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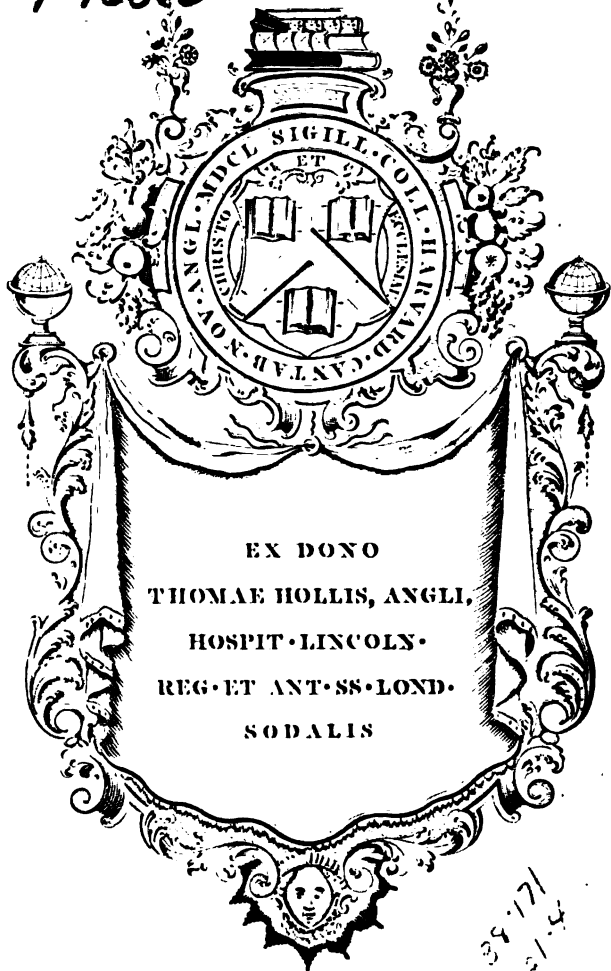
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THE
FOREIGN
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Catalogue des Tableaux composant la Galerie de feu son Eminence le Cardinal Fesch.* Par GEORGE, Commissaire-expert du Musée Royal du Louvre. Première Partie; première et seconde vente; à Rome, 1843, 1844.

FATAL as her gift of beauty has been to Italy, it has brought her many compensating benefits. Her bright skies, her balmy climate, her luxuriant vegetation, her fair cities, her gorgeous temples; her ruins ennobled by glorious memories, and entwined in the graceful garlands of prodigal nature; her statues and her paintings, the proud creations of man's genius and imagination;—these have, alas! too often attracted and enriched the spoiler. But have they not also cheered her sons, even in the saddest hours of their sufferings? Did they not preserve to her, through the long night of the dark ages, those dormant sparks which, in better times, diffused the light of civilisation over Europe? Have they not imparted to her children that susceptibility of refined taste, that perception of the beautiful, which assuredly, in a land teeming with beauty, afford unfailing solace? These features in the national character of Italy cannot fail to strike all observers, for they prevail from the palace to the cottage, though variously developed. The hierarchy of Rome, the merchant princes of Venice, the successive tyrants of the minor communities, built for themselves palaces, and called in the best sculptors and painters to adorn them. The craftsmen associated themselves to erect churches and found chapels, which they made shrines of art as well as of piety. The peasantry adopted costumes, whose rich hues and happy combinations are still favourite ornaments for a fashionable masque. Even among the humblest classes, the same turn for the picturesque is involuntarily manifested. Observe the tattered lazzarone asleep in the vestibule of a Neapolitan church, the fishermen of Baja stretched on that secluded beach, the shepherd of the Campagna gazing over the desolate plain; their ragged vestments, their rough sheep-skins assume an

originality of character, their attitudes manifest a pictorial effect, which the inspired artist is glad to copy, hopeless of improving upon them. We have seldom enjoyed a greater treat than in looking over some studies of the late Baron Camuccini, the first Roman painter of our age. They consisted of groups slightly shaded in water-colours, designed with a purity and accuracy worthy of the *cinque-cento*. There were warriors in action, cottage groups in repose, inspired Madonnas, joyous children, smiling babes—in short, every variety of figure composition, conceived and executed with almost faultless taste. To our surprise the baron said that each was strictly a transcript of Italian nature. In his walks, he had the habit of hastily jotting down every striking attitude or picturesque combination that met his eye, and every evening he embodied these fugitive ideas, accommodating them to any subject or character they might appear to suit. Alas! that he had not drawn more largely upon these materials in composing his historical works!

If Italy be the mother of arts, the Italians are their children. In England, conversation is monopolised by politics and the weather; in France it is sustained by the theatres; in Italy it is of the fine arts. Hire an apartment in Rome, and hang your walls with pictures, few of your English visitors will ever be conscious of their existence; but the people employed to arrange or pack them, your servants, the tradesmen who chance to enter, will ever be ready with an observation dictated by the interest they feel in your tastes, and by an intelligence, misdirected it may be, but, at least, awakened. Whilst residing among a people who thus inhale taste as with their native air, and surrounded by monuments of genius, it is not difficult to imbibe a sympathy with such feelings. From admiring to acquiring is an easy step, but one which should be taken with discretion. Those who can afford to pay dearly for their experience may yield to a momentary impulse of fancy, and purchase pieces which they will soon part with at any sacrifice. But others with greater prudence, or smaller means, will form, and to a certain point cultivate, their taste ere they begin to gratify it. Even persons who, in England, had some pretensions to connoisseurship will do well to observe the like caution, for in Italy their ears will be confounded by new names and schools previously unheard of, in connexion with works of high merit and unquestionable attractions.

Why in this age of hand-books have we none for the business of picture-dealing? Its mysteries, if unequal to those of Paris in variety or thrilling emotion, might well fill a volume with curious and instructive gossip. For such a compilation an opportunity has recently occurred, which will, perhaps, never recur, but which,

we fear, no pen was at hand to seize. A cardinal prince of Rome, uncle of an emperor and of four kings, devoted the latter half of a very long life to the purchase of pictures, as the grand object of existence, and left behind him the most numerous and valuable collection on record as accumulated by one individual. Had his eminence noted the circumstances under which most of his acquisitions were obtained, little more would have been wanted to illustrate the ways of picture-getting. Were the means adopting, or yet to be adopted, for dispersing what he so indefatigably amassed, to be displayed to the world, the mysteries of picture-dealing would be laid bare.

Of the Fesch pictures a comparatively small portion formed the cardinal's show gallery, the fame of which depended chiefly upon those of the Dutch and Flemish schools. Specimens in that style, of at least equal beauty, may be found in England, France, and the Netherlands, but no similar collection ever appeared south of the Alps. The Italian rooms, on the other hand, though including many *chefs-d'œuvre*, could not stand the comparison so readily drawn between their treasures and those of other neighbouring palaces. The cardinal began to form his museum in France, when the property cast loose by the Revolution, and the spoils of half Europe, were to be gathered with little trouble, and at moderate cost. Having afterwards, in common with the rest of his family, found that country no longer a licensed residence, he naturally sought a home in the metropolis of his church, and on transporting his pictures to Rome, he stipulated for their removal, at pleasure, from the papal states, exempt from the usual restrictions or export duties. To the choice productions of the ultramontane schools which the collection already possessed, the constant augmentations which it subsequently received added but few gems, and these from Italian pencils. The cardinal had little more to wish for, eminent rank and ample wealth were his, and the picture-gallery he was intent on forming had attained a European reputation. But the desire of acquisition had become a chronic disease, ever gaining force in its inroads upon his means. Not long before he died he negotiated with one Roman picture-dealer to pay for some indifferent pictures with his service of Sèvres china, representing the battles of Napoleon, sets of which were made only for the emperor's nearest relations. To another he gave a set of silver plate by a similar transaction, and at length death itself snatched away the octogenarian from some uncompleted bargains. But his craving for canvass was not to be satiated even by wholesale dealings, which at once added hundreds to his pictorial investments. There was an understanding in his household, that for every picture offered at his palace, however

execrable in merit or condition, four pauls (about twenty-one pence) were to be at once given. To clean and patch up these, he gave permanent employment to several young restorers, and many were the guesses as to what became of the bargains, after emerging from their hands. During the residence of his nephew, Joseph Bonaparte, in America, it was a common belief that they were shipped to the new world, and there converted into cash. When, on the cardinal's death, the mystery was revealed, endless repositories of pictures were discovered, the exact number of which has not been, and perhaps could not be, ascertained, but it is estimated at 16,000 or 18,000.

The inconvenience of such an inheritance was much felt by those intrusted with the payment of his eminence's testamentary bequests. His capital was not only unproductive, but it was sunk in a commodity costly to keep in order, of most fluctuating or even fanciful value, and liable to great depreciation if hastily realised. A portion, said to amount to above 3000, and composed chiefly of copies, was left to a college at Ajaccio, in Corsica; the remainder was to be sold. The executors very wisely resolved, in the first instance, to attempt disposing of them in the mass, demanding for the whole above 200,000*l.* After some time an offer was made approaching to half that sum, and another overture was received, of about 45,000 guineas for 500 pictures, to be selected by the purchasers from the collection, but excluding the Dutch, Flemish, and French schools. The parties to these offers were French dealers, and both were declined. Two years having been thus lost, it was resolved to disperse the whole by auction, and M. George, of Paris, who was called in to arrange it, undertook to finish a complete descriptive catalogue within a stated time, under a heavy penalty. But whilst his herculean task was in progress, two public sales went on of above 1000 pictures, the lists of which are prefixed to this article. The newspapers of Europe were employed to puff and advertise the auctions, in terms which inferred, that the whole, or at least the gems of the collection, were on each occasion to be brought forward, and in this belief amateurs and agents flocked to Rome. But on both occasions the works produced were only an average of the mass, set off by some twenty or thirty good pictures. The sales, accordingly, gave little satisfaction, no order being observed in the exposure of the articles, and the bidding-up system being largely resorted to. Notwithstanding much dissatisfaction about 7000*l.* were realised, and the prices, especially on the former occasion, were such as only the cardinal's name could account for. But should these tactics be continued, during the years which must elapse ere the remaining 11,000 or 12,000 pictures can be disposed

of by partial sales, the curiosity and patience of the public must fail, and the auction rooms be deserted: indeed, persons experienced in such matters already estimate the probable produce of the whole collection at a sum not exceeding what has been refused for 500 of its principal works.

The sale of the Fesch gallery now in progress is a sufficient answer to the very frequent remark of picture-dealers north of the Alps, that there are no longer works of merit to be purchased in Italy, although their assertion has a certain plausibility, if the actual state of the market there be compared with the immense supplies it has sent forth within the last forty-five years. Since the revival of art, that country has been the great cradle or school of painters for Europe, and a vast proportion of the pictures required for religious or ornamental decoration, has emanated from her studios, galleries, or churches. From thence came the gems which Charles I. contrived to accumulate, notwithstanding the difficulties of an empty treasury, and a troubled reign. There did the stately Arundel, the earliest English virtuoso, resort. France and Spain, for three hundred years; England, Germany, and South America, during the last century, have been working the same mine. After the disastrous occupation of Italy by the French, in 1798, and the subsequent convulsions of that ill-fated land, the sword of France and the gold of England, combined to cull from her temples and palaces all that was most choice in this branch of art. Since the peace the drain has been continued, and though fewer pieces are now sent out for devotional uses, a new demand of amateurship has arisen from Russia and the United States; nations till then unknown in the market, while England is annually glutted by traffickers in old canvass and cracked panels. Yet the competition of these rival purchasers may, with a little dexterity, be accommodated, as their principles of choice do not by any means clash. The Russian taste in pictures, as in equipages and jewellery, is regulated rather by a semibarbarous magnificence, than by refinement, and their expenditure is in proportion to their colossal fortunes. Provided a picture have the name of a great master, and a corresponding price, the wily Italian owner may almost calculate upon transferring it in the course of the season to some Russian prince, although the subject be forbidding, the treatment mean, the restorations ill-disguised, or even the authenticity questionable. As to our countrymen, few having sufficient reliance on their own judgment to deal with foreign vendors, whom they in general look upon as limbs of Satan; they usually prefer making their purchases from their own countrymen, content to presume them the honestest of the two. Nowhere can an undisputed and uninjured *chef-d'œuvre* of a great name command the same ransom as in England: but whenever it is a question of

school-copies of such, however fine, or of second or lower class Italian productions, or names less trite in the limited *abecedario*, with which most English amateurs are conversant, these gentlemen button up their pockets or higgler at a sum which a Russian would readily quadruple. Of the class of pictures now largely exported to the United States, it may be sufficient to mention, that a commercial traveller in that line, who came to Rome in 1837, had a commission to buy up any painting of whatever subject, or whatever substance, and in whatever state, not exceeding the price of sixteen pence! Akin to this is a variety of British Colonial emigration, which may be new to our readers. Chancing to visit lately at the close of the season, the warerooms of an obscure London picture-dealer, we found them incumbered with the refuse of various auction rooms, which had evidently been bought up on this Yankee principle. Whilst gazing in astonishment at the rare conglomerate, we were informed that they were a speculation for Botany Bay!

There is a consideration suggested by the incredible number of paintings produced in Italy during the last five centuries, which ought not to be lost upon our money-getting generation. The sums which during that long period have been and still are sent there, in payment of exported pictures, have afforded incalculable national wealth. Let not this be forgotten by penny-wise Legislatures, who would measure the beautiful by the scale of utility, and estimate genius and its highest productions by the returns of the outlay on their raw material. Let them remember that trifling sums now doled out for the improvement of public taste, and the encouragement of art, are surely and profitably invested; and that nothing but the inadequacy of their amount, can prevent them rapidly yielding an almost usurious interest. Could our own school of painting be raised to the perfection attained by those of Italy in the sixteenth, and Flanders in the seventeenth centuries, what need were there to send abroad our annual thousands for the purchase of their works? Or, were our designs as tasteful as the French, why should our neighbours export their fashions and fancy goods, to eclipse ours wherever civilisation has penetrated? These matters are now beginning to be understood among us; much still remains to be known, and far more to be done; but it is well to have at length entered upon the right path:—*sero*, let it be *serio*.

Another inference from the superabundance of old pictures in Italy is, that amongst so many, much that is good may still be gleaned. From Bologna alone, thousands have annually been exported, since the end of the war, and yet the town seems full of them. After spending three days among the sale galleries there a few years ago, unless the number was grossly exaggerated, we

must have had nearly 10,000 pieces in our offer. Indeed one man estimated his stock at half that number! Add the quantity scattered among private houses in town and country, where every artisan and tradesman have their *quadretti di divozione*, as with us they have their Bible and prayer-book; recollect that there nearly every thing may be bought; and judge whether there is not still plenty to be had beyond the Alps. The acquisition of really excellent pictures there is, however, a matter of increasing difficulty. Most of the few rich galleries that remain intact are secured by entail, or by the wealth and pride of their owners. From time to time, indeed, such barriers give way, and some fine collection is dispersed, yielding prices not to be obtained in other countries. Now and then, too, the death or exigencies of a collector, who knew how to profit by the chances of revolutionary times, sets free a few brilliant bits. These opportunities are, however, insufficient to account for the number of good works in the trade, which is one of the most conclusive testimonies to the inexhaustible fund of talent displayed by the old masters.

Fine old pictures are even now ever turning up, and it would be endless to give instances. One, however, of the details whereof we happen to be cognisant, may be taken as a specimen. Marsupini, secretary of the Florentine Republic, who, by a combination of talent, frequent in the fifteenth century, rare in our degenerate days, was at once a philosopher, a poet, and a politician, testified his devotion by founding a chapel in his native Arezzo, and commissioned for it an altar-piece from Fra Filippo Lippi. This picture, stolen during the French occupation, came by inheritance to an ignorant woman, of whom one Ugo Baldi, a dealer from Florence, bought it some two years since for seventy crowns. He soon after handed over his bargain to Baldeschi, a Roman dealer, for 80*l.*; and from him it was bought for the gallery now forming in the Lateran palace, nearly 300*l.* being paid by the papal government; a handsome profit, but a moderate price, for the intrinsic merit of the work is enhanced by the historical interest of the donor's and his brother's portraits, introduced as subordinate figures. A very different fate has befallen a contemporary production, painted by Sandro Boticelli, at the dictation of Matteo Palmieri of Florence, and included in the denunciation of heresy against the latter, which is one of the most remarkable pictures of the age. Having been seized by the French, it was deposited in the gallery of the Belle Arti in that capital; but was eventually reclaimed as family property. A few hundred dollars would at that time have secured its remaining there; but this the Tuscan government foolishly grudged, and the picture having been cleaned and talked of, has now gradually attained the price of about 1000*l.*

Verily, if there be tricks in all trades, that of picture-dealing is

not the purest: yet great allowances must be made ere we bring sweeping accusations. No other commodity is equally liable to the fluctuations of whim and caprice. Its genuineness, when doubted, becomes matter of conflicting evidence, without the possibility of satisfactory demonstration: its intrinsic value is just what it will fetch in the market. It is a speculation in which there is nothing positive but realised profit, and the best knowledge is that of selling to advantage. Hence the prevailing ignorance of art, in an extended sense, among most of the tribe who trade in it, and whose gross blunders are frequently ascribed to knavery. Even those of them who have an educated eye, seldom aim at any thing higher than the experience of what is vendible. It has often been contested, whether most reliance should be placed upon the judgment in pictures of a painter or a connoisseur; the former, although more familiar with the mechanical part of the subject, being thought liable to be warped by narrow views of art. So far as our own observation goes, we should award a preference to those painters who have taken to dealing extensively in the old masters, and to restorers who have passed a great variety of superior works through their hands, such persons on the Continent having a more extended experience than with us.

It is not our intention to supply such as wish to invest a portion of their wealth in the most rational as well as attractive of ornamental furniture, with a defence for their credulity and their pockets, out of the somewhat extensive acquaintance which we have chanced to form, abroad and at home, with those whose vocation it is to administer to that appetite. A few hints may not, however, be out of place. The best general rule for a collector to avoid buying experience at a high rate is, of course, to study the most important schools of painting, and the best masters, both through books and their most authentic works, and also to examine and "price" many pictures ere he begin to buy, either on his own judgment or that of any one else. To those who acquire pictures as a matter of fashion, or as mere ornaments, without caring much for their price, no plan can be better than that of commissioning a respectable and skilled dealer or artist to find for him such as he wishes. But this is necessarily a costly plan, for the agent's ten per cent. on his outlay cannot quicken his zeal to buy at a low figure, nor will many true amateurs transfer to another, what is, after all, the chief interest and gratification of their pursuit, the pleasure of seeking out their purchases.

Setting aside the more difficult question of its authenticity, there are certain faults and qualities which ought to secure the rejection of a picture by amateurs of taste and feeling, besides the merely technical ones of bad execution and defective preservation. Among these may be mentioned, a subject in itself painful, or

treated in a manner revolting or mean; a picture unpleasing in shape or effect, in whose *ensemble* there is some obvious defect, such as the shadows darkened by time acting upon a bad ground. Unfinished pictures, though often of infinite value to the student, are seldom satisfactory additions to a select cabinet, and over-painted ones are speculations to be touched with caution. On the Continent, fine old or school copies of *chefs-d'œuvre* are much prized, and are certainly far more deserving of attention than careless originals bearing good names: in England, however, the epithet *copy* is, in the slang of ignorant connoisseurship, a stain confounding all degrees of merit, and which no intrinsic excellence can efface. It is scarcely necessary to say, that no collection can become choice without occasional weeding, when opportunities of substituting better specimens occur.

Those who find amusement in collecting pictures, will do well to remember that the price demanded has usually but a remote analogy with the sum that would be gladly accepted, whether by dealers or private parties. It is especially so in Italy, where almost every family has something of art which they are anxious to turn into cash, and where a class of small agents of very questionable reputation, are always ready to lead a stranger through rooms of rubbish dignified with the title of galleries, or to exhibit to them, under a cloud of mystery, a pretended Raffaele. Purchasing out of private houses is, indeed, seldom pleasant. Apart from feelings of delicacy, in most instances misplaced, one has to contend with the natural tendency of the seller to over-estimate a perhaps favourite object, which is usually exaggerated by his thorough ignorance of its real value. No doubt that from such people, when pressed for money, a prize is occasionally obtained at an utterly inadequate price, but it is much more common to find in their hands worthless trash treasured, in roguery or ignorance, as *chefs-d'œuvre*. We have sometimes amused ourselves by selecting the very worst specimen from such a lot, to ask 'How much?' when at once some hundred crowns would be named, for what, at a stall, would scarcely bring a dollar. The smile which it was impossible to repress, would be answered by 'Who knows but it may be worth as many thousands? My father once sold, for five crowns, a Madonna, for which five hundred have been refused by the fortunate purchaser.' Many similar anecdotes might be mentioned; one may suffice. A Scottish baronet, whose purse was presumed to outweigh his connoisseurship, and who was consequently beset by importunate vendors, at last condescended to look at some daub brought to him at Milan, and even to ask the price. The Italian's eye kindled with joyful anticipation, and in a voice trembling with ecstasy he exclaimed, 'Cento mille scudi!—a hundred thousand crowns,

being the highest amount to which his arithmetic could carry him. To almost equal ignorance, another class of amateur sellers add an immoderate share of impudence spiced with cunning. If, on entering a house, you are assailed by multiplied expositions of the vast advantage of buying from private owners (*Signori*, of course), with frequent protestations that your present company are such, and no dealers, you may look for imposition so barefaced, and prices so preposterous, as to defeat the object in view, and leave your purse scatheless.

Upon the whole it would seem that one can buy on better terms and with equal safety from dealers, though in such affairs the hundred eyes of Argus would be far from superfluous. The varieties of their fraud, from the random assumption of a great master's name to the elaborate fabrication of a fine old picture, were an endless theme. Many tricks, such as ascribing the work to some noted gallery, the solemn asseveration that no one else has yet been permitted to see the treasure, or the casual hint that Lord Some-one has come down with a handsome offer for it, have been generally discarded as too transparent for our sharp-witted generation. There are, however, 'three artful dodges' in especial favour among Italians, to whose dexterity of resource and effrontery of falsehood, every other people must yield the palm. These we shall distinguish as the 'dodge candid,' the 'dodge confidential,' and that by *coup-de-main*, and shall shortly illustrate each.

When you ask an Italian the price of any commodity which he is pressing upon you, he is in most cases at once struck dumb, puts on the air of a man totally unconscious of your question, and waits until you repeat it. He then, probably, resumes his interminable laudation of his wares, without vouchsafing you an answer. The proper way to treat such a fellow is to walk quietly away; but if you have patience once more to make the inquiry which he so anxiously evades, you will perhaps only have your words re-echoed, and followed by another pause. Now the purpose of all this by-play is to gain time for estimating the utmost limit to which he may venture upon your ignorance, credulity, and purse. When you have gone through such preliminaries with the 'candid' picture-dealer, and fairly brought him to bay, he assumes his most insinuating frankness of manner, and solemnly says, 'Hear me! that picture cost *me* a hundred crowns.' As you have by this time probably made up your opinion that it is worth scarcely half that sum, you pass on and dismiss the matter from your mind. Not so Candidus, who, much crest-fallen at finding his studied frankness in telling what you have no right to know has failed to hook his gudgeon, recalls your eyes to the picture, and hesitatingly asks what you will give. Having no wish

to insult the man by supposing he will take less than a fair profit upon an outlay already beyond what you would have given, you waive the subject and beat a retreat. But now a new energy inspires Candidus, who presses you so hard for an offer, and says so much of his wish to sell, that, to get rid of his importunities, you name sixty crowns, in the conviction that you are quite safe. He staggers, sighs, and at length mutters *è poco*, 'that's little.' With these words your fate is sealed; for, even after you have bowed yourself out, he follows to say the picture is yours. You begin to doubt your low estimate of its worth, and take it home half triumphing in your bargain. Could you see the debtor and creditor aspect of the transaction, it might stand *nominally* thus:

<i>Dr.</i>		<i>Cr.</i>
A small Cleopatra, school of Guido, to cost thereof, viz.:		dollars.
	By value of the Cleopatra.....	100 0
A landscape, supposed by Lucatelli, cost me three dollars, but was worth, say.....	dollars. 60 0	
Cash paid with the same.....	5 0	
Cash paid for cleaning and framing the Cleopatra.....	3 0	
To balance, being my nominal profit.....	32 0	
	Dollars 100 0	Dollars 100 0

But from these materials it is easy to extend the *true* state of the account as follows:

<i>Dr.</i>		<i>Cr.</i>
To total outlay for the Cleopatra.....	dollars. 11 0	By cash received for the picture 60 0
To profit realised on the sale....	49 0	
	Dollars 60 0	Dollars 60 0

Upon nearer inspection, your Cleopatra turns out a middling copy worth about as many shillings as you have paid crowns, so that it has cost you ten pounds to learn the extent of an Italian dealer's 'candour.'

The 'dodge confidential' assumes as many forms as Proteus, but they are all shrouded in mystery. Certain pictures are casually alluded to as attainable by a dealer or amateur broker (a count, perhaps), who seems suddenly to recall his words, and changes the subject. From curiosity or otherwise, you return to it, and his voice immediately sinks, he whispers unintelligible allusions to certain objects of extraordinary value never previously in the market, and which from peculiar circumstances cannot now be shown there, hints distinctly at property withdrawn, under the rose, from the fetters of immemorial entail, to meet the wants of a princely house, or talks wildly about plundered convents, or even mutters something as to royalty raising the wind. When you

propose to look at the treasures many difficulties are made; a certainty is thrown out of the sale being stopped by government if even suspected; and, finally, an appointment is made under seal of secrecy. It is scarcely necessary to say that when, after long ambits, the mysterious gems of art are displayed, they prove chiefly remarkable for tinsel frames and ransom prices.

Among the cleverest of the Roman picture-dealers is Signor A., a most fair-spoken fellow and facetious withal, who, conscious of his own talent, is ever ready to adduce some instance of its happy exercise. 'Tis but a year or two since he made a wholesale transaction, which in a short half-hour, transferred to a young Irish peer the accumulated rubbish of his magazine. At the lucky moment of *milor's* visit, there arrived a liveried servant with an official-looking missive, which A. apologised for opening, and after glancing at it, said, 'Very good, but I have no time now to look at your pictures; come again.' The servant hesitated, and to the inquiries of the stranger, A. said it was only the particulars of a lot of pictures which had been sent to him for sale, the heritage of an old Bolognese family, but that he had never had leisure to open the boxes, which must stand over till he could attend to the matter. On his lordship pressing to have a sight of them, A. reluctantly opened the cases, protesting that it was of no use, as it would take much time to clean and arrange and value this collection, before which, of course, the pictures were not for sale. The list exhibited Guidos, Domenichinos, Caraccis, Carlo Dolces,—in short, just that class of names which impose upon an Anglican amateur,—and the dingy canvasses were freely acknowledged to be so completely obscured by dirt and old varnish, that their merits were undistinguishable. The more the dealer seemed anxious to divert his customer to the brightly varnished ornaments of his own walls, the less willing was he to lose sight of this singular chance of procuring 'a *genuine* gallery ready made,' and ere the parties separated, a transfer was made to the peer of a mass of trash which scarcely merited the outlay of cleaning, in exchange for a thousand louis-d'or.

A still bolder *coup-de-main* was successfully played off by the same worthy some years before, at the expense of an experienced purchaser and acknowledged connoisseur. He persuaded the late Mr. Coesvelt to look at a picture of high pretensions and of some merit in his house. Whilst they were discussing it, the jingle of posting bells was heard in the street, and the prolonged crack of a courier's whip echoed in the doorway. A. started, rushed out, and beheld an express, booted, spurred, and splashed, who handed him a letter. Tearing it open, he appeared struck with confusion, and exclaimed 'Well, here is a fine scrape I have got into.' 'What is the matter?' 'Why I am talking about selling you

this picture, and here is the courier sent back from Ancona to buy it, by a Russian gentleman to whom I offered it last week, for such a sum.' The price was a large one, and Mr. Coesvelt would not have thought of giving it for the picture, which did not interest him much; but so cleverly did A. contrive to transfer to it the interest of this dramatic scene, that, in the excitement of the moment, a bargain was struck; and our countryman went off delighted at the idea of having done the Russian,—the latter being an imaginary personage, and his courier a Roman postboy, hired to gallop up in the nick of time!

The greatest risk of imposition, is that arising from counterfeited pictures. In several principal towns of Italy, there are regular workshops for the forgery of the masters who formerly painted there. Thus, in Bologna, the imitations are chiefly of the Carracci and their followers, as well as of Carlo Dolce and Sassoferrata; at Venice of Titian and Giorgione. In Milan and Ferrara, the fabrications after the schools of Luini and Garofalo are especially successful, as well as those of Morone's beautiful portraits. Old and ruined panels are chosen, and either restored on the original design, or, if that has been obliterated, they are prepared and painted afresh. Sometimes the portions which have suffered least are allowed to remain, and new bits of varied composition are ingeniously dovetailed into the piece, which is then beplastered with varnish, the better to puzzle too curious observers. In all these cases, the treatment of some famed master is so exactly imitated as often to baffle detection, even where suspicion has been roused by the confused appearance of the work; and the dissimilarity of surface often escapes minute criticism out of respect to the worm-channels visible behind. The forgeries thus executed are issued by a class of Italian dealers, who, sometimes in the disguise of gentlemen, lend themselves to the imposition, and share its profits. Many of them are also sent abroad, probably to *bonâ fide* retailers. Against such productions, especially of the schools we have mentioned, it is impossible to be too guarded, as even the best judges are sometimes duped. Rules are utterly useless against a species of villany which only great practice can detect: it is, however, well to look with suspicion on all that class of pictures, when of high pretensions, and offered at comparatively low prices, especially if recently and very thickly varnished.

Few of the picture-forgers approach the talent of Guizzardî of Bologna, who, to a competent knowledge of design, adds an extraordinary dexterity in imitating the surface of the old masters, from Francia to Guido. His weak point being composition, he prefers repainting destroyed old works of a good artist or school, to the production of original ones, and the triumph of skill is thus

the greater, as the new surface is often brought into close contrast with the old crust.

In 1842, we were carried to see, at the house of a Roman count, a lot of pictures with which Guizzardi had probably an intimate acquaintance. There were about a dozen of them, including two large Raffaelles, one Francesco, and two Giacomo Francias, a Leonardo, a Luini, a Bellini, a Correggio, a Claude, and a Ghirlandajo: some were palpable copies, one an unfinished work, (a frequent device of the forgers, which saves trouble and disarms criticism,) several evidently retouched, but perhaps not one which a thorough connoisseur, if not aware of the extent to which the art of counterfeit can now be carried, would not have pronounced a production of the school to which it was attributed. These pictures were bolstered up by all the aids of mystery; they were stated to be the gems of a princely gallery which the head of an old family wished to convert into a more liberal provision for his younger children; but as, on the slightest suspicion of his design, their alienation would be interdicted at the instance of his heir, and their exportation arrested by the government, the most perfect secrecy was made a condition of being admitted to a sight of these master-pieces. So well baited was the hook that several *milors* had already nibbled, and one fine gudgeon, in the guise of a rich London porter-brewer, had escaped almost by a miracle. His offer of 1000*l.* was said to have been refused for a 'Madonna' by Francesco Francia, whose real years had assuredly not reached their teens: on second thoughts, the proprietor sent to resign the prize for that sum, but our countryman had meanwhile become shy, or had elsewhere satisfied his craving, and so declined the barbed seduction.

The Chevalier Michele Micheli of Florence claims to have discovered the vehicle used in distemper-painting previous to the adoption of an oil medium. He keeps the secret, but exercises it in producing small pictures on old panels, to which he gives the surface of antiquity by baking them in a powerful sun, or by artificial heat, and when thus cooked they have deceived many supposed connoisseurs. He usually prefers following the designs of old masters to bestowing his labour upon original compositions, but his works are close imitations rather than copies. He boasts that many Raffaelles from his easel have brought handsome prices at Philips's and Christie's; and we have seen in his studio and elsewhere, others not unworthy of that honour. He gave a friend of ours the finest specimen he had executed in this style, to show Sir Thomas Lawrence the perfection to which it might be carried, but he accompanied the sale with a condition that his name and seal should appear at the back, to secure him the credit of a work which might be ascribed to Ghirlandajo. It has since hung

among choice bits by the Gaddi, Beato Angelico, and similar masters, and has not been questioned by more than two or three connoisseurs. In various towns of Italy his works are offered as those of Fra Bartolomeo, Pinturicchio, and Andrea del Sarto, and the veracity of the following little history is unquestioned.

M. Kerschoff, a Russian amateur, was invited to accompany some Florentine gentlemen on a shooting party into the Maremma. Whilst they pursued their sport, he, disgusted by ill-success, returned to wait for them at a cottage where their horses were put up. Having got into conversation with its occupant, the latter inquired if his guest was fond of pictures, as he had something curious that might interest him. After a long story how his father had, on his death-bed, confided to him the secret, that a picture concealed in the house was of value sufficient to make the fortune of all his family, but that having been feloniously obtained, it would if ever shown or sold in that neighbourhood, certainly bring him into trouble—the rustic produced a very pleasing *Madonna and Child* in a very antique carved frame, which the Russian cordially admired, and being asked to guess the artist, named *Raffaello*. 'That,' said the peasant, 'was, I do believe, the very one my father mentioned, but you can see if it was so, as he gave me this bit of paper with the name written in it.' On the dirty shred there was in fact scrawled '*Raffaello Sanzi*;' and its possessor went on to hint that, being anxious to realize what he knew to be most valuable property, and seeing no great chance of then disposing of it safely, he would accept from him, as a foreigner, a price far below its value. The negotiation thus opened, ended in the Russian offering 35,000 francs, or 1,400*l.*, which after due hesitation was accepted. The prize was huddled into a clothes-bag, and its new master, without waiting to take leave of his friends, started for Florence, and thence hurried on to Rome, lest it should be stopped by the Tuscan government. There he boasted of his acquisition, and showed it to several connoisseurs, who sang its praises until Signor Vallati, a skilful dealer whose name will be presently again mentioned, quickly recognised the real artist. It was in fact a beautiful repetition, with slight variations, of *Raffaello's* famous '*Madonna del Gran-duca*;' it was painted by *Micheli*, who avows that he sold it for 150 crowns; and the shooting-party was a conspiracy by several well-born swindlers to take in their Russian friend! The latter returned to Florence to seek redress by a prosecution, which was compromised by their returning most of the price. Being curious to see or obtain the subject of so strange a tale, we subsequently inquired for the picture, but were told it might probably be met with as an original, in some great German collection, having been there resold by the Russian, at a price almost equal to what he had himself originally paid!

If further proof be required of the danger of such counterfeits, it may be found in the doubts recently raised regarding the 'Madonna della Seggiola' of Raffaello; a picture which, if the laudations of artists and travellers, and the daily repetition of copies be a test, is, perhaps, the most generally admired in Europe. It occurred to us to hear, with the utmost surprise, from two of the most skilful judges now in Italy, one a native, the other English, an opinion which they had formed separately, and without concert, that this much admired and beautiful work is a counterfeit, executed on the design of Raffaello, and probably not a century and a half old. And it is remarkable that the Italian critic having pronounced the like judgment in regard to a picture of similar composition, which had been purchased out of a princely gallery at Rome, as from the hand of Raffaello or his pupils, he was allowed to test its accuracy by the application of a solvent, which quickly effaced part of St. John's head, and discovered the eye of an older picture under his cheek-bone! Whatever be the truth of this mystery, two painful considerations naturally occur: if the Seggiola picture is forged, what production ascribed to Raffaello may not be the same? If it is genuine, what picture is safe from detraction?

How interesting would it be to have the adventures of a genuine Raffaello minutely recorded! The successive *pensieri* of the master during the progress of his work, as manifested in sketches, alterations, soliloquies, or conversations; the admiring comments of his friends, and his own replies and defences. Then his studio, the resort of all that was enlightened and accomplished in the golden days of Italian genius; its frequenters, the most choice spirits of the age; its pupils, an unrivalled constellation of artists; its models, personifications of manly beauty and of female loveliness; its sketches, its easel-talk, invaluable, had there but been Laurences and Boswells to collect and record them. Then to follow the completed work through the churches, palaces, galleries, cabinets it has since adorned; sometimes lost amidst scenes of war and pillage, begrimed with dirt, degraded, perhaps, to the pawnbroker's stall; again emerging from the restorer's hand, and subjected to the elaborate mendacity of a grasping dealer, or the loathsome bombast of a swaggering auctioneer, until, through such fearful ordeal, it reaches the repose of a drawing-room in the nineteenth century.

The temptations to trickery which picture-dealing offers are at least equalled in the sale of antiquities, which has long been an important trade at Rome and Naples. 'You are well aware, Sir, that this business of ours cannot be carried on without lies, and that we must be always a-telling of them: in fact, a man must

just pocket his baptism when he sells objects of antiquity; is it not so, Sir?" Such are the principles of the antiquarian fraternity, as explained to us by the faithful shopman of one of its Roman members: their practice may be illustrated by what occurred to his master many years ago. An English nobleman, who was known to devote his wealth liberally to the acquisition of antiques, having arrived in the Eternal City, V. forthwith commissioned a cameo, which he made sure would please the earl, from one of the best fabricators of antique gems, a class of artists then of real talent, and not necessarily parties to the impositions they created, as their works were valuable even as copies. A fine stone having been selected, it was finished in the best style, and committed to a jeweller to be set as a ring. In his hands it was casually broken to bits: the plot was defeated, the dealer was furious, but the victim was *not* saved. The wily Italian fell upon a device to render the bait more than ever deadly. Having selected a principal morsel of the cameo, he carried it to the peer, as a fragment just brought in by a peasant, which, though incomplete, rivalled the rarest gems in perfection of material and of art. After dwelling upon it with that mellifluous eloquence which only an Italian can employ to good purpose,—for in a language whose every syllable is euphony, even verbiage becomes effective,—he obtained for it a sum which far more than repaid his outlay. Now as some collectors of such relics so treasure those which time or violence has broken, as almost to give them a seeming preference, the lord and the dealer had perhaps equal reason to be satisfied with the transaction. But there were more fragments behind, so after pocketing the price and bowing himself out, V. returned to say, that as it would be a pity the rest of so lovely a work should be lost, he had desired the peasant to dig again for the other bits, in which he might very probably be successful. Next day he returned with another morsel, which he celebrated by another string of superlative epithets, and sold by another tissue of falsehoods, for another ransom; and that in due time was succeeded by the remaining fragments, all separately produced, separately puffed, and separately paid for, until in the end the accidental fracture of the stone proved to have quadrupled its price.

Let us now contrast English honour with Italian honesty. A nobleman, whose position in the intellectual society of our country is even higher than his rank in the peerage, when riding near Tivoli was offered a Roman bronze medal by a peasant, and bought it for half-a-crown. Being no great virtuoso, he showed it to some connoisseur, who pronounced it a coin of great rarity, and fine preservation, worth at least thirty dollars. Next time

the peer visited Tivoli, he sought out the peasant and presented him with that sum.

Few topics connected with pictures are more interesting than the occasional discovery of some long lost or forgotten gem of art, and the anecdotes told of such are often highly curious. Some of these we shall now mention. Among the choice works added by the taste and liberality of Louis of Bavaria to the Pinacotheca at Munich, is the half-length Madonna, straining to her lips and bosom the infant Christ, commonly known as the Madonna del Tempi, from the Counts Tempi of Florence, in whose possession it was discovered. A servant of the family happening to require medical assistance, a physician was conducted to the garret in which he lay. In that land where a feeling for art is inherent in the national character, connoisseurship is the especial ambition of many disciples of Galen. While the sufferer detailed his symptoms, the doctor's eyes were fixed upon a begrimed panel that hung over the bed. After prescribing for the case, he sought the count, and begged leave to examine the picture. Having refreshed its dusty surface, he recommended that it should immediately be cleaned, as he had little doubt of its being a good work of the School of Raffaele. This having been done, the doctor's judgment was fully confirmed. The picture was attributed to Raffaele himself, though some judges have ascribed it to Andrea del Sarto, and it was sold to King Louis for about 1500*l*.

Nor is this an isolated case at Munich. The fairest gem of the Leuchtenburg Gallery is the Madonna and Child, by Murillo, or, as some say, by Vandyke, a work excelled by few that ever left the easel of either of these great colourists. It is said to have been picked up in a small alehouse, near Ratisbon, by a poor dealer, from whom it was acquired by Count Rechberg, and subsequently by Prince Eugene Beauharnois. So, too, the statue of Honeus, one of the sons of Niobe, which is esteemed the *chef-d'œuvre* of the Glyptotheca, was found some years ago in the workshop of a mason at Dresden, to whom but five francs were paid for it, though the king was content subsequently to acquire it for 1500*l*.

In the celebrated cause of Vallati's Magdalen, to which we shall presently refer, evidence was adduced of this circumstance. A Madonna, Child, and St. John, originally in the Farnese family, which was inscribed on the back 'a work of the divine Raffaele,' and had been attested as genuine by a pope, came some years since, by inheritance, to a Contessa Broglio, of Turin, who desired her porter to sell it for 32*l*. Falling into the hands of one who recognised its merit, it was purchased from him by the

Prince of Carignan, and now adorns the Royal Gallery, under the name of the *Madonna della Tenda*, from the curtain in the back-ground. Another instance rests on the same authority. Among some trash rejected from the Florence Gallery, and sold some years ago by orders of the Grand Duke, a picture was bought by one Fieschi, a restorer. On being cleaned, it was acknowledged to be a Leonardo, and 900*l.* was offered in vain to its fortunate purchaser. Again, Professor Tosoni, of Milan, has a beautiful little allegorical picture, which he considers by Raffaele, and values at four thousand louis-d'or, but for which he paid an English gentleman 42*l.*

There is in Italy a class of picture-jobbers, who wander on foot among the towns and villages, with a scanty purse, and still more slender knowledge of art, picking up for a few shillings such things as their very restricted funds place within their reach. These they carry to their booth or cellar in one of the capitals, whither resort the poorer classes, when conscience or piety suggests the addition of a *Madonna*, or a favourite Saint, to the devotional garniture of their humble homes. There, too, may ever and anon be seen some lynx-eyed dealer, or some shrewd amateur, turning over piles of shattered panels, and disturbing the dust of canvass shreds, in eager search after speculative bits. Among such hucksters, the resurrectionists of art, a certain Luzzi is well known at Rome. His shop is a lumber-house of the veriest daubs, and the street-entrance is flanked by lines of glaring martyrdoms and contorted *Madonnas*, fit to scare away saints and sinners. Yet from the interior have issued not a few dingy pictures, which, in the hands of able restorers, have cast off their chrysalis coatings, and emerged in their native purity and brilliancy.

About the time when the cholera broke out at Rome in 1837, Luzzi returned from a circuit among the mountains of Umbria, that cradle of Christian art, wherein were reared the great founders of the Roman school of painting. In the house of the Ceccarelli at Spoleto, he found a new wonder of the world, a picture attributed to Raffaele, and priced at a few crowns. Though the sum exceeded the usual limits of this worthy's investments, he was induced by some good genius to nibble at the bait, and eventually carried it off for twenty-four shillings and sixpence. Resolved to do all justice to his speculation, he gave it to a restorer, who, wishing simply to entitle himself to a certain fee for his labours, found this most readily effected by gaudily overpainting the draperies, distances, and sky, leaving alone the heads, hands, and foregrounds, for which a more delicate handling was even in his eyes desirable. This done, the newly-found Raffaele was announced to the trade;

but whilst the few dealers who had not fled from the pestilence, gazed, and hesitated, and higgled, Luzzi began to suspect he had got something better than an every-day Raffaello. The longer they looked, the higher rose his demands; at length the Chevalier Hewson, agent of the Portuguese government at the papal court, carried off the prize from the doubters, for about 76*l.*, and a few indifferent pictures. The over daubing having been removed, and the surface carefully cleaned, the picture appeared in its original beauty, and in a rare purity of preservation. It is one of this artist's few productions from the old Testament, and represents three youths restored to life by the prophet's mantle. Although hitherto unknown, its genuineness seems to have escaped question, and it is estimated by the chevalier at 4000*l.*

Only last summer Luzzi made another fortunate hit. Among some pictures which he bought from the march of Ancona, was a *Pieta*, with figures of life-size, wherein the Madonna wept over the lifeless body of the crucified Saviour, which she supported in her lap, whilst two cherubs joined in her lamentations. The torso was so much more masterly than the draperies, and the beard and other accessories had so suspicious a texture, as to occasion a doubt whether the picture was in a pure state. A skilful cleaner soon solved the riddle, by removing the dark blue mantle of woe which shrouded the virgin's head, when there emerged a Venus radiant in plaintive beauty, bewailing the premature fate of her beloved Adonis, whose exquisitely modelled limbs had been transformed into a frame rigid with long agony. It was a still simpler process to restore the mourning cherubs into tearful cupids, and to baptize as an Annibale Caracci a really good picture which had probably cost a few dollars, but for which five hundred louis-d'or are now demanded.

There is one other case which requires a more special notice, from the universal interest it has lately excited in Rome, as well as from its very extraordinary circumstances, and the view it affords of Roman justice. In 1723, a quantity of pictures, sculptures, and other movables from the palace of Duke Flavio Orsini, were judicially deposited in charge of Duke Aloysio Lante, to abide the claims of the Orsini creditors. After much tedious litigation, Prince Odescalchi succeeded, in 1826, in establishing his claims upon this property, as creditor of the representatives of Duke Flavio, to the amount of some 6000*l.*, and thereupon obtained a warrant of sale. A judicial valuation was then made of the effects by Philip Agricola, now at the head of the Roman school of painting, and a Magdalen in the Desert, about eighteen inches by sixteen, was therein stated as a copy done in the school of the Caracci, from the original in the Dresden gallery, and was set down at thirty scudi, or 6*l.* 6*s.* The

auction took place in February and April, 1827, and realised nearly 500*l.*, which sum, with the property remaining unsold, was adjudged to Prince Odescalchi, under the valuation wherein the Magdalen had been esteemed at thirty scudi. About two years later the prince offered these things to a picture-dealer, who declined the purchase, and they remained neglected until 1835, when, in consequence of part of the palace being let, several attempts were made by Zarlatta, the house-steward, to get these, and other pictures which were in the way, disposed of among the trade in Rome. One of the persons called in to look at them was the Chevalier Vallati, a distinguished painter of boar-hunts, who at that time speculated in old pictures along with Mr. Jones, an English banker settled there, and who was brought by a *sen-sale* or low agent employed by the steward. After an ineffectual attempt to come to terms for a lot of considerable value, Vallati took up the Magdalen, and observing that it was one of the numerous copies after Correggio, said that he would give ten dollars for it. Zarlatta had shortly before shown it to another Roman dealer, who called it a bad copy of the Dresden picture, faulty in the head and arm, and thought it would be well sold for fifteen dollars. On reporting Vallatti's offer to the prince, the latter said it should be accepted, as the pictures in that lot were of small moment. Accordingly, it was next day sold to Vallatti for fifteen dollars, or 3*l.* 3*s.*, and a receipt given which stated it to be a copy from Correggio.

The picture was executed in oil, upon copper, but is described as then entirely overpainted. The original composition and outline had been generally followed, but the flesh-tints were glazed over, and other parts so thickly daubed, that the paint adhered to a glass which covered the surface, and beneath which dirt and dust were thickly clotted. Whether these liberties had been used with the idea of improving or disguising its merits, it is agreed that they gave the picture the air of a coarse copy. Still, when Vallati began to examine it, after it had lain for about four months in his studio forgotten, he perceived a certain fineness of handling in minute portions of it, which augured better things, and with some difficulty he persuaded Cocchetti, the most skilful restorer in Rome, to put it in order. The latter at first paid little attention to the task, which he carried on at Vallati's; but, finding a better surface under the coarse paint, he was induced to persevere, and, in about nine months of occasional work, he accomplished it with perfect success. The usual solvents and processes being quite ineffectual to remove the over-paint, in consequence of its having been laid on with oil, and not with varnish or distemper, he had recourse to pumice-stone, and even

to sharp razors, with which he very gradually, and with the utmost caution, rasped and scraped away the extraneous coating, till the picture remained in its purity. This operation cost 150 dollars, and its result was a great triumph of skill and perseverance.

Delighted with his treasure, Vallati allowed his joy to exceed his discretion. The circumstances, at first confided as a secret to few, became, ere November, 1836, was over, the subject of discussion among the *dilettanti*, and the Magdalen was talked of as a long-lost original by Correggio, worth from 4000*l.* to 6000*l.* Prince Odescalchi, ere long, resolved to interfere: relying upon an edict by the Cardinal Camerlengo (the official guardian of antiquities and art), for the purpose of checking the removal of objects of value from Rome, he presented a complaint, stating what had occurred; and, on the allegation that it was about to be sold to a foreigner, prayed that an embargo might be laid upon the picture. Accordingly, Vallati was ordered to produce it, on pain of imprisonment, and the cardinal remitted it for the judgment of the Academy of St. Luke. In March, the committee of painters there, including eight of the leading Italian and German artists at Rome, unanimously recognised the great value and beauty of the work; but on the question of its authorship they were divided, two considering it by Correggio, four thinking it was not, and two being doubtful. The cardinal, upon this, obliged Vallati to come under heavy recognisances for production of the picture when required, which, meanwhile, was restored to his possession.

Having thus secured its retention within the jurisdiction of the Roman courts, the prince raised a civil action for nullifying the sale, on the ground of error, false consideration, and enormous injury, alleging that his agents had sold for a trifle, under the impression that it was a worthless copy, a fine original by Correggio or some other great master. In December, 1838, judgment was pronounced against Vallati, rescinding the contract, and ordaining him to restore the picture, on receiving from Odescalchi the original price, and the sum spent in cleaning it. This sentence proceeded on the want of legal consent of the vendor, in consequence of error, and inferred that Vallati might have previously discovered the value of the work, so as not to be in good faith when purchasing it at the price of a bad copy. Against this decision Vallati appealed; and after a bitter litigation, protracted till 1842, a compromise was made. The picture was to be sold, and the price divided between the parties, each paying his own costs. Vallati states his expenses at nearly 800*l.*, and estimates his adversary's somewhat higher. Mr. Jones had previously paid a

sum to Vallati, to be free of all share in the transaction, being obliged to return to England in bad health, where he soon after died.

We give these details of the great Vallati cause, as they have formed a leading topic in the Roman circles during several winters, and as they illustrate some curious phases of Italian picture-dealing. A rich English nobleman was last year on terms for the Magdalen, when a party, from alleged interested motives, conveyed to him the reported dictum of Mr. Woodburn, that it was an old copy worth 500*l.* Signor Vallati, however, offers to prove that Mr. Woodburn never saw the picture at all, but only a copy recently made from it, imitating its time-worn texture, which hung outside of the sanctum wherein it lay. Thus the chevalier has been doubly unlucky in the results of his fortunate speculation. He was deprived of his purchase by the Roman courts, because the best judges in Italy pronounced it an original of the highest value. He has lost his purchaser, because an English picture-dealer, blundering between his gem and a modern imitation of it, declared it a copy. Verily may the tribe of dealers call their trade 'a hazard;' and the Italian prince may compare notes with the English peer, which of them is the greater gull.

