she said, rather sadly,

"Except for me, you need not be lying here at all," and after that he could only hold his tongue, and try to take everything graciously, owing to himself that the least he could do was this; and not owning what he perhaps scarcely knew, that all this kindness would lose its charm if she were no longer the minister. But the more the charm grew upon him the more shy and silent he became with her; and, perversely, the more he longed to see her, or at least to know that she was near, the less dared he raise his eyes or speak a word. And then he felt beyond all hiding that, to part and see her no more would be the bitterest pain he could ever know—such pain as a man must carry to his grave. He knew that he was sorry to be getting strong, and so drawing near the hour he dreaded; and then, because he felt such utter reluctance to return to his old life—the life he would feel to be so desperately lonely henceforth—he resolved to go at once.

That very day he spoke to Mrs. Echalaz alone, when the evening twilight made it easier to say what he knew she would oppose with the pretty tyranny which they all exercised upon him, and which his natural shyness made it very hard for him to resist.

"As if I should listen to such nonsense," said Mrs. Echalaz, just as he had felt that she would. "You are not going for at least a week."

His thin, brown hand twitched nervously on the arm of his chair.

"You are very kind," he said, huskily—"much too kind; but I *must* go. Please do not urge me to stay—you don't know how hard you make it to me."

Mrs. Echalaz laid her pretty jewelled fingers on his restless hand.

"Now tell me why you *must* go," she said, kindly; "and if it is a good reason I will allow it."

He hesitated long enough for her to divine that his answer, when it came, was an evasion.

"I know it is my duty," he said, looking down. "I shall do wrong to stay here—doing nothing." The last two words he added rather hastily, after an instant's embarrassment.

"So you will not tell me?" said Mrs. Echalaz, reproachfully.

He raised his eyes, doubting, to her face, with a strong impulse to tell her all; then he smiled faintly.

"Do you not think duty the highest possible reason?" he asked, resolving to keep silence.

Mrs. Echalaz looked at him.

"I think I could tell you a nearer one," she said, with a gentle pressure of her hand on his, that told him she read his very heart; and then she added, with grave kindness, "Then I suppose we must let duty carry the day. We shall miss you dreadfully."

Macpherson raised her hand with reverent affection to his lips, but he could not say a word.

When the rest came home from their walk he was gone.

Privately Mrs. Echalaz told Robert what had passed, and what she construed it to mean.

"Well, why not?" was his comment.

"Why not!" echoed his mother, raising hands and eyes. "Of course I like him. I never met a man to whom I would sooner have trusted Lily's happiness, but *of course* it's impossible."

"Why?" asked Robert, simply.

"My dear boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Echalaz, "you know he has nothing. And think of the connection! Preposterous!"

"A fig for the connection!" rejoined Robert, coolly; "and as for money, Lily has quite enough, I suppose. Ask *her*."

"Oh, you're perfectly ridiculous!" cried his mother, with a vehemence that convinced him she was already wavering in her own mind, and he said no more.

Meanwhile Macpherson went home, and the first thing that recalled him unmistakably to common earth was the sight of his one servant, a ragged, barefooted, scantily clad, unkempt lassie of eleven or so, who opened the door to him with exceedingly dirty hands, a grin of cheerful welcome on her broad unwashed face. It was like waking from a sunny dream to find oneself lying in the dark; rain beating on the window, the gusty night wind shaking the door; and to feel the thrill of some sharp pain—pain that makes a loneliness for flesh and spirit such as no human heart may share, but is known to God alone.

He nodded to the child, and going past her into his study, shut the door behind him. The sand slipped and grated under his feet, the smell of peat-smoke and cookery was unabated. He sat down at his table, where in that long past other life of his he had spent so many busy happy hours, and hid his face on his folded arms, trying to let the influence and memory of the last weeks go by; trying hard to put it away and brace himself to the old work again.

The girl tapped at the door and said his tea was ready, and he went into the smoky kitchen and sat down before a rather smeary cup and plate, a pile of singed oatcakes, and a small teapot, but the food stuck in his throat. He could not touch it, and by way of getting to work at once he went away to visit a poor family half a mile off. On his way home he found his strength exhausted. He could hardly drag himself along, and even when at last in sight of his own door he leaned against the low kirkyard wall and wondered whether he could reach it, while his tired eyes dwelt listlessly on the lovely evening landscape. The grey birches leaned motionless down over the mossy knolls, and the dark ranks of larch and fir by the loch looked down into their dark glassy shadows in the deep water. The great hills are growing dim through the mist of evening,

the clouds have crept away, and all the sky shines with a faint rosy glow through the veil of rising vapor; the long grass in the hollows there beside the lake and all the folded flowers in yonder meadows are drinking in the gracious dew. Far through the stillness comes the voice of many waters—of the river leaping down the rocks. Through Macpherson's fancy comes a vision of it sparkling in the glory of a summer day, of himself too walking there, fenced about with daylight and companionship, plovers calling and crying overhead, flowers glowing under foot, merry gnats dancing in the yellow gleams under the alder boughs, light and shadow flying over the fields and flickering among the pools and waterfalls. But now the ghostly mist creeps on and folds it all out of sight, and he is alone.

Mournfully, and yet with what deep longing, it brings to his heart thoughts of that dim night that shall be when the day is past to come no more; of the many morrows that shall dawn and set with their sun and shadow, the many evenings with their tender mist and dew, when he will have nor part nor lot in the beautiful earth save a narrow grave he knows not where. Oh, life, swifter than a weaver's shuttle! vanishing as a dream! Shall he not bear its utmost burden to the end?

Strength and patience came to him beside those quiet graves. Feeling forward into the future he could divine a coming hour when he would be fain to ask a harder trial, longer probation, ere he see the face of the Master he has followed with such faltering feet; that he may suffer a little more for the dear sake of Him whom he has loved so unworthily, ere the day for suffering go by for evermore.

The next day, having made up his mind to avoid the villa entirely, he sent Mrs. Echalaz a basket of water-lilies from the loch, with a message to the effect that he hoped his long arrears of work might be his excuse for not coming in person.

He only longed now to hear that they were gone, and went in daily fear of meeting some of them. He thought and hoped that his fever of unrest might pass into dull pain when she was gone, a pain he might be able to bear more quietly,

and in time, perhaps, ignore. Hard work was the only anodyne; but he was not very fit yet for all he tried to do, and the sore trouble of his heart weighed down his spirit and sapped his energy in spite of his best efforts, so that even to himself he grew changed and strange.

He was coming home one evening through the birch wood above the loch, about a week after he had left the villa, with weary, lagging steps, and his eyes upon the ground, when the consciousness of another presence, though he heard no sound, made him look up to find himself face to face with Lily standing alone on the narrow path just in front of him. She had been sitting there under the trees and had just risen to her feet; her hands were full of white scented orchis, her hat lay on the ground, and the evening sunlight fell on her fair hair and showed him that her face was paler than when he saw it last—paler and almost, he thought, a little sad. He forgot how his behavior might appear to her; his one idea was to escape, that she might never guess the fatal shipwreck he had made.

His eyes fell directly, and with a few inarticulate words he lifted his hat and stood aside to let her pass. But Lily did not move. Perhaps if he had not looked so very ill, and something more than ill, she might have lacked courage to disregard his gesture; as it was, pity held her there.

"Mr. Macpherson," she said, in a low, grieved voice, "am I to pass by without a word?"

He could not speak. It was like the last glimpse of light to the prisoner condemned to life-long darkness to have her standing there. How was he to bid her go?

"What have we done?" Lily asked. "What has happened?"

Macpherson looked up, pale and agitated. "I am not ungrateful," he said, barely able to control his voice. "Oh, don't think that, Miss Echalaz."

"I can't think that," said Lily, simply; "but something is wrong if, after all that has happened, you try to treat me as an utter stranger."

He felt she was hurt, and looked up melted, penitent, ready to give himself any pain, undergo any humiliation, to heal the wound he had made.

"Miss Echalaz," he said, "I wanted to spare you—and myself too—I—I am blind and bewildered—I have been very selfish—perhaps it is wrong now to tell you—I don't know—I can't tell—" he stopped, and there was a moment's absolute silence covering wild confusion and conflict in his heart, and then he looked up and the words came, he knew not how, steady and clear, "I love you, Miss Echalaz." They were scarcely spoken before he was condemning himself again. "Oh! Laugh at me—" He laughed too as he spoke, not knowing what he did till he saw her face change and the tears start from her eyes.

"Does it seem to you a thing for laughter?" she asked, passionately. "Have you judged me a woman to laugh at the love of the noblest man I know? To hold it so very cheap that you need not even tell me—"

"How could I tell you?" he broke out. "What could I offer in exchange for all I would ask you to lay down? *Could* I ask you to come and live in this wilderness in the barest poverty, where half the year is winter, where there is no—no society, nothing but work and hardship and loneliness?"

"If those were all you had to offer, you were right," Lily answered, tremulously. "You yourself do not live that life for nothing. There is something that so far outweighs all those things that you count them as naught."

"Oh, I love my people!" said Mac-

pherson at once, and even as he uttered the word it told him what she meant. "My love was such a poor thing to offer," he faltered humbly, "and I have nothing else."

The tears brimmed over in Lily's eyes. "And would you take anything else in exchange?" she said—"would money do instead, or rank, or any other thing?"

"Oh, no, no, no!" he exclaimed, impetuously; "only love, and only yours! Can love—such love as mine—outweigh all the rest?" His voice failed, and as he raised his earnest, searching eyes to her face, the last words came in a hoarse whisper, "Oh, is it enough for me to dare offer you that alone?"

Lily crossed the narrow pathway that divided them, letting all her flowers fall at their feet, and laid her hands in his.

"Would you really have let me go away without telling me?" she asked, bravely, while the rosy color deepened in her cheeks. "Less than love, for you and me, is nothing; and more than love there cannot be;" and then she was fain to hide her face and fast-falling tears upon his breast. "Oh, if only I were less unworthy!"

Macpherson trembled as he drew her to him. "God bless you, darling!" he murmured, brokenly; and again and again, thinking over the past, she heard him whisper, "Thank God! thank God!"—*Leisure Hour*.

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#### WHEN SHALL WE LOSE OUR POLE-STAR?

THIS may be to some of our readers a startling question; for most of us have had that star pointed out to us many years; and perhaps those who directed our eyes to it little thought that there would ever be any other pole-star. It is well known that if the northern extremity of the axis of our earth were lengthened until it met the imaginary sphere of the heavens, it would come very near to our present pole-star, hence called Polaris; and if, for any cause, the direction of that axis were materially altered, that star would no longer be a true index of the north. We now propose to show that such a change of the

direction of the earth's axis is continually taking place; and that the terrestrial axis when thus lengthened describes a cone, the apex of which is the centre of the earth; and the circumference of the base of the cone is a circle described amongst the stars. When the axis has described one-half of its course, the angle between the two positions it occupies at the beginning and at the middle of the rotation is about forty-seven degrees. And thus the extremity of the axis will successively come near to other stars than our present pole-star; and in about twelve thousand years it will have as the Polaris the very conspicu-

ous star Vega, or  $\alpha$  in the constellation Lyra.

We now proceed to explain the reason of this movement of the earth's axis. It is well known that the earth is not a perfect sphere, but is flattened at the poles, being what astronomers call an oblate spheroid. Now, the sun's attraction upon such a spheroidal body is not quite the same as it would be upon a perfect sphere. When the sun is at either equinox—that is, just over the equator—the attraction exercised upon our earth is the same as if that body were spherical; but when the sun is at or near the upper tropic, its action upon the terrestrial matter which bulges at the equator has a tendency to pull that matter towards the ecliptic, and to make the axis of the earth approach to a vertical to the ecliptic. The same influence is at work when the sun is near the lower tropic. And if this influence were not counteracted, the effect would be to cause the ecliptic and equator ultimately to coincide; and our annual succession of seasons would be done away with. But as no such catastrophe is threatening us, and the inclination of the ecliptic to the equator remains about twenty-three and a half degrees, there must be some force which neutralises the above tendency: this is the rotation of the earth on its own axis. No one but a good mathematician could *a priori* tell the exact effect of these two forces combined. But any one may see how rotation may effect the motion of a body acted on by another force, by observing how a pegtop is kept upright by the rotation, whilst it falls as the rotation ceases. The influence of this rotation to keep a body from falling may be noticed by any one who carefully observes a spinning coin when about to fall. While the coin spins rapidly, its uppermost part appears as a point. As it falls, the point becomes a small circle, increasing as the rotation slackens. But if the coin be very closely watched, when beginning to fall, it will be seen that the small circle is for a moment diminished, showing that the coin had partially recovered its upright position. This recovery is entirely due to the rotation. Similarly, a bicycle is kept from falling by its horizontal motion; and a conical bullet, which has gained a great

rapidity of rotation from a rifled barrel, keeps the direction of its axis without deflection to the right or left. And thus we find that the present position of the earth's axis with respect to the ecliptic is not altered; but the two forces acting upon the earth cause the axis to rotate, as above described, so that the north pole describes a circle in the heavens. But as the period of this rotation is very great, it was not easy to detect such a result, except after a long period of observation. It was discovered thus. The point where the ecliptic and equator cut is called the first point of the constellation Aries, one of the well-known twelve signs of the zodiac. From this point all celestial measurements are made eastwards. Each star of importance has had its distance east of that point—called its right ascension—recorded. In the course of time, the tables of these numbers so recorded appeared to be erroneous; but the error was so regular, and all in one direction, that it was conjectured that the point from which these right ascensions were reckoned had itself shifted its place. And so it proved; and if any one looks at a celestial globe, he will see that Aries no longer occupies the position where the equinox is, but is somewhat to the east, or right, because the point of intersection of the ecliptic and equator has slipped back. But as the sun appears to take a shorter time to come back to the equinox than to arrive at the same stars, which were once close to that point of intersection, this slow retrograde motion is termed the *precession* of the equinoxes. The distance on the equator caused by this retrograde motion would, if not otherwise modified, be  $50^{\circ}41'$  annually. But the attraction of the planets on each other produces a very small motion of the equinox in the other direction; and so the resulting precession is about  $50^{\circ}1'$  annually. If we divide the three hundred and sixty degrees in every circle by the above small quantity, we shall find that the period of the revolution of the earth's axis is twenty-five thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight years.

Of course the moon has an influence on the extra mass at the earth's equator, as the sun has, similar in kind, but far less in quantity. This influence would cause the earth's axis to describe very



small cones of the same nature as the large cone above described; and the period of every rotation would be about nineteen years. The effect of this second or lunar influence is to cause the earth's axis to dip a little towards the equator, and then to resume its position; and this nodding motion is termed *nutation*, from the Latin word *nuto*, to

nod. Thus the axis of the earth describes a cone not of uniform surface, but as it were fluted, and completes its majestic round in nearly twenty-six thousand years, pointing to a various succession of stars which will in their turns be honored by future astronomers as the pole-stars of their respective generations.—*Chambers's Journal*.



## LAUREL.

A PICTURED face, in frame of gold,  
Large, tender eyes, and forehead bold,  
And firm, unflinching mouth;  
A face that tells of mingled birth—  
The calmness of the northern earth,  
The passion of the south!

The one face in the world to me,  
The face I never more shall see  
Until God's kingdom come!  
Oh, tender eyes! oh, firm strong lips!  
What comfort in my life's eclipse?  
What succor? Ye are dumb!

I brought the blossoms of the Spring  
To deck my true love's offering  
While he was far away:  
With rose's bloom, with pansy's grace  
I wreathed the well-beloved face;  
I have no flowers to-day.

But laurel, laurel for my brave  
My hero lying in his grave  
Upon that foreign sod!  
He passed amid the crash of guns,  
Beyond the farthest sun of suns,  
A kingly soul, to God!

He died upon the battlefield,  
He knew not, he, to fly nor yield,  
Bold Britain's worthy son!  
And I will wreath his laurel crown,  
Although the bitter tears run down—  
I was his chosen one.

He loved his country, so did I;  
He parted forth to do or die,  
And I—I let him go;  
Oh dear, dear land! we gave thee all,  
God bless the banner, and the pall,  
God help the mourner's woe!

I hear the bells ring loud and sweet,  
I hear the shouting in the street,  
For joy of victory;

The very children cease their play,  
To babble of the victor's bay,  
And pennons flutter free.

I hear the vivas long and loud,  
As they ride onward through the crowd,  
His comrades bold and brave ;  
The shouts of triumph rend the air,  
Oh, he must hear them lying there,  
My hero in his grave !

I do not grudge thee, darling mine !  
I, the last daughter of a line  
Whose warrior blood ran free  
Upon the battlefields of old ;  
Thou wast not mine to have and hold,  
The land hath need of thee.

I do not grudge thee ; I shall smile,  
Beloved, in a little while,  
And glory in thy name ;  
I hold love's laurel in my hand,  
But take thou from the grateful land  
Thy wreath of deathless fame !

—All the Year Round.

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### THE COMPARATIVE STUDY OF GHOST STORIES.

BY ANDREW LANG.

WE seem to need a name for a new branch of the science of Man, the Comparative Study of Ghost Stories. Neither sciology, from *σκιά*, nor idolology, from *είδωλον*, appears a very convenient term, and as the science is yet in its infancy, perhaps it may go unnamed, for the time, like a colt before it has won its maiden race. But, though nameless, the researches which I wish to introduce are by no means lacking in curious interest. It may be objected that the comparative study of ghost stories is already well known, and practised by two very different sets of inquirers, anthropologists and the Society for Psychological Research ; but neither Mr. Tylor and Mr. Herbert Spencer nor "those about" Mr. Gurney and Mr. Myers work, as it seems to me, exactly on the topics and in the manner which I wish to indicate. Mr. Herbert Spencer, as we all know, traces religion to the belief in and worship of the ghosts of ancestors. Mr. Tylor, again, has learnedly examined the probable origin of the belief in ghosts, deriving that belief

from the phenomena of dreams, of fainting, of shadows, of visions induced by hunger or by narcotics, and of death. To state Mr. Tylor's theory briefly, and by way of an example, men reasoned themselves into a theory of ghosts after the manner of Achilles in the *Iliad* (xxiii. 70-110). The unburied Patroclus appeared to his friend in a dream, and passed away, "And Achilles sprang up marvelling, and smote his hands together, and spake a word of woe : 'Ay me, there remaineth then even in the house of Hades a spirit and phantom of the dead, albeit the life be not anywise therein ; for all night long hath the spirit of hapless Patroclus stood over me, wailing and making moan, and charged me everything that I should do, and wondrous like his living self it seemed.'"

Here we find Achilles in the moment of inferring from his dream the actual existence of a spirit surviving the death of the body. No doubt a belief in ghosts might well have been developed by early thinkers, as Mr. Tylor holds,

out of arguments like these of Achilles. It is certain, too, that many of the social and religious institutions of savages (if writers in the English language are to be allowed the use of that word) have been based on the opinion that the spirits of the dead are still active among the living. All this branch of the subject has been exhaustively treated by Mr. Tylor in his *Primitive Culture*. But I do not observe that Mr. Tylor has paid very much attention to what we may call the actual ghost stories of savages—that is, the more or less well-authenticated cases in which savages have seen the ordinary ghost of modern society. Here, for the purposes of clearness, I will discriminate certain kinds of ghost stories, all of them current among races as low as the Australians, and lower than the Fijians, all of them current, too, in contemporary European civilisation. First, let us place the well-known savage belief that the spirits of the dead reappear in the form of the lower animals often of that animal which is the totem or ancestral friend and guardian of the kinship. This kind of ghost story one seldom or never hears in drawing-rooms, but it is the prevalent and fashionable kind among the peasantry for example, in Shropshire. In the second class, we may reckon the more or less professional ghosts that appear obedient to the medium's or conjurer's command at *séances*. These spirits, which come "when you do call them," behave in much the same manner, and perform the same sorts of antics or miracles, in Australian *gunyehs*, in Maori *pahs*, and at the exhibition of Mr. Sludge, or of the esoteric Buddhists. Thirdly, we arrange the non-professional ghost, which does not come at the magician's call, but appears unexpected, and apparently irresponsible. This sort also haunts houses and forests; other members of the species manifest themselves at the moment of death, or become visible for the purpose of warning friends of their own approaching decease. Such phenomena as a sudden flash of supernatural light, or the presence of a white bird, or other ghostly creatures prophesying death, may perhaps be allotted to this class of apparitions.

These things are as well known to contemporary savages as they were to the

classical people of Lucian's day, or as they are, doubtless, to the secretaries of the Society for Psychical Research. Once more, we ought to notice the "well-authenticated" modern ghost story, which on examination proves to be really a parallel to the William Tell myth, and to recur in many ages, always attached to different names, and provided with fresh properties. To look into these ghost stories cannot be wholly idle. Apparently there is either some internal groundwork of fact at the bottom of a belief which savages share with Fellows of the Royal Society, or liability to certain recurring hallucinations must be inherited by civilised man from his untutored ancestors, or the mythopœic faculty, to use no harder term, is common to all stages of culture. As to habits of hasty inference and false reasoning, these, of course, were bequeathed to us by our pre-scientific parents, and these, with our own vain hopes and foolish fears, afford the stuff for most ghosts and ghost stories. The whole topic, in the meanwhile, has only been touched at either end, so to speak. The anthropologists have established their own theory of the origin of a belief in ghosts, without asking whether the actual appearance of apparitions may not have helped to start or confirm that belief. The friends of psychical research have collected modern stories of the actual appearance of apparitions without paying much attention, as far as I am aware, to their parallels among the most backward races, or to their mediæval and classical variants.

It is not necessary to occupy much space with the savage and modern ghosts of men that reappear in the guise of the lower animals. Among savages, who believe themselves to be descended from beasts, nothing can be more natural than the hypothesis that the souls revert to bestial shapes. The Zulus say their ancestors were serpents, and in harmless serpents they recognise the dead friend or kinsman returning to the family kraal. The Indian tribes of North-Western America claim descent from various creatures, and under the shape of these creatures their dead reappear. The lack of distinction, in the savage mind, between man and beast makes ghost stories of this species natu-

ral among savages. But it is curious, in Miss Burne's volume on *Shropshire Folk-Lore*, to find that almost all the Shropshire ghosts, even of known persons recently deceased, display themselves in the form of beasts, while ghosts in human guise are comparatively rare exceptions. Thus (p. 111) the wicked squire of Bagley, after his death, *came* as a monstrous and savage bull. He was "laid" in church, where he cracked the walls by the vigor of his resistance. "There are believers in this story who affirm that, were the stone to be loosened, the bull would come forth again by many degrees worse than he was at the first." "It is not an invariable rule that ghosts should take the form of animals. . . . A road near Hodnet is haunted by the ghost of a farmer who, for no known reason, comes again with a horse's head," like the Phigalian Demeter! The ghost (limited) of seven illegitimate children *came* as a cat! A man drowned in the Birmingham and Liverpool Canal appears (p. 107) as a monkey; and so on. So common, in France, are human ghosts in bestial form, that M. D'Assier has invented a Darwinian way of accounting for the phenomena. M. D'Assier, a Positivist, is a believer in ghosts, but not in the immortality of the soul. He suggests that the human *revenants* in the guise of sheep, cows, and shadowy creatures may be accounted for by a kind of Atavism, or "throwing back," on the side of the spirit to the lower animal forms out of which humanity was developed!

The chief or only interest of these bogies in bestial shape lies in the proof they afford of the tenacity of tradition. It is impossible to imagine the amount of evidence capable of proving that what seems a bull is really the ghost of a wicked squire, as people think in Shropshire. But the prevalence of a superstition like this demonstrates that ideas originally conceived by savages, and natural or inevitable in the savage mental condition, may survive in the rustic peoples of the most civilised nations.

The second class of ghost stories, tales of what we may call "professional" spirits that come and go at the sorcerer's command, need not detain us long. This branch of the subject has been examined by the anthropologists. Mr. Tylor

has provided many examples of the savage *séance*, the Shaman or medicine man bound and tied in a darkened room, and then released by the spirits whose voices are heard chattering around him. "Suppose a wild North American Indian looking on at a spirit *séance* in London. As to the presence of disembodied spirits manifesting themselves by raps, noises, voices, and other physical actions, the savage would be perfectly at home in the proceedings, for such things are part and parcel of his recognised system of nature." I doubt if any modern medium could quite rival the following feat of an Australian Birraark or sorcerer, as vouched for by one of the Tatungolung tribe. "The fires were allowed to go down," the Birraark began his invocation. At intervals he uttered the cry, *Coo'ee!* "At length a distant reply was heard, and shortly afterwards the sound as of persons jumping on the ground in succession. This was supposed to be the spirit Baukan followed by the ghosts. A voice was then heard in the gloom asking in a strange intonation, "What is wanted?" Questions were put by the Birraark, and replies given. At the termination of the *séance*, the spirit voices said, "We are going." Finally the Birraark was found in the *top of an almost inaccessible tree, apparently asleep*. It was alleged that the ghosts had transported him there at their departure."\* If as good a *séance* could be given in Hyde Park, and if Mr. Sludge could be found at the close in the top of one of the Scotch pines in Kensington Gardens, we might admit that the civilised is on a level with savage spiritualism. Yet even this *séance* was very much less impressive than what the author of *Old New Zealand* witnessed in a Maori pah, when the spirit of a dead native friend of his own was present and "manifested" rarely.

The curious coincidences between savage and civilised "spiritualism" have still to be explained. Mr. Tylor says that "the ethnographic view" finds "modern spiritualism to be in great measure a direct revival from the regions of savage philosophy and peasant folklore." But in a really comparative study of the topic, this theory would need to

\* *Kamilaroi and Kurnai*, p. 254.

be proved by historical facts. Let us grant that Eskimo and Australian spiritualism are a savage imposture. Let us grant that peasants, little advanced from the savage intellectual condition, retained a good deal of savage spiritualism. To complete the proof it would be necessary to adduce many examples of peasant *séances*, to show that these were nearly identical with savage *séances*, and then to demonstrate that the introducers of the civilised modern *séance* had been in touch with the savage or peasant performances. For the better explanation of the facts, the Psychical Society might send missionaries to investigate and test the exhibitions of Australian Birraarks, and Maori Tohungas, and Eskimo Anggekoks. Mr. Im Thurm, in Guiana, has made experiments in Peayism, or local magic, but felt no more than a drowsy mesmeric sensation, and a headache, after the treatment. While those things are neglected, psychical research is remiss in attention to her elevating task.

In the third class of ghosts we propose to place those which are independent of the invocations of the sorcerer, which come and go, or stay, at their own will. As to "haunted houses," savages, who have no houses, are naturally not much troubled by them. It is easy to leave one *gungch* or bark shelter for another; and this is generally done after a death among the Australians. Races with more permanent habitations have other ways of exorcising the haunters—by feeding the ghosts, for example, at their graves, so that they are comfortable there, and do not wish to emerge. Two curious instances of haunted forests may be given here. To one I have already referred in a little volume, *Custom and Myth*, recently published. Mrs. Edwards, in *Macmillan's Magazine*, printed a paper called "The Mystery of the Pezazi." To be brief, the mystery lay in the constant disturbing sounds of nocturnal tree-felling near a bungalow in Ceylon, where examination proved that no trees had been felled. Mrs. Edwards, her husband, and their servants were on several occasions disturbed by these sounds, which were unmistakable and distinct. The Cingalese attribute the noises to a Pezazi or spirit. I find a description of precisely the same disturb-

ances in Sahagun's account of the superstitions of the Aztecs. Brother Sahagun was one of the earliest Spanish missionaries in Mexico, and his account of Aztec notions is most intelligently written. In Mexico, too, "the Midnight Axe" is supposed to be a phenomenon produced by woodland spectres. A critic in the *Athenæum* suggested that the fact of the noise, attested by English witnesses in Ceylon who knew not Sahagun, was matter for the Psychical Society. Perhaps some physical examination would be more likely to discover the actual origin of the sounds of tree-felling. I was not aware, however, till Mr. Leslie Stephen pointed it out, that the Galapagos Islands, "suthard of the line," were haunted by the Midnight Axe. De Quincey, who certainly had not heard the Ceylon story, and who probably would have mentioned Sahagun's had he known it, describes the effect produced by the Midnight Axe on the nerves of his brother, Pink:—

So it was, and attested by generations of sea-vagabonds, that every night, duly as the sun went down and the twilight began to prevail, a sound arose—audible to other islands and to every ship lying quietly at anchor in that neighborhood—of a woodcutter's axe. . . . The close of the story was that after, I suppose, ten or twelve minutes of hacking and hewing, a horrid crash was heard, announcing that the tree, if tree it were, that never yet was made visible to daylight search, had yielded to the old woodman's persecution. . . . The woodcutter's axe began to intermit about the earliest approach of dawn, and, as light strengthened, it ceased entirely, after poor Pink's ghostly panic grew insupportable.\*

I offer no explanation of the Midnight Axe, which appears (to superstitious minds) to be produced by the *Pollergeist* of the forests.