Signor Vallati has, however, had his triumph, in another incident illustrative of the chances of picture-selling. Having acquired a singular and very beautiful landscape, in which a bit of savage Swiss scenery was treated with much originality, he baptized it a Rembrandt, although this opinion was demurred to by some persons acquainted with the usual specimens of that master. Mr. Woodburn at once pronounced it no Rembrandt, but declined naming the author, and the picture consequently remained on hand with a blighted reputation. An English gentleman, whose interest and curiosity in the work had been greatly roused, while closely examining it one day with a powerful magnifier, thought he could distinguish on the grassy foreground some lines of colder tint, resembling a cypher. In the enthusiasm of the moment, he bought the landscape for £300, and then begged Vallati to apply the usual test, in order to see if any repainting could be detected there. On being strongly rubbed with spirits, a portion of the foreground came away, and the monogram of Rembrandt, which some ignorant restorer had covered, in patching an adjoining hole, became legible, but resisted all further trial to remove it. The gentleman was equally delighted with his casual discovery and his purchase; and although Vallati, had he been aware of this proof of its authenticity, might have set a higher value upon the prize, yet he had the satisfaction

of finding his deliberate judgment confirmed, at the expense of Mr. Woodburn's infallibility.

The circumstances narrated in the Vallati suit may put purchasers of works of art within the Papal States on their guard against a double risk; first, that of having their acquisitions stopped by government, in case they be deemed of sufficient importance; and, secondly, the nullification of the sale at the instance of the seller, should the price turn out to have been inadequate. The former of these hazards exists also in Tuscany and Naples, and all old pictures and sculpture for exportation ought to be examined by an officer appointed to this duty, without whose clearance they are liable to be stopped at the custom-house. Nor is this law by any means a dead letter, although very rarely applied. It is generally understood that all the personal influence at the papal court of King Louis of Bavaria, the most catholic of reigning sovereigns, was required to sanction his removing the celebrated drunken fawn, which he had purchased from the Barberini family,—one of the most choice though hideous statues of antiquity, and now a principal ornament of the Glyptotheca at Munich. At this moment a bronze bust of Bindo Altoviti, by Benvenuto Cellini, is embargoed in the deserted palace of that family at Rome, in consequence of the Camerlengo's refusal to let its owner remove it to his residence in Florence. The latter has shut it closely up, either from pet, or in the hope of smuggling it out unobserved, to prevent which spies are incessantly on the watch. It seems a monstrous hardship, that a man shall not be able to remove a family portrait from his deserted habitation to his actual residence, and still more when the real motive is to compel him to part with it to a foreign government on their own terms. A well-known and recent instance was that of Count Marescalchi's Correggio, which had actually been sold at Bologna, and, as we believe, delivered to a French gentleman, but which the count was compelled to get back, and surrender to the Vatican for a smaller sum. Duke Braschi last year resigned to the government without a struggle his famous Antinous for about 1850*l.* though no doubt more might have been obtained abroad, had the secret abduction of so colossal a statue been practicable. The removal of the Fesch pictures goes on unquestioned, under a special permission obtained by the cardinal ere he removed them from Paris: it remains to be seen whether some of those acquired by him subsequently may not be stopped. A friend of our own met with a persecution at Rome in 1839, very similar to that endured by Vallati, in regard to a missal of unique beauty, with signed miniatures by Perugino, Francia, and their best pupils, which he had openly purchased a year before from Prince Albani,

and, but for his prudence in sending it to England on the first alarm, he would unquestionably have been robbed of his prize. It may be well to add, that all objects of old art enter the Roman states duty free, but are liable to an ad-valorem duty of twenty per cent. on exportation, whilst modern productions pay only on entering. In Tuscany, the rule is reversed, a duty being exigible on the import of old objects, but none on their export. At Naples, the export duty on pictures is a dollar for each square palmo of ten inches. The sale of pictures from churches is permitted by the government of Tuscany, but much discountenanced by that of Rome.

Picture-dealing has its drones, who fatten upon its profits without contributing the knowledge, labour, or capital which produce them. They are embodied in the form of couriers and *laquais de place*, two fraternities who assume the privilege of exacting unjust gains upon every transaction into which they can thrust their officious services, but especially upon their masters' dilettanti purchases. The usual rate is from five to ten per cent. upon the price, but it is sometimes screwed up to five-and-twenty. A few years ago there was a very beautiful and perfect female suit of armour exposed for sale, in a curiosity shop at Geneva, for 80*l.*; one evening an English gentleman strolled in with his courier, admired it greatly, made no objection to the price, and said he would call and make the bargain next morning. Soon after, the courier returned and demanded 20*l.* as his fee on the sale. The shopman said he would willingly allow him the usual amount, but could do no more in his master's absence. The servant replied, he would take care that his master did not come again to the shop, and he kept his word. This discount comes of course indirectly out of the purchaser's pocket, and it is very common to be asked, when bargaining at shops of that sort, whether you have a *valet de place* in attendance, that the price may be adjusted accordingly. Half-a-dozen years since, the valets at Bologna combined to raise their fee to ten per cent., threatening to prevent strangers from visiting any sale gallery where these terms were not acceded to, upon which some of the dealers, to defeat the plot, forwarded their address cards to the frontier, and bribed the police agents to fold them up in the passports of travellers.

Among the evidence offered in the suit of Prince Odescalchi against Vallati, to which we have more than once referred, there was this formal exposition of the principles and results of picture-dealing, sworn to by eighteen leading members of the trade then in Rome:

“ In the sale and purchase of pictures, all depends upon the actual result and chance of gain common to both parties. For pictures which

are bought in the hope of discovering something better than appears, and of reproducing them in their original state, often turn out even worse than they seemed, thus occasioning manifest loss. And were it not that in rare instances and after much outlay, risk, and trouble, a fortunate hit compensates for many previous sacrifices, this trade would be at an end; for without such a hope no one would be disposed to make acquisitions that were always to turn out ill. Another danger to which those who carry on this sort of business are exposed, arises from the difficulty of finding an able restorer, so that even when they have the luck to meet with any thing good, it is generally injured in being cleaned. Besides all this, there must be taken into consideration the large sums tied up in those pictures which remain on hand for years, as well as the great labour and application necessary for obtaining a thorough acquaintance with this most difficult subject. In all these transactions, advantages, and risks, the private party selling has no part, for the result, as regards profit and loss, is limited to the speculative buyer exclusively."

With this manifesto we might conclude our notices of picture-dealing, but that a new phasis which the trade has recently assumed in the Eternal City remains to be mentioned. Basseggio and Baldeschi, two dealers, who stand favourably conspicuous among their fellows for enterprise, connoisseurship, and good faith, have been making frequent journeys to London and Paris, for the acquisition of works of art; and, we have little hesitation in believing, that the pictures brought to Rome by the former from London, in the last three years, exceed in merit all that have been sent from thence to England during the same time. Regular in his attendance on auctions, vigilant among the rubbish of Wardour-street, he has secured many prizes for sums which enable him to offer them in his own country at unusually moderate rates. Nor are his purchases confined to the purlieu of picture traffic. In 1842, the Litchfield Claude passed into his hands, and last year he carried off a very rare specimen of Rodolfo Ghirlandajo, one of the greatest Florentine painters, which is not unlikely to enrich the Vatican gallery of *chefs-d'œuvre*. The chances of such works returning to our shores are at present small, for fox-hunting has greatly superseded picture-buying at Rome, as far as our wealthy countrymen are concerned. Artists and dealers suffer equally from this caprice of fashion; but both still look to the English as their surest and most liberal customers. It is not long since we heard a worthy Dutch landscape-painter narrate in broken English the following incident:

"I work in my studio one day ven one gentleman wid de *lunettes* come in, make one, two, tree bow, very profound, and say '*Gut morgen, Meinheer!*' I make one, two, tree profound bow, and say de same. Den de gentleman look at all my picture very slow and delibe-

rate: den he say, 'Dat is goot; dat is beautiful; dat is vondrous fine.' Den he say at last, 'Sare, vill you permit me to bring my friend de Baron von A. to see your fine vork?' I say, 'Sare, you vill do me one favour.' Den he make tree more bow more profound dan before, and he go vay. De next day he bring his friend de Baron, and dey two make six bow all very profound, and dey say dat all is very beautiful, and den de Baron say, 'Sare, vill you let me bring my friend de Count von B. to see dese so fine vork?' and den dey make der bow once again and go vay, and I see dem no more. Dat vas one German gentleman.

"Anoder day, one little gentleman come in wid one skip and say, '*Bon jour, Monsieur! charmé de faire votre connaissance.*' He take up his *lorgnette*, and he look at my first picture, and he say, 'Ah, very vell, Sare! dat is one very fine morsel.' Den he pass quick to anoder and he say, 'Sare, dis is truly admirable; after dis beautiful nature is vord notting;' and so in two minute and half he get trough dem all. Den he twirl his cane, and stick out his chin, and say, 'Sare, I I make you my compliment; you have one great talent for de landscape; I shall have de honour to recommend you to all my friend; *au revoir, Monsieur;*' but I see him never again. He vas one French gentleman.

"Anoder day, I hear one loud tap wid one stick at my door, and ven I say, 'Come in,' one gentleman walk forwards, very stiff and nod his head, but take never his hat off. He say, 'May I see your picture?' I bow, and say, 'Wid pleasure, Sare.' He no answer, but look at one long time, and say not a vord. Den he look at anoder and say notting. Den he go to anoder and look, and say, 'Vat is de price of dis?' I say, 'Forty louis, Sare.' He say notting but go to de next, and look one long time; and at last he say, 'Vat is de price of dis?' Den I say, 'Sare, it is sixty louis.' Den he say notting but look anoder long time. Den he say, 'Can you give me pen and ink?' and ven I give it he sit down and he say, 'Vat is your name, Sare?' Den I give him my card, and he write one order on Torlonia for sixty louis: he give me de order wid his card, and he say, 'Dat picture is mine; dat is my address; send it home: good morning.' And so he make one more stiff nod and walk away. This vas one English gentleman."

There is one view in which picture-dealing becomes matter of public interest among ourselves, as regards the formation of our National Gallery. It has been alleged, in several instances, that the additions made to it seem to be tested chiefly by the amount of their cost. Now, it appears to us, that it is not with the trustees that the fault lies, of a system which has given us the smallest, and dearest, if the most select gallery in Europe. The purchase of the Angerstein pictures, however languidly planned by the ministry, was nobly carried through by parliament. The opportunities lost by their predecessors during the convulsions of the war were unlikely to recur. One individual had taken advantage of them in the finest spirit, and had secured, perhaps, the only private collection worthy of being the nucleus for a national one.

Such circumstances precluded the carping of candle-parers, and, if the price had been double, it was well-earned, and wisely given. But what were the next steps in this new and praiseworthy direction? The appointment of trustees or commissioners to make further acquisitions was probably incumbent, as the cost was to be borne by the community. But where else did it ever enter into the arrangements of a cabinet to submit to the critical fiat of 648 legislators the price of a Durer, the originality of a Guido, or the purity of a Perugino? Few Britons are, perhaps, aware of the preposterous fact, that each purchase made for the Trafalgar-square rooms is the subject of a parliamentary estimate, and is liable to an *ex-post-facto* discussion in the House of Commons, when the expediency and worth of the investment, and the judgment of the trustees, are at times rudely and unjustly assailed by men totally incapable of forming an idea on these matters. But there is a standard of pictorial merit comprehensible even by utilitarian critics,—the price paid. It has originated in what is at least a novel idea, that all high-priced works must be fine ones; and, in that conviction, even our economists become generous, lest they should be humbugged. Whilst saving prevails in the other estimates, and cheap production is the object for which machines are made to whirl, and workmen to languish, the old sneer of ‘cheap and nasty’ remains a term of reproach only in the fine arts. Provided pictures are but dear, they are sure to be respected in a committee of supply; and if extracted from a celebrated collection, they are presumed to be exempt from criticism. Conforming to these circumstances, the trustees buy only works of established celebrity, and, consequently, of extravagant price. Now, did the money thus superfluously charged against the nation go into the pockets of our first artists, the blunder would have our sympathy, but against its enriching speculators we do most seriously protest.

Yet a few words as to the principle of selection which has in general been adopted by the trustees. But whilst we attempt to show the fallacious course they have sometimes pursued, we are far from imputing any deficiency of zeal, still less any impurity of intention, to the eminent gentlemen who gratuitously discharge to their country a most onerous and obnoxious duty. If the main objects to be attained from a national gallery of high art be the instruction of its visitors, and the guidance of the public taste, it follows, that excellence is not the sole consideration to be kept in view while forming it. Thus, the Madonna is the leading theme among the greatest painters in the best age of art, and the Roman stands foremost among the schools of its golden days. Yet what should we say of a national gallery composed altogether of Ma-

donnas, or consisting exclusively of Raffaele and his pupils? Do we not, on the contrary, expect to find there specimens of whatever is worth knowing, as well as of what is deemed fit to occupy a student's pencil. Great libraries are not formed solely for the preservation of fine paper copies of standard and popular authors, and why should it be so with galleries? The great foreign schools of painting have belonged to Italy, the Netherlands, Germany, Spain, and France. Of these, the first is unquestionably pre-eminent, and next in importance may be ranked that of Holland and the Low Countries, as unrivalled in *genre* painting. Germany, among us who have borrowed so much from Holbein and Rubens, is entitled to the third place, and Spain and France must conclude the list. Again, the Italian schools are at least twelve in number, each with its own type, more or less distinctly developed. Thus we have about twenty different manners, or classes of painting, to look for in a great public gallery. Now, without attempting to analyse the contents of the Trafalgar-square rooms under this view, it is enough to say, that the schools of Sienna, Genoa, Sicily, and Upper and Lower Germany, are totally excluded; those of Florence, Naples, Milan, Umbria, and Spain, virtually so. These are startling deficiencies in a national collection, even though it numbers but few lustres. But a greater discouragement awaits the student of art, in the total absence of any pictorial work (except by Van Eyk) executed prior to 1500, that being close upon the time when high art is admitted to have attained its culminating point, and when, according to some critics, it was already on the wane. Now, whether these be just opinions or not, is just what a national gallery ought to enable us to decide by well selected specimens, and we trust, that instead of adding to our already rich store of Bolognese and French works, the trustees will take measures to procure some fine productions of the mediæval masters. The moment is favourable, but it is quickly passing. Had they come into the market a few years ago, with the sovereigns of Prussia and Bavaria, they would have found the supply ample and the prices mean. Now this taste has become a fashion, and must be gratified at fashionable cost. Every day the comparatively few pieces in high preservation are picked up by foreign governments, or are undergoing from speculators barbarous retouches in oil, and daubings of varnish, which all but disqualify them for the illustration of art. Yet even now there may be found in some secluded mountain church or remote convent, grand altar-pieces in distemper which preserve the type of the Giottists, or upon which the highest Christian masters of Umbria or Sienna have traced an almost inspired purity of feeling. It is true, that the prices which would extract these from their simple

possessors are numbered but in dollars; this, however, need be no fatal objection, as the interested intermediation of the wanted agents might transmute the sum into any amount of sovereigns deemed sufficient to stamp the merit of the pictures.

The improvements desirable upon the present mode of acquiring pictures for the Gallery are, we venture to think, twofold. Instead of subjecting each purchase to a special vote and discussion in parliament, a fixed annual sum should be placed at the disposal of a competent body of trustees for investment in pictures as occasion may offer, under an obligation to publish yearly the amount actually so expended, with the particular inducements or grounds on which each choice was made. The benefit to the trustees of such a plan is obvious, from its leaving their hands unfettered, and their judgment uncontrolled: the public would at the same time have the advantage of comprehending their views, and of watching, with increased interest and intelligence, the progress of the collection: and as it would be no longer necessary to tell the price in order to have a negotiation ratified, these gentlemen would dare to buy where, when, and for as little money as they could; and though they might continue to bribe Beckfords and Londonderrys out of their choicest gems, they would compensate such exceptional extravagance by many snug little bargains for which they could not now ask a particular vote. In order to effect such bargains, our second innovation would be required. There is at present a rule or understanding, that the trustees buy nothing that is not sent for their inspection in London, and a most convenient defence it must be against jobbing and imposition. But they ought to, and sooner or later must, get many things which will never be brought on chance to the great Babel, nor dangle attendance there. If the continental sovereigns had acted thus, would the Houghton and Coesvelt Galleries be now in St. Petersburg; or would those truly splendid ones of Munich and Berlin have started into full manhood, during the years when ours has attained a very stunted adolescence? Each of these monarchs, as well as Louis Philippe, has agents in every part of Italy, to report the discovery or occurrence of any thing interesting in antique or medieval art, and thus many objects are secured by them which never were, and perhaps never would have been, thrown into the open market. To do this, without being imposed upon by ignorant zeal or interested meanness, must require considerable management; but as it seems to answer in these cases, and in the transactions for the British Museum, it is difficult to see why it should fail, if judiciously introduced in supplement of the present system, which has hitherto neither

produced abundant fruits, nor proved an efficient protection against the high profits of speculators.

A few words, ere we close this discursive article, as to English students of art in Italy. It is the misfortune of most of them, to go out unprepared by proper education for the career which they have perhaps rashly chosen. They are generally even ignorant of the important truth, that in no profession is extensive and varied knowledge more necessary to eminent success. History, in all its branches; biography, rich in dramatic touches; poetry, with its imaginative stores; physiology, not less of the mind and passions, than of the limbs and muscles;—these are but a few of the studies which ought to relieve the more technical labours of the painter and sculptor. In the olden time, it was usual for the same men to excel in architecture, engineering, and geometry, in painting, sculpture, and silver-chasing; indeed, not a few of the foremost artists gave a portion of their time to politics and diplomacy. But these days are gone by, and it now too frequently happens that men, who have raised themselves by artistic talent above the sphere of their birth, are unfitted by education for the social position to which they have attained. But the deficiency most immediately baffling to a student is his ignorance of modern languages, and of the history of art. Indeed, no literature of a refined people is so wanting as our own in artistic works, original or translated. The English version of Lanzi is insufficient to infuse a taste and knowledge of Italian painting into an entire people, and Kugler's Handbook, in itself over-appreciated, is useful to those only who are already versant in the subject. Our students have thus few materials for private study, besides the Discourses of Sir Joshua, and the Essays of Fuseli, Hazlitt, and Haydon, and having mastered these, each fancies himself well read in his future profession. Accustomed at home to spend all his working hours over his portfolio or his pallet, he has never contemplated familiarising himself with modern tongues, so as to render them a relaxation. He finds himself in Paris or Rome scarcely able to ask his way, and without a means of acquiring information from the people, or the books around him. The dissipation of mind, and perhaps of habits, induced by the endless novelties and temptations of his new situation, prevents his applying to the irksome task of grammar, and, after a year or two's absence, he returns almost as unlettered as he went.

His professional studies thereby suffer immensely. In the galleries of Milan, Bologna, and Florence, he finds himself before pictures which he has by chance been told are fine; but whose authors he never before heard named, and as to whose era or

school he never dreams of troubling himself. Thus, wandering on from wall to wall, his eyes get dazzled, his ideas become a chaos, and he learns little more from these glorious works than a Chinese would do; or, if his organ of wonder chance to be strongly developed, he gazes on each new picture with an undistinguishing enthusiasm, which effaces the impression made by all the preceding ones. With wearied nerves and disappointed hopes, he turns to the churches most famed for mural paintings of the fifteenth century. There he becomes entirely non-plussed, for he can scarcely form a conjecture as to the themes before him, wherein he discerns only a crowd of figures inartificially grouped, a cluster of heads surrounded by golden sconces, and a pervading flatness deficient in colouring and chiaroscuro. Thus inclosed in a labyrinth without a clue, he falls back upon the only principles of faith he ever imbibed; namely, that colour and effect constitute a picture, and that, next to Reynolds or Lawrence, the best painter is Paul Veronese. He recalls the gaudy walls of the Royal Academy, decides that Englishmen have nothing to learn from other nations, and either packs his portmanteau to be off on the morrow, or, if he sets up his easel, it is in the fond hope of finding a countryman to commit to canvass, with true English effect, or a subject in *genre* or landscape likely to sell in some provincial exhibition, and replace part of the money his fruitless journey has cost him. He heeds not the grand works of the old masters among which he lives, and returns to his native land as ignorant and more conceited than when he left it. Should he in after life become alive to the fact, that former times sent forth giants, before whose genius the pigmies of our day dwindle into their just proportions, he will lament deeply the lost opportunities of his student days. As yet, however, such repentance has been rare, for it would be profitless among a people who value little that leads not directly to gain; and until the contemplated decorations of our palace of parliament began to shed a *golden* light upon historic art, we doubt if ten Royal Academicians had studied Masaccio and Perugino, or had heard of Pinturicchio and Ghirlandajo.

Our description of the doings of English artists on their arrival in Italy is noways exaggerated; and some of them continue faithful to the like observances during a prolonged residence. We remember the *début* of one at Florence some years ago. No sooner settled than he hurried to the gallery, and passing rapidly by or through the tribune, reached the portrait-room of painters. There, in an obscure corner, he at length found something to admire. Not the fresco of Masaccio, that personification of power without the appearance of study; not the head of Raffaello,

embodying the sentiment of pure beauty; but the snub features of Harlow, depicted by their owner's slovenly brush. The imitation of Sir Joshua, if not happy, was palpable; our friend at once measured the canvass, and in two days was copying what he doubtless regarded as the gem of the gallery, quite forgetting that he might have studied Harlow without journeying to Florence. Such was the outset in Italy of one whose annual productions have now no want of puffers or purchasers in England.

Of such a student as we have supposed, Rome, however, is probably the head-quarters, and there he discovers attractions amid which his first disappointment evaporates. He is frankly received into the circle of his professional countrymen, among fifty or sixty of whom he quickly falls in with kindred spirits. He finds the more exemplary of them wedded to two ideas:—the necessity of securing the most celebrated models months in advance, and the propriety of a regular attendance at the British Life Academy. He follows the fashion in both respects, and should the latter task sometimes seem irksome, the three hours which it demands are preceded by a jovial *trattoria* dinner, interrupted by a lounge in the smoking-room, and followed by cigars and gossip at the *café*. In truth the whole student life of these men is what is termed in the Italian idiom, 'too material'—too much time and thought are given to self, too little bestowed on art. Instead of striving to comprehend the feeling, or imitate the execution of a Raffaele or a Rubens, they ape the picturesque costume of these painters. Many of them seem to limit their rivalry of the old masters to the cut of their beavers, or the hirsute horrors of their beards, and study rather to caricature their own personal appearance, than to perfect the figures upon their canvasses. But there is yet a hope of better things. The cry raised from their native shores for a higher pictorial style has been responded to, and within a few weeks the students at Rome, in the face of a factious opposition, organised by a few more self-sufficient and bigoted seniors, have voluntarily placed their academy under the instructions of Professor Minardi, an artist whose modesty and good feeling are as remarkable as his fine taste and purity of design. Should he meet with fair play from the minority who opposed his appointment, much benefit may be looked for from his ministrations; but if he be thwarted by such unfair and ungentleman-like opposition as is threatened by the dissentients, it will behove the friends of the academy to withdraw from it their countenance, until some higher authority end these disgraceful squabbles, by putting the establishment upon a footing which shall at once secure its discipline, and promote its utility.

How entirely different from these Anglican habits is the life

of German artists in the Eternal City! Prepared by reading the rich artistic stores of their own literature, and its abundant translations, most of them have been selected by their respective governments as likely to do credit to the small pension allowed them. It is barely adequate to their wants, affording them no facilities for dissipation; but it renders them independent of interruption from private commissions, and it is continued for such a term of years as enables them thoroughly to master the language, as well as the pictorial history of the Peninsula. Under this system, the Germans are plodding students, bound to each other, and to their common pursuit, by every tie of country and sympathy; whilst the English are loiterers, left to waste or misapply their opportunities. Under it, Overbeck and Cornelius, Veit and Schnorr, Schwanthaler and Gruner, have effected an entire renovation of art, and have enshrined their names in a niche far higher than their British contemporaries have, as yet, approached.

But as this is not the place for discussing the relative merit of modern German and British art, we shall conclude with a single remark. There is surely less egotism in trying to comprehend the deep feeling of the early masters, than in sneering at 'Perugino and the pasteboard school,' more good sense in attempting to renovate the styles of Raffaele and Ghirlandajo, than in talking about Michael Angelo, without daring to study him; or in imitating Veronese, without equalling Tiepolo. No man in his senses charges Laurence with servility to Sir Joshua, or Landseer with plagiarism from Schnyders; yet their approximation to these prototypes is surely not less decided than are the cartoons of Overbeck to those of Raffaele. Man is proverbially an imitative creature, and if we are to follow the path which another has explored, why judge most harshly of such as aspire to tread in the footsteps of one whom all ages honour, and whom all but our countrymen appreciate?

ART. II.—*The History of British India. From 1805 to 1835.*
By HORACE HAYMAN WILSON, M.A. F.R.S. Vol. I. London: Madden and Co. 1845.

PROPERLY to understand the present condition of our Asiatic empire, we must study the manner in which it has grown up and acquired its greatness. In this study we have to deal with a very peculiar order of facts. Our dominion in India is an anomaly, and the events which led to its establishment were anomalous also. In most other cases where foreigners have obtained the upper

hand in any country, the conquest has been effected by arms, generally at once by a sudden irruption, or, if not, by successive encroachments and invasions, each acquisition serving as a basis for succeeding operations.

Our proceedings in India have, from the first, been of a different character. No one can for a moment imagine that when we first obtained a footing in Bengal, it was with any design of becoming masters of the country. On the contrary, we went thither as traders, and a succession of circumstances, which we are far, however, from regarding as fortuitous, has converted us into the rulers of that great empire. As our success was unlooked for, it found us, when it had actually been accomplished, without any definite plan, though not wholly unprepared to co-operate with fortune. We were looking for the profits of a commercial counter, and we found a crown. But though it presented itself unexpectedly, they who picked it up were not so far dazzled by its splendours as not to know what use to make of it. They understood that it was for the head, and immediately put it on their own, thereby converting the company of merchants trading to the East Indies into a sovereign power, the rival of the greatest monarchs upon earth. No transactions recorded in history have so much tended to display the strength of the English character. The founders of our Indian empire were no statesmen in the ordinary sense of the word, because they had not been systematically broken in and disciplined according to the established rules of business, but statesmen they were nevertheless; that is, they were equal to the conduct of public affairs in difficult emergencies, equal to contend with the most crafty and desperate enemies, capable of looking antiquated and dazzling prejudices in the face, and of despising gigantic appearances of strength, beneath which there was often very little of the reality. By these men our system of Indian government was first sketched out. Their views of policy were neither very refined nor very enlarged. They perceived that the Mogul empire was breaking up, and they felt themselves capable of subduing and holding certain portions of it against any opponents who were likely to come into the field. They neither contemplated the subjugation of all India, nor set themselves to invent a body of rules and regulations in accordance with which it ought to be governed. They were satisfied with laying the foundations of power, with scattering the first rough seeds of institutions, leaving them to find their proper shape and character afterwards as they grew up and developed themselves.

For these reasons it is extremely difficult scientifically to explain, or even to determine, the nature of our Indian govern-

ment. It resembles an old mansion in the country, to which additional wings, apartments, and conveniences, have been added for the purpose of meeting, from time to time, the wants of an increasing family. Viewed externally by an admirer of systematic architecture, it may appear to be extremely grotesque and unsightly with its innumerable nooks and angles, and strata, as it were, of roofs, and nests for brooding shadows. But step inside of it, and you find every comfort and convenience of life. Nothing is out of place. Every room has its peculiar use; the arrangement is commodious, there is the greatest facility of communication, and the long passages, corridors, and galleries, which might seem purposeless to the careless eye, prove so many sources of convenience and beauty. Just so is it with the government of India. It might, very probably, be simplified, but we doubt whether it would thereby acquire any additional force or efficacy. Of improvement, however, it is of course susceptible. It might be rendered less expensive, more productive of advantages to the natives, more auspicious to talent and industry, more progressive within, more powerful externally; and in process of time we trust it will, in many of these respects, be reformed. But, taken as it exists, it will be acknowledged by all statesmen to be a political machine of wonderful perfection.

To explain in what manner this extraordinary system of government has acquired its present development, is the object of Indian History, a comprehensive review of the whole of which would be in the highest degree instructive. It would, however, be beside our present purpose, and may be reserved for some future occasion. What we now undertake is something much less ambitious. Our design is merely to glance at the events of a particular period, and that too a very limited one, extending only from 1806 to 1813. It happens, moreover, that during this brief space of time, few exploits of historical brilliance were achieved. There were few victories, few conquests. Instead of displaying its strength by expanding outwards, our Indian empire was acquiring solidity and compactness, and multiplying sources of activity within. The territorial acquisitions made by the Marquis Wellesley were passing into its political organisation, amalgamating as it were, with the central mass, and receiving from a thousand circumstances the peculiar impress and character of British dominion. No overt acts as yet announced the second Mahratta war, which was to render memorable the administration of Lord Hastings.

Nevertheless, the historian discovers even in this portion of our Indian history, much that is most important to relate. France, after having contested with us during more than half a century

the empire of Asia, was finally, in 1809, beaten out of the field, when her last hopes expired, in an unsuccessful diplomatic mission. The few insignificant settlements that had been left her in the East fell also, about the same time, into our hands, when we might truly be said to have expelled the most persevering of our enemies from that quarter of the world in which the genius and valour of our countrymen are probably destined to shine forth in the greatest brightness. Since then our difficulties have been almost wholly of Indian growth. One native prince after another, instigated, we might almost say, by a species of fatality, has courted collision with us, and been, with more or less effort, overthrown, leaving to the governor-general the task of restoring to prosperity his disordered and exhausted country. These dangerous bequests have succeeded at the heels of each other with alarming rapidity. Before the juncture of one province with the empire has been completely effected; before the engrafted part has been brought within the circle of our vital circulation, the next immediately bordering upon it has likewise exhibited a tendency to attach itself to our dominions. In this consists our greatest embarrassment in India. An invincible law constrains us to expand our rule, or at least leaves us nothing but the choice of annexing one petty state after another, or abandoning it to that hopeless anarchy which must speedily demoralise our own frontier. It would doubtless be better for us if our power developed itself more slowly. But no choice is left us. Empires, like plants, vegetate more quickly in the East than here with us in Europe. All the native states that have ever flourished in that part of the world have been so rudely put together, and placed on so tottering a basis, that when brought into violent collision with a well-organised government, they cannot possibly survive the shock. The state, consequently, by which they are absorbed, augments in force and greatness as rapidly as they perish. It is puerile, therefore, to declaim, as continental politicians often do, against our Asiatic policy, and to stigmatise it as grasping and ambitious. With us, abstinence has been the rule, and desire of aggrandisement the exception. But there are junctures in human affairs, which in self-defence transform peaceful nations into conquerors, and give the most moderate statesmen the appearance and reputation of so many worshippers of power. It is scarcely possible, however, even for an enemy, to charge Lord Minto, the history of whose government we have now under consideration, with the desire of territorial aggrandisement. He took from the French, indeed, the Isles of Bourbon, and the Mauritius, and expelled the Dutch from Java, Sumatra, and the Spice Islands. But this was not because he coveted their possessions, but because the policy of Napoleon had converted them into so many centres of annoyance

to our commerce, which was annually, by the privateers that issued from those places, subjected to the severest losses. The wonder was, therefore, that the Indian government had not determined on their reduction before, not that after so many years of a petty-fogging, semi-piratical warfare, Lord Minto should have been at length provoked to assert the supremacy of Great Britain over the islands of the ocean.

In composing the history of this period, Professor Wilson has entered into great research, and displayed great ability. His work, however, is not an independent performance. It is the continuation of another work, composed upon different principles, and pervaded by a wholly different spirit. Mr. Mill, as whose continuator Professor Wilson at present appears, was possessed by very unfortunate prejudices against the natives of Hindustan. He was disposed to undervalue them in almost every point of view. He despised their philosophy, their literature, and their arts; and the tendency, consequently, of his whole history, is to place them in a false light, and misrepresent the relations in which they stand to their European conquerors. Into this mischievous style of writing, Mr. Mill was betrayed by the character of the philosophy he had adopted, which proscribed whatever fosters or soothes the imagination, which made no allowance for the weaknesses of human nature, which sought to reduce every thing to the standard of a crabbed and stunted reason, and, as far as its influence extended, stripped all nature and human society of the rich mantle of beauty in which Providence has invested them—in short, Mr. Mill was a disciple of Mr. Bentham. Like many other individuals, who seem to be engaged in everlasting hostilities against prejudice, his mind was generally swayed by the very principle against which he contended. He had not been in India; but, instead of regretting this circumstance, and endeavouring, by the cultivation of an enlarged sympathy, to make up for the disadvantages arising out of it, he perversely considered his want of personal experience among his principal qualifications as an historian. Many other persons have undertaken to narrate the public transactions of countries which they had not visited; but they have always, we believe, felt that the difficulties with which they had to contend, were on that account considerably multiplied. At any rate, Gibbon, and Niebuhr, and Arnold, visited Rome, and are supposed to have described its environs the better for having seen them. Mr. Mill's philosophy conducted him to a different conclusion, and incited him to maintain that the most fertile of all the sources of knowledge ought carefully to be shunned by the historian. Still, his work is by no means so defective as this ridiculous piece of sophistry might have led one to expect; for Mr. Mill was indefatigable in labour, possessed

remarkable acuteness, and composed his narrative of events with much vigour and steadiness of purpose. His rough, rude style, had great strength in it; not the strength, indeed, which should be found in history, that allies itself readily with grace and beauty, and is flexible, and capable of reflecting, as it were, in their proper hues, all the incidents that present themselves. There is nothing like relief in his system of composition. His arid, though massive sentences, are thrown into movement by a powerful impulse; but they are all of one colour. In the views taken of public affairs there is little elevation, in the sentiments no dignity. The presence of common sense we generally recognise, but this sober and valuable faculty by no means qualifies its possessor to judge indiscriminately of all transactions and men, which are often irregular and uncommon.

Professor Wilson, who has undertaken to bring down Mr. Mill's narrative to our own day, writes in a wholly different spirit, and contemplates his subject from a superior point of view. He enjoys the advantages of a long residence in India, is learned in the principal languages of the country, and well disposed, upon the whole, toward the natives, with whose characters and institutions he is familiar. Still, he never forgets that he is an Englishman, and, in urging the claims of the people of India, is careful, therefore, to show, that by advancing their prosperity, we must in all cases promote our own. His feelings throughout are suffered to appear in full activity. He is always ready to bestow compassion on the unfortunate, which he does, not in set phrases or conventional forms, but by imparting a particular tone to his language, and strongly interesting the reader in the suffering party. With respect to his political predilections, he keeps them so completely in the back-ground, that, after going carefully through the whole volume, we find it difficult to determine what they are. Our impression, indeed, upon the whole, is, that he is a Whig, though we might find it difficult, perhaps impossible, to justify our opinion by quotations.

In a literary point of view, also, Professor Wilson is entitled to very high praise. His researches have obviously been extensive, and well directed, and the facts which he has brought together he relates with ease, animation, and the utmost perspicuity. No pause is ever necessary to comprehend his meaning. If we find any fault, it is, that he has been lavish of information, and thus suffered certain chapters in his work to extend to too great a length. But this, though blameable, is far less so than the contrary extreme; for though we may complain of being presented with too numerous an array of details, we should condemn with severity the suppression of facts necessary to the complete understanding of the subject.

Having premised these few remarks on the character and merits of Professor Wilson's history, we proceed to touch upon the subject itself. Lord Wellesley's administration had of necessity been warlike, and added greatly to the extent of our dominions. Its boldness had disquieted the government at home, more especially the Court of Directors, and in order to give a totally different direction to our Indian policy, the Marquis Cornwallis was sent out as governor-general. The death of this nobleman occasioned no sensible difference in the conduct of public affairs; for Sir George Barlow, who temporarily succeeded him, acted rather as his representative than as an independent statesman. His removal was speedily determined on by the ministers at home, and the struggle which took place on that occasion between them and the Court of Directors has been paralleled in our own day, though with less of public scandal and notoriety. The man designed by ministers to succeed Sir George Barlow was the Earl of Lauderdale, for whom the Court of Directors felt the most invincible repugnance. The politician of the present day may smile, perhaps, when he learns on what that repugnance was based, when he is told that the great disqualification of Lord Lauderdale in the opinion of the Court, was his decided leaning towards free-trade principles. That which was then regarded as an objection might now, perhaps, be urged as a merit, since circumstances have so far changed, that the Court of Directors, then the great champions of monopoly, are now its most strenuous opponents, because it has come round to their turn to be sufferers by it. However, let this fact be remembered to the honour of the Earl of Lauderdale, that he lost the most lucrative appointment which the British government has to bestow, on account of his known attachment to the best interests of his country. Lord Minto, then at the head of the Board of Control, was next thought of; and as he was deeply versed in the affairs of India, and considered in other respects unobjectionable, the Court of Directors acquiesced in his appointment, and he proceeded immediately to take possession of his government. He went out, however, grievously fettered by a system, hatched, we will not say in ignorance, but in prejudice at home. He was strenuously warned against conquest under almost any conceivable circumstances. His perpetual watchword was to be *non-interference*. He was to plant himself on the battlements of British India, and to look down calmly from thence upon the wretched natives, situated accidentally beyond the pale, and by whatever misgovernment or oppression, or cruelty, they might be visited, whatever might be their sufferings, and how strong soever might be their desire to live in peace, under the shadow of British protection, he was in no case to throw out a single battalion for their deliverance.

But the course of events is often more powerful than human re-

solutions. No sooner had Lord Minto set his foot in India, than he found himself involved in the most harassing military operations. The province of Bundelkund, inhabited by a restless, lawless, and semi-barbarous population, had recently fallen under our sway; but so inveterate were the predatory habits of the population, so addicted were they to the exercise of petty warfare, and so much did their rajahs depend for their revenues on the price paid them by banditti for protection, that the acknowledgment of our supremacy operated for a time no change in the public morals of the community. The Bundela chiefs considered it an advantage to be able in case of necessity to appeal to our authority, but were far from thinking themselves obliged to act in obedience to our will when their own strength would enable them to dispense with our aid. Accordingly, though we were recognised as the sovereigns of India, it was expected that, content with such honour, we would suffer the several chiefs and rajahs of the province, not only to govern their own subjects as they pleased, but to molest and plunder their neighbours at their own discretion. Throughout all that part of India there were then strong places, the killadars, or castellans of which affected to acknowledge no paramount authority. They held by the sword, which served them in the place of title deeds and code of morality. The extent of their jaghires, or estates, depended on the strength of their garrison. They were masters as far as they could enforce obedience, and their principles induced them to treat travellers and merchants as so many proper objects of plunder. One very striking peculiarity in these marauders deserves to be mentioned, as characteristic of the period of society through which India was then passing. No discredit was supposed to attach to usurpation and robbery. Any one who could get possession of a stronghold, no matter by what means, considered himself fully entitled to retain it, and to reap all the advantages which its possession could confer; and afterwards, when dislodged by superior force, instead of shrinking back into obscurity, under the oppressive consciousness of being a bandit, he put himself forward as an injured man, persecuted by fortune, and entitled to compensation. To commit crimes, he regarded as his legitimate profession. He could form no conception of our theories of morality, in which self is not made the supreme arbiter; but, conforming his notions to his own practice and that of his ancestors, conceived that the power, which interfered with his means of subsistence, was bound to furnish him with some other equally productive. In illustration of this extraordinary state of opinion, we may relate an anecdote. When the fortress of Ajaygher surrendered to the British, under Colonel Martindell, the captive Killadar Lakshman Dawa vehe-

mently urged his claim to be reinstated in possession. He did not pretend that the place belonged to him, or had belonged to his ancestors. It was known, on the contrary, that he had rendered himself master of it by fraud, and that in keeping it, he had been guilty of a perpetual act of bad faith. Still, measuring all things by his own convenience, he conceived that as we had found him there, and as he had fought us and been beaten, the least we could do, in consideration of his bravery and misfortunes, was to restore him the fortress. He, accordingly, presented a petition to the governor-general's agent, requesting that he might be restored or blown from a gun, since life to him was nothing without his Killadarship, or, as he expressed it, 'without reputation.' Perceiving no disposition on the part of the agent to comply with his request, he effected his escape from camp, and repaired in disguise to Calcutta, in order that he might there appeal to the justice or generosity of the governor-general. To his great surprise and mortification, he found that the English entertained different notions of justice. Having been a robber on a large scale, he was placed under the surveillance of the police, and forbidden to return to Central India. He made light of this prohibition, and absconded from Calcutta.

While Lakshman Dawa was thus playing at fast and loose with the Bengal government, an appalling tragedy, originating in his position, was enacted in the neighbourhood of Ajaygher. The agent, desirous of retaining the family of the fugitive chief as hostages, ordered them to remove into the fort for greater security. As it was not, however, intended to behave harshly towards them, an aged relative was requested to explain to them the designs of government, and bring about their voluntary compliance with the agent's order. Lakshman Dawa's immediate family consisted at this time of seven individuals, his mother, his wife, his infant son, and four female attendants. Bajú Rao, closely allied to them by blood, entered the house where they resided, while a native officer remained stationed at the door. The old man continued for a considerable period in the house. It is not known whether he had recourse to arguments or not; it is altogether uncertain, whether the idea of what took place originated with him or with the family. There was no noise, no evidence of struggling, no cry, no audible expression of pain or suffering. The officer without expected every moment to behold the family make their appearance, and place themselves under his safe conduct. Being a Hindú himself, familiar with all the prejudices of his nation, he might have been expected to foresee the catastrophe. This does not, however, appear to have been the case. He imagined, probably, that Bajú Rao was employing the best arguments he

could think of to persuade the women that it would be prudent to submit to authority, and repair peaceably to the fort. But, at length, his patience being exhausted, he entered the house, with a view of inquiring into the causes of the delay, when he discovered the old man, standing in the door of an inner apartment, a sword dripping with blood in his hand. Beyond him, the officer saw the floor strewed with the dead bodies of women. His first impulse was to rush forward and seize the murderer; but on his approach, Bajū Rao hastily closed the door, and fastened it on the inside. Assistance was then procured and the door forced, when the wretched old man, who, in obedience to the notions of honour prevalent in his tribe, had committed seven murders, was found to have terminated the whole by suicide.

Meanwhile Lakshman Dawa had been pursued and re-captured by the police. The destruction of his whole family could not be concealed from him, and in a short time, the accumulation of misfortunes which had been brought on him by his own misdeeds, unsettled the balance of his mind. It is impossible not to feel pity for a man, oppressed by so many calamities. Yet he had brought them voluntarily upon himself. A handsome provision was offered him by government, in lieu of the place of which he had been dispossessed; but he persisted in rejecting this offer, which, during the period of his insanity, was, of course, not formally renewed. In 1822 he recovered his reason, upon which he consented to receive from the Company a pension of six hundred rupees per month, or upwards of 700*l.* a-year. He died in 1828, upon which, whatever members of his family still survived, were permitted to return to Bundelkund.

We have related the above particulars, merely for the purpose of exemplifying the class of difficulties which have almost invariably to be overcome, in the pacification of any troubled district in India. Lord Minto had to encounter others, arising neither out of the institutions nor opinions of the natives. On the contrary, for these were answerable the defective notions of policy which prevailed at home, combined with an extremely imperfect acquaintance with the power and resources of the state on our immediate frontier. Little more than thirty years ago, not only the Doorani empire, but even Scinde and the Punjab, were little, if at all known to our Indian rulers, who consequently entertained very exaggerated ideas of the value which ought to be set on their friendship or enmity. Had they been in possession of more correct knowledge, the pride of Ranjit Sing would have been humbled, and a limit set to his encroachments at the very beginning of his career. But no one knew of what efforts he

might be capable, what means he had at his command—in short, whether or not he was a match for the British power in India. In consequence of this ignorance, that petty chief was long suffered to assume a tone, in his negotiations with the British government, so unbecoming, as to border frequently on insolence. To do him justice, however, it must be owned that he was quite as ignorant of the English as they could possibly be of him. He, therefore, seriously cherished the idea, about the commencement of Lord Minto's administration, of advancing his frontier to the Jumna, and ultimately, there can be no doubt, of expelling us altogether from India. Into these flights of imagination he was probably betrayed by French agents; for Napoleon, at the period to which we refer, maintained as powerful a body of emissaries in the East, as the emperor Nicholas does at present. But, by whatever hopes he may have been buoyed up, certain it is that Ranjit repeatedly crossed the Sutlej, set the governor-general at defiance, and not only collected much booty, but actually made permanent acquisitions of territory in provinces over which he had no right. Our oriental maxims of policy had not yet acquired either form or consistency. A timid, unenterprising spirit, pervaded both the ministers and directors at home, and necessarily influenced the acts of the governor-general. Napoleon, who took care to be well-informed on this point, held constantly *in terrorem* over the heads of the Tory cabinet, the project of an invasion from the west, to counteract which we courted the alliance of Persia, of Affghanistân, of Scinde, and the Punjâb. But we did not by any means proceed judiciously. It was not possible, for example, to secure the friendship of Ranjit by tolerating his excesses. He would have respected us more, and more earnestly courted our alliance, had we commenced our intercourse by inspiring him with terror. He estimated our strength by our forbearance, and consequently estimated it low; and while he was under the influence of this error, had the French emperor, or any other powerful enemy, presented himself on the banks of the Indus, he would unquestionably have joined him from motives of mere prudence.

When Napoleon undertook the subjugation of Spain, the British government at once concluded that he had relinquished his designs upon the East, and, therefore, it withdrew a portion of the restraint which had hitherto been exercised over the governor-general, and permitted him to act somewhat more in accordance with his own judgment. At the same time, a most pernicious act of weakness was committed. By the disbursement of a moderate sum of money, we might even then have laid the foundations of an influence in Affghanistân, which would not

only have preserved that country from the melancholy series of calamities by which it has ever since been afflicted, but have warded off also from ourselves the heaviest blow we have ever received in Asia. For our neglect of the opportunity then offered us, the blame must lie between the governor-general and the Court of Directors. The parsimony of the latter begot the timidity of the former. Lord Minto knew he should be excused at home, for sacrificing incalculable future advantages to a present saving; and he consented to deserve the condemnation of history, in order to escape the annoyance of contemporary complaints. However, with respect to Ranjit Sing, a wiser course was entered upon: it was resolved at once to check his career, and he was accordingly given distinctly to understand that he would be permitted to make no more conquests east of the Sutlej. The influence, however, of the pacific and non-interference system engrafted, even upon this transaction, an error of policy. Ranjit had already made acquisitions of territory on the left bank of the Sutlej, and these he was permitted to retain, thus giving him what, above all things, he most coveted, a footing in Hindustan. This was a gratuitous sacrifice of British interests. It exposed our frontier to perpetual disturbances; it furnished Ranjit with a pretext for intermeddling with our subjects, and the chiefs and people under our protection, while it excited in his mind no gratitude, because he not only regarded the districts in question as his own, but considered himself to be defrauded of whatever else we prevented him from annexing to his dominions. Under the irritating influence of this feeling he set himself actively to prepare for war, and it is believed that the breaking forth of hostilities was only prevented by the sudden appearance in the Doab of the Sutlej and Jumna of a strong force under Colonel Ochterlony and General St. Leger. Before this force Ranjit Sing's courage quailed; and a circumstance, trifling in itself, which about the same time happened at Amritsir, is supposed to have exercised some influence over his resolution. Among the escort of the mission were several Mohammedans of the Shiah sect. These men, in conformity with the spirit of their religion, celebrated in their camp, close to the city, the anniversary of the Moharrom, or commemoration of the death of Ali and his sons, Hasan and Hosain, with all that religious fervour and demonstration of passionate sorrow, which persons of strong feelings might be expected to exhibit. It immediately occurred to Ranjit, then at Amritsir, that without in the least compromising himself, he might put to the test the boasted discipline and courage of the English Sipahis. He, therefore, organised one of those accidents which effect so much in oriental history. The springs by which he put his ma-

chinery in motion, were never, we believe, exactly ascertained. He probably made use of the Akalis, fierce, unscrupulous fanatics, who, in the course of his long reign, exerted themselves as frequently against him as in his favour. On the occasion in question, however, they were, probably, forward to be his instruments, excited by a two-fold hatred against the Mohammedan first, and next against the English, whom they served. Whatever were the motives that actuated their conduct, the Akalis spreading themselves among the multitude, so wrought upon their wild fanaticism, that arming themselves with the weapons nearest at hand, they rushed to the camp of the mission, and endeavoured to storm it. The escort, as regarded numbers, was a most insignificant body. It consisted only of two companies of foot and sixteen troopers. Yet what happened recently at Hyderabad in Scinde, occurred on this occasion at Amritsir. The Sipahis, without a single casualty, repulsed the Sikh multitude, with the loss of many lives, and the slaughter would have been much more considerable had not Ranjit Sing himself, humiliated perhaps at the ill success of his experiment, interfered to prevent further bloodshed. No attempt, we believe, was made openly at the time, to bring home this offence to him; but had Lord Minto been an ambitious statesman, and served ambitious masters, the Punjáb would have been reduced to the condition of a British province within six weeks after the above transaction.

We remarked, it will be remembered, at the outset, that Lord Minto's administration was not warlike. There is a time for all things; for making laws and administering justice, and founding institutions, as well as for subjugating kingdoms. There is also, and must be, a time for the imposition of taxes, in order to obtain those revenues, without which no government can be carried on. With this subject every person in Great Britain is now familiar. Both houses of parliament ring incessantly with the words taxes and imposts, and the press, like a million-tongued echo, reverberates the sounds, which run muttering over the whole island, like the spell of some mighty enchanter, designed to raise gold out of the earth. Circumstances required that Lord Minto also should exert his skill as a finance minister. But the Hindús are a people in all things very different from the inhabitants of these islands, and the mouths of their purses must therefore be approached by very different avenues. It is not enough that your system of taxation is just, it must likewise be palatable, and to render it so, difficult everywhere, is matter of tenfold greater difficulty in India. It is an obvious thing to say that we may do anything with such a people by humouring their prejudices. No doubt we may. But the grand secret is to discover how they may be humoured. All who

know any thing of Lord Minto will confess that there was no harshness or leaning towards tyranny in his character; but that, on the contrary, his mild and gentle disposition led him, to prefer the employment of kindness and conciliation to all other methods, as long as they were consistent with the honest performance of his duty. Yet the necessity of raising a revenue betrayed this nobleman into the imposition of a tax which threatened to kindle a flame throughout India, and actually did give rise to one of the most extraordinary popular movements, accompanied by riot and confusion, and extensive and intense excitement, recorded in the annals of that country.