A much more romantic instance, savage and civilised, of a haunted woodland may perhaps be regarded as a superstition transmitted by French settlers to the natives of New Caledonia. The authority for the following anecdote is my friend and kinsman, Mr. J. J. Atkinson, of Viewfield, Noumea, New Caledonia.

Mr. Atkinson has lived for twenty years remote from books, and in the company of savage men. He informs me that a friendly Kaneka came to visit

\* *Autobiographic Sketches*, p. 337.

him one day, and seemed unusually loth to go. After one affectionate farewell he came back and took another, and then a third, till Mr. Atkinson asked him why he was so demonstrative. The native then replied that this would be their last meeting; that in a day or two he would be dead. As he seemed in perfect health, the Englishman rallied him on his fears. But he very gravely explained that he had met in the woods One whom he took for the girl of his heart. It was not till too late that he recognised the woman for a forest-haunting spirit. To have to do with these is death in three days, and their caresses are mortal. As he said, so it happened, for the unlucky fellow shortly afterwards died. I do not think my informant had ever heard of *Le Sieur Nann* and the *Korrigan*, the well-known Breton folk-song of the knight who met the forest fairy, and died in three days. A version of the ballad is printed by *De la Villemarque*, *Barzaz-Breiz* (i. 41). Variants exist in Swedish, French, and even in a Lowland Scotch version, sung by children in a kind of dancing game. In this case, what we want to know is whether the *Kaneka* belief is native, or borrowed from the French. That there really exist fair and deadly women of the woods perhaps the most imaginative student will decline to believe. Among savages men often sicken, and even die, because they consider themselves bewitched, and the luckless *Kaneka* must have been the victim of a dream or hallucination reacting on the nervous system. But that does not account for the existence of the superstition.

The ghosts which at present excite most interest are ghosts beheld at the moment of their owner's decease by persons at a distance from the scene of death. Thus *Baronius* relates how "that eximious Platonist, *Marsilius Ficinus*," appeared at the hour of his death on a white horse to *Michael Mercatus*, and rode away, crying "O *Michael*, *Michael*, vera, vera sunt illa," that is, the doctrine of a future life is true. *Lord Brougham* was similarly favored. Among savages I have not encountered more than one example, and that rather sketchy, of a warning conveyed to a man by a ghost as to the death of a friend. The tale is in *FitzRoy's Voyage*

of the '*Adventurer*' and the '*Beagle*' (ii. 118). *Jemmy Button* was a young Fuegian whom his uncle had sold to the '*Beagle*' for a few buttons.

While at sea, on board the "*Beagle*," about the middle of the year 1842, he said one morning to *Mr. Byno*, that in the night some man came to the side of his hammock, and whispered in his ear that his father was dead. *Mr. Byno* tried to laugh him out of the idea, but ineffectually. He fully believed that such was the case, and maintained his opinion up to the time of finding his relations in *Beagle Channel*, when, I regret to say, he found that his father had died some months previously.

Another kind of ghost, again, that of a dead relative who comes to warn a man of his own approaching decease, appears to be quite common among savages. In his interesting account of the *Kurnai*, an Australian tribe, *Mr. Howitt* writes:—

*Mr. C. J. Du Vé*, a gentleman of much experience with the Aborigines, tells me that, in the year 1860, a *Maneroo* black fellow died while with him. The day before he died, having been ill for some time, he said that, in the night, his father, his father's friend, and a female spirit he could not recognize, had come to him, and said that he would die next day, and that they would wait for him.

To this statement the *Rev. Lorimer Fison* appends a note which ought to interest psychical inquirers. "I could give many similar instances which have come within my own knowledge among the *Fijians*, and, strange to say, the dying man, in all these cases, kept his appointment with the ghosts to the very day." A civilised example recorded by *Henry More* is printed in the *Remains* of the late *Dr. Symonds*. In that narrative a young lady was awakened by a bright light in her bedroom. Her dead mother appeared to her, exactly as the father of the *Maneroo* black fellow did, and warned her that she was to die on the following midnight. The girl made all her preparations, and, with *Fijian* punctuality, "kept her appointment with the ghosts to the very day." The peculiarity of *More's* tale seems to be the brilliance of the light which attended the presence of the supernatural. This strange fire is widely diffused in folklore. If we look at the *Eskimo* we find them convinced that the *Inue*, or powerful spirits, "generally have the appearance of a fire or bright light, and to see them is very dangerous. . . . partly

as foreshadowing the death of a relation."\* In the story repeated by More, not a kinsman of the visionary, but the visionary herself was in danger. In the *Odyssey*, when Athene was mystically present as Odysseus and Telemachus were moving the weapons out of the hall (xix. 21-50), Telemachus exclaims, "Father, surely a great marvel is this I behold! Meseemeth that the walls of the hall, and the fair spaces between the pillars, and the beams of pine, and the columns that run aloft are bright as it were with flaming fire. Verily some god is within of them that hold the wide heaven." Odysseus answers, "Lo, this is the wont of the gods that possess Olympus." Again, in Theocritus, when Hera sends the snakes to attack the infant Heracles, a mysterious flame shines forth, *φῶς δ' ἀνὰ οἶκον ἐπέχθη*.† The same phenomenon occurs in the saga of *Burnt Njal* when Gunnar sings within his tomb. Philosophers may dispute whether any objective fact lies at the bottom of this belief, or whether a savage superstition has survived into Greek epic and idyll, and into modern ghost stories. Into Scotch legend, too, this faith in a mysterious and ominous fire found its way—

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud,  
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie,  
Each baron, for a sable shroud,  
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Scott derives the idea from the tomb fires of the Sagas, but we have shown the wide diffusion of the belief.

By way of ending this brief sketch of the comparative study of ghost stories, an example may be given of the recurrent tale which is told of different people in different ages and countries. Just as the anecdote of William Tell and the Apple occurs in various times, and among widely severed races, so, in a minor degree, does the famous Beresford ghost story present itself in mythical fashion. The Beresford tale is told at great length by Dr. F. G. Lee, in his *Glimpses of the Supernatural*. As usual, Dr. Lee does not give the names of his informants, nor trace the channels through which the legend reached them. But he calls

\* Rink, *Tales and Traditions of the Eskimo*, p. 43.

† "And all the house showed clear as in the light of dawn."—Theoc. xix. 30-40, ed. Ahrens.

his version of the myth "an authentic record" (p. 51). To be brief, Lord Tyrone and Miss Blank were orphans, educated in the same house "in the principles of Deism." When they were about fourteen years of age their preceptor died, and their new guardians tried to "persuade them to embrace revealed religion." The boy and girl, however, stuck to Deism. But they made a compact that he or she who died first should appear to the survivor "to declare what religion was most approved by the Supreme Being." Miss Blank married Sir Martin Beresford. One day she appeared at breakfast with a pale face, and a black band round her wrist. Long afterwards, on her death-bed, she explained that this band covered shrunken sinews. The ghost of Lord Tyrone, at the hour of his death, had appeared to her, had prophesied (correctly) her future, and had touched her wrist by way of a sign.

He struck my wrist; his hand was as cold as marble; in a moment the sinews shrank up, every nerve withered. . . . I bound a piece of black ribbon round my wrist. The black ribbon was formerly in the possession of Lady Betty Cobb, who, during her long life, was ever ready to attest the truth of this narration, as are, to the present hour, the whole of the Tyrone and Beresford families.

Nothing would induce me to dispute the accuracy of a report vouched for by Lady Betty Cobb and all the Tyrones and Beresfords. But I must be permitted to point out that Lord Tyrone merely did what many ghosts had done before in that matter of touching Lady Beresford's wrist. Thus, according to Henry More "one" (bogie) "took a relation of Melancthon's by the hand, and so scorched her that she bore the mark of it to her dying day." Before Melancthon the anecdote was "improved" by Eudes de Shirton in a sermon (*Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions*, 1877). According to Eudes, a certain clerk, Serlon, made with a friend the covenant which Miss Blank made with Lord Tyrone. The survivor was to bring news of the next world. Well, the friend died, and punctually appeared to Serlon, "in a parchment cloak, covered with the finest writing in the world." Being asked how he fared, he said that this cloak, a punishment for his love of Logic, weighed heavier than lead, and scorched like the shirt of Nessus. Then

he held out his hand, and let fall a drop which burned Serlon to the bone—

And ever more that Master wore  
A covering on his wrist.

Before Eudes de Shirton (1081-1153) William of Malmesbury knew this anecdote, which he dates about 1060-1063, and localises in Nantes. His characters are "two clerks," an Epicurean and a Platonist, who made the usual contract that the first to die should appear to the survivor, and state whether Plato's ideas or Epicurus his atoms were the correct reply to the conundrum of the universe. The visit was to be paid within thirty days of the death. One of the philosophical pair was killed, a month passed, no news of him came. Then, when the other expected nothing less, and was busy with some ordinary matter, the dead man suddenly stood before him. The spectre explained that he had been unable to keep his appointment earlier; and, stretching out his hand, let fall three burning drops of blood, which branded, not the wrist, but the brow of the psychical inquirer. The anecdote recurs later, and is attached by certain commentators on Dante to one Siger de Brabant. Now this legend may be true about Lady Beresford, or about William of Malmesbury's two clerks, or about Siger de Brabant, or about Serlon; but the same facts of a compact, the punct-

ual appearance of the survivor, and the physical sign which he gave, can scarcely have occurred more than once. I am inclined, therefore, to believe that the narrative vouched for by two noble families is accurate, and that the tales of William of Malmesbury, Henry More, Eudes de Shirton, and Siger de Brabant are myths—

Or such refraction of events  
As often rises ere they rise.

Though this sketch of a new comparative science does not perhaps prove or disprove any psychical or mythological theory, it demonstrates that there is a good deal of human nature in man. From the Eskimo, Fuegians, Fijians, and Kurnai, to Homer, Henry More, Theocritus, and Lady Betty Cobb, we mortals are "all in a tale," and share coincident beliefs or delusions. What the value of the coincidence of testimony may be, how far it attests facts, how far it merely indicates the survival of savage conceptions, Mr. Tylor and Mr. Edmund Gurney may be left to decide. Readers of the *Philopseudes* of Lucian will remember how the Samosatene settled the inquiries of the psychical researches of his age, and in that dialogue there are abundant materials for the comparative student of ghost stories.—  
*Nineteenth Century.*

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## THE GERMAN ABROAD.

BY C. E. DAWKINS.

### I.

THE present movement in Germany towards colonial expansion promises to set in its right place the part played by her people in the settlement of the earth. This has been hitherto under-estimated, as Germany has established no colonies of her own, and up to the present century her colonial activity has been intermittent. But the colonizing instinct has, since the earliest times, been innate in the German character. For centuries the history of civilization in North Germany is the history of the gradual conquest of the Eastern Provinces from the

Wends, and of the patient reclamation of the soil. By their superior persistence and industry the Teutonic settlers pushed back in turn the various Sclavic populations whose irruptions had once thrust them to the west. Under different conditions the struggle continues at the present day, and German thrift and discipline even now gain ground in the Baltic provinces of Russia. This expansion of Germany to the east was followed by the rise of the great Hanseatic commerce. Nor can there be much doubt that, if the towns of the Hansa had retained their commercial pre-eminence, and if the steady increase of



German population had been left unhindered, German enterprise in due time would have claimed its share in the allotment of the New World. But at the decisive epoch the heaviest calamity she ever experienced, and one that influenced the whole of her succeeding history and retarded her development, fell upon Germany.

The religious troubles of the sixteenth century drew to a head in the great religious war. When the Peace of Westphalia was signed, and the storm which had raged through the length and breadth of the land for nearly thirty years, was at last spent, Germany was left desolate and exhausted. Her fields lay untilled, her forests had been wasted with fire, her commerce dislocated, while something like two-thirds of her population had perished. So appalling did the want of men and labor seem at the time that even the Catholic Church, according to some historians, sanctioned marriage among its priests. From that time to the beginning of this century, Germany practically retires from the field of colonial and commercial activity; for, whatever may be the last motives which impel the emigrant to leave his home, the necessary condition of successful colonization in the modern world is the presence of a redundant population at home. Moreover, the policy of the petty Governments into which the country was broken up, was now uniformly directed to attracting and then restricting labor. This was absolutely necessary in the first place for the actual cultivation of the soil. In 1768 the humanitarian Emperor, Joseph II., issued a warning to the princes of the Holy Roman Empire against allowing the migration of their subjects for this reason. With the rise of political ambitions an additional motive was supplied. In Prussia and elsewhere the serfs contributed exclusively the rank and file of the armies, which were officered by the nobility, while the commercial classes were exempted from military service.

After a long interval German population began to recover itself in the last century. But the process was gradual, and it received a heavy blow from the Seven Years' War, and again from the protracted Napoleonic struggle. During the eighteenth century the only con-

siderable emigration was Catharine the Second's great importation of German peasants into Southern Russia. And in connection with this appears for the first time that deep-rooted aversion to paying the blood-tax of conscription, which became an article of faith with the Menonite sect, and removed it wholesale from the Dantzic region.

## II.

AFTER the Treaty of Paris the enormous reproductive vigor of the German race soon reasserted itself, and the surplus population began to swarm off in ever-larger numbers. The stream of emigration, which had begun to dribble into New York before the close of last century, where the son of a Baden butcher had already established the future fortunes of the Astors, assumed its present volume and importance about 1820. Since that time it has kept roughly proportionate to the growth of population, increasing temporarily when wars and rumors of war have been in the air, and subsiding, as they disappeared, to its normal limits. Taking the last sixty years from 1822, the total number of German immigrants into North America was something over three millions, and the last decade has contributed a million alone. They have increased and multiplied in the land of their adoption, and the United States contain to-day some seven million citizens in all of German origin, who, according to many observers, are destined to become the predominant element in the new community. It has certainly pervaded the whole organization of society. German names are to be found among the leading merchants, the great financiers, and, to a minor extent, among the politicians, and if they occur less frequently than might be expected, it must be remembered that a regular process of converting German into English names, according to their signification, was instituted in the New York of last century.

The German settler, as a rule, makes a less enterprising pioneer than the British. He is averse to giving hostages to fortune, and trusts rather to patient industry along the beaten tracks. But where the English or Scotch American has pushed to the West or founded a

new mining-camp, the less adventurous Teuton follows, and, with his genius for plodding industry, not unfrequently reaps the fruits of the others' daring. Accordingly the mass of the German Americans may be found within the more settled Eastern and Central States. A large proportion go to recruit the territorial democracy, and an almost equally large number find employment in the mines, on roads and railways, and in the engineering sheds. The female immigrants do something to supply the general want of domestic servants, and the ubiquitous German Kellner is almost as well known in New York as in Dresden or Vienna. A small residue, again, which has carried into the New World the impracticable ideas and habits which made residence in the Fatherland impossible, sink into the discontented urban populations among which Socialistic ideas are germinating freely.

Vast as their powers of assimilation are, the United States, however, do not absorb all the redundant population of Germany. Though no longer imported and settled in large bodies by improving Empreses as an example of thrift, the peasants still find their way across the Russian frontier. The Czar now counts nearly three quarters of a million subjects of German origin, chiefly of the Bauer class, and they supply the best agricultural labor in his dominions. But, unlike their brethren in the more congenial atmosphere of America, they refuse to throw off their *Deutschthum*, and remain in unyielding opposition to their unsympathetic environment.

Among the steppes of New Russia, or along the flat banks of the shallow Volga, the traveller will come upon more than one cluster of villages with high-pitched roofs, bearing the familiar names of Weimar, Strasburg, Mannheim, &c. which witness to the existence of a secret *Heimweh*, *æternum sub pectore volnus*. Considerable agricultural colonies have similarly grown up unnoticed in South America. In Rio Grande do Sul and the adjacent provinces, German settlers have rendered their territory the garden of Brazil; have given the landscape a new character with their Lutheran churches, and are wealthy and numerous enough to support five German newspapers.

Far away, also, under less clement skies, their perseverance has reclaimed a prosperous domain amid the swamps of the Dobrudscha. The Menonite settlement which lately passed under the Roumanian Government numbers 100,000 souls. The beginnings of smaller settlements, again, are noticeable in Syria and Thessaly, intent on bringing under cultivation long-desolate tracts.

In England and in other populous countries the position of the German settler is naturally different. The immigration into England began with the political refugees of 1848, and developed its present character and proportions much later. At this moment the German element in England is probably under-estimated at 250,000. It is concentrated in the large towns. The metropolis alone is credited with 100,000 German adults, and its German population suffices to support four newspapers, while a daily average importation of 12,500 journals keep it in touch with the Fatherland. Manchester and Liverpool can boast another 30,000 between them, engaged in commerce and finance. Indeed, according to a common saying, half the members of the Stock Exchange are now Germans, and this very exaggeration indicates the position they have acquired in the world of Capel Court. The majority, however, are rather to be found in the lower walks of commercial life.

The German clerk has become a conspicuous feature in the city, and tends to bring down still lower the scanty salaries of the class to which he belongs. There are eating-houses in the neighborhood of Mark Lane where the mid-day visitor might fancy himself transported into Hamburg, so general are the guttural interjections around him. Germans throng, again, into several industries, while in the East-end there is a large but by no means prosperous body of tailors, whom Professor Bryce found it prudent, for electoral purposes, to address in their own tongue.

Even into France the intruding German has found his way. He has engrossed several branches of trade into his hands, has come to be the principal maker of the elegant *articles du Paris*, and from time to time provokes an outburst of indignant chauvinism. Accord-

ing to consular reports, exclusive of citizens of German descent, the Republic shelters and maintains 80,000 subjects of the Hohenzollerns. His presence is also felt in Italy, Hungary, and the Austrian Slav States. The same qualities win him a foothold everywhere; he works harder, lives cheaper, and asks less than the native. He threatens, indeed, in these respects, to become to other Europeans what the Chinese have become to the American.

Not content with the necessarily rough estimates of the number of German-descended settlers abroad, the Imperial Government last year set on foot a careful statistical inquiry into the number of expatriated German-born subjects. The returns are as yet incomplete, and do not embrace Russia or Asia. But they are significant as showing the direction this vast emigration takes. Out of nearly two and a half millions of German-born subjects in other lands, America contains 1,900,000, France and Switzerland respectively about 80,000, and England 40,000.

It could hardly be expected that Germany, animated by a proud consciousness of her newly-won national existence, should look upon this expatriation of her children with equanimity. There are many things in the position of their brethren abroad which are only too galling to the pride of the arbiters of Europe. Hardest of all, perhaps, for the German patriot to bear is the spectacle of his countrymen easily surrendering their *Deutschthum*, putting on another nationality like a cloak, and becoming oblivious of the common home. According to Hartmann's dismal lamentations, the German emigrant is distinguished above all others by the ease with which he effects this change.

Certainly in America and Australia his complaint holds good. The vulgar system of transforming German into English names has already been remarked, and in the second generation the immigrant is entirely American, ostentatiously affecting to "*schbick de Inglish* only." Elsewhere the process of transition does not go on so readily. In Russia the German settler exemplifies the fundamental antagonism of Slav and Teuton, and retains a sense of his origin and inherent superiority among his more

indolent neighbors. But in Russia the Bauer is contributing to the wealth, not only of a rival, but perhaps of a hostile nationality. He labors again, even in Brazil, under religious and civil disabilities; in the Dobrudscha the German villages were harried by Circassians in the late war, and now the Roumanian Government seeks to plant its own husbandmen on the lands reclaimed by German industry. In other European countries the emigrant is forced to win a difficult footing by undertaking the most toilsome and unremunerative labor. He is, indeed, reduced into being a hewer of wood and drawer of water for alien peoples.

Apart from these sentimental motives there are urgent political and economical reasons why the demand for a greater Germany, for a German exit to carry off this surplus population, should now be made. A military empire depends upon its supply of recruits, and according to Bismarck's somewhat paradoxical theory, the emigrants are drawn from among the most capable and energetic citizens. This continual drain of military strength can hardly be looked upon without apprehension.

Again the economical loss to Germany by this outgoing of productive labor is tremendous. It has been calculated at an annual sum of £15,000,000, and for the last fifty years to amount to a capital sum of £700,000,000. These figures are probably pitched too high, but the substantial fact remains the same.

### III.

At the same time the vital necessity of relieving Germany by an annual *Auswanderung* is now fully recognized. The necessity becomes daily more urgent. In Germany the birth-rate per mille has advanced to 38; in Great Britain it stands at 35, giving a yearly increase in population for the two countries of 600,000 and 400,000 respectively. Hence every walk of life is congested in the Empire, and in the lower strata of society the struggle for existence has become almost interminable. The artisans have no accumulated resources to fall back upon as in England, and the pressure of the agricultural class upon the soil, for all its thrift and economy,

is fearfully severe. The struggle tells chiefly, of course, upon life in its weaker stages, and the returns of infant mortality indicate how desperate it has become, how shrunken is the margin between production and consumption, and what the terrible remedy is which Nature is constrained to supply. In populous tracts in the heart of the Empire the rate of infant mortality reaches 40, and even 45, per mille. In corresponding English districts it does not rise above 20.

For the last twenty-five years individual thinkers have proclaimed the importance of organizing German colonies to carry off this surplus population regularly, of preventing its absorption into foreign peoples, and of utilizing it for the common weal. For years their exhortations remained like the voice of one crying in the wilderness. The country was engaged in consolidating its national existence; a superficial glance revealed the fact that the more desirable spaces of the earth's surface were filled up, and the official classes looked upon the proposal askance. Proud of the great work its industry and intelligence had already achieved, the Beamtenstand was confident of its ability to solve the newer problems by re-adjusting the relations of labor and capital, and by modifying the social organization.

The task has proved more formidable than was anticipated, and the attitude of the Socialists has disabused the bureaucracy of its confidence. In opposition even to the enticing schemes of the Iron Chancellor they show themselves determined to insist on their own inadmissible scheme of social re-construction. Nor do they manifest more favor towards the colonial panacea; some of their leaders, indeed, have denounced it in the bitterest terms, both as impracticable and as an *ignis fatuus* likely to lead the nation astray from the true path of salvation. On the other hand, the commercial classes are warm in its support, and German conservatism generally hopes for the effect which a Greater Germany may possibly exercise in diverting the imagination of the working classes from internal Utopias.

But the difficulties in the way of establishing transmarine agricultural colonies, and this is the central aim of German

aspirations, are very great. Germany has to make up the lee-way of two centuries, to recover the start which England obtained while she was torn and exhausted by recurring war. The suitable zones of the world are apparently already occupied, and neither the acquisition of islands in the Pacific, nor placing barren coasts or fever-swamps in Africa under the Imperial ægis, will serve her purpose. Popular aspirations, indeed, point to a South African Empire, incorporating the Transvaal and Cape Colony at our expense, and influential papers do not hesitate to air these aspirations. But neither these suggestions nor the more practicable demand for a Germany in South America have yet received the *imprimatur* of responsible politicians.

#### IV.

A LIKE necessity for making up lost lee-way dominates the simultaneous movement towards commercial extension. Germany entered the commercial arena long after England had covered the globe with the network of her shipping routes and her credit system. To reduce the advantage gained, and to bring up their own lines to a level, a subvention is to be paid out of the national revenues. An examination of the four subsidized lines originally proposed, to China, Australia, Bombay, and South Africa, shows that they were meant to compete directly with existing English routes. In the same way the projected Transmarine Bank is to contend with the ubiquitous English banking and credit organization, of which the Germans are forced to avail themselves. Indeed, the *Cologne Gazette* has lately computed that by the use of English carrying ships, and by the payment of bank commissions, &c., Germany contributes a tax of £25,000 a day to the wealth of this country.

Handicapped, however, as German commerce has been, it has lately made great strides over-seas, thanks to its distinguishing qualities of thrift and industry. German competition is felt severely in the Far East, and has cut down profits at Hongkong to a minimum. And though the bulk of the foreign trade of China remains with the English, the coasting trade is rapidly pass-

ing into German hands. In South America they have secured a still larger share of her trade; their agents are active in the Pacific; and, besides the new territory of Lüderitzland, more than sixty factories have recently been established along the African coast, from Sierra Leone to Ambriz, while German influence had apparently gained a temporary advantage in Zanzibar. The demand for new markets is the more urgent now in Germany because the largest of her previous markets, Russia, is being closed against her. Not content with having sheltered themselves already behind an almost prohibitive tariff, the Moscow manufacturers, alarmed at the success with which their German rivals have transferred their plant into Russian Poland, in spite of the difficulties and expense, now clamor for a Customs line to be drawn between the Polish provinces and inner Russia.

The loud demand for new markets is not, however, really so urgent, or sustained by such pressing causes, as the cry for colonial settlements. It may be doubted whether Germany's penurious soil possesses in itself sufficient mineral and other resources ever to allow her to contend with this country as the great manufacturer of the raw products of the world.

It is rather England who must seek new outlets for her commerce, as her old markets are exhausted or shared among new competitors, while the amount of human energy she supplies, and its more than proportionate productivity, steadily increase, owing to acquired skill and improved machinery. Germany's first need, on the other hand, is for habitable and agricultural colonies, where her surplus population may be planted, and may not be lost to her. There is, therefore, no immediate cause of hostile rivalry; and German expansion, with its orderly and commercial instinct, may be regarded as a valuable influence in the spread of civilization.

## V.

In discussing German movements, however, it is impossible, at the present time, to omit reckoning with the views

of the great statesman who controls her destinies. Prince Bismarck has been variously represented as reluctantly putting himself at the head of a colonial agitation which he really deprecates, and as using it merely in order to discomfit domestic opponents, or to make foreign Governments feel his weight abroad. No doubt these last two reasons have had some effect in shaping the Chancellor's actual policy. But Prince Bismarck appears to have needed no prompting for appreciating the necessity of colonial expansion, and to have given it his serious reflection long before the present Colonization Society met at Eisenach. In the days of the North German Confederacy, the rising Minister lent all his influence to the proposals of the firm of Godeffroys Bros. for the annexation of the Samoa group. A scheme was drawn up, dividing the land among military settlers, grants of arms were made from the Royal Arsenals, and the *Hertha* the first continental iron-clad which steamed through the Suez Canal, was despatched to give a vigorous support. Before the last arrangements, however, were completed, the Franco-German war intervened, with the internal consolidation and the diplomatic struggles which succeeded it.

But Prince Bismarck had not abandoned his early ideas; he was waiting till the time was ripe. In 1875 he made a tentative effort, without success, to wring a guarantee from the Reichstag for a new South Sea Company. Next year he was pressed to give his support to a proposed railway from Pretoria to the sea. He refused, but in private made the following significant statement to the intermediate agent:—

"The colonial question is one I have studied for years. I am convinced Germany cannot go on for ever without colonies, but as yet I fail to perceive deep traces of such a movement in the country." Those deep traces have now been revealed, and it remains to be seen whether the Iron Chancellor will not be able, in spite of the apparently insuperable objects in his way, to give practical effect to the aspirations of the German nation, and to his own earnest conviction.—*National Review*.

## GEORGE SAND.

ON the 8th June, 1876, George Sand, the great French novelist, died at her château of Nohant in Berri. The strong right hand that for forty years had been used in the service of her countrymen, sometimes to delight, sometimes to admonish, had dropped the pen in death; the noble heart that, with all its faults and all its deviations from the strict line of social conventionality, had yet ever sided with the weak against the strong, the oppressed against the oppressor, had ceased to beat, and even in the frivolous, heartless capital where she had lived, men went about knowing they had sustained an irreparable loss and that a blank had been made in their lives that would never be filled.

She was the last of that illustrious fraternity of chosen spirits that flourished fifty years ago in France, of whom Victor Hugo is the sole survivor. Lamartine, Théophile Gautier, Michelet, Alfred de Musset, Balzac, George Sand, were the names that then resounded in the literary world of Paris, while now Emile Zola and Alexandre Dumas fils are its principal adornments. George Sand and Balzac's novels form as it were the connecting link between the world of romance of the eighteenth century and our own. She has carried the idealism of Jean Jacques' "Nouvelle Héloïse" and the poetry of Chateaubriand's "Renée" into our prosaic nineteenth century, while Balzac presented to his contemporaries as vivid reflections of life as any to be found in the pages of "Manon Lescaut" or "Gil Blas." The authoress of "Indiana" is the high-priestess of the romantic school; the author of "Le Père Goriot" the exponent of the realistic.

"Love must be idealised in fiction," she says in the "Histoire de ma Vie." "We must give it all the force, and all the aspirations we have felt ourselves, besides all the pain we have seen and suffered. Under no circumstances must it ever be debased; it must triumph or die, and we must not be afraid to invest it with an importance in life, which lifts it altogether above ordinary sentiments."

Balzac, her fellow-worker, used to say: "You seek men as they ought to be; I take them as they are. I idealise

and exaggerate their vices; you their virtues."

By further study of her life and correspondence, we shall know how true this observation is, and how this striving after ideal perfection not only influenced her literary work, but caused so much of that eccentricity and rebellion against social laws which shocked her contemporaries and has made her name a by-word in the mouths of those who could not appreciate her genius, or realise the tenderness and nobility of soul that were hidden under her unfeminine exterior.

The publication of her letters (looked forward to with so much impatience) has recently taken place, and the veil has been still further torn from those domestic relations well known to have been unhappy. Were they written by any one but the authoress of "Elle et Lui," we should have regretted their appearance as indiscreet, and wanting in loyalty towards one no longer able to protest against the secrets of her life being dragged forth to amuse the crowd. A frequent charge however brought against George Sand is the want of delicacy she has shown in taking the world into her confidence. "Charity towards others, dignity towards myself, sincerity before God," is the motto prefixed to the "Histoire de ma Vie." She certainly is both charitable and sincere, but we must agree with her enemies in thinking it an open question whether, so far as concerns herself, she has observed a dignified reserve. Indeed, on various occasions she defiantly proclaimed, "That all hypocrisy was distasteful to her, and that it would have been the recognition of those acts as irregularities which were but the legitimate exercise of her liberty, had she been ashamed of them or endeavored to keep them secret."

The autobiography was unfortunately revised and corrected in 1869, and considerably spoilt in the process. These letters are the more interesting, therefore, as throwing sudden lights on varying moods, and showing the rejection of many heterodox opinions at first, which were afterwards accepted without hesitation.

"La vie ressemble bien plutôt à un roman, qu'un roman à la vie," she says, and certainly no heroine of one of her own romances could be more interesting as a study than she is, with her gentleness and "bavardages de mère" one moment, and her violent casting off of all domestic duties the next. Touching appeals are made to Jules Boucoiran, the tutor, to tell her whether her children ever mention her name, and directly after there is the following exultant declaration :

"Ainsi, à l'heure qu'il est, à une lieue d'ici, quatre mille bêtes me croient à genoux dans le sac, et dans la cendre, pleurant mes péchés comme Madeleine. Le réveil sera terrible. Le lendemain de ma victoire, je jette ma béquille, je passe au galop de mon cheval aux quatre coins de la ville."

The first letter of the "Correspondence" is written in 1812, when Made-moiselle Aurore Dupin was a happy child of eight, living at her ancestral home, the old château of Nohant.

Already she is insubordinate and high-spirited, delighted at being able to deceive her grandmother by carrying on a secret correspondence with her mother, and hiding the letters behind the portrait of the old Dupin in the entrance-hall. "Que j'ai de regret de ne pouvoir te dire adieu. Tu vois combien j'ai de chagrin de te quitter. Adieu ; pense à moi, et sois que je ne t'oublierai point.—TA FILLE. Tu mettras la réponse derrière le portrait du vieux Dupin."

The last letter of the first volume is dated "La Châtre, 1836," when what she herself called the crisis of the "sixth lustrum" was over. The celebrated voyage to Venice with Alfred de Musset had already been made, the romance of "Elle et Lui" had been lived through and written—the immortal passion which has been told and sung by both sides for the benefit of the world, and which has now become a part of the poetry of the nineteenth century, was already a thing of the past ; and she had come to the point, as she writes to her friend Madame d'Agout, of finding her greatest happiness in a state of being where she neither thinks nor feels. "You, perhaps, are too happy and too young to envy the lot of those shining white stones which lie so cold, so calm,

so dead, under the light of the moon. I always salute them as I pass along the road in my solitary midnight ride." This volume comprises, therefore, all the most eventful period of her life, and whatever has since been published is only of secondary interest.

George Sand was born in Paris in 1804. She was descended on her father's side from Maurice de Saxe, natural son of Augustus II., King of Poland. Her father died in 1808, and she was brought up at the château of Nohant close to La Châtre in Berri. She lived there until she was thirteen, passing her days in the open air, sometimes wandering through the woods and fields, with the peasant children of the neighboring village, or more often sitting alone, under some great tree, listening to the murmur of the river close by, and the whisper of the wind amidst the leaves. Here she learnt that kindness and simplicity of manner which always characterised her, and here she contracted that love for communion with Nature which in her wildest and most despairing moments never forsook her.

"Ah, that I could live amidst the calm of mountain solitudes," she exclaims, "morally and materially above the region of storms." There to pass long hours in contemplation of the starry heavens, listening to the mysterious sounds of nature, possessing all that is grandest in creation united with the possession of myself."

At twelve she began to write, composing long stories about a hero to whom, under the name of Corambe, she raised an altar of stones and moss in the corner of the garden. For years she remained faithful to Corambe and cherished the project of constructing a poem or romance to celebrate his illustrious exploits.

At thirteen, her mother and grandmother, unable to agree upon the subject of her education, determined to send her to a convent in Paris.

"Conceive," one of her biographers says, "the sadness of this wild bird shut up in the cage of the English Augustines in the 'Rue des Fossés-Saint-Victor.' She wept tears of bitter regret for the cool depths of woods, the sunny mornings, and dim quiet evenings of her home."

Comfort was soon found however in her work, and in the schoolgirl friend-

ships that she formed, some of which lasted her lifetime.

In 1820, when sixteen, she returned to Nohant. Her grandmother died in the following year; and then, although often suffering from her mother's irritable and capricious temper, she seems to have enjoyed perfect liberty: riding, walking, and reading; devouring everything that came into her hands, from Thomas à Kempis to Jean Jacques Rousseau. On one occasion, kneeling before the altar in the chapel, she was seized with a paroxysm of devotion and talked of becoming a nun. To this succeeded complete emancipation in her religious opinions, and a refusal even to conform to the observances of her Church. A quarrel with her confessor accomplished the separation from orthodoxy. She became a deist, and remained so for the rest of her life, making art her religion, and passing through all the phases of pessimism and Saint-Simoni- anism that prevailed in her day.

In 1822, to escape the solicitations of her mother, she consented to marry Monsieur Dudevant, son of one of the barons of the Empire.

She describes in her autobiography how one evening, when sitting outside Tortoni's eating ices at the theatre, she heard a friend (Madame Duplessis) say to her husband: "See, there is Casimir!" Whereupon a slight, elegant young man of military bearing came up to salute them. Her fate was sealed from that day. They were married in September 1822, she being only eighteen. After paying a few visits they returned to live at Nohant. The letters begin consecutively after the birth of her first child, and are written at odd times, and from different places—sometimes in the middle of the night, while all the household were asleep, the lightning flashing and the thunder rolling; sometimes in a garret overlooking a narrow little street of the town of Châtre, at six o'clock in the morning, the nightingales singing outside and the scent of a lilac-tree pervading the air; sometimes at her grandmother's old bureau in the hall at Nohant, with all her family round her.

The portion of the "Correspondence" which will take readers most by surprise is that describing the first years of her married life. There is no desire here

"to lose her identity in the great conscience of humanity!" her heart seems perfectly satisfied bending over her cradle, and her mind entirely occupied with the "concrete duties" of manufacturing soothing syrups and amusing her children.

"My son is splendidly fat and fresh," she writes to her mother. "He has a bright complexion and determined expression, which I must say is borne out by his character. He has six teeth which he uses with great vigor, and he stands beautifully on his feet, though too young to run alone."

Casimir is mentioned now and then, and always with a certain amount of affection. She is evidently attached to him through the children, and relates how fond he is of her and them.

"Our dear papa," she says, "is very much taken up with his harvest. He has adopted a mode of threshing out his corn, which accomplishes in three weeks what used to occupy five or six. He works very hard all day, and is off rake in hand at daybreak. We women sit on the heaps of corn reading and working for hours together."

She describes a carnival at Nohant in 1826, four years after her marriage, when she sits up three nights a week dancing. "Obligations which have to be accepted in life." Obligations which seem to be grateful enough to her, although she only amuses herself by the light of three candles, with an orchestra composed of a hurdy-gurdy and bagpipes.

Certain disturbing elements seem however, as the year goes on, to agitate the domestic barometer. They make a journey to Bordeaux, and there the society, although not brilliant, is more attractive than that of Nohant—the prospect of returning to the "three candles and the hurdy-gurdy" seems to frighten her—and she complains of Casimir's want of "intellectual" energy: "Paresseux de l'esprit, et enragé des jambes."

"Cold, wet, nothing keeps him at home; whenever he comes in it is either to eat or to snore." In writing about some commissions which her mother has executed for her in Paris, she says: "Casimir asks me to express his gratitude; it is a sentiment which we can still feel in common." Rustic duties pall upon her, her appetite and health fail, she is reduced to "looking at the stars, instead of sleeping." "My existence



is passed in a complete state of mental solitude surrounded by unsympathetic, commonplace people, some of whom deface their lives by coarse inebriety." She here alludes to her brother, Hippolyte, who destroyed his own and his wife's happiness by his drunken habits.

The only event that brightened her sadness was the arrival of a young tutor for her children, M. Jules Boucoiran, who always, as she says, remained her devoted friend and ally.

She thus whimsically relates an incident small in itself, but one that made an impression on her owing to the existing circumstances :

" I was living in what used to be my grandmother's boudoir, because there was only one door, and no one could come in unless I liked. My two children sleep in the room next to me. The boudoir was so small that I could hardly fit into it with all my books. I therefore slept in a hammock, and wrote at an old bureau, which I used in company with a cricket, who seeing me so often had become perfectly tame. It lived on my wafers, which I purposely chose white for fear of poisoning it. After eating its meal on my paper as I wrote, it always went and sang in its favorite drawer. One evening, not hearing it move, I searched everywhere, but the only remains I found of my poor friend were his hind legs. He never told me that he went out for a walk every day, and the maid had crushed him when shutting the window. I buried him in a datura flower, which I kept for some time as a sacred relic. I could not get rid of a strange foreboding that with the song of this little cricket my domestic happiness had fled for ever."

Meantime the artistic leaven was working within her. On one of her flying visits to Paris she entered the Louvre and felt singularly " taken possession of " by the beautiful pictures around her.

" I returned," she says, " again and again, arriving early in the morning and going away late in the evening. I was transported into another world, and was haunted day and night by the grand figures created by genius. The past and present were revealed to me, I became classical and romantic at the same time, without understanding the struggle between the two that agitated the artistic world. I seemed to have acquired a treasure, the existence of which I had never been aware of. My spirit expanded, and when I left the gallery I walked through the streets as in a dream."

After this awakening of her intellectual nature she returned to Nohant, more determined than ever to escape from her wretched life, and to save her children from influences that might destroy

them in the future. Her first object was to endeavor to make money enough to procure the means of existence. She tried everything, translating, drawing, needlework, and at last discovered that she could earn an humble pittance by painting flowers on wooden boxes. To this pursuit she devoted herself for some time, believing it to be the only trade for which she was fitted.

Meantime her domestic affairs came to a crisis sooner than she expected. The cause is thus related to Jules Boucoiran :

" You know my home life, and how intolerable it is ! You yourself have often been astonished to see me raise my head the day after I had been crushed to the earth. But there is a term to everything. Events latterly have hastened the resolution which otherwise I should not have been strong enough to take. No one suspects anything ; there has been no open quarrel. When seeking for something in my husband's desk I found a packet addressed to myself. On it were written these words : ' To be opened after my death.' I opened it however at once. What did I find ? imprecations, anathemas, insulting accusations, and the word ' perversity.' "

This discovery, she tells him, decided her to come to an arrangement with her husband at once, by which she was to live the greater part of the year in Paris with her children, spending a month or two of the summer at Nohant. There were, no doubt, faults on both sides. She herself confesses in her autobiography " that she was no saint, and was often unjust, impetuous in her resolves, too hasty in her judgments." Wherever there are strong feelings and desires there must be discord at times.

" Happy he who plants cabbages," says she. " He has one foot on the earth, and the other is only raised off it the height of the spade. Unfortunately for me, I fear if I did plant cabbages I should ask for a logical justification for my activity, and some reason for the necessity of planting cabbages."

Hers is not a nature that must be judged coldly. What right have we to say that she was to clip the wings of her genius, pass her years in the service of conventionality, and never seek the full development of her artistic nature ? When she left the home of her childhood with pilgrim's staff and scrip to start along the thorny path that led to the shrine of art, she was not actuated by any weak and wayward desire of change,

but by the vehement and passionate desire to give forth to the world what was locked within her breast.

The beginning of her life in Paris was one of considerable poverty and privation. She lived *au cinquième* in a lodging, which cost her a yearly rent of £12; she had no servant, and got in her food from an eating-house close by for the sum of two francs a day. Her washing and needlework she did herself. Notwithstanding this rigid economy, it was impossible to keep within the limits of her husband's allowance of £10 a year, especially as far as her dress was concerned.

After some hesitation therefore she took the resolution, which caused so much scandal then and afterwards, of adopting male attire.

"My thin boots wore out in a few days," she tells us in the autobiography. "I forgot to hold up my dress, and covered my petticoats with mud. My bonnets were spoilt one after another by the rain. I generally returned from the expeditions I took, dirty, weary, and cold. Whereas my young men acquaintances—some of whom had been the companions of my childhood in Berri—had none of these inconveniences to submit to. I therefore had a long gray cloth coat made with a waistcoat and trousers to match. When this costume was completed by a gray felt hat and a loose woollen cravat, no one could have guessed that I was not a young student in my first year. My boots were my particular delight. I should like to have gone to bed with them. On their little iron heels I wandered from one end of Paris to the other; no one took any notice of me, or suspected my disguise."

George Sand was twenty-seven years of age at this time. Without being beautiful she was striking and sympathetic-looking. Sainte-Beuve thus describes his first interview with her:

"I saw, as I entered the room, a young woman with expressive eyes and a fine open brow, surrounded by black hair, cut rather short. She was quiet and composed in manner, speaking little herself, but listening attentively to all I had to say."

In an engraving of Calmatta's from a picture done by Ary Scheffer, we see that her features were large but regular, her eyes magnificent, and her face distinguished by an expression of strength and calm that was very remarkable. Her hair, dressed in long bandeaux, increases this expression of peace so belied by the audacity of her genius.

She began her life of independence

with very fixed opinions on abstract ideas, but with complete ignorance, so far as material necessities were concerned:

"I know nothing about the world, and have no prejudices on the subject of society, to which the more I see of it, the less I desire to belong. I do not think I can reform it, I do not interest myself enough about it to wish to do so. This reserve and laziness is perhaps a mistake, but it is the inevitable result of a life of isolation and solitude. I have a basis of 'nonchalance' and apathy in my disposition which, without any effort on my part, keeps me attached to a sedentary life, or, as my friends would call it, 'an animal one.'"

A great many of these friends were so shocked at her eccentric proceedings, that she made up her mind to withdraw voluntarily from intercourse with them, leaving them the option of continuing it if they liked.

"What right had I to be angry with them, if they gave me up? How could I expect them to understand my aims or my desires? Did they know? Did I know myself, when burning my vessels, whether I had any talent, any perseverance?"

"I never told any one my real intentions; and whenever I talked of becoming an author, it was in joke, making fun of the idea, and of myself."

Still her destiny urged her forward, and she was more than ever resolved, in spite of the difficulty, to follow a literary career:

"My life is restricted here, but I feel that I now have an object. I am devoted to one task, and indeed to one passion. The love of writing is a violent, almost an indestructible one; when once it has taken possession of an unfortunate brain it never leaves it again. . . . I have had no success: my work has been found unnatural by people whose opinion I have asked. . . . Better known names must take precedence of mine, that is only fair: patience, patience. . . . Meantime I must live on. I am not above any work. I write even articles for *Figaro*. I wish you knew what that meant; but at least they pay me seven francs a column; and with that I can eat, drink, and go to the play, which is an opportunity for me to make the most useful and amusing observations.

"If one wishes to write, one must see everything, know everything, laugh at everything. Ah, ma foi, vive la vie d'artiste! notre devise est liberté."

She thus describes her mornings spent in the editorial offices of the *Figaro*:

"I was not very industrious, I must confess, but then I understood nothing of the work. Delatouche would give me a subject, and a piece of foolscap paper, telling me not to ex-

ceed certain limits. I often scribbled over ten pages which I threw in the fire, and on which I had not written one word of sense. My colleagues were full of intelligence, energy, and facility. I listened, was much amused, but did no good work, and at the end of the month received an average of twelve francs fifty centimes, and am not sure I was not overpaid at that."

She writes to M. Boucoiran :

" People blame me because I write for the *Figaro*. I do not care much what they say. I must live, and am proud enough of earning my bread myself. The *Figaro* is a means as well as another. I must pass through the apprenticeship of journalism. I know it is often disagreeable; but one need never dirty one's hands with anything unworthy. Seven francs a column is not much to earn, but it is most important to get a good footing in a newspaper office."

She painted the most vivid portraits of the various eminent men whose aid she sought, and who invariably tried to dissuade her from embarking on a literary career. Balzac, when she first knew him, lived in an "entresol" in the Rue de Cassini.

" I was introduced to him as a person greatly struck by his talent, which indeed was true, for although at that time he had not yet produced his 'chefs-d'œuvre,' I had admired his original manner of looking at things, and felt that he had a great future before him. Every one knows how satisfied he was with himself, a satisfaction which was so well justified that one forgave him for it. He loved to talk of his works, to describe them beforehand, and to read little bits of them aloud. Naïve and good-hearted, he asked advice of children, and then only made use of it as an argument to prove how right he was himself.

" One evening when we had dined with him in some eccentric manner on boiled beef, melon and iced champagne, he went and put on a beautiful new dressing-gown, which he showed off with the delight of a young girl. We could not dissuade him from going out in this costume to accompany us as far as the entrance to the Luxembourg. There was not a breath of wind, and he carried a lighted candle in his hand, talking continuously of four Arab horses, which he never owned, but which he firmly believed for some time were in his possession. He would have gone with us to the other end of Paris, had we permitted it.

" My employer Delatouche was not nearly so pleasant. He also talked continuously about himself, and read aloud his novels with more discretion than Balzac, but with still more complacency. Woe betide you if you moved the furniture, stirred the fire, or even sneezed while he was thus occupied. He would stop immediately to ask you, with polite solicitude, if you had a cold, or an attack of nerves, and pretending to forget the book he had been reading, he obliged you to beg and pray before he would open it again. He never

could accept the idea of growing old with resignation, and always said: 'I am not fifty, but twice twenty-five years of age.' He had plenty of critical discernment, and his observations often kept me from affectations and peculiarities of style—the great stumbling-block of all young authors. Although he gave me good advice, he put what seemed to me insurmountable difficulties in my way. 'Beware of imitation,' he said, 'make use of your own powers, read in your own heart, and in the life you see around you, and then record your impressions. . . . You are too absolute in your sentiments. Your character is too strong. You neither know the world, nor individuals, your brain is empty! Your works may be charming, but they are quite wanting in common sense. You must write them all over again.' I perfectly agreed with him and went away, making up my mind to keep to the painting of tea-caddies and cigarette cases."

At last "Indiana" was begun, aimlessly, and with no hope of success.

"I resolutely," she says in the "*Histoire de ma Vie*," "put all precept and example out of my mind, and neither sought in others, nor in my own individuality, a type or character. Of course it has been said that Indiana was me, and her history mine. She was nothing of the kind. I have drawn many different female personations, but I think when the world reads this confession of my impressions and reflections, it will see that none of them are intended for my own portrait. I am too elevated in my views to see a heroine of romance in my mirror. I never found myself handsome enough nor amiable enough to be either poetic or interesting; it would have seemed to me as impossible to dramatise my life, as to embellish my person."

"Indiana" was signed for the first time by her *nom de plume* George Sand.

Her former romance, "Rose et Blanche," had been written in collaboration with M. Jules Sandeau. It appeared under the name of Jules Sand. When "Indiana" was finished Delatouche, who undertook to publish it, advised its authoress to change the name of Jules to George. She did so, and henceforth in literature and society was known by no other name but George Sand.

"Indiana" was a genuine success, and made a considerable stir in Paris. The imperfections of its construction were forgiven for the eloquence of its passion and the beauty of its style; and the only words on every one's lips for some days after its appearance, were, "Have you read 'Indiana'?" You must read 'Indiana.'"

Even her severe friend Delatouche was stirred out of his critical frame of

mind. She describes his clambering up to her garret, and finding a copy of "Indiana" lying on the table.

"He took it up, and opened it contemptuously. I wished to keep him from the subject and spoke about other things, but he would read on, and kept calling out at each page: 'Come, it is a copy! Nothing but a copy of Balzac.' I had neither sought nor avoided an imitation of the great novelist's style, and felt that although the book had been written under his influence, it was unjust to say it was a copy. I let him carry away the volume, hoping he would rescind his judgment. Next morning on awaking I received the following letter:

"GEORGE.—I beg your pardon; I am at your feet. Forgive the insulting observations I made last night. Forgive all that I have said to you for the last six months. I have spent the night reading your book. Ah, my child! How proud I am of you!"

The following extract from one of her letters written after the publication of "Indiana" shows how modest she remained in the midst of her success:

"The popularity of my book frightens me. Up to this moment I have worked inconspicuously, convinced that anything I produced would pass unnoticed. Fate has ordained otherwise. I must try to justify the undeserved admiration of which I am the object.

"Curiously enough, it seems as if half the pleasure of my profession were gone. I had always thought the word inspiration very ambitious, and only to be employed when referring to genius of the highest order. I would never dare to use it when speaking of myself without protesting against the exaggeration of a term which is only sanctioned by an incontestable success. We must find a word, however, which will not make modest people blush, and will express that 'grace' which descends more or less intensely on all heads in earnest about their work. There is no artist, however humble, who has not his moments of inspiration, and perhaps the heavenly liquor is as precious in an earthenware vessel as in a golden one. Only one keeps it pure and clear, while the other transmutes it or breaks itself. Let us accept the word as it is therefore, and take it for granted that from my pen it means nothing presumptuous.

"When beginning to write 'Indiana,' I felt an unaccustomed and strong emotion, unlike anything I had ever experienced in my former efforts at composition; it was more painful than agreeable. I wrote spontaneously, never thinking of the social problem on which I was touching. I was not Saint-Simonian, I never have been, although I have had great sympathy with some of the ideas and for some of the members of the fraternity; but I did not know them at that time, and was uninfluenced by their tenets. The only feeling I had was a horror of ignorant tyranny."

In spite of her literary success the year

1833 was one of the most unhappy of George Sand's life. We know the lines addressed to her by Mrs. Browning:

"True genius, but true woman! dost deny  
The woman's nature with a manly scorn,  
And break away the gauds and armlets worn  
By weaker women in captivity?  
Ah, vain denial! That revolted cry  
Is sobbed in by a woman's voice forlorn,—  
Thy woman's hair, my sister! all unshorn,  
Floats back dishevelled, strength in agony,  
Disproving thy man's name: And while before

The world thou burnest in a poet-fire,  
We see thy woman's heart beat evermore  
Through the large flame."

"I ought to be able to enjoy this independence bought at so dear a price," she writes to her friend M. François Rollinat, "but I am no longer able to do so. My heart has become twenty years older, and nothing in life seems bright or gay. I can never feel anything acutely again, either sorrow or joy. I have gone through everything and rounded the cape; not like those easy-going nabobs who repose in silken hammocks under the cedar-wood ceilings of their palaces, but like those poor pilots who, crushed by fatigue, and burnt by the sun, come to anchor, not daring to expose their fragile bark to the stormy seas. Formerly they led a happy life, full of adventure and love. They long to begin it again, but their vessel is dismantled, and the cargo lost."

Alas! the "fragile bark" was tempted once more to put to sea, this time freighted with the rich cargo of all the love and all the hope of her passionate woman's heart.

In the "Histoire de ma Vie" she touches very slightly on the episode of her journey to Venice with Alfred de Musset, and in the "Correspondence" we only read the following significant words, written to M. Jules Boucoiran from Venice on April 6, 1834:

"Alfred has left for Paris. I shall remain here some time. We have separated, for months, perhaps for ever. God knows what will become of me now. I feel still, however, full of strength to live, work, and endure."

He suffered more than she. After lying six weeks in a brain fever hovering between life and death, he returned to his family broken down in health and spirits—"I bring you," he writes to his brother, "a sick body, a grieving soul, and a bleeding heart, but one that still loves you."

He declared later, when the anguish had passed, that,

"In spite of its sadness, it was the happiest period of my life. I have never told you all the story. It would be worth something if I

wrote it down ; but what is the use ? My mistress was dark, she had large eyes ! I loved her, and she forsook me. I wept and sorrowed for four months ; is not that enough ?”

The year that followed their separation was a momentous one in both their literary careers. He produced the “Nuit de Mai,” the “Nuit de Décembre” and the “Confessions d’un Enfant du Siècle ;” while she wrote “Jacques” and “Consuelo.”

Her letters are the fittest commentary on her life and mode of thought at this time. She thus addresses M. Jules Boucoiran :

“You make serious accusations against me. You reproach me for my many frivolous friendships and affections. I never undertake to justify statements made about my character. I can explain facts and actions, but blunders of the intelligence, errors of the heart, never ! I have too just an opinion of merit in general to think much of my individual worth ; indeed I have neither reverence nor affection for myself, the field is therefore open to those who malign me ; and I am ready to laugh with them, if they appeal to my philosophy ; but when it is a question of affection, when it is the sufferings of friendship which you wish to express, you are wrong. If we have discovered great faults in those we love we must take counsel with ourselves, and see whether we can still continue to care for them. The wisest course is to give them up, the most generous to remain their friends, but for that generosity to be complete there must be no reproaches, no dragging up of events long past.”

The following is written to M. Adolphe Gueroult :

“Your letter is as good and true as your heart ; but I send you back this page of it, which is absurd and quite out of place. No one must write in such terms to me. If you criticise my costume, let it be on other grounds. It is really better you should not interfere at all. Read the parts I have underlined, they are astoundingly impertinent. I don’t think you were quite responsible when you wrote them. I am not angry and am not less attached to you, but I must beg you not to be so foolish again. It does not suit you. . . .

“My friends will respect me just as much, I hope, in a coat as in a dress. I do not go out in male habiliments without a stick, so do not be afraid . . . and be assured I do not aspire to the dignity of a man. It seems to me too ridiculous a position to be preferable to the servitude of a woman. I only wish to possess to-day, and for ever, that delightful and complete independence which you seem to imagine is your prerogative alone. You can tell your friends and acquaintances that it is absolutely useless to attempt to presume on my attire or my black eyes, for I do not allow any impertinence, however I may be dressed.”

She became Republican, almost Com-

munist in her views, founded a paper, the *Cause du Peuple*, and contributed to another, the *Commune de Paris*.

“It seems to me,” she writes to her son, “that the earth belongs to God, who made it and has given it to man as a haven of refuge. It cannot therefore be His intention that some should suffer from repletion, while others die of hunger. All that any one can say on the subject will not prevent me from feeling miserable and angry when I see a beggar man moaning at a rich man’s door.

“If I say all this to you, however, you must not repeat it or show my letter. You know your father’s opinions are different. You must listen to him with respect, but your conscience is free, and you can choose between his ideas and mine. I will teach you many things if you and I ever live together. If we are not fated to enjoy this happiness (the greatest I can imagine, and the only thing that would make me wish to stop on earth), you will pray God for me, and from the bosom of death, if anything remains of me in the Universe, my spirit will watch over you.”