All kinds of taxes are unpopular things, but Lord Minto thought that a house tax would be as little so as any other. In Calcutta it had already been imposed and collected without difficulty; and this fact encouraged his lordship to hope, that what had been so happily begun, might probably be continued with equal good fortune. In the course, therefore, of the year 1810, a regulation was published, extending the operation of the tax to the whole of Bengal, Behar, Orissa, and Benares. No opposition was expected. For of what had the people to complain? Government displayed no disposition to be harsh or inquisitorial. It was not intended to pry into the resources of every private family, to force gentlemen to disclose to their neighbours the nature and extent of the means on which they lived; to inspect the books of tradesmen, and compel them to contribute to the revenue, or to take refuge in insolvency. Nothing of all this could be objected to Lord Minto's tax. He only required the collectors to ascertain the number of dwelling houses in the various districts under their charge, and to proportion to that number the amount of fiscal contribution levied. Nevertheless, the Hindús strongly disliked the measure, though the expression of their disapprobation assumed an alarming form nowhere but at Benares. This, it is well known, has from time immemorial been the sacred city of the Hindús. It stands, according to mythology, on the very point of Siva's trident, and constitutes the isthmus by which earth is connected with heaven. To live within its precincts is to be holy, while to die there entitles a man, let his actions have been what they may, to everlasting happiness. Under such circumstances, the character of the population of Benares may be readily conjectured. Of old, when the right of sanctuary existed throughout Christendom, we know what class of persons chiefly took advantage of it. The virtuous have seldom to fly for their lives. And in Benares, at the period we are speaking of, men took refuge, not from the pursuit of human laws, but from the wrath of heaven. In many cases, they felt that they

had sinned past forgiveness; that neither repentance nor amendment of life would avail them aught; but that if they would escape the chastisement due to their crimes, they must have recourse to that species of material mechanism, that conventional sanctity, that local justification, so to speak, and arbitrary atonement to be derived from accepting the guarantee of safe conduct from this life to the next, afforded by the all-powerful privileges of a spot favoured by the gods. Fanatics, consequently, and vagabonds of all description, abounded in the city. Disturbances were frequent, and other offences against the law far from rare.

To render the elements of discord more complete and efficacious, Aurungzebe, and other bigoted sovereigns of Delhi, had induced or compelled numerous Mohammedans to settle in the place, and converted for their use sundry Hindú temples into mosques.* Nothing more could be needed to impart a character of deadly hostility to the professors of the two religions. Throughout India, it is quite common for the Hindús and Mohammedans, during the celebration of their religious festivals, to encounter each other multitudinously in the street, when the slightest offence, whether accidental or otherwise, suffices to engender an insurrection, the flames of which are too frequently quenched in blood. In Benares sectarian animosity was aggravated by the remembrance of mutual injuries. On the very year preceding the imposition of Lord Minto's house tax, a sanguinary struggle had taken place between the rival sects, when the whole city was for days thrown into confusion, the partisans of Brahma and the Koran rushing tumultuously to arms, while the police, instead of preserving the public peace, suffering the sense of civil duty to be overmastered by their religious feelings, took part with the contending factions, according to the bias of their creed. It happened that in a particular quarter of the city the Hindús possess a sacred pillar erected in honour of Bhairava, which they held in peculiar veneration, and that close at hand the Mohammedans possessed an Imám-bara, or mosque, set apart for the occasional devotion of the pious. The proximity of the column and the

* Forster thus describes one of the structures of the Mogul emperor. "At the distance of eight miles from the city of Benares, as it is approached on the river, from the eastward, the eye is attracted by the view of two lofty minarets, which were erected by Aurungzebe, on the foundation of an ancient Hindú temple, dedicated to the Maha Deva. The construction on this sacred ruin of so towering a Mohammedan pile, which, from its elevated height, seems to look down with triumph and exultation on the fallen state of a city so profoundly revered by the Hindús, would appear to have been prompted to the mind of Aurungzebe, by a bigoted and intemperate desire of insulting their religion. If such was his wish, it hath been completely fulfilled. For the Hindús consider this monument as the disgraceful record of a foreign yoke, proclaiming to every stranger, that their favourite city has been debased, and the worship of their God defiled."

edifice frequently brought the followers of the different religions in contact. There existed numerous reasons why they should hate each other. In the first place they did not believe the same things; secondly, the Hindús called to mind, with resentment, the time when they occupied an inferior position, and were despised and persecuted by the haughty professors of El-Islam; and, thirdly, the Mohammedans, humiliated by the consciousness that they could no longer domineer over the dogs of unbelievers, but were themselves the subjects, or rather slaves, of another caste of infidels, were too happy to seize on any occasion of breaking the peace, and wreaking vengeance on their enemies, though sure themselves to be the greatest sufferers in the end. It is, accordingly, not to be wondered at, that quarrels frequently broke out. The disciple of the book often taunted the Hindú with being the worshipper of a stone, while the latter retorted by ridiculing the infirmities of Mohammed, by covering his doctrines and miracles with scorn, and laughing at his wonderful journey on the beast El-Borak from earth to Heaven.

The excitement of religious controversy is a pleasant thing, because it enables men, under pretence of zeal for the truth, to indulge their own fierce passions, and discharge the pent-up venom of their natures on those whom they least like. This, at any rate, was the case with the hostile sects at Benares. From words they frequently came to blows, and once towards the autumn of the year before mentioned, their contest assumed a more threatening character. Not content with the weapons supplied them by nature, they took up stones and brick-bats; showers of missiles flew from the column towards the Imâm-bara, and from the Imâm-bara towards the column, at first harmlessly descending amongst the crowd, only fracturing a few limbs, or breaking a few heads; but at length, as the fray thickened, certain architectural ornaments were damaged upon the face of the mosque; while, on the other hand, Hanuman, the monkey god, had his hut and idol demolished. Here were legitimate materials for a crusade, and a fair proportion of the combatants, on both sides, would certainly have been left lifeless on the field of battle, had not the police interfered in great force, and for the time put an end to the affray. But the partisans of the Koran and the monkey were not thus to be satisfied. Instead of suppressing their fury when compelled to give way by the authorities, they rushed respectively to their homes, and seizing upon their clubs and swords, prudently provided against such occasions, returned into the streets and open places of the city, resolved to do vengeance on their enemies. Dismay now seized upon the peaceful inhabitants, who, from their windows and balconies, beheld the

two infuriated sections of the rabble pouring along, breathing rage, with instruments of destruction in their hands. Nothing was heard but the tramp of feet, and clamours and shouts of defiance, which gave Benares the appearance of a town taken by storm. Presently the antagonist sects, after long searching for each other, and adding, by delay, to the fierceness of their passions, met once more, and with loud vociferations and mutual threats recommenced the contest. Their means of offence were this time more in harmony with their feelings. Plunging forward headlong, their swords were speedily sheathed in each other's bodies, and the place was strewn with dead. Finding the police unequal to the dispersion of the mob, the magistrate had recourse to the Sipahis, and, with the aid of a small detachment, restored the appearance of tranquillity. It was but the appearance, however. For no sooner had the military force withdrawn, than the rioters, willing to show of what materials the population of Benares was composed, renewed their disorders with tenfold activity. Brahma and Mohammed, had they that day contemplated the air and bearing of their followers, must surely have been satisfied with their zeal, whatever opinion they might have formed of their charity. Towards evening the disciples of the Arabian prophet, weavers by trade, with an intrepidity which would have done no discredit to the sturdy and stalwart inhabitants of our own manufacturing districts, assembled in the open space before the Imâm-bara, and having collected together a large quantity of combustible materials, piled it round the foot of the stone column which served their Hindú neighbours in place of a divinity. They then set it on fire, and as the crackling flames ascended, their ruddy glare fell upon innumerable dusky faces rendered broad with merriment, at beholding the god Bhairava thus roasted in the midst of the holy city, in spite of hundreds of thousands of most devout worshippers. When the stone had been intensely heated, water was brought and cast upon it, upon which it split and fell to pieces.* News of the perpetration of this heinous act of impiety soon spread through Benares, and filled the sacred city with horror. That was a night of mourning to the Hindús. The people of the book had triumphed over them, their religion had been insulted, their gods trampled under foot. Many doubtless had beheld the flames in which the type of Bhairava had been igno-

* "In the memorial addressed by the Hindús to the magistrate, extenuating their own conduct and calling for redress against the Mohammedans, they gravely averred that the Lát resisted every effort for its demolition, until the Mohammedans killed a cow and then a calf, and threw the blood upon the column. It then tumbled and broke. Some of the fragments were afterwards collected, purified by immersion in the Ganges, and enshrined in a hollow copper cylinder which was set up where the stone column formerly stood."

miniously consumed. Yet their anger did not burst forth instantaneously. They remained in their houses brooding over schemes of vengeance, or passed silently to and fro to consult with their friends on what, in this emergency, was to be done; while the Mohammedans, observing no signs of immediate retaliation, went to rest in the persuasion that they had performed a good deed, honourable to their zeal in the profession of El-Islam.

But Brahma's disciples, after passing an agitated and sleepless night, issued forth in overpowering numbers on the morrow, and repairing to the scene of the last evening's impiety, set fire to the *Imâm-bara*, immolated as many of the worshippers and attendants as they could lay hands on, and then slaughtering a hog, desecrated with its blood the tombs of several holy personages interred beneath its sacred shadow. Nor was this all. In another part of the city there stood a shrine dedicated to *Fatima* the wife of *Ali*, and adjoining it was a burial-ground containing tombs of extraordinary sanctity. It was known to the Hindús that the Mohammedans entertain a profound reverence for the dead; and therefore to wound them, through their purest and noblest feelings, they resolved on the destruction of this cemetery. Aware of what they projected, the magistrate stationed a strong guard of *Sipahis* at the spot. But in spite of this precaution, and notwithstanding the vigorous resistance of the Moslem population, the avengers of *Bhairava* in a great measure effected their purpose; after which, repairing to the quarters inhabited by their enemies, they massacred indiscriminately all they met, set fire to the houses, and betook themselves to plunder as in a city taken by storm. At length a strong military force having been brought against the insurgents, the tumult was with some difficulty suppressed. The chief actors in these sanguinary scenes were the fanatical *Gosains* and the dissolute and turbulent *Rajpúts*. The respectable Brahmans beholding what took place with extreme sorrow, sat fasting night and day on the steps leading down to the river, and not without reluctance when all was over returned to their dwellings. It should be remarked that the *Sipahis* who were brought on this occasion against the multitude, though belonging in part to both contending sects, never for a moment suffered their religious feelings to interfere with their duty to government.

Upon a population so constituted, burning with sectarian zeal, but, at the same time, of reckless and desperate character, the announcement of Lord Minto's house tax may be expected to have fallen with no soothing effect. At first, notwithstanding what they are pleased to say in their petition,* they had

* Their own representation, however, is as follows: "During the last five years the seasons have proved unfavourable; the harvests have been injured by

thought, there can be little doubt, of playing over again the drama of the preceding year. The several trades and handicrafts met, and, after long and mature deliberation, agreed to suspend all manner of business till the obnoxious impost should be removed. Accordingly, all the shops and bazaars were closed; not a shuttle moved, not a hammer rung upon the anvil, not a brick was laid, not a fire was kindled in all Benares. Even the thieves, not to be behind their fellow-citizens in patriotism, refused to steal, till the governor-general should relent. They would not ease the rich man of his purse, or the shopkeeper of any part of his goods, though houses were deserted, and doors stood open to tempt them. Nay, when death, who alone was busy in this universal cessation from labour, struck any of the malecontents, no one was found to perform for him the funeral obsequies. His body was cast into the river, like that of a dog. All the inhabitants of Benares, exceeding 200,000 souls in number, moved out and encamped a mile and a half beyond the walls, binding themselves by a solemn vow and covenant, never to return to their homes till they had succeeded in their war against the house tax. Their encampment presented a touching spectacle. People had brought forth their aged parents, and wives, and children, and infants at the breast, and exposed them voluntarily to the inclemencies of the weather, in order to carry a point upon which they had set their hearts; and any one who should have beheld them, without understanding the cause of their complaint, might have compared them to the Roman Seceders on the Sacred Mount.

But, alas! the worthy citizens of Benares were contending for no hallowed right, no privilege of freemen. Their only object was to save so much per cent. Had their objection been to be taxed at all, their passive resistance might have appeared heroic. But they already contributed to the revenue, and had sense enough to know full well that they must con-

drought, hail, and frost; and the price of every article of consumption has increased twofold. In this state of things, Regulation XV., 1810, is introduced; and the tax it imposes, by affecting all ranks of people, has thrown the subjects of your government into consternation. Accordingly, a number of people, in the confident expectation of obtaining that indulgence which government has always been accustomed to extend to its subjects, exposed themselves to the inclemency of the season, and, with nothing to cover them but the heavens, bowed their faces to the earth in supplication: in this state of calamity several of them perished. We presented some petitions, setting forth our distresses to the magistrate; and as we did not obtain our object, we petitioned the provincial court; but from our untoward fate, we were again unsuccessful. In this state of trouble, the proclamation of the 13th of January, 1811, was issued, under the impression that your petitioners were in a state of disobedience to the government; which we humbly represent was never even within our imagination. In implicit obedience to this proclamation, as to the decree of fate, we got up and returned to our homes, in full dependence upon the indulgence of the government."

tribute further, when the wants of the state required it. Their dislike, therefore, must have been solely to the class of contribution demanded of them. They were not standing up for a principle, but squabbling for a fashion.* This, perhaps, may account for the rapidity with which their enthusiasm evaporated, for many individuals, not accustomed to bivouac *sub dio*, were observed, soon after night-fall, to steal back clandestinely to their dwellings. The day, however, during a whole fortnight, was, by a majority of the inhabitants, spent in the open air, where privations, excitement, and exposure to the cold of winter, carried off great numbers of them. That those classes who depended on their own labour for daily bread, should, for so long a period, have been enabled to subsist at all, in entire idleness, may seem surprising. But the opulent, being as much interested as their poorest neighbours in the success of their common enterprise, supplied the multitude with necessaries, and otherwise encouraged them to persevere. A petition was presented to the English magistrate, who could, of course, do nothing beyond referring it to the governor-general. Meanwhile, if the design of the seceders was really peaceful, it was by no means so considered by government; and, in fact, it could not be otherwise than dangerous to suffer the continuance of a state of things which the slightest accident might convert into rebellion, even supposing that there were no evil-disposed persons among the crowd, who might hope to profit by throwing the country into confusion. Accordingly, a military force was ordered up to Benares to disperse the rabble, and enforce obedience to the law; but, in the meanwhile, time, reflection and discomfort had subdued the resolution of the malecontents. The camp was broken up, the inhabitants returned to their houses, and the ordinary pursuits of business were resumed. But a second and far more adventurous enterprise was now planned: the citizens of the holy city, in order to subdue the pertinacity of government, resolved upon marching in a body to Calcutta, there to prefer their complaints, and describe their

* Their own view, however, was different. They observed: "Since the commencement of the English government the rules contained in the Shera and Shaster, together with the customs of Hindustan, have invariably been observed; it will be found in the Shera and Shaster that houses are reckoned one of the principal necessaries of life, and are not accounted disposable property. Even creditors cannot claim them from us in satisfaction of their dues; and in this country, in the times of the Mohammedan and Hindú princes, houses were never rendered liable to contributions for the service of the state." It had been stated in the Regulation, that religious buildings were to be exempted from the tax, from which the people of Benares concluded that their whole city ought to be exempt, since it was, they affirm, but one temple, which they proved by a reference to the Shaster. Elsewhere, waiving this point, they entered into details to show that if all edifices confessedly religious, or claiming exemption on other grounds, were to be excused, the remainder would not be worthy mentioning.

grievances. This time, however, the whole body of the population was not expected to move. The bold and vigorous were to march in person, while others were to engage in the pilgrimage by proxy, merely defraying the expenses of their representatives by the way. The pilgrims set out and advanced one day's journey towards the south; but their strength dwindled away so rapidly by desertion, that on the morrow they were easily persuaded by the Raja of Benares to relinquish their undertaking, and trust entirely to the usual method of petitioning. This they did, and the governor-general in council, perceiving that his tax was everywhere unpopular, yielded to the wishes of the people, and repealed it.

We have entered into these details for the purpose of illustrating, by example, the difficulty of giving effect to any new scheme of finance in India. Of course a government, supported by an overwhelming physical force, may compel the natives ultimately to yield. But it would be much better to consider, in the first instance, their feelings and prejudices, and to frame our measures accordingly. The sources of revenue may, in all countries, be rendered more productive, without shocking the people. To what they have been accustomed to, they will submit; and, therefore, when the exigencies of the state require them to increase their contributions, the prudent way always is, to widen and deepen the channels of taxation already existing, in preference to the opening up of new ones; for it is often not with the amount that people quarrel, but with the principle on which taxes are based, and the manner in which they are collected. Up to this moment, the systems of finance that have prevailed in India have been all of them extremely defective, though we have been far more successful in extracting revenue from the natives, than in multiplying their facilities for supplying it. The produce of the country is not allowed fair play in the English market. Even in the construction of the sliding scale, a blow has been aimed at Indian agriculture, since, while the wheat of our colonies is admitted at a nominal duty, that of our Asiatic empire, the most valuable of all our possessions, is placed on the same footing with foreign corn. In justification of this injury, Lord Stanley thought proper to argue, that India was excluded, by its distance, from competition in the corn market, and that, therefore, it was not worth while to extend to it a delusive privilege, which, without effecting any good, might yet alarm the agriculturists at home. His lordship, of course, felt that he was putting forward a fallacy; for, though the farming interest of this country must be allowed to be sufficiently sensitive, its fears are not likely to be awakened by impossible dangers. The fact is, that wheat could be brought from India, and sold in London at a lower price than English

grown wheat usually fetches; and, therefore, if our home supply be at any time deficient, we can discover no good reason why our eastern fellow-subjects should be excluded from advantages accorded to Canada and the Cape.

To return, however, to Lord Minto. His lordship's foreign policy, at which we have already glanced, betokened an accurate appreciation of our interests in the East, since nothing could have been more judicious than the capture of the isles of Bourbon and Mauritius, and the reduction of Java, Sumatra, and the Spice Islands. It secured our preponderance in Asia and the Indian Ocean, and deprived our commercial rivals almost of every excuse for appearing in those seas. Had the wisdom of our statesmen at home been able to estimate these advantages, Great Britain would have derived immense benefits from Lord Minto's vigour and sagacity. But all his most valuable acquisitions were sacrificed at the peace, when the French recovered Bourbon, and the Dutch Java, Sumatra, and the Spice Islands, together with the exclusive right to make conquests beyond a certain degree of east longitude. By this foolish treaty we are supposed to be excluded from interfering in the affairs of Borneo, as we certainly are defrauded of innumerable outlets for our manufactured goods.

It will, perhaps, from the foregoing pages, be inferred that Professor Wilson's history abounds in interesting details. But as we, in common with the public, are, deeply indebted to the work, we ought not to leave the reader to come to this conclusion by mere inference. The author has taken a most accurate and enlarged view of Indian affairs, and has estimated both men and measures with scrupulous impartiality. He has, at the same time, contrived to impart a charm to his narrative which carries the reader forward with increasing curiosity. He has cleared up numerous difficulties; he has afforded novel explanations of many moral phenomena, little or not at all understood before; and he has pointed out, in an unostentatious manner, the course of policy which all Indian statesmen ought in future to pursue. Professor Wilson is not the advocate of conquest for conquest's sake; on the contrary, no man can possibly be more opposed to ill-gotten acquisitions; but he is as fully persuaded as we are, that to check the legitimate expansion of our empire is the most fatal error that could possibly be committed. After expressing such an opinion, it may be superfluous to add, that we regard his history as by far the best we possess, and that we desire strongly to recommend it to the public. We shall look with impatience for the appearance of the future volumes, in which, we trust, the author will not stop short at the events of 1835, but approach boldly the interests of the present day, which he has proved himself capable of considering without passion or prejudice.

- ART. III.—1. *Des Sophokles Antigone, Griechisch und Deutsch.*
Herausgegeben von AUGUST BÖCKH. (The Antigone of Sophocles, Greek and German.) Berlin. 1843.
 2. *The Classical Museum, No. IV.* London. 1844.

AMONG the many accomplishments of the accomplished Ludwig Tieck, we may particularise his reading aloud; and above all, his reading of plays. He has a real gift that way. From the chastened severity of a Greek drama to the luxuriant profusion of Shakspeare—from the uproarious farce (the stalking-horse of deep convictions), recondite wit, and delicate airy poetry of Aristophanes, to the exuberant fun, inexhaustible observation, and incomparable exaggeration of Molière—or to the *bonhomme* of Picard—equal to all, admirable in all, Tieck's reading is a rich dramatic treat. It used to form a powerful attraction to Dresden visitors. No one can be said to have seen the 'lions' of Dresden who has not heard Tieck read. 'We too have been in Arcady;' and can bear testimony to its being no 'phantom of the heat-oppressed brain,' no fiction of inventive tourists.

Long had Dresden enjoyed its monopoly, till envious Berlin seduced away the kindly poet. Once there, it was a matter of course that the king should command the poet to read to him. The command being a royal one was obeyed. Sophocles was the author chosen, and 'Antigone' the chosen play. The effect was immense, instantaneous. From that moment classical enthusiasm could only be assuaged by a representation of the play, accompanied by choruses and illustrated by German scholarship. Potsdam for a moment became Athens. The success of the experiment was so unequivocal, that it was determined on venturing it before a Berlin audience; the same or greater success attended it. The enthusiasm spread to Paris. The Odéon 'got up' the far-famed play, with Mendelssohn's music. The success being great there, it became no very hazardous experiment to venture it in London; and in spite of miserable acting, and a most unclassical public, the experiment proved a good one. Thanks, O Ludwig Tieck; thanks, O classical king!

The uniform success of this masterpiece of ancient art in some measure proves that it is a masterpiece. Such of our readers as have witnessed the representation may not be unwilling to accompany us in an artistic survey of the work; while to those who have not witnessed the representation there may be another sort of interest in an analysis of the subject, the passions it calls forth, and the mode in which they are treated. M. Böckh's edition and

translation of the play, and the review of it in the 'Classical Museum' afford us an opportunity we are glad to seize.

Every scholar, and every one who can read German, should lose no time in procuring M. Böckh's work. It contains a superbly printed text; a very faithful translation; and two dissertations, critical and philological. This work Mr. Thomas Dyer has reviewed in the Fourth Number of the 'Classical Museum;' but we are sorry to add, that he has therein manifested such utter misconception of Greek feelings and ideas, as would inevitably place him *hors de cause*, did not the character of the 'Museum' give a factitious value to his remarks. As we cannot pass him over in silence, we will endeavour to make his blunders useful: they will, at any rate, by force of contrast, serve to place the truth in a clearer light. The argument of the 'Antigone' is briefly this: Polynices waged war against his brother, Eteocles, and his country, Thebes. This is the subject of the 'Seven against Thebes,' of Æschylus. In battle the brothers are slain by each other. Thebes is victorious. Creon, the ruler of Thebes, ordains that Polynices, as a punishment for having attacked his country, shall not receive the honoured rites of burial. This edict is braved by Antigone, who performs the rites and is punished with death. Creon is also punished by the suicides of his wife and son.

In the critical dissertation appended to his translation, M. Böckh proclaims the fundamental idea, of which the play is the artistic realisation, to be this: 'immoderate and passionate endeavours lead to destruction; man should carefully measure his rights, lest out of violent self-will he overstep either divine or human laws, and suffer severely in expiation.' Our readers are probably aware that most German critics believe every work of art to contain some *Grundgedanke*—some fundamental idea—of which all the details are but illustrations. The above is M. Böckh's view of the *Grundgedanke* of the 'Antigone.' We venture to propose another view, which, although differing but slightly from the above, yet in that difference, as it seems to us, approaches nearer to the dramatic nature of the work. He would make the fundamental idea a purely moral one: the dramatic exposition of an apothegm. Agreeing with him as to the apothegm, we are, nevertheless, disposed to regard the drama as the exposition of character, called *into action by an ethical dilemma*, and thereby *suggesting* the apothegm rather than being founded upon it. In other words, admitting M. Böckh's view of the moral, we believe that it arises out of the natural development of the subject, not that Sophocles developed his subject in accordance with a preconceived moral. His object was *dramatic*; M. Böckh would make it *didactic*.

Having made this distinction, we should say that the *idea* of the 'Antigone' is an ethical dilemma in which religion clashes against law. The dramatic 'collision,' as Hegel would call it, is that between the motives of Antigone and the motives of Creon, acting upon self-willed vehement natures. It is a case, as M. Böckh has seen, in which both parties are right, and both wrong; Creon is right, that is, justified by precedent, and by regal authority, in prohibiting the burial of Polynices. Antigone is right, that is, justified by the respect due to the infernal gods, no less than that due to her brother, in burying Polynices. And yet both are wrong: Creon in prohibiting rites claimed by the gods; Antigone in defying the state's decrees. No one has doubted Creon's crime; many have supposed Antigone blameless; yet she herself calls her deed 'a pious crime,' and the whole tenour of the play shows it to have been such.

This, then, is the dilemma which forms the tragical pivot. Mr. Dyer declares it to be a 'logical absurdity,' and consequently laughs at such an idea. He has yet to learn that such logical absurdities formed a part of Greek ethics. In the *objective* morality of those days the agent was held responsible for his act. That act was judged according to its abstract criminality. Intentions were nothing. An unconscious criminal was still a criminal. Œdipus slays his father and weds his mother; but ignorance of his relationship does not lessen his punishment. The crimes, the acts are punished, not the intentions. Mr. Dyer should remember the 'Choëphoræ' of Æschylus. There Orestes, having been commanded by Apollo to avenge the murder of Agamemnon, is placed in the terrible dilemma of becoming a matricide, or of leaving his father's murder unavenged. He obeys the terrible command; in obeying Apollo, however, he outrages the Eumenides, and accordingly is pursued by them as a criminal. He is a matricide, and is punished as such. Had he disobeyed Apollo he would also have been punished. Is not this a 'logical absurdity' of a similar character to that in the 'Antigone?' Is not Orestes here in a dilemma from which he cannot escape: whichever side he takes, must he not be criminal? Accordingly, when in the 'Eumenides' his cause is tried before the Areopagites, six votes are given for, and six against him: thereby expressing the nicely balanced nature of his deed, at once, both pious and criminal.* Antigone's deed is just as nicely balanced: had she not buried her brother she would have outraged the infernal deities; by burying him she outraged the state.

* Euthyphron is placed by Plato in a somewhat similar dilemma: ὁ σὺ νῦν ποιεῖς τὸν πατέρα κολάζων, οὐδὲν θαυμαστὸν εἰ τοῦτο δρῶν τῷ μὲν Διὶ προσφιλὲς ποιεῖς, τῷ δὲ Κρόνῳ καὶ τῷ Οὐρανῷ ἐχθρὸν, καὶ τῷ μὲν Ἑφαιστῷ φίλον τῷ δὲ Ἥρᾳ ἐχθρὸν.—*Euthyphro*, p. 365, ed. Bekk.

Because modern sympathies are wholly with Antigone, critics imagine that ancient sympathies must equally have been with her. But the real fascination of the play to the Greek audience was precisely this logical absurdity which Mr. Dyer impugns. The sympathies were divided. Creon's prohibition was nothing new, startling, or tyrannical. It was in strict conformity with usage; it was accepted by the whole state, Antigone alone excepted; and when at the close of the 'Seven against Thebes,' she announces her intention of braving the edict, the herald, with astonishment, asks if she would honour with a tomb, the enemy of the state:

'ἀλλ' ὃν πόλις στυγεῖ, σὺ τιμήσεις τάφος;

Mr. Dyer with considerable *naïveté* asks, whether 'the sacred duty towards departed friends and the very laws of the gods, may be set aside at the will of an irresponsible tyrant,' and says that 'in such circumstances resistance is a crime and passive obedience a virtue: could this have been a moral ever intended for Attic ears?' In this small sentence there are three remarkable blunders. Creon, though a *τυραννος*, was not a tyrant; he was an hereditary ruler governing *by* the laws of the land, not an usurper governing in *defiance* of those laws. Secondly, however startling it may sound to Mr. Dyer, resistance against the laws *was* a crime; a crime even when the laws seemed unjust. Mr. Dyer is not aware of this, because he seems aware of little that relates to Greek ideas, whatever may be his scholarship. He calls Creon a tyrant, and thinks his language betrays his tyrannical disposition; quoting as an example of his 'abominable doctrine of unconditional obedience in things bad as well as good'—the lines:—

'ἀλλ' ὃν πόλις στησεῖ, τοῦδε χροῖ εὐλίω
καὶ σμικρὰ καὶ δίκαια, καὶ τ' ἀναντία.

"It is proper to obey him who rules the state, both in small things and in just things; yea, even in things unjust."

A sentiment very odious to modern radicals, but quite in accordance with ancient democracy. It is well put in 'Gorbuduc' thus:—

"Though kings forget to govern as they ought,
Yet subjects must obey as they are bound."

But it is an 'abominable doctrine,' and could never have been 'intended for Attic ears.' Yet the best and wisest of the Greeks upheld this doctrine, as Mr. Dyer, who quotes Plato, ought to know. In how many passages of Plato's works is it not inculcated! The 'Crito' is founded on it. Socrates refuses to escape

from prison because he has been imprisoned by the rulers of the state; if they act unjustly, he will not act illegally.*

Thirdly, not only was resistance a crime, but it might happen that passive obedience would also be a crime. It is so in the 'Choëphoræ,' and in the 'Antigone.' But as this is a 'logical absurdity,' Mr. Dyer could give no credence to it.

We may safely assert that Creon's edict was not tyrannical, but it was irreligious; and being irreligious it was punished. This being clearly understood, we may now commence an analysis of the play, in which we shall endeavour not only to trace the development of this fundamental idea, as we conceive it, but also to indicate the profoundly artistic treatment of this much misunderstood work, and thus in some sort initiate the unlearned reader into the peculiarities of the art of Sophocles.

The drama opens with Antigone and Ismene deploring the fate of the Labdacidan house. The last evil which has befallen it is Creon's edict. Antigone is resolved; her tone is determined, cold, and bitter. She does not ask Ismene to join her; she only communicates her resolution, asks Ismene what course she intends pursuing, and rejects all counsels with scorn. Ismene wavers, and Antigone seeing this, determines to be alone in piety: 'Death,' she says, 'will be dear to me for such a deed; despise the gods if thou wilt.' Ismene replies, 'I despise them not; but I dare not act in defiance to the state.'

Ἐγὼ μὲν οὐκ ἄτιμα ποιῶμαι ἡ δὲ
βία πολιτῶν ὄραν ἔφην ἀμήχανος.

Here we have the first formula of the subject of the play; we shall meet with others presently. Antigone honours the gods, but dishonours the laws. Ismene is averse to do either; she therefore abstains from action.

The reproaches of Antigone have a savage ferocity; and when Ismene, seeing her resolved, bids her at least be secret and she will not proclaim the deed, Antigone fiercely answers: 'Ah me! proclaim it. Thou wilt be far more hateful to me in thy silence.' This is certainly very unnecessary, but very natural vehemence. Her fierceness has been variously interpreted by modern critics. It is not very loveable, but it is very womanly. She has one settled reso-

* See particularly the passage, p. 161, ed. Bekker (Berlin, 1816). Still more conclusive is the passage in the 'Politicus,' p. 331, where the violence of a king in coercing the people to follow his wishes, is likened to the pain inflicted by a physician, which, as it is for our good, we do not resent.—Consult, also, 'De Legibus,' B. i., p. 199, and B. iv., p. 354.

Nestor, the type of wise moderation, advises Achilles not to forget his obedience to Agamemnon, though that obedience beto outrage (Iliad, I., v. 277-9); and accordingly, Achilles does submit, though refusing to assist the Greeks after the outrage is committed.

lution; she has determined on a great, a dangerous, an unlawful enterprise; she has staked her life upon it. In this frame of mind, when she has 'screwed her courage to the sticking place,' any opposition is irritating. A secret consciousness of having overstepped the bounds of moderation renders her impatient of advice. All impatience is weakness; she is a woman and impatient. She is fierce because irritable. She is fierce for the same reason that Lady Macbeth is fierce, because her resolution will not bear a calm inspection. Her thoughts are fixed on one object, and that object she, like Lady Macbeth, knows to be unlawful. With perfect truth to nature is Antigone drawn, but some critics doubt whether with perfect artistic truth, because she is not a heroine. But the Greek drama knew of no such things as heroes and heroines; it only occupied itself with subjects, and the characters were chosen to illustrate the subject.* The point to be illustrated in the character of Antigone, was the resolution of braving the laws rather than neglect the gods. To illustrate this properly, she is made passionate and stern. A woman of more delicate soul could not have braved the laws; we see this contrast in Ismene, one of the most feminine characters in the whole Greek drama. But they wrong Sophocles who suppose Antigone is an abstraction—a mere personification of duty or of resolution. She is a real woman; a finely conceived and subtly executed character; and we shall presently have opportunities of indicating the feminine traits.† It has been ingeniously remarked by Jacob, that inasmuch as the very action in which Antigone displays herself, implies the existence of very deep affection on her part, it was therefore unnecessary for Sophocles to place her in any situation which would call forth the expression of her feminine sensibility.‡

On Antigone and Ismene leaving the stage, the chorus, of Theban old men, enters and sings a glorious strain, rejoicing in the safety of Thebes. Zeus has destroyed their enemies. Peace and prosperity begin to smile anew. Every chorus has a distinct meaning in Sophocles. The chorus is with him a part of the whole, which every student will do well to appreciate. We formerly refuted Schlegel's notion, of its being the 'idealised spectator.'§ Nor can we wholly agree with Hegel's view of it, as the

* See on this point, Hegel's '*Æsthetik*,' iii., pp. 552-3.

† "Not Imogen herself, whose breath, like violets, perfumes the page of Shakespeare, rises before us a more exquisite vision than Antigone in her maiden purity; her unfathomable tenderness, her holy affection, filial and fraternal." St. John: '*The Hellenes; or, Manners of the Ancient Greeks*,' 2nd edit.; a work, which, to the charm of popular treatment, adds an extent of research and copiousness of authorities, in which popular works are too often deficient, without which they are useless.

‡ '*Nachträge zu Sulzer*,' iv., p. 104. § '*Foreign Quarterly*,' No. lxiii., p. 174.

real substance of the heroic life of the people, as the antithesis of the masses to the individuals. For although that view is to a great extent correct, it fails, we think, in discerning the artistic connexion, it fails in explaining the meaning of each song sung by the chorus. Bishop Thirlwall, many years ago, wrote an admirable paper on the irony of Sophocles, in the 'Philological Museum.' Those who have perused that essay, will at once comprehend us, when we say that the Sophoclean chorus seems to us the favourite exponent of the Sophoclean irony. We by no means limit its office to that expression. We believe, with Hegel, that it represents the masses, that it is the participation of the people in the drama; but we believe, also, that by means of this participation, much irony is expressed: and when not irony, then always something necessary to the full comprehension of the whole action. Thus, in the first chorus (the *parodos*), all the energetic expressions of gratitude for deliverance from danger—of the hatred which Zeus feels for loud-mouthed boasting—and of the horrors of war, are just so many points by which the poet impresses on you the enormity of Polynices' crime, and the justice of the sentence passed upon him. This is the connecting link; this is the dramatic explanation of the chorus. The irony is not less clear. This joy, this exultation at the conclusion of the woes of the Labdacidan race, is in strong contrast to the real impending misery. The chorus rejoices, but the audience knows that the strife has only reached another portion of the family, it has not ceased. The brothers, indeed, are dead. But they leave behind them a legacy of hate, which Antigone and Creon are now on the point of inheriting. There is a pause, but it is the pause of the tempest; the chorus hails it as the era of peace. This irony sufficiently destroys the notion of an 'ideal spectator.'

Creon enters. It is necessary to attend to his speech, because it is the expression of his political sentiments. He announces that the throne is his, by right of succession; but that acts alone can prove his worth. The administration of the laws, he justly regards as his highest duty. He regards him as base, who, in governing a state, does not adopt the best councils (*ἀρίστων βουλευμάτων*). He adds, 'whoever prefers his friend to his country is worthless.' Now the obvious meaning of these expressions is, to prepare for a rigid and even cruel adherence to the laws. All men, on first filling office, are strict. They like to exercise the new-won power. They are afraid of laxity. Creon, therefore, is prepared to inflict the rigour of the law.

Having thus taken his stand upon law, he proceeds to explain why he has deemed it imperative to punish Polynices, with prohibiting his sepulture. 'This is my resolve, for never shall the

base receive from me the honours due to virtue.' The chorus perfectly acquiesces: *οὐ τῶν' ἀρέσκει*—expresses its obedience, and—

νομῶ δὲ χρῆσθαι παντὶ τοῦ γ' ἐνεστί σοι—

avows that Creon was acting lawfully. Mr. Dyer, indeed, would set at nought the testimony of the Chorus. He talks of their 'abject submission' and 'abominable servility;' and he points out 'instances of their absurdity and grovelling nature.' Mr. Dyer, being wholly unaware of the nature of Greek ethics on this point, pronounces servility, what was really virtue. Potter seems to have made the same mistake, since he suggested that Sophocles meant by the chorus, 'to hold up the senate of Thebes to the contempt and ridicule of his countrymen.' Mr. Dyer, with congenial dulness, suggests the same.

Creon's edict is heard by the chorus, who declares that it is sure to be respected, since no one will be mad enough to brave death. A touch of irony. The audience knows that there is one who *will* brave death and defy the edict. Creon adds, that there are many, however, who will brave destruction, in the hope of gain. Another touch of irony. The audience knows, that gold has nothing to do with the motives of the one who is to brave the edict. While Creon and the chorus are thus discussing the edict, a sentinel rushes on to tell them that it has been braved. This sentinel is unlike every other *ἀγγελλὸς* of the Greek drama. His speech has positive dramatic propriety. He is breathless, but not with haste; he is terrified, consequently verbose. He has so important a fact to state, that he knows not how to state it. He hesitates; beats about the bush. He is natural, *naïve*, Shaksperian. The horrid truth is at last extorted from him, that some unknown hand has strewn dust lightly on the corpse of Polynices, in spite of their active vigilance. No trace of the culprit was near. The chorus says, 'that after long deliberation, it is led to suppose the deed to be the deed of some god.' Creon is naturally incensed at such a supposition, which reflects upon him, as if he had ordered that which was offensive to the gods. He asks, how could a god take pity on a wretch like Polynices, who would have burned the temples and the city of his native land? No—he suspects some of his subjects of rebellious thoughts. He says, they have not kept their crests under the yoke as they ought. He who stands upon law, and is determined to enforce its rigour, at once foresees the opposition of some turbulent spirits; and resolves upon quelling it. Here, then, we see the motive which is to urge Creon into violence and tyranny; for he does afterwards become tyrannical.

The sentinel having been threatened with death, unless the

culprit be discovered, takes his departure. The chorus, left alone, sings a moral strain respecting the wondrous powers of man, whose intelligence sometimes leads him to good, sometimes to evil, sometimes causes him to subvert the laws of his country, sometimes causes him to violate the sacred laws of the gods. Thus we venture to interpret the much disputed passage—

*νόμους παρέρπων χθόνος
θεῶν τ' ἑποικον δίκαν—*

an interpretation we were happy to find confirmed by Böckh. This couplet, so understood, gives the formula of the whole plot. It is an allusion to Antigone's outrage of the laws, and to Creon's outrage of the gods. This is the connexion of the chorus with the piece.

At the conclusion, Antigone is led on a prisoner, having been captured in the act of renewing her homage to the dead. The sentinel describes his return to the watch, where with his companions he awaited till the midday sun stood high in heaven. Then a whirlwind arose, scattering every leaf of the forest over the plain. Shortly after Antigone appeared, and seeing the corpse of her brother uncovered (for the wind had swept away the dust with which the body had been strewn), sent forth a piercing wail, as a bird on discovering that its nest has been robbed; and with many imprecations on those who had done this deed, she took dry dust in her hand, and sprinkled it over the body, and honoured it with threefold libations. The sentinels rushed forth; she made no resistance, and she is here. Creon questions her. He cannot believe that she has dared to disobey him. He first asks if the deed was hers:

Antig. I did it, I say it openly, and deny it not.

Creon. And was the edict known to you?

Antig. Known? How could it be otherwise? Was it not public?

Creon. And this law you have dared transgress?

Antig. Ay: for it was not Jove who proclaimed it; nor was it that justice (*Δίκη*) who dwells with the infernal gods. I did not think that your command was so weighty as the unwritten, immutable decrees of the gods. That I must die, I know; why not? I should have died without your order. And to die early is a gain to me: for who that lives in sorrows such as mine would not hail death as a gain?"

This is the real commencement of the tragic collision. Hitherto there has been only the silent opposition of duty against power. Both Antigone and Creon were right. Now begins the open struggle between will and will: each persisting in the respective right leads to a mutual wrong. The abstract ground of duty is forsaken for the concrete and tragical ground of individual will: the abstract interest is merged in the personal interest.

Antigone is, therefore, reckless in her bravado. She not only transgresses the laws, but insults them. It is now that we see the artistic necessity for the vehemence and recklessness of Antigone's character. One less vehement would have affected ignorance of the edict; or, at least, have implored pardon. But then the tragic collision could not have taken place. The chorus, naturally revolted at such bravado, says that she has the unbending fierceness of her race. It is this vehemence which rouses the vehemence of Creon. We saw, above, how ready he was to suspect and punish any disobedience to the laws; and now we see him disobeyed and laughed at. As he says, it is a second insolence, having done the deed, to boast of it. He should be a woman, not a man, were he to submit to it. As a king, he has been scorned, as a king he will punish. She sarcastically says:—'Do you wish for more than my life?' He bitterly answers:—'Nothing more: with that I have enough.' They thus continue to bandy words, and widen the breach between them. Their vehemence leads both too far, leads both into irreparable wrong. She will not repent. He will not be 'governed by a woman.' While 'Greek meets Greek' in this struggle, the soft and gentle Ismene appears. Being savagely interrogated by Creon, as to whether she will also confess her share in the deed, or endeavour to exculpate herself, she replies:—'I did the deed—if *she* will let me acknowledge it—and I will share the punishment with her.' But Antigone harshly repulses her—denies her share in the crime, and refuses to let her share in the punishment. Ismene having now nothing to live for, wishes to die.

It appears to us, that this character of Ismene is touched with wondrous delicacy and subtle truth. Her gentle heroism is so truly feminine. Her submission to the edict was feminine; equally so her acceptance of death. It is not woman's place to rebel. Whether laws be just or unjust, it is not for them to act in defiance. Woman, indeed, is formed to suffer more than to act; and to suffer patiently. Ismene shrank from disobedience; she does not shrink from the penalty. Now, that the deed is irrevocable, although she spoke against it, she is willing to share her sister's punishment.

Let us notice, also, the third formula of the plot given in the dialogue between the sisters. Antigone, referring to their previous difference respecting the burial of Polynices, in which Ismene warned her to desist, says:—'You thought you were wise in what you said; I, in what I said.' Ismene replies:—'And, in truth, our crime is equal:—'

καὶ μὴν ἴσην ἔσται ἡ ἐμὰ ἁμαρτία.

That is to say, to bury, and not to bury Polynices, were both crimes.

Ismene, endeavouring to soften Creon's anger, reminds him that Antigone is the betrothed of his son Hæmon. But he says that other wives are to be found; he abhors the idea of Antigone being the wife of his son. We may remark in passing, that, however startling to modern feelings the composure with which Antigone hears Hæmon mentioned—however cold her single exclamation on hearing that she is to be separated from her lover:—

“Oh! dearest Hæmon, how thy father dishonours thee!”

yet this is in perfect accordance with Greek ideas of love. Love is never the tragic pivot. In the ‘Hypolytus’ it is an incestuous madness, not love. A Greek heroine, dying, will regret life, regret being unmarried, but not regret her lover. Antigone does so, as we shall see.

The mention of Antigone's betrothment in this place is very Sophoclean. Another poet would have let the fact escape him earlier in the play. Sophocles, with that economy, which makes his plays so rich, by never introducing superfluous materials, and always introducing his materials at the fittest occasion, has forbore to mention Hæmon's betrothment till the announcement could produce its greatest effect. And what time could have been better chosen? Antigone has sinned; is doomed; the collision between her and Creon has taken place; her sister is disposed of; and nothing is left apparently but for her to die. Here, then, a new element is brought into play. The relation she bears to Hæmon gives a new turn both to her situation and to that of Creon. Will Creon punish his son? Will he forget his insulted pride, and pardon Antigone for Hæmon's sake; or, will he sacrifice both to his offended majesty? Such is the suspense occasioned by the mention of Hæmon's love. Had it been mentioned before, no such suspense would have been possible; or else the belief in Creon's determination would have been weakened by a lingering suspicion, that, when he came to reflect upon his son's attachment, he would recall his words.

It is also a frequent thing in the Sophoclean chorus to be introduced just in the intervals of suspense between two actions—or two important points in the action—and to connect them together by some denotement of a ‘foregone conclusion.’ The chorus here prepares the minds of the audience for what is to come. It concludes its wild lament for the Labdacidan race by this dark but significant hint: the gods blind those whom they are about to destroy:—

τὸ κακὸν δοκεῖν ποτ' ἐσθλὸν
τῶδ' ἔμμεν, στῆφ φρένας
θεὸς ἄγει πρὸς ἄταν.

Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat—to whom can this warning be addressed but to Creon? As the preceding chorus pointed to the error of Creon and Antigone, this one points to the fate of Creon alone. He is blinded by anger. He believes that he is fighting for justice, but he has long since wholly forgotten the cause for which he is fighting, to think only of his antagonist. The gods whom he has offended have blinded him to the truth. This is a fearful moral; but it is thoroughly Greek.

Hæmon enters. Creon asks him if he is leagued against his father. Hæmon answers submissively; he does not know of Antigone's doom. Delighted at finding him obedient, Creon addresses him in a long rhetorical speech, approving that obedience, and describing the pangs of a father whose child is ungrateful. He warns him not for the sake of a woman to yield up his reason; not for the sake of base pleasures to wed a worthless wife. The peroration is made to bear upon Antigone, whom Hæmon is exhorted to cast off as an enemy—for she is doomed. Hæmon replies as rhetorically. He begins with argumentative calmness, but soon rises into energetic declamation. He defends Antigone, and advises his father to change his mind, and urges him not to be obstinate—for trees that resist, are torn up by the roots. Thus, instead of obedience, Creon is again encountered by opposition—and that too from his son. He had reckoned on his son's easily giving up Antigone, and he finds him taking her part. He is furious:—'Shall I, at my age, learn of thee?' 'Look at the advice, not at the age of the adviser,' replies Hæmon. Retorts pass:

Creon. Does the power of the state belong to me, or to another?

Hæmon. The state that belongs to one, is not a state!

Creon. Is not the state the property of the ruler?

Hæmon. Well, you may rule alone—over a desert!"

These were electrical to an Athenian audience; they also roused the democratic feelings of the Covent Garden audience. They are good political hits. On an English audience, however, only the replies of Hæmon would produce an effect; on a Greek audience, Creon's assertion of the necessity of obedience would have equal weight. Böckh, who is profoundly versed in antiquity, saw this plainly enough; and even goes so far as to suspect, that it was in consequence of the admirable expressions of the necessity of obedience, and not in consequence of the poetical merits of the play, that Sophocles was intrusted with the Samian command. Mr. Dyer, with no misgivings respecting the amount of his acquaintance with antiquity—with no suspicion that the logical absurdity, of which he is so ready to convict Böckh, can

possibly be his own—declares, that passive obedience and democracy are contradictions. ‘Which of these contradictory views are we to adopt? M. Böckh cannot be allowed to appropriate both; for, though the Athenians were sufficiently fickle and capricious, they were hardly such perfect weathercocks as to approve of tyranny and democracy in the same breath. The son’s arguments were much more likely to find favour in their sight than the father’s.’* Mr. Dyer insists on identifying passive obedience to existing laws with tyranny. It is very clear that tyranny and democracy could not co-exist; so clear, that Mr. Dyer should have hesitated before attributing such an error to so learned a scholar as Böckh. But passive obedience to the existing government is perfectly compatible with a democratic government—indeed, is the only thing that separates democracy from anarchy—and such was the Athenian doctrine. The people chose their rulers; having chosen, they obeyed. Hæmon’s arguments, therefore, would *not* find more favour than those of Creon.

To return to our analysis: we have noted on three different occasions the quiet but significant manner in which Sophocles contrives to throw out a formula of his subject, in language perfectly consistent with the situation, at the same time having a deeper meaning. In the quarrel between Creon and his son, we have to note a fourth:—

“*Creon.* Infamous son! to dispute with a father respecting right.

Hæmon. Yes, for I see you wandering from the right.

Creon. And do I err, in holding my office of ruler sacred?

Hæmon. Yes, it is not sacred, when trampling on the honours of the gods.”

Kreon. ἀμαρτάνω γὰρ τὰς ἐμὰς ἀρχὰς σέβων;

Aimon. οὐ γὰρ σέβεις, τίμας γέ τὰς θεῶν πατρῶν.

These indications of the subject may be explained in two ways. First, that Sophocles was an unconscious artist, and then the frequency of these indications would arise from the subject being constantly uppermost in his mind, and therefore expressing itself in details no less than in the whole piece. Secondly, that he was a conscious artist, and worked critically. There is every reason to believe the latter. His remark that Æschylus did what was right without knowing it, is sufficient to show that *he* did not write from instinct. Creon is in the state painted in one line by the chorus: he mistakes evil for good. He believes that his acts are grounded upon justice, and opposition rouses him to violence. His son’s opposition angers him still more; and hearing Hæmon threaten, he declares ‘he will not be insulted with impunity;’ and with an intensity of expression which all dramatic readers

* ‘Classical Museum,’ No. iv., p. 88.

will appreciate, he bids the guards 'lead forth *that Hate*'—*ἄγετε τὸ μίτος*—meaning Antigone. She shall die before her lover's eyes. Hæmon, struck to the heart, rushes off in despair. Thus is the mysterious warning of the chorus made clear. Creon outrages the feelings of his son, as he had before outraged the sacred feelings which were at the bottom of Antigone's disobedience: in both cases mistaking evil for good, tyranny for justice. He is now roused almost to the climax of his rage; almost, but not quite, for Sophocles develops every thing in due gradations. Hitherto, Creon has been, in language at least, respectful to the gods whose claims he has outraged. But now his exaltation is so great—or, as the Greeks would say, his blindness is so confirmed—that he mocks the gods. Antigone is to die, and then he says 'she will learn that it is superfluous labour to honour the claims of Hades'—

κῆνος περισσὸς ἐστὶ τῶν Ἄιδου σέβειν.

The chorus here sing a hymn to Eros the mighty god. The meaning will at once be seized by every reader of Sophocles. Love has 'stirred up the strife of relations.' It has made Creon and Hæmon enemies. Antigone is led on, and the words of the chorus are worth noticing. So lovely and so sad a picture makes the chorus weep and say: 'And now I, too, overstep the laws (in thought) seeing her, and I can no longer restrain the fountains of my tears.' This is a sufficient answer to Mr. Dyer's notion respecting the servility of the chorus. Creon is not present, yet the chorus calls sympathy with Antigone transgressing the laws.

Antigone bursts into passionate laments; like a true Greek she clings to life and shudders at the thought of death. She laments the sun; laments not having been wedded; laments the loss of her fellow-citizens. We see that her bravado was not contempt of death, it was vehemence of will; her sternness was only the spasmodic violence of a feminine soul. Her weakness now that there is no further stimulus; her horror at death now that she has no longer occasion to justify her act, tell us she is womanly, and enhance the heroism of her disobedience. We before compared Antigone's fierceness with that of Lady Macbeth; in both cases it is only the feminine vehemence centred in one absorbing project. The project accomplished, both relapse into weakness; Lady Macbeth has 'troubled dreams,' and dies broken down by guilt; Antigone dies despairing. Gruppe, who of all German critics we have met with best understands Sophocles, bids us compare this change in Antigone with the change delineated in Ismene. The one who before the deed was stern and harsh, when all is over relapses into feminine fears. The other who was femininely timid, and averse to rebel, before the deed was done, becomes calm and resolute when it is done.