After the June massacres, she retired, sad and disappointed, to Nohant, where, surrounded by her children and grandchildren, she reigned as *père et mère de famille*, respected and loved by all. The eccentricities of her youth were forgiven for the sake of her genius and generosity of heart. She was hospitable and simple, allowing her son and his wife to manage the household and property, making her guests, however, feel that she was the controlling spirit of the house. Here—all the struggles of life over—she devoted herself to literature, and produced the best works of her life : “La Petite Fadette,” “La Mare au Diable,” and “François le Chiampi.” George Sand had none of the brilliancy and repartee in general conversation one would have expected, and as the years went on she became more silent and reserved.

Her greatest happiness was to sit in her arm-chair smoking cigarettes. Often, when her friends thought she was absorbed in her own meditations, she would put in a word that proved she had been listening to everything. The word spoken, she would relapse again into silence. It was only when she sat down to her desk that she became eloquent, and the expressions that halted on her lips rushed abundantly from her pen. Her characters grew beneath her hand, and she went on writing, with that perfect style which is like the

rhythmic cadence of a great river—"Large, calm, and regular." George Sand worked all night long after all her guests were in bed, sometimes remaining up until five o'clock in the morning. She generally sat down to the old bureau in the hall at Nohant, with pen, ink, and foolscap paper sewn together, and began, without notes or a settled scheme of any kind.

"You wish to write," she says to her lovely young friend, the Comtesse d'Agout. "Then do so by all means. You are young, in the full force of your intelligence and powers. Write quickly and don't think too much. If you reflect, you will cease to have any particular bent, and will write from habit. Work while you have genius, while the gods dictate to you. I think you will have a great success, and may you be spared the thorns which surround the blessed flowers of the crown of glory. Why should the thorns pierce your flesh? You have not wandered through the desert."

When death came, she met it simply and bravely, like the great soul that she was. "Laissez la verdure" were the last words she spoke. No one at first understood what she meant, and thought she was delirious, but afterwards they remembered that she had always expressed a dislike to slabs and crosses on the graves of those she loved, so they left a mound of grass to mark her resting-place.

As we read the works of the two great female novelists of the century, George Eliot and George Sand, a comparison inevitably suggests itself to our minds. They both had the same passionate sympathy with the trials and sufferings of humanity, the same love and reverence for all that was weak and lowly. No intellectual aristocracy existed for them; they loved the crowd, and tried to influence the crowd. It is curious they should both have made the same observation, the one on hearing Liszt, the other on hearing Mendelssohn play: "Had I any genius, *that* is the form I should have wished to take, for then I could have spoken to *all* my fellow-men." George Sand was ever seeking ideal perfection, and in that search often lost the right road and "wandered in

the desert." George Eliot accepted life with that calm resignation that was part of her nature; she was more restrained and less passionate than her French sister. The one, while at school, reproaches herself for her coldness and inability to feel any enthusiasm about the prayer-meetings in vogue among her companions. The other cast herself on her knees one day in a fit of devotion, and for weeks declared that she would become a nun.

There is as much divergence in the artistic work they produced as in their characters. George Sand, without having the perfection of construction and finish that distinguish George Eliot, far surpasses her in the delineation of her female characters. George Eliot never described a woman of genius, while George Sand has written *Consuelo* and the *Comtesse Rudolstadt*, both of them types of the *femme artiste*, with all her weakness and all her greatness.

In the painting of human love, also, the French novelist is infinitely stronger than the English one. We linger with absorbing interest over the suffering and passion of Indiana and Valentine, while we yawn over the conversations between Dorothea and Will Ladislaw, or Deronda and Myra. George Eliot herself has said, "That for eloquence and depth of feeling no man approaches George Sand."

We have seen a photograph done of George Sand shortly before she died. The face is massive, but lit up by the wonderful eyes through which the soul still shines. An expression of tenderness and gentle philosophy hovers round the lips, and we feel almost as though they would break into a smile as we gaze. She became latterly like one of those grand old trees of her own "*Val-lée Noire*," lopped and maimed by the storms and struggles of life, but ever to the last putting forth tender shoots and expanding into fresh foliage, through which the soft winds of heaven whisper, making music in the ears of those weary wayfarers who pause to rest beneath their shade.—*Temple Bar*.

## SOME INTERESTING WORDS.

ONE of the most interesting results of the study of language is the elucidation which it affords of the history of mankind. In the larger sphere of comparative philology, important discoveries regarding the relations of various races have been made. In some cases a common origin has been proved for the widely dissimilar languages of different nations; in others, the influence of one people upon its less civilised neighbors is clearly shown. If, on the other hand; we confine our inquiries to our own language, the historical associations which it presents are no less interesting. The successive races which predominated in the early days of the history of Great Britain, have each left its impress upon our language, in which Celtic, Latin, Saxon, Danish, and Norman elements are strangely intermingled. Even now, our commercial intercourse with the inhabitants of every quarter of the globe is ever enriching our vocabulary with borrowed terms and phrases. Hence, it is hardly to be wondered that such a composite language affords an ample field for research. We may trace in it the gradual progress of civilisation, and follow the changes of national ideas and feelings, the elevation of some words, the debasement of many others. We may recognise the half-forgotten names of men once famous for their characters and achievements, and of places once renowned for their produce and manufactures. Finally, we may recall states of society which have long since passed away, and find in modern phrases vestiges of the manners and customs of other days.

It is to these records of the minor details of life that we would briefly call attention, as an investigation possessing the double interest of investing with greater reality the history of the past, and of throwing a new light on the bearing of words otherwise inexplicable. This class of words has undoubtedly been increased by startling derivations, due more to the imagination and ingenuity of their inventors, than to any certain foundation in fact. But even those which are universally recognised form a considerable category, from which we

may select a few of the more interesting specimens.

We would first remind our readers of the derivations of two words applied to a peculiar form of wealth—the substantive *fee* and the adjective *pecuniary*, which, though so widely different in form, recall to us the same idea through the vehicle of different languages. They are both taken from words—the one Saxon, the other Latin—signifying “cattle,” and thus take us back to the times when flocks and herds were the chief property of our ancestors, the evidence as well as the source of their wealth. It is curious how, from this first signification, the words came to be considered applicable to wealth of any kind, and have now become almost limited in meaning to property in the form of money. To the same days of primitive simplicity we may also undoubtedly attribute the word *rivals*, when the pastoral dwellers by the same stream (Latin *rivus*) would not unfrequently be brought into unfriendly competition with each other. Some words and expressions are derived from the time when but few persons could boast of what we should consider the most elementary education. The word *signature*, for example, had a more literal application in the days when the art of writing was known but to a few monks and scholars, and when kings and barons, no less than their humbler followers, affixed their cross or *sign* to any document requiring their assent. Again, when we speak of abstruse *calculations*, we make unthinking reference to the primitive method of counting by means of pebbles (*calculi*), resorted to by the Romans.

It is remarkable how many of the terms relating to books and the external materials of literature refer primarily to the simple materials made use of by our ancestors to preserve their thoughts and the records of their lives. In *book* itself, it is generally acknowledged we have a proof of how a primitive race, generally believed to have been the Goths, employed the durable wood of the *boc* or beech-tree on which to inscribe their records. *Library* and kindred words in

our own and other modern languages indicate the use of the *liber* or inner bark of a tree as a writing material; while *code*, from *caudex*, the trunk of a tree, points to the wooden tablets smeared with wax on which the ancients originally wrote. The thin wooden leaves or tablets were not like the *volumina*, rolled within one another, but, like those of our books, lay over one another. The *stilus*, or iron-pointed implement used for writing on these tablets, has its modern form in our *style*, which has come to be applied less to the manner of writing than to the mode of expression. Hence its significance has been extended so as to apply to arts other than that of composition. As advancing civilisation brought to the Western world the art of making a writing material from strips of the inner rind of the Egyptian papyrus glued together transversely, the word *paper* was introduced, to be applied as time went on to textures made of various substances. The Greek name of the same plant (*byblos*) gives us a word used with reference to books in the composite forms of *bibliographer*, *bibliomania*, and so forth. It is worthy of remark that in England, as well as in France, Germany, and other European countries, the simple form of this Greek word for book, our *Bible*, has come to be restricted to One Book, to the exclusion of all others. From *scheda*, a Latin word for a strip of papyrus rind, has also descended our *schedule*.

The transition from tablets to paper as a writing material has also a monument in *volume*, which, in spite of its significance as a roll of paper, is applied to the neatly folded books which have taken the place of that cumbrous form of literature. More than one instance of a similar retention of a word the actual signification of which is completely obsolete, might easily be adduced. The word *indenture* refers to an ancient precaution against forgery resorted to in the case of important contracts. The duplicate documents, of which each party retained one, were irregularly *indented* in precisely the same manner, so that upon comparison they might exactly tally. A *vignette* portrait has also lost the accompaniment which alone made the name appropriate, namely, the vine-leaves and tendrils which in the sixteenth

and seventeenth centuries usually formed its ornamental border. The directions in the English Prayer-book, again, are still known as *rubrics* (Latin *ruber*, red), although it is now the exception rather than the rule to see them printed as originally, in *red* letters. Once more, we apply without any sense of incongruity the name of *pen* (from Latin *penna*, a feather) to all those modern appliances which rival, if they have not yet superseded, the quill, to which alone the word is really appropriate.

Several words come down to us derived from customs connected with election to public offices. The word *candidate* (from Latin *candidus*, white), is one of these. It was customary among the Romans for any suitor for office to appear in a peculiar dress denoting his position. His toga was loose, so that he might show the people the scars of the wounds received in the cause of the commonwealth, and artificially *whitened* in token of fidelity and humility. Again, *ambition*—a word of which the significance has been widened to embrace the most overpowering of all the passions of the human heart—refers primarily to the practice of these same candidates of repairing to the forum and other places of public resort, and their "going round" (Latin *ambientes*) among the people, endeavoring to ingratiate themselves by friendly words and greetings. From the ancient practice of secret voting by means of "balls," we have the word *ballot*, which is erroneously applied to all secret voting, even when, as in the case of our parliamentary elections, voting-papers, and not balls, are employed. Nor must we omit another word of similar origin—that is, *ostracism*. This word signified among the Greeks the temporary banishment which might be inflicted by six thousand votes of the Athenian people upon any person suspected of designs against the liberty of the state. The name arose from the votes being recorded upon a bit of burnt clay or an earthenware tile shaped like a shell (Gr. *ostrakon*, a shell). It is closely allied to the Greek *ostreon*, or Latin *ostrea*, an oyster. A somewhat similar practice existed among the Syracusans, where it went by the name of *petalism*, from the leaf (Gr. *petalon*) on which the name of the offender was



written. With the caprice of language, this word has entirely passed away, while the Athenian custom gives us a word expressive of social exclusion.

It has been said that there is hardly an institution of ancient times which has not some memorial in our language. The sacrifices of Greeks and Romans are commemorated in the word *immolate*, from the habit of throwing meal (Latin *mola*) upon the head of the victim. The word *contemplate* was probably used originally of the augurs who frequented the temples of the gods, *temple* meaning originally "a place cut off," and hence "reserved." Our word *funeral* is borrowed from a Latin word of similar signification, which in its turn is connected with *fumus*, smoke, thus giving us an allusion to the ancient habit of burning the bodies of the dead. Another word connected with the rites accorded to the dead—that is, *dirge*—is of Christian origin. It is a contraction of the first word of the antiphon in the office for the dead, taken from the eighth verse of the fifth Psalm: "Dirge, Dominus meus," etc. ("Lead or direct me, O Lord," etc.). From a Roman law-term of Greek origin we have the word *paraphernalia*, signifying strictly those articles of personal property, besides her jointure, which were at the disposal of a woman after the death of her husband.

From a detail of Roman military life we trace the derivation of the word *subsidy*, originally applied only to assistance in arms, but generalised to signify help of any kind, especially pecuniary aid. *Salary* meant originally "salt-money," or money given to the soldiers for salt. With the inconsistency frequently found in language, the name survived after money had taken the place of such rations. Strictly speaking, the word *stipend* is liable to the same etymological objection, since the meaning of the word is a certain quantity of small coins estimated by weight.

The derivation of the word *tragedy* has been a fruitful field of controversy. It is undoubtedly the case that this class of drama was originally of anything but a mournful and pathetic character, and was a remnant of the winter festival in honor of the god Dionysus. The word is coined from the Greek *tragos*, a goat; but various reasons have been assigned

for this connection. Some assert that a goat was the prize awarded to the best extempore poem in honor of the god; others, that the first actors were dressed like satyrs, in goat-skins. A more likely explanation is that a goat was sacrificed at the singing of the song.

It is curious to remark how many names applied to persons, in allusion either to their characters or occupations, can be traced to some custom of other days. The very word *person* is an example of this class of derivatives. It was first applied to the masks which it was customary for actors to wear. These covered the whole head, with an opening for the mouth, that the voice might *sound through* (Latin *personare*). The transition was easy from the disguise of the actor to the character which he represented, and the word was ultimately extended beyond the scenic language to denote the human being who has a part to play in the world. *Sycophant* is compounded of two Greek words (*sycon*, *phantēs*), signifying literally a "fig-shewer," that is, one who brings figs to light by shaking the tree. It has been conjectured, also, that "fig-shewer" perhaps referred to one who informed against persons exporting figs from Attica, or plundering sacred fig-trees. *Sycophant* meant originally a common informer, and hence a slanderer; but it was never used in the modern sense of a flatterer. Another word of somewhat similar meaning, *parasite*, sprung from no such contemptible trade. The original bearers of the name were a class of priests who probably had their meals in common (Latin *parasiteo*, to sit beside). But very early with the Greeks the term came to be applied to one who lives at the expense of the great, gaining this position by adulation and servility. Also of Greek origin is *pedagogue* (*paidagōgos*), signifying, first, rather the slave who conducted the child's *steps* to the place of instruction, than, as now, the master who guides his mind in the way of knowledge. In later times, a *chancellor* gained his name from the place which it was customary for him to occupy near the lattice-work screen (*cancelus*) which fenced off the judgment-seat from the body of the court. The same Latin derivation gives us the *chancel* of a church, from the fact of its being

screened off, and what is more remarkable, the verb to *cancel*, that is, to strike out anything which is written by making cross-lines over it.

Several of the names of different trades will at once occur to our readers. Thus, a *stationer* is one who had a "station" or stand in the market-place for the sale of books, in order to attract the passers-by as customers. An *upholsterer*, originally *upholdster*, was, it would seem, an auctioneer, who "held up" his wares in order to show them off. The double *-er* in this word is superfluous, as in *poulter-er*. A *haberdasher* was so called from his selling a stuff called *hapertas* in old French, which is supposed to be from a Scandinavian word meaning pedlars' wares, from the *haversack* in which they were carried.

Two military terms have curious origins. *Sentinel* has been traced through Italian to the Latin *sentina*, the hold of a ship, and is thus equivalent to the Latin *sentinator*, the man who pumps bilge-water out of a ship. It is curious to mark how the name of a naval official of whom constant vigilance was required has been wholly transferred to a post requiring equal watchfulness in the sister service. The other term to which we would call attention is *hussar*, a Hungarian word signifying "twentieth." In explanation of this derivation, it is related that when Matthias Corvinus ascended the Hungarian throne in 1458, the dread of imminent foreign invasion caused him to command an immediate levy of troops. The cavalry he raised by a decree ordering that one man should be enrolled out of "twenty" in every village, who should provide among themselves for his subsistence and pay.

We may pass now to some words of the same nature of less honorable significance. *Assassin* remains in our language as the dread memorial of the domination of an odious sect in Palestine which flourished in the thirteenth century, the Hashishin (drinkers of *hashish*, an intoxicating drink or decoction of the *Cannabis indica*, a kind of hemp). The "Old Man of the Mountain" roused his followers' spirits by help of this drink, and sent them to stab his enemies, especially the leading Crusaders. The emissaries of this body waged for two hundred years a treacherous warfare

alike against Jew, Christian, and orthodox Mohammedan. Among the distinguished men who fell victims to their murderous daggers were the Marquis of Monteferrat in 1192, Louis of Bavaria in 1213, and the Kahn of Tartary some forty years later. The *buccaneers*, who at a later date were hardly less dreaded, derived their name from the *boucan* or gridiron on which the original settlers at Hayti were accustomed to broil or smoke for future consumption the flesh of the animals they had killed for their skins. The word is said to be Caribbean, and to mean "a place where meat is smoke-dried."

Some of the contemptuous terms in our language have been attributed to remarkable origins. In *scamp*, we have a deserter from the field of battle (Latin *ex*, and *campus*), a parallel word to *decamp*; and in *scoundrel*, "a loathsome fellow," "one to scunner or be disgusted at." The old word *scunner*, still used as a term of strong dislike in Lowland Scotch, meant also "to shrink through fear," so that *scunner-el* is equivalent to one who shrinks, a coward. *Poltroon* is "one who lies in bed," instead of bestirring himself.

Several words have passed from a literal to a figurative sense, and have thus become much wider in signification. Thus, *villain* originally meant merely a farm-servant; *pagan*, a dweller in a village; *knave*, a boy; *idiot*, a private person; *heathen*, a dweller on a heath; *gazette*, a small coin; and *brat*, a rag or clout, especially a child's bib or apron. *Treacle* meant an antidote against the bites of serpents; *intoxicate*, to drug or poison; *coward*, a bob-tailed hare; and *butcher*, a slaughterer merely of he-goats. *Brand* and *stigmatise* still mean to mark with infamy, although the practical significance of the words is now chiefly a matter of history. Under the Romans, a slave who had proved dishonest, or had attempted to run away from his master, was branded with the three letters *FUR*, a thief or rascal; while it may not be generally known that in England the custom of branding the cheek of a felon with an *F* was only abolished by statute some sixty years ago.

These examples of a class of words denoting traces of customs of other days, might easily be largely multiplied; but

enough has been said to remind our readers of one aspect of the historical value of our language—that is, the impress of the thoughts and practices of

past generations stamped upon the words which are used in the familiar intercourse of life.—*Chambers's Journal*.

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### SOCIAL SCIENCE ON THE STAGE.

BY H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

IT is certainly not necessary that to every play, as to every fable, a moral easily deducible from it should be attached; though every play that presents a true picture of life must almost as a matter of course teach some lesson. *Othello* is the drama of jealousy, *Macbeth* the drama of ambition, *Romeo and Juliet* the drama of passionate love; but it was not to show the danger of jealousy, of ambition, or of passionate love, that these dramas were written. A picture of the "green-eyed monster," in all its hideousness, occurs in the first; a reflection on the futility of "vaulting ambition" in the second; and a warning of the "violent ends" produced by "violent delights" in the third. The moral purpose of the play, supposing such a purpose to exist, is not, however, in either case made obvious. In numbers of the most successful plays of modern France, on the other hand, we find a moral thesis adopted beforehand and deliberately worked out by dramatic means. This moral thesis does not necessarily embody a high moral notion. It may be, and often is, paradoxical in character. The one thing essential is that it shall assert a principle, and present a case of as dramatic a character as possible in illustration of it. The moral which, as before remarked, belongs to every incident in life, is not always an evident one; nor in the finest works of art does the moral ever lie conspicuously on the surface. But if a vivacious comedy or a dramatic play is specially intended to teach or rather to prove something, it is as well that there should be no mistake about it; and in these cases the audience is generally informed in the first act of what in the succeeding acts the author proposes to demonstrate. A French drama of incidents has often no moral beyond the familiar—not to say vulgar—one that

virtue prospers and vice does not; and though each of Victor Hugo's dramas teaches some special lesson it might sometimes be difficult, but for the preface, to discover it. Numbers of French dramas, however, deal not only with the facts of life but also in an explicit manner with its theories, and though often immoral are constructed on what may be called a moral basis.

In that edifying work, the *Pink Dominos*, for instance, the complicated and certainly very ingenious intrigue which forms the substance of the piece has its origin in an argument between two ladies, one a thorough Parisian, the other a simple-minded and rather backward provincial, as to the true nature and appropriate treatment of husbands. A husband, according to the Parisian lady, is never perfect; and the wise wife is she who pardons his "slight slips 'gainst *bonos mores*," and, to avoid driving him to humiliating subterfuges and denials, pretends even not to see them. In the long run a husband will be grateful to such a wife, and she may be sure in a general way of his fidelity and affection; whereas to a wife too vigilant and too implacable he will be obliged to behave with a duplicity which, reacting upon his own sensitive nature, will make him despise himself and detest her.

A good many modern French plays are in fact pamphlets in dramatic form; and some of them have suffered as works of art from having been too evidently written with a purpose. The dramatist who wishes to prove the truth of a proposition put forward by himself will of course make his characters act as it is necessary they should act in order to give the desired result. He must not violate probability in too flagrant a manner, and his play will scarcely succeed if the dénouement seems altogether unnatural; but even while observing these

conditions he may, and usually does, so mould his personages as to make them quite exceptional; though it is with these exceptional personages that he works towards establishing his general rule. The interesting thing, however, in connection with the moral and philosophical plays of modern France is not any lesson that they teach, but the fact that such plays exist, showing as it does that the theatre in France is much more than a place of amusement. It is a place of discussion, in which every question that agitates society is treated, and often in several different pieces from several different points of view. Absurdities of the day (such as those of æstheticism) are satirised no doubt on our own stage. But the social questions dealt with on the French stage are often of a far graver character than any connected with dress. This was the case even with M. Sardou's *Famille Benoiton*, notoriously a costume piece, and dependent in a large measure for its success on its amusing exaggerations of the exaggerated costumes of the day. But it was more than that. It touched upon many other follies akin to that of exaggeration in dress; and was really a stage echo of M. Dupin's celebrated pamphlet on *Le Luxe effréné des Femmes*. M. Sardou's exhilarating picture of the unbridled luxury of women called for no reply, and in fact admitted of none. His eloquent apostrophe to white muslin, "O sainte mousseline," was criticised in the press on economical grounds, the work of "getting up" a muslin dress being neither so simple nor so inexpensive as M. Sardou had imagined. But admitting the existence of the evils that he attacked it was impossible to defend them. Similarly when, in the lively days of 1848, *La Propriété c'est le Vol* was brought out, and the serpent of Eden was presented on the stage with the hat and spectacles and the very physiognomy of M. Proudhon, it was not likely that any dramatist would take the part of the Socialist and seek to represent individualism as ridiculous. The "right to labor" is asserted in this same piece by a dentist without patients, who insists as a matter of principle on pulling out the teeth of the first person he meets. This again could be met by no counter-presentation from a socialistic point of view, nor would the Government have

permitted it; for despite the article in the *Constitution* of 1830, declaring that "the censorship is abolished and cannot be re-established," it has never been found possible to dispense in France with stage censorship, which, temporarily set aside as a result of some revolutionary movement, has always been re-established before long. So necessary, indeed, had it become under the second French Republic, to restrain the Aristophanic tendencies of the newly emancipated dramatists, that the censorship went to extremes, and not content with prohibiting political subjects interfered with social subjects also. Thus it was under the second French Republic that the younger Dumas' sympathetic picture of the woman who has gone astray (*La Traviata*, as she is considerably called in the Italian version of the play) was objected to by the censorship, nor was it until the Empire that *La Dame aux Camélias* could be brought out.

It would probably be a mistake to see in this piece any deliberate attempt to raise up the fallen woman. The play was only a dramatic version of a novel by the same author for which the subject had been furnished by the life and death of a certain Marie Duplessis—whose story Dickens, becoming acquainted with it during a visit to Paris, had at one time proposed to treat. *La Dame aux Camélias* was in any case destined to achieve such popularity that for a time the class to which the heroine belongs became invested with unusual interest. Vice by being represented as consumptive lost all its grossness; but no sooner had the play attained its maximum of success than the discovery was made that it rested on a wrong moral basis. It "rehabilitated the courtesan;" and M. Théodore Barrière, assisted by the inevitable collaborateur, undertook to set matters right by exhibiting that objectionable personage in her true colors. The outcome of this undertaking was *Les Filles de Marbre*: too fine a name for them according to Théophile Gautier, who preferred as a substitute *Les Filles de Plâtre*. Instead of dying of love, complicated by phthisis, with claims to forgiveness based on her having "loved much," the leading lady of M. Barrière's piece reduced her lover to poverty and despair,

unconsciously ruined his talent, and consciously insulted him when she could no longer extort money from him. The God this young woman avowedly worshipped was not love but gold. She was without pity, without remorse; nor did the author think fit to place in contrast with her a more amiable specimen of depravity—even as Dumas has placed side by side with his tender-hearted Marguerite Gauthier, the selfish and ignoble Prudence. Marco, the chief of the *Girls of Marble*, is doubtless a much more common character in the world than Marguerite Gauthier; and Balzac, who knew the world, had anticipated in only one of his characters—the unfortunate Coralie—all the best points in Marguerite Gauthier, whereas he had anticipated in half-a-dozen different characters, from Madame de Marneffe downward, the worst points in Marco. But though Marco may have been a good deal truer to nature than Marguerite Gauthier she was far less interesting; and the picture of a fallen woman saved by an access of genuine feeling was much more agreeable than that of a degraded one dragging to his destruction a miserably weak man.

The *Girls of Marble* seemed, however, to M. Léon Laya too hard, too cold; and to show that women might lead irregular lives, and yet be kind and generous, he wrote *Les Cours d'Or*. Here two young women, attached by anti-matrimonial ties to two young men, find that they are preventing them from making suitable marriages in a decent sphere of life. The young men know what, in a worldly point of view, they ought to do, but are restrained by good feeling and the remembrance of past affection from doing it. The young women, however, resolve to sacrifice themselves. They take the initiative in breaking off the connection, and by doing so prove that they have "hearts of gold." This sentimental piece, written in the style called "honnête," did not meet with anything like the success of the highly emotional *Dame aux Camélias*, or of the cynical *Filles de Marbre*; nor did it close the stage discussion as to the goodness or badness of a particular class of women—a discussion which, indeed, might have been carried on for an indefinite time, seeing

that the class in question comprises a great number of different specimens, from Cleopatra—that "reine entretenue," as Heine called her—to the Esther of Balzac's *Splendeurs et Misères d'une Courtisane*.

Then arose the question—suggested, no doubt, by M. Laya's *Cours d'Or*—whether a woman really possessing a heart of gold ought to be abandoned whenever it suited the convenience or the caprice of her lover to get rid of her. M. Léon Gozlan took one view of the matter and M. Emile Augier the other; the former developing his ideas on the subject in a single act, the latter in a full-sized drama. In Léon Gozlan's charming little piece, *La Fin du Roman, ou Comment on se débarasse d'une Maîtresse*, a young man is represented as so hopelessly attached to a young woman whom he has omitted to marry, that his friends, as "men of the world," think it necessary to speak to him on the subject. The attachment has lasted a considerable time, and it is explained to him that it will be mere weakness on his part to allow it to continue any longer. He is invited to join a travelling party to Italy, and is mockingly told that he will want to bring his mistress with him. He repels the taunt, and, in response to the suggestion of one of his friends, makes a bet on the subject. The separation having been decided on, a division of household effects takes place. Difficulties arise about the appropriation of certain objects to which a sentimental interest belongs, and which each, from regard for the other, wishes to retain. A favorite dog is disputed for; and when it is arranged that he shall be the property of the one he goes to most willingly, the faithful animal hesitates between the two, and maintains an attitude of strict but friendly neutrality. Lastly, there is a child's miniature which neither will consent to part with; and thus, little by little, the impossibility of the separation is made manifest. The young man takes the young woman with him to Italy. But he wins his bet all the same, for he is accompanied not by his mistress but by his wife.

As a counterpart to this work, in which an immoral situation is rectified by the simplest means, may be taken M. Emile Augier's *Mariage d'Olympe*, in

which a similar situation is, by similar means, made to yield terrible and tragic results. Only M. Augier's young woman happens to be not at all the same sort of person as M. Gozlan's young woman; so that whereas to abandon the one would have been culpable and foolish, to introduce the other into decent society was reckless and criminal.

Dumas showed before long a disposition to turn, not against his own views, but of views supposed to be his. Whatever allowances might be made for a woman in the position of Marguerite Gauthier, a real wife ought not, according to his very original idea, to deceive her husband. He exhibited, in *Diane de Lys*, a lady who took this liberty, and who was shot in consequence by her justly indignant spouse.

M. Dumas' *Fils Naturel*, in which a father disavows his son, until at last the young man finds himself in such a position that he can in his turn disavow his father, gave rise to a good many pieces on the same subject. The half-a-dozen or dozen plays in which it is shown that irregular relations between men and women are likely to have awkward consequences, are, as studies of social problems, scarcely worth dwelling upon. Every one knows that (as in *La Fiammina*) the son of a prima donna who has misconducted herself may find difficulties in his way when he proposes to marry a girl whose parents are eminently respectable; and we need no sensational dramatist to teach us (as in *Coralie*), that an officer whose mother has amassed a large fortune by the most shameful means may, in spite of his personal merits, meet with slights and indignities.

M. Emile Augier's *Gendre de M. Poirier* started the son-in-law as a dramatic subject. In this comedy, one of the best of modern times, a rich bourgeois has married his daughter to a penniless aristocrat, who directs the household in such a sumptuous style that the father-in-law finds himself in a fair way of being ruined. To this a sort of counterpart was furnished by M. Augier himself in *Un Beau Mariage*; which, while sparing fathers-in-law, exposes the thoughtlessness of some mothers-in-law who expect their daughters' husbands, not only to take charge of their affairs, but to accompany them to evening par-

ties and balls. This to a serious-minded young man would doubtless be a great trial; and in M. Augier's comedy the end of the matter is that the husband leaves the house of his rich mother-in-law, and, followed at a very dramatic crisis by his wife, supports himself by the exercise of his talents as a chemist, mechanic, and inventor. The mother-in-law, even when she possesses the advantage of being rich, is not a popular character on the French stage; nor, apparently, on the Spanish stage either. There is, at all events, a modern Spanish comedy, called *The Meadow Coat* (the rough coat, that is to say, of the untrained, unclipped horse), in which, as in *Un Beau Mariage*, a rustic husband who rises early meets, on coming down in the morning, his wife and mother returning from a late ball. In M. Augier's corresponding scene the husband has been reading and writing all night when the two ladies in their ball dresses suddenly burst upon his solitude.

*Le Gendre de M. Poirier*, too, was the progenitor, or at least the caller-into-existence, of another son-in-law piece called *Les Petites Mains*, in which a son-in-law of fashionable tastes and habits, but without money of his own, is harshly treated by a father-in-law, who insists upon his adopting some occupation, and who ultimately, by dint of persecution and misrepresentation, separates him from his wife and forces him to become clerk and touter to a house agent. The moral of this amusing little comedy is not quite apparent to the unspectacled eye. The semi-burlesque proposition on which it rests is, however, to the effect that men with large hands are intended by nature to make money, and men with small hands to spend it. The piece belongs in any case to the son-in-law series, in which, by its entertaining qualities, it may claim to hold an honorable place.

The latest social subject dealt with by French dramatists has been the fertile one of divorce, which M. Sardou has treated both seriously and comically. Before *Odette* and *Divorçons*, he had, however, written the less known *Daniel Rochat*, which ends with a divorce in Switzerland, the divorced persons being of course citizens of the Helvetian Re-

public ; and though the main subject of *Daniel Rochat* is the union, followed immediately afterwards by the separation, of two persons who are prevented from living together as husband and wife by incompatibility of religious convictions, it may all the same be classed with M. Sardou's other divorce pieces. The author lets it be seen that the mistake made by *Daniel Rochat* can easily be remedied in Switzerland, a country where divorce is easy ; whereas it would have been without remedy in France, where divorce was at that time impossible. The case, however, though an effective one for the dramatist—at least for such a dramatist as M. Sardou—is of too exceptional a character to merit attention from the dramatic moralist or legist.

The practice of treating subjects of the day in dramatic form is one which, from a purely artistic point of view, cannot be commended. The process involves almost necessarily forced motives and distorted characters. Works, too, produced on this system must, from the nature of the case, be of ephemeral interest. Who, for instance, now that France, like England, Germany, and the United States, has a law of divorce, can care for pieces in which the interest turns upon the iniquity of treating as indissoluble every contract, to whatever painful consequences it may have led, which has once been signed in presence of Monsieur le Maire ? In Shakespeare and Molière so little are affairs of the day touched upon (without ever being made the subject of an entire work) that a reader might find it difficult to determine from internal evidence at what period either of these writers lived. The characteristic talk of *Les Précieuses* is about the only indication in the case of Molière of the time to which the piece belongs. There is scarcely a work, on the other hand, from the pen of M. Sardou (who may be taken as the representative comedy writer of modern France) which does not bear the impress and color of the time, and which (especially in the case of his later pieces) does not in a very direct manner reproduce the incidents or reflect the ideas of the life around him. If immediate and striking success with a Paris audience be the author's aim, it must be admitted that

M. Sardou's method is more effective than that of his predecessor, Scribe, whose comedies are masterpieces of ingenuity, but are for the most part independent of place and time. Many of Scribe's pieces have been quite as successful in England as in France. This cannot be said of any of Sardou's plays, with the solitary exception of "*Les Pattes de Mouche*," one of his earliest works, written at a time when Scribe was still his model. But so far as Paris at the present moment is concerned, M. Sardou hits the mark, and hits it harder than ever Scribe did.

The stage in France would be used for the discussion of political as well as social questions, did the censorship permit it. Of this we had a sign in M. Sardou's *Rabagas*, produced soon after the Commune, in various pieces brought out during the revolutionary days of 1848, and in *Les Cosaques*, which, after being previously rejected by the censorship, was authorised for representation just before the outbreak of the Crimean war, when, as a matter of policy, antagonism to Russia was encouraged and stimulated by the Government. As a rule, however, no performance likely to call forth manifestations of political feeling, or to give offence to a friendly State, or to its people, is allowed. M. Sardou's *L'oncle Sam* was objected to as calculated to hurt the feelings of the Americans ; and the authors of a little piece called *L'Etrangère*—not to be confounded with the five-act comedy of the same name—were required to change it because (as set forth in a document which figures among the *Papiers secrets de l'Empire*) numbers of foreigners visit Paris and might be annoyed at seeing the leading character of the very objectionable little piece put forward as a typical lady from abroad ! All social questions of the day have, however, for the last thirty years been left freely to the dramatist to treat as he may think fit. Or it may be that such questions have always been left to him, and that it is only during the last quarter of a century or so that he has thought fit to occupy himself with them.

The true character of women who have none was the first theme to be treated controversially, with examples in lieu of arguments ; then the desira-

bility of getting married in certain cases where the marriage ceremony had been dispensed with ; then, in due time, the rights of natural children and their compromising effect in connection with mothers proposing to lead a new life. The son-in-law question—of such slight interest to Englishmen—had meantime sprung up ; and the quiet, studious son-in-law, bullied by his wife's mother ; the fashionably extravagant son-in-law, devouring the substance of his wife's father ; the idle but well-meaning son-in-law, misunderstood by every one, were turn by turn exhibited. Finally, the divorce question produced a whole crop of pieces, serious and comic ; and it may be that the treatment of this question by a succession of dramatists, who dwelt on the misery and disgrace resulting from marriages practically dissolved, but legally indissoluble, had some effect in hastening the adoption of M. Naquet's Bill. The cruel position of a husband chained to a disreputable wife, and unable to set himself free, has been shown in one of M. Sardou's most effective pieces, which, thirty years ago, when England also was without a divorce law, would have been as effective in England as in France. But it was difficult for English audiences to realise the situation ; and now that continued wedlock between husbands and wives who hate one another is no longer enforced by law, the difficulty for French audiences may soon be equally great. With the passing of M. Naquet's Divorce Bill such pieces as the *Odette* of M. Sardou, the *Diane de Lys* of M. Alexandre Dumas the younger, and the *Fiammina* of M. Mario Uchard lost all significance. When the pressure of the matrimonial knot has become quite unbearable it is now no longer necessary either that the wife should retire to a convent or that the husband should be shot. The difficulty is solved by the simpler, though less dramatic, means of a divorce. It is matter of publicity that immediately after M. Naquet's Bill became law the author of *La Fiammina* took precisely this view of his own matrimonial trouble.

There has been a recent instance, too, in Germany, of a subject of the day—this time a serious one—being dealt with by a dramatist. *Die Gräfin Lea*, a play by Herr Rudolf Lindau, contains

a striking exhibition of that prejudice against everything Jewish, to which in Germany the high-sounding name of anti-Semitism has been given. In a very ingenious succession of scenes he shows that the widow, who by reason not only of her Jewish faith, but also of her low origin, is deemed by her husband's relatives unworthy to succeed to his nobiliary estate, is an excellent and charming woman, who would not be out of place even in the very highest position. The tribunal before which the case is brought takes just this view of the matter, and the Countess Lea triumphs. But the dramatist's argument in favor of the Jews is somewhat weak ; and he leaves us to suppose that if the Countess Lea had been an ill-bred, commonplace Jewess, instead of a Jewess of great refinement, the court might equitably have given judgment against her. A reply to Herr Lindau's piece, such as in France it would certainly have elicited, might easily have been written. But in Germany, as in England and all countries except France, the stage has not enough hold upon society to cause social questions to be often discussed in stage pieces. In France, on the other hand, the public takes such an interest in the theatre that the "boards" are almost to them what the platform is to the English and the Americans.

The production of a whole series of pieces on one particular subject of debate implies a continuous attention on the part of the intelligent public such as no stage but that of Paris—and the Paris stage only in modern times—seems ever to have enjoyed. Until the end of the last century the French dramatist was poorly paid, and as dramatist had little offered to him in the way of distinction beyond the hollow applause of the public. It was not until Beaumarchais obtained the decree fixing the remuneration to dramatic authors at so much per cent. on the gross receipts that writers of all kinds, and of every degree of eminence, began to occupy themselves with the stage ; and it was not until all the best literary talent in the country had thus been attracted to the drama that the French Academy opened its doors to dramatists as such. Victor Hugo was a poet first and a dramatist afterwards. The elder Dumas was



a dramatist first and a novelist afterwards—and he was never admitted to the Academy at all. The election of Scribe, a dramatist, and virtually nothing else, was quite an event. Since that time, however, the entry of a highly successful dramatist of long-established reputation into the Academy has come

to be looked upon as a matter of course. The last dramatist elected as such was a very admirable farce writer, M. Labiche, author of *Un Chapeau de Paille d'Italie*, *Le Voyage de M. Perrichon*, *Les Petites Mains*, and other similar pieces, full of humor, but without the least academical pretensions.—*Fortnightly Review*.

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### A COMMENT ON CHRISTMAS.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

IT is a long time since I quoted Bishop Wilson, but he is full of excellent things, and one of his apophthegms came into my mind the other day as I read an angry and unreasonable expostulation addressed to myself. Bishop Wilson's apophthegm is this: *Truth provokes those whom it does not convert*. "Miracles," I was angrily reproached for saying, "do not happen, and more and more of us are becoming convinced that they do not happen; nevertheless, what is really best and most valuable in the Bible is independent of miracles. For the sake of this I constantly read the Bible myself, and I advise others to read it also." One would have thought that at a time when the French newspapers are attributing all our failures and misfortunes to our habit of reading the Bible, and when our own Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal is protesting that the golden rule is a delusion and a snare for practical men, the friends of the old religion of Christendom would have had a kindly feeling towards any one—whether he admitted miracles or not—who maintained that the root of the matter for all of us was in the Bible, and that to the use of the Bible we should still cling. But no; *Truth provokes those whom it does not convert*; so angry are some good people at being told that miracles do not happen, that if we say this, they cannot bear to have us using the Bible at all, or recommending the Bible. Either take it and recommend it with its miracles, they say, or else leave it alone, and let its enemies find confronting them none but orthodox defenders of it like ourselves!

The success of these orthodox champions is not commensurate with their

zeal; and so, in spite of all rebuke, I find myself, as a lover of the Bible, perpetually tempted to substitute for their line of defence a different method, however it may provoke them. Christmas comes round again, and brings the most beautiful and beloved festival of the Christian year. What is Christmas, and what does it say to us? Our French friends will reply that Christmas is an exploded legend, and says to us nothing at all. The *Guardian*, on the other hand, lays it down that Christmas commemorates the miracle of the Incarnation, and that the Incarnation is the fundamental truth for Christians. Which is right, the *Guardian* or our French friends? Or are neither the one nor the other of them right, and is the truth about Christmas something quite different from what either of them imagine? The inquiry is profitable; and I kept Christmas, this last winter, by following it.

Who can ever lose out of his memory the roll and march of those magnificent words of prophecy, which, ever since we can remember, we have heard read in church on Christmas-day, and have been taught to regard as the grand and wonderful prediction of "the miracle of the Incarnation?" "The Lord himself shall give you a sign: Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel. Butter and honey shall he eat, until he shall know to refuse the evil and choose the good. For before the child shall know to refuse the evil and choose the good, the land that thou abhorrest shall be forsaken of both her kings." We all know the orthodox interpretation. Im-

manuel is Jesus Christ, to be born of the Virgin Mary ; the meaning of the name Immanuel, *God with us*, signifies the union of the divine nature and ours in Christ, God and man in one Person. "Butter and honey shall he eat"—the Christ shall be very man, he shall have a true human body, he shall be sustained, while he is growing up, with that ordinary nourishment wherewith human children are wont to be fed. And the sign that the promised birth of Immanuel, God and man in one Person, from the womb of a virgin, shall really happen, is this : the two kings of Syria and Israel who are now, in the eighth century before Christ, threatening the kingdom of Judah, shall be overthrown, and their country devastated. "For before the child shall know"—before this promised coming of Jesus Christ, and as a sign to guarantee it, the kings of Syria and Israel shall be conquered and overthrown. And conquered and overthrown they presently were.

But then comes the turn of criticism. The study of history, and of all documents on which history is based, is diligently prosecuted ; a number of learned, patient, impartial investigators read and examine the prophets. It becomes apparent what the prophets really mean to say. It becomes certain that in the famous words read on Christmas-day the prophet Isaiah was not meaning to speak of Jesus Christ to be born more than seven centuries later. It becomes certain that his Immanuel is a prince of Judah to be born in a year or two's time. It becomes certain that there is no question at all of a child miraculously conceived and born of a virgin ; what the prophet says is that a young woman, a damsel, at that moment unmarried, shall have time, before certain things happen, to be married and to bear a son, who shall be called Immanuel. There is no question in the name *Immanuel* of a union of the human and divine natures, of God and man in one Person. "God present with his people and protecting them" is what the prophet means the name to signify. In "Butter and honey shall he eat," there is no question of the Christ's being very man, with a true human body. What the prophet intends to say is, that when the prince Immanuel, presently to be

born, reaches adult age, agriculture shall have ceased in the desolated realm of Judah ; the land, overrun by enemies, shall have returned to a wild state, the inhabitants shall live on the produce of their herds and on wild honey. But before this comes to pass, before the visitation of God's wrath upon the kingdom of Judah, and while the prince Immanuel is still but a little child, not as yet able to discern betwixt good and evil, "to refuse the evil and choose the good," the present enemies of Judah, the kings of Syria and Israel, shall be overthrown and their land made desolate. Finally, this overthrow and desolation are not, with the prophet, the sign and guarantee of Immanuel's coming. Immanuel is himself intended as a sign ; all the rest is accompaniment of this sign, not proof of it.

This, the true and sure sense of those noble words of prophecy which we hear read on Christmas-day, is obscured by slight errors in the received translation, and comes out clearer when the errors are corrected :

"The Lord himself shall give you a sign : Behold, the damsel shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel.

"Milk-curd and honey shall he eat, when he shall know to refuse the evil and choose the good.

"For before the child shall know to refuse the evil and choose the good, the land shall be forsaken, whose two kings make thee afraid."

Syria and Israel shall be made desolate in Immanuel's infancy, says the prophet ; but the chastisement and desolation of Judah also shall follow later, by the time Immanuel is a youth. Further yet, however, Isaiah carries his prophecy of Immanuel and of the events of his life. In his manhood, the prophet continues, Immanuel, the promised child of the royal house of David, shall reign in righteousness over a restored, far-spreading, prosperous, and peaceful kingdom of the chosen people. "Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom." This completion of the prophecy, too, we hear read in church on Christmas-day. Naturally, the received and erroneous interpretation, which finds, as we have seen, in the first part of the prophecy "the miracle of the Incarnation," governs our understanding of the

latter part also. But in the latter part, as well as in the former, the prophet undoubtedly has in view, not a scion of the house of David to be born and to reign seven centuries later, but a scion of the house of David to be born immediately; a scion who in his youth should see Judah afflicted, in his manhood should reign over it restored and triumphant.

Well, then, the "miracle of the Incarnation," the preternatural conception and birth of Jesus Christ, which the Church celebrates at Christmas, and which is, says the *Guardian*, the fundamental truth for Christians, gets no support at all from the famous prophecy which is commonly supposed to announce it. Need I add that it gets no support at all from any single word of Jesus Christ himself, from any single word in the letters of Paul, Peter, James, or John? The miraculous conception and birth of Jesus is a legend, a lovely and attractive legend, which soon formed itself, naturally and irresistibly, around the origin of the Saviour; a legend which by the end of the first century had established itself, and which passed into two out of the four Gospel narratives that in the century following acquired canonicity. In the same way, a precisely similar legend formed itself around the origin of Plato, although to the popular imagination Plato was an object incomparably less fitted to offer stimulus. The father of Plato, said the Athenian story, was upon his marriage warned by Apollo in a dream that his wife, Perictiona, was about to bring forth a babe divinely conceived, and that he was to live apart from her until the child had been born. Among the students of philosophy, who were Plato's disciples, this story, although authorized by his family, languished and died. Had Plato founded a popular religion the case would have been very different. Then the legend would have survived and thriven; and for Plato, too, there would have certainly been a world-famous "miracle of the Incarnation" investing his origin. But Plato, as Bossuet says, formed fewer disciples than Paul formed churches. It was these churches, this multitude, it was the popular masses with their receptivity, with their native tendencies of mind, heart, and soul,

which made the future of the Christian legend of the miracle of the Incarnation.

But because the story of the miracle of the Incarnation is a legend, and because two of the canonical Gospels propound the legend seriously, basing it upon an evidently fantastic use of the words of prophecy, and because the festival of Christmas adopts and consecrates this legend, are we to cast the Gospels aside, and cast the celebration of Christmas aside; or else to give up our common sense, and to say that things are not what they are, and that Isaiah really predicted the preternatural conception and birth of Jesus Christ, and that the miracle of the Incarnation really happened as the *Guardian* supposes, and that Christians, in commemorating it, commemorates a solid fact of history, and a fact which is the fundamental truth for Christians? By no means. The solid fact of history marked by Christmas is the birth of Jesus, the miraculous circumstances with which that birth is invested and presented are legendary. The solid fact in itself, the birth of Jesus with its inexhaustible train of consequences, its "unspeakable riches," is foundation enough, and more than enough, for the Christmas festival; yet even the legend and miracle investing the fact, and now almost inseparable from it, have, moreover, their virtue of symbol.

Symbol is a dangerous word, and we ought to be very cautious in employing it. People have a difficulty in owning that a thing is unhistorical, and often they try to get out of the difficulty by saying that the thing is symbolical. Thus they think to save the credit of whoever delivered the thing in question, as if he had himself intended to deliver it as symbolical and figurative, not as historical. They save it, however, at the expense of truth. In very many cases, undoubtedly, when this shift of symbol is resorted to for saving the credit of a narrator of legend, the narrator had not himself the least notion that what he propounded was figure, but fully imagined himself to be propounding historical fact. The Gospel narrators of the miracle of the Incarnation were in this position of mind; they did not in the least imagine themselves to be speaking symbolically. Neverthe-

less, a thing may have important value as symbol, although its utterer never told or meant it symbolically. Let us see how this is so with the Christian legend of the Incarnation.

In times and among minds where science is not a power, and where the preternatural is daily and familiarly admitted, the pureness and elevation of a great teacher strike powerfully the popular imagination, and the natural, simple, reverential explanation of his superiority is at once that he was born of a virgin. Such a legend is the people's genuine translation for the fact of his unique pureness. In his birth, as well as in his life and teaching, this chosen one has been pure; has been unlike other men, and above them. Signal and splendid is the pureness of Plato; noble his serene faith, that "the conclusion has long been reached that dissoluteness is to be condemned, in that it brings about the aggrandisement of the lower side in our nature, and the defeat of the higher." And this lofty pureness of Plato impressed the imagination of his contemporaries, and evoked the legend of his having been born of a virgin. But Plato was, as I have already said, a philosopher, not the founder of a religion; his personality survived, but for the intellect mainly, not the affections and imagination. It influenced and affected the few, not the many—not the masses which love and foster legend. On the figure of Jesus also the stamp of a pureness unique and divine was seen to dwell. The remark has often been made that the pre-eminent, the winning, the irresistible Christian virtues, were charity and chastity. Perhaps the chastity was an even more winning virtue than the charity; it offered to the Pagan world, at any rate, relief from a more oppressive, a more consuming, a more intolerable bondage. Chief among the beatitudes shone this pair: *Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven*, and, *Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God*; and of these two, the second blessing may have been even the greater boon. Jesus, then, the bringer of this precious blessing, Jesus, the high exemplar and ideal of pureness, was born of a virgin. And what Jesus brought was not a philosophy, but a religion;

he gave not to the few, but to the masses, to the very recipients whom the tender legend of his being born of the gracious Virgin, and laid in the humble manger, would suit best; who might most surely be trusted to seize upon it, not to let it go, to delight in it and magnify it for ever.

So the legend of the miraculous conception and birth of Jesus, like the legend of the miraculous conception and birth of Plato, is the popular homage to a high ideal of pureness, it is the multitude's way of expressing for this its reverence. Of such reverence the legend is a genuine symbol. But the importance of the symbol is proportional to the scale on which it acts. And even when it acts on a very large scale, still its virtue will depend on these two things further: the worth of the idea to which it does homage, and the extent to which its recipients have succeeded in penetrating through the form of the legend to this idea.

And first, then, as to the innate truth and worth of that idea of pureness to which the legend of the miracle of the Incarnation does homage. *Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God*, says Jesus. *God hath not called us to impureness, but unto holiness*, adds his apostle. Perhaps there is no doctrine of Christianity which is exposed to more trial amongst us now, certainly there is none which will be exposed, so far as from present appearances one can judge, to more trial in the immediate future, than this. *Let us return to nature*, is a rising and spreading cry again now, as it was at the Renascence. And the Christian pureness has so much which seems to contradict nature, and which is menaced by the growing desire and determination to return to nature! The virtue has suffered more than most virtues in the hands of hypocrites; and with hypocrites and hypocrisy, as a power in English life, there is an increasing impatience. But the virtue has been mishandled, also, by the sincere; by the sincere, but who are at the same time over-rigid, formal, sour, narrow-minded; and these, too, are by no means in the ascendant among us just now. Evidently, again, it has been mishandled by many of the so-called saints, and by the asceticism of the

Catholic Church; for these have so managed things, very often, as to turn and rivet the thoughts upon the very matter from which pureness would avert them and get them clear, and have to that extent served to endanger and impair the virtue rather than forward it. Then, too, with the growing sense that gaiety and pleasure are legitimate demands of nature, that they add to life and to our sum of force instead of, as strict people have been wont to say, taking from it—with this growing sense comes also the multiplication everywhere of the means of gaiety and pleasure, the spectacle ever more prominent of them and catching the eye more constantly, an ever larger number of applicants pressing forward to share in them. All this solicits the senses, makes them bold, eager and stirring. At the same time the force of old sanctions of self-restraint diminishes and gives way. The belief in a magnified and non-natural man, out of our sight, but proved by miracles to exist and to be all-powerful, who by his commands has imposed on us the obligation of self-restraint, and who will punish us after death in endless fire if we disobey, will reward us in Paradise if we submit—this belief is rapidly and irrecoverably losing its hold on men's minds. If pureness or any other virtue is still to subsist, it must subsist nowadays not by authority of this kind enforcing it in defiance of nature, but because nature herself turns out to be really for it.

Mr. Traill has reminded us, in the interesting volume on Coleridge which he has recently published, how Coleridge's disciple, Mr. Green, devoted the last years of his life to elaborating, in a work entitled "Spiritual Philosophy: founded on the Teaching of the late Samuel Taylor Coleridge," the great Coleridgean position "that Christianity, rightly understood, is identical with the highest philosophy, and that, apart from all question of historical evidence, the essential doctrines of Christianity are necessary and eternal truths of reason—truths which man, by the vouchsafed light of nature and without aid from documents or tradition, may always and everywhere discover for himself." We shall not find this position established or much elucidated in "Spiritual Phi-

losophy." We shall not find it established or much elucidated in the works of Coleridge's immediate disciples. It was a position of extreme novelty to take at that time. Firmly to occupy it, resolutely to establish it, required great boldness and great lucidity. Coleridge's position made demands upon his disciples which at that time it was almost impossible they should fulfil; it embarrassed them, forced them into vagueness and obscurity. The most eminent and popular among them, Mr. Maurice, seems never quite to have himself known what he himself meant, and perhaps never really quite wished to know. But neither did the master, as I have already said, establish his own position; there were obstacles in his own character, as well as in his circumstances, in the time. Nevertheless it is rightly called *the great Coleridgean position*. It is at the bottom of all Coleridge's thinking and teaching; it is true; it is deeply important; and by virtue of it Coleridge takes rank, so far as English thought is concerned, as an initiator and founder. The "great Coleridgean position," that apart from all question of the evidence for miracles, and of the historical quality of the Gospel narratives, the essential matters of Christianity are necessary and eternal facts of nature or truths of reason, is henceforth the key to the whole defence of Christianity. When a Christian virtue is presented to us as obligatory, the first thing, therefore, to be asked is whether our need of it is a fact of nature.

Here the appeal is to experience and testimony. His own experience may in the end be the surest teacher for every man; but meanwhile, to confirm or deny his instinctive anticipations and to start him on his way, testimony as to the experience of others, general experience, is of the most serious weight and value. We have had the testimony of Plato to the necessity of pureness, that virtue on which Christianity lays so much stress. Here is yet another testimony out of the same Greek world—a world so alien to the world in which Christianity arose; here is the testimony of Sophocles. "Oh that my lot might lead me in the path of holy pureness of thought and deed, the path which august laws ordain, laws which in the highest heaven had their birth; . . .

the power of God is mighty in them, and growth not old." That is the testimony of the poet Sophocles. Coming down to our own times, we have again a like testimony from the greatest poet of our times, Goethe; a testimony the more important, because Goethe, like Sophocles, was in his own life what the world calls by no means a purist. "May the idea of *pureness*," says Goethe, "extending itself even to the very morsel which I take into my mouth, become ever clearer and more luminous within me!" But let us consult the testimony not only of people far over our heads, such as great poets and sages; let us have the testimony of people living, as the common phrase is, in the world, and living there on an every-day footing. And let us choose a world the least favorable to purists possible, the most given to laxity—and where indeed by this time the reign of the great goddess Lubricity seems, as I have often said, to be almost established—the world of Paris. Two famous women of that world of Paris in the seventeenth century, two women not altogether unlike in spirit, Ninon de l'Enclos and Mme. de Sévigné, offer, in respect to the virtue with which we are now occupied, the most striking contrast possible. Both had, in the highest degree, freedom of spirit and of speech, boldness, gaiety, lucidity. Mme. de Sévigné, married to a worthless husband, then a widow, beautiful, witty, charming, of extraordinary freedom, easy and broad in her judgments, fond of enjoyment, not seriously religious; Mme. de Sévigné, living in a society where almost everybody had a lover, never took one. The French commentators upon this incomparable woman are puzzled by this. But really the truth is, that not from what is called high moral principle, not from religion, but from sheer elementary soundness of nature and by virtue of her perfect lucidity, she revolted from the sort of life so common all round her, was drawn towards regularity, felt antipathy to blemish and disorder. Ninon, on the other hand, with a like freedom of mind, a like boldness and breadth in her judgments, a like gaiety and love of enjoyment, took a different turn, and her irregular life was the talk of her century. But that lucidity, which even all through

her irregular life was her charm, made her say at the end of it: "All the world tells me that I have less cause to speak ill of time than other people. However that may be, could anybody have proposed to me beforehand the life I have had, I would have hanged myself." That, I say, is the testimony of the most lucid children of this world, as the testimony of Plato, Sophocles and Goethe is the testimony of the loftiest spirits, to the natural obligation and necessity of the essentially Christian virtue of pureness. So when legend represents the founder of Christianity and great exemplar of this virtue as born of a virgin, thus doing homage to pureness, it does homage to what has natural worth and necessity.