The chorus, though it sympathises with her, yet plainly tells

her, that if the extremity of her boldness, striking against the high throne of justice has caused her ruin (*ἰσχυρῶν θράσους—ὑψηλὸν ἐς Δίκας βάθρον προσέειπες*); and shortly afterwards says—'To act piously is pious; but his power, who possesses the power, is not to be transgressed. Thy self-willed pride has lost thee.' This is another formula of the subject, expressive of the 'logical absurdity' in which Antigone is placed. Mr. Dyer, of course, only sees in it 'abominable servility.' Antigone again pours forth a passionate wail—repents her deed; says, that for a husband or a child she would not, opposing her fellow-citizens (*βίη πολιτῶν*) have undertaken it. She is borne off. The chorus commences a poetical enumeration of instances in which fate and madness have destroyed men. Creon then re-appears; Tiresias also, led on by a boy. The irony of this situation is very great. The physically blind Tiresias has come to open the eyes of the mentally blind Creon. The dramatic art is also great. Just as Creon as been exasperated to contempt of the gods, is the prophet made to appear, and speak their will! He advises Creon to relent; to spare Antigone, and bury Polynices. This is too much for Creon; he at once angrily accuses the prophet of being bribed to oppose him. A similar scene occurs in the *Œdipus Rex*. *Œdipus* there also accuses Tiresias of corruption. The rage of Creon is at its climax. Tiresias is irritated into foretelling the calamities which will follow the obstinacy of Creon, and quits the scene, leaving them all terrified. Creon struggles between his pride and his fear: to yield is terrible; but terrible were the prophet's warnings. The chorus sides with Tiresias, and advises Creon to release Antigone from her cavern. He consents, and eagerly departs, saying, it is better to follow the established laws. These laws were those respecting burial, which he had set aside by a new law in the case of Polynices. His law, though not without precedent, was nevertheless harsh; and it was offensive to the gods.

All seems smiling now. The chorus bursts forth in its celebrated hymn to Bacchus:—

"Many-named darling of the Theban Maid!
 Offspring of the heavy-thundering Jove!
 Who cherishest the far-famed Italy,
 And rulest in mysterious vales
 Of Eleusinian Ceres.
 O Bacchus! dweller in the Bacchic Thebes,
 Thy mother-city, by the rushing stream
 Of wild Ismenos, and the field of dragon-teeth.

"Thee, upon the double-crested mount,
 The flame-smoke sacrifice beholds,
 Where dance Corycian nymphs, Bacchante-like,
 And flow Castalian streams.

“To thee the ivy-steeps of Nysian mountains,
 And verdant shores in ruddy grapes abounding,
 Send forth the immortal songs,
 When visiting thy native Thebes,
 City above all others most beloved
 By thee and thy thunder-stricken mother.

“Come now thy city is afflicted!
 Come o'er Parnassus, o'er the roaring strait!
 With purifying feet!
 Io! Io! chorus leader
 Of fire-breathing stars,
 Lord of celestial hymns,
 O son of Jupiter!
 Appear with thy Naxian Thyades,
 Who, madden'd, all the night will dance
 In choruses to Jachna.”

The irony of this chorus is obvious. Upon this burst of joy, the messenger arrives with saddest news. Hæmon has killed himself. Perfectly Sophoclean is the introduction of Eurydice, Hæmon's mother, at this juncture: now, when the knowledge of her existence becomes an object of the intensest interest, is it first revealed. Eurydice enters beset with dreadful forebodings. The messenger relates what has passed. He had followed Creon and attended the burial of Polynices. Creon thence proceeded to the rocky cave where Antigone was buried alive. As they approached, the voice of Hæmon struck upon their ears. In fear, they rushed forward—looked down—and beheld Antigone, who had hanged herself, in the arms of her lover. They implored him to arise. He answered not, but glaring on his father with savage eyes, spat in his face, and, drawing a sword, struck at him; Creon fled; then Hæmon turned the sword upon himself, and died embracing his dead mistress. In grief too deep for tears, too deep for words, Eurydice leaves the stage in thrilling silence.

Creon enters, bearing in his arms the body of his son. He is humbled, afflicted. The storm so long impending has burst with fearful violence. He acknowledges, too late, his ‘unhappy counsels’ (*ἐμῶν δυσβουλιῶν*), his ‘irreverent law’ (*ἐμῶν ἀνόλιθα βουλευμάτων*). Heart-stricken, he has lost all his former vehemence and pride. But his cup is not yet full. Eurydice's silence translates itself into fearful action. A messenger appears to inform Creon, that she has slain herself, cursing him for the death of her son. The measure of his cup is full: utterly prostrate, helpless, hopeless, and conscience-stricken, he is led away. The chorus then sings this moral of the piece:—

“To be wise, is better than greatness all;
 And the claims of the gods we all must revere:

For violent words bring on violent woes,
 And haughtiness
 Learns wisdom in time from affliction."

Having thus completed our analysis, we may bid the reader determine whether our view of the fundamental idea be correct or not. Sophocles is so great an artist, that he cannot be judged by a passage; the whole work must stand clearly before you. Looking at the *ensemble*, therefore, as it is presented in the analysis, are we not entitled to say, that the subject is not the character of Antigone—nor even the burial of Polynices—but the dramatic evolution of the collision between a religious and a political motive, leading to that violent self-will which oversteps both divine and human laws?

If our analysis has not been utterly unsuccessful, we shall have impressed the reader with some idea of the exquisite art of Sophocles; art, which the more we familiarise ourselves with it, the more wondrous does it seem: so rich, so varied, so delicate, subtle, and profound. Every thing in Sophocles is carefully studied, yet wears the graceful air of unstudied ease. As in the finer plays of Shakspeare, we see how all the little hints are thrown out early in the action, to prepare the way—as we see the most perfect integral unity of purpose and feeling gathering up together the apparently entangled varieties, so as to produce an organic whole, wherein each trifle has its relative importance and coherence—so also do we see in Sophocles, a miraculous unity, which appears the effect of the most laborious study, and which, in truth, needs study to be appreciated. And let not the reader fall into that too common but superficial mistake, of supposing that the plays of Sophocles are wanting in variety. Their simplicity is the absence of superfluity. Look at the *Antigone* alone, and mark what a world of emotion is crowded into the thirteen hundred lines which compose it. How slight the subject, yet how full of incident. How few the characters, yet how much emotion. How simple the plot, yet how artfully varied. In the delineation of character, Sophocles was a great master. This has been denied, we know. He has been unfavourably contrasted with Shakspeare, and because different, has been pronounced bad. It is our firm conviction, that Sophocles is closely allied to Shakspeare in that which constitutes Shakspeare's greatest title to fame, *viz.*, in dramatic exposition of character. This is no place for proving such an assertion; an essay of itself would be required. But in answer to those numerous critics, who talk of the characters in Sophocles being simply personifications, let us ask: What are the personifications in the *Antigone*? If Creon represents the abstract idea of government—Antigone that of duty—Ismene that of feminine gentleness—and Hæmon that of youthful love

(explanations not without a certain plausibility)—let us ask, how it is that the abstract idea of government subsequently becomes the passionate man, and the heart-broken repentant father—how the abstract idea of duty becomes the tender, timid girl, shuddering at death—and how the abstract idea of feminine gentleness sinks into the calm but steady resolution of sharing a sister's fate? In truth, we might as well reverse the judgment, and for that founded on a hasty view of the first aspect of each character, substitute one as hastily founded on the subsequent aspects. One might as correctly call Othello a personification of jealousy, as Antigone a personification of duty. The only difference is, that the delineation of Othello, in accordance with the abundant details of the Shaksperian drama, takes in a wider range of feelings, which, though necessary to the character, are only slightly accessory to the drama. In Othello, we have the whole man in his past and present history, before us. In Antigone, we have only the woman, in as far as she shows herself in the present. The past is excluded; but her reality is not thereby impaired.

The Greek drama is unquestionably overrated by scholars, and underrated by the unlearned. Nor is it difficult to see the reasons which guide the judgments of both. Although we by no means chime in with the wholesale admiration of the one; for, indeed, we cannot regard Æschylus and Euripides as very great *dramatic* artists; neither can we at all admit the scorn of the other party. It is not fair to assert, that classical readers admire the Greek drama only because it is Greek. It would be as unfair in a Frenchman to assert, that Germans admire Shakspeare only because he is an English author. In both cases, long and patient study has revealed deep and wondrous beauties. People do not sufficiently recognise the immense share which criticism and long familiarity has in our admiration for Shakspeare; they, therefore, read a miserable translation of Sophocles *once*, and, without any patient study, pronounce it meagre, cold, and characterless. In the same way, hundreds of highly-gifted Frenchmen, having given a cursory perusal to Ducis' translation of Shakspeare (a work of far higher order than either Potter's or Francklin's 'Sophocles'), pronounced our idol a wild irregular genius, deficient in artistic taste. To sneer at the mistake of these Frenchmen is easy, but unwise; unwise also to sneer at the mistake of the unlearned, when they do not see the art of Sophocles. No one who has *studied* Sophocles, would hesitate to rank him second only to Shakspeare. Any one who has not studied him, is utterly incompetent to speak on the subject.

ART. IV.—1. *Histoire des Peuples du Nord*. Par HENRI WHEATON, Ministre des Etats Unis d'Amérique, près la Cour de Prusse. Traduit de l'Anglais par PAUL GUILLOT. Paris. 1844.

2. *Wikingszüge, Staatsverfassung, und Sitten der alten Scandinavier*. (Expeditions of the Sea Kings, Constitution and Manners of the Ancient Scandinavians.) From the Swedish of A. M. STRINNHOLM. Hamburg. 1839.

THE feelings subsisting between nations connected by ties of consanguinity, repeat on a larger scale those of the relations of domestic life. Between nations the most nearly connected, quarrels often arise from very trivial causes, and excite a disproportionate amount of bitterness from the mutual power of annoyance afforded by previous intimacy.

With our more remote kindred, the dwellers in the Scandinavian peninsula, we have come so little into collision, that there has been less danger of dissension than of our forgetting the relationship altogether. In a position far removed from the great thoroughfares of European life, and with languages, which however highly valued by those intimately acquainted with them, are apt to cause a certain shuddering in the uninitiated, they seem for a long period of our history to have been almost forgotten by us; and French and Italians, Spaniards, Greeks, and Turks, have filled a larger space in our estimation than those to whom we are bound, not only by the tie of a common ancestry, but by a striking family resemblance in the best and brightest parts of our national character. They, on their sides, have been, however, by no means equally regardless of us. They have studied our literature with a loving diligence, and have always been disposed to look up to the prosperous English branch of their family, with the affectionate pride of poor relations—not too decidedly cut—towards the more fortunate member whose glory casts an illustrative beam on their own obscurity.

The causes which have been operating during the last thirty years, with an ever increasing activity, to bring about an amalgamation of the different nations of Europe, and to raise to a nearly equal standard of civilisation and a similarity of character and feeling, the inhabitants of its various states, are, of course, tending more and more to obliterate the distinctions of race once so strongly marked, and are rendering it more and more difficult to trace the origin of the differences still observable. No people who have visited our shores have left on them deeper or more enduring traces than the men of the North; and nowhere

can we find the means of solving so many interesting historical problems, as among the records of their lives and exploits, their manners and social institutions. The attention of literary men all over Europe has of late years been eagerly turned towards the early history of the Scandinavian peninsula, and the researches carried on not only in those countries themselves, but in Germany, France, and England, have been attended with the happiest results. But it is not the learned only who have at length perceived what a rich mine they have been neglecting. Tours in Norway and Sweden have poured from the press in abundance. The 'picturesque' traveller has discovered amidst the majestic mountains of the North, not an isolated prospect, but a richly varied succession of landscapes, 'rivalling those of the Alps and the Himalaya;' the sportsman, that its broad crystal floods are 'the very kings of salmon rivers;' the politician, in the farmers and small landed proprietors of Norway, 'the happiest class of men in Europe;' and—though differences of opinion have appeared with respect to the character of governments and the existing state of morals, especially in Sweden—all have united in eulogising what may be called the native virtues of its population, their integrity and uprightness, their frank simplicity and warm-hearted kindness.

It is, indeed, very easy to overrate the mere influence of race, in considering the character of a civilised people, and it may be thought fanciful to trace back many of the qualities of the present English nation to those of tribes, whom we have been accustomed to think of as a mere handful of barbarians, hovering, like birds of prey, over our coasts, stooping from time to time to gorge themselves with the blood of the defenceless inhabitants, and leaving behind them only the traces of fire, famine, and slaughter. But in taking the accounts of the Danes almost entirely from those who were the victims of their depredations, there can be no doubt that we have been accustomed to rate their moral and intellectual condition far below its real state. A people possessed of such a body of traditional literature, capable of maintaining their ground against such vast superiority of numbers, so energetic and fertile in resource, as to be able to establish themselves in every variety of climate and condition, in every country, from Greenland and Iceland to the Mediterranean, and the shores of Asia and Africa, could not have been mere ferocious savages; for savages, however courageous and fierce in actual combat, are invariably helpless and feeble, when removed into new and unaccustomed circumstances. We must also bear in mind, that as the Northmen regarded the Anglo-Saxons with indignation, as apostates from the worship of Odin; the strife with them was embittered by

all the fury of religious fanaticism, and they took especial delight in those acts of sacrilege which excited, naturally, so much horror in the poor monks. When we recollect, that these Northmen not only colonised and retained, for several generations, about one-third of England, but ruled over the whole of it for half a century before its conquest by the Normans, who also—though their character had undergone many modifications,—not for the better,—by their position as conquerors on the French soil, were still essentially the same people, we cannot wonder that they should have left deep and enduring impressions, as well in the general spirit and character of Englishmen, as in many of their most valuable institutions.

It was not till towards the end of the seventeenth century that the attention of literary Europe was awakened to the magnificent memorials left of its heathen ancestors, by the publication of the two Eddas; but, since that time, the labourers in this abounding field have not been few. Among the foremost of those who, in our own days, have furnished important contributions to our stock of Scandinavian literature, stands the name of Dr. Wheaton, a gentleman no less distinguished as a lawyer and statesman, than for his historical and antiquarian attainments. The '*Histoire des Peuples du Nord*' is less a translation than a new edition of his '*History of the Northmen*;' it has been made under the eye of the author, and enriched by him with many notes and illustrations, and with an entirely new chapter, carrying on the history of the Northmen to the extinction of the Norman dynasty in the south of Italy.

The second work, whose title has been placed at the head of the present article, is a separately published portion of the very voluminous '*History of Sweden, from the most Ancient to the Present Time*,' of the celebrated historiographer, Strinholm.

As '*useful knowledge*' is somewhat out of fashion just now, we may, perhaps, venture to confess, that on looking back on the geographical ignorance of the ancients, we can sometimes scarcely refrain from envying the want of positive information, concerning distant parts of the world, which left them free to people the bleakest and most inhospitable wilderness, with the creations of a fervid imagination. The extensive region, composing the kingdoms of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, was little, if at all, known to the ancient Greeks; but the mists in which it was enveloped were painted by them with all the golden and roseate hues of southern fancy. The hyperborean regions were regarded as the abodes of blessed mortals, who dwelt in company with the gods, under cloudless summer skies, crowning their heads with flowers, in fields ever fresh and verdant, and at

length terminating a long life of enjoyment, by a willing and joyful plunge into a crystal sunlit sea. It is difficult to imagine what could have given rise to a conception so remote from the truth, or have transformed the rugged and terrible Scandinavia into what Pliny also describes as a '*regio aprica felici temperie, omni afflatu saxo carens*,' where death even came not, unless wilfully sought, through mere satiety with the pleasures of life. Gradually, however, these glories of the dawn faded away—and the clouds shaped themselves into gigantic shadowy forms, which, also, in their turn, melted at last into the light of common day. One of the first faint rays of truth which pierced the obscurity of Northern geography, was thrown by Pytheas, a Massilian Greek, who, about three hundred years before the Christian era, sailed up the North Sea, entered the Baltic, and proceeded as far as a large river, probably the Vistula. He gives a brief account of a remote country of the North, supposed to be the southern part of Norway, where, though the greater number of the inhabitants lived only by hunting and fishing, some were sufficiently civilised to rear bees, cultivate grain, and brew from honey a favourite drink called hydromel.

The ancient songs and traditions of the North describe its first inhabitants as men of colossal strength and prodigious stature, with hideously fierce countenances, long matted shaggy hair; in fact, as the giants and ogres of our nursery tales—the antagonists of the redoubtable Jack the Giant Killer and his brethren. They were said to dwell in the woods, and caves, and mountain fastnesses, of Norway, and to carry weapons of extraordinary size and strength; ponderous swords, clubs shod with iron, or trees torn up by the roots: they were skilled in all magic arts, and the immense blocks or rude pillars of stone still seen in many places, were long regarded as their remains in a petrified state. The earliest inhabitants, however, of whom any authentic traces can be found, appear to have been a tribe of Fins, who were driven by repeated immigrations from their territory, and nearer and nearer to the arctic circle—the Fenni of Tacitus, and the Finnas mentioned to King Alfred by Ohter, the Norwegian navigator. They were said to be a savage people, 'stagnating in a hideous and disgusting poverty,' with neither arms, nor horses, nor habitations, eating the grass of the fields, lying on the bare earth, and clothed in the skins of wild beasts. Men and women went hunting together, and shared between them the spoils of the chase. The young children had no other shelter from wild beasts, or from the inclemency of the seasons, than the interlaced boughs of trees, which served as the cradle of infancy and the refuge of old age. 'Their only faith,' it is added, 'was in

the points of their arrows,' which, for want of iron (although in a country abounding with iron very near the surface), were made of bones. Differing in origin, language, and feature from the more powerful races by whom they were driven, like the Celts of Gaul and the Britons of England, into remote mountainous districts, they maintained a constant hostility with them, and figured in the mythological narratives of the worshippers of Odin as evil genii and giants, at war with the celestial divinities. According to the accounts of their conquerors, they practised a stupid fetishism—the adoration of birds, beasts, trunks of trees, and stones. The first immigration of Goths took place, undoubtedly, at a very remote period; and from these appear to have proceeded that vast army of 300,000 barbarians, who invaded Italy in the year B.C. 112, and who were supposed to have come from the peninsula of Jutland. The condition of these people must have differed most widely from that of its first inhabitants, the Finnas, when they are described as having with them 15,000 cavalry splendidly mounted, each soldier bearing on his helmet, surmounted with high plumes, the head of some fierce animal with its mouth open; wearing on their bodies polished iron cuirasses, carrying long halberds in their hands, and being, besides, furnished with two-edged darts for throwing at a distance, and broad and heavy swords for close action. These elaborate equipments, and the desperate and determined courage with which they fought—even when all hope of victory was over—shows not only that they must have possessed considerable skill in many mechanical arts, but that they must have entertained a high sense of honour, and of the disgrace of defeat.

The arrival of the renowned adventurer Odin—a fugitive prince of Scythia, expelled from his country in the Mithridatic war, and supposed by a modern, though rather doubtful hypothesis, to be the third of that name—took place about the middle of the last century before Christ. It is stated in the *Ynlinga Saga*, that his real name was Sigge, the son of Fridulph, and it seems probable that his assumption of the name and character of the earlier Odin, the deity of light, in the Northern mythology, was first suggested by the voluntary homage paid by the rude tribes he encountered, to the rapidity of his conquests, and his brilliant personal qualities. On the arrival of the Spaniards in Mexico, the first idea suggested by their appearance was, that they were the long absent deities returned to earth; and had their subsequent career been as beneficent as that of Odin, their celestial reputation might have lasted longer. The Icelandic chronicles represent him as endowed with many wonderful and supernatural qualities. They attribute to him the invention of Runic characters, and assure us

that he excelled all men in the arts of poetry and eloquence. He was eminently skilled in music, and could sing airs so tender and melodious that the rocks would expand with delight; while the spirits of the infernal regions would stand motionless around him, attracted by the sweetness of his strains. 'His person,' says the Ynlinga Saga, 'was comely, and his countenance mild and benignant to his friends, but to his enemies dreadful to behold—such was his singular power of changing at will his form and face. He knew, also, how to sing lays, and his successors, the pontiffs, were called the masters of the Lay, because they first introduced that art into the North. He could look into futurity, could strike his enemies with blindness, or deafness, or sudden panic, and dull the edge of their weapons; whilst, by his magic spells, he rendered his own warriors invincible. He could transform himself at pleasure into any beast, fish, or serpent, and fly in an instant to the uttermost parts of the earth. He could with a single word extinguish fire, still the raging of the sea, direct the course of the wind, and raise the dead.'

Whatever may have been the causes which induced a people, from so remote a country as the banks of the Tanais, to settle in Scandinavia—whether the previous occupation of the more southern countries by hostile tribes, or the great abundance of fish and wild animals in the peninsula, rendering subsistence easy—or the facility of procuring, in Sweden, metals, and especially iron—such a migration, undoubtedly, did take place about the assigned period, and there exist many strong corroborative circumstances, proving the invaders, in accordance with all traditions, mythological and historical, to have been of Asiatic origin.

With respect to the deification of the second Odin, we cannot agree with Mr. Laing, the very clever translator of the 'Heimskringla,' in finding any difficulty in the account generally received. 'It may reasonably be doubted,' he says, 'whether any such hero-worship as classical schoolmen and antiquaries suppose, ever did take place among any portion of the human race, for it is *contrary to the natural tendency of the human mind*. . . . There is no deceiving a man's own consciousness; and if a man cannot deceive himself, he cannot deceive others. Alexander the Great, or Odin, or the Roman emperors, or the Roman pontiffs, may have placed themselves at the head of the priesthood or church, and may have allowed their flatterers to place their statues among those of the gods, and to append the title of Divus, or Saint, to their names; but in all this church trickery, these men no more believed themselves gods, than they were believed so by others. The human mind, in a state of sanity, never was discovered in so low a condition of the reasoning

power, as to approach any such conclusions. As to a rude and ignorant people elevating their deceased leaders, kings, or heroes, to a place among their deities, it is the last thing a rude and ignorant people would think of; for, in a rude and ignorant state, the natural movement of the human mind is to detract from, not to elevate the merits of others.'

Now, in the first place, there is no resemblance whatever in the cases of Alexander the Great or the Roman emperors, and of Odin—their deification, as it was called, being no more than an act of gross adulation, addressed to a vanity intoxicated to madness, and never seriously thought of for a moment after the death of its object; whilst the worship of Odin continued for nearly eight hundred years to be a living, active principle, inspiring tens of thousands with an enthusiasm that was equal even to martyrdom. The tendency to detract from the merits of others, also, is one which belongs to a low and depraved, but not to a merely rude state of mind. Surely, to go no further, every page of the history of the Catholic church during the middle ages, is sufficient to disprove such an assertion, even if we might not refer to a still more universal principle of human nature in every age and country, which leads us to set a high and often an exaggerated value on the qualities and actions of those whom we have lost.

The facility with which this Odin established his power, seems to confirm the hypothesis, of his having assumed the name of an ancient divinity, and he unquestionably succeeded in effecting many important changes in the form of society, and in laying the foundations of a firm and powerful government. He made a treaty with the petty sovereigns or chiefs, among whom the country was divided, engaging to defend them against their enemies; whilst they, on their parts, undertook to defray the expenses of his religion. The regulation of civil and ecclesiastical affairs he placed in the hands of a supreme council of twelve pontiffs, and he appointed the times of celebration for three solemn festivals, one of which, that of Yule (a word derived from *Yiolner*, one of the names of Odin), has continued to this day, in our manner of celebrating Christmas, by amalgamating the festivity and carousing, belonging to the pagan, with the religious services of the Christian commemoration.

The scarcity of material remains of the religion of Odin has suggested that it may have been of a more spiritual character than most systems of paganism; but his apotheosis seems, nevertheless, to have had the usual effect of pretended incarnations of the Divinity, as well as of saint-worship—that of corrupting religion, by lowering men's conceptions of the Supreme Being.

The primitive religion of the Scandinavian nations, appears to

have been of a purer and simpler character, and perhaps identical with that of the ancient Germans, described by Tacitus, who held, 'regnator omnium Deus; cetera subjecta, atque parentia.'

The primitive ceremonies of this religion were performed in the open air—on lofty mountains, in the majestic solemnity of virgin forests, or in solitary islands, rising in the midst of silent lakes. This simple and sublime adoration in temples, not the work of man, was modified, at a later period, and replaced by religious rites, celebrated in buildings of wood, or stone, with a pomp which recalled the magnificence and splendour of Asia. Sacrifices were offered, festivals instituted at fixed times, when the people, forgetting for a moment their toils and their disputes, united to celebrate the expected return of spring, and the renewal of the functions of nature; or at the winter solstice, they celebrated the mysteries of the death of Balder (the son of Odin, and in the mythological account, the youthful and beautiful God of Eloquence), which represented not only the changes of the seasons, but the successive epochs of the moral history of man, and the other beings of creation. Unfortunately, these festivals, and these sacrifices, were not always of an innocent and pacific character. There, as elsewhere, man offered, as a burnt offering, his fellow man, his parent, his brother, to appease the anger of their common father and creator. Hostile tribes sacrificed prisoners taken in war, sacrifices which promised them future victory; parents immolated their children, to procure for themselves a longer life, and constant health; subjects massacred their kings to avert famines, pestilence, or disastrous wars. This superstition, rude and bloody as it was, had its priests and priestesses; its oracles and mysteries; its auguries, its predictions drawn from the flight of birds, the sound of thunder, and the inspection of the entrails of murdered victims.

At the death of Odin, he transmitted his authority, both regal and pontifical, to his sons, and the chiefs whom he had placed on the neighbouring thrones. 'Each king was the pontiff of his people; each Jarl, priest of his tribe. One of the most important duties, one of the most sacred functions of these chiefs, was to offer sacrifices at the accustomed times, in the grand temples of their respective districts, to obtain fruitful seasons, the continual supply of bread, or, in time of war, victory over their enemies. Religion was thus always mingled with politics.'

This concentration of power, civil, religious, and military, in the same hands, fearful as such an experiment might be in some states of society, harmonised well with the character and condition of the Northmen, and contributed greatly to the strength, unity,

and firmness of purpose manifested in all their undertakings. The whole tenour of the lives of both kings and subjects afforded sufficient security against the abuse of such an authority.

The sea-kings were no *rois fainéants*, no legal fictions or symbols to which men agreed to pay homage, for the sake of mere expedience or to avoid worse consequences. They were chosen at assemblies of the people, at their courts or *Things*,* and though the choice was perfectly unrestrained, it always fell on some descendant of an heroic race. It was not, however, merely by family or descent, but by the personal qualities of the candidates, that the election was influenced. Not only the most noble, but the wisest, the bravest, the most *beautiful* was chosen; for the obedience paid to him was to be the zealous and faithful tribute of admiration and reverence—not a loyalty based on mere vanity or self-interest, which can find an object of respect in any head that wears a crown. The title of the Vikingr did not serve merely as a badge of exemption from all the earnest duties of life, or as affording a claim to a greater amount of sensual indulgence. Their pre-eminence was little more than a pre-eminence in danger—in many cases they alone had no claim in the division of the spoil, won by their own stout hearts and strong right hands. Their dwellings were no better than those of the small landholders or bonders; they were neither luxuriously clothed nor daintily fed. In the more ancient times they subsisted, when not at sea, by being billeted in turn on the peasant proprietors, and often they had no refuge or home but on board their ships. It speaks highly for the intellectual condition of the Northmen, that notwithstanding this equality of outward condition, their kings were treated with the greatest respect, addressed by reverential titles, and personally served by the noblest in the land. From the earliest times they appear to have kept a court, or, as it was called, a *herd*, and men-at-arms, or sentinels, were posted at different distances round the king's quarters, to give notice of the approach of an enemy. In their hours of social recreation, indeed, there was little distinction. In the courts of these barbarian kings there were not, as there sometimes are in courts nearer home, pages and maids of honour assumed to be exempt from the ordinary

* "Ting, or Thing signifies, in the ancient language of the North, to speak, and hence a popular assembly or court of justice. The national diet of Norway still retains the name of Storthing, or great assembly; its two divisions are the Lag-thing or upper chamber, and Edels-thing or lower. The ancient Scandinavian courts were held in the open air, generally on natural hills, or artificial tumuli. Their colonies in England and Scotland adopted the same practice, and hence many eminences erroneously supposed to be Roman camps, still retain the name."—'Scandinavia,' by Drs. Wheaton and Crichton.

wants of mortals, having need of neither food nor rest. The king was honoured, not as requiring more, but as abstaining more, and he was most renowned who had 'never slept beneath a roof, nor drunk before a sheltered hearth.'

Although the twelve companions of Odin, who had assisted to introduce the new religion, were afterwards placed among the gods, and their reigns represented as a kind of golden age, their lives were certainly not such as to indicate their celestial origin. Many perished by violence, more by anti-teetotalism. Inghiald Illrada, the last of the direct line from Odin, who had been supposed to be of too gentle a disposition, was ordered to be fed on a diet of wolf's hearts, and the treatment appears to have been quite successful, for he certainly never had any relapse. At his inauguration, in 623, when seated, according to custom, on the lowest step of the vacant throne, and presented with a huge ox-horn filled with liquor, he swore, before draining it off, that he would either double the extent of his dominions or perish in the attempt; and it was in the fulfilment of his vow that he committed those acts of cruelty and atrocious treachery that procured him the surname of Illrada the Deceitful, and at last led to his own destruction. Olaf, his son, when driven from his dominions, retired to the westward of the Wener Lake, where he occupied himself in hewing down the immense forests that encumbered the country, and where he laid the foundations of a new kingdom, which afterwards rose into great splendour in the person of Harold Haarfager—or Harold with the *Beautiful Hair*—the founder of the Norwegian monarchy. The geographical character of the Scandinavian peninsula, the number of friths and harbours with which its coast is everywhere indented, the countless islands which crowd its waters, the vast forests affording materials for ship-building, must have early directed the attention of its inhabitants to the sea; and many other circumstances also contributed, during a long period, to turn in this direction the energies of the best and most vigorous part of the nation. The profession of a sea-rover was not only naturally agreeable to a bold, warlike, and enterprising people, but was accounted perfectly honourable; and when we consider how seldom the intercourse between different nations has been governed, even in civilised times, by reference to the principles of honesty and justice, rather than of convenience and self-interest, we shall find it hard to blame these pagan 'skimmers of the sea,' for holding such an opinion. It appears, also, on good authority, that a law or custom of primogeniture existed at an early period in the North, and an obligation was imposed on the younger sons of seeking their fortune on the ocean. In the 'Roman de Rou' of the Norman poet it is stated, that the sons

drew lots for the inheritance, and those who were unsuccessful, were forced to seek in exile their means of subsistence :

“ Costume fut jadis longtems,
 En Dannemarck entre pacens,
 Quant homme avait plusors enfans,
 Et il les avait norris grands,
 L'un des fils retenois par sort,
 Qui est son her après sa mort;
 Et cil sort qui le sort tornoit,
 En autre terre s'en aloit.”

“ We must remember, however,” Dr. Wheaton observes, “ that we cannot find in any Sagas, or ancient historical ballads, any trace of such a custom or law ; although it is by no means certain, on that account, that it may not have existed. The laws were only preserved by oral tradition ; they were discussed in the open air, in full assemblies, with the consent of the people ; afterwards, in the same assemblies, they were finally pronounced by the old ‘ wise men,’ according to the ancient customs, of which they were the faithful depositories, and which they transmitted from generation to generation. They were not confided to writing till after the introduction of Christianity. Now, at that time, emigration had ceased, and we cannot, therefore, discover what fate was reserved for younger sons, although the law of primogeniture, with respect to landed property, was definitively established, at least in Norway. The Scandinavian nations, like the tribes of Greece in the heroic age, were separated into petty states, each having its own chief or king, and engaged in frequent and terrible wars, the result of hereditary quarrels. This title of king, at first elective, afterwards became, by degrees, hereditary. Sometimes the succession was divided ; the youngest of the children kept the title of king, and became pirate, or ‘ skimmer of the sea.’ Others, having two sons, ordered that they should reign alternately, during a given period, one on sea, and the other on shore. This title of ‘ skimmer of the sea’ (*ecumeur de mer*) was soon eagerly desired by princes and nobles, and considered as forming the most glorious ornament of their nobility. The younger sons of the kings and Jarls, who had no other heritage than the ocean, gathered under their standards the equally disinherited youth of the lower orders, and thus the bravest and best part of the nation was often launched upon the waves ; this custom became so general, that in the time of Ragnar Ladbok, the number of Danes and Northmen who roved over the seas, exceeded those who remained on land ; so that, according to an expression of one of their historians, they were like a nation of sailors, always ready to embark at a moment’s warning.”

The first vessels in which the Northmen formed their acquaintance with the element, afterwards so familiar to them, were of course mere canoes, and, like the first navigators of all nations, they found the perils of the seas sufficient without the additional dangers of darkness, and were in the habit not only of clinging as closely as possible to the coasts, but of landing every night. A little time and experience, however, while it increased the size and improved the equipment of their ships, also rendered them such bold seamen, that they were able not only to roam over the Baltic, and cross the most boisterous part of the North Sea, but even to encounter, without chart or compass, the vast billows of the watery world of the Atlantic; touching at every shore in search of adventures or of pillage, and frequently discovering new lands on which they planted colonies, more or less durable. It is well remarked by Mr. Laing, in his introduction to the 'Heimskringla,' that the construction of large numbers of vessels capable of transporting numerous crews of armed men, with weapons and ammunition, by no means easy of stowage, and the providing for their food and clothing, during voyages of weeks' or months' duration, implies a very considerable advance in civilisation and progress in the useful arts, sufficient of itself to rescue a people from the charge of utter barbarism.

"Ferocity, ignorance, and courage, will not bring men across the ocean. Food, water, fuel, clothes, arms, as well as men, have to be provided, collected, transported; and be the ships ever so rude, wood work, iron work, rope work, cloth work, cooper work, in short, almost all the useful arts, must be in full activity among a people, before even a hundred men could be transported in any way from the shores of Norway and Denmark to the coasts of England or France. Fixed social arrangements, too, combinations of industry, working for a common purpose, laws and security of persons and property, military organisation and discipline, must have been established and understood, in a way, and to an extent not at all necessary to be presupposed in the case of a tumultuous crowd, migrating by land to new settlements."

The high place occupied by literature, and its professors also, among these Northern nations, is, of itself, a sufficient refutation of the charge of mere barbarism. The Scald was not a mere minstrel or poet, he was the companion and chronicler of monarchs, the preserver of laws, and the privileged ambassador between hostile tribes; a kind of sacredness attached to his title, which warriors and kings were proud to claim; and there are many instances of Scalds being united in marriage with princesses. It was not, indeed, till towards the close of what may be called the heroic age of Scandinavian history, that her literature

fully developed itself; in Iceland, namely, the period of the colonisation of which, as well as some circumstances connected with it, were more favourable than those existing in the mother country. The destruction of the smaller states of Norway, by the conquests of Harold Haarfager, drove into exile many of the kings and chiefs of particular districts, who preferred the homeless freedom of the ocean to a dishonourable submission. King Harold, of course, became the bitter enemy of these rovers, exerting, from political motives, every effort to put an end to the practice of piracy, and the recently discovered island of Iceland offered itself as a welcome refuge to many of the 'skimmers of the sea' from the active and vigorous persecution set on foot against them by their powerful monarch. It appears to have been first discovered by a Norwegian pirate named Naddod, who, about the year 861, was driven by a tempest towards the North Pole, and discovered a large country, which he called the Land of Snow; it was described by him, and by subsequent visitors, as a sad and desolate place, without a trace of human habitation, covered by chains of lofty mountains buried under everlasting snows, yet liable to violent volcanic convulsions, and intersected by deep ravines and chasms, whence issued fountains of boiling water. Other accounts, however, describe it in terms as strangely different as those dictated by the various interests of visitors to Australia or New Zealand in our own day. George Robins himself could hardly excel in glowing eloquence, or in accuracy, some of these descriptions. The climate was said to be delicious, the soil fertile, and one 'land speculator' even went so far in his poetical enthusiasm as to declare, that 'the milk flowed from every plant, and the butter from every spray.' Domestic animals required, it was said, no shelter even in winter, the land abounded in wood, the waters were teeming with salmon and other fish, and the neighbouring seas were swarming with whales. 'Such was the land where man might live free from the tyranny of lords and kings;' and to this land of promise, after the decisive defeat at Hafursjord, fled all the proudest and most high-spirited of Harold's opponents, carrying with them, not only their families and dependents, their cattle and other possessions, but even, in some cases, the sacred columns which had supported the roofs of their Norwegian dwellings. As soon as these wandering colonies came in sight of the new land which they were about to occupy, the chief ordered the sacred columns to be cast into the sea; and on whatever part of the shore they drifted, the foundations of the new dwelling were laid. In some cases, when the columns drifted before the wind, and the precise spot could not be ascertained, a diligent search

was instituted after them; and when they were discovered, the most favourable and tempting spots were abandoned for the most savage and inhospitable, to which a divine intimation was thought to have pointed. A certain tract of land was then marked off, and '*consecrated with fire*;' that is, a number of fires were kindled round it, at certain distances, so that one could be seen from the other. In this manner the limits were determined; and the district was then divided into portions, and distributed among the various members of the clan, composed of all who were united together by the bonds of kindred, of friendship, or of brotherhood in arms. He whom they had been accustomed to look up to as their leader in former expeditions, was in most cases the head of the patriarchal government, and in the neighbourhood of his dwelling was erected a temple, and an altar with the sacred ring of *Frei*, which served afterwards as the common centre and point of union for the infant state. There the sacrifices were performed, for which a certain toll or rate was paid from every habitation; and there was held the *Thing*, or assembly for the discussion of public affairs, for the settlement of disputes, and for the execution of the laws transplanted from the mother country. The head of the clan was also chief priest of the temple; at the *Thing*, he conducted the discussions, assisted by twelve chosen counsellors, and he held in his hand the sacred ring of *Frei*, the symbol of eternity. By this ring, dipped in the blood of the victims, oaths were sworn, amidst invocations of *Frei* and *Nyord*, and the mighty *As*. Religion was closely associated with every action, and the whole power of the chief depended on the reverence paid to him as priest. In this manner, on the remote island, arose a number of little independent states, or tribes, at first united by no common tie. Each leader ruled as a sovereign over the district which had been taken possession of, and it was cultivated in his name; but as no power existed, capable of settling disputes arising between the leaders themselves, the right of the strongest necessarily prevailed; since, also, it was a duty, not only to espouse the cause of every member of the immediate family, but for the vassal to defend the chief, and the chief to protect the vassal, many quarrels attended with much bloodshed frequently arose. Fifty-four years after the first colonisation of the island, a supreme tribunal, denominated the *Althing*, or *Landsting*, was established with the general consent of the inhabitants. The whole island was then divided into four provinces, or quarters, and these, again, into three districts, or *Thingslags*, each containing three *Godords*, or as many inhabitants as belonged to three temples. The three *Godords* had their common point of union in the *Thingslag*, and the *Thingslags* in the provincial assemblies, which

were again united into one whole, in the Althing. Over each Godord ruled a Godor, to whom was intrusted the entire charge of its affairs, spiritual and temporal; the services of the temple, the regulation of trade, foreign and domestic, the maintenance of order, and the settlement of disputes; and as the colonisation of Iceland took place at a time when no abstract theories of government could be in existence, it is probable that their constitution of society had existed in ancient Scandinavia.

Religion was the chief bond of union among these little communities. The need of protection against a common enemy might serve as a motive for temporary union, but was a tie too feeble and variable, in the infancy of political society, to restrain the wills and passions of turbulent men, accustomed to be their own protectors. These brave Vikings, however, who feared nothing that took any earthly shape, bowed with awe and fear before the powers of the invisible world. In sacred groves and temples, and on the solemn summits of mountains, they sought to know the will and appease the anger of those mysterious deities, of whose protection they so deeply felt the need. Each nation of antiquity had its peculiar divinities, whose worship, appropriated to a particular spot, drew around those who shared in it a strong bond of nationality, not depending on merely external circumstances, but springing from the profoundest affections of the human heart. The political legislation of early ages always bears strongly the stamp of religion, for there is no other force sufficient to restrain the wild energies which yield unresistingly to the commands of the gods. Among the Scandinavians, no one was allowed to carry weapons into the temples—no murder, no violence, no impurity might enter those sacred limits. Not even a robber might remain in their neighbourhood; and he who should commit any outrage there, or disturb its holy peace, was regarded as the worst of criminals, and hunted from the country. Many families erected private temples, where sacrifices were performed, and where were placed images of the gods, adorned with rich hangings, and glittering with gold and silver; and religion was intimately interwoven with every usage of domestic and social life. The character of these first colonists of Iceland may thus serve to elucidate the problem of its civilisation, without supposing it either miraculous, or merely the result of 'long nights and much leisure.' The firs were not produced from thistles. These emigrants were among the most eminent men of their country—a country as much in advance of its neighbours in intellectual culture as in military prowess. No unworthy or sordid motive had induced them to forsake their native land, and they clung, with devoted attachment, to the language, the

literature, and the religion of their fathers, long after it had been abandoned by the other countries of the North. Their literature, also, was not a mere exotic, but had its roots deep in the heart and life of the people.

“ In Europe the birth of literature was only signalled by vain and sterile attempts at copying the classic models of Greece and Rome. In Iceland, on the contrary, there arose, destined to a rapid maturity, a new, original literature, which acquired a certain perfection long before the revival of letters in the south of Europe. This country did not embrace Christianity before the end of the tenth century, when the national literature preserved up to this period by oral tradition had acquired sufficient consistence to be committed to writing. With the religion the Latin characters were introduced, but instead of employing them to write a dead language, the learned men of Iceland, more enlightened and more logical, made use of them successfully to express the sounds represented formerly by the Runic characters. It was thus that the ancient spoken language of the whole of Scandinavia, the mother country, was preserved in Iceland. The popular superstitions, confounded with the mythology and poetry of the North, were still existing in the numerous valleys of that distant isle. The language applied to that poetry and that mythology offers, as to form, a great resemblance to the Latin, Greek, and even the ancient Persian and Sanscrit languages ; and if we admit the testimony of one of the greatest philologers of the age (Professor Rask of Copenhagen) it may challenge advantageous comparison with all modern tongues, for richness, energy, and flexibility.”

Another vigorous shoot from the fine old Scandinavian stock was planted in a congenial soil, amidst the mountains of Switzerland. Historical evidence, almost amounting to demonstration, exists, that in the age of the principal Viking expeditions, a band of these warriors from Sweden settled in the canton of Schwyz. Among others the following account of the occurrence, in a parchment writing of the date of 1534, which refers also to an earlier written narrative, as well as to oral tradition, is preserved at Ober Hasle in the canton of Bern :

“ Far to the north, in the land of the Swedes, there was an ancient kingdom. Over it, and over the country of the Frieslanders, there came a great famine. The king called the wise and the learned men of the land together, and they held a council about it. There they determined, with the consent of all the people, that lots should be drawn, and that every tenth man, with his wife and his children, and all his moveable goods, should leave the country. Every one who drew the lot was obliged to obey this law. With great lamentations they withdrew from the home of their fathers; weeping, the mothers led their children by the hand. Six thousand were they who went away from Swedeland, strong, warlike men, and one thousand two hundred from Friesland. They went away in three troops, under three leaders, Schwizerus and

Remus, from the land of the Swedes, and Wadislaus from Hasius, a country between Swedeland and Friesland. They made a league among themselves to hold together, and to share all their fortunes, on the land or on the sea, in good fortune or bad fortune, in joy or sorrow, in all things great and small, which God should send them. But the first leader in all things was to be Schwizerus. They went over the water and the land, they crossed mountains and traversed deep valleys, they went far and wide, and grew rich through the might of their conquering arm, when they came to the river Rhine, to Count Peter of the Franks, which was to be their destination. They divided their money justly amongst each other; then they went higher up the Rhine and came to Brockenburg, a country with high rocks and mountains full of valleys and lakes. The country pleased them, for it was like the old one from which they had come. There Schwizerus settled with his troop, and built Schwyz (Canton Schweiz), for so they called the newly-taken land, after him who had led them from their old northern home. But the valley was not large enough for all. A multitude went with their leader, Wadislaus, into the land by the black mountain, which is now called Brunig (in Unterwalden); they spread themselves as far as Weissland, where are the springs of the Aar, and gave to the valley the name of Hasle, in remembrance of the state in Swedeland from which they had come. They built themselves huts, felled and burnt the forest away, ploughed and sowed, and had many a hard day before they were in condition to change the wilderness into a pleasant dwelling place. But they did not weary, and God rewarded their toil and their trouble. For the land was fruitful and good, and nourished countless flocks. They had clothes of coarse stuff; for their food, cheese, milk, and meat. They maintained themselves honourably by the sweat of their brow, and they stood faithfully by one another, and lived in peace and harmony; the children learned handicrafts, and grew up to be men great and strong like giants."

An extensive intercourse appears to have been carried on from a very early period by the Scandinavians across the north of Russia, with the inhabitants of the countries on the Upper Wolga, the Bulgarians, who at that time occupied what is now the Russian government of Orenburg, and even with the Arabians and other Eastern nations; mention is frequently made in the Sagas, of commercial expeditions to *Holmgard*, and of the gold stuffs, and other rich goods, purchased there for the kings of the North. The Arabian writers also speak of a far distant land, north-west of the Upper Wolga, and three months' journey from the Bulgarians, where the summer has no night, and the winter no day; and where the frost was so bitter, that the people coming from it to warmer countries, *brought with them a cold that killed all plants* even in the middle of summer—"for which reason many nations forbid them to enter their territories." To this people the Bulgarians sold sword blades and other goods, in exchange for furs, especially

sable and beaver skins.—A great quantity of Arabian coins have been dug up in Sweden and Russia, bearing the superscriptions of Mahometan rulers, and evidently struck between the seventh and eleventh centuries, during which period the great rivers of Russia served as highways for numerous caravans of merchants, who formed the chief links of a chain connecting the shores of the Baltic and of the Frozen Ocean, with those of the Black and Caspian Seas, and with Bucharía, India, and even China; and as few coins have been found in Sweden, appearing to have come from the countries most visited by the Vikings for the purposes of war and rapine, it is fair to infer that the great mass of those above-mentioned had found their way by the more honourable road of peaceful traffic. This confirms, also, the surprising accounts given of the flourishing commerce of the town of Sigtuna, or Birca, ‘vicus ubi multi erant negotiatores divites, et abundantia totius boni, atque pecunia thesaurarum multa’*—whither the vessels of all the nations of the North were accustomed to come in search of costly stuffs and various articles of Eastern luxury. The abundance of the coins of the East remaining in Sweden, seems to imply, however, that the value of these articles by no means equalled that of the furs exported.

Among the many interesting questions on which light is thrown by the early history of the Scandinavian nations, is that of the much disputed origin of chivalry. The whole spirit and character of this institution, as well as the period of its introduction, and many of its most remarkable usages, appear thus susceptible of a more satisfactory solution, than most questions concerning so remote a period. The romantic and adventurous character of the Northmen, their warlike enthusiasm, their love of poetry and high notions of personal honour, with the ideas of duty and self-denial, and of a regard for the weak and helpless introduced by Christianity, and modified, perhaps, by the operation of the feudal system, would form in their combination precisely the chivalric character. The fantastic devotion paid to women also, so strange and even inexplicable on many hypotheses, becomes less anomalous when arising among a people with whom women always occupied a high place. That it cannot be attributed wholly to the influence of Christianity is evident, as among many Christian nations of the period not a trace of it is to be found. It has been admitted that it was unknown in the empire of Charlemagne, as the celebrated ‘Capitularies,’ which enter into the minutest

* “ Ad quam stationem, (Bircam, oppidum Gothorum, in medio Sveoniæ positum), quæ tutissima est in maritimis Sveoniæ regionibus, solent Danorum, Nordmannorum, Slavorum, atque Sembrorum naves, aliique Scythiæ populi, pro diversis commerciorum necessitatibus, solleniter convenire.”—Adam of Bremen.

details concerning private life, make no reference to it, and there is not the slightest reason to believe that it was ever introduced among the Saxons established in Britain. The institution of the Bersærker, or champions, among the Northmen, was wholly of a chivalrous character. These warriors served as body-guards for the kings and great chiefs, and it is said they were 'sometimes seized with a sort of frenzy, or military mania, produced by the songs of the Scalds in praise of warlike exploits, or by their excited imaginations dwelling upon the thoughts of war and glory. When this madness was upon them they committed the wildest extravagancies, attacked indiscriminately friends and foes, and even waged war against rocks and trees, and other objects of inanimate nature;' in short, enacted to the life the part of Orlando Furioso.

It has been suggested, indeed, that the immoderate potations in which these heroes indulged might have had some share in producing these exploits, and that the intoxication was not wholly of a poetical kind; but this is a charge to which most of the *preux chevaliers* of former days were equally open. The education of the youth of Scandinavia, like that of their successors in the chivalrous ages, was principally directed to the acquirement of the bodily strength, courage, and skill in warlike exercises, which constituted the 'useful knowledge' of the period. Born amidst the clash of arms, the boy was early accustomed to danger in contentions with the wild animals then abounding in the forests, and after the chase, one of their most favourite pastimes consisted in leaping from great heights, or over men, horses, or other obstacles. By degrees, also, the novice was required to take these leaps whilst encumbered by greater or less weights; and a distinguished Icelandic, named Gunnar of Hyldaremma, is mentioned, who could, while in full armour, spring into the air more than his own height. Another could leap a stream thirty-six feet broad when the banks were frozen and slippery; and many stories are told in the Sagas of wonderful leaps of this kind, made sometimes sideways to avoid a stroke, sometimes over the heads of a surrounding circle of enemies.

Another favourite exercise was that of climbing rocks and steep precipices; but as a certain amount of skill in this exercise was necessitated by the mountainous character of the Scandinavian country, it could only bring renown when carried to an extraordinary degree of perfection; and for this a bold spirit, a quick eye, and firmness both of hand and foot, were indispensable.

One of the most famous climbers in all Norway was King Olaf Trygvason. It is related that he was once lying with his fleet in a bay, surrounded by lofty and precipitous crags, when two of his

warriors began to try their skill in climbing a very dangerous rock. The one soon turned back, and gave up the attempt; the other proceeded further, but at length reached a point whence he could neither move backwards nor forwards, and remained consequently in the greatest peril. The king tried to urge his companions to go to his assistance; but as no one would venture to do so, at length, throwing off his mantle, he darted himself to the rescue, reached the dangerous spot, snatched the man from it, and, tucking him under his arm, descended with him unhurt. Foot races were practised among the Northmen, and with them, as with the ancient Greeks, the epithet 'Swift-footed' implied a coveted distinction. They were in the habit, with the aid of a staff, of skimming over snow-covered plains and mountains, on skates several yards long, such as are in use at the present day among the Laplanders; and in summer they practised swimming, in which art they attained the greatest mastery; diving and wrestling beneath the water, the stronger holding his antagonist down till he was almost suffocated, and not unfrequently having to bear him to the shore in a state of insensibility. One favourite feat was the running along the extreme edge of their war-vessels, while they were going rapidly through the water, and throwing into the air four swords at a time, catching each one as it fell, by the handle. The frozen surface of the lakes offered a favourable ground for the gigantic ball plays, which were sometimes continued for a fortnight together, even during the winter nights, great sheds being erected to shelter the numerous parties who came from great distances. The sports, however, were often of a less harmless character, and as the Northmen were extremely susceptible on the point of honour, disputes and duels frequently took place. The time appointed on these occasions, for the settlement of the quarrel, was usually three days, and sometimes a week, after its occurrence, the weapons were agreed upon, and the place mostly some lonely spot, or desolate island. A mat, or skin, was spread for each combatant, stakes driven at the outer corners, and a space of five ells left between; sometimes the space was enclosed with stones. The duellists came to the ground attended by their relations and friends, who examined the weapons, to see that no magic arts had been used in their construction. The laws of the combat were then declared, and the challenged party was allowed the first stroke; after which each took his regular turn, and one heavy blow succeeded another, till one of the antagonists was either disabled, or drew back beyond the limits of the mat, in which case he was considered as defeated. Sometimes the spectators got tired of merely looking on, and joined in, by twos and threes, on either side, till the engagement became general. Some-

times one warrior would undertake to meet all that came, and fight them one after another; and the heroes did not disdain, any more than those of Homer, to animate their courage by expressing their opinions of each other in very unparliamentary language.