But we have further to ask to what extent the recipients of the legend showed themselves afterwards capable, while firmly believing the legend and delighting in it, of penetrating to that virtue which it honored, and of showing their sense that accompanying the legend went the glorification of that virtue. Here the Collects of the Church which have come down to us from Catholic antiquity—from the times when all legend was most unhesitatingly received, most fondly loved, most delighted in for its own sake—are the best testimony. Jesus was manifested, says one of the Epiphany Collects, "to make us the sons of God and heirs of eternal life," and we, having this hope, are to "purify ourselves even as he is pure." And the Collect for Christmas-day itself—that very day on which the miracle of the Incarnation is commemorated, and on which we might expect the legend's miraculous side to be altogether dominant—firmly seizes the homage to pureness and renovation which is at the heart of the legend, and holds it steadily before us all Christmas-time. "Almighty God," so the Collect runs, "who hast given us thy only-begotten Son to take our nature upon him, and as at this time to be born of a pure Virgin, grant that we being regenerate, and made thy children by adoption and grace, may daily be renewed by thy Holy Spirit." The miracle is amply and impressively stated, but the stress is laid upon the work of regeneration and inward renewal, whereby we are to be made sons

of God, like to that supreme Son whose pureness was expressed through his being born of a pure Virgin. It is as, in celebrating at Easter the miracle of the Resurrection, the Church, following here St. Paul, seizes and elevates in the Collect for Easter Eve that great "secret of Jesus" which underlies the whole miraculous legend of the Resurrection, and which only through materilizing itself in that legend could arrive at the general heart of mankind.

It is so manifest that there is that true and grand and profound doctrine of the *necrosis*, of "dying to re-live," underlying all which is legendary in the presentation of the death and resurrection of Jesus by our Gospels, it is so manifest that St. Paul seized upon the doctrine and elevated it, and that the Church has retained it,—that one can find no difficulty, when the festival of Easter is celebrated, in fixing one's thoughts upon the doctrine as a centre, and in receiving all the miraculous story as poetry naturally investing this and doing homage to it. And there is hardly a fast or a festival of the Christian year in which the underlying truth, the beneficent and forwarding idea, clothed with legend and miracle because mankind could only appropriate it by materializing it in legend and miracle, is not apparent. Trinity Sunday is an exception, but then Trinity Sunday does not really deal with Gospel story and miracle, it deals with speculation by theologians on the divine nature. Perhaps, considering the results of their speculation, we ought now rather to keep Trinity Sunday as a day of penitence for the aberrations of theological dogmatists. It is, however, in itself admissible and right enough that in the Christian year one day should be given to considering the aspects by which the human mind can in any degree apprehend God. But Trinity Sunday is, as I have said, an exception. For the most part, in the days and seasons which the Church observes, there is commemoration of some matter declared in Scripture, and combined and clothed more or less with miracle. Yet how near to us, under the accompanying investment of legend, does the animating and fructifying idea lie!—in Lent, with the miracle of the temptation, the idea of self-conquest

and self-control; in Whitsuntide, with the miracle of the tongues of fire, the idea of the spirit and of inspiration.

What Christmas primarily commemorates is the birthday of Jesus—Jesus, the bringer to the world of the new dispensation contained in his method and secret, and in his temper of *epiikeia*, or sweet reasonableness, for applying them. But the religion of Christendom has in fact made the prominent thing in Christmas a miracle, a legend; the miracle of the Incarnation, as it is called, the legend of Jesus having been born of the Virgin. And to those who cannot bring themselves to receive miracle and legend as fact, what Christmas, under this popularly established aspect of it, can have to say, what significance it can contain, may at first seem doubtful. Christmas might as first appear to be the one great festival which is concerned wholly with mere miracle, which fixes our attention upon a miracle and nothing else. But when we come to look closer, we find that even in the case of Christmas the thing is not so. That on which Christmas even in its popular acceptance, fixes our attention, is that to which the popular instinct, in attributing to Jesus his miraculous Incarnation, in believing him born of a pure Virgin, did homage—pureness. And this, to which the popular instinct thus did homage, was an essential characteristic of Jesus and an essential virtue of Christianity, the obligation of which, though apt to be questioned and discredited in the world, is at the same time nevertheless a necessary fact of nature and eternal truth of reason. And fondly as the Church has cherished and displayed the Christmas miracle, this, the true significance of the miraculous legend for religion, has never been unknown to her, never wholly lost out of sight. As times goes on, as legend and miracle are less taken seriously as matters of fact, this worth of the Christmas legend as symbol will more and more come into view. The legend will still be loved, but as poetry—as poetry endeared by the associations of some two thousand years; religious thought will rest upon that which the legend symbolizes.

It is a mistake to suppose that rules for conduct and recommendations of

virtue, presented in a correct scientific statement, or in a new rhetorical statement from which old errors are excluded, can have anything like the effect on mankind of old rules and recommendations to which they have been long, accustomed, and with which their feelings and affections have become intertwined. Pedants always suppose that they can, but that this mistake should be so commonly made proves only how many of us have a mixture of the pedant in our composition. A correct scientific statement of rules of virtue has upon the great majority of mankind simply no effect at all. A new rhetorical statement of them, appealing, like the old familiar deliverances of Christianity, to the heart and imagination, can have the effect which those deliverances had, only when they proceed from a religious genius equal to that from which those proceeded. To state the requirement is to declare the impossibility of its being satisfied. The superlative pedantry of Comte is shown in his vainly imagining that he could satisfy it; the comparative pedantry of his disciples is shown by the degree in which they adopt their master's vain imagination.

The really essential ideas of Christianity have a truth, depth, necessity, and scope, far beyond anything that either the adherents of popular Christianity, or its impugners, at present suppose. Jesus himself, as I have remarked elsewhere, is even the better fitted to stand as the central figure of a religion, because his reporters so evidently fail to comprehend him fully and to report him adequately. Being so evidently great and yet so uncomprehended, and being now inevitably so to remain for ever, he thus comes to stand before us as what the philosophers call an *absolute*. We cannot apply to him the tests which we can apply to other phenomena, we cannot get behind him and above him, cannot command him. But even were Jesus less of an *absolute*, less fitted to stand as the central figure of a religion, than he is, even were the constitutive and essential ideas of Christianity less pregnant, profound and far-reaching than they are, still the personage of Jesus, and the Christian rules of conduct and recommendations of virtue, being of that indisputable significance

and worth that in any fair view which can be taken of them they are, would have a value and a substantiality for religious purposes which no new constructions can possibly have. No new constructions in religion can now hope to found a common way, hold aloft a common truth, unite men in a common life. And yet how true it is, in regard to mankind, conduct and course, that, as the "Imitation" says so admirably, "Without a way there is no going, without a truth no knowing, without a life no living." *Sine viâ non itur, sine veritate non cognoscitur, sine viâ non vivitur.* The way, truth, and life have been found in Christianity, and will not now be found outside of it. Instead of making vain and pedantic endeavors to invent them outside of it, what we have to do is to help, so far as we can, towards their continuing to be found inside of it by honest and sane people, who would be glad to find them there if they can accomplish it without playing tricks with their understanding; to help them to accomplish this, and to remove obstacles out of the way of their doing so.

Far from having anything to gain by being timid and reticent, or else vague and rhetorical in treating of the miraculous element in the Bible, he who would help men will probably now do most good by treating this element with entire unreserve. Let him frankly say, that miracle narrated in the Bible is as legendary as miracle narrated anywhere else and not more to be taken as having actually happened. If he calls it symbolical, let him be careful to mark that the narrators did not mean it for symbol, but delivered it as having actually happened, and in so delivering it were mistaken. Let him say that we can still use it as poetry, and that in so using it we use it better than those who used it as matter of fact; but let him not leave in any uncertainty the point that it is as poetry that we do use it. Let no difficulties be slurred over or eluded. Undoubtedly a period of transition in religious belief, such as the period in which we are now living, presents many grave difficulties. Undoubtedly the reliance on miracles is not lost without some danger; but the thing to consider is that it *must* be lost, and that the danger must be met, and, as it can be,



counteracted. If men say, as some men are likely enough to say, that they altogether give up Christian miracles and cannot do otherwise, but that then they give up Christian morals too, the answer is, that they do this at their own risk and peril; that they need not do it, that they are wrong in doing it, and will have to rue their error. But for my part, I prefer at present to say this simply and barely, not to give any rhetorical development to it. Springs of interest for the emotions and feelings this reality possesses in abundance, and hereafter these springs may and will most beneficially be used by the clergy and teachers of religion, who are the best persons to turn them to account. As they have habitually and powerfully used the springs of emotion contained in the Christian legend, so they will with time come to use the springs of emotion contained in the reality. But there has been so much vagueness, and so much rhetoric, and so much license of affirmation, and so much treatment of what cannot be known as if it were well known, and of what is poetry and legend as if it were essential solid fact, and of what is investment and dress of the matter as if it were the heart of the matter, that for the present, and when we are just at the commencement of a new departure, I prefer, I say, to put forward a plain, strict statement of the essential facts and truths consecrated by the Christian legend, and to confine myself to doing this. We make a mistake if we think that even those facts and truths can now produce their full effect upon men when exhibited in such a naked statement, and separately from the poetry and legend with which they are combined, and to which men have been accustomed for centuries. Nevertheless, the important thing at the present moment is not to enlarge upon the effect which the essential facts and truths gain from being still used in that combination, but after indicating this point, and insisting on it, to pass on to show what the essential facts and truths are.

Therefore, when we are asked: What really is Christmas, and what does it celebrate? we answer, the birthday of Jesus. What is the miracle of the Incarnation? A homage to the virtue of pureness, and to the manifestation of

this virtue in Jesus. What is Lent, and the miracle of the temptation? A homage to the virtue of self-control and to the manifestation of this virtue in Jesus. What does Easter celebrate? Jesus victorious over death by dying. By dying how? Dying to re-live. To re-live in Paradise, in another world? No, in this. What, then, is the kingdom of God? The ideal society of the future. Then what is immortality? To live in the eternal order, which never dies. What is salvation by Jesus Christ? The attainment of this immortality. Through what means? Through means of the method and the secret and the temper of Jesus.

Experience of the saving results of the method and secret and temper of Jesus, imperfectly even as this method and secret and temper have been extricated and employed hitherto, makes the strength of that wonderful Book in which, with an immense vehicle of legend and miracle, the new dispensation of Jesus and the old dispensation which led up to it are exhibited, and brought to mankind's knowledge; makes the strength of the Bible, and of the religion and churches which the Bible has called into being. We may remark that what makes the attraction of a church is always what is consonant in it to the method and secret and temper of Jesus, and productive, therefore, of the saving results which flow from these. The attraction of the Catholic Church is unity, of the Protestant sects, conscience, of the Church of England, abuses reformed but unity saved. I speak of that which, in each of these cases, is the promise apparently held out; I do not say that the promise is made good. That which makes the weakness and danger of a church, again, is just that in it which is not consonant to the line of Jesus. Thus the danger of the Catholic Church is its obscurantism, of the Protestant sects their contentiousness, of the Church of England, its deference to station and property. I said the other day, in the East-end of London, that, ever since the appearance of Christianity, *the prince of this world is judged*. The *Guardian* was disquieted and alarmed at my saying this. I will urge nothing in answer, except that this deference to the susceptibilities of station

and property, which has been too characteristic of the Church of England in the past—a deference so signally at variance with the line of Jesus—is at the same time just what now makes the Church of England's weakness and main danger.

As time goes on, it will be more and more manifest that salvation does really depend on consonance to the line of Jesus, and that this experience, and nothing miraculous or preternatural, is what establishes the truth and necessity of Christianity. The experience proceeds on a large scale, and therefore slowly. But even now, and imperfectly, moreover, as the line of Jesus has been followed hitherto, it can be seen that those nations are the soundest which have the most seriously concerned themselves with it and have most endeavored to follow it. Societies are saved by following it, broken up by not following it; and as the experience of this continually proceeds, the proofs of Christianity are continually accumulating and growing stronger. The thing goes on quite independently of our wishes, and whether we will or no. Our French friends seem perfectly and scornfully incredulous as to the cogency of the beatitude which pronounces blessing on the pure in heart; they would not for a moment admit that nations perish through the service of the great goddess Lubricity. On the contrary, many of them maintain this service to be the most natural and reasonable thing in the world. Yet really this service broke up the great Roman Empire in the past, and is capable, it will be found, of breaking up any number of societies.

Or let us consider that other great beatitude and its fortunes, the beatitude recommending the Christian virtue of charity. "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Many people do not even understand what it is which this beatitude means to bless; they think it recommends humbleness of spirit. Ferdinand Baur, whose exegesis of texts from the Gospels is more valuable than his criticism of the mode in which the Gospels were composed, has well pointed out that the persons here blest are not those who are humble-spirited, but those who are in the intention and bent

of their spirit—in mind, as we say, and not in profession merely—indifferent to riches. Such persons, whether they possess riches or not, really regard riches as something foreign to them, something not their own, and are thus, in the phrase of another text where our received translation is misleading, faithful as regards riches. "If ye have not been faithful in that which is foreign to you, who will give you that which is your own?" The fidelity consists in having conquered the temptation to treat that for which men desire riches, private possession and personal enjoyment, as things vital to us and to be desired. Wherever there is cupidity, there the blessing of the Gospel cannot rest. The actual poor may altogether fail to be objects of the blessing; the actual rich may be objects of it in the highest degree. Nay, the surest of means to restore and perpetuate the reign of the selfish rich, if at any time it have been interrupted, is cupidity, envy, and hatred in the poor. And this again is a witness to the infallibility of the line of Jesus. We must come, both rich and poor, to prefer the common good, the interest of "the body of Christ"—to use the Gospel phrase—the body of Christ of which we are members, to private possession and personal enjoyment.

This is Christian charity, and how rare, how very rare it is, we all know. In this practical country of ours, where possessing property and estate is so loved, and losing them so hated, the opposition to it is almost as strong as that to Christian purity in France. The *Saturday Review* is in general respectful to religion, intelligent and decorous, in matters of literary and scientific criticism reasonable. But let it imagine property and privilege threatened, and instantly what a change! There seems to rise before one's mind's eye a sort of vision of an elderly demoniac, surrounded by a troop of younger demoniacs of whom he is the owner and guide, all of them suddenly foaming at the mouth and crying out horribly. The attachment to property and privilege is so strong, the fear of losing them so agitating. But the line of Jesus perpetually tends to establish itself, as I have said, independently of our wishes, and

whether we will or no. And undoubtedly the line of Jesus is: "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!" In other words: "How hardly shall those who cling to private possessions and personal enjoyment, who have not brought themselves to regard property and riches as foreign and indifferent to them, who have not annulled self, and placed their happiness in the common good, make part of the ideal society of the future!"

The legend of Christmas is a homage to the Christian virtue of pureness, and Christmas, with its miracle of the Incarnation, should turn our thoughts to the certainty of this virtue's final victory, against all difficulties. And with the victory of this virtue let us associate the victory of its great fellow-virtue of Christian charity, a victory equally difficult but equally certain. The difficulties are undeniable, but here the signs of the times point far more to the emergence and progress of the virtue than to its depression. Who cannot see that the idea of the common good is acquiring amongst us, at the present day, a force altogether new? that, for instance, in cases where, in the framing of laws and in the interpretation of them by tribunals, regard to property and privilege used to be, one may say, paramount, and the idea of the common good hardly considered at all, things are now tending quite the other way; the pretensions of property and privilege are severely scrutinized, the claims of the common good entertained with favor. An acceleration of progress in the spread of ideas of this

kind, a decline of vitality in institutions where the opposite ideas were paramount, marks the close of a period. Jesus announced for his own period such a close; a close necessitated by the emergence of the new, the decay of the old. He announced it with the turbid figures familiar through prophecy to his hearers' imagination figures of stupendous physical miracle, a break-up of nature, God coming to judgment. But he did not announce under these figures, as our Bibles make him announce, the end of *the world*; he announced "the end of *the age*," "the close of the period." That close came, as he had foretold; and a like "end of the age" is imminent wherever a certain stage is reached in the conflict between the line of Jesus and the facts of the period through which it takes its passage. Sometimes we may almost be inclined to augur that from some such "end of the age" we ourselves are not far now; that through dissolution—dissolution peaceful if we have virtue enough, violent if we are vicious, but still dissolution—we and our own age have to pass, according to the eternal law which makes dissolution the condition of renovation. The price demanded, by the inexorable conditions on which the kingdom of God is offered, for the mistakes of our past, for the attainment of our future, this price may perhaps be required sooner than we suppose, required even of us ourselves who are living now; "verily I say unto you, it shall be required of *this generation*."—*Contemporary Review*.

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#### THE ECONOMIC EFFECT OF WAR.

WAR is, of course, economically, purely destructive. The men employed produce nothing; the engines prepared are useless, except for killing; the money expended is most of it consumed on objects which can yield no direct return. Enormous quantities of food are wasted in transport, domestic animals are used-up in unproductive labor, and the men slain are necessarily among the strongest in the nation. Nevertheless, the economic loss of war is often not felt for a time; and it is probable that in

the war supposed to be coming with Russia this will be the case to an unusual degree. Almost all the possessing classes, to begin with, will at first feel as if the war had made them less poor. Those of them who are lucky enough always to save, find all investments cheaper, which is to them as if their money had directly increased in power. Only six weeks ago you could not buy a solid security to pay quite four per cent., and to-day there are twenty to choose among. The possessing classes have

been suffering from the fall in prices, and the fall in prices will cease. Already the owners of land are relieved of apprehension by a rise in the price of wheat which may be taken as equivalent in effect to a five-shilling protective duty; and the farmers, possibly misled by the tradition of former wars, look forward to a rise of at least double that. As the American supply will not be affected, and the Indian supply will be as good as ever, and every rise in price draws new supplies, they may possibly be disappointed; but imagination is a factor in trade, as in all other things governed by human minds, and the prices of things to eat will undoubtedly stiffen. The mere increase in the cost of sea-carriage will secure that; and this increase will be considerable, for a Government at war draws heavily on the surplus shipping for transport; and while freight rises, so also do rates of insurance and competent seamen's wages. Large as the seafaring class is, the demand made on it in war-time by a great Power sensibly diminishes it, and so increases the value of the remaining seamen. All sea-borne goods must rise perceptibly in price, and so, though the reason is not so apparent, do all metals; and owing to the law which tends to equalise all profits, so in smaller proportion do all other vendible things. The phenomenon called by housewives "dearness" appears at once; and as the possessing and trading classes, distributors excepted, fret under cheapness, this is for the time a satisfaction to them. Landlords, shipowners, planters abroad, farmers at home, mineowners, and manufacturers with large stocks, classes which greatly influence opinion, deem themselves to be, and in some instances are, decidedly better-off. Nor are the distributing classes at first injured. Much of the enormous expenditure of war goes into their pockets; war is recognised as full excuse for heavier prices; and the demand from the well-to-do which so often makes the difference between profit and loss increases rather than diminishes. The currency, too, tends to become inflated by the issue of Government paper, not in the form of bank-notes, but of obligations of all kinds, signed by a firm—the Government—known to be solvent, and

passing in large transactions from hand to hand, and inflation always produces the appearance of prosperity. The enormous mass of expense, again, based on borrowed money,—that is, practically, on future earnings,—swells the volume of available money in circulation, and enlarges, sometimes enormously, the profits of certain men, *e.g.*, army contractors, who immediately spend on their own objects till the veins of the community seem full of blood. Even wages rise, and especially the wages of the poorest class, the half-skilled laborers. It is often supposed that this is not the case; but the truth would seem to be that the withdrawal of laborers from production caused by war, falling as it does, not on the whole people, but on a limited section of them,—namely, those who are at once poor, specially able-bodied, and under thirty-five,—greatly diminishes the total supply, and at once raises wages. This is thoroughly recognised on the Continent, where mobilisation affects such a huge mass of men, and even in England the numbers taken away are very serious. In a war of two years at least 100,000 men will require to be replaced, another 100,000 will be hired for garrison duty of all kinds, and a further contingent of unknown numbers will be employed in dockyards, transport services, and the endless forms of hard labor necessary to send armies to the field. If we remember that the half-skilled laborers are only a division of the people, and that agricultural laborers, in particular, upon whom much of the pressure falls, are only 600,000, we shall see that war seriously reduces the available supply of hands, and so sends up one class of wages. In truth, in the beginning of a war in a country not liable to invasion, and not harassed from the first by financial distress, it is difficult to see what class—unless it be soldiers' wives—suffers economically from the very beginning, and does not rather feel as if it were prospering. Something of this is, no doubt, imaginary, and due to the bustle and interest created by war, and the sense it causes of a necessity for harder work; but most of it has a true economic source. The expenditure is greater, the competition is less, and one new career, rapidly consuming men, has been opened to the

discontented. There is more room for those who are not engaged, and more to get, and they therefore feel well-off. So strong is this impression, that in countries where the well-off classes govern—as was the case in England's war with Napoleon—war is often protracted by their reluctance to lose the advantages which they think, often with reason, they are enjoying, though at the expense of the whole community.

It is by degrees that the economic effect of war comes to be felt, through the agency, usually, of taxation. No nation can throw away perhaps two years' revenue in one on unproductive effort without becoming gradually poorer,—that is, without having less to spend in giving good wages to great multitudes of men. Suppose a war to cost fifty millions a year—and the American war cost £120,000,000—though much of that is spent in wages, the whole is loss, for even the wages are paid, from the economic point of view, for doing nothing. In the best case, that of a country which is annually heaping-up a reserve in the shape of savings, this reserve must be diminished to an appreciable degree; and the effect, *pro tanto*, is as if the community were making less profit, or were fractionally less industrious, or were more addicted to consumable luxuries like tobacco or wine. If the process continues long, or the war is excessively expensive, all saving-power is consumed, and the community sinks gradually to the position of a man who is living from hand to mouth, and making nothing to provide against the future. The process, of course, may be slow; it may be retarded, as in England in the Great War, by the sudden rise of new and profitable industries, and it may be diminished in its effect by thrift; but it is inevitable. No nation could expend a second year's revenue on war continuously for a century without being beggared; and each separate year must of necessity involve some approach towards beggary. Borrowing distributes the loss over future years; but it does not diminish the loss itself, which is positive, and not to be diminished by any financial arrangement. Borrowing involves taxation, and the effect of taxation in the gross is to impoverish. It is often

said, for instance, that England could borrow a hundred millions, and then pay for it by a twopenny tax on sugar; and that, as a financial statement, is correct. But then this also is correct, that the three and a half millions a year raised to pay for a loan of that amount expended in a past war, means a loss equivalent to an obligation to keep 100,000 unskilled laborers at £35 a year each in idleness for ever. An unskilled laborer does not earn more than that; and that, therefore, is one expression of what the community gives away through such a tax, without real benefit to its producing-power. It is true that three and a half millions is not an amount sufficient to hurt England; but it is a fresh burden on England, and it begins to fall just when it is hardest, that is, when war expenditure and consequent borrowing ceases. It is on the top of the loss of the great customer who has been throwing away, say, £100,000,000 a year, that the new taxation comes, and is, therefore, often so cruelly felt. We have been told, on high financial authority—that of the late Mr. James Wilson—that after Waterloo, when the era of war ended, and the war expenditure ceased, the people found that just when their mighty customer, the Government, ceased to buy everything, and prices suddenly sank, everybody was paying seven-and-sixpence in the pound of his earnings to the State. The reaction was terrible; every man felt nearly ruined, and for at least four years a spirit of economic dishonesty spread among the people, till the ominous words, "the sponge," began to be uttered aloud. As it happened, the distress did not matter. An enormous development of industry, the result of new inventions and mechanical appliances, rapidly made England rich again; and, followed as it was by a new system of communication, rebuilt the national fortune; but the economic danger for a few years was terrible. Nothing like that is likely to occur again; but still, a great war will touch every household with its consequences before it is done. A shilling income-tax will be felt even by the rich, and will directly deplete the reservoir out of which those who provide the comforts of life are paid. Duties on edible luxuries or necessities will be felt by the

poor in proportion to their poverty, and this the more because they will come on the back of the general "deariness," especially of eatables, which is the inevitable consequence of war. When the war stops, therefore, there will be distress, great or little, in proportion to the expenditure; but, great or little, equally inevitable, not to be kept-off by any financial arrangement. It may be rendered short, of course, or even innocuous, by other causes, such as a sudden discovery of a new and cheaper motor which, by reducing the energy to be expended on producing a result, positively

adds to the national force, and, therefore, to the national producing-power, or by the opening-up of new channels of industry; but, apart from these, there is no avoiding the economic consequence of war. War is waste; the nation pays for the waste by taxation, and, therefore, every individual in the nation must, *pro tanto*, suffer. The particular war may be right, or unavoidable, or purely self-defensive, but one of its consequences must be this; and it is never wise to conceal what inevitably must happen.—*Spectator*.

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### A MASTER IN ISLAM ON THE PRESENT CRISIS.

#### INTERVIEW WITH SHEIKH DJAMAL-UD-DIN AL-HUSSEINY AL-AFGHANY.

VARIOUS references have been made of late to a mysterious sheikh who from his lodgings in Paris is believed to hold the strings of the Nationalist movement in Egypt and the religious revolt in the Soudan. We have received the following account of this interesting personage from a correspondent who called on him the other day in Paris:—

Sheikh Djamal-ud-din Al-Husseiny, for such is his full name and title, was born in Cabul in the year 1837, of a noble and renowned family in Afghanistan called the Seiyidists de Connoire (descendant of the prophet Mahommed). He began the study of Arabic when eight years old, and afterwards he devoted himself to the study of Mahomedan theology and philosophy. When the Mutiny broke out in India he left Cabul and went to that country, travelling through all parts of India, after which he visited Mecca, returning to Afghanistan by Baghdâd and Persia. Sheikh Djamal-ud-din joined Abd-urrahman Khan, the present ruler of Afghanistan, when civil war broke out between them and Sher Ali Khan. Abd-urrahman having been defeated by Sher Ali, Sheikh Djamal-ud-din fled to Constantinople, and at this place he was courted by the leading savants and learned men of that city, his literary fame already having attained considerable renown throughout the East. Soon after his arrival in Constantinople he

was unanimously elected a member of the Court of Public Instruction. While at Constantinople his spirit blazed into fury at the spectacle of the bad and corrupt administration of the Turks. He delivered lectures and wrote against it in vehement terms, which resulted in his expulsion from Turkey in the year 1871. He thereupon went to Egypt, where he had long been famous for his remarkable knowledge of Arabic, Islamic law, and all branches of philosophy. Hence many of the best men in Egypt and the Soudan flocked around him, and he had several pupils whom he instructed in all branches of Oriental learning. Amongst these pupils of his by far the most notable was Mahammed Ahmad, the Mahdi. At Cairo he attacked Ismail Pasha, denouncing him as the cause of the ruin of Egypt. In short he was one of the principal instruments that caused Ismail's downfall. When the present Khedive came to the throne he likewise preached in public assemblies against him as the agent of foreign intervention, and consequently in 1880 he was exiled from Egypt. All his possessions, such as his library and papers, were seized at Tewfik's command by the Egyptian Government. From Egypt he again visited India, remaining there three years, and then two years ago he came over to Paris, in which city he still resides.

His abode is a modest hotel near the

Boulevards, where he has apartments modestly furnished. In his habits Sheikh Djamal-ud-dîn is very regular. Rising early in the morning, he enters his sitting room, and peruses the newspapers, smoking his Turkish tobacco in an English pipe. Close by him he generally keeps his Koran, and several Arabic, Persian, Turkish books and pamphlets are scattered about his room, as well as a number of the leading French and English newspapers. Here we may mention that he published for a time an Arabic paper called *Al-Urwat-ul-Wuthka*, *Le Lien Indissoluble*, which had an enormous circulation in the East. Sheikh Djamal-ud-dîn has a majestic and commanding presence (as may be seen from the accompanying portrait, and a face of remarkable intelligence. He keeps his head uncovered indoors, contrary to Oriental custom. It has already been mentioned in the papers that Sheikh Djamal-ud-dîn has had and has a sort of communication with the Mahdi. He describes him to be a very intelligent person, well versed in Moslem theology and history. In stature he is of moderate size, rather thin, but muscular and wiry. He grows a small beard, and his color is bronze but by no means black, and he possesses a sedate, pious look. In his early age the Mahdi was remarkable for great religious principle, and was always very abstemious and kindly disposed to the weak and poor. Before he acquired his present position as Mahdi he believed that he felt some sort of inspiration, and certainly now believes himself to be the Mahdi expected by all Islam, nor, in his old master's opinion, does he do this as a mere political pretext.