The ceremony of inauguration for a young warrior among the Scandinavian nations was strikingly similar to that of a youthful candidate for the honours of knighthood, and many acts of romantic generosity are recorded of the Vikings; such as voluntarily setting aside some of their ships, if they found their numbers superior to that of the enemy, or refusing to attack a foe by night, &c., which remind one rather of the ideal heroes of Don Quixote, than of ferocious barbarians.

The community of Jomsborg, a small territory on an island at the mouth of the Oder, appears not unlikely to have suggested the plan of the religious orders of knighthood. It was formed by a band of sea rovers, and the command given to a celebrated warrior, named Palnatoke, who undertook the task of legislating for this singular republic. It was a purely military fraternity, and each of its members took vows to pay implicit obedience to the orders of the chieftain, to fight with any number of antagonists, never to fly, or ask for quarter, never to absent himself for more than three days without express permission from the superior, and never to bring a female into the city; for women were excluded from this nest of pirates as rigidly as from a monastery. The tales of beautiful princesses shut up in enchanted castles, and guarded by dragons,—so rife in the ages of chivalry, are said to be of Scandinavian origin; as 'it was customary in time of war to shut up women, and especially maidens of noble birth (who could rarely be considered safe in a country where lawless men were continually roaming about in search of adventures), in castellated forts, generally perched on the summits of rocks and precipices, round which often wound a thick misshapen wall, denominated a serpent or dragon.'

Occasionally, however, heroines were found who, like the Clorindas and Bradamantes of Tasso and Ariosto, undertook to protect themselves. They were called virgins of the Shield, and the romantic Sagas are filled with praises of their heroic bearing. In the Volsunga Saga there is a tale of Alfilda, daughter of Sigard, King of the Ostragoths, 'who dwelt in a secluded bower, veiled from vulgar eyes, and guarded by two champions of prodigious strength and valour.' These the suitor for her hand was compelled to vanquish, or forfeit his own life if he failed. Alf, a young sea-king, encountered and slew them both; but the damsel herself was not disposed to surrender tamely, and put to sea with her female companions, all completely armed for war. Her lover,

however, pursued her, and when he came up with her, she compelled him to give her battle. After a most valorous resistance he boarded her vessel, and, without knowing her, engaged hand to hand with his fair enemy, when, after a most desperate conflict, her helmet was cloven asunder, and disclosed to the astonished youth the fair face and lovely locks of his mistress.

“Clorinda intanto ad incontrar l’assalto
Va di Tancredi, e pon la lancia in resta
Ferirai alle visieri, e i tronchi in alto
Volaro, e parte nuda ella ne resta
Che rotti i lacci all’ elmo suo, d’un salto
(Mirabil colpo!) ei le balzo di testa;
E le chiome dorate el vento sparse
Giovane donna in mezzo ’l campo apparse.”

To inquiries, however, of more practical importance than the origin of chivalry, a key may be found in the ‘History of the Nations of the North.’ Most of the judicial institutions prevailing all over Europe during many ages—the trial by combat, by ordeal, or divine judgment, as well as the trial by jury, were of Scandinavian origin, and attempts were also made to check the operation of private resentment, by establishing a curiously exact scale of pecuniary compensations. These laws, imported from the North and adopted by William the Conqueror, fixed the price for fracturing a scull at 10*s.*, cutting off a nose 9*s.*, breaking out a front tooth 6*s.*, and for every grinder 1*s.* The toes were estimated at half the value of the fingers, and a stab was measured according to its depth. Even insults to women, a class of offences which might be thought not susceptible of such adjustment, had their precise value.

In cases of homicide, private revenge was regarded as a sacred duty; a son, whose father had fallen by the hand of another, would have been for ever dishonoured, had he entered on the possession of his inheritance without having avenged his death. It belonged, however, to the high and manly character of this people, that he who should, even on the most just grounds, slay another man, was bound publicly to announce the fact himself; otherwise, he was regarded as a murderer, and disgraced accordingly. He was required, when he had done the deed, to repair to the habitation nearest to the spot, and make a formal declaration to that effect, unless any of the nearest relations of the deceased should happen to be there, in which case he might ride on to the next. Should he there, also, find relatives of his victim, he might continue his journey to a third, but when there he was required to make no further delay. He was to give, also, the most exact description of his person, to say where he had rested the

previous night, and not to attempt to conceal his name, 'neither to call himself Bear nor Wolf.'

With the advance of civilisation, however, more just and refined ideas of criminal jurisprudence began to prevail. The laws still recognised the right of private warfare, but established different rules to regulate its violence, and diminish the number of cases in which it was permitted.

"It was a general rule that no one, in an ordinary case, could avenge himself until after having appealed to justice. If he knew where his adversary resided, he was obliged to summon him to appear, and this citation was to be repeated three times in the presence of faithful and tried witnesses, and a notification of it was to be given to the liege lord of the offender, and to the court where he was summoned to appear. If he continued to refuse, the plaintiff might blockade him in his dwelling, but during seven days no violence was to be used, unless the besieged attempted to escape. At the end of the seventh day, if the offender consented to deliver up his person and his arms, the prosecutor was compelled to accept his surrender, and to keep him in a safe place during thirty days, giving notice in the meanwhile to his relations and friends, that it was still in their power to ransom his life. If the plaintiff could not bring a sufficient force to invest the house, he was to address himself to the ealderman and implore his assistance; if the ealderman refused, he was to go to the king, and all this before he was at liberty to attack the person of his enemy. If a man met his adversary by chance, before being informed of his place of abode, the latter might offer to surrender, and his offer must be accepted; his person, as in the former case, being retained in safe custody during thirty days; but if he refused he might be attacked on the spot."

If persons were killed in an encounter of two parties, their number was counted, and if found to be equal on both sides, neither party had any right to claim compensation, or to take vengeance. If there was any difference, the party which had suffered most had a right to demand satisfaction for the balance.

"Few traces of private warfare are to be found in England after the Conquest, except in times of civil trouble and commotion. Madox has published a singular document, which contains a formal truce, or cessation of hostilities during sixteen days, between the Earl Marshal and the Earl of Gloucester, in order to the settlement of a treaty of peace between these two powerful nobles; and, as far as can be judged by reading the preamble, the arrangement appears to have been legal and habitual. In the reign of Edward I., the Earls of Gloucester and Hereford, after having committed many acts of violence, one against the other, appealed to the king to obtain justice, and were forbidden, by a formal act in full parliament, to continue their hostilities. Notwithstanding this prohibition, however, they invaded each other's lands, with banners flying, killed many persons, and made much booty. For this contempt

of the king's order they were condemned to fine and imprisonment; but as no reproach was made to them on account of the previous war, it appears that their conduct on that occasion would not have been punished if they had not expressly disobeyed the command of the sovereign, solemnly expressed. The last instance of a pitched battle between two powerful nobles of England, took place in the reign of Edward IV., at Nibley Green, in Gloucestershire, on the 10th of August, 1470, between William, Lord Berkeley, and Thomas, Viscount Lisle. Lord Berkeley brought a thousand men into the field, and Lord Lisle and a hundred and fifty men were killed in the action. After gaining the battle, Lord Berkeley repaired to the castle of Lord Lisle, at Wootton, and it was ransomed as a place taken in regular war. The cause of this feud was a law-suit, concerning the rights of succession to the lands of Berkeley, and Lord Lisle had defied his adversary to decide the question by single combat, or to bring on the field all the men he could muster. Lord Berkeley replied, that it was not customary in England to decide by this method concerning the rights of property, but that he would meet Lord Lisle, with his friends and retainers, at the time and place indicated. The law-suit which gave occasion to this battle lasted a hundred and ninety-two years, and during its progress the castle of Berkeley was once taken by surprise, and its inhabitants thrown into prison; it was, besides, frequently attacked and defended, with much effusion of blood. There was obviously nothing political in this war, as the belligerents were equally attached to the cause of Edward IV., and no accusation was ever brought against either by the state on account of their conduct. The widow of Lord Lisle appealed against Lord Berkeley and his brothers, for the death of her husband; but the affair was arranged by her acceptance of a hundred pounds sterling per annum, as a compensation, and renouncing at the same time all claim to the estates in litigation. This agreement was ratified in full parliament, without any mention being made of the battle of Nibley Green, or the death of Lord Lisle."

The subject of the Northern mythology has been so fully treated in an early number of this review, that it would be unnecessary to recur to it here. For the Scandinavians, as for the ancient Greeks, all nature was animated and pervaded by a countless multitude of spiritual creatures; a vivid faith in the existence of an invisible world must necessarily, in their stage of mental culture, have assumed such a form. Seas and rivers, lakes and springs, were inhabited by supernatural beings, and tribes, families, and even individuals had their tutelary, or attendant spirits. The original inhabitants of the country lived in the remembrance of the Gothic races, as demons and monsters, shunning the light of day, and hiding themselves in the dark depths of ancient woods, in lonely caverns, or beneath the earth. All sudden occurrences, and natural phenomena, proceeding from unknown causes, were ascribed of course to immediate spiritual agency. Not only a violent storm,

but even a continuance of unfavourable wind, was attributed to the influence of these unseen powers, who moved among the mountains, the forests, and the waters, incessantly busying themselves in the affairs of men. Their favour was capricious and their hate inappeasable; seldom were they to be moved by supplication, but means existed to compel them, against their will, to serve men; and hence the many operations of magic,—conjurations, and enchantments, whose power over the world of spirits has found believers, in the ages of Christianity as well as those of paganism—from the days of the Vikingr, to those of Mademoiselle le Normand. In the Northmen, however, it was an article of belief, perfectly consistent with their religious system, and with their views of the government of the world; and they did not, at all events, present the spectacle so often seen in our own times, of a shallow incredulity as to the highest truths, and a degrading subjection to the most childish superstitions. The path of life lay clear before them, the objects to be aimed at bright and full in view; death itself was to be swallowed up in victory, and the future life would afford but a more joyful, more glorious continuation of this. With this article of faith, not shut up in books, but living, and growing in the heart, the game of earthly existence might be lightly played; and accordingly we find many instances in which it seems to have been cast away almost in jest. Without for a moment forgetting or undervaluing all that we have gained since then, it is impossible to avoid looking back wistfully on the harmony and unity of life in those earlier ages. From our broken, fragmentary, in so many ways defective, moral and social state—with creeds which we often do not believe, and precepts which we do not follow, we have little claim to regard with contempt the errors and follies of these 'glorious men of old;' and few subjects can be suggested more worthy of the earnest attention of the historical student, than the history, manners, and institutions of this great and original people, in which, also, we may find a key to the most important changes effected in European society during a series of ages.

ART. V.—*Die Preussische Bureaukratie*, von KARL HEINZEN.
Darmstadt. 1845.

It has been continually found in England, that to 'suppress' a book by order of government, is to make it known to the public, and to give it, whether for good or evil, the first great impetus to popularity. This fact has been figuratively, yet truly expressed by the celebrated American essayist, Emerson, in these axiomatic words:—'The martyr cannot be dishonoured. Every lash inflicted is a tongue of fame; every prison a more illustrious abode;

every burned book or house enlightens the world; every suppressed or expunged word reverberates through the earth.' To what degree such a fate awaits Karl Heinzen we do not pretend to determine; but certainly the preliminary measures for martyrdom and popularity have been taken with regard to his 'Büreaukratie.'

This book has been suppressed by order of the Prussian Government; the police have taken possession of all the copies at the public libraries, at the booksellers' shops, and wherever else they could ascertain there was a copy to be found; and the author has been obliged to fly his country. But however vigilant the police may have been in their searches and inquiries, some copies will always remain in private hands, will be read and treasured up all the more for the prohibition; the subject will be the more considered and reasoned upon in all its bearings; and the work will excite an interest about its author, not merely as the author of so bold a publication, but as being an object of persecution in the cause of rational liberty.

That Heinzen clearly foresaw the animosity his book would excite, and the persecution he would have to endure, a few lines from his brief Preface will sufficiently show.

"People will be inclined to discover all possible crimes in the book, because it contains nearly the greatest of all—namely, an unsparing judgment of the Bureaucrats. They will accuse the author of all the offences commonly adduced by the Bureaucratical Inquisition—namely, disloyalty to majesty; then, high treason; then, insolence towards the laws of the country and the authorities; excitement to dissatisfaction; outrages, malevolence, and who knows what else, may not be laid to his account. He confesses himself to be disloyal, only, inasmuch as he subordinates the majesty of the king to the majesty of Truth."

The author, moreover, declares that he will not remove himself out of the reach of the laws, provided he be allowed deliberately to adduce all the proofs in support of his statements and opinions in a fair and open trial; but, warned by the experience of others, he protests against all measures that deviate from the regular, straightforward and lawful path. He demands to have the right of making a free defence, and to have his personal security respected previous to the judgment and sentence of the Court. Anything short of this he designates as a barbarism and an abuse of power. That he was not at all likely to fare better than others under similar circumstances he must have well known.

Büreaukratie may be defined as the instrumental government of public and of secret civil officers. Before quoting Heinzen's opinions concerning it, we will refer to certain remarks which have been made by two celebrated Prussian ministers.

The Baron von Schön wrote as follows concerning the origin and condition of the Bureaucrats. Schön never held the office of minister; but the title was given him for official services.

Frederick the Second found a people uncivilised, thoughtless, and hardly capable of thought. From his mind a new world of ideas first came upon the nation, which was penetrated by the power of his spirit. The people, inspired by the highly-gifted king, followed wheresoever he led. But light kindles light. The king's designs should be realised; ministers of the crown must execute his orders; and some rays from the splendour of the ruling spirit came also upon them. His servants thus acquired a greater importance, and higher consequence in the eyes of the people, than otherwise belong to the executors of given commands. This reflex light, however, from the illustrious king grew weaker and weaker before the light of general culture, continually increasing. But as the Church likes to keep up its Saints, so the tradition of this radiance propagated from generation to generation, till the caste of civil officers attained its highest point; concerning which Strauss rightly says, that the Prussian Bureaucratie proceeds in accordance with the Catholic Church; for as the priest there performs the rituals only for himself, without reference and regard to the community, so the Prussian civil officer, who especially stands apart from the people, fancies that the service of government exists only for himself, and not he for the people, but the people for him."

The minister, Baron von Stein, who remodelled the government in conjunction with Hardenberg, in the old Prussian provinces, must inevitably have had the greatest opportunities of seeing into the whole of the secret, as well as public machinery of the state; and, on the subject in question, he expressed himself in these strong terms:—

"We are governed," says Stein, "by paid, book-learned Bureaucrats, who are without property, and have no interests at stake; and this will last as long as it can. The above epithets and characteristics fairly represent our own (and some other) spiritless governing machines. Paid—therefore striving to render permanent and increase the officers and the salaries. Book-learned—men living in the world of letters, and not in the actual world. Without interests—because they have no transactions with any other class of the citizens who constitute the state; they are a class by themselves—the Writing Class. Without property—and therefore all movements of property do not affect them. It may rain; the sun may shine; the taxes may rise or fall; all laws of old standing may be destroyed, or may remain as they are; the Writing Class cares nothing about the matter. They receive their salaries out of the government cash-box, and write—write in silence, in their offices with locked doors, unobserved, unrenowned, unknown; and they educate their children to become the same useful government machines. *One* machinery (the military) I saw fall in 1806, on the 14th of October. Perhaps these writing machines will also have their 14th of October.

This is the vice from which our dear fatherland suffers—the Power of the Bureaucrats, and the Nothingness of the Citizens.”

Before proceeding further, it is requisite to notice one or two remarks in the latter extract, because most readers in England will think, either that they prove the contrary of the intended argument, or else that, at any rate, they require some comment. When Baron von Stein tells us that the Bureaucrats are paid, we naturally ask, if he could expect officers of state to work for nothing, any more than any other class. That they are paid, therefore, is surely no reproach. That they are reading and writing officers, in fact, theorists, or, at all events, not practical men, is also in itself an accusation of no apparent weight; because, we know that whatever is done practically must have been originated by thought; and whatever is done systematically must have been preceded by a theory. There are many, likewise, who consider that a civil officer, having no property except his salary, is more unbiased in his opinion, and can exercise a more pure, abstract judgment in questions relating to property; and if he has no commercial interests, and does not feel his own concerns directly involved in those of the community, it may be argued that, being thus disinterested, and free from all personal considerations, he is more likely to decide with single-minded honesty for the general good. These reflections will naturally occur to many Englishmen; but they are not so weighty as at first they may appear. If they be applicable to some parts of the machinery of government in England, the same application will not hold good with regard to Prussia. It should be understood that we allude to the question of no property and no interests in the affairs of the working community, which facts are adduced, among other circumstances, as tending to display the unfitness of the Bureaucrats for the management of public affairs. And with good reason; for they are often called upon to decide, and must decide, upon matters of which they have had no sort of experience, and no direct knowledge; and they do thus decide, without asking the advice of those who *have* such experience and knowledge. Hence, having no actual experience and knowledge, and their wits *not* being sharpened by the possession of property, and private interests at stake; if they are called upon to make the terms of a commercial treaty with another nation, they are at all times liable to commit errors, the results of which are a direct and manifest injury to the community. The treaty of commerce, for instance, made about two years ago with Holland, has already proved to be of the most disadvantageous kind to Germany. The heavy, matter-of-fact Dutchmen, who drew up the treaty for their own country, ‘knew their business,’ and were men of business themselves; the ‘penmanship’ of the paper-wise Bureaucrats had no

chance with them. The injury to Prussia is of the most serious kind. But who is responsible? Nobody. It is a different matter in England, though we do not see great reason to be complimentary to our own country on this score. Without doubt, the English House of Commons (to say nothing of the Lords) contains many members who are very ignorant of commercial affairs, and of business generally; a few book-learned men, and a few theorists; but, on the other hand, these are checked by the presence of some excellent men of business, of men who have had experience, and possess practical knowledge of commercial and other social affairs; and when in difficult cases, Select Committees are formed, those who are known to be the best men for the given subject are pretty sure to form some part, at least, if not the principal part of them. Moreover, if great ignorance and great errors are committed, it is a public matter, can be discussed, and the due amount of odium or blame attached to the right parties, who would become thenceforth less liable to obtain the chance of doing similar mischief to the public interests. But in Prussia all is transacted with closed doors; the framers of laws, acts, and treaties, settle every thing 'to their own minds;' their statements of facts, arguments, discussions, are not known, and even their ignorance is seldom known except by its results. Nobody is publicly responsible for what is done, or how it works. It emanated from the Bureaucracy; that is the only answer. Nobody, however instructed, can offer a timely word of advice or warning, no public measure being previously open to public discussion. The first thing that is heard of it with certitude is from "authority." The government announces that a law or treaty has been made, an act passed. The thing is done.

The reader is now sufficiently prepared for the introduction of Karl Heinzen. In his chapter, entitled 'Woher, und was ist die Bureaukratie,' he says, 'The Prussian Bureaucracy springs out of the Prussian absolutism;' and he proceeds to show that it is a natural result of despotism on the one hand, and of slavery on the other.

Despotic power must have many instruments to do its work, or else it may die, using the words of Frederick the Great, who died 'worn out with ruling over slaves.' Something to the same effect has been said by various princes; Frederick William I., for instance, who 'endeavoured to establish the sovereignty like a rock of bronze,' and Frederick William III. who, both in word and deed, regarded the people and the state as 'the tools of the greatness and splendour of the royal houses.' But as the majority of princes, and especially of absolute princes, are not so fond of a life requiring such constant activity, and we may say, actual hard work, the labour was gradually distributed among a number of civil officers, all, however, under the direct influence of the spirit

of despotism by their *secret* as well as public responsibility to the ministers of these absolute princes.

“Any power, especially in the state, must be represented. Who then represents the Bureaucracy? Chiefly, of course, the ministers. We do not weaken this general assertion by admitting some highly honourable exceptions, since even the minister who came into office with the intention of not being a Bureaucrat, was compelled to give way to the existing and in-rooted system. We congratulate Herr von Schön that he never became a minister. It is not a monarchy in reality, and in the executive, governs in Prussia, but an oligarchy. Each minister is a monarch in his own way. The ministers—servants of the state—are become the masters of the state; the domestics of the house constitute the house. The ministers in Prussia will, therefore, often go beyond their authorised power, because the mass and the dependency of their subordinates is so immense, that it gives them an overweening sense of the supremacy of their authority. For this reason, the Bureaucracy is equally the opponent of the king and of the people. It will easily believe it has too little power precisely because it has too much. In England the ministers command through the medium of their commission from the people; in Prussia the ministers exercise command over the business of the people, and over the people themselves. It is, therefore, necessary to keep ministers within bounds on all sides; and from beneath by means of a free constitution and a real representation of the people.”—*Heinzen, Preuss. Bureaukratie*, pp. 20, 21.

In the chapter entitled ‘*Beschwerden gegen die Bureaukratie*,’ Heinzen says it is of ‘divine origin’ (an irony which has, of course, been regarded as one of the proofs of high treason); and thus it is, therefore, irresponsible, in any public way, and all-powerful. ‘What weapons,’ continues he, ‘can we use against Bureaucracy? None. The Press does not attack it, because the Censor is its second; Justice does not chastise it, because Justice has no power over it.’ He then asks why complaints are not publicly made against all these abuses of authority; and the answer that naturally occurs is, because, in almost all cases, Bureaucracy itself has to decide upon these complaints. Moreover, these same officials are intrenched on all sides, and laugh at the inimical marksmen who, as Heinzen humorously expresses it, ‘rove about here and there with their pen-shooters.’ In fine, this class of functionaries is a regularly organised machinery of government, established and supported by all the powers of an absolute monarchy. A really popular representation and a free constitution would be its death-blow. This is why the resistance has been so great to all such projects, and has caused such palpable vacillation on the part of the present king.

Heinzen gives a chapter on the subject of a proposed constitution (as opposed by the Bureaucrats), and the royal promise. ‘*Du sollst dein Wort halten*,’ says the author, at the head of the

chapter. It is very interesting, but prodigiously long, in comparison with the others, and so diffuse, as to set any reasonable amount of extracts at defiance. The substance of it, however, may be thus briefly stated:

The present king of Prussia promised his people to give them a constitution; and at the Congress of Vienna in 1814, these articles were agreed upon as a minimum for each state;—

1. A definite part in the legislature.
2. The sanction of the taxes.
3. Representation of the Constitution against an undue interference of the King or the Diet.

The king of Prussia now published the well-known order of the 22nd of May, 1815, in which he says, among other things,—

“That the principles upon which we have governed may be truly handed down to posterity by means of a written document as a Constitution of the Prussian realm, and preserved for ever, we have decreed,—

- “1. There shall be formed a Representation of the People.
- “3. Out of the provincial diets shall be selected a Diet for the whole kingdom, which shall have its seat at Berlin.
- “4. The efficiency of the representatives of the kingdom extends over all the legislature, including taxation.

“‘If anybody should ask,’ says Heinzen, ‘whether we know an instance in which Frederick William III. has *broken his word*, we must answer—It is certain that he has never publicly revoked it as he publicly pledged it—but he has, in fact, left it *unfulfilled*.’”

How unanswerable these remarks are must be sufficiently apparent; but those only who are aware of the shackled condition of the press in Prussia can properly estimate the moral courage of the man who has thus dared to use the powerful simplicity of the language of truth. And this naturally leads us to turn to Heinzen's chapter on the Bureaucracy and the Press.

There are in Prussia, and even in its smallest towns, civil officers called censors, and nothing can be published anywhere without the examination and permission of this officer.* He sees every thing that is intended to be printed and published—even mercantile advertisements and circulars! He is guided by secret orders from the government, and is not liable to any other check upon his conduct. He can erase what he pleases from a manuscript or printer's proof, and need give no sort of explanation to an author or other writer; the censor's will or caprice being arbitrary and admitting of no question. Two years ago, it is true,

* Except books which exceed twenty sheets, but these may be suppressed by a summary order, before the sale of them commences.—See ‘For. Quar. Rev.’ No. lxxvi. pp. 376—7

the king constituted a high court of appeal, called Ober-Censur-Gericht, to which complaints may be addressed; but the judges are Bureaucrats. With regard to newspapers, the censorship is more especially stringent. The 'Leipzig Gazette' was prohibited throughout the kingdom of Prussia, because it commenced a contest with the Bureaucracy. The 'Rhenish Gazette' was utterly quashed for the same unpardonable offence, the Bureaucrats cried out that the 'State and Church' (meaning their offices and salaries) 'were in danger!'

The censorship has different departments. There is a censor whose business in each town is solely with newspapers; another 'looks sharp' over the pamphlets; another takes care of the novels and romantic literature generally; nor is poetry by any means forgotten. But the newspapers are more especially the objects of watchful solicitude. The Prussian government does not consider the censor a sufficient power to keep the editors of newspapers within the bounds of 'a most undangerous discussion of affairs,' and, therefore, it suspends over their heads a threat, like the sword of Damocles, that any slip of the pen may be visited by the loss of the licence of the paper. No newspaper can appear in Prussia without a licence—and licences are very difficult to be obtained, and, for the most part, are only given *conditionally*. But after all this care in the licences, and making preliminary conditions, and the constant supervision of the censor, (who may erase any thing he pleases here and there all over the printer's proofs, the gaps being ordered to be closed so that nobody shall know the alarming spot where an erasure was made,) after all this, the editor or other responsible person is *still* amenable to the law!

The prohibition of works is, moreover, of a wholesale kind in some cases. All the works of some of the ablest authors, such as Heinrich Heine, and Ludwig Börne, are prohibited in Prussia; and every thing printed in Switzerland (that is to say, at Zurich and Winterthur im litterarischen Comptoir), is prohibited throughout the Prussian dominions. This is a bad state of things, and needs alteration. A change has already been demanded by the Diet of West Prussia (the oldest and most genuinely Prussian province), and the Rhenish Diet; while there now lies before us a well-argued proposal presented to the latter diet, which is at this time sitting at Coblenz. It is supported by many petitions.

The Army Service, as one might expect, is severely dealt with by Heinzen. How far any of his remarks will apply to the military institutions of other countries, we leave the reader to determine. We should, however, observe that although the principle of the power of brute force is the same in all cases, there is yet a

great difference in the circumstances between the standing army of a nation, and a 'nation of soldiers.'

"There is a brilliant misery and a brilliant slavery in the institution of the standing army; both are most beautifully united. When it is beautiful to be a machine under a coat of two colours; when it is a blessing to be a slave under stunning music; when it is dignifying to have the soul and body drilled for gaiter-service and parade; then will you find beauty, happiness, and human dignity, united in a life in the standing army.

"Nothing presents a greater contrast to the culture of our times, than the reflection that the security of the state should still be based on a military institution! an institution by which every independent power of man becomes a fault; by which each free volition is annihilated, together with all spirit; by which the nature that distinguishes us from other creatures of the earth is destroyed; in which even the rudest word of command becomes reason; the most arduous order, law; the blindest obedience, virtue; and the most god-deserted loss of free-will (*die gottverlassenste Willenlosigkeit*) is a duty!" — *Heinzen, Bürokratie*, p. 101.

The chapter on 'Justice' is interesting. We offer the following abstract of the principal points.

Ministers can make what laws they please without submitting them to public consideration, there being no representation of the people in Prussia; and the ministers can generally make the judges decide as they wish, inasmuch as the former have the power, if displeased with them, of dismissing them from office.

Heinzen very truly remarks, that 'where justice is not wholly free and inviolate in all respects, there is no right and no security of the citizens possible. In Prussia,' continues he, 'this security does not exist. Neither the author of this book, nor the author of any other,' (nor, we might humbly add in a whisper, the writer of the present article), 'is at any time sure that he may not be taken out of his house by the police, and conducted in custody to Berlin or any other place, the moment the Breaucracy thinks him deserving of its especial consideration.' Among other examples, they have treated in this way no less a person than the Archbishop of Cologne. The poor author and the rich prelate fare alike; but that is very indifferent consolation to actual sufferers. They took the archbishop out of his house under mere accusations, and out of the district of his jurisdiction, withdrew him from all clerical functions, treated him for several years as a prisoner, and finally—declared that nothing could be proved against him!

In the old Prussian provinces (as distinguished from the Rhenish), the Book of Laws is called 'Landrecht.' It first appeared in the last century, in the reign of Frederick II.; but since that

time it has been so much altered by cabinet orders (from the king) and ministerial rescripts (which in Prussia have the power of laws), that it now creates more difficulties and errors than it cures, and the most experienced lawyer can scarcely find his way through the immense complexity. The late king had already ordered the formation of a law commission to compile a new Book of Laws for the entire kingdom. At the head of this commission stands the celebrated professor and state-minister, Von Savigny; but up to this time the commission has never published any of its labours. In the Rhenish provinces, which it will be recollected were for many years under the dominion of the French, the 'Code Napoleon' is still the recognised Book of Laws. All the Prussian ministers, and more especially the minister Von Kamptz, endeavoured to do away with this admirable code, and to give the Rhenish provinces the 'Landrecht' instead. But public feeling and opinion were so very strong against the design, that none of the ministers could venture to do it for fear it should excite the loyal inhabitants of these provinces to an insurrection, or at least to a state of dissatisfaction with their present government. It was not thought prudent to inspire them with any regrets concerning their late rulers, the French. Nevertheless, the ministers have continued virtually to alter the 'Code Napoleon' to a very great extent, without making any nominal or literal change, by the addition of all sorts of new laws, and the alteration of others. This manœuvre was sometimes so glaring that they did not dare to publish these new laws in the government papers, where they ought all by right to appear, in order to acquire the power of laws, by being thus made known to the population. They, therefore, sent them quietly to the different courts of law and other administrations, and thus the new law was first learnt by its effect being felt. The trick would be laughable were it not a serious thing to play with justice. Heizen says, 'After the rescript of the 22nd of December, 1833, the verdicts of a court of law in matters that concern high-treason, or disloyalty towards the king or country, are *no* verdicts, but only *advices* for a verdict! The minister of justice, after having had them minutely examined and *brought into unison* with the laws, makes them into verdicts!' Falsehoods ludicrously palpable have also been told. Although the Minister von Kamptz continually made the greatest alterations, virtually, in the 'Code Napoleon,' by issuing new ministerial rescripts in direct opposition to the corresponding cases in the Code, he nevertheless declared, on leaving his seat as Minister of Justice in 1838, that 'not a single article in the Civil Code, in the Civil Process Order, or the Penal Code, had been altered.' Heizen says, 'This I call cutting

off the nose and ears of a man, and then saying we have not hurt a hair of his head!

Nor is the system of Education in Prussia, excellent as this is in so many respects, free from the reproach of despotic influence. Children and young men acquire a great general knowledge; but professors and schoolmasters are not allowed to teach according to any views of their own, or to instil any convictions they may entertain which are not in strict accordance with the regular government system. Hence, besides other limitations, the pupils do not acquire the knowledge of matters that concern actual life, and which might enable them to stand upon their own ground in entering the active world. But a free instruction could hardly be expected in a country where the free expression of thought is not permitted either to the pen or the tongue. This applies not merely to politics, but also to theology, and to philosophy generally. 'A professor,' says Heinzen, 'who should indulge in a free expression of thought at his lecture-desk, would be equally punished with a rebel who declaimed in the streets.'

Heinzen's work is divided into three Parts, the first and most important of which we have now gone through. The remainder we have seen, but do not at present possess, the separate Parts being handed about privately. Should we obtain them however, as we fully expect, we shall probably return to the subject; and after exhibiting the work in detail, offer some general comments on the whole, together with the state of things it discusses.

It is by means of a few such men as Heinzen—men who, as Carlyle expresses it, possess 'the true martyr spirit,' that Liberty gradually uplifts her head, and triumphs over the despotism that on all sides oppresses her. We cannot do better than conclude with the author's words.

"For all who have an opinion of their own these few words are written. That which makes man a slave, is the mean fear of a prison. But to be obliged to take one's conviction into the grave is a greater punishment than a prison could be; and to spread one's free opinion is a greater happiness than the security derived from a timorous silence. It is a duty and an honour to enter a gaol, when its doors are opened for rectitude and truth. The path to liberty lies through the prison."—*Heinzen, Preuss. Bureaokratie*, p. 207.

Heinzen has at present taken refuge in Belgium; but we understand that he offers to return and submit himself to the laws, provided they will try him by the 'Code Napoleon,' and not by a secret tribunal. Meantime a subscription for his wife and family has been made in Cologne.

ART. VI.—*Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*, par L. A. THIERS. Tomes I. et II. Paris. March, 1845.
History of the Consulate and the Empire, by L. A. THIERS.
 Translated by D. FORBES CAMPBELL. London. Colburn. 1845.

THE appearance of these volumes has been looked forward to in Paris with all the eager vivacity of hope and triumph. In England, though we have neither been so eager nor so anxious, yet it would be vain to deny that the publication of the work has excited a more than ordinary interest. Widely different, however, are the motives by which the reading public in either country are prompted to seize on this novelty. In France, and more especially in Paris, there are a hundred different motives peculiarly appertaining to the nation; to the epoch whose history is here treated of; to the form of government and administration whose springs are unfolded; to the wonderful man who stands in the foreground of the picture; and to the remarkable person who has imposed upon himself the task of writing the history of a period, among the most stirring and dramatic, if not the most important, in the cycles of the world. These circumstances invest the work of Thiers, in France, with an interest which it can never obtain out of that country, and sufficiently account for the eager craving of the French public.

But in England, in Germany, ay, and in America, the desire to see and devour the book, though neither so deep nor so demonstrated as in Paris, still exceeds the bounds of ordinary curiosity, and sufficiently attests that the historian and his hero are alike objects of study, of contemplation, and of interest. Both the one and the other rose from small beginnings to pride of place and power; we have seen both the one and the other ignominiously fall. Alternations of fortune like these afford a varying interest in vain sought in the histories of men who pursue the even tenour of their way, who are neither suddenly elevated nor suddenly depressed, neither cadets to-day nor consuls to-morrow, neither paupers this year nor prime ministers the year succeeding.

But altogether apart from the hero of the book, and the political importance of the historian, there was sufficient in the name of THIERS as a mere *homme de lettres* to excite attention. A quarter of a century ago M. Thiers had, as a journalist, rendered himself remarkable by the vivacity and the vigour of his intellect, and some of his productions thus early published in a provincial journal had secured him the friendship of Manuel, and an introduction to M. Etienne, the chief editor of the 'Constitutionnel.' The articles which he published in that

journal were characterised by beauty, strength, and logical precision; and, above all, by that lively, brilliant, and dramatic style, which then distinguished him from most of his contemporaries.

It was while engaged as an almost daily and most successful writer in the 'Constitutionnel,' in 1821 and 1822, that M. Thiers bethought him that something more was necessary to permanent fame than these diurnal disquisitions; and with the resolution becoming a grave and serious subject, he determined to collect materials for history. The nature of his avocations, probably also his tastes, led Thiers to the study and contemplation of the French Revolution; that eventful period, in which every question had been touched on—some familiarly handled—but none settled. Social and political economy, financial and administrative science, the law, legislation, metaphysics, the art of war—every thing, in a word, but the art of peace had then been dallied with and discussed. And, in order to pronounce on these questions, and on the manner in which they had been treated, it was necessary that Thiers should, at least, dig somewhat beyond the surface, in soils sometimes cold and clayey—sometimes dry and arid—occasionally stony and barren, anon fertile and fruitful. The then successful journalist, with no visions of a portfolio in perspective, did not shrink from so varied a labour. With the illustrious survivors of the *Grande Armée*, he talked of war and battles—with the ex-deacon and ex-minister of finance, the Baron Louis, he discussed the question of the *assignats*, and the financial operations of the Directory and Consulate; while the Nestor of diplomatists, Talleyrand, lent him the aid of his clear head, correct judgment, and fine tact and sagacity, in fathoming the depths of foreign affairs.

At length the first volume of the 'Histoire de la Revolution Française' appeared, in 1823; but so unknown was the then rising journalist to the booksellers, that he was forced to couple his name with one Felix Bodin, a burning and a shining light among the bright men of the Row of Paris, before Lecomte and Durey would give to one page of his manuscript the permanency of print. Before 1824, Thiers had made himself known and felt; and in that year the worthy booksellers launched forth the third volume, with the simple name of Adolphe Thiers, unencumbered with the heavy help of the prosperous, plodding hack, Bodin. This volume created quite a sensation in the capital. The boldness, not to say audacity, with which the young writer treated men and things equally hated by the Restoration contributed to give the work a party value, independently of its literary merit. The History of M. Thiers soon became a text book. Friends among the

old admirers of Napoleon it was sure to find, and something more than friends among the young. It was a new revelation of the last half century, in which the events, the men, and, to use an expressive French phrase, *les situations*, were generally explained and extenuated, seldom or never exposed. The facts were set forth with wonderful art and dramatic effect, and the clearness and vigour of the style lent a new charm to the development of this great drama. The page was, indeed, a pictured one. The men were real men of flesh and blood, instinct with strong passion, muscular and sinewy, rushing with desperate determination to a great and glorious object. The reader was transported to the scene of action, and became, so to speak, participant in the passions of the desperate players. Volume after volume appeared, with continually increasing popularity, and shortly after the Revolution of 1830, the work had already gone through a third edition.

This was not wonderful. Thiers had stirred up the vain-glory of the nation, and thrown out anew for discussion all the cardinal questions which had been mooted half a century before, though they still remained unsolved. That he understood these questions himself is more than we dare affirm; but this at least is certain, that he adjusted his style to the intellectual level of his reader, and made his countrymen believe that these great topics were within the grasp of the meanest capacity.

It were beside our purpose here, and perhaps it were not worth the while at any time, to throw in the teeth of a man totally divested of principle, and altogether destitute of a moral sense, his political palinodes, his trickery and his tergiversation. But without dwelling on these unpleasant passages in his public life, we may remark that the 'Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire,' though cleverly and forcibly written, wants that earnestness and seemingly enthusiastic spirit of conviction which the author contrived to throw into his 'History of the First Revolution.' There are no doubt some strong and well-written passages in the work under review, but as a whole the two volumes which we have perused, though a creditable performance, yet lack that picturesqueness and dramatic interest, that happy talent of description which we find in the earlier work. The political life of M. Thiers has no doubt destroyed the *prestige* which hung about the writer of the 'Constitutionnel' and 'National.' We see now before us a man, the surfeited sensualist and slave of power, who would take office to-morrow, not for the sake of principle or party, but for the luxury, the fortune, and the personal consideration which office, even in twice revolutionised France, still confers. It is no longer the eloquent panegyrist of Danton—the odorous embalmer of the me-

mory of Herault de Sechelles—the bold sketcher of Hoche—and the palliator of the pillaging and plundering of Masséna that we have to deal with, but the selfish scorner of all principle and virtue, whose system of regeneration and liberty for France and the world, is centered wholly in himself, in the proper person of Adolphe Thiers.

The last volume of the former history terminated with the Directory. The Directory, too, had its military triumphs which the historian finds a pride and pleasure in describing; but these triumphs were due to an army created by the Convention, frenzied by revolutionary fever, and impelled by a wild desire to plant the one indivisible Republic far and wide by force of arms. But, notwithstanding all this fury and fustian of the new regenerators of mankind, public credit was destroyed. The abuse of credit had been the destruction of it. There were 581,000,000 fr. of *assignats* in circulation, and such was the depreciation of this paper, that the louis of 24 livres cost 5300f. in assignats. Add to this, that the ministry of police destroyed in the revolution, and re-established in 1796, had become one of the most active main-springs of the government.

This establishment began by demoralising the power which created it, and continued in its course by alternately corrupting and coercing the citizens of the capital of France. There was a government and ministerial party in that day, too, timid, vile, and venal. There was not an intriguing male or female, not an ambitious speculator, not a public plunderer, not a dirty dabbler in the funds or loans, not a fraudulent contractor that did not force his way into the congenial salons of Barras, or the anti-chambers of the ministers of the Directory. Every one, man and woman wished to be bought; and each Louis and Adolphe, and each Marie and Toinette had his and her price. It was a national cloud and coterie of *chiffoniers*, all raking for gold in the mud and offal of the stinkiest and most sensual capital of all Christendom, the good city of Paris. This was a system that could not last. The Royalists founded the Clichy Club; the Constitutional party, the Club of Salm; the Republicans, the Club of the *Manège*. The Directory stood in the midst of these factions with its intriguingants and its stock-jobbers. Barras, the rotten Barras, as Napoleon used to call him, inherited the flagrant immorality of the *Thermodoriens*. An ex-noble, he had all the tastes, all the vices, and all the frivolity, of the cankered and worn-out aristocracy of France—his mistresses—his cooks—his *chiens de chasse* and *de meute*—his *maitres d'hotel*—his *perruquiers*, *sommeliers*, &c. And whilst he was rolling in this Sybarite luxury, and dining daily like Dives, the army and navy were living like Lazarus,

without coats to cover their 'looped and windowed raggedness,' or crumbs to satisfy their craving hunger. The spirits of robbery and rapine spread their wide wings over France, and these half spoliators, half Sybarites, called themselves a government. Paris was a sink of obscenity and corruption.

Every impure, every corrupt, every lascivious, every licentious spirit found there not merely a resting-place, but a welcome home. The liberty of the press had perished in the general licentiousness. Barras had caused the journalist Poncefin to be carried off to the Luxembourg prison, where, being first gagged, he was afterwards flagellated so unmercifully, that he died the death of a martyr. What was his crime? He told the tyrant the truth in the hearing of the people. Is it wonderful that, under such a system, the *mandats* of the 25th of January, 1797, were only quoted, and that per force, at 1*l.* value for every 100*fr.*? Better days at length began to dawn on this afflicted country. By the influence of Pichegru, Barthélemy entered into the Directory, while Talleyrand became a minister. But again the evil spirit prevails; again a cowardly tyranny recommences its horrible reign; Hoche is dead, Moreau disgraced, Carnot banished, Barthélemy arrested, and fifty-three deputies are *uno flatu* proscribed, and Bonaparte, who had promised his support to the wise and moderate, is sent to Egypt. A partial national bankruptcy is decreed, lotteries are re-established, the goods and chattels of nobles and functionaries are confiscated, and their persons proscribed. English manufactures are directed to be seized and sold, in the same breath that directed a loan of 80,000,000. Duphot, the ambassador at Rome, is assassinated. The Pope is driven from the chair of St. Peter, and the capital of the Christian world is declared a republic. Bernadotte, the ambassador at Vienna is insulted in his hotel, and forced to retire. At home, the constitution and representative system are destroyed, and treaties in the *Bureau des Affaires Etrangères* are considered no longer binding. While these scenes are enacting the United States suspend all intercourse with France; the King of the Sicilies unites with the Emperor; the Porte, allied to England, declares war against the Directory, and Russia binds herself both to Naples and England. In this urgency and agony of Directorial fate domiciliary visits are authorised, and a more stringent conscription law is passed. Tyranny assumes the guise of a hideous legality—for majorities pass the most insufferable laws; but though rank majorities (as Grattan well said) may give a nation law, they cannot give law authority. To play the despot long, one has need of strong arms, and stronger nerves; but Barras and his pack were *usé* and *blasé* in every sense, and equally false and

faint-hearted. Their power began to totter, and their limbs to fail them, when riots and revolts broke out simultaneously at Bordeaux, Lyons, Lille, and Amiens. The bands of the west were again organised, and rebellious movements disquieted the departments of Vaucluse, the Aube, and the Ardennes. The law of Hostages was now proclaimed; and those who had hoped, even against hope itself, were about to despair, when Citizen Bonaparte, whom Europe had believed lost in the sands of Egypt, unexpectedly disembarked near Frejus, and suddenly startled Paris by his unbidden arrival. The honest and the uncorrupt among the inhabitants of that corrupt capital, whether *employés* or otherwise, who dared not hitherto openly resist the government, though they deplored in silence its evil ways, looked forward with elation, and hope, and joy, to the coming of a liberator, who, establishing his power on the great principle of morality, would cause his name to be respected abroad, and his mandates to be willingly obeyed at home. The Directorial government had repudiated all the men of energy, talent, and morality. The old were secretly Royalists, or Royalists publicly professing their faith; and the young, ardent, impassioned, energetic, and hopeful, were pure Republicans. Either the one or other of these parties could have separately overturned the Directory, if the mass of the nation had not feared the revival of anarchy and a new reign of terror. This was the true reason why this most iniquitous government maintained itself in the midst of the public contempt. Sieyès, reputed by some a deep and serious thinker, but indolent and listless withal, had tried to infuse some energy into this new Directorial body; but failing, separated himself from them. Feeling the urgent necessity of a change, he had proposed his constitution to Moreau; but that timid politician, of no political experience, and little civil courage, hesitated. Bernadotte, either fearing to break with, or wishing subsequently to use the republicans for his purposes, also refused, and Augereau could not comprehend the project of the abbé.

The man of destiny at length appeared, and the discontented of all parties grouped themselves around him. The very functionaries whom the Directory had placed in office, promised their support, to the end that their places might thus become more durable and more lucrative. Nay, the stock-jobbers, whose fortunes had been made by the corrupt clique in power, clubbed their moneys together to aid the bold soldier of fortune, who was to overturn these huckstering statesmen—these truck and barter governors. The inherent weakness of the men, and domestic treason, were not without their effects. As the resolves of the man of destiny were prompt and unerring, so did the conspiracy

quickly become powerful. It counted among its members Sieyès, and Roger-Ducos, Talleyrand and Fouché, the majority of the Council of the Ancients, the great majority of the Council of Five Hundred, the generals Berthier, Lefebvre, Murat, Marcey, Moreau, Macdonald, Beurnonville, together with the bankers and capitalists, Recamier, Seguin, Ouvrard, Wanlerberghe, and a numerous tribe of army contractors, *fournisseurs*, accoutrement-makers, &c. Barras remained in armed neutrality, sure, as he thought, to triumph. A rival plot was got up by the friends of Bernadotte; but the man of destiny was informed of this by Salicetti, his countryman, at whose house it was held. A plot discovered, is a plot overthrown. The Council of Ancients assembled, 148 members were present, who consented to give Bonaparte the necessary power for the safety of the representation. The man of destiny appeared at the bar. 'Your decree,' said he, 'has saved the Republic.' Armed with a power which covered his conspiracy with an air of legality, he addressed his adversaries in the following strain: 'What have you done with that France that I left so prosperous and happy? I left you in peace, and I find you in war; I left you victories, and I find defeats; I left you the millions of treasure brought from Italy, and I find everywhere misery and spoliation. What have you done with the 100,000 brave soldiers, all, all my companions in glory? They are dead.'

He next appeared at the council of the Five Hundred, and, amidst murmurs of 'Cæsar!' 'Cromwell!' thus addressed them: 'If I had wished,' he exclaimed, 'to usurp sovereign authority, I might have done so; I was called to it by the wishes of the nation, I was called to it by the wishes of my comrades, by the wishes of that army, which has been ill-treated and oppressed, since it has ceased to be commanded by me. You talk to me of the constitution, forsooth! But why should *you* invoke that name? Can that empty word be any longer a guarantee for the French people? You violated the constitution on the 18th Fructidor; you violated it on the 22nd Floreal; you violated it again on the 30th Prarial. The constitution, say you! All your factions have violated it; it has been contemned and despised by all.' Uttering these words, powerful by their truth, and terrible, as disclosing a fixed resolve, he retired among his companions in arms, who awaited his orders with calm courage. He alone, pale and trembling, felt himself unnerved before the revolution which he was about to prepare. Well, indeed, might he tremble and be appalled, for the empire and destinies of France, the fortunes of Europe, the responsibility of the future, the fate of the civilised world, pass in succession before his mind. But courage! Again

he appears before the Five Hundred, who are presided over by his brother Lucien. The deputies now rise in a body, and tumultuously cry aloud: 'Down with the dictator, down with the tyrant.' Bigonnet rushes towards him, and exclaims: 'Rash intruder, you violate the sanctuary of the laws.' Bonaparte recedes, for a moment, and throws himself back on his grenadiers; but Murat infuses into him some portion of his own daring nature; and Lucien, stepping down from the chair, counsels his brother to surround the building, sanctuary of the laws though it be, with a troop of soldiers. The grenadiers enter the hall with drums beating and bayonets fixed, and drive out the astonished and affrighted deputies through the doors and windows. From that moment the government of the Directory ceased to exist. The constitution of the year III. perished with it, and the revolution of the 18th Brumaire was wholly consummated.

The Directory had lasted four years, *i. e.*, from the 14 Brumaire, An IV., to 18 Brumaire, An VIII. Of its *personnel*, as well as its proceedings, M. Thiers takes too favourable and lenient a view. Le Tourneur wanted energy; La Reveilliere was the slave of a disordered imagination; Rewbell, though an amiable man in his private family, was a savage, ferocious, and mistrustful brute in public life. Lavallée would have us believe that he was honest and unstained with peculation; but Carnot charged him with corruption, and his Alsacian rapacity has since passed into a proverb. Gohier was, no doubt, an honest man, and a third-rate advocate, with the words nature, virtue, and liberty, always in his mouth, but something more than this is necessary to guide and govern men. Of Barras we have already spoken at some length, and, therefore, it will be only necessary here to say, that, in addition to his other vices, he was a professed gambler. Of Carnot's probity and fair intentions there can be no doubt; but, with the exception of Barthélemy, Carnot, and Sieyès, we cannot agree that the Directory merited the epithet of *citoyens probes*. The character of Sieyès appears to be carefully drawn in the work before us, but it is greatly overrated, and, in our humble opinion, more importance is attached to the abbé than he deserved. It is true, that he was the author of the re-union of the three orders, of the division of France into departments, and of the National Guard; but we cannot agree with M. Thiers in thinking that to this abbé are ascribable the greatest and best conceptions of the French Revolution, nor (the assertion contradicts itself) that, though devoid of eloquence, he was nearly the rival of Mirabeau. The Abbé Sieyès had, like Fouché, risen out of the order of the clergy. He was reserved and silent, or expressed himself in short phrases; sometimes elevated, sometimes

empty, oftenest obscure. His mode of discussion was dry, metaphysical, and fatiguing. Of a cold and phlegmatic nature; his silence passed for wisdom, and his reserve for profundity; but he was proud and vain; and in flattering either his vanity or pride, it was not difficult to gain an ascendancy over him.*

In France, in the year VIII., he had, no doubt, great reputation as a statesman; but he was, after all, only a theoretical essayist, and so indolent, that, in so far as mere writing and style went, his essays were the production of another hand. Lord Malmesbury, with his usual sagacity and discrimination, says that Napoleon saw through him, used him, and laid him by; and Talleyrand (no mean observer of men and things), when somebody remarked to him, '*C'est un homme très profond,*' merely replied, in his easy, *nonchalante* manner, '*C'est creux, très creux que vous voulez dire.*' To any such exaggerated estimate as M. Thiers gives of this ideologist, we prefer the character of Sieyès drawn by a man who, to use the words of Canning, 'will mark this age, marked as it is in itself, by events to all time,'—we mean Mr. Burke, who thus speaks of him:

"Abbé Sieyès has whole nests of pigeon-holes full of constitutions, ready made, ticketed, sorted, and numbered, suited to every season and every fancy, some with the top of the pattern at the bottom, and some with the bottom at the top; some plain, some flowered; some distinguished for their simplicity, others for their complexity; some of blood-colour, some of *boue de Paris*; some with directions, some without a direction; some with councils of elders, and councils of youngsters, some without any council at all; some where the electors choose the representatives, others where the representatives choose the electors; some in long coats, and some in short cloaks; some with pantaloons, some without breeches; some with five-shilling qualifications, some totally unqualified. So that no constitution-fancier may go unsuited from his shop, provided he loves a pattern of pillage, oppression, arbitrary imprisonment, confiscation, exile, revolutionary judgment, and legalised, premeditated murder, in any shape into which they can be put."