The following is a transcript of the notes of the interview between our representative and the Sheikh :—

What does the word Mahdi convey to Mahommedans ; in what position does it place them, and what is the effect produced on them?—Mahommedans believe, according to Islamic tradition, that at the end of time there will appear a Mahdi, who will be recognized by certain indications, and his mission is to exalt Islam throughout the world. Consequently the Mahdi's mission is one of great importance, and its effect on Mahommedans is very great. He who

studies the history of Islam will find that many Moslem empires were formed through a Mahdi's mission.

Is it possible for the present Mahdi to be successful in his enterprise and to be followed by all or a large portion of the Mahommedans?—This matter is but like all others of the sort, and considering the present bad condition of the Moslems, should the Mahdi gain two or three more successes, he would certainly be followed by nearly all the Mahommedans.

Do you think it possible to crush his influence?—Yes, if they do not fight him in his own country, thus forcing him, so to speak, to fight and defend it ; and also if they leave the defence of other countries to the Mahommedans themselves. The best method of crushing a religious rising, to my mind, is to allow co-religionists to do it.

As the Sheikh is not merely the tutor of the Mahdi, but also a Cabulee savant and old partisan of Abd-ur-rahman, the conversation turned on the Afghan question.

What is your opinion of the Russian advance?—This is a matter of great complication, requiring for its solution the greatest consideration, for there is no doubt that on the one hand a war between two such great Powers as England and Russia must, besides the enormous loss of life, cause great losses to all the world, and cause great future complications. Further, it would not end in a short time. On the other hand, should Russia come to amicable terms at present with England through the mediation of Germany, or by the means of friendly relations between the present British Cabinet and that of Russia, the result would be more disadvantageous to England, inasmuch as the Russian policy and intentions respecting their advance in India cannot be doubted or misunderstood by politicians. Therefore, should an amicable arrangement and understanding be arrived at at present, Russia will have more time and be better able to arrange her affairs and complete her preparations. They could cause a railway to be made from Exeus to the frontier of Afghanistan. Further, they would be enabled to remove any ill-feeling that may exist between them and the tribes of Turcomans, and try to gain the

friendship of the tribes of Djamshidé and Hôzarah, who are situated near Herat, as well as the Uzbaks, who dwell in Balkh, who are all different in race, particularly the Hôzarah, who differ in religion, they being Shihists. It would not be difficult for Russia to gain these tribes, as they are not on very friendly terms with the Afghans. After this Russia would try and gain the Afghans to their side by promising them the Punjab. Russian promises would have greater effect than all the means England can bring to bear, inasmuch as Russian character is more akin to the Oriental than any other. Further, the Russians would by intrigue try to incite Indian hostility towards English, promising them self-government should Russia succeed.

All this, however, requires time, so that if Russia should hurry herself into war at present she would be acting against her interests, which would show the greatest ignorance; but I do not

think she would be so foolish seeing what she would risk in a war just now. In short, unless Russia retreats back to the Caspian Sea leaving Turcoman and Buckharah, there cannot be perfect safety for England in India. Although the retreat of Russia so far is difficult, yet in the future it would be more so. It is, however, possible, and this by weakening her power in Europe; or by England uniting with the Afghans, Persia, and Turkey, and forcing Russia to withdraw as above stated; and for England to withdraw from the Soudan leaving it to Mahommedans to arrange their internal affairs. Egypt can undoubtedly improve herself and repair, slowly but surely, the damages done. This, however, I fear the present Government will not do, inasmuch as they slight the Mahommedans, and that Russia will supersede them in the matter and in gaining Moslem sympathy, time will show and prove.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

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#### LITERARY NOTICES.

RUSSIA UNDER THE TZARS. By Stepniak. Rendered into English by William Westall. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This is the second contribution of the author to an understanding of the social and political conditions which make the Russia of to-day the reproach and horror of modern civilization; and it is a successful attempt to throw light on the true relations of the revolutionary movement known to us as Nihilism to those conditions. The first book, "Underground Russia," was a comparatively slight work, treating the salient facts of Russian bureaucracy from the standpoint of the dramatic story-teller, and assuming that the world was fully acquainted with the national causes which have led to the dreadful outcrop of repeated assassination as the logical and necessary outcome. In the present work Stepniak surveys the field from the point of view of the philosophical historian and essayist, and reviews elaborately all of the antecedent conditions and the present complexity of evils, which have laid such cruel responsibilities on the would-be reformer. Allowing for that margin of exaggeration and warmth of coloring which are inseparable from the attitude of the enthusiast, it remains clear that the author has

framed an overwhelming indictment against the Government of Russia, as a blot on modern civilization so black and evil, as to justify the abhorrence of all who have a just regard for the rights of man. Even the most austere moralist is tempted to admit, in view of such facts, that there may arise conditions where "killing is no murder." Stepniak has written much in the English newspapers and reviews on the real causes of Russian Nihilism, and the woful facts of imperialism and bureaucracy, which have called forth such a drastic and bloody remedy, if that can be called a remedy which is still vainly struggling with the accumulated weight of centuries of governmental crime. In the book under notice he sums up in a consecutive whole what he had previously stated in fragments.

Beginning with the old Russia, which antedated the founding of the present Romanoff dynasty, under which all the previous elements and tendencies toward misgovernment have become crystallized, he states some very remarkable facts in the political history of his native land which are not known to the general reader. One of the sources of discouragement to the observer of Russian affairs has been the dread that there was nothing in the



traditions and training of the people to serve as a foundation for a more just and liberal form of government and an establishment of social order, once revolution had wrought its work in overthrowing the present imperialism. Stepniak dissipates this notion very effectively, and throws a new light on the elements entering into the problem. Previous to the time of Ruric, the various principalities now making up Imperial Russia were governed on a democratic principle even more complete than that which inspired the republics of Italy in their brightest days. The people of each literally determined their own laws and alliances by open council, in which the utmost freedom of debate occurred and the meanest citizen had a voice. True, princes were at the head of these governments, but they were purely electoral, and were so completely at the mercy of the people that they could be dislodged at any time. They were merely military chiefs, with no voice in the making of the laws and with no fixed time of holding position, merely servants of the people with vastly less power and responsibility than are possessed by any one of the higher officials who rule under a representative system. These democracies, though turbulent, disorderly, and quarrelsome, served effectively for several centuries as the medium for the promotion of a high degree of prosperity; and several of them, notably that of great Novgorod, became leading commercial marts of Europe. The tradition is still faintly preserved in the grand annual fair, to which traders flock from all quarters of the East. Internal wars and the tremendous pressure of the Tartar hordes which afterward overran Russia in large part, tended to consolidate these democracies under one ruler. It would be beyond our purpose to trace even in outline the steps by which the haughty autocracy of Tzardom was finally fastened on the country, but it is a singular fact that in the *mir*, or system of village communes, which exists side by side with imperialism in Russia, we have today a survival in an humble form of the old Slav democracies. Stepniak finds in this a hopeful basis for building up free and successful government, when revolution shall have thrown off the incubus of the Romanoffs and the bureaucratic system, of which this dynasty is both the creator and the slave.

The picture which the author gives of life in Russia could hardly be painted in darker colors. No man's house is safe from domiciliary visits, and the least word of indignation or protest is likely to cause one to be thrown into

a prison to rot, or to be exiled for life to the mines of Siberia. Even if found guiltless in court he may be sent into exile by the order of the chief of police. This dread official seems to have almost absolute power. Even a man against whom no charge has been made may be banished to a distant province and compelled to live under police supervision. Any anonymous denunciation is considered sufficient for the police tribunals to act on, and the accused has not even the privilege of confronting his accuser. The action of this terrible and implacable power has paralyzed all healthy intellectual life in Russia, and men who dare to think, either quit Russia, as did Turgenieff, or enroll themselves in the ranks of the revolutionists to plot and work in secrecy like moles, biding their time for open and resolute action. The culmination of the crime of imperialism against the life of the empire is found in its dealing with education in all its branches, from the universities down to the most primitive schools. Under the management of Count Tolstoi—the most base and unscrupulous of the imperial advisers—the universities are watched and governed by *manchards*, who now usurp the place of once learned professors, and discipline is enforced by the prick of the bayonet and the crack of the Cossack whip. Every student is watched as closely as the condemned wretch on the eve of execution, and no social intercourse is allowed. History, science, and literature are sedulously discouraged as studies, because they are "dangerous" guides, and the dead bones of Latin and Greek taught in the most pedagogic fashion are regarded as the only proper food. Even primary schools are watched by spies and soldiers, and babies are made to feel the weight of the police lash. Everywhere is found the iron, inflexible hand of official power, and bureaucracy crushes out the life of the land. The press, both in the provinces and in the great centres, has been completely extinguished, and only those papers which slavishly reflect the opinions of the Government are allowed to exist. Reviews and magazines are placed under an equally rigorous *surveillance*, and Count Tolstoi's *Index Purgatorius* puts a ban on the printing or sale of every book calculated to stimulate thought or arouse ambition. All that is worthy in science, art, and literature is tabooed, and prurient French novels are nearly the only foreign books permitted an unrestricted circulation. The Greek Church is thoroughly allied with the Government, and a tool more useful

in a country where the majority of the ecclesiastics are knaves and parasites, and the majority of the people, ignorant and superstitious, can hardly be imagined. It is in the hands of this power that all the primary schools have been transformed under the present *régime*, and the results can easily be imagined.

While officialdom thus crushes the life out of the nation, it is honeycombed through and through with corruption and dishonesty. Bribery, theft, mendacity, and malversation of office rot every branch of the public service, and the imperial treasury is robbed as unscrupulously as the people are trodden under foot. Gigantic speculations are continually being discovered, and yet are permitted to go unpunished. Stepniak asserts that if Russia were plunged into a war to-day, she would find herself in a condition similar to that which made French armies so utterly unable to cope with the forces of Germany in the last conflict. The examples of public spoliation carried on by officials high in the confidence of the Emperor, cited by our author, are such as have hardly a parallel in Europe. It has come to be a by-word in Russia that the ordinary vulgar criminal, however flagrant his offence, is leniently dealt with. It is only against the political offender that the severe terrors of the law are invoked.

It would be difficult to find, at least in recent history, any record which matches the plain recital of the wrongs and villainies perpetrated under Russian imperialism. It is against this system that Nihilism is struggling, impotently in appearance, but always earnestly, persistently, intelligently. However the mind may revolt from certain phases of Nihilism and condemn some of its methods, it is impossible that, on the whole, intelligent minds should not sympathize with it and regard its success as the only hope of national salvation. Stepniak intimates that the time of terrorism, the era of assassination has passed. The propaganda of liberty has been pushed with great success in the ranks of the army, and at least a quarter of the commissioned officers below the rank of colonel, including many of the bravest and most skilful men in the service, are affiliated to Nihilism. Russia cannot remain for many years in her present condition. The mills of the gods, though grinding slowly, are grinding exceedingly fine. If the statements made by our author are true, the power to make an open and armed revolt effective is being forged and tempered rapidly. We believe that at least nine-tenths of men of Anglo-

Saxon race will give that revolt a God-speed when the time does come. Stepniak's book, which is singularly free from harsh invective and sounding adjectives, is terrible by the weight of its simple, direct, and, we believe on the whole, accurate statements. It certainly throws a light on Russian affairs such as the reader can obtain, probably, from no other contemporary work.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Hippolyte Adolph Taine, D.C.L. Oxon, Author of "A History of English Literature," "Notes on England," etc. Translated by John Durand. In three volumes. Vol. III. New York: *Henry Holt & Company*.

This is the concluding volume of Taine's history of the French Revolution, and in vividness of presentation, charm of style, and clearness of statement it surpasses even its predecessors. The views of M. Taine in regard to the causes of the French Revolution, and his characterizations of the men who rose to the top during its fierce and bloody progress, have been severely criticised. Nearly every historian of the period is borne along by a strong partisan bias. It seems impossible for the writer to enter on this troubled and tempestuous period to keep himself aloof from the agitations which swell the events and motives he depicts. So all historians of the period are at odds with each other. M. Taine is more severe and sweeping in his condemnation of the men that guided the revolution than most of his rivals. Perhaps no better explanation of the view and attitude of the author can be given than that found in his eloquent and striking preface, which we give entire:

" 'In Egypt,' says Clement of Alexandria, 'the sanctuaries of the temples are shaded by curtains of golden tissue. But on going farther into the interior in quest of the statue, a priest of grave aspect, advancing to meet you and chanting a hymn in the Egyptian tongue, slightly raises a veil to show you the god. And what do you behold? A crocodile, or some indigenous serpent, or other dangerous animal, the Egyptian god being a brute rolling about on a purple carpet.'

"We need not visit Egypt or go so far back in history to encounter crocodile worship, as this can be readily found in France at the end of the last century. Unfortunately, a hundred years is too long an interval, too far away, for an imaginative retrospect of the past. At the present time, standing where we do and regarding the horizon behind us, we see only

forms which the intervening atmosphere embellishes, shimmering contours which each spectator may interpret in his own fashion; no distinct, animated figure, but merely a mass of moving points, forming and dissolving in the midst of picturesque architecture. I was anxious to have a nearer view of these vague points, and, accordingly, transported myself back to the last half of the eighteenth century, where I have been living with them for twelve years, and, like Clement of Alexandria, examining, first, the temple, and next the god. A passing glance at these is not sufficient; a step further must be taken to comprehend the theology on which this cult is founded. This one, explained by a very specious theology, like most others, is composed of dogmas called the principles of 1789; they were proclaimed, indeed, at that date, having been previously formulated by Jean-Jacques Rousseau, the well-known sovereignty of the people, the rights of man, and the social contract. Once adopted, their practical results unfolded themselves naturally; in three years the crocodile brought by these dogmas into the sanctuary installed himself there on the purple carpet behind the golden veil; in effect, he was intended for the place on account of the energy of his jaws and the capacity of his stomach; he became a god through his qualities as a destructive brute and man-eater. Comprehending this, the rites which consecrate him and the pomp which surrounds him need not give us any further concern. We can observe him, like any ordinary animal, and study his various attitudes, as he lies in wait for his prey, springs upon it, tears it to pieces, swallows it, and digests it. I have studied the details of his structure, the play of his organs, his habits, his mode of living, his instincts, his faculties, and his appetites. Specimens abounded. I have handled thousands of them, and have dissected hundreds of every species and variety, always preserving the most valuable and characteristic examples, but for lack of room I have been compelled to let many of them go because my collection was too large. Those that I was able to bring back with me will be found here, and, among others, about twenty individuals of different dimensions, which—a difficult undertaking—I have kept alive with great pains. At all events, they are intact and perfect, and particularly the three largest. These seem to me, of their kind, truly remarkable, and those in which the divinity of the day might well incarnate himself. The bills of butchers, as well as housekeeping accounts,

authentic and regularly kept, throw sufficient light on the cost of this cult. We can estimate about how much the sacred crocodiles consumed in ten years; we know their bills of fare daily, their favorite morsels. Naturally, the god selected the fattest victims, but his voracity was so great that he likewise bolted down, and blindly, the lean ones, and in much greater number than the fattest. Moreover, by virtue of his instincts, and an unfailing effect of the situation, he ate his equals once or twice a year, except when they succeeded in eating him. This cult certainly is instructive, at least to historians and men of pure science. If any believers in it still remain I do not aim to convert them; one cannot argue with a devotee on matters of faith. This volume, accordingly, like the others that have gone before it, is written solely for amateurs of moral zoology, for naturalists of the understanding, for seekers of truth, of texts, and of proofs—for these alone and not for the public, whose mind is made up and which has its own opinion on the Revolution. This opinion began to be formed between 1825 and 1830, after the retirement or withdrawal of eye-witnesses. When they disappeared it was easy to convince a credulous public that crocodiles were philanthropists; that many possessed genius; that they scarcely ate others than the guilty, and that if they sometimes ate too many it was unconsciously and in spite of themselves, or through devotion and self-sacrifice for the common good."

The volume is divided into the following sections: "Establishment of the Revolutionary Government;" "The Jacobin Programme;" "The Governors;" "The Governed;" "The End of the Revolutionary Government." The author gives a luminous picture of the facts and conditions which preceded the Reign of Terror. In reading these brilliant pages we are carried along so swiftly that it is hard to realize at first the enormous research and weighing of authorities, which we soon recognize by glancing at the foot-notes. The various elements entering into the situation were complex, but they are unravelled with great dexterity and presented with no less clearness. When we come to those pages which deal with the Reign of Terror proper, M. Taine rises to his most graphic and picturesque power. His description and characterization of Danton, Marat, Robespierre, Hebert, St. Just, and the other bloodhounds that led the pack, are masterpieces. Carlyle, whose account of the French Revolution is a lurid and magnificent

prose poem, does not give a more powerful and vivid realistic picture, while the present author without doubt has by far the advantage in the accuracy of his statements, the reliability of his facts, the judicial weight of his opinions. It may be unquestioningly stated that among recent historical books there is none worthy to be ranked in interest and importance with this study of one of the most remarkable periods in the world's history by M. Taine.

LOUIS PASTEUR: HIS LIFE AND LABORS. By his Son-in-law. Translated from the French by John Durand. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The career of M. Pasteur is one of those which rank among the greatest in the value of the results which he has obtained. Starting as a great chemist, he went on, step by step, making great discoveries in the line of his work, till he finally proved absolutely the germ theory of disease, which, prior to his investigations and experiments, had been merely an hypothesis. The great crowning work of his life, however, has been the establishment of the fact that vaccination, as discovered by Jenner is not an isolated truth, but one of a class of similar truths, which could be utilized to the incalculable blessing of the world; in other words, that it is possible in the case of a great many diseases to make the system proof against contagion by inoculation with an attenuated virus of the same nature. He has been splendidly successful in the cases of splenic fever and of hydrophobia, and all the analogies indicate that this is only the beginning of a much wider extension of the same principle. Pasteur's conclusions are now accepted by the whole scientific, and a host of ardent and ingenious disciples are working along the same line of experiment and investigation. The beneficent results are likely to be of such a character as to revolutionize the whole treatment of disease. Before Pasteur had reached the culmination of his great career, he had saved millions of francs per annum to France by his discovery of the means to cure diseases in vines, and the method of saving silk-worms from the parasitic ailment which threatened the whole silk culture of France. But in absolutely demonstrating, starting from the germ theory of disease as a basis, that disease could be guarded against, at least in certain cases, by inoculation with attenuated virus, he has opened the way probably for results the greatness of which we do not yet appreciate. Like Dr. Robert Koch, of Berlin, he has been ex-

perimenting with cholera, but, unlike Dr. Koch, he denies that the cholera germ, or *bacillus*, has yet been found. Investigators are, however, on the road to the truth, and we confidently anticipate that the goal will be reached not only in cholera, but many other diseases. If so Pasteur's name will shine *primus inter pares* among those who most contributed to such a beneficent revolution in the methods of grappling with the most fatal forms of disease and death. The story of Pasteur's life, of his methods of work, of his progress from discovery to discovery, is told by his admiring disciple and son-in-law in a very fresh and attractive style, unencumbered by technical terms and with a peculiarly French vivacity and grace of touch. There is a very interesting summary of the results of Pasteur's work written by no less an authority than Professor John Tyndall, who does ample justice to the genius and ability of his great French contemporary. Pasteur is now only sixty-two years of age, and as his health has lately been re-established, the world may expect still more important discoveries than any which he has yet made.

A GRAMMAR OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IN A SERIES OF LETTERS. Intended for the Use of Schools and of Young Persons, etc., but more especially for the Use of Soldiers, Sailors, Apprentices, and of Ploughboys. By William Cobbett. With Notes by Robert Waters. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

Next to Lindley Murray (and he is rather a name, *clarum et venerabile nomen*, than an authority) no work in the English language on grammar is more famous than this of Cobbett. The book is written with great charm of style, and is cast in the form of familiar letters, being addressed to his son. It is the only grammar in the world, probably, which can be read with pleasure by a casual person picking it up for an hour's recreation. Its methods and principles of teaching have been widely commended by the most experienced grammarians and instructors. The book is so well known as not to need any special words from us in praise or criticism. We find an amusing sentence on the title-page which is not without significance. After the general statement of the title of the book we find these, "to which are added six lessons intended to prevent statesmen from using false grammar and from writing in an awkward manner." There is no doubt that some such special department is needed, but it is dubious whether the aforesaid statesmen

could be made to realize the fact. The notes which are added by the editor, Mr. Waters, are suggestive and useful, and written in an easy and engaging style, modelled somewhat after that of Cobbett himself.

AT THE SIGN OF THE LYRE. By Austin Dobson. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

This collection of *vers de société* by Austin Dobson will be pleasantly received by the poets many admire. The kind of verse in which he has made his reputation is not the highest, but it has been carried to great perfection in recent years; and among the group of verse-makers no one has plucked more brilliant laurels than Austin Dobson. He has the true touch of his craft, and no one can unite sparkle and grace more deftly with that flavor of satire and substance of good sense, which, after all, are essential to the best *vers de société*. There are a few poems of a more serious character, which are also excellent in their way.

WORKING PEOPLE AND THEIR EMPLOYERS. By Rev. Washington Gladden. New York: *Funk & Wagnalls.*

The author of this work is extensively known as one of the most sprightly and spirited writers and authors we have among us. He grapples here with one of the difficult and vital problems of the times. He is, however, at home with his theme. He says: "The greater part of my life has been spent among working people, in working with them, or in working for them." Sure of his "audience," he uses plain and forcible words, both to employers and employés. The questions discussed by him so sensibly and practically, are among the most important and pressing involved in what is called "The Labor Question." The book ought to have a wide circulation. It cannot fail to do good.

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#### FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

A FRENCH party in Mauritius have started a new journal, called *Madagascar*. The name indicates its object—it is to promote the annexation to France of the great African island.

A CURIOUS discovery has recently been made in the records of the Calcutta High Court which may serve to throw additional light on the history of the time of Clive. Some of the papers relating to the trial of Nandkumar have been unearthed, and among them is the judgment, with a long note appended in some old system of stenography, giving what purport to

be the true reasons for the lightness of the punishment inflicted. A lithographic copy of the note is to be sent to England for decipherment.

MR. SWINBURNE'S new tragedy, "Marino Faliero," is dedicated to Aurelio Saffi, the Italian patriot. This will indicate that the striking chapter of Venetian history upon which the drama is based has been treated in some measure politically. The chronicle, however, has been faithfully followed as to incidents.

MR. J. A. SYMONDS is engaged upon the sequel to his *Renaissance in Italy*. This book will deal with the period between 1530 and 1600. Mr. Symonds proposes to treat of the changes effected in Italian politics, society, and culture by the Spanish ascendancy and the Catholic revival. He will probably call the book *Italy and the Council of Trent*.

HERR W. FRIEDRICH, of Leipzig, will publish shortly a history of Russian literature, by Alexander von Reinhold, forming vol. vii. of the series, "Geschichte der Weltliteraturen im Einzeldarstellungen." The prospectus, issued by the publishers, claims that the book will far surpass in completeness and accuracy all previous works on this subject.

A DROLL incident occurred recently at Scotland Yard, London. Mr. Charles Gibbon, the novelist, has a friend there who is an inspector of the detective department, and to whom he is indebted for valuable instruction in the details of criminal procedure. In recognition of this service he forwarded to his friend a copy of the book just published entitled "A Hard Knot," one of the principal characters in which is a detective. The parcel was done up in brown paper and delivered late in the evening by the Parcels Delivery Company. This was the information forwarded to Mr. Gibbon on the following day:

"Inspector—was on duty here last night, and it is usual for the officer to turn in about 11.30 P.M. But having received the parcel, he informed me this morning that he was unable to sleep—wondering if it contained *dynamite* and every minute was to be his last. After turning over and over in bed, he at length got up and examined his bugbear carefully. Then, seeing your name on it, he felt satisfied, went to bed, and slept."

PROFESSOR BLACKIE is not the only eccentric master the young men of Edinburgh University have had over them. Professor Christison—whose son became eminent in the Edinburgh Medical School—once having caught a

student winking in his Latin class ordered him to stand up, and spoke as follows: "No smirking, no smiling, and above all, no tipping of the wink: for such things are hurtful to yourselves, baneful to the republic, and will bring down the gray hairs of your parents with sorrow to the grave. Hum! by the way, that's a very pretty sentence; turn it into Latin, sir."

*The World of London* has conspicuously suggested Mr. Lowell for the Merton Professorship of English Language and Literature at Oxford.

A FINE monument has been erected at Ormiston, East Lothian, to the memory of Dr. Robert Moffat, the famous missionary to Africa.

SOME interesting autographs were recently sold at auction in London. The original autograph copy of Lord Byron's "Fare thee well! and if forever," fetched \$85; the originals of Burns's "Tam O'Shanter" and "Lament of Mary, Queen of Scots" together fetched \$760; one of Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son, \$15; thirteen letters of Dean Swift, from \$38 to \$85 each, and one of Charles Lamb, from Paris, \$65.

THE commission intrusted with the publication of the correspondence of Peter the Great has collected up to now 8,000 letters and other documents, among which are the copy-books used by the emperor when a child, and one letter written to his mother in 1688 from Pereyslavl, giving her an account of the work of rigging the ships then in course of construction on the lake of that name. It is stated that these documents will be printed with as little delay as possible.

THE remainder of the famous Salamanca collections are now being dispersed at Madrid. The library was formed mainly by Señor Gayangos, and was rich in works of chivalry and early editions of "Don Quixote." Most of the rarest books had already found a resting-place on the shelves of Señor Cánovas del Castillo and other collectors. The portion now sold, for which a bookseller gave 700*l.*, comprised general works with a sprinkling of rarities. One of these, a work but little known by Boccaccio, entitled "Caida de Principes," translated into Spanish in the sixteenth century, led to a lively competition; a reprint of this work is promised shortly. When the last of these volumes shall have been sold, nothing will remain of the treasures acquired at great cost by that prince of financiers the late Marquis of Salamanca.

THE Marquis of Lorne's volume on "Imperial Federation," is announced for immediate publication in England.

"OTHMAR" is the title of Ouida's forthcoming story. The scene is laid in Russia and the novel is said to be full of dramatic incident.

A LITTLE girl—the granddaughter of the Rev. Cazneau Palfrey—said to her mother the other day: "Mamma, I feel so strangely when I read Hawthorne, it seems as if I was reading through a veil." Of course this was a Boston babe.

PRINCE WILLIAM, eldest son of the Crown Prince of Germany, is about to publish a book on "The Wars of Cæsar in the Light of Modern Strategy."

THE immediate publication of the MS. diary of Shakespeare's cousin, the Town Clerk of Stratford-on-Avon, is announced. The volume will consist of autotypes of the folio pages of the MS., a transcript by experts of the British Museum, an introduction by Dr. Ingleby, and an appendix of documents illustrative of the diary, and some of them never before printed. The diary extends from 1613 to 1616—the years of Shakespeare's residence at Stratford previous to his death on the 5th of May (April 23 O. S.) of the latter year. From beginning to end it is a record of the attempts made to enclose, and of the resistance offered to the enclosure, of the common fields of Stratford, in which Shakespeare was interested, not only as a freeholder, but also as the owner of a moiety of the tithes.