Adolphus, whose history, as to facts and motives, Lord Malmesbury calls singularly exact, speaks of the Abbé, as crafty and

* That this was the universal opinion of Sieyès will appear from the following opinion of Repnin to the czar:—"Sieyès vit isolé à Berlin; on craint de l'approcher. Sa réputation dement, ou plutôt sa taciturne éloquence, a excité les méfiances du cabinet. Il voit de temps en temps le ministre d'Espagne, aussi taciturne que lui. Son mot de railllement est *silence et profondeur*. Jamais homme d'ailleurs ne fut moins séduisant que ce provençal, dont le pédantisme orgueilleux ne respecte l'orgueil de personne, dédaigne les bienéances se croit dispensé d'adresse, et imagine que ses semblables doivent s'abaisser devant les hauteurs de son intelligence." (Dépêche du Prince Repnin au Czar, Juillet 1798).

time serving; and from the manner in which he treated the Abbe Poulle, his countryman, of which Thiers makes no mention, we fear we must add hard-hearted. The best deed we ever heard cited of him was the surrender of a church preferment, to the value of 10,000*l.*; and his best word, his pregnant exclamation in the National Assembly, on the 10th of August, on the measure for the suppression of tithes: '*Ils veulent être libres et ne savent pas être justes.*' That he was idle, discontented, self-willed, and irritated by contradiction, Thiers admits; yet this is the man whom he, nevertheless, describes as one of the most remarkable men of that time. One would have thought fifteen years' experience of public life had given M. Thiers a better appreciation of character; but he boasts, in an early part of his work, that experience has not chilled in his bosom the generous sentiments of his youth, and that he still loves, as he formerly loved, the liberty and the glory of France—the liberty, we presume, of the Convention and Directory, and the glory resulting from blood, brigandage, and bribes.

Bonaparte, however, soon convinced Sieyès that his own place was to govern, while to the abbé was left the utmost latitude of speculation. The young general was capable of the most intense labour, was brusque, but neither morose nor peevish in his manners, and could charm either by his suavity or subdue by the force of his character. This certainly seems a fair estimate of M. Thiers' idol: but in placing Bonaparte on a pedestal, there is no need to depreciate Bernadotte as an *esprit médiocre*. That he may have been somewhat vain, and that he was undoubtedly ambitious, we are not prepared to deny; but there are few in England who will agree that this sound-headed and sagacious man, more especially remarkable for the accuracy and solidity of his judgment, and his just appreciation of characters and events, merits the epithet of *esprit médiocre*, because he happened, first, to hold himself aloof; and, secondly, to separate himself altogether from the fortunes of Napoleon.

The state of misery and suffering to which the armies were reduced in November, 1799, is well described in these pages, and the financial *exposé* of the kingdom at the same period is given with a brevity and clearness as yet unattained by our present chancellor of the exchequer. The system of *agiotage* is described with the hand of a master. Here there shines forth a thoroughly practical knowledge, and did we not know the extreme purity of M. Thiers' character, and how foreign from his life and habits is any thing remotely resembling a dabbling in the funds, we should say he united the practical knowledge of an *agent de change* to the science of a Say and a Forbonnais. Passing, however, from

these unexciting topics, M. Thiers diverges to the proceedings of the royalists, whom, in a general sweeping assertion, he describes as *tous excités et soutenus par les Anglais*. It were impossible to give a more false account. No public man of any note in England, with the single exception of Mr. Windham, took any peculiar interest in the proceedings of the royalists, and this neglect and indifference is the theme of perpetual complaint in the correspondence of the Puisayes, the Caumonts, and other emigrants. Mr. Pitt, to the credit of his penetration and sagacity be it said, early saw the folly of this perverse race, who had nothing learned and nothing forgotten; and though Lord Grenville had strong prejudices against the new order of things in France, he never lent himself to the silly projects of the emigrant clique.

In regarding this early portion of the consulate, what we are chiefly struck with is the extent and unity of Napoleon's immense plans, and his untiring energy and perseverance in executing them. To govern and direct the masses, he deems no sacrifices too great, no labour too incessant. All his acts are distinguished by an energetic spirit of organisation. He centralizes the mental intelligence, and moral power, and physical force of France, with the view of turning it to the profit of the supreme power, whether that power be wielded by consul or emperor.

The great superiority of Napoleon to all the men whom the burning fever of the times had used and exhausted before his day, consisted in his turning to his personal account and purposes all those masculine and energetic characters—most of them men of action, but some of them men of reflection and thought—whom the Revolution had produced. Some he dazzled, some he humbled, some he elevated, some he deceived and blindfolded, but all he rendered tributary to his own strong will, and the greater number he attached to his person and fortunes by that indescribable power of fascination which he possessed in a greater degree than any man of his time. How otherwise than by the dominion of the strongest will, conjoined with this persuasiveness of manner, can we account for the union of the Talleyrands and Fouchés, of the Noailles and the Trilhards, the Narbonnes and the Marets, the Portalis's and the Murats? To make the lion lie down with the lamb had seemed to be an impossibility, till Napoleon had united in support of his power the proscriber and the proscribed—the Thermidoriens and the friends of Robespierre; the banished of Fructidor and the exiled to the deserts of Sinnamary. It is in this construction of the unity of power out of anarchy, this fusion of opposing parties into one solid lump of nationality—the nationality being represented by him-

self—that the First Consul appears pre-eminently great. And in this early achievement, M. Thiers makes no comment or reflection, but proceeds with his narrative as though it were in no wise remarkable.

Though his personal glory and the grandeur of France were Napoleon's dominant passions, yet he gave indications thus early in his consulate of a wise and a tolerant spirit. With his own hand, he proceeded to the Temple to break the fetters of the hostages, and liberated the priests confined in the islands of Ré and Oléron. Nor were these his only merits. The shipwrecked royalists who had flung themselves on the shores of Calais (among whom was the enlightened Duke of Choiseul) were set at liberty, though removed from the territories of the Republic. These were acts universally applauded. Under the Directory they would have been pronounced unworthy concessions, but under the new Consular government, whose foremost figure was an illustrious general, they were recognised as indications of strength and moderation. So true is it, as the historian well remarks, that for a government to be moderate with honour and character, it must needs be powerful. Against the revolutionary party, however, Bonaparte was rigorous; thirty-eight were expatriated, and eighteen confined at La Rochelle. One of these, named Jorry, had publicly offended Talleyrand, who had now entered on the department of foreign affairs, and who, always of a clement character, and equally humane and adroit, interceded for his ancient enemy. Toulouse, formerly so agitated, became tranquil on the appearance of Lannes, but La Vendée was in insurrection.

Some of the royalist chiefs were so credulous as to believe that the new Consul would play the part of Monk; and MM. Hyde de Neuville and d'Andigné sought and obtained an interview with Napoleon: but that extraordinary man, feeling the consciousness of his own power, while he listened with patience to the expression of their desires and their hopes, frankly declared that his objects were to put a stop to persecutions; to unite all parties, but to exalt none but the party of the Revolution *properly understood*. What that proper understanding was, M. Thiers, with true diplomatic reserve, does not think proper to disclose, but in Bonaparte's mouth—let M. Thiers disguise it as he may—it meant nothing else than his own friends and followers, or those willing to take office with a view to maintain his principles, effectuate his intentions, and support his policy and government, foreign and domestic. He declared to the two royalist chiefs his intentions to treat with the insurgents on reasonable terms, *or to exterminate them to the last man*. This, pithily remarks the historian, made the character of General Bonaparte better known to the royalists.

Soon after this a suspension of hostilities was signed between the insurgents, represented by M. de Châtillon, d'Autichamp, and de Bourmont (who afterwards served the Empire and Restoration with distinction) and the Consular government.

Prussia and Spain were now the only governments at peace with France, but adroit manœuvres were soon made to conciliate the Emperor Paul, who was greatly incensed with the coalesced powers.

The pusillanimous and selfish neutrality of Prussia, at this moment, appeared wisdom, and it was plain a great card might be played at that court, now that Russia was incensed and discontented with the Allies. Frederick William was a good easy man, loving peace. Haugwitz loved peace too, according to Thiers, but the latter wholly omits to state that he was deeply imbued with the ideas of the French Revolution; that he was protected by Madame Lichtenau, and Lombard, the secretary of the cabinet, through whose instrumentality he suddenly acquired a great increase of fortune, it is alleged, by dabbling in the funds. Sir James Harris, in one of his despatches, it is true, calls him friendly and communicative; but documents and events have since proved that, if not in the pay of or bribed by the French, he had a decided leaning towards French interests. It was not, therefore, probably, without weighty reasons, that he pressed on the king, his master, the office of mediator; and the First Consul, who was not slow in taking advantage of the favourable dispositions of foreign courts, of which no doubt he was informed by the able and quick-witted Otto, sent his aide-de-camp, Duroc, to Berlin, on a mission, ostensibly of courtesy, but really to explain the personal wishes and intentions of Bonaparte. The ablest and most conciliatory diplomatist of France, M. de Talleyrand, had contemporaneously assumed the direction of the exterior relations. On this appointment, on which, as the prince was one of his earliest patrons, it might be supposed M. Thiers would dwell at some length, he contents himself with making the following observations:

“ It were impossible that a more conciliatory, or a more proper person could have been chosen for this office. No one was more calculated to please, even to flatter Europe, without surrendering the elevated position which the French cabinet ought to hold. We shall have other opportunities of speaking of this singular and remarkable character. Suffice it now to say, that the choice of this personage at this juncture, clearly proved that without descending from energy to feebleness, there was a transition from politics of passion to politics of calculation. There was no circumstance, even to that exquisite elegance of manners peculiar to M. de Talleyrand, which was not of advantage in the new

attitude which France was about to adopt in reference to foreign powers."

Duroc succeeded perfectly in his mission to the court of Berlin. The grave diplomatist, Bignon, says he charmed the Queen of Prussia when she asked him whether he had seen crocodiles in Egypt, by simply replying in the negative. 'On trouvait admirable,' says the old soldier and diplomatist, 'qu'un jeune officier Français revenant d'Egypte convioit n'avoir pas vu un crocodile.' The character of the *Grande Nation* at Berlin might be left to any jury, even *de medietate*, on such evidence; yet in his simplicity, this paid panegyrist of Napoleon thinks he is paying not only a compliment to France, but to that army of which Duroc, we admit, was one of the most creditable specimens, in stating this fact. General Beurnonville preceded Otto in the Prussian embassy. Thiers describes him as a *franc militaire*, honest, open, moderate, and in every sense fit to represent the new government. But does Beurnonville merit the panegyric pronounced on him by M. Thiers? He was the general who made to the government that famous report of the affair at Pelligen, between the Austrians and the French, wherein he stated that the Austrians, after three hours of a terrible combat, lost a great number of their army, whilst the French escaped *pour le petit doigt d'un grenadier*. Of this report it was pleasantly said, *le petit doigt n'a pas tout dit*. This functionary it was, who after being rewarded with the embassies of Berlin and Madrid, and made a senator of France, on the 1st of April, 1814, voted for a provisional government, and the expulsion of his benefactor from the throne of France. On the same day he became a member of that provisional government, and yet is pronounced by M. Thiers to be *franc, loyal, ouvert*. Verily the ex-minister's notions of frankness, openness, and sincerity, are widely different from those entertained in England.

The enlargement of the priests—the exhibition of pacific feelings towards Europe—the armistice concluded on the Rhine—the cordial reception given to the aide-de-camp Duroc, at Berlin, were accepted as pledges of peace. Such is the effect of confidence, that it is every thing for a new government. Money was now poured into the treasury: from the treasury it found its way to the armies, which, contented with these first supplies, patiently awaited those promised at a future time. In the presence of a superior power, the hostile factions ceased to conspire, to resist, or to combat. The party of the oppressors felt they could no longer exercise their tyranny: while the party of the oppressed recognised a power in existence stronger than their oppressors, to which they looked with confidence and hope.

It was soon noised abroad, on the report of those who came

into daily contact with the young general, to transact business with him, that this remarkable soldier, the equal of any general of his day, and who was, even then, scarcely surpassed by any general of antiquity, was, moreover, an accomplished administrator and a profound politician. The men by whom he was surrounded, many of them remarkable in their particular walks, and always, therefore, listened to by him with attention, often themselves enlightened by the justness and promptitude of his views, retired from his presence filled with wonder and admiration. Roger-Ducos could talk of nothing else but this wonderful man; and the uncertain, crochety Sieyès himself, little inclined to yield to opinion, where he was not himself the favoured object of it, acknowledged, at length, the superiority, the universality, of this commanding genius, and paid the purest homage to it, in allowing Bonaparte to have his own way. The prestige which success commands secures interested admirers, and these latter set no bounds to their enthusiasm. But among the really sincere were found Talleyrand, Regnault de St. Jean-d'Angely, Rœderer, Boulay (de la Meurthe), Dufermon, Réal Dufresne, who repeated everywhere that they had never seen before exhibited such promptitude, sagacity, and discretion, accompanied with such activity of mind and reach of intellect.

While his colleague was thus governing and dominating the minds of men, Sieyès was cudgelling his brains on the constitution of the year VIII. The abbé was possessed rather of the reflective and meditative, than the active faculties of the mind; and much as he had pondered on his constitution, he had never reduced it to writing. It still lay in his brain, the product of much painful gestation; and now a species of mental man-midwife, in the person of M. Boulay (de la Meurthe), presented himself to assist in the delivery. Taking pen and paper in hand, he wrote, while Sieyès delivered himself of that 'remarkable conception,' to use the words of Thiers, 'worthy of posterity.' The first part of the proposition may be freely admitted, but to the second we must take exception. The 'ponderation de pouvoirs,' and all such 'niaiseries metaphysiques' to use the words of Napoleon, were indeed the veriest trash. We shall not follow M. Thiers through his elaborate description of this notable constitution, with its *Listes de Notabilité, Corps Legislatif, Tribunat, Conseil d'Etat, Sénat Conservateur, Grand Electeur*, and mode of creating these *Pouvoirs d'Etat*, but merely remark, that the functions and attributions of the *Grand Electeur* excited the openly expressed indignation of Bonaparte. Common friends, MM. Rœderer and Talleyrand, interfered. An interview took place, but it did not create a better feeling. A second interview followed, at which

Sieyès showed a better temper. The Grand Elector of the abbé, however, perished by the sarcasms of the young general, and by a power still greater than sarcasm, the power of an imminent necessity. M. Thiers unpardonably omits to give the conclusive and characteristic reply of Bonaparte to this proposal of a phantom or shadow king in the person of a Grand Elector. 'Comment avez vous pu croire, Citoyen Sieyès, qu'un homme d'honneur, qu'un homme de talent, et de quelque capacité dans les affaires, voulut jamais consentir à n'être qu'un cochon à l'engrais de quelques millions dans le château Royal de Versailles?'

The Grand Elector, therefore, was sunk; but a First Consul was appointed, with two other consuls, the better to dissimulate the real omnipotence of the first. The First Consul had the direct and sole nomination of all the administrative officers of the republic, of the members of the departmental and municipal councils, of the prefects, sub-prefects, municipal officers; the nomination of officers of the army and navy, councillors of state, diplomatic agents, and ministers in foreign countries, civil and criminal judges, &c. Besides this power of nomination the whole of the government was vested in him. He had the direction of war and diplomacy, signed treaties, &c. M. Sieyès was thus doomed to see the power of his senate diminish before his eyes, and the all-powerful consul substituted for his '*Grand Electeur*.' The constitution of the year VIII. did not contain within itself any declaration of rights; but it guaranteed individual liberty, the inviolability of every citizen's home, the responsibility of ministers and inferior agents. It was further stipulated that, in certain departments, and in certain extraordinary cases, the action of the constitution might be suspended. A power of pensioning the widows and children of military officers was reserved, as well as of rewarding men who had rendered eminent services to the state. This was the germ of an institution since celebrated as the Legion of Honour. The most practical of the conceptions of Sieyès, namely, the *Conseil d'Etat*, or Council of State, was retained in this constitution, and still subsists in the constitution of France. General Bonaparte then was named First Consul for ten years. *By whom* he was named Thiers does not state; but he adds, it cannot be said he was *chosen*; for the situation and crisis of affairs pointed him out, and he was received from the arms of victory and necessity. The discomfited abbé not liking secondary places, in which, to use his own silly phrase, he would be 'absorbed,' declined to be the lacquey of the First Consul. He refused, therefore, the place of second consul. Cambacérès, an eminent lawyer, a person of great tact and prudence, and who had acquired great importance among the political men of the time, was named

second consul, whilst the place of third was filled by M. Lebrun, a distinguished writer. Sieyès was instructed to compose the senate, and there, artfully yet naïvely says Thiers, lay his natural part. He, therefore, and Roger-Ducos, who had ceased to be consuls, were, with Cambacérès and Lebrun, who had been invested with those functions, to name the absolute majority of the senate. By means of these varied combinations it was that Bonaparte became chief of the executive power. The constitution was promulgated on the 15th of December, 1799, to the great satisfaction of its authors and the public.

Sieyès having thus put the sword which severed the Directory in the hands of General Bonaparte, retired, sarcastically says the historian, to that 'meditative idleness' (*oisiveté méditative*), which he preferred to the agitated movement of public life. The First Consul, as a *quid pro quo* for the sword put in his hand by the abbé, proposed to the Legislative Commission to bestow on the reverend publicist the estate of Crosne. We are told that Sieyès felt a lively sense of gratitude; for, notwithstanding an incontestable probity, says M. Thiers, he was sensible to the enjoyments of fortune, and he must also have been affected at the elevated and delicate manner in which this national recompense was decreed to him. This is a delicate way of saying the cupidity of the churchman was contented at last with a good lump of fat land. There is not in the archives of France, fertile in such public papers, a more solemn piece of humbug than the message in which the Consuls ask the estate of Crosne for the abbé who had 'enlightened the people by his writings! (the most obscurely mystical trash ever penned), and honoured the revolution by his disinterested virtues.' This document Thiers dexterously omits all mention of, nor does he allude to the many epigrams to which the event gave rise, among which are the following:

"Sieyès à Bonaparte a fait présent d'un trone,
Sous ses pompeux débris croyant l'ensevelir;
Bonaparte à Sieyès a fait présent de Crosne,
Pour le payer et l'avilir."

Avidity now succeeded to violence, and the great object of the ardent revolutionists, as well as the uncertain waiters on providence, who became certain after events, was to obtain places in the new government, either as members of the corps législatif, councillors of state, prefects, &c.

The council of state was soon organised. It was divided into five sections. 1. Finances. 2. Civil and Criminal Legislation. 3. The Army and War. 4. The Navy. 5. The Interior. The first members in the war section were Lacuée, Brune, and Mar-

mont. In the navy, Champagne, Ganteaume, and Fleurieu; in finances, Defermon, Duchatel, Dufresne; justice, Boulay (de la Muerthe), Bertier, Real; interior, Rœderer, Cretel, Chaptal, Regnault-de St. Jean-d'Angely, Fourcroy. These were for the most part capable men.

In order to show to the world that previous opinions would not operate as a bar to office if the individual were eminently capable, the first consul chose for the section of finances, M. Devaismes, more than suspected of royalist opinions, but distinguished in his particular department by great practical knowledge.

The senators first chosen comprehended many names of an European reputation, as Berthollet, La Place, Monge, Tracy, Volney, Cabanis, Kellerman, Garat, Lacedepede, Ducis. The supplemental list contained names scarcely less distinguished in their respective departments, as Lagrange, Daroet, François Neufchâteau, Daubenton, Bougainville, Ferrégaux, Choiseul, Praslin.

The Tribunate also contained some remarkable names, as Chenier, Andriéux Chauvelin, Stanislas de Girardin, Benjamin Constant, Daunou, Riouffe, Berenger, Ganilh, Ginguené, Lecomigniere, Jean Baptiste Say, &c., &c. The first great step towards a strong and a liberal government appeared in a decision of the Conseil d'Etat, of the 27th of December, 1799, to the effect, that the laws which excluded the relations of emigrants and ex-nobles from public functions, should no longer exist, seeing that those laws were contrary to the principles of the new constitution.

Such of the victims of the Directory and the antecedent government, as had not been regularly condemned, were allowed to return to their native country, on the condition that they took up their abode in a particular locality, to be chosen by the government. The proscribed of the 18th Fructidor were particularly included in this arrangement. Boissy d'Anglas, Dumolard, and Pastoret, were recalled and authorised to sojourn, the first at Annonay, the second at Grenoble, the third at Dijon. Carnot, Portalis, Quatremere de Quincy, Siméon, Villaret Joyeuse, Barbé, Marbois, and Barrère, were also recalled, and permitted to take up their abode in Paris. The care taken to fix in the capital such men as Carnot, Siméon, and Portalis, which was not their native place, sufficiently indicates, says Thiers, that the government had it in view to employ their talents.

The churches were now opened for public worship. The free exercise of religion was permitted to all. There were, indeed, certain local authorities who, wishing to fetter the exercise of Catholicism, forbade the opening of the churches on the Sunday,

and only authorised public worship on the Decadi; *i. e.* the tenth, or last day of the Decade;* but the consuls reversed these municipal decisions, and permitted the free exercise of religion on the day prescribed by all Christian creeds. In regard to the priests, a promise of fidelity to the constitution was substituted for the old oath. In December, 1799, funeral honours were decreed to Pius VI., that pontiff who had been despoiled by General Bonaparte, a few months before, of the three legations, whom his aide-de-camp, Berthier, had driven from Rome, and who, on the 27th of March previously, had been arrested by order of the Directory in Tuscany, and conducted to Valence. These facts are not alluded to by M. Thiers, nor does he make the least remark on the inconsistency of this *inane munus* to the ashes of the dead pontiff. That a religious spirit was in course of revival at this juncture appears plain, from the fact that an immense number of persons journeyed from all parts of France, to pay the last tribute of respect to the memory of his late holiness. The barbarous fête in celebration of the 21st of January was now abolished. Even under the Directory, General Bonaparte had shown a repugnance to be present at it; not, says M. Thiers, that he thought of honouring royalty, which he was one day to establish in his own favour, but that he wished publicly to brave a feeling in which he in no degree participated.

The institution of *armes d'honneur*, as the recompense of any celebrated military exploit, was but a prelude to the foundation of the Legion of Honour. General St. Cyr was the first to receive a sabre, for the brilliant action which he had just fought in the Appenines.

A suspension of hostilities had been agreed to with the Vendéans, but that portion of France was far from being satisfied. An energetic, but temperate proclamation was addressed to the royalists; and the next step of the First Consul was to address letters to the King of England and the Emperor, in the hope of a general pacification. Meanwhile, the legislative session opened on the 1st of January, 1800. The scientific and learned Laplace was succeeded in the ministry of the interior by Lucien Bonaparte; and M. Abrial, a man of fair character, and business habits, succeeded Cambacérès, now consul, in the ministry of justice. Considerable anxiety was manifested as to the proceedings of the deliberative bodies. The public voice of France had long been

* It may be necessary to remind such of our readers as are not familiar with the revolutionary jargon, that decade signified the space of ten days, from *primidi* to *decadi* inclusive. The decades had taken the place of weeks in the revolutionary calendar, and three made a month of thirty days. The *decadi*, or last day of the decade, was the day set apart by the revolutionists as a day of rest, and for the celebration of the decadary festival, or the *fête decadaire* to the Supreme Being, who was no longer called God.

mute. The grave had closed on the eloquent tongues of Mirabeau, Barnave, and Vergniaud; but, notwithstanding the different phases of terror and tyranny through which the nation had passed, there were still found bold and independent spirits to vindicate liberty of speech and of thought. Chenier, Andrieux Ginguéné, Daunou, sate at the Tribunal, while De Tracy, Volney, and Cabanis, were members of the Senate. These men, strongly attached to the Revolution, were neither terrorists, nor spoliators, nor persecutors. They, undoubtedly, wished to see an able and a strong executive; but they never contemplated turning the individuality of monarchy to the profit of a bold soldier of fortune. It is possible that the opinions of Benjamin Constant were not so fixed or strong, on many subjects connected with the French Revolution, as those of the individuals whose names we have mentioned; but he, at all events, represented in their full force the views of Madame de Staël and her party; and, when elected to the Tribunal, became at once the most active and clever of Bonaparte's opponents. It was well known that Madame de Staël had been one of the greatest admirers of the early career of the young general, but her admiration was changed into hatred by some disparaging expressions, which should never have escaped the mouth of a man, still less of a gentleman and a soldier. The unseemly words of Bonaparte had not only wounded her vanity, but ulcerated her heart. We all, high and low, pay the penalty of our faults, and the First Consul now paid the penalty of his unseemly and ungentlemanly behaviour, in encountering the opposition of those influenced by Madame de Staël; and Benjamin Constant was of the number.

The First Consul had an inherent aversion to every thing savouring of independence; and the moment the Tribunal exhibited any life or spirit, the 'Moniteur' teemed with bitter observations and comparisons between the tribunes of France and the tribunes of Rome. The first proposition laid by the government before the Tribunal, traced out the forms to be followed in the presentation, the discussion, and the adoption of projects of laws. This was vigorously attacked by M. Constant, in a lively and ironical speech. The First Consul ordered to be laid on the table of the *Corps Legislatif*, two projects of law of the greatest importance. One concerned the departmental and municipal administration, and afterwards became the famous law of the 28th Pluviôse, year VIII., centralising, so to speak, the administration of France; the other had for object the organisation of the judicial system. To these two projects others were joined; as, for instance, on the emigrants, on the right of disposing of property by will, on the council of prizes, &c.

M. Thiers traces, with a clear and faithful hand, the projects of

the Constituent Assembly and the National Convention under these heads, and shows how completely unsuccessful was the system of cantonal municipalities which added to the administrative confusion. After exposing their abortive attempts at legislation, and the disorder and chaos in which every thing had been left, he remarks that the simple and just mind of the First Consul, guided by his active and resolute character, had discovered the true solution of all difficulties. The executive power was almost centered in himself, and the legislative power was divided into many deliberative assemblies. It was but natural, therefore, to place at each step of the administrative ladder as a representative of the executive, specially charged with the power of acting, and so near him as to be able to advise or control him, though not to act in his place, a small deliberative assembly such as a council of department, of *arrondissement* or *commune*. 'To this simple, distinct, and fruitful idea, is owing,' says Thiers, 'the excellent administration which at present exists in France.' But M. Thiers, in this statement, gives too much credit to the hero of his history. A municipal system had been established long before by the *Assemblée Constituante*. The magistrates, it is true, were elective, and for a fixed period only, and all that Bonaparte did, was to centralise this system, rendering the appointments no longer elective, but placing the power of nomination and of dismissal in the hands of the government. In truth, he but resorted to the old monarchical establishment of *intendants* under another name, without the controlling power of the Provincial Assemblies and the Parliaments. Necker, happily called the *intendants*, the *Commis Voyageurs*, the travelling bagmen of ministers. Were the prefects any thing else than the *Commis Voyageurs* of the First Consul? It may be answered that there was a Council of Prefecture. But over this the prefect himself presided, and in case of difference of opinion, possessed a preponderant voice. If the Councils of Prefecture had been composed of irremovable judges, if they gave their decision publicly, they might have been considered as a really judicial institution; but named by the supreme power, and controlled by the prefect, they were altogether formed on a false basis.

It is absurd in M. Thiers to say that the *Conseils de Préfecture* operate in *éclairant la justice du préfet*, or that they are tribunals whose equity has never been contested. On the contrary, this prefect-made law is as great a reproach to the judicial and administrative system of France as can be well imagined.

The judicial organisation adopted by the First Consul is next treated of. 'The system had the double object,' says M. Thiers, 'of placing justice immediately within the reach of those sub-

mitted to the jurisdiction of the law, and also of assuring to them, above and beyond the local tribunals, a tribunal of appeal—far off, no doubt, and in an elevated, intellectual region—but enlightened and impartial in the ratio of its social and intellectual position.' But in speaking of this judicial organisation, M. Thiers as greatly underrates the efforts of the judicial reformers from 1789 to 1800, as he overrates the effect of Bonaparte's improvements. M. Thiers cannot have forgotten—and he must therefore have designedly suppressed—the great judicial havoc performed by the Constituent Assembly, which, in the famous night of the 4th of August, 1789, suppressed the *seigneurial* and ecclesiastical jurisdictions, and which a year later, by the decree of the 24th of August, 1790, established a system entirely new, and founded on that territorial division of France which it had just established. This law, whose general principles, and many of whose special provisions, still subsist, instituted the Tribunals of Commerce, the *Juges de Paix*, the *Tribunaux de Police Municipale*, the *Tribunaux de Police Correctionnelle*, the jury in criminal cases, and the Court of Cassation, which, with the *Juges de Paix* and *Juges de Commerce*, have survived the tempests of the revolution. We are not, however, insensible to the value of the law of the 27th Ventose year VIII. (18th of March, 1800), which created a *Tribunal of Premier instance* for each *arrondissement*; and established twenty-nine tribunals of appeal, and a criminal tribunal for each department. This was in some measure a revival of the ancient 'Parlements,' and, as if to make the analogy more striking, these tribunals were placed in the very towns in which the old courts existed. These laws were passed without meeting any very serious impediments, though they were subjected to more than one attack from the Tribunate. And thus 2000 *juges*, 300 tribunals of premier instance, and twenty-nine sovereign tribunals, were, among other things, created.

The First Consul immediately named the prefects, sub-prefects, and mayors. Thiers freely admits that he was thus exposed to the commission of more than one mistake, but the historian maintains that the general spirit of the nomination was excellent; at once firm, impartial, and conciliatory.

The First Consul sought out, says he—and we believe he here speaks truly—among all parties in the state the individuals deemed the most honest and capable, excluding only the violent—sometimes adopting those, if time and experience had rendered them moderate, for moderation was the essential character of his political system. The prefects were to receive twelve, fifteen, and twenty-four thousand francs, double the sum that is paid in the present day.

Charles Lecroix, the incapable ex-minister for foreign affairs, distinguished for the mediocrity of his talents, the weakness of his character, and the infamous taste and insulting manner in which he invited the ministers of Spain and Prussia to the *fête* instituted in honour of the beheading of Louis XVI., was named to the prefecture of Marseilles. The fiery, impracticable, and shallow François de Nantes, called in derision the Mæcenas of the nineteenth century, was named to Lyons. Verninhac, the son-in-law of Charles Delacroix, formerly ambassador in Sweden and at the Porte, where he was called Citoyen Verninhac, the author of some paltry literary productions and trashy travels, was named to the Valais. Le Tourneur, the late member of the Directory, of whom Lord Malmesbury gives no very brilliant account when at Lisle, obtained Nantes. M. Pontécoulant, a man of noble birth, who had refused to defend Charlotte Corday, and who married Lejay, the old mistress of Mirabeau, who hid him in her shop during the reign of terror, obtained Brussels. M. Beugnot (the only man of talent among them) was named to Amiens; and M. Faypoult, a most mediocre minister of finance, was sent to Ghent. M. Thiers mentions merely the names of these gentlemen, without going at all into their history; but although the appointments of the First Consul—the Consul for life—and the Emperor, were generally excellent, we cannot agree that this list of prefects presented any other than a most infelicitous selection. Frochot, a man of talent and acquirements, the friend of Mirabeau, and we really believe an honest man, was named prefect of Paris, and M. Dubois, a person often accused of injustice and tyranny, but whose energy M. Thiers considers to have been useful in purging the capital of malefactors, was appointed his colleague.*

A number of emigrants now returned, and from January, 1801, the liberty of leaving and returning to France was restored to all citizens.

The laws in force at the period of the 18th Brumaire, permitted a testator with children to dispose of one-tenth of his fortune, and if he were without children, of only one-sixth. The right of a testator was now established within ampler limits. In virtue of this law, a father who had fewer than four children might dispose of the one-fourth of his fortune, of the one-fifth if he had less than five, and so on, in observing the same proportion. He might dispose of the half if he had neither ancestors living or collaterals, and of the whole when he had no relatives competent to inherit.

* The greater number of prefectures were at this period filled by *conventionnels*, or the last débris of the Jacobins. The First Consul was wont to say, in speaking of these men: 'C'étaient des hommes de Révolution et de résolution.'

The *Tribunal des Prises*, or Council of Prizes, had become necessary, says Thiers, to render impartial justice to neutrals, and to this end, he would lead us to infer, it was established. This is certainly one of the most audacious passages in the whole book. In 1793, this jurisdiction had been delegated to the *Tribunaux de Commerce*, but not finding these sufficiently ductile, the First Consul established at Paris a *Conseil Special des Prises*, which was suppressed in 1815, and re-united to the *Conseil d'Etat*. The proceedings in this precious court were private; the public were not admitted to hear the debates, which were carried on 'à huis clos.' There was scarcely a merchant or shipowner of any note or importance in the world who had not cause to rue the course and practice of this nefarious tribunal. If we were to adduce instances in reference to English property, we might be deemed to be prejudiced and partial; but we will merely allude to the cases of the ships consigned to Messrs. Ridway, Merlins, and Co., at Antwerp, to the cases of the neutral ships from the Elbe and Weser, for which M. Dukerque, of Hamburg, was agent; and to the case of the *Victory*, the *Paulina*, the *Peace and Plenty*, and the *Calliope, cum multis aliis*, American ships. Fortunately, the elder Berryer is yet alive, and in his memoirs fully sustains the justice of all the observations made on these courts by English counsel and English judges, as contained in the reports of Acton and Robinson, and the detached pamphlets of Sir Alexander Croke, and Sir John Stodart.

It is abundantly clear, from M. Thiers' observations on this branch of public law, that he is more familiar with party pamphlets than with the writings of Valin, Vattel, Heineccius, Hubner, Abreu, Wolfius, Bynkershoek, and those great masters of maritime law, Sir William Scott and Sir William Grant.

The budget of this year was estimated at 600,000,000*f.*, in expenses and receipts. As the ordinary revenues of the state amounted only to 430,000,000*f.*, there was a deficit of 170,000,000*f.* There was much discussion on the great question of the equilibrium of expenses and receipts, but all this led to nothing. The Bank of France was created at this period, with a capital of 30,000,000*f.* It was to be managed by fifteen regents, or governors, and a committee of three persons, since reduced to one.

The answer of the king, or rather of the minister of Great Britain, to the letter of the First Consul, dated the 26th of December, arrived in Paris on the 4th of January. M. Thiers very confidently, yet most ignorantly, states, that the continuance of the war accorded with the passions and interests of Mr. Pitt. 'This celebrated head of the British cabinet,' says he, 'considered the war with France his mission, his glory, the foundation of his

political existence.' Never was there a more flagrant mis-statement conveyed in a single sentence. From the year 1793, down to the very period of which M. Thiers is writing, no man was so anxious for peace as Mr. Pitt. Maret, afterwards Duke of Bassano, said Pitt received him very well in 1793, and that the failure of the negotiation could be attributed to the French government, who were bent on war; that the great and decisive cause of the war (we quote Maret's own words) was, 'quelques vingtaines d'individus qui avaient joués à la baisse dans les fonds, et que de là ils avaient porté la nation à déclarer la guerre. Ainsi' (he remarks) 'nous devons tous nos malheurs à un principe d'agiotage.' Lord Malmesbury, also, more than once says, in his letters to private friends, that Pitt was ardently desirous to come to some arrangement, and would have made any sacrifices short of national honour for the purpose, though Lord Grenville was for prosecuting the war, and opposed to negotiations for peace. It cannot be denied that Mr. Pitt carried into the discussion of every cardinal question great tenacity of character, and first-rate powers of debate. These qualities, says M. Thiers, rendered him 'peu éclairé, mais puissant.' It is true, Mr. Pitt never wrote in journals or in reviews, never composed a party history, never did any dirty work at the Stock Exchange, never entered office poor and left it rich, and therefore he may, in the opinion of some ignoble spirits, be *peu éclairé*; but, all Whigs though we be, and differing from that great statesman in many vital questions, we nevertheless think that 'the man who could speak a king's speech off hand,' and maintain, often unsupported and single-handed, his ground against such intellectual giants as Burke, Fox, Sheridan, Windham, and Grey, disclosed a higher talent than any writer of leading articles even for a Parisian newspaper; and sure we are, that the name of the great statesman will live even in France, when the name of the clever dwarf who assails the dead giant shall have been forgotten, or remembered only with far other feelings than those of respect.

England and Austria resolved to carry on the war, and in the British parliament, notwithstanding the vigorous efforts of the opposition, the ministers obtained new and vast resources in the Income Tax, which already produced 180,000,000*l.* per annum. In stating the tax at this moment, M. Thiers, according to Alison, exceeds the real amount by no less a sum than 76,000,000*l.*, but this is a mere trifle with so great a financier.

Efforts were now made by the First Consul to come to a better understanding with the court of Berlin, and to induce the King of Prussia to employ his good offices with the Emperor Paul. Nor were the First Consul's exertions limited to foreign states

alone. He directed the whole energies of his mind to the pacification of La Vendée, and sent into this disturbed district an imposing force of 60,000 men, drawn from Holland, the interior of France, and even from Paris itself. It is a great proof of the self-confidence, and, indeed, of the popularity of Napoleon, that he remained in Paris, now filled with the scum of all parties, who rushed there, *quasi in sentinam corruptionis*, with only a garrison of 2300 men; and this prudent boldness he published to the world. In answer to the English ministers, who asserted that the present French government was in no respect more stable and secure than former governments, the First Consul caused to be printed a comparative statement of the military force of London and Paris, by which it appeared that London was garrisoned by 14,000 men, whereas Paris contained only 2300 within its walls. This, as Thiers well remarks, was hardly more than sufficient to furnish sentries for the public buildings and public functionaries. Evidently, therefore, as the historian observes, the name of Bonaparte was in itself a tower of strength, and had the effect of keeping the capital quiet.

The Royalists of La Vendée were now nearly awakened from their illusions, and saw what manner of man they had to deal with in General Bonaparte. M. Hyde de Neuville returned to London to report the state of affairs to the Count d'Artois, and M. d'Andigné returned to La Vendée. A simple priest of St. Laud, afterwards destined to take part in the affairs of the Republic and the Empire, the Abbé Bernier, a person of great natural intelligence and talent, induced the people of the left bank of the Loire to lay down their arms, and the right bank soon after followed this example. M. de Bourmont was shortly after, with 4000 insurgents, obliged to surrender, and after the execution of De Frotté the civil war was completely at an end. The Royalist chiefs soon after arrived at Paris; but there was one among the number (Georges Cadoudal) upon whom neither the flattering words nor the brilliant promises of Bonaparte could produce any impression. Georges left France for England with M. Hyde de Neuville, and relating his interview with the First Consul to his companion, and pointing at the same time to his sinewy arms exclaimed, 'Qu'elle faute j'ai commise de ne pas étouffer cet homme dans mes bras!'

Every day now more clearly disclosed the politic system of the government. A number of exiles were recalled, and among them writers and men of letters occupied a prominent position, as De Fontanes, De la Harpe, Suard, Sicard, Michaud, and Fievée. But the political atmosphere was lowering, and the genius of war in the ascendant. The name of Carnot was then a great military

name, to which were attached the victories of the Convention in 1793. And although the name of Bonaparte was not without its magic, yet the union of both together produced so much the greater sensation in France; though we cannot agree with M. Thiers in thinking that the circumstance was sufficient 'pour faire trembler la coalition.'

The First Consul, wincing under the attacks of the press, now arbitrarily suppressed many journals. Thirteen papers were still, however, allowed the privilege of appearing; but it was intimated to these favoured journals, that such of them as should publish articles against the Constitution, against the interest or glory of the armies, or invectives against foreign governments, friends or allies of France—should be immediately suppressed. Before his departure for the army, the First Consul determined on the important step of taking up his residence at the Tuileries; but this was preceded by a funeral ceremony in honour of Washington—Washington, the purest of patriots, who found the post of honour and of glory, too, in a private station.

Bonaparte, imaginative and superstitious, of a poetical and romantic temperament, fond of old traditions, was not insensible to the *prestige* which attached to the palace of a long race of kings, and he manœuvred as artfully to gain this object of his desire, as he ever did stratagetically in the field of battle. The Tuileries was first called the Palace of the National Representation, then the Palace of Government, and lastly, it resumed its old and well-known name. On all this by-play, however, M. Thiers is silent, nor does he tell us that the young general at once appropriated to himself the chamber of Louis XVI. and the cabinet of Louis XIV. When Bourienne proffered his felicitations on his master's arrival, not certainly at the palace of his ancestors, the First Consul significantly replied, 'Ce n'est pas tout d'y être, il faut y rester.'

The gallery of Diana was then, as now, the vestibule through which one must pass to the apartment of the first personage of the state. The First Consul caused this gallery to be decorated with the busts of Demosthenes, Alexander, Hannibal, Scipio, Brutus, Cicero, Cato, Cæsar, Gustavus Adolphus, Turenne, Condé, Duguai Trouin, Marlborough, Eugene, Marshal Saxe, Washington, Frederick of Prussia, Mirabeau, Dugommier, Dampierre, Marceau, and Jaubert. M. Thiers gives a vivid account of the funeral ceremony in honour of Washington and of the over-praised and turgid discourse of M. Fontanes, and concludes his recital with the following just and appropriate remarks:

"We should not, however, conclude with the host of vulgar interpreters, that all was pure hypocrisy that passed at this spectacle. No doubt

there was hypocrisy, but there was also the ordinary illusions of the time, and of every time. For in reality, men oftener deceive themselves, than they deceive others. Many Frenchmen, like the Romans under Augustus, believed still in a republic, because the name of the republic was sedulously pronounced; and it is not quite clear that the institutor of this funereal *fête*—that even General Bonaparte did not mystify himself in celebrating Washington, and that he did not really believe that in France, as in America, one might be the first person in the state, without being either king or emperor.”

In all that relates to the interior service and ceremony of the palace, M. Thiers copies a good deal, without acknowledgment, from that antithetical writer and most ridiculous of ambassadors and ministers, M. de Salvandy, who has in turn drawn on the amusing and colloquial De Beausset.

Every five days the First Consul reviewed the regiments that passed through Paris on their way to the frontiers. It was in the performance of this duty that he exhibited himself to the admiring view of the army and the people, always anxious to follow his footsteps. Thin, pale, leaning forward on his steed, his countenance, striking and expressive, interested by its calm yet sad and solemn beauty, painfully overcast with the tinge of ill health. The people now began to be seriously uneasy in respect to the health of the general, for never had the life of a single man become so important to the nation as his had become. After these reviews, the officers and troops were admitted to the great man's table. The foreign ministers, the members of the assemblies, the magistrates, the functionaries, were also invited to repasts where a decent luxury reigned. The dress of the company was simple yet somewhat *recherché*, to borrow an expressive word from the French toilette. The ridiculous imitation of the old costumes adopted by the Directory, as well as the dissolute manners of that epoch, were studiously avoided. The second consul, Cambacérès, a man of consummate tact and prudence, probably the only man of the time who did not give himself entirely up to vain illusions, refused to take up his abode at the Tuileries, though his example was not followed by the third consul, Lebrun. “By and by,” said he addressing the latter, “General Bonaparte will like to live there alone, and if we move *in* we shall have hereafter to move *out*.” Pungent and pregnant words.

Here ends the second book of the history. The third opens with preparations for war and battle, and we may here remark that it is in describing the ‘grappling vigour and rough frown of war,’ that M. Thiers is peculiarly happy. We cannot, however, follow the ex-minister through all these details.

France had now two armies. There was the army of Germany,

now amounting, by the union of the armies of the Rhine and Switzerland, to 130,000 men, under the command of Moreau, and the army of Liguria, reduced to 40,000 at the utmost, under the intrepid Masséna. The troops of Holland, under Augereau, and those of La Vendée and the interior, presented the elements of a third army; but these elements were separated and afar, and it required a superior administrative ability to reunite them, and, above all, suddenly at the point where they were needed. But to Bonaparte in military science nothing seemed impossible, and he set about assembling a body of volunteers at Dijon, to be organised as an army of reserve. In two months 40,000 horses, immense munitions of war, the finest artillery yet seen in France, and a small but superb army, covered the country from the frontiers of Holland to those of Liguria. This was called the reserve, and was placed nominally under the command of Berthier, but was in reality destined to achieve prodigies under the First Consul himself. Moreau, who had the largest army, consisting of 150,000 men, covered the French territory from Strasburg to the Lake of Constance. Kray, who was opposed to him, did not muster more than 130,000 bayonets, the troops of Austria, Bavaria, and the Circles of the Empire. His line of operations extended from the Voralberg to the Maine, and his instructions from Vienna were to manœuvre on the right bank of the Rhine. At the extremity of the French territory was Masséna, instructed to impede the march of the Imperialists on the side of Piedmont and Liguria. Though this great general had not now an effective force of more than 30,000 men, yet the whole weight of the campaign rested upon him. Austria, mistress of Italy, even to the passage of the Alps and Appenines, directed towards Genoa the whole force of her army. Her plan was, to fall by the Corniche upon Provence and Dauphiné, whilst Kray was to cut his way through the retreating army of Moreau into the very heart of France. In pursuance of this plan, 140,000 men, under Melas, suddenly appeared, crowning the heights of the Ligurian mountains, threatening Genoa, the country of Nice, and the valley of the Durance:—whilst English cruisers lay in the waters of the Mediterranean and the Gulf of Genoa, to aid the operations of 18,000 men, organised in the Italian ports, and destined to fall on Savona, Antibes, Marseilles, or Toulon.

The first blow of Melas, in separating the divisions of the French army commanded by Masséna and Suchet, put him in communication with Admiral Keith. But Masséna, with only 18,000 men left, heroically defended Genoa, whilst Suchet, with only 6000, retired slowly on Provence, distinguishing his retreat by well-contested struggles. Moreau now received orders to force the lines of Kray, and to carry the avenging sword into the very

heart of the German States. For awhile, with his usual indecision, he hesitated; but at length passed the Rhine on the 20th of April, at Kehl, at Brisach, and at Basil, and by a slow but victorious march manœuvred at length in front of the retrenched camp of Ulm. But old Melas was undismayed. He pursued his advantages against Masséna, Suchet, and Soult. On the 1st of May he carried Loano, on the following day Borghetto; on the 6th he forced the Col de Tende, Braors, Port Maurice, and La Roya, by brilliant successes. On the 11th of May he entered Nice. Savona has at length fallen, and Genoa, strictly blockaded, deprived of communications and provisions, can hold out but a few days longer. While these things are passing beyond the Alps, on the 6th of May Bonaparte leaves Paris, and, after passing the army of reserve in review at Dijon, on the 17th of May, prepares to cross the Great St. Bernard. It is impossible, say the sceptical Swiss, and the wise men of this workaday world. No, it is not impossible; for the child of fortune—Bonaparte, has said it must be accomplished.

On the 17th of May then, Marmont and Gassendi having placed their guns in the trunks of hollow trees, their cartouches in light cases, the frames of the cannon, the provisions, &c. on *traineaux*—the soldiers, shouting 'Vive le premier consul' and to the sounds of martial music, begin the ascent of the Alps. The army has but one body, one soul, one common ardour. At length the sound of 'Victory! victory!' is heard; for the crest of the mountain is crowned with the tricolour. Three days were passed in this gigantic march. These glorious soldiers yoked themselves in companies of one hundred men to every piece of cannon, and not one piece of artillery was lost or abandoned. One division bivouacked at night on the frozen and glassy summit of the mountain rather than descend at once into the fertile plain below without their artillery. A thousand francs were promised by the First Consul for each piece of cannon, but every man refused to take a sou of the money. Behold the French army now masters of Aosta, and treading the soil of beautiful and bleeding Italy, when up rises the citadel of Bard, declared by Marescot to be impregnable. 'Courage! mes enfans! Courage!' cries the First Consul, and an assault is tried. The town is carried after three attacks, but the citadel still resists. But all is not yet lost to the man of destiny. The streets are strewed with straw and boughs of trees, the wheels of the cannon are twisted with hay ropes, and during the night of the 23rd of May, the artillery, cavalry, and army, pass under the innoxious fire of an enemy in the silence of night. In less than eight days Lombardy was conquered, and all the resources of the enemy fell into the hands of the vic-

tors. Cremona, Parma, Placentia, were occupied by French troops nearly at the moment that Masséna evacuated Genoa with the remains of his gallant army. Hardly had the Imperialists entered this latter town ere they were obliged to leave it to defend themselves elsewhere. Melas assembled all his forces to march against the French, and cut his way to Mantua. Bonaparte in possession of the whole line of the Po, crosses three times that river, and, on the 14th of June, both armies are in presence in the field of Marengo. Here M. Thiers is again in his glory, and we must do him the justice to say he describes the marchings and countermarchings, the character of the commanders, the spirit of the army, and the danger and din of battle, with the eye and feeling of a soldier.

The sufferings of the garrison of Genoa, who, reduced by sickness and famine were obliged to sit down in mounting guard, are portrayed with the vivid power of a Boccaccio or a Defoe—we had almost said with the terrible energy of a Dante.

The description of the descent of Mount St. Bernard is also a most effective piece of word painting, and if the account of the battles of Ulm, Hochstett, Montebello, and Marengo, want the simple brevity and strength of Napier, they are more dramatic and picturesque, and altogether more artistically grouped than the sometimes hard—always strong—and occasionally graphic outlines of the accomplished English soldier. In dramatic interest and touchingly simple narrative, both works are inferior to the 'History of the Army of 1812,' by the Comte de Segur.

The victory at Marengo was for a moment doubtful. At three o'clock in the evening arrived Desaix, the equal in military science of Moreau, Masséna, and Kléber; but who surpassed them all in the rare perfections of his mind and character. He decided the victory by the sacrifice of his life. "Yes," said he, when Bonaparte questioned him, "the battle is indeed lost, but it is only three o'clock, and there is yet time to gain another." The battle commenced a third time, and Desaix, charging at the head of a demi-brigade, fell pierced by a ball in the chest. "Conceal my death," said he, to General Boudet, "for it may cause the troops to waver." The precaution of the hero was vain—vain, too, his dying wishes. The troops had seen him fall mortally wounded, and his soldiers, like those of Turenne, demanded, with wailing cries, to revenge their leader. The greatest loss on that bloody day was the loss of Desaix, a loss sufficient, in the eyes of the First Consul, to dim the lustre of victory. When Bourienne congratulated him on his miraculous triumph, exclaiming, "What a glorious day!" "Yes, indeed," said he, "it would have been glorious, if I were permitted to embrace

Desaix on the field of battle. I was about to make him minister—I would have made him prince if I could have done so." Herein lay the secret of Bonaparte's wonderful success. Talent and valour, in the humblest ranks, were immediately rewarded. The 'cold shade of aristocracy' did not interpose between prince and people.

The next day the Austrian army capitulated. The brave and capable old Melas—an opponent worthy of the impetuous valour of the most accomplished and brilliant captains of revolutionised France—signed an armistice which restored Genoa, Nice, Savona, Alexandria, Turin—in a word, all except Mantua, to the victors. This armistice was sent to the consuls, with a despatch, inquiring whether the French people were content with the army, and before an answer could arrive, the First Consul was himself in Paris. He arrived on the 2nd of July, in order to be in time for the anniversary of the fête of the Revolution on the 14th. But two little months had elapsed since his departure, and in that period how much had been achieved. All the combinations of the great general had succeeded to the extent of his proudest wishes. The imagination is held in breathless wonder at the number and the rapidity of his successes. His glories astonish classic Italy, and electrify romantic Germany.

M. Thiers, in giving the details of the battles we have rapidly traced, enters into the means employed for the formation of the army, and gives some spirited sketches of the great generals of the Republic. The following short sketch of Masséna is felicitous, and conveys the military character of the Prince of Essling in a few words:—"Masséna was, perhaps, the first of contemporary generals on the field of battle. In energy, and determination of character, he was the equal of any general of any time; but though he had much natural talent and quickness, the comprehension and reach of his mind did not equal the promptitude of his *coup d'œil*, or the energy of his soul."

The faults of Moreau, at the battle of Engen, are pointed out with no mean spirit of military criticism, and we are truly told that his operations were rather sure than showy. In his conceptions there was nothing grand; but his plans disclosed great unity and foresight, and he left nothing to fortune or chance. There was little in him of that very superior or decided character necessary to the making of a great captain; but he was prudent and calm, and he repaired, by his steadiness, the faults of a mind somewhat narrow, and of a temperament too deficient in promptitude. 'He was,' says Thiers, 'an excellent general, such as nations have often wished for, and such as Europe could not match.' Under favour to this great military critic, this is going a great

deal too far. Our own Wellington was far superior to Moreau; and Sir John Moore, and Picton, and the brave old Austrian, Melas, were fully his equals. In his own country, also, Kléber, Desaix, and St. Cyr, were fully his equals; and, in our humble opinion, Masséna, all stained as he was with 'staunchless avarice,' and defiled with the lust of plunder, was far his superior, as, indeed, he was the equal of all, their masters in genius and *coup d'œil* on the field of battle. Hoche, too, the son of a poor groom, or stable-boy, poisoned not more than three years before, had achieved mightier things, and was a greater military genius in his twenty-fifth year, than Moreau in his thirty-seventh. Though, therefore, Thiers, to serve his own purposes, 'pales the ineffectual ray' of the general of retreats, before his own hero, the general of battles, yet he as unduly 'exalts the horn' of the former above contemporary generals, both at home and abroad.

We have already said the hero of Marengo was received with open arms at Paris. His journey thither through the heart of France was a continued ovation. He appreciated this homage to his glory, and sensibly enjoyed it. Talking, however, with his travelling companions, on the way to Paris, he addressed to them these memorable words, which paint, says Thiers, his insatiable love of renown. 'I have conquered,' said he, 'in less than two years Cairo, Milan, Paris; well, if I were dead to-morrow, I should not have half a page in a universal history.' How truly did Burke exclaim, 'Alas! what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!

The conqueror of Marengo did not arrive a day too soon in the capital. False news had been spread about Marengo. Some believed him dead; some thought him defeated. Rumour was busy, and intrigue hard at work. There were ideas afloat, as to making Carnot or Lafayette president of a republic; but both the one and the other were strangers to these plots. Joseph and Lucien, however, conceived, and most unjustly, suspicions against Carnot, with which they inoculated the mind of their brother. From these suspicions resulted the unfortunate resolution which the First Consul later adopted, of withdrawing from this able man the portfolio of the war department. On the evening of Bonaparte's arrival from Marengo, the capital was spontaneously illuminated. This mark of respect so profoundly touched the object of its unbidden homage, that, twenty years afterward, alone—exiled—a prisoner in the midst of the solitude of the Atlantic Ocean, he reckoned it, in enumerating the epochs on which memory loves to dwell, as among the happiest days of his chequered life.

The annals of the English and French army, and, perhaps, of every army in the civilised world, furnish abundant and brilliant

traits of bravery; but we doubt that, in the history of civilised warfare, any thing can surpass, though many deeds of British prowess equal, the passage of the Danube, at Hochstett,* on the 19th of June, 1800. The Adjoint Quenot jumped into the water in order to seize on two large boats which were on the other side. This courageous officer dragged the boats with him under a shower of balls from the enemy, receiving only one slight wound in the foot. The best swimmers of each division were now chosen, and placing their clothes and arms in the two wherries, they plunged into the 'dark rolling Danube,' under the galling fire of the Austrians. Arrived on the other side of the river, stark naked, they at once seized their arms, naked as they were, and falling on the Austrians, routed them, taking two pieces of cannon, with covered waggons, &c. This achieved, these more than 'sans culottes' ran to the pontoons, whose buttresses still existed, placing against them ladders and planks to establish a communication. Some cannoneers took advantage of this to pass to the other side of the river, and arriving there, safely employed against the enemy the two pieces of cannon which had been taken from them a short time before. Thus the French were soon masters of both sides of the stream, and by these bold means were enabled to pass over the greater portion of their troops.

The news of the triumphs of the army of the Rhine completed the general joy produced by the extraordinary successes of the army of Italy, and changed into certainty the hopes of peace universally entertained. The public funds which, before the 18th Brumaire were quoted at 13f. now had risen to 40f. It was also intimated to the public creditor that the first half-year's interest of the year IX. would be paid in money, a thing which had not happened for many a long year. All these happy circumstances were attributed to the army—to its brave generals—and, above all, to the young Bonaparte, who had proved how victoriously he could combat, how wisely he could govern. The fête of the 14th of July, therefore, went off with the greatest éclat. The crowd in the Champ de Mars pressed round the First Consul, and seemed to live in his looks. A few days afterwards the Count de St. Julien arrived, with the ratification of the Convention of Alexandria, and he was also empowered to confer with the First Consul on the conditions of the approaching peace. Thus the first volume is at this juncture (July, 1800) brought to a close; and the second commences with the departure of Bonaparte from Egypt, and the sad surprise which that event caused to the army. Hardly, however, is he arrived, before the news reaches the capital of the battle of Heliopolis, and the assassination of the victorious General

* This was the very spot illustrated by the victory of Blenheim, gained by our own Marlborough.

Kléber by the dagger of a fanatic, on the very day of the battle of Marengo. It is a remarkable coincidence that Kléber and Desaix fell on the same day, one, gloriously, at Marengo, and the other by an untimely fate. The character of these two generals is well sketched, and we extract it at length.

“Kléber was the handsomest man in the French army. His commanding stature, his noble countenance, which bore the impress of a lofty soul; his bravery, daring, yet calm; his intelligence at once prompt and sure, rendered him, in the field of battle, the most imposing and remarkable captain of his age. His genius was brilliant and original, but uncultivated. He read perpetually and exclusively ‘Plutarch’ and ‘Quintus Curtius.’ In these volumes he sought the aliment of great souls, the history of the heroes of antiquity. He was capricious, indocile, and hypercritical. It was said of him that he neither wished to command or obey, and it was true. He obeyed under General Bonaparte, but murmuringly withal; he commanded sometimes under the name of another, as General Jourdan, for example, seizing, by a sort of inspiration, the direction of the battle in the heat of the engagement, exercising his authority like a first-rate general, and after the victory resuming the post of lieutenant, which he preferred to any other. Kléber was licentious, both in his language and in his manners, but upright and disinterested as men were in that time, for the *conquest of the world* had not yet corrupted the characters of ‘the soldiers of this epoch.”

There is but one thing to find fault with in this character, and that is, the false, silly, thrasonical rant about the conquest of the world. This, however, is quite in character with the conduct of the minister for foreign affairs, in September and October 1840.

As a pendant to the character of Kléber, we extract the portrait of Desaix.

“Desaix was almost in every respect the opposite of Kléber. Simple, bashful, even a little awkward, with his face always hidden under his flowing locks, he had not the port and carriage of a soldier. But heroic in the midst of danger, kind to the humblest soldier, modest with his equals, generous to the vanquished, he was adored by the army, and loved by the people conquered with his sword. His solid judgment and cultivated mind, his intimate acquaintance with the art of war, his application to his duties, his disinterestedness, made him an accomplished model of all warlike virtues:—and whilst Kléber, indocile, and disobedient, could hardly bear the restraint of any command whatever, Desaix was obedient as though he knew nothing of the art of commanding. Under a wild and uncultivated exterior, lay hidden an eager and enthusiastic nature, very susceptible of the noblest emotions. Though educated in the severe school of the army of the Rhine, he became enthusiastic about the Italian campaigns, and wished to see with his own eyes the battle fields of Castiglione, Arcoli, and Rivoli. He was in

the act of visiting these fields—the theatre of an immortal glory—when he met, without seeking him, the general-in-chief of the army of Italy, and became passionately attached to him. What finer homage than the friendship of such a man? General Bonaparte was deeply affected by it. He esteemed Kléber for his great military qualities, but placed no one, either for talents or disposition, on a level with Desaix. He loved Desaix personally. Surrounded by companions-in-arms, who had not yet pardoned his elevation, though affecting an eager and deferential submission, he fostered in the breast of Desaix a pure disinterested devotion, the result of profound admiration. Sole depository of the secret of his preferences, feigning even ignorance of the faults of Kléber, he treated both him and Desaix alike, and wished to confer common honours on the memory of men whom fortune had mingled in a common destiny.”

We do not find it stated in these volumes that Kléber had been an architect, and a pupil of the celebrated Chalgrin. Neither is it stated, that, after having studied at the military school of Munich, he entered as a *sous-lieutenant* into the Austrian service, in which he remained for eight years, serving, during that period, in the campaign against the Turks. Disappointed at not having received the promotion that he merited, he resigned the Imperial service, and returned to France. On his native soil he resumed the exercise of his earlier profession, and had been for six years inspector of the public monuments at BÉfort, when the revolution broke out. Surely these remarkable facts in the history of a remarkable man ought to have been stated, more especially as the earlier histories had totally omitted them. The mere fact of a historian having been an ex-minister, neither dispenses with industry, nor inquiry into facts.

We shall not here say more than a word as to the convention of El-Arisch. It was well known at the time, and is better known now, that the French army in Egypt was rent asunder by intestinal divisions. M. Thiers greatly praises the resistance which Davoust opposed to the signature of this treaty. ‘He manfully stood up against Kléber,’ says he, ‘and energetically combated the idea of a capitulation.’ But, to use a legal phrase, ‘*Quod voluit non fecit;*’ and the future marshal, and Prince of Eckmühl, after all the resistance of which the historian tells, really signed the convention. This ferocious, unprincipled, but most able soldier, would have signed any thing to suit a temporary or immediate purpose; for he had no moral sense, and no idea whatever of principle. The attempt of Thiers, therefore, to elevate him into the dignity of a man of principle, is worse than preposterous—it is very disgusting. Bonaparte having abandoned the Egyptian army as general—in consequence, we really

believe, of an invitation from Sieyès, though Thiers omits all mention of the circumstance—was as inexhaustible in his efforts as First Consul, to contribute to their comforts, as it was possible to be. This may possibly have arisen from the conviction, that he had abandoned them in a season of peculiar emergency. He entered into negotiations with Algerine merchants, to send into Egypt cargoes of wine, of which luxury the army had long been deprived. By his orders, also, a troop of comedians was assembled, a theatrical *matériel* prepared, and put into readiness for Alexandria. Subscriptions were also paid to the best journals of the capital, in the name of the principal officers of the army, in order that they might be informed of what was passing in Europe. Meanwhile, Ménou, on whom, by seniority, devolved the chief command of the force, rendered himself ridiculous by becoming a Turk, and assuming the name of Abdallah Ménou.

An armistice having been concluded with Austria, M. de St. Julien arrived in Paris to treat of preliminaries of peace. Prussia, systematically neutral, though 'less than kith,' now becomes 'more than kind.' The First Consul, meanwhile, hits upon the expedient of restoring the 6000 or 7000 Russian prisoners which France possessed without ransom. Clad in the Russian uniform, and accoutred in the Russian fashion, they are sent back to their inhospitable country. Paul was sensibly affected by this adroit manœuvre, and expressed his utmost admiration for the person and policy of the First Consul.

This, according to Thiers, was the happy circumstance which was the occasion of rallying the powers of the North to the politics of the First Consul, and which ultimately procured him auxiliaries in every sea.

M. Thiers next enters into the question of the right of belligerents to search neutral vessels; and in no portion of his two volumes is there more ignorance, malevolence, and misrepresentation combined. An ignorance of the municipal or commercial law of a foreign country may be pardoned in an 'avocat manqué,' like M. Thiers, who never pleaded a cause or held a brief; but an ignorance of the public law of Europe, of the law of nations, as admitted and acted on by France herself, is wholly unjustifiable in any man pretending to be a publicist, and it is criminal in an ex-minister and historian elevating himself into the self-elected instructor of his countrymen.

This indubitable right of great Britain, which M. Thiers calls 'violence and odious acts,' was never canvassed or questioned till the war of 1745. The maxim supported by M. Thiers, that 'le pavillon neutre couvre la marchandise,' was never proclaimed till

Frederick the Great set forth his claims in a memorial* from his minister, M. Michel, to the Duke of Newcastle, in 1752. Sir James Marriot says that one great cause of Prussia putting forward the claim arose from a smart saying of Lord Grenville, that he had never heard of the flag of Berlin, and should as soon expect to hear of the flag of Frankfort. But the celebrated answer to this memorial of the King of Prussia, written by Lord Mansfield, then solicitor-general, Sir George Lee, then judge of the Prerogative Court, Dr. Paul, king's advocate, and Sir Dudley Ryder, then attorney-general, contains so thorough a justification of the principles adhered to by England, that it has ever since been the standard and guide of public law. Montesquieu, a Frenchman, a gentleman, a scholar, and one of the profoundest and most eloquent writers that France ever produced; a man of honesty, honour, and candour, calls this public paper a '*réponse sans réplique*,'† and its reasoning and general principles have since been incorporated, not only into all the decisions of Scott and Grant on international law, but into the commercial law of England, as will appear, not only from '*Marshall on Insurance*' and '*Chitty's Commercial Law*,' but from the cases of *Havilock v. Rockwood*, 8 Term Reports, 268; *Garrels v. Kensington*, 8 Term Reports, 230; *Barker v. Blake*, 9 East's Reports, 283.

The whole international law on the subject is admirably summed up by Lord Stowell in his judgments in the case of the *Maria*,‡ where he establishes three important propositions, viz.:—

1. That the right of visiting and searching merchant ships upon the high seas, and not merely their papers, but their cargoes, whatever be the ship, its cargo, or its destination, is an incontestible right of the lawfully commissioned cruisers of every belligerent nation.

2. That the sovereign of the neutral country cannot consistently *with the law of nations*, oppose this right of search.

3. That the penalty of opposing this right of search is the confiscation of property so withheld from visitation.

Mr. Pitt, in his speech on the '*State of the Nation in 1801*,' insisted on all the points set out in the judgments of Lord Stowell, and the same doctrines were deliberately pronounced by the late Lord Liverpool in an able work to which he gave the sanction of his name. M. Thiers would have us

* 1 Collect. Jurid., 138; Halliday's '*Life of Lord Mansfield*, &c.; Ele. General History, vol. iii. 222.

† *Lettres Persannes*, xiv.

‡ '*1 Robinson's Reports*,' 340. 1 S. C. I. Edward's Reports,' 206.

believe that these doctrines are wholly British, but if he had continued to study law at Aix, he would have found that they are maintained by Bynkershoek, Vattel, Voet, Zuarias, Loccenius, and Abreu, none of them British writers, and set forth also in 'Il Consolato del Mare.' Bynkershoek says, 'Non ex fallaci forte aplustri, sed ex ipsis instrumentis in navi repertis constare oportet navem amicam esse. Si id constet dimittam; si hostilem esse constiteret occupabo. Quod si liceat ut omni jure licet et perpetuo observatur, licebit quoque instrumenta quæ ad merces pertinet excutere et inde discere at quæ hostium bona in navi lateant.' Vattel's words are emphatic. Without searching neutral ships at sea, says he, the commerce of contraband goods cannot be prevented. There is then a right of searching.*

In another passage Vattel says, "Si l'on trouve sur un vaisseau neutre des effets appartenants aux ennemis, on s'en saisit par le droit de la guerre." This very law as to neutrals, therefore, which M. Thiers would endeavour to prove was exclusively English, was, until a very recent period, French also. Valin, a great French lawyer, and whose works have obtained a European reputation, in his 'Traité des Prises' justifies the French ordonnances, by which both ship and cargo are subject to confiscation, if the smallest part of the lading belonged to an enemy, for he observes—"Parceque de manière ou d'autre c'est favoriser le commerce de l'ennemi et faciliter le transport de ces denrées et marchandises; ce qui ne peut s'accorder avec les traités d'alliance ou de neutralité. Monsieur Hubner," he adds, 'entrepnd de prouver fort sérieusement que le pavillon neutre couvre toute la cargaison, quoiqu'elle appartient à l'ennemi. Mais cet auteur est absolument décidé pour les neutres, et semble n'avoir écrit que pour plaider leur cause. Il pose d'abord ses principes qu'il donne pour constants, puis il en tire les conséquences qui lui conviennent. Cette méthode est fort commode.'

It is, therefore, audacious hardihood to say, that the principles of maritime law, for which England contended, were a usurpation, or unsanctioned by foreign and even French usage. This part of the subject is so important at any time, and may, under such a minister as Lord Aberdeen, become so dangerously momentous, that we give in a note the ordonnances of the French marine on the subject, all proving that these were recognised principles not merely of English, but of European law.† Abreu,

* *Questiones Pub. Jur.* ; Vattel *droit de Gens*, lib. iii., c. 7, p. 114.

† Under the old government, the law of nations administered by France was always more severe against neutrals than the law of England. They admitted eight causes of confiscation of vessels, one only of which would be ground of condemnation in our courts, namely, that the vessel belonged to the enemy; the

the most eminent of Spanish civilians, fully maintains this proposition in the following passage:—

“ Sin embargo, si se consulta el derecho de las gentes, y la facultad, que dà el de la guerra, concurren todas las razones para que afirmemos, que las mercaderias pertenecientes à enemigos que vinieren embarcadas en navios de amigos, ò confederados son de legitima pressa, puesto que lo que se apprehende, se verifica pertenecer à enemigos; y por consiguiente trae consigo un vicio real, ò inherente, que adquiriò en su fabrica y origen, de que no se purga por transportarse en nave de amigo ò confederado.”

The opinions of M. Thiers, as to what is contraband of war, are as flagrantly incorrect as his doctrines, in respect to the rights of neutrals; but into this branch of the subject we cannot enter now. It may be thought by some that we have bestowed too

other seven would not produce that effect.—1. Il est de bonne prise, si étant de fabrique ou construction ennemie, ou provenant originairement de l'ennemi, le neutre, l'allié, n'est pas en état de prouver, par pièces authentiques *trouvées à bord*, qu'il l'avait acquis avant la declaration de la guerre. *Reglements des 17 Feb., 1694, Art. 4; 1704, Art. 7; 1744, Art. 10; 1778, Art. 7.*—2. Si sa cargaison appartient à l'ennemi, elle emporte la confiscation du navire. *Ord. 1681, tit. Prises, Art. 7; Arrêt 26 Oct., 1692; Reg. 1704, Art. 5.*—3. Si la totalité de cette cargaison, ou seulement les trois quarts de sa valeur, sont de contrabande, il s'en suit la confiscation du navire. *Regl. 1778, Art. 1.*—4. Quelque soit la navire, si son équipage est composé de matelots ennemis, au delà du tiers de leur nombre total, ou s'il se trouve à bord un subrecargue marchand, commis, ou officier major d'un pais ennemi, il est confiscable. *Regl. 1704, Art. 9; 1744, Art. 12; 1778, Art. 9.*—5. Défaut de papiers de bord. *Ord. tit. 9, Art. 1, 3, 6; Regl. 1704, Art. 9; 1744, Art. 12; 1778, Art. 9.*—6. Des vices des papiers de bord représentés. *Ord. tit. Prises, Art. 5; 1694, 1704, 1710, 1744, 1778, &c.*—7. Il est défendu de jeter les papiers à la mer ou autrement les soustraire et détruire, à peine de confiscation du navire et de son chargement. *Ord. 5th Sept., 1708, 26th July, 1778, Art. 3.* Of their eight grounds for confiscating the cargo, we admit only two, namely, Enemies property and contraband. The other six are these:—1. Toutes marchandises chargées sur un navire ennemi sont confiscables. *Ord. Prises, Art. 7; Arrêt, 26th Oct., 1692.*—2. Une cargaison de marchandises originairement ennemie est confiscable quoiqu'elle n'appartienne plus à l'ennemi. *Art. 3 et 4, Regl. 1704, 1744.*—3. Leur destination. *Regl. 1704, 1744, 1778.*—4. Défaut de papiers de bord. Tout navire qui n'a pas outre ses lettres de mer, &c., des chartes parties, &c., est confiscable. *Ord. tit. Prises, Art. 6, 21 Jan., 1693.*—5. Vices de ces papiers quelqu'ils fussent, s'ils n'étaient pas faits, signés, et délivrés dans les formes. *Regl. 17 Feb., 1694; 21 Oct., 1744, Art. 9.*—6. L'usage des papiers de bord, s'ils étaient jettés à la mer, &c., *5th Sept., 1708; 26th July, 1778.* *Ord. tit. Prises, Art. 6.*

As to regenerated France, it was decreed, 14th Feb., 1793, que les lois anciennes concernant les prises seraient exécutées jusqu'à ce qu'il en eut été autrement ordonné. But the editor of the 'Code des Prises' observes, that pendant ce temps là, même jusque encore à présent, nous n'avons vu qu'incertitude de la part des parties, même de celle des juges. Les armateurs comme les réclamateurs ont pris dans chacun des anciens réglemens ce qu'ils ont cru leur être favorable, et laissé ce qu'ils ont cru leur être contraire:—Les juges ont puisé leurs motifs tantôt dans tel reglement, tantôt dans tel autre, quelquefois dans tous. He illustrates the consequences of this mode of administering the Law of Nations, by showing that three different sentences might be pronounced in the same case, according as this or that ordinance, all of equal validity, was adopted as the rule of decision.

much attention on the opinions and disquisitions of the ex-minister on this latter question. We cannot, however, be persuaded to think so. Though it is not very likely that M. Thiers will soon return to power, yet he occupies a considerable space as a party man, and as a writer, in the eyes of France, and his activity and talent, as well as the peculiar facilities he enjoys of propagating his opinions, both at the tribune, and through the press, give to his observations a weight to which they are not intrinsically entitled, either by their justice or their truth.

M. Thiers' sketches of the Prince of Peace, of Charles IV. of Spain, his Queen and Court, are generally good; but the characters of Godoy, and of the minister, Urquijo, are more graphically drawn by the lively and versatile Abbé de Pradt.

The negotiation entered into by M. de St. Julien was disavowed by his court. This caused great dissatisfaction to the First Consul; but a general negotiation of all the powers was ultimately proposed, on the condition of England granting a naval armistice. The conditions could not be satisfactorily agreed on. After a further short suspension of hostilities, which lasted for forty-five days, on the condition of giving up Philipsburgh, Ulm, and Ingoldstadt, to the French, the emperor, who had himself journeyed to the head-quarters of the army, returned to Vienna.

Meanwhile, the First Consul was not idle. He caused the body of Turenne to be removed from the Petits Augustins to the Invalides, and directed a public monument to be raised to the memories of Kléber and Desaix. The public roads, which, for ten years, had been neglected, and were, in consequence, in a dangerous and disgraceful state, were somewhat repaired, and rendered more practicable. Some attention was also paid to inland navigation, and praiseworthy efforts were made for the suppression of highway robbers and the bands of armed marauders with which the country was infested. These were laudable efforts, and, since the brilliant victory of Marengo, undoubtedly tended to the consolidation of the power of the First Consul. M. Thiers does not, therefore, very much exceed the truth when he says, that in assuring to the patriots of 1793 a civil equality—to the purchasers of national property the exclusion of the Bourbons—to the moderate royalists the security and re-establishment of religion—to all, order, justice, and national greatness—the First Consul had really vindicated his claim to the suffrages of the honest and disinterested among all shades of party.

The observations of M. Thiers on the violent of all parties are well worthy of attention. We regret we cannot cite them at length. We must, however, stop to observe, that in relating the

events of October, 1800, at which we are now arrived, M. Thiers states that Georges and his assassins had their hands full of gold *venu d'Angleterre*. If this merely means that the French royalists, and the agents of the French princes, sent him money, we have no exception to make to the statement; but if it mean that he was sent gold by the ministry or people of England, the statement is a pure falsehood, and no man knows it to be so better than M. Thiers.

The following character of Fouché will be read with interest, though the language is about the poorest in M. Thiers' book:

“ M. Fouché, entrusted with the exercise of this power (minister of police), was an old *Oratorien* and *ex-Conventionnel*. He was an intelligent and crafty person, neither virtuous nor vicious, but knowing mankind well, above all, the baser portion, which he despised. He employed the police funds not merely for the support, but for the *surveillance* of his agents, and was always willing to procure bread or a place for every individual tired of political agitation, thus making friends for the government, and also friends for himself—obliged friends, far better able to inform him of what it was his interest to know than credulous or deceitful spies. And such obliged friends he had among all the parties, even among the royalists, whom he knew how to manage and keep within bounds. Thus was he always warned in time, never over estimating the danger himself, nor exaggerating it to his master. He knew well how to distinguish between a mere hot-headed man and men really dangerous; the one he warned, the other he prosecuted or hunted down, thus executing the functions of police minister better than they had ever been before executed—for the duties of the office consist in disarming hatred as well as in repressing it. Had he possessed but elevated intentions—had his indulgence assumed any other garb than indifference to good or evil—had his activity any other moving spring than a desire to mix himself up in every thing—a desire which rendered him not merely inconvenient to, but suspected by the First Consul, and gave him often the appearance of a vulgar intriguer—he had, indeed, been a great minister. His ignoble but expressive countenance was a perfect index to the vices of his mind. The First Consul did not willingly extend his confidence to men whom he did not esteem. But though he mistrusted Fouché, he made a full use of him. Sometimes he tried to supply his place, or to control him, in giving money to his secretary, Bourienne, to the commandant of Paris, Murat—above all, to his aide-de-camp, Savary, to form a species of contradictory police. But Fouché always knew how to exhibit the blundering puerilities of these pseudo-practitioners, and demonstrated that he alone was well-informed. Thus in counteracting the First Consul, the minister, nevertheless, brought him back to his views by his manner of dealing with men—a manner into which no touch of love or hatred entered, but merely the fixed principle of wresting individuals, one by one, from the feverish and agitated life of faction.”

The most exquisitely drawn portrait in the whole book, whether as a striking and faithful resemblance, or for colouring or finish, is the portrait of M. de Talleyrand, which we give at length:

“ M. de Talleyrand played a part the very reverse of the minister of police. He had no liking for Fouché, nor any resemblance to him. Though both ex-priests, the one belonging to the higher clergy, the other to the lower, yet they had only this in common—that Talleyrand availed himself of the Revolution to divest himself of the flowing robes of a bishop; while the other stripped himself merely of the short gown of an Oratorian professor. This government, composed of a military man and two priests who had abjured their profession, was a strange spectacle it must be admitted—a spectacle which characteristically paints a society completely convulsed and overturned—a society which, notwithstanding the strange manner in which it was composed, had no less splendour, grandeur, and influence in the world.

“ M. de Talleyrand, descended of a family of the very highest extraction, destined to the profession of arms by his birth, but doomed to the priesthood by an accident which had deprived him of the use of one foot, had no vocation for his imposed profession, and having been successively prelate, courtier, revolutionist, emigrant, and ultimately minister of foreign affairs of the Directory, he had preserved something of all these characters. There was in him some touch of the bishop, of the man of high rank, and of the revolutionist. Entertaining no fixed opinions, but imbued with a natural moderation which repudiated every thing like exaggeration, appropriating instantaneously to himself the ideas of those whom he wished, either from taste or interest, to please, expressing himself in a language unique and peculiar to that society of which Voltaire had been the teacher and the model; full of lively and pungent repartees, which rendered him at once formidable and attractive; by turns complaisant and disdainful, open or impenetrable, careless or elaborately dignified, halting in his gait without losing any portion of his gracefulness, this singular personage who could only be produced by a revolution, was the most seductive of negotiators, but at the same time incapable of directing, as chief minister, the affairs of a great state, for to direct, a strong will is necessary as well as fixed views of public questions and habits of steady labour, and he had none of these. His will was limited to please, his views consisted in opinions of the moment, and he scarcely laboured at all. He was, in a word, an accomplished ambassador, but not a great or leading minister in the highest signification of the word. Besides, he played no other part than the part of minister of external relations under the consular government. The First Consul, who permitted no one to have an opinion on affairs of war or diplomacy, employed him only in negotiating with foreign ministers, which he did with unsurpassable art. He had always the great moral merit of loving peace under a master who was fond of war, and of showing him that he loved peace. Endowed with an exquisite taste, with a sure tact, with a useful indolence, he was enabled to render real services to the state in

opposing to the flood of talk, the over-abundance of writing, and superfluity of action, of the First Consul, his own moderation—his perfect circumspection—his decided propensity to do nothing. But he produced little impression on this imperious master, and inspired neither awe by his genius, nor respect by his sincerity. He had, therefore, no more influence than Fouché—even less—though he was fully as much employed—and more agreeable in his manners. Talleyrand entertained opinions widely different from those of Fouché. Attached to the old dynasty, but not to the persons or the ridiculous prejudices of other times, he counselled his master to re-cast as quickly as possible the monarchy, or its equivalent, in making use of the glory of the First Consul to supply the want of royal blood, adding that if it were wished to have a speedy and desirable peace with Europe, it was the duty of France to take immediate steps to resemble other states. And whilst invoking the name of the revolution, the minister Fouché advised that we should not proceed too quickly, M. de Talleyrand, invoking the name of Europe, advised that we should not march too slowly.”

The characters of Joseph, Josephine, and Lucien, are subsequently given, but we regret we have not space to extract them. The Emperor Paul, who had broken with his late allies, was more especially enraged with the English cabinet because they would not surrender Malta to him. He laid an embargo on the English shipping in the Russian ports; caused 300 British vessels to be seized, and ordered that such as attempted to escape should be sunk. He renewed the league of 1780, and, on the 26th of December, 1800, a declaration was signed by the ministers of Russia, Sweden, and Denmark, by which these powers mutually engaged to support, even by arms, the principles of the law of neutrals, embodied two months before in the treaty establishing peace between France and the United States. This rupture of all the northern powers with Great Britain was eagerly seized on by the First Consul to force harder terms on Austria. To these terms Cobentzel was obliged to yield, and ultimately signed the celebrated peace of Lunéville, on the 9th of February, 1801. By this treaty France obtained, for the second time, the boundary of the Rhine.

Thus, in the short space of fifteen months, partially reorganised at home, and victorious abroad, France was again in alliance with the north of Europe against England. But the life of the First Consul had been, nevertheless, more than once attempted. The conspiracy of Ceracci and Lebrun was still fresh in the minds of the people, when three agents of Georges attempted by the infernal machine to destroy the victor of Marengo. The life of the man of destiny was, however, on this occasion, saved by the dexterity of his coachman. The north as well as the south of Europe were now prepared to act against England. The southern states closed their ports, and the northern entered into an armed

league; but England, ever invincible, held on in her course, and despatched the ever glorious Nelson and the gallant Parker to the Baltic, to bury the foes that had conspired against her existence in the deep bosom of the ocean. Now was fought that bloody engagement in the channel of Copenhagen in which victory was our own. Thiers states that we lost 1200 men, killed and wounded, and that the loss of the Danes was not much greater; but the loss of the British really amounted to 234 killed and 644 wounded, in all 878; while the loss of the Danes, according to Brenton, was double, and according to their own account, more than double, for it was 1800. During the suspension of hostilities which followed this battle the Emperor Paul was murdered, and the confederacy of the neutral powers dissolved by his death. M. Thiers lays much stress on the authentic details, which he alone, he contends, is in a condition to give of the conspiracy against the life of the Emperor; but we have not been enabled to find a single new fact in his recital of the event. The despatches of Savary and Haugwitz contain nearly all that is stated by M. Thiers, and Capefigue, in the fifth volume [of his History, gives a more copious and dramatic account, though we admit his French is neither so pure nor so racy as the language of the ex-minister. In the seventh volume of the 'European Annals,' and in 'Bredow's Chronik,' many of the details now put forth with an air of novelty are also stated. We are now approaching the period of the Addington administration, when proposals of peace were made to M. Otto, and with this the second volume of the History closes. On the last chapter, in reference to the neutral powers, many observations occur to us; but these must be deferred to some future opportunity.

In now leisurely considering, at the conclusion of our task, all that we have written, we see no occasion to modify the opinions we have expressed. The praise of a style at once brilliant and vigorous, M. Thiers no doubt deserves. He possesses in the highest degree the art of dramatically grouping his facts—the accounts of battles are written to the tune of fine martial music, and must always be popular in a nation like France:—for, as Chateaubriand said, 'La France n'est qu'un soldat.' But we in vain look for incidents and anecdotes which have never before appeared in print; vainer still has been our search for that breadth and expansion of view, or those profound remarks which it is the duty of the philosophic historian to throw out for the benefit of a future generation. M. Thiers is the eloquent partisan, apologist, and exponent of a party, and for France of a great and glorious epoch: but to the name of philosophic historian, or deep and serious thinker, he has no kind of claim.

ART. VII.—*Mémoires de Fléchier sur les Grands Jours tenus à Clermont en 1665—1666.* Publiés par B. GONOD, Bibliothécaire de la ville de Clermont. Paris: 1844.

THIS work, written by the celebrated Bishop Fléchier, and now published for the first time, gives a detailed account of the proceedings of the last and most important 'Grands Jours' held in Auvergne, and affords many curious and minute illustrations of the state of society in that province, about the middle of the seventeenth century.

And what were these 'Grands Jours?' the English reader will say; nor has he any reason to blush for his ignorance, seeing that until just now, it was shared by nearly all the best informed Frenchmen. Previously to the publication of the work before us, very few were those who could explain the meaning of a term, which, but one hundred and eighty years ago, had a portentous significance, and was associated with intense emotions of fear or hope in the breasts of high and low.

The Grands Jours were extraordinary assizes held by judges chosen and deputed by the sovereign, and fulfilling functions much like those of the *Missi Dominici* of the kings of the first and second races, whose business it was to visit the remoter provinces, inquire into the conduct of the dukes and counts, and reform all judicial and financial abuses. The judges were invested with very ample powers, and were to constitute a final court of appeal from the ordinary local tribunals in all civil and criminal cases; but chiefly they were to exercise primary and plenary jurisdiction over those daring offenders who were enabled, by the vices of the feudal system, to set at nought the feeble powers of the district authorities. That was a memorable and momentous epoch in the history of a province, which witnessed the advent of one of these special tribunals, rare in their occurrence, surrounded with unusual pomp and solemnity, and armed with all the terrors of a fitful justice, now roused to convulsive activity, and eager to make amends by extreme severity for its past supineness. Hence the popular name of *The Great Days* universally applied to this sort of assizes.

The Grand Jours, of which Fléchier (then an abbé, and tutor to the son of M. de Caumartin) was a spectator, lasted from September 26, 1665, to January 30, 1666. More than twelve thousand causes, civil and criminal, came before them, and of these a great multitude were heard and determined. Among the culprits brought to trial, or who suffered judgment by default, were many persons of the highest consi-

deration in Auvergne and the adjacent provinces, the best born and the wealthiest, magistrates and officers of justice, priests and dignitaries of the church. Atrocious acts of violence and oppression, extortion, murder, arson, and pillage, were the charges brought home to them, not singly, but in accumulation. A *gentilhomme*, who had but one murder on his conscience, was, in the opinion of the virtuous Fléchier, almost deserving of commendation and respect for his comparative innocence. We, who are happily far removed from 'the good old times,' can hardly comprehend such an amount of audacity and crime as constituting the permanent condition of a Christian land in the seventeenth century; but, if we reflect on the licence and anarchy produced by thirty years of civil and foreign war, on the imperfect organisation of the police of the country, and the want of roads and free communication, we shall be able to account for a large proportion of these crimes, and for their almost constant impunity. What these causes will not suffice to explain, we may fairly lay to the charge of the laws themselves, particularly the law of primogeniture, which co-operating with other circumstances of the times, forced younger sons to adopt the profession of arms, or to become priests or monks, however unqualified by inclination and habits worthily to fulfil the sacred calling.

The evil, common to all France, had reached its highest pitch in the parts far distant from the centre of government, especially in the wild and mountainous region of Auvergne. A remedy was at last sought in the establishment of the Grands Jours at Clermont, with jurisdiction extending over Haute and Basse Auvergne, Le Bourbonnais, Le Nivernais, Forez, Le Lyonnais, Le Pays de Combrailles, Haute and Basse Marche and Berri. Nothing was omitted that could give efficiency to the labours of the commission, and among the more stringent measures resorted to were the following: The prelates were required to publish letters mandatory, containing a long list of offences—a curious document, which may be regarded as a general schedule of the crimes of the age, and of the means then possessed by criminals for evading the vengeance of the law. All persons who had cognisance of any of the matters specified therein, were commanded to come forward and give information: those who neglected to do so were excommunicated, first simply, then doubly and trebly, after the lapse of two successive intervals of six days allowed for repentance. The effect of the first measure of ecclesiastical chastisement was to deprive the offender of the consolations of religion; the second stripped him of his civil rights; and the third put him wholly out of the pale of society, and was equivalent to denying him the use of fire and water. As for those persons who fled from justice,

troops were to be quartered in their châteaux, and to be maintained out of the income of their estates; and, in case of resistance, the châteaux were to be demolished, and were never to be rebuilt. To harbour such persons, or in any wise aid or comfort them, was strictly forbidden, under pain of corporal punishment in case of villeins, and of degradation from the rank of nobility, demolition of their châteaux, confiscation, and imprisonment, in case of men of gentle blood.

“I remarked all through the country,” says Fléchier, “and in Clermont, when I arrived there, that terror was universal. The bulk of the noblesse had fled; and there remained not one *gentilhomme* but had taken himself to task, reconsidered all the ugly spots in his life, and tried to repair whatever wrong he might have done to his subjects, so as to stop the complaints they might make. There took place a thousand conversions, which came less of the grace of God, than of the justice of men, and which, however constrained, were not the less advantageous. Those who had been the tyrants of the poor, became their suppliants, and more restitutions were made than occur in the great jubilee of the holy year.”

But if the nobles were in consternation, the humbler classes, who had so long groaned under their insolent oppression, were in ecstasy at the prospect of deliverance and revenge. The very day after the arrival of the judges, while all was trepidation and dismay in the families of the conscience-stricken *seigneurs*, the streets of Clermont rang with the first verse of a popular song of triumph on the occasion, the *Marseillaise* of that day, which was afterwards extended to the length of two-and-twenty stanzas. It is a very humorous poem, written in the rude and racy patois of the country. The poor peasants, it must be owned, did not bear their good fortune with exemplary moderation; on the contrary, they displayed a very prompt alacrity, more natural than generous, to exult over their humbled persecutors, and to pay off old scores with compound interest. A party of this class in Forez, after carousing together, conceived the brilliant design of bringing some gentleman or another, no matter whom, to the block, merely for their own diversion. The intended victim was chosen by lot, and chanced to be one of the most inoffensive men in the country; nevertheless, they proceeded forthwith to try his patience with all manner of outrageous insolence, in the hope of provoking him to some act that might afford colour for a prosecution against him.

“It was remarked that the peasants were very bold, and were forward to make their depositions against the nobles, when they were not withheld by fear. If they are not accosted with honour, and if any one fails to salute them civilly, they talk of appealing to the Grands Jours,

and threaten to have the offenders punished, as though they had suffered violence at their hands. A lady residing in the country parts complained that all her peasants had bought them gloves, fancying that they were no longer obliged to work, and that they were now the only persons in the king's dominions, for whom his majesty entertained any consideration. When persons of quality, talent, and excellent character, who had no fear of the most rigorous justice, and who had won the good will of the populace, came to Clermont, these good folks assured them of their protection, and presented them with certificates of good conduct, believing that these were a necessary security, and that they themselves were become, by special privilege, lords over their own lords. They were furthermore persuaded, that the king had sent all these judges and councillors among them with no other intention than to reinstate them in their possessions, no matter how they had sold them; and in this belief they already counted as their own all that their ancestors had sold as far back as three generations. These silly notions, which moved the laughter of such as were not affected by them, were sore annoyances to those on whom they had any bearing, because they found themselves constrained to endure acts of impertinence to which they were not accustomed, and to curb those impulses of temper to which they had been used to give free course when justice was not so near at hand. The person who was most annoyed in this way, was M. de Chazeron, a man of some consideration in the province, and against whom no charge could be brought. One of his subjects, a very covetous and fractious man, recollecting that there was a tradition in his family of his great-grandfather, or great-grandfather's having sold some meadow or another, or some vineyard, to the grandfather of that gentleman, called on the latter in his house and demanded restitution of his property. Demands of this kind are in no case agreeable; but when they are unjust and unfounded they are too much for the best tempered people. The peasant insisted that the time for restitution was come; that after his lord's unjust enjoyment of the property the king now sent folks that did not fear him, and would see right done between them. The other replied, that the man was mistaken, and that if his forefathers had sold their field, it was no less true that his own ancestors had paid them for it. The fellow did not seem to feel the force of this reasoning; so, putting on an air of clownish consequence, he clapped his hat on his head, set his left arm akimbo, and shaking his fist in M. de Chazeron's face, cried out in a passion: 'You shall give it back to me, and the Grands Jours . . .'. At any other time the peasant would have been more discreet, and his lord would have been less so; but the trouble into which those who were accused were cast, frightened those who were not accused. The only notice, therefore, which the gentleman ventured to take of this insolence was to knock off the man's hat, and bid him behave more respectfully. But the black-guard only burst into a fury, and commanded him to pick up the hat, or it should cost him his head. Things were at such a pass that the gentleman, afraid of giving way to his resentment, and distrusting his own

powers of forbearance, picked up the hat, and having given its owner a few blows with it, thought it advisable to mount his horse and go and lay his complaint before M. le Président. Such high notions do the people here build upon the Grand Jours, and such is the dread of them entertained by the noblesse!

“It fared still worse with an officer of Riom, whose father had bought the field of a poor man in his neighbourhood. He was in the quiet enjoyment of his property, and had no fear of incurring any prosecution, when a demand was made upon him, that he should either give up the field or pay down its value according to arbitration. He investigated the matter, sent for the elders of the village, searched his papers, but found nothing in them by which he could substantiate his title. The villagers testified that the field in question belonged to the family of the claimant. The readiest expedient was to send for the arbitrators, obtain a reduction of the estimated value, and pay the claimant eight hundred livres, rather than be obliged per force to make restitution, and be exposed to the penalties inflicted for extortion and violence. Afterwards, however, he found some papers which justified his possession of the property; but the peasant not being of opinion that the Grands Jours were intended to lay hold on such as him, or that they had a right to compel those who have not the misfortune to be of noble birth to make restitution, the officer found that all he could do served no other end than to bring down upon him the ridicule of the whole town.”

The peasants only practised clumsily, and in a small way, the lessons their masters had taught them; but they were inept scholars, and fell far short of their models. Let us see a few specimens of the latter.

The wickedest old sinner in the province was the Marquis de Canillac, who surpassed all his contemporaries in the art of squeezing money out of his vassals by force and fraud. Other lords of manors availed themselves to the utmost of their poor ability, of those cases in which they were entitled, by very ancient usage, to levy fines on their tenants, as, for instance, on the marriage of the lord or of his eldest son; but the marquis was singularly ingenious in multiplying these occasions, and what the others did only once in their lives, he did every year. He kept in his pay twelve desperate ruffians:

“These men, whom he called his twelve apostles, catechised with sword or cudgel those who disputed his orders, and committed fearful acts of violence at their cruel master’s pleasure. He gave them very apostolic names, calling one Sans-Fiance (Lack-troth), another Brise-Tout (Smash-all), and so on. Backed by the dread which these terrible names inspired, he levied pretty considerable sums on the viands commonly consumed; and then finding that abstinence was practised rather too much, he turned the impost upon those who left the viands untouched.

His largest revenue was that which he derived from justice; for the least trifle he had wretches imprisoned and condemned, and compelled them to ransom themselves from punishment by payments in money. He would gladly have seen all who were under his jurisdiction, of the same humour with himself, and he often beguiled them into bad acts, that he might afterwards force payment from them all, with uncompromising severity. In a word, no one ever so largely committed, desired, or profited by crimes as he. Not only did he exact money for the evil deeds people had perpetrated, but he even made the liberty to transgress in future matter of bargain; and any man who had money to give him was free to be criminal then or thereafter. He was in the habit of saying, that he had a barb that supplied the keep of all his horses. This barb was a servant-woman of that name (*Barbe*), whom he allowed a curé to have in his house, in consideration of a certain tribute which defrayed the expenses of his stables. * * * All these extortions and many other acts of violence, the proofs of which were with difficulty procured by reason of the terror with which the marquis and his emissaries had deeply impressed the minds of the populace, obliged Messieurs des Grands Jours to sentence him to death. He was executed in effigy, to the great satisfaction of every body; he had undergone the same thing once before by decree of the parliament of Toulouse, and had even himself been a spectator of his own execution, from a neighbouring window, where he sat quite at his ease, and thought it very good fun to see himself decapitated in the street, he being all the while safe and sound within doors. He never suffered the slightest pain in his head from that operation, and I believe he was very sorry not to have one more opportunity of enjoying the same diversion; but he thought it expedient for his health to retire, advancing years having deprived him of much of his former cheerful humour. He was condemned to a heavy fine, and to the confiscation of his estates; and two or three towers, which had long served as strongholds for his apostles, were demolished."

The Baron de Sénagas was another of these noble robbers, supremely versed in all the devices of feudal oppression. Less fortunate than the crafty old marquis, he fell into the clutches of the commissioners, and escaped sentence of decapitation only by a majority of seven votes to six. He was condemned to pay a heavy fine, to have the fortifications of his houses razed, to have all his property confiscated, and to be banished for life. Among the numerous weighty charges against him, the blackest perhaps was that which related to his treatment of an individual who had the misfortune to be liable to his jurisdiction, and to have given him offence. He had the man imprisoned in a horrible damp cell, a sort of cupboard, in which the poor wretch could neither sit nor stand upright; and where he remained several months, with hardly enough of fetid air to enable him to breathe, and supplied

with just so much food as sufficed to prolong his torments. He was brought out, at last, more dead than alive, and scarcely resembling a human being. His face was a shapeless mass, and his clothes were covered with a sort of moss.

The Marquis de Canillac and the Baron de Sénagas were both men of strong passions and energetic character; our readers might, therefore, be inclined to suppose that theirs were exceptional cases, and that the villainies they practised should be imputed solely to the evil dispositions of the actors. But it was not so: it was the peculiar beauty of the old system of society, so tenderly regretted and so fondly invoked by those who know least about it, to enable and encourage very common-place reptiles to become very consummate tyrants. The Count de Montvallat passed for a good, easy man, a Jerry Sneak, in fact, snubbed and beaten by his wife, and often threatened by his peasants; and yet, saving that he committed no murders, he contrived, perhaps, to do as much mischief in other respects, in his own quiet way, as his more notorious contemporaries. He traded largely upon his judiciary rights, and sold impunity to murderers, robbers, and violators of female honour; so that there was nothing he less desired to retain on his estates than an honest man. Among the manorial rights still subsisting, nominally at least, in Auvergne, in his day, was that odious one called *maritagium*, or *droit des noces*.^{*} It had now lost its most disgusting character, the old usages connected with it having, by common consent, been commuted into a pecuniary charge. But M. de Montvallat, with a fine conservative instinct, insisted on the superiority of the good old system, particularly when any pretty village lass was on the eve of marriage; and as he seemed to hint plainly enough that he intended something more than a mere empty ceremony, the parties interested always thought it best to purchase his forbearance at a heavy cost. In this way he often exacted a full half of the bride's dowry.

M. de la Mothe Tintry was sent to the galleys for three years; a sentence far too lenient for his deserts. He had a grudge against a peasant, who had refused to do some harvest work for

^{*} Michelet says (*Origines du Droit Français*) "there is no evidence that this shameful right was ever exacted in kind;" but this is not true. The right was possessed, for instance, by the Seigneurs de Lobier, in Ossau, Béarn; and in what manner it was exercised by them, appears from the fact, that there, as elsewhere, the first child of a serf couple, if a male, was of freeborn condition in consideration of his probable paternity, "per so qui poeyre star engendrat de las obres deudit senbor et de sons susditz plasers." 'Fors de Béarn,' by Mazure et Hatoulet. Pau, 1842. The clergy sometimes laid claim to this strange privilege. 'Ego vidi,' says a juriconsult of the fifteenth century, 'in curia Bituricensi coram metropolitano processum appellationis, in quo rector seu curatus parochialis pretendebat ex consuetudine primam habere carnalem sponsæ cognitionem, quæ consuetudine fuit annullata.' Nic. Boerii Decisiones, ccxcvii., 17.

him. Finding this man one day fast asleep under a tree, he pistoled him, and then despatched him with his sword. This cowardly assassin's fate excited a lively sympathy in the higher circles, it being thought more shocking that a man of his quality should be made to toil at the oar along with base-born slaves, than that he should nobly lose his head.

There were several prisoners of low condition condemned to the same punishment, one of whom, while waiting for the chain to proceed to Toulon, took it into his head that if a girl could be induced to demand him in marriage, he should certainly be liberated, in conformity with an ancient custom. Addressing himself, therefore, to some charitable ladies who were in the habit of visiting the prisons, he so wrought upon them by his eloquence, that they undertook to find him a bride, who, being conscious of some flaw in her own character, would gladly accept even a rogne's proposal to make her an honest woman. There was no difficulty in procuring such a person, and the benevolent ladies were rejoicing in prospect over their good work, when the whole project turned out to be founded on a popular error. The common law recognised no such ground of release as that relied on by the convict. A still more curious case of a somewhat similar kind had occurred at Lyons three or four months previously. A girl of considerable mental and personal attractions had unhappily committed some offence for which she was condemned to death. The man who was to be her executioner, offered to become her husband, and thereby the preserver of her life. A gallant who wooed in this fashion had enormous odds on his side. 'Bless me with your hand, and make me the happiest of men! If you deny me your hand—ah, cruel fair one!—I must content myself with your neck.' Could mortal man devise a more irresistible formula for popping the question? But woman's wilfulness and inscrutable caprice baffle the sagest calculations. The finisher of the law was repulsed with bitter scorn by his victim, and the proud girl died by his hand with the constancy of a martyr.