AMONG the brilliant young Englishwomen, who are making a name in contemporary literature, is Miss Violet Paget, the Vernon Lee whose "Miss Brown" has caused some scandal among the London pre-Raphaelites. She lives on the *terreno* of No. 5 Via Garibaldi, Florence, and is not quite twenty-four years of age. She is a brilliant talker, and if sometimes sophisticated, is never without a clever reason for her sometimes extreme and startling opinions. Her reading is astounding in its extent and variety; her memory more remarkable still. Some of the most striking essays, which have appeared in the English magazines and reviews during the last five years, on Italian art, history, and literature have been from her pen. Her time is greatly taken up with the care of her half-brother, Eugene Hamilton, the poet. The fate of this brilliant young man is a very sad one. He was in the Government service during the Siege of Paris and at the Geneva Alabama Claims Confer-

ence and was so overworked that he brought on a disease of the spine which has buried him in what Heine calls a "mattress grave." Miss Paget's mornings are devoted to riding with her brother, and whatever time she has for individual work is in the night or between the return from this drive and four in the afternoon, when her brother's callers begin to arrive. Miss Paget is a great admirer of Henry James, is an omniverous reader, an illogical but often wonderfully intuitive exponent of mediævalism, and a deadly enemy of the æsthetic movement.

THE Royal Spanish Academy has published in the *Madrid Gazette* the conditions of a literary competition of considerable interest, to those at least conversant with Spanish literature. The temptation, in the shape of profit as well as of honor, should develop latent talent if it exists. The Academy proposes to give the successful author a gold medal, about 120*l.* in money, and 500 copies of the book. The first competition is for the best biographical and critical study upon Tirso de Molina; the second for a *romancero* upon the lines of the "Romancero del Cid," the subject being Don Jaime el Conquistador, the volume to contain not fewer than twenty nor more than fifty romances. The manuscripts of the *romancero* must be furnished not later than March, 1886, and the Tirso, March, 1887.

THE translation of the "Mahâbhârata" published at Calcutta by Protap Chandra Roy, and distributed gratuitously, is not only progressing regularly, but begins to excite more and more interest among the people of India. Several Indian princes have contributed largely toward the funds necessary for carrying on this enormous work, more particularly the Maharajah of Cashmere, the Nawab Khayeh Abdul Gani Bahadoor, the generous Maharanee Swarnamayee, the Guikwar of Baroda, the Maharajah of Travancore, etc. More funds, however, were wanted, and it is pleasant to hear that Babu Govinda Lal Roy, a rich zemindar of Rungpore, has on the occasion of his daughter's marriage undertaken to bear all the expenses of the English translation of one of the largest books of the "Mahâbhârata," the "Vana Parva," or "Forest Book."

A WORK so rare that its existence might have been doubted has lately found its way from Persia to the British Museum. The historian Hamdullah Mustaufi says, in his preface to the "Guzidah," that he was engaged upon the composition of a rhymed chronicle of

the Muslim world, which would consist when completed of no less than 75,000 verses. That voluminous work, which, for all we knew, had never been seen or heard of since, has been found. To Mr. Sidney Churchill, of Teheran, belongs the credit of having discovered it in private hands at Shiraz, and secured it, not without a long and severe struggle with the owner, for the national library. It is entitled "Zafar Namah," and forms a bulky and closely written quarto, richly ornamented with frontispiece and gilt headings, and dated Shiraz, 807, *i. e.*, 1405 of our era. It contains the authors *nom de guerre*, Mustaufi, and comprises, according to the epilogue, the precise number of verses announced beforehand, viz., 75,000. Of these the first 25,000 are devoted to the Arabs, *i. e.*, to Mohammed and his successors down to the fall of the Califate of Bagdad; the next 20,000 to the Persians, or to the dynasties of Iran from the Saffaris to the Karakhitais of Kerman; and the last 30,000 to the Moghols. This last section, the largest and most valuable, beginning with the origin of the house of Genghizkhan, treats very fully of the foundation of the Moghol empire, of Hulagu, and of his successors in Persia down to Abu Sa'id Bahadur Khan, the last of the dynasty, under whom the author lived. The history is brought down to the time of composition, A.H. 735, A.D. 1334, just one year before Abu Sa'id's death.



#### MISCELLANY.

THE MIGRATIONS OF BIRDS.—Among all the migrants the swallow has, perhaps, attracted most attention in all ages and countries. It arrives in Sussex villages with remarkable punctuality; none of the migrants perform their journeys more rapidly than the swallows and their congeners. A swift with young ones, or during migration, covers from 1500 to 2000 miles a day. It begins business feeding its young about three o'clock A.M., and continues it till nine P.M. At that season, therefore, the swift spends nearly eighteen hours upon the wing, and it has been computed that at the ordinary rate of travelling of this very fast bird it would circumnavigate the globe in about fourteen days. At a push, if it were making forced flights, the swift would probably keep on the wing, with very brief intervals of rest, during fourteen days. The speed of the whole tribe is marvellous, and seems the more so when compared

with that of the swiftest of animals that depend for their progressive powers on legs, however many legs they may be furnished with. The hare is swift, yet in Turner's well-known picture of rain, steam, and speed the hare's fate is sealed; she will be run over and crushed by the engine rushing in her wake. The swiftest animals would soon break down at forty miles an hour, which the swallow unconsciously accomplishes, merrily twittering all the while. All the swallow tribe are found in every part of Great Britain, including Shetland, except the swift, which is not found in those islands. Dr. Saxby, author of "Birds of Shetland," says that one day a poor fellow, a cripple, who happened at the time to be exceedingly ill off and in want of food, came to him with a swallow in his hand. The doctor ordered the man some dinner. It seems he had opened his door, restless and half famished, when in flew the swallow and brought him, so to speak, a dinner. "After this," said the poor fellow, "folk need na tell me that the Lord does na answer prayer." The swallow can hardly be inelegant. When it walks, however, it does so with particularly short steps, assisted by the wings, and in accomplishing any journey longer than a few inches it spreads its wings and takes flight. It twitters both on the wing and on the nest, and a more incessant, cheerful, amiable, happy little song no other musician has ever executed. Much has been said of that "inexplicable longing" and "incomprehensible presentiment of coming events" which occasion birds to migrate from certain districts before the food supplies begin to fail. Quails, woodcocks, snipes, and many other birds, it is said, are in the finest condition at the time of commencing their migration, while none of them are emaciated at that season, so that the pinch of hunger, it is argued, cannot have yet affected them. But it should be remembered that fat as well as lean birds may feel that pinch, and that birds are very fast-living creatures, full of life, movement, and alertness, quick to observe, to feel, and to act. In the rapid digestion of their food they are assisted by a special organ which grinds down such items as grain, gravel, nails, or needles, swallowed in mistake or from caprice or curiosity, with astonishing facility. They prefer feeding nearly all day, and when fully crammed they sometimes become as plump as ortolans, or as well-fed quails, whose skin bursts when they fall to the gun. But when the appetite is urgent, obesity does not by any means preclude hunger. Twelve hours'

fast and snow and a change of wind are very urgent facts in the lives of these quick creatures in the autumn of the year, and then begins that sudden migration which the lighthouse-keepers have observed. It is impossible to imagine creatures more practical and full of action and freer from "presentiments" than birds, engaged as they are from day to day snatching their food at Nature's board. Perhaps we may compare them to the guests of Macbeth, since all goes well so long as the ghost abstains from making his appearance; but very suddenly sometimes, in the case of the northern birds, the spectre of hunger puts them to flight. Fat or lean, they must go on the instant, and that is why they arrive pell-mell upon our coast; but, as the country to be cleared of its birds of summer is extensive, and the distances of the journeys various, they naturally arrive at intervals. The migrations of birds are world-wide. The birds of North America make corresponding movements to those of Northern Europe, travelling in a north-easterly and south-westerly direction and at the same seasons. The countries of the Gulf of Mexico form the chief retreat of the North American migrants, especially Mexico itself, with its three zones and great variety of climate. But some of them go as far as the West Indies and New Granada. A great number winter in the Southern States. Their method of migration is the same as that which has been described elsewhere. They follow the routes marked out by nature. The kinds of birds are in many cases the same, or they are at least American representatives of the same families that form the migrants of the Old World. They travel southwards in the autumn and return again in spring. The migrants of the southern hemisphere are constrained by their situation to reverse the direction of their periodic movements, flying northwards to escape the rigor of winter and returning south in spring. From March to September some of the most inhospitable regions of the south are quite deserted; even the wingless penguins quit their native shores of Tierra del Fuego and the Falkland Islands after the breeding season and swim to milder regions, while many of the birds which have bred in Patagonia and Southern Chili depart on the approach of winter. The same rules, according to Gould, govern the movements of birds in Australia, where several species migrate in summer to the southern portion of the Continent and to Tasmania to breed.

—*Edinburgh Review.*



ORIENTAL FLOWER LORE.—During a residence of some years in the East, I have had abundant opportunities of studying the folk lore of the people inhabiting the vast empire of China, the Malay Peninsula, and the adjoining lands, and I have found their lore to be of the profoundest interest and importance. The facts which I shall now submit to the reader have not been culled at second-hand from the writings of travellers or stay-at-home translators, but were gleaned from the lips and homes of the people themselves, or during my personal residence in the East, where I had every opportunity of verifying the results of my investigations. As being the most familiar to Europeans, we will begin with the use of the Orange, a plant which, by reason of its bearing fruits and flowers at the same time, and during the greater part of the year, has been taken as the symbol of fertility and prosperity. In China the word for a "generation" is *tai*; in Japan the same word means both "generation" and "orange." Now see the way in which the language of flowers and fruits speaks out in the East. When the new year arrives the Japanese adorn their houses with branches of orange, plum, bamboo, and pine, each of which being placed over the entrance, has a symbolic meaning. The orange, called *dai-dai*, represents the idea of perpetuity, or the wish that there may be *dai-dai*—"generation on generation"—to keep up the family name. The bamboo signifies constancy, as it is a wood which never changes its color; the pine-tree symbolises perpetual joy; while the plum-tree, blossoming in cold weather, encourages man to rejoice in time of trouble, and hope for better days. In China there are many kinds of oranges, one of which is known in Canton as *kat*. Hundreds of years before Christ this name was in use in China, as we know from its mention in the classic writings of that land. In Fuchan this word takes the form of *kek*, and in other parts of the empire it will be pronounced somewhat differently still, but whether it be *kat*, or *kek*, or *kik*, the syllable has a lucky meaning. Consequently, when the New Year arrives, the people procure large quantities of these oranges, in order that they may be able to express to their friends who call to see them their wish that good luck may attend them during the coming year. This they do by handing them an orange, and the lads who at this season pay a number of visits to their relatives and friends come off well, as it would be considered both mean and improper to

send away a guest without such a token of good-will. There is in bloom at this important season a sweet little Daffodil (*Narcissus Tazetta*), which is a great favorite with the people, and sells by thousands in Canton and other large cities. It bears the name of *Sai sin fa*, or "water fairy-flower," and is cultivated in pots and stands of ornamental design filled with pebbles and water. A list of fairy flowers, or such as are by name and tradition in China associated with these "spirites of small folks." The tree pæony, or montan, and the chrysanthemum, the chimonanthess, and other winter flowering plants, are also much sought after at this time, and each has its meaning. The costliness of the former has led to its being designated by the Cantonese as "the rich man's flower," while the chrysanthemum is such a favorite in Japan as to give its name to one of their great festivals. I must not here omit to mention the Citron, famous for the curious fruit it bears. This fruit, the peel of which is employed among ourselves in a candied form for flavoring certain confectioneries at Christmas, grows in a very strange fashion. Though it belongs to the orange and lemon family, yet one variety has fruits of monstrous shapes, very nearly resembling in form the hand of Buddah, with two of the fingers bent in a novel manner, as represented in the paintings and figures of that divinity. On this account the fruits bear the name of *Fu-shan*, or "Buddah's hand." This peculiarity, arising from the carpels or divisions of the fruit being more or less separated from each other and covered with a common rind, has led to the custom of placing it in porcelain and other costly dishes before the household gods, or on the altars in the temples at this particular season. It should be noted that while some fruits are specially agreeable to the gods, others are regarded as altogether unfit for their use. Sometimes the fruit is tabooed because of its smell, while its color, time and place of growth, shape and use, all have weight in coming to a decision. In Penang, some years ago, I had the opportunity of attending an important festival at the little shrine near the famous waterfall, at the time of the new year, and I then observed that bananas and cocoa-nuts were the most acceptable offerings, and as the devotees came and presented them at the temple, the priest would cleave the nut in two and divide the bunch of plantains, returning half to the worshipper, and retaining half as the temple perquisite.—*Time*.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—When we are told that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," the fact appears to be self-evident. Yet there was a time when there was something in a name. We have abundant evidence from the history of the ancients, and from observations of savage tribes, to show that they believed in some inseparable and mysterious connection between a name and the object bearing it, which has given rise to a remarkable series of superstitions, some of which have left traces even amongst ourselves. The Jews believed that the name of a child would have a great influence in shaping its career; and we have a remarkable instance of this sort of superstition in quite a different quarter of the world. Catlin, the historian of the Canadian Indians, tells us that when he was among the Mohawks, an old chief, by way of paying him a great compliment, insisted on conferring upon him his own name, *Cayendorongue*. "He had been," Catlin explains, "a noted warrior; and told me that now I had a right to assume to myself all the acts of valor he had performed, and that now my name would echo from hill to hill over all the Five Nations." A well-known writer points out that the Indians of British Columbia have a strange prejudice against telling their own names, and his observation is confirmed by travellers all over the world. In many tribes, if the indiscreet question is asked them, they will nudge their neighbor and get him to answer for them. The mention of a name by the unwary has sometimes been followed by unpleasant results. We are told, for instance, by Mr. Blackhouse, of a native lady of Van Diemen's Land who stoned an English gentleman for having, in his ignorance of Tasmanian etiquette, casually mentioned the name of one of her sons. Nothing will induce a Hindu woman to mention the name of her husband; in alluding to him she uses a variety of descriptive epithets, such as "the master," etc., but avoids his name with a scrupulous care. To such an extent is this superstition carried among some savage tribes that the real names of children are concealed from their birth upwards, and they are known by fictitious names until their death. The fear of witchcraft probably is the explanation of all those superstitions. If a name gets known to a sorcerer, he can use it as a handle wherewith to work his spells upon the bearer. When the Romans laid siege to a town, they set about at once to discover the name of its tutelary deity, so that they might coax the god into surrendering his charge. In order to prevent their receiving

the same treatment at the hands of their enemies, they carefully concealed the name of the tutelary deity of Rome, and are said to have killed Valerius Soranus for divulging it. Reluctance to mention names reaches its height in the case of dangerous or mysterious agencies. In Borneo the natives avoid naming the small-pox. In Germany the hare must not be named, or the rye-crop will be destroyed; and to mention the name of this innocent animal at sea, is, or was, reckoned by the Aberdeenshire fishermen an act of impiety, the punishment of which could be averted only by some mysterious charm. The Laplanders never mention the name of the bear, but prefer to speak of him as "the old man with the fur-coat." The motive here appears to be a fear that by naming the dreaded object his actual presence will be evoked; and this idea is preserved in one of our commonest sayings. Even if the object of terror does not actually appear, he will at least listen when he hears his name; and if anything unpleasant is said of him he is likely to resent it. Hence, in order to avoid even the semblance of reproach, his very name is made flattering. This phenomenon, generally termed euphemism, is of very common occurrence. The Greeks, for example, called the Furies the "Well-disposed ones;" and the wicked fairy Puck was christened "Robin Goodfellow" by the English peasantry. The modern Greeks euphemise the name of vinegar into "the sweet one." Were its real name to be mentioned, all the wine in the house would turn sour. We have an example of the converse of the principle of euphemism work in the case of mothers among the savage tribes of Tonquin giving their children hideous names in order to frighten away evil spirits from molesting them. It is, however, in the case of the most dreaded and most mysterious of all our enemies—Death—that the superstition becomes most apparent. "The very name of Death," says Montaigne, "strikes terror into people, and makes them cross themselves." Even the unsuperstitious have a vague reluctance to mentioning this dreaded name. Rather than say, "If Mr. So-and-so should die," we say, "If anything should happen to Mr. So-and-so." The Romans preferred the expression "He has lived" to "He is dead." "M. Thiers a vécu" was the form in which that statesman's death was announced; not "M. Thiers est mort." The same reluctance is noticeable in mentioning the names of persons who are dead. A writer on the Shetland Isles tells us that no persuasion will induce a widow to mention her dead husband's name.

When we do happen to allude to a deceased friend by name, we often add some such expression as "Rest his soul!" by way of antidote to our rashness; and this expression seems to have been used by the Romans in the same way. As might be expected, we find this carried to a great extreme among savages. In some tribes, when a man dies who bore the name of some common object—"fire," for instance—the name for fire must be altered in consequence; and as proper names among savages are almost invariably the names of common objects, the rapid change that takes place in the language and the inconvenience resulting therefrom may be imagined. Civilization has indeed made enormous progress from this cumbersome superstition to our own philosophy, which can ask with haughty indifference, "What's in a name?"—*Chambers's Journal*.

**HISTORIC FINANCE.**—The first tithe on movables was granted, or enacted, by papal authority, in 1188, for the Second Crusade. From 1334 subsidies of a fifteenth on goods in general, and a tenth from tenants of the royal demesne, became the principal form of direct taxation. Poll taxes (so-called), varying according to rank, were levied in 1377 and 1380, and on other occasions, the maximum being 60 groats, the minimum 1 groat (4d.) for man and wife. Children under 16 were exempt; and hence the outrage which gave the immediate occasion of Wat Tyler's insurrection. "A fifteenth and tenth," however, speedily came to mean a fixed sum of about £38,000, gradually sinking with the decay of particular towns to £32,000, levied by a fixed assessment on each shire and borough. A tax thus limited became, with the growth of national wealth and needs, ridiculously inadequate. A new land tax of 5 per cent. was granted in 1404, and a graduated income tax in 1435. But the customs on wool and hides exported and 2s. per ton on wine imported, with a general poundage of 6d. ad valorem on other exports and imports, were the only permanent and regular revenue of the Crown, and during the War of the Roses almost the sole addition to the yield of the royal estates. This hereditary revenue, however, sufficed for the ordinary expenses both of the State and the household. The great popularity of Edward IV. with the citizens, especially of London, enabled him to raise considerable benevolences, a practice which, forbidden by act of Parliament on the accession of Richard III., was resumed and carried to an often oppressive extent by Henry

VIII. and his children. The old fifteenths and tenths were still granted from time to time, but under the Tudors were accompanied by subsidies in the nature of an income tax of 4s. on the rental of lands and 2s. 8d. on the total value of goods—yielding about £80,000. Each subsidy was accompanied by a clerical grant of 6s. in the pound of annual value, worth about £20,000. The last grant made to Elizabeth was of four subsidies and eight fifteenths and tenths, amounting in all perhaps to £640,000.—*The Saturday Review*.

**THE THREE UNITIES.**—As we have said, the groundwork of "The Cid" is wholly Spanish, but the beautiful poetry of many of the lines is wholly Corneille's. And had Corneille been allowed to follow his own instincts, and write his play as his spirit moved him, it would probably be free from many of its absurdities. He was bound to observe the laws of "the three unities," which the French pedants of those days thought necessary to make incumbent upon every one who wrote for the stage. These ignorantly learned men imagined that Aristotle on his own authority had promulgated laws to be observed in the composition of a dramatic poem, and that they should be always binding. The events in every play were to be comprised within 24 hours, the scene could not be changed, and in the play there should be only one interest or one line of action. These laws were as the sword of Damocles held over the heads of the French dramatists as they sat at their work. Richelieu had lent his voice in favor of the edict, and they dreaded being found guilty of insubordination. The authority of Aristotle was too high to be questioned, and because the Greek writers had so written they must be followed. The great Condé expressed himself as being terribly bored by a tragedy by the Abbé d'Aubignac. A friend of the author tried to excuse the play, saying that it was written exactly after the precepts of Aristotle. Condé replied: "I am charmed that the Abbé d'Aubignac should have followed Aristotle so carefully, but I cannot forgive Aristotle for having made the Abbé d'Aubignac write such a detestable tragedy!"—*All the Year Round*.

**A SUNDAY-SCHOOL SCHOLAR.**—Here is the pith of a talented youngster's paper on the "Good Samaritan:" "A certing man went down from jerslam to jeriker, and he fell among thieves and the thorns sprang up and choaked him—whereupon he gave tuppins to

the host, and praid take care on him and put him hon his hone hass. And he past by on the other side." This and the following are not, as might be supposed, American exaggerations, but authenticated instances of examiners' experiences. The last specimen is in answer to the question, "Who was Moses?" "He lived in a hark maid of bullrushes, and he kept a golden calf and worshipt braizen snakes, and he het nothin but qwhales and manner for forty years. He was kart by the air while riding under a bow of a tree and he was killed by his son Abson as he was hanging from the bow. His end was peace."—*Chambers's Journal*.

A MAHDI OF THE LAST CENTURY.—It is interesting to look back a hundred years and trace the career of a former Mahdi, the Prophet Mansour, the Sheikh Oghan-Oolō, who burst on the Eastern world in 1785 as the Apostle of Mahomet, and went forth conquering and to conquer till Constantinople sought his alliance, and Russia armed herself *cap-à-pied* to resist his advance. It was early in March, at the commencement of the Ramadan, that a solitary horseman rode into Amadie, a town of Kourdistan, wearing the green turban which marked him as a descendant of Mahomet, a white woolen garment girt about the hips with a leathern girdle, and a pair of yellow sandals. His imposing stature, dignified manners, flashing yet melancholy eyes, vast forehead, and magnificent black beard showed him to be a king among men; and the rigor of his fast, combined with the fervor of his perpetual prayers in the mosque which he never quitted, proved him in the eyes of the faithful to be a saint of the finest water. When Ramadan was over the new Prophet assumed the post of authority in the mosque which had witnessed his prayers and vigils, and proclaimed the twenty-four articles of a reformed creed. The majority of them were drawn from the Koran, others from the Mosaic statutes, some few were of Pagan origin, and the final item was the Christian maxim, "Thou shalt love the Lord with all thine heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." This evangel was not, however, accepted with as much readiness as might have been anticipated. It was necessary to make a bold stroke and secure the wavering allegiance of the people of Amadie, so the Prophet declared that Mahomet, in his inscrutable wisdom, had chosen them to carry the new law to the Gentiles, and that to them would belong the exclusive right to punish impenitent sinners with the weapons he was

about to send them. A few days later four men arrived from Sinope escorting a quantity of arms and ammunition of European manufacture. These worthies were all of different nationalities, one being Tabet Hafib, a Persian merchant and money-lender of Scutari, another a Frenchman named Cléophe Thévenot, a third Camillo Rutigliano, a Neapolitan, and the fourth a German, or probably a Jew, called Samuel Goldemberg. The arms were at once distributed among the most enthusiastic converts, who, however, numbered less than a hundred. On April 20 the little band marched from Amadie to Taku, where the Prophet summoned the inhabitants, explained his mission, and read the new code of regulations. Those who gave in their allegiance were enrolled and armed, while the recalcitrants were put to the sword. The Prophet now found himself at the head of several thousand troops, undisciplined it is true, but amenable to the orders of such a ruling spirit as himself. They were approaching Bitlis, a fortified city containing about twenty thousand souls, defended by a fortress perched on an inaccessible rock, and garrisoned by five hundred Turkish troops. The Pasha in charge determined to show fight, so he summoned the citizens to the ramparts and confided the fortress to the soldiers. It was all in vain, for the invading army took Bitlis by assault, and the Prophet, by way of example, impaled the poor Pasha, his officers, and the chief men of the place, and delivered the city over to the tender mercies of his soldiers for three days and three nights. The army next marched to Mush, where the terrified Aga opened his gates, and the Prophet assured the inhabitants that no harm should befall them if they supplied his troops with fresh provisions, and all the young men between twenty and thirty enrolled themselves under his banners. The Prophet had a keen eye as a military tactician, for Erzeroum is the centre from which the caravan routes to Van, Trebizond, Tiflis, and Siwas, diverge. The conqueror turned northwards, taking possession of half a dozen towns as he went along, and at length sat down before the fortress of Akhalzik, which was then pretty much as it is now, a strongly fortified city on the Turco-Russian frontier, containing about 30,000 inhabitants and a Turkish garrison 5,000 strong. The Pasha and his troops defended themselves bravely, but after spending ten days in trenches before the walls, the Prophet ordered an assault, and Akhalzik fell as Bitlis had done at the outset. The Pasha and his officers were impaled, those who submitted were allowed to swell the conquering hosts, the impeni-

tent and stubborn was massacred, and the city burned and sacked. As the troops stood shouting over the smoking ruins, they hailed their chief as "Mansour," or the Victor, and by that name he is principally known to history. Recruits began to come in apace from all the neighboring provinces, and Mansour saw himself at the head of 40,000 men, poorly armed but ready for anything, so he marched straight on Erzeroum, the gates of which were open to him. The booty he always reserved for himself on entering a city was the right to choose all the most beautiful woman as slaves; but he did it only to save them from the horrors that would otherwise have awaited them, and the shame of exposure in the bazaar. He neither loved nor trusted women, and had flung all passions save ambition behind him. If the Prophet Mansour had chosen at this moment to turn his arms against Constantinople, there is no doubt that he would have succeeded, and if he had become master of the Porte, it is probable that the "sick man" would never have troubled the councils of Europe. But instead of invading Turkey, he became its ally against Russia, apparently on the understanding that he was to be recognised as undisputed sovereign of all the countries he could rescue from the grasp of the Northern Bear. Kars fell into his hands after a bombardment of six hours. This secured his line of retreat, and he led his men over the mountains to Tiflis, where Heraclius, King of Georgia, awaited him on the marshy plain of Kours with an army of 50,000, 10,000 of whom were tried Russian troops, sent to his aid by Catherine. The opposing hosts were equal as to numbers; the tide of battle rose and fell for three long days, and Heraclius was totally defeated. Twenty-two thousand of his men were slain, and 10,000 taken prisoners and sold as slaves at Constantinople. Mansour took possession of the royal palace, abandoning the city of Tiflis to his soldiers, and in a letter written from thence he for the first time used the signature of Sheikh Oghan-Oolô. Turkey now began to see that her ally might very easily become her master, and endeavored to undermine his influence. He was perfectly aware of all her little intrigues, and when a courteous ambassador was sent to him, reproached him with the treason and perfidy of the Porte, and thundered forth a threat to go himself to Constantinople for an answer to the charge. In less than a month all preparations were made, and, assembling his large army, Mansour read to them a proclamation from Mahomet, commanding him to annihilate

the Osmanlis and place a faithful prince on the throne of Constantinople. As the Prophet was quite aware that if he took Constantinople he would have to deal with the united strength of France, Austria, and Russia, he thereupon concluded an offensive and defensive alliance with the Sheikh-ul-Islam, and promised to turn his arms against Russia. From that moment fortune forsook Mansour. He returned to the Caucasus, and endeavored to raise the Lesghiens Tartars, and had a victorious engagement with the Russian general Apraxin, who had to retreat to Kashgar. Gradually the tribes and nations fell away from him, and gave in their allegiance to Catherine, and at last Mansour was closely besieged by General Gadowitz in Anapa, on the Black Sea. He refused to capitulate, and the Russian troops carried the town and fortress by assault. At the head of the long line of prisoners who defiled past the conqueror walked the Prophet, a noble and dignified figure even in his fall. Gadowitz himself presented Mansour to the Empress, who treated him with the respect due to a brave and gallant foe. She received him with every mark of honor, gave him an annual pension of about £4,000, and assigned to him a residence in the little town of Solowetz, on the Black Sea. There he entered a convent of Armenian monks, wrote his memoirs, and corresponded with his family until his death in 1798. This eighteenth century Mahdi thus ended his days in obscurity, and when but little past his prime. He no doubt died of *ennui* and disappointment, for adventure had been as the bread of life to his soul from babyhood. The most curious part of his story remains to be told. He was neither Sheikh nor Prophet, not even a Mussulman, and least of all an Oriental. His name was Jean Baptiste Boetti, and he was the son of an Italian notary, destined for the medical profession, which did not please him, and he ultimately became a Dominican monk. Little or nothing of all this would have been known had not Boetti, when figuring as the Prophet Mansour, been weak enough to write his own autobiography piecemeal at dead of night. He kept the manuscript in his jewel casket, but one day his chancellor, one of the three Europeans who were in his confidence, eloped with a lovely Georgian girl and the casket. On reaching Constantinople, this individual sold the papers to the representative of the King of Sardinia, and they were recently discovered by Professor Ottino, of Turin, among the archives of Piedmont. — *Time*.

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