The reader doubtless remembers the incident in Victor Hugo's 'Notre Dame de Paris,' where the poet, just about to be hung by the Truands, is released on Esmeralda's consenting to marry him. Many traces are discoverable of this old custom, which so well accorded with the spirit of the middle ages.* Another curious

* "En plusieurs lieux et pays est de coustume que si une femme a marier, et mesmement si elle est pucel et requiert ung homme a mary que est condempne a morir et est mene au gibet, len le dealivre a la dicte femme elle lui sauvera sa vie. Mais cella est contre le droit commun." *La Masuer en francoys selon la coustume du hault et bas pays d'Auvergne, imprimé à Lyon, par Claude Davost, l'an 1505, fol. lxiix.*

point of legal history adverted to by Fléchier is the existence of personal slavery. It was generally abolished in Auvergne about the close of the 15th century; but it still continued to subsist in certain localities, until finally suppressed by the edict of August, 1779. The regular canons of St. Augustin had estates in the Pays de Combrailles in which there were serfs, not merely bound to the soil, but absolutely 'de serve condition, de mainmorte et de suyte;' that is to say, slavery was inherent in their flesh and blood, and followed them wherever they went: they were chattel property.

Some of these unhappy beings earnestly invoked the protection of the Grands Jours, and claimed exemption from thralldom, on the ground that they were born of free fathers. They argued that as the father is the head of the family, his condition ought to determine that of the children, in accordance with the common adage, *Le bon emporte le pire*, 'The good overbears the worse.' Fléchier, whose leaning was always to the side of mercy, approves of this reasoning and corroborates it by a characteristic remark. It is laid down, he says, by the most orthodox theologians, that had Adam not sinned, it would have mattered nothing though his wife ate of the forbidden fruit; her transgression would have entailed no bad consequences on us her descendants. On the other hand were alleged various customs of the province, explicit on the point in dispute, and reference was made to the ancient laws which left the child in slavery when either parent was not free. Lastly, the common maxim was insisted on, which declared that the mother imparted her own condition to her offspring: *Partus ventrem sequitur*. M. Talon, the king's advocate, exerted himself with honourable zeal on behalf of the appellants, stigmatised the rights in question as odious and unchristian, and called for their peremptory abolition. But the court decided against him, and pronounced the vested rights of the reverend slave breeders to be more sacred than the claims of justice and humanity.

Only a very few of the many nobles sentenced to be beheaded actually suffered that fate; the great majority of them, having prudently given 'leg bail' for their appearance, were executed in effigy: that is to say, pictures were exposed in the ordinary place of execution, in each of which was the portrait of a culprit with a headsman in the act of doing his office. It must have been a golden season for the sign-painters of Clermont, since the contents of this strange picture-gallery were renewed every day, and on one occasion nearly thirty criminals were effigied together. Sometimes the sword of justice descended not metaphorically but in real earnest on the culprit's neck; but unhappily in these instances the blow seldom fell where it was most merited. Private affection and

political animosity too plainly appear to have biased many of the decisions of the Grands Jours. The Count de Canillac, seneschal of Clermont, richly deserved death, but to the indignation of the whole province he marched boldly out of prison after paying a paltry fine of 500 livres, the evidence against him having been strangely deficient. The secret of this was, that he was nearly connected by marriage with M. de Novion, the president of the court, and his sister-in-law was about to bestow her hand on the counsel for the crown against him. A kinsman of his, the Viscount de la Mothe Canillac, the least criminal of the whole family, lost his head; in reality because he had borne an active part in the wars of the Fronde against the king, but ostensibly on account of a homicide which was in a great degree excusable, considering the circumstances of the case and the habits of the times. Having received funds from the Prince de Condé for the purpose of raising troops in the time of the civil war, he had transferred 5000 crowns upon the same condition to a M. Orsonnette, who embezzled the money. This led to a long quarrel between the latter and the viscount. At last a chance medley encounter took place between them, each being accompanied by several servants; d'Orsonnette's falconer was killed, and himself and another of his men were wounded. It was a remarkable fact on this trial, and one very indicative of the state of the country, that the prosecutor and the witnesses against La Mothe were infinitely worse men than himself. D'Orsonnette was accused by his own father of having murdered his brother, and attempted parricide; and the others had been condemned to the galleys for forgery and other crimes.

Fléquier depicts, with more than usual fulness of detail and colouring, the character of the principal personage in this lugubrious epic of the Grand Jours.

“L'Espinchal is a gentleman of the province of Auvergne, who was at first highly esteemed for his birth, property, and talent; and would have been the most accomplished man in his native country, had he combined good conduct with his outward perfections, and possessed a soul as fair and good as his person and his wit. He was so handsome and said such agreeable things, and with so good a grace, that every one was delighted with his presence and his conversation. He had fought frequently, and was reputed brave; a thing that is sometimes no bad assistant in love matters, particularly when valour is accompanied with suavity and good breeding. In a word, he had every thing requisite to make him feared by cavaliers and loved by ladies. He conducted himself so discreetly in his ordinary conversations, that any one would have thought him the mildest and most moderate being in the world, but in reality no one could be more dissolute; and he was always extremely ready, after playing the gallant cavalier in the most ingenious and polished manner, to commit crimes and iniquities. His

irregularities were already notorious ; but the moment he showed himself, his mere presence dissipated the evil opinions that had been conceived of him, and people willingly persuaded themselves that he was in all things the amiable gentleman he appeared. He was married to a daughter of M. le Marquis de Châteaumorand, who was a very desirable match for him in point of wealth, virtue, and beauty, and who thought herself fortunate in marrying the most gallant man in the province. After the first sweets of wedlock and novelty had passed away, he was not content with a wife, but must needs have mistresses, and amuse himself with intrigues. Nor had he any difficulty in indulging his humour, so great was his reputation among the fair sex. I have been told that when he was in Clermont, all the girls took his part against whoever ventured to speak in his disparagement, and even stood up against their own mothers in his behalf. A demoiselle, whom he had fascinated, was in the habit of saying, that though he were ever so wicked, still he was such a charming man, that people ought to forgive all the wickedness he did, and all the wickedness others might do with him."

That last sentence is a clencher: after the lady's enthusiastic testimony, it would be idle to say another word in commendation of this engaging reprobate; we may, therefore, proceed to the other side of the account, and mention, that with all his power to win hearts, he was not so successful in retaining them. In fact, he was the most obsequious of wooers, but when his suit was granted, he became the most intolerable of tyrants; hence those who had loved him at first, came at last to regard him with unmixed fear, and by no means piqued themselves on remaining faithful to him. One woman alone clung to him to the last, in spite of brutal scorn and outrage, with the unalterable affection of a noble, patient, loving heart. This was his wife. Whatever sorrow his infidelities caused her, she bore all without a murmur, and they lived with each other on amicable terms, the cold serenity of which was not ruffled until one of d'Espinchal's mistresses, wishing to divert his importunate jealousy from herself, contrived to give his suspicions employment at home. The vile scheme succeeded: d'Espinchal believed his wife guilty of an intrigue with her page, and entering her chamber one morning whilst she was still in bed, he held out to her a pistol in one hand and a cup of poison in the other, and bade her take her choice. Entreaties and protestations of innocence were of no avail; the unhappy woman swallowed the poison, and then d'Espinchal left her. Fortunately, the draught she had taken produced nausea, and a part of it was discharged by vomiting. A servant lad ran off, of his own accord, for the family physician, who soon arrived and effected a complete cure, the husband standing by all the while, and with well-feigned demonstrations of the liveliest anxiety, urging the physician to exert all his skill for the preservation of a life so dear to him.

Failing in his attempt to kill his wife, d'Espinchal proceeded to wreak his vengeance on her supposed paramour, on whom he inflicted a horrible mutilation. But this not being enough to satisfy his savage ferocity, he suspended his bleeding victim from the ceiling, and left him to die in lingering agony. According to some accounts, he took the precaution, before he proceeded to extremities, to make the page write letters dated from Italy two or three years in advance, so that should he be missed, it might appear that he had gone abroad.

These, and other acts of brutal violence, soon made such a noise in the country, that the lady's relations interfered to effect a separation between the ill-matched pair, and threatened to take judicial proceedings against the husband. But though the latter had again attempted to murder her, and had nearly succeeded in strangling her, Madame d'Espinchal would not sanction any hostile measures against her persecutor; and it was with extreme reluctance she at last admitted the necessity of seeking refuge in a convent. D'Espinchal seemed surprised at this step. His jealousy had occasional fits of intermission, in which he visited her at the convent, and appeared to regret his unjust suspicions.

"One day he called on her at the convent in Clermont, and sending for her to the grating, he again addressed her in very abusive terms, to which she endeavoured to reply with all the firmness of conscious innocence, and all the moderation which her love for him imposed on her. A nun who accompanied her, and was present during the whole interview, told me that the conversation having gradually waxed warm on both sides, ended in rather a curious manner; for the day being far advanced, and M. d'Espinchal having some appointment to keep, perhaps with some mistress or another, made a motion of his hand to draw his watch from his pocket, whereupon the lady, thinking he was going to draw out a pistol and shoot her, fainted and fell from her chair. Fear had become so habitual with her when she lived with him, that she never had a moment free from apprehension. If he spoke, she looked for some reproach to be cast on her; if he touched his sword, she thought it was with the intention of accomplishing his evil purposes; every morsel she ate with him, she expected would be her last; every drop of water she drank, reminded her of the deadly potion she had swallowed. It is no wonder, therefore, if her fears still clung to her even after she had taken refuge in that sacred place. Their interview ended in this way; the lady was restored with difficulty from her fainting fit, the husband withdrew gaily, and went off to tell the story very pleasantly to his mistresses."

At last there seemed a probability that this daring criminal's career would be cut short. A prosecution was begun against him before the *Présidial* of Riom, the most rigorous tribunal in Auvergne; but the ministers of justice could not lay their hands

every day, he completely baffled the pursuit of all the provosts. He often met these men, and conversed with them under various disguises, and so well did he play the part of an honest man, that they never recognised him. He knew the country far better than his pursuers, and he led them many a weary dance by means of false intelligence, which he had conveyed to them in the most ingenious manner; so that sometimes when they thought they were certainly on his track, and were making all speed to overtake him, he was sauntering along very leisurely in their rear. On one occasion they invested a château, and gathered round it all the troops in the province by forced marches; the place was carried, but the victorious besiegers had only their labour for their pains. Thus he remained at large until the commission was approaching its close, and their worshipps of the Grands Jours, despairing of his capture, were fain to content themselves with confirming his previous sentence, executing him in effigy, and razing a castle belonging to him. This latter was a measure to which the tribunal had recourse in numerous other instances, and doubtless it was much more efficacious towards establishing peace and order in the province, than all the solemn foolery of their executions in effigy.

“I remember,” says Fléchier, “that the Marquis de St. Floret, who is a person of quality, the most learned and the most peaceable gentleman in Auvergne, but not the more on that account esteemed a great prophet in his own country, wished to memorialise the court against the demolition of a castle belonging to one of his neighbours, to which he had a right to send every year a trumpeter to peal out some lively airs from its summit, by way of signifying the dependance of the castle. He requested that some other right should be granted him in exchange for this; but I believe his wishes met with little attention.”

To return to M. d'Espinchal:—feeling assured that he could not always escape from the fangs of the law, he determined to quit the kingdom; and with his usual cunning, address, and courage, he succeeded in reaching Bavaria, which was then at war with France. The elector, Duke Ferdinand Maria, delighted with the acquisition of so renowned and able a man, received him with the greatest distinction. The fugitive became generalissimo of the Bavarian forces, and defeated the French on the banks of the Lech. After peace was made, it was through his influence that the marriage was concluded between the Dauphin and the Princess Maria of Bavaria. For this good service he received a free pardon from the sovereign he had braved, insulted, and beaten; he was restored to his property and his rank as lieutenant-general, and was created Count of Massiac. Louis XIV. sent him his

own royal portrait set in diamonds, which is still in the possession of the family.—MORAL.—Three things, says the rude old proverb:

A woman, a dog, and a walnut tree,
The more you beat them, the better they be.

To these things, for which a little wholesome drubbing is to be prescribed, may be added a fourth, viz., an absolute king.

D'Espinchal built him a new mansion at Massiac, where he spent the calm evening of his stormy life, and died at a good old age, in 1686. M. Gonod gratifies us with the assurance that the old scapegrace made a very decent end, and died (there is a fine touch of unintentional irony in this) 'enjoining his children to be always true to God, their king, and their country.'

We might extract many other curious traits of manners, many humorous incidents and provincial oddities, from the volume before us; but our limits compel us to turn away reluctantly from a pleasant dish, the choice *morceaux* of which we have by no means exhausted. Perhaps even the brief notice we have given of the book will induce the inquiring student to examine it for himself, and to investigate a subject which has been so unaccountably neglected by professed historians. How fruitful of mischief to the best interests of literature have been those much-abused words, 'The Dignity of History!' How often has this cant phrase been subversive of historic truth, of the one vital quality, without which history is no better than an old almanac! Sieges and battles, wars and treaties of peace, courtly grandeurs and courtly vulgarities, have so engrossed the attention of your dignified historians, that they have scarcely deigned even to mention the 'Grands Jours,' an institution which wrought so prompt and complete a change in the habits of society, and effaced the last vestiges of feudal power. Ten lines comprise the longest notice they have obtained from those authors who have been the most liberal to them of their precious space; they are despatched in two lines in the work of the President Hénault; and Voltaire, in his celebrated special treatise on the age of Louis XIV., never so much as mentions their name.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Die moderne Philologie und die deutschen Schulen.* Von Dr. MAGER. Stuttgart. 1840.
2. *Ueber Wesen, Einrichtung, und pädagogische Bedeutung, des schulmässigen Studiums der neueren Sprachen und Litteraturen.* Von Dr. MAGER. Zürich. 1843.
3. *A General and Practical System of Teaching Languages.* By C. Le VERT. London. 1842.
4. *A new Method of Learning to Read, Write, and Speak the German Language in Six Months.* By H. G. OLLENDORF. London. 1844.
5. *Henry's First Latin Book.* By Rev. T. K. ARNOLD. Fifth Edition. 1844.
6. *A Practical Latin Grammar, adapted to the Natural Operations of the Mind, on the Plan pursued in the Public Schools of Germany.* By L. E. PEITHEMAN, LL.D. Second Edition. 1835.
7. *Spanish without a Master.* By A. H. MONTEITH. Second Edition. London. 1844. (Robertsonian Method.)

THE phrenologists, and those who talk with them, will have it that there is a peculiar bump of language, somewhere either behind the eye or within it, it is not easy to say where; and no doubt they are right to a certain extent; in so far, that is to say, as a fluent talker has to thank, not education merely and opportunity for his gift, but also and originally bountiful nature; who, as Cicero tells us, where a great orator is produced, does nine-tenths of the work which scholastic persons set down to the credit of the rhetorician. But if it be meant to assert (as some persons understand, or *mis*-understand the phrenological doctrine) that the learning of languages requires some peculiar intellectual function or faculty in the individual not common to the species—as the capacity of producing musical notes unquestionably does—such an idea is sufficiently refuted by the obvious fact, that while few persons can sing tolerably, all persons being healthy and normal specimens of the genus *homo*, can speak; and by the same natural capability that they do speak one language, they could speak two, three, four, and half-a-dozen, if only external circumstances were favourable for such a result; a fact, indeed, which the not uncommon phenomenon of bilingual and even trilingual races and families sufficiently testifies. Whence, then, proceeds the extraordinary difficulty experienced by some persons, especially in this insular triangle, when they attempt in their individual experience to achieve systematically what so many bilingual races have arrived at accidentally,—the ready faculty of conception and expression in

more tongues than one? Whence is it that many a most intelligent adult will sooner set himself down to munch gravel than apply himself with grammar and dictionary in hand to attack Greek or German?—and why does the cleverest boy, perhaps, in the grammar-school go through six or seven years of linguistical drudgery that he may learn, as the natural result of so much salutary discipline, to—hate Latin? The answer is obvious. Not that there is the want of a bump, of an instinct, of ‘a genius for languages,’ as people are fond to phrase it; but that the necessary external conditions have not been supplied; not that the seed was not in the ground, but that there was no atmosphere, no rain, no sunshine; that the mason was called upon to build without bricks, and the architect taught the mason, not how to build but how to speak about building. The acquisition of languages, which of all things depends so much more on the influences of outward circumstances than on inward impulses, has been left too much to these impulses; the machinery has not been supplied that would enable the steam to work; in one word, the masters have been bunglers.

And what wonder? Let us consider, for a moment, who and what were the masters. First take the scholastic teachers of languages, from the poor parochial schoolmaster to the more honoured dignitary of the grammar-school—who and what were they? What peculiar vocation had these men to tune the ears of British boys to a Roman tune, and to make the bitter pill of old Pelasgic vocables sweet? They were pedants, a great number of them (to speak the truth without offence), and not a few of them stupid pedants to boot, workmen, who were not the masters, but the slaves of their own tools, persons in whom the profession had overwhelmed the man, till, like certain animals of the Mollusc species, they found themselves prisoners in the dark holes which themselves had bored. And why were they pedantic?—what made them stupid? Not mere poverty and neglect everywhere, certainly (for no place was more famous for linguistical pedants than rich Oxford, and some of the old, well-endowed schools), but partly also a professional taint, which makes pedantry as natural to a pedagogue, as dogmatism is to a priest, and argumentative impertinence to a lawyer. It is certain, however, on the other hand, that the pedantry and the stupidity of many of our teachers of youth has, in a great many cases, been owing to the culpable indifference and neglect of the British people to the interests of education generally, and the false position of the educator thereby caused. In Scotland, for instance, where they long delighted themselves to make loud boasts of their ‘parochial schools,’ the

'dominie' was, and, in a great measure is, the lean and meagre product which the neglect of a money-making population, the shabbiness of a 'game-preserving aristocracy,' and the jealousy of a half-educated church, have starved out of all fellowship with living society, and banished from every possible contact with politeness. To expect that languages, which require a little thunder and lightning occasionally, and a continued glow of the Promethean spark in them, for their due exhibition, should, under a sorry system of this kind, have, in the general case, got beyond the osseous frame-work and rudimentary projection of scholarship, was to expect that roses should grow where men had sown thistles, and that crabs should suddenly make to themselves wings, and become eagles. The Scotch have shown their respect for elementary education, by keeping their parochial schoolmasters for long centuries,—'Passing rich on forty pounds a year.' And as for educational institutions of a higher grade, to compensate for the lack of them, they have turned their universities into gymnasias, and their professors into schoolmasters!

We have mentioned the case of Scotland more particularly, merely by way of illustration; the general proposition which we mean to state is this, that the scholastic teachers of languages in this country have proved themselves pedants and bunglers in a great number of cases, as much from the culpable indifference and neglect of the public as from the inherent vice of the pedagogic profession. The only certain way to brush off pedantry, and to make a man base his educational practice on broad, human, and not on narrow scholastic grounds, is to open a pathway for him into general society, and to treat him like a gentleman; and the shortest way to do this is to give the teacher 400*l.* a-year instead of 40*l.*, and to distribute your patronage wisely. Let us now cast a glance on the teachers of modern languages, and ask who and what were they? Look at our universities and great schools in the first place, and say where you find the professors of modern philology standing in that attitude, and occupying that position which belongs to them? It matters little on this point whether we cast our eyes to Oxford or to Edinburgh, or to any part even of paedagogic Germany and Switzerland, under the able guidance of Dr. Mager; we shall find everywhere that modern languages and literatures are either not taught at all, or taught in the most perfunctory style imaginable, and that not by thoroughly-disciplined philologists (to use that word in its large and proper sense), but often by any chance person picked up in the street, who happened to have the foreign trick on his tongue, whether by birth or by inoculation, it matters not. In many of our great schools, indeed, the teachers of modern languages stand in somewhat the same relation to the

Greek and Latin dignitaries that dissenters do to the deacons and doctors of the established church; they seem, in fact, rather tolerated than recognised; attendance on their classes is not imperative; they have no salary, or a very small one; and their allotment of time is often so scanty, that, with the best will, it is often impossible for the teacher to do his duty either with satisfaction to himself, or with profit to his scholars. All this is evidently not as it should be; for, a professor of the Teutonic dialects, for instance, is evidently, at the present day, a much more natural appendage to a well-furnished English school or university than a professor of Latin and Greek; and he who imagines that to be a profound classical scholar requires a superior calibre of brain to that which is necessary to make a thorough modern philologist, has merely to cast his eye on this, and the other famous Hellenist or Latinist, and see what heavy and unproductive hulks they are. It is, however, and has long been, a sort of bookish superstition with John Bull, to pay a zealous worship to the letter of ancient literature just in proportion as in many of his ways of thinking and acting he is most remote from its spirit; and thus it has come to pass, that while a head-mastership in a classical school is oft-times the best passport to a bishopric, the professorate of Teutonic or Romance philology is an office that for the most part has no existence in England; the duties that ought to be performed by such an officer being devolved upon the 'voluntary' teacher of modern languages, any poor Polish refugee, German baron, or Italian marchese, that can find nothing better to do. The consequence of this is, that beyond the pale of a certain very limited sphere, a thorough and serviceable knowledge of the most useful modern tongues is a rare accomplishment among the youth of this country, and just in proportion to the want of recognised modern philologists in the public schools and universities are the swarms of superficial quacks and empirics of all kinds, who perambulate the country and the booksellers' shops, big with their own praises, and fertile every one in his own infallible method to master the most difficult language of Europe in six weeks, or it may be six days. The Hamiltonian method, the Ollendorffian method, the Robertsonian method, the method of Jacotot, what do they all mean, and whither do they all tend? What relation further do they bear to the classical or scholastic method of which we have all had such harsh experience in our youth? Is there any thing so opposite in the nature of ancient and modern dialects, that the method of inculcating them on the youthful mind should necessarily be so diverse?—or is it possible (as may be done in so many cases) to unite these seeming contradictories into the contrary poles, so to speak, of one and the same magnet? These questions,

so often proposed by the intelligent student—not so often, it is to be feared, by the teacher—it shall be our endeavours in the remarks that follow, shortly but decidedly, and altogether from a practical point of view, to answer.

Now, whatever may be the varieties of detail in the methods pursued by different teachers, it is manifest that when we look for a principle, all the methods that have been, or are now in vogue in the world, can be reduced to two; that class of methods where abstract formal rules are brought forward prominently in the first place, and practice subordinated; and that other class where the commencement is made with the concrete tongue, and the preponderance given to the living practice, the scientific principles of languages being postponed and subordinated, or perhaps altogether neglected. Of the former class of methods the most familiar exemplifications are to be found in some of our old-fashioned schools and colleges, where a slowly piled, granite-faced cyclopean substructure of grammatical rules and formulas is considered absolutely necessary before the little linguist is allowed to crawl; and, indeed, so little is practical despatch and dexterity of any kind taken into account by these scholastic inculcators, that, after four or five years hard drill with them, it is no uncommon thing to see even a clever lad, when you put a Latin book into his hand, not able to get beyond a painful and clumsy crawl. Of the other or empirical method, Captain Basil Hall says, that a modern gentleman, named Ollendorf, is the 'Euclid.' But we remember amid the multifarious literary stores of old Morhof, to have stumbled upon the practice of a person of the name of Clenard, which may serve as a more vivid and racy picture of how such a system under a clever teacher may be made to work.

"Wishing to make an experiment on the genius of boys, I collected together a few sons of the burgesses, taught at the public expense, so entirely ignorant of the Latin language, that up to that hour they had never heard the sound of a letter. Attracted by the novelty of the thing, a great number of persons, agreeably to previous invitation by advertisement, crowded to my first meeting; so that, in the course of a few days, the multitude always increasing, my room was not able to contain the number. For into this new gymnasium of mine, persons of all ages were admitted; and a multitude of the most motley description was congregated together. There were some boys scarcely five years old; there were clergymen; negro servants; and some very old men. Parents came to school along with their children, and yielded obedience to the master as pointedly as the youngest tyro. With this motley environment, I commenced immediately talking nothing but Latin, and by constant practice, succeeded to such a degree, that within a few months they all understood whatever I said, and the smallest boys babbled Latin fluently after their fashion, when they scarcely knew their

alphabet. For I did not vex their tender brains prematurely with things too hard for them, but whatever they knew I taught them in sport, so that my school became a *ludus*, in the original sense of that word, not in name only, but in deed. I had three negro lads for servants, not particularly well skilled in grammar, but so trained by constant intercourse with me, that they apprehended at once whatever I spoke to them in Latin, and answered me readily in the same tongue, though sinning now and then, of course, irreverently enough, against Priscian. These I ordered to come with me into the school, and, in the presence of my scholars, set them a talking Latin, while at every convenient opportunity I myself interposed, to vary and enliven the dialogue. The audience, meanwhile, listened to every word spoken with the utmost attention: so strange a thing did it seem, and almost a miracle, to hear three negro boys talking Latin. 'Come, now, young Master Dento,' said I (always in Latin, of course), 'salta Dento! show us how you can caper;' and forthwith the nimble little tumbler vaulted over head and ears three times; and an 'ingens cachinnas' immediately arose. 'Now, you *Nigrine*,' continued I, 'repe nobis per pavimentum, show us how you can creep;' and immediately the little fellow turned himself into a quadruped, 'et in cachinnos iterum sunt soluti quotquot aderant;' the whole company burst again into repeated peals of laughter. Then I told the third negro to run a race—'tu vero, Carbo, pedibus quid perfeceris ostende;' and off he went. This, and many other things of the kind I did, teaching words directly by deeds, rather than indirectly by the intervention of other words, so that the new vocables found a ready entrance into the ears and memories of the scholars, in the midst of play and amusement. All this while I paid little or no attention, especially in the first outset, to grammar rules: I was fearful, rather, of creating disgust, by throwing these in their way at an early stage; but I endeavoured by every possible means, as merchants learn the idioms of various foreign countries by intercourse with the natives, to cause the ears of my pupils, in every corner, to be assailed by Latin words, and Latin words only—'ut omnibus in locis streperent voces Latinae.' It was also forbidden strictly, during the first days, to write any thing; but the scholars were ordered, keeping their eyes fixed on the teacher, to accustom their ears to the sound of the words. And if in the course of our talking, any sentiment or adage presented itself, comprised in a few words, it was immediately set into circulation through the whole class, and as hand rubs hand, communicated from one to another, while I stood by as they were talking, and made the thing more evident by gesticulations. For this also had been part of my plan from the beginning, not to teach with any solemn pomp, or on any meditated system, but to talk at random on whatever came uppermost. So that, for example, if I saw any thing remarkable about any boy's nose—'si quem conspicuum insigni naso;' I immediately went up to him, and 'ridendo et contractando naso fungebar docentis officio,' and while in the act of laughing at him, and squeezing his nose, brought out some pertinent Latin vocables which were not easily forgot. Then,

as a sort of by-play, one of the negroes would blow his nose, and I immediately told the school that the Latin for that was 'mungere nares'; and immediately the peal of imitation went round the room like thunder—'mungere nares! mungere nares!! mungere nares!!!' Then, to ring the changes upon *mungo*, I said to one of the other negroes—'At tu, Nigrine, munge candelam! Now you, Blackie, snuff the candle!' And if it happened that he snuffed it out, then I immediately assumed an angry air, and rated him soundly with every sort of abuse that Plautus or Terence, or Cicero's Orations against Catiline, could supply me withal; while my scholars learned, at the same time, what was the Latin for to extinguish, and what for to light the candle. From this we took occasion to discuss tallow and wax, the various excellences and defects of wax and tallow candles, as compared with oil lamp, and so forth. With this sort of mere trifling and random talking, we would often spend three successive hours, without being aware of it, to the great delight of the whole school. And the result was, that the scholars could scarcely be restrained from hastening with the utmost eagerness to our school at the earliest hour of the morning, rejoicing in nothing so much as to hear their master; so much so, that they often came an hour before the school was open, and in the night time could dream of nothing but our scholastic comedies.*

The reader sees at once, that this method of Clenard's presents, in every respect, a complete contrast to the respectable old method of teaching Latin so long practised in our grammar-schools; and the inquiry which we have now to make is, which of the two is the better? and whether a well-tempered compound of both be not possible? To solve this question in the most expeditious and satisfactory way, we shall take the two cases in which Nature takes the teaching of languages altogether into her own hands, and endeavour to discern clearly what are the necessary elements of her teaching. The two cases we mean are, that of a child learning its mother tongue, and that of an adult learning a foreign language by residence in the country where the language is spoken. In this latter case, especially, universal experience testifies, that three months' living intercourse with the natives of a country, will go further to familiarise the ear with a foreign dialect, than three years' private study. If this be so, it may be assumed as a maxim in teaching languages, that the more near a method approaches to the method employed by Nature in this case, the more near does that method approach to perfection. What, then, are the elements of this natural method? 'Tis a simple affair. First: there is a direct appeal to the ear, the natural organs by which the language is acquired. Secondly: this appeal is made in circumstances where there is a direct relation,

* Polyhistor, ii., 10. De Curriculo Scholastico.

ipso facto, established between the sound and the thing signified. The sound makes directly for the thing, like an electric flash, or it rests upon it like a graceful mantle; there is no painful series of steps through grammar, dictionary, and the idiom of another language, to be made before you establish the connexion. Let any Englishman take a walk in the streets of Hamburg, and by merely reading the signs of the shops as he passes, he will learn more available German in half an hour, than he could master otherwise in a week. Thirdly: the same living appeal to the ear is continuously and for a considerable length of time repeated. Fourthly: the appeal is made under circumstances which cannot fail strongly to excite the attention, and to engage the sympathies of the hearer. In these four points, lies the whole plain mystery of Nature's method; and where teachers of languages, whether dead or living, make slow and heavy work, as they so often do, with their pupils, it is because they are either altogether regardless of the example of Nature in the matter, or because they lack the skill to put her principles into practice.

Let us take now the old 'dominie' of the grammar-school, and see with what persistent perversity he runs sheer in the teeth of Nature in all these points. First, he rarely appeals to the ear at all, but is the thrall slave of the printed book. Instead of pronouncing the vowels properly, with a more extended or a more rapid utterance—long or short, as the case may be—from the beginning, he allows his pupils to pronounce them any way they please, or according to a systematically false analogy in the first place, and then teaches the right pronunciation, not to the ear, but to the understanding, in the shape of jaw-breaking rules, the aggregate of which compose the '*monstrum horrendum ingens, cui lumen ademptum*,' which he calls PROSODY. After loading his memory with these barren formulas, the hopeful youth (can it be believed?) still continues to make no audible difference between short vowels and long ones, making his ear and his tongue constantly and systematically give the lie to his understanding. Then, with the sound not spoken, but merely written—not written even (so far as the niceties of prosody are concerned), but merely understood, what does the scholastic teacher proceed to do? He makes no attempt to connect that sound directly with the object to which it belongs, but the scholar is forced to work out the connexion in the most slow and painful manner possible, by means of the mother tongues and a dictionary. Instead of giving the poor boy a book and a dictionary, the teacher should, in the first place, take into his own hand a well-known and interesting object (say a bird or a flower), and with his own tongue and fingers (for the fingers, also, are useful) point it out and describe it, again and

again, till he has established in his pupil's mind a direct relation between the object and the new sound, with which he is henceforward directly, and without the intervention of his mother tongue, to connect it. Then, as to the third point, many of our scholastic teachers do not seem so anxious about the constant repetition of a variety of familiar sounds, as about the formal committing to memory of certain formulas, that have no immediate bearing upon any practice at all. In our best schools, however, and most recent school books, the old established inconsistencies and absurdities of this kind are fast dying out. As to the fourth point, the old wielder of the grammar and dictionary is most completely at fault; to excite the attention, and to engage the sympathies of boys in a grammar-school, has always been the main difficulty. Boys might like many things, but how were they to like Latin? Merely energy and emulation might spur on a few, but the many flagged; and flagging, in learning of languages, is equivalent to retrogression. The grammar and the dictionary could interest nobody; scarcely a grown person, with all his resources, much less a boy. The 'dominie,' accordingly, was fain to give up this point altogether; he assumed the attitude of rigid sternness and cold command; where it was impossible to govern by love, he governed by fear; where the feeling of a cheerful and a triumphant progress was unattainable, he could at least talk largely of 'salutary discipline;' and, failing to achieve the main points of a quick ear, a ready combination, and a nimble tongue, he could at least point with satisfaction to the indirect fruits of a hard head and a gnarled memory. In short, though few boys under this system learned to love Latin, yet some boys, by help of Latin, learned to love hard work; and if any of these, in after life (as was likely enough), happened to distinguish themselves by the perpetration of any substantial deed of any kind, the praise of this was instantly set down to the account of the admirable drilling of the grammar-school; so that a bearded British youth could not cross the Indus, and look an Affghan in the face, without the Eton grammar being quoted, and another sermon being preached on John Bull's old text, 'the advantages of a classical education!'

So much for the scholastic teachers. But are we to say, on the other hand, that the Lockists, the Hamiltonians, the Ollendorfians, and the disciples of Jacotot were altogether right?—Right they certainly were in a great measure; but not right *altogether*, in so far as they proceeded (if indeed they ever did proceed) *exclusively* upon a concrete practice; and that for the following plain reason:—Man is something more than a parrot; he is also a reflecting, a reasoning, a combining, a systematising creature; it is his nature not

to be satisfied with being a mere speaking machine, however perfect. It will not do, therefore, merely to take an adult student of a strange tongue into an echoing chamber of new sounds, which by repeatedly assailing the ear, shall at length become familiar; not the imitative function only—which, however, is always the main thing in acquiring language—but the discriminative, the arranging, the combining, the systematising faculty must be called into fair exercise; that is to say, a good teacher of languages will make science, at every step, go hand in hand with practice, and strive to make his pupil not merely a fluent talker and a ready reader, but, as far as may be, a sound and thorough philologist. Nor let it be supposed that this scientific study of languages is a thing altogether distinct, and that may with advantage be separated from the practical part. The practical part *may*, indeed, be separated from it, and carried on by itself (as every day's experience testifies) to a great pitch of perfection; but it *should* not be so separated any more than the practice of drawing the superficial outline of the human figure should be separated from the scientific study of anatomy. Join the two together, therefore, if you have wit enough, and comprehensiveness to do it; and while practice from the first moment is busy in supplying science with materials, let science never intermit to build up these materials (as they are supplied only, and not sooner,) into a fair and a consistent organism.

The ideal, therefore, of this important point of paedagogy is plain: as for its realisation, that manifestly, like all other educational questions, depends much more on the demands which an intelligent public may make, than on any organic reforms which may emanate from the teachers. Let the public only take a living interest in the matter, and teachers will soon be found to do what is reasonable. Let well-informed parents declare their decided conviction, that unless the scholastic study of the learned languages can be carried on in such a way as to combine exact intellectual training with a more vigorous display of energetic muscle and living complexion than has hitherto been common, the study of these languages must cease; that in no cases shall they be carried on in such a way, as to throw into an undue subordination, or practically to supersede, the free and natural development of the human being in other and more obvious directions; let the general voice declare this (as it has in many points already triumphantly done), and pedantry will shrink forthwith into its shrivelled skin. Let the public also declare, that with regard to modern languages, they desire their sons to be furnished with something more than a mere smattering of strange words; that they wish the history and genius of the tongue, the soul and the circulation of the literature to be developed; upon the expression of this con-

viction, also, efficient professors of modern philology will not fail to start up in all our great cities. But the public must show their conviction, not less by their deeds than by their words; they must pay honour to the enlightened and efficient pædagogues, as to a public officer whose calling is equally noble and necessary; they must not be content that mere grammarians, however learned in Priscian and in Voscus, shall hold any place, much less a directing and controlling place, in their schools; they must themselves provide their Frenchman and their German, a man with a head and a heart, and a hand as well as a tongue—and having provided, plant him in a position, where, while he engages affection, he can also command respect. Thus, and only thus, will the teaching of languages become an intellectual occupation, worthy of the best exertions of a noble mind; only thus can the learning of them be changed from a penance into a pleasure, from the tread-mill into the railroad. To make our views more clear and practical, we shall now submit the following scheme, and a detached enumeration of the different steps of progress in a well-ordered system of linguistical study, such as we conceive it.

1. Let the teacher commence by presenting to the pupil a series of distinct and familiar objects and baptising them audibly with their several designations in the language to be acquired; and let him cause the pupil to repeat the names audibly after him.

2. Let him at the same time write the names on a black board, so that the eye may from the beginning act as the ally of the ear; and let the pupil be required to spell accurately every word that he pronounces.

3. Let him, then, by the aid of a very few persons of the verb to *love*, and to *be*, and one or two others of frequent occurrence, form short sentences out of the words at first given; and such sentences as from their simplicity and their direct application to the object, the pupil cannot possibly misunderstand; the learner always repeating and re-echoing as before.

4. Let this process be repeated for several lessons, till the learner has got a ready command of the materials supplied: and let a few turns and variations be ever and anon introduced, both to prevent monotony and to expedite progress.

5. Let the field of expression be gradually enlarged, so as to bring forward new and more complex forms of the language, without, however, losing sight of those already acquired (for constant repetition is essential); and in this process writing may always, and, indeed, ought always, to follow, offering its tangible body as a sort of test to examine the more vague and fleeting element of speech.

6. Let the teacher now commence delivering short and easy lectures, explanatory of some object placed before the pupil—say

any object of natural history, a picture, a map, or any thing that admits of being described in few and simple sentences. Such a lecture after the fourth or fifth lesson, if wisely conducted by a lively and intelligent teacher, will be sure to be understood. The pupil will then be made to give back what he has heard, *viva voce*, on the spot, and afterwards to commit it to writing, trusting altogether to his memory, so as not to turn the exercise into the dull and slavish function of writing after dictation, and trusting to dead paper.

7. The grammar may now be introduced, or rather educed out of the preceding practice, and the forms already acquired supplemented so as to exhibit the complete scheme of a declined noun or a conjugated verb. This must, however, be done with great care, and the grammatical skeleton, so to speak, produced and expounded only by degrees, as it is required to explain the motions of the living body of the language.

8. Books may now be made largely to assist, but never to supersede, the living speech of the teacher.—In the selection of books, however, great care is necessary that they be—

9. Such books only as by the simplicity of their style and matter are suited to the stage of linguistical progress where the pupil stands; and

10. Above all things such books as the pupil, either from his previous education and habits, or from his intellectual constitution, is prepared to take a lively interest in. Books of a different description will infallibly disgust the student; and it is on this vital point that we see learned and excellent persons most apt to err. They imagine that because certain Latin and Greek books are classical, that is to say relished by men of taste in mature age, therefore, they are the best reading for boys of any and of every age. This is a great mistake. Only some books of the classical catalogue possess this rare catholicity of character; and some books which are not so classical, may possess it in a greater degree. If boys must be taught Latin, and must read certain books, let them defer their studies till they are a few years older, when their minds will be more open to sympathise with what they read. To read without sympathy is to learn to hate learning, and to march without making progress.

11. The master will take care so to superintend the reading, that it shall become a quarry of linguistical materials to the student, that he is continually to be employed in constructing into every variety of shapes. By the living word, and in writing, no form of expression must be allowed to pass in the reading, which is not to be brought on the carpet again in the way of conversation and composition. The pupil must, above all things, never be sent to a dictionary to select words for himself that may

be right, and that may be wrong. He must always speak and write from a model, either from his master, or from a book. He must always *know* that he is right.

12. For this purpose, a wise master will stick as much as possible to one author, so as not to confuse the juvenile imitator with unnecessary variety of style and phrase. This was one of Jacotot's good ideas; and Professor Long, of London, strongly advocates the same thing.

13. Let the teacher ingraft upon the reading, or rather bring out of it, as much of the scientific principles, philosophy, and history of the language as he can; and let him know that, as in the anatomy of living structures, so in the dissection of the various forms of vocal utterance, the greatest discoveries, and the most delightful illustrations, are made only by comparison.

14. In addition to the above exercises, the pupil may, from as early a period as possible, be trained to commit to memory, and to recite continuous pieces of fine composition both in poetry and prose. This will be a more delightful and a more profitable exercise than the scholastic practice of overloading the youthful mind with barbarous piles of rules, before they can be understood or used, and of exceptions that make the rule of no value. Such things are only to be learned by practice and by degrees, not according to a formula and with a stride.

15. The master will take care to make the reading of his pupil a text not merely for descanting on the philosophy of words, but for exhibiting an interesting view of whatever is known of the matter discussed by the writer. Thus, for instance, when the student of Greek is reading that part of the Second Book of 'Herodotus,' which treats of the Egyptian Delta, an intelligent teacher may, with a very few well-directed hints and familiar illustrations, open up to the little linguist an interesting peep into the wide region of modern Geology. A master of languages, who teaches thus, will find his labours crowned with a double blessing; not only will a great number of the rudimentary truths of science be taken into the youthful mind, but the foreign words will be retained better in the memory, by virtue of the interesting knowledge of which they have been made the medium. So utterly false is the Oxonian idea, that Greek and Latin would be studied to less effect, were the natural sciences admitted into an arena of fair and equal competition. On the contrary, it is quite certain, that the study of words can never prosper, but where their full meaning is unfolded by the living knowledge of the things of which they are signs. This knowledge, however, is in no case to be got from a dictionary.

16. After the student has proceeded so far as to be able to read any common book *ad aperturam*, then, and not till then,

will frequent original compositions, both in prose and verse (if the pupil has talent), be found advantageous.

17. Then, also, to ensure accuracy in small matters, a regular and systematic study of a truly scientific grammar may be entered on. A good teacher, however, may always so train a vigorous-minded pupil that he shall be a grammar to himself; that is to say, that he shall instinctively form a system of the abstract rules of the language out of the living body of the language as it presents itself to his attention.

18. After all this, a historical view of the literature of the language, with biographical and critical sketches will complete the curriculum. The teacher may lecture on these subjects, either in the mother tongue of the hearer, or in the foreign language, according to the taste and capacity of his pupils, or his own genius.

The reader will observe, that these points of paedagogic practice are meant to apply equally to teachers of ancient and of modern languages. Some people may think it chimerical, to expect that teachers of Latin, Greek, or Hebrew, should be able to commence their instructions in these dead tongues by conversation, in the same way that teachers of French and Italian may do. But in this judgment there is a great practical mistake involved. It is not the most difficult thing, or a difficult thing at all, to speak any language, whether living or dead: it is imagined to be difficult, because under the old scholastic system it was different, that is all. Boys do many things at grammar-schools much more difficult than speaking Latin, much more disagreeable, and, we may add too, less useful. What is more difficult, more forced, artificial, and awkward to a boy, than the writing of Latin or Greek verses? And yet people defend that practice who would object to commencing by speaking. Verily, like the Pharisees, such paedagogues strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. A boy will be taught to understand your single *viva voce* description of an object, or a picture in Latin, and to echo back that description in the same, much more naturally and easily than to swing in a delicate see-saw of nicely-poised oscillations with Ovid and Tibullus. 'Tis a much more plain and direct way, also, of giving him a command of such Latin words as he may afterwards find of use in the prosecution of those natural sciences (almost all the sciences, except Mineralogy), whose technical vocabulary is derived mainly from the learned languages. And if the teachers will still think it difficult to speak Latin and Greek, we only ask them one thing—try, and you will find it easy! It is, in fact, not difficulty, but pride and vain conceit, that would prevent any classical teacher from attempting the oral method; he is afraid of making a blunder and losing his dignity—he

would have the silly boys believe that he is the pope, and that he cannot err. Or, if this is not the case, then he is only dull, and slow, and stupid, with waxen ears and a dusty tongue, and with his painful, creeping method of teaching, would do all he can to make his pupils as dull, and slow, and stupid as himself. It is our plain and literal conviction, that many a hopeful boy has been discouraged and dispirited, depressed, blunted, and stupefied, by a quinquennial endurance of 'salutary discipline' in a grammar-school.

The foregoing observations are intended to comprise, in as short a space as possible, the results both of various reading on the subject, and of considerable personal experience and experiment on the part of the writer; but as some readers may feel that, in adopting this method for handling the subject, we have disappointed them of what they had a right to expect, from the heading of the article, viz., a special notice of some of the principal novelties in the practice of teaching languages, we shall here endeavour, in a very few words, to meet their wishes. In the first place, therefore, the two *brochures* of Dr. Mager, which stand at the head of our roll, are of a polemical character, and contain a most spirited and vigorous vindication of 'modern philology,' as opposed to the exclusive claims of the Greek and Latin monopolists. Dr. Mager is a man who unites a healthy breadth of view, with a high grade of linguistical culture, and an extensive scholastic experience. From the sample of his talent given in these *brochures*, we should think his various practical works in the department of French philology (which we have not seen) likely to be of great value to the intelligent teacher.

The next work is no less distinguished by its great sound sense, and general intelligence, than by its thorough mastery of every practical detail of teaching and necessary *paedagogic manoeuvre*. The author, M. Le Vert, is a teacher of French in the metropolis, and occupies a position from which he will not be easily driven, midway between the empiricism of the Hamiltonians on the one hand, and the pedantic formalism of the schoolmen on the other. In one thing only do we materially disagree with him, viz., in the disposition he shows to carry on the study of a foreign language, whether dead or living, mainly through the intervention of the mother tongue. Now we have several times in the text stated strongly what appears to us the superior expediency of establishing from the very first a direct connexion between the new instrument of expression, and the mind that is to use it. We think a comparison between it and the old one—that is, the mother tongue, must necessarily be made, to a great extent, by every method, and can never be made without

instruction; but in order to give an individual, as soon as possible, a ready command of any new tongue, it will be found a less cumbrous and painful way, to cause him to think and speak from the first directly in the new dialect, and that, of course, from the direct imitation of a person speaking or declaiming it. This is assuredly the process by which a foreign language is so readily picked up by a stranger in the country where it is spoken—and according to this reason, in our opinion, every complete system of teaching languages ought, in the first instance, to be modelled. In the same manner an academical man, who wishes to write Ciceronian Latin, will not make the best episode by thinking, in every case, what the English *is*, and then what the Latin *ought to be*; but he will go directly to his model, and mould his thoughts and turn his sentences directly from the original. The intervention of the English idiom could only serve to entangle and to confound.

The next work on our list, is an introduction to the German language, by that Mr. Ollendorf whom Captain Basil Hall's linguistical experience (recorded in 'Schloss Hainfeld'), has done so much to puff into celebrity. Mr. Ollendorf's method is neither more nor less than the Hamiltonian method, put into the shape of question and answer; that is to say, the teacher commences by furnishing the learner, not with a book and an interlinear translation, but with a certain number of vocables which are spoken in his presence, and which he is required to repeat in every possible variety, till he be master of them. This repetition and variation are best effected by the method of question and answer; and in order to achieve this, the master supplies the pupil with a complete sentence from the very beginning; joining the vocables with the commonest inflexions of the verbs 'to have,' and 'to be;' *e.g.*, 'Have you a hat?—Yes, I have. Have you a coat?—No, I have not,' and so forth. In this manner the learner is led on from one thing to another (the principles of grammar being introduced gradually, as the sphere of conversation is varied and enlarged), till he finds himself, in a few weeks, able to understand and to speak many common sentences with considerable fluency, before he has learned any tense of a verb, besides the present indicative and the infinitive. The distinctive character of the Ollendorffian method therefore is, that it commences with the concrete practice in the most simple shape, develops the grammatical forms and the syntactical rules gradually, by means of practice, and further makes this practice to consist mainly in common and familiar conversation on the most necessary and familiar subjects. It is, in one word, the grammar put into a conversational shape; and in so far as it is so, serves its purpose admirably, and we have no quar-

rel with it. It seems, however, that Captain Hall spoke unadvisedly, when he called Mr. Ollendorf 'the Euclid of German.' For the phrase 'Euclid' seems to imply something scientific and systematic; whereas the order of progression in Mr. Ollendorf's method is by no means very clear on all occasions, and is inferior, in our opinion, to what we have seen in many elementary books for the study of the Greek and Latin languages. We shall only mention the strange whim, that the feminine nouns, which are the easiest in German, and which Noehden, with great good sense, made a first declension of, are not heard of in Ollendorf's method till the eighty-fourth lesson, or till nearly four-fifths of the book are finished!!! We must say, moreover, that whatever may have been Captain Hall's experience, a method exclusively and entirely conversational will never satisfy strong minds; conversation and repeated talk are admirable as a part, and as an element, but they must never be looked upon as a whole, or as a substitute for every thing else.

Turning now to Arnold's little work, we find the same principle of commencing with the concrete, applied to the elementary study of Latin. The little humanist commences with complete sentences the very first day; educes his system, step by step, out of the material that is supplied to him only in proportion to his gradually enlarged capacity; and builds up his etymological schemes piecemeal, into an architectural completeness, as the several tiers of hewn stones are furnished to him by the skilful superintendent of the work. Of all this we most heartily approve; though, of course, like other things, it is liable to be pushed to excess, and to parade itself somewhat pedantically. We suggest, however, to Mr. Arnold, to go a step further; let him take a hint from Ollendorf, and mingle his narrative style, from the beginning, a little with the vivacity of question and answer; and, in order to achieve this, let him take another hint from Dr. Peithmann, and pronounce *every* syllable of a word—not merely certain syllables—with the proper quantity, from the beginning. Dr. Peithmann, indeed, is the only English writer of a Latin grammar that has come under our notice, who has decidedly announced and acted on the principle, that prosody (or pronunciation, for it is nothing else) ought to be the first thing in the teaching of the ancient as of the modern languages, and not, according to the per-verse practice of our schools, the last. Here are his words: 'Though it is obvious, that, in the order of nature, we acquire the sound and sense of a word at the same time, and that sound and sense, when once acquired, are ever after almost inseparable; yet the common grammars reverse the order which nature has pointed out, and, instead of beginning with pronunciation, they furnish the learner with rules to correct the vicious

utterances which he has acquired in his passage through the book. But years consumed in the practice of versification are often unable to effect this. To enable, therefore, the youthful learner to acquire that correctness of pronunciation which stamps the accomplished and elegant scholar, this grammar begins with the general rules of pronunciation, and points out the qualities of the words by constant denotation of their syllables.' This great improvement, as well as most others, in the form of our elementary Latin books, Dr. Peithmann has confessedly derived from our admirable paedagogic masters, the Germans; from whom Mr. Arnold, also, has at all times borrowed with a wise liberality.

We now conclude with the so-called 'Robertsonian method;' and with regard to it, need only remark, that, so far as we can judge from Mr. Monteith's specimen of 'Spanish without a Master,' it seems founded, on the main, on the Hamiltonian method of interlinear translation, and, in this view, presents no novelty worthy of especial trumpeting. The method of rendering pronunciation visible, and thus dispensing with a master, must always be imperfect and unsatisfactory. Spanish has been learned, and may be learned again, 'without a master,' but not so well as with one. It is stated by Mr. Monteith in his preface, that 'the principle of Mr. Robertson of Paris' method is, to introduce the learner to a general view of a language before he is led to a consideration of its minutiae;' that is to say, he begins not merely with the concrete, but with the concrete in its most complex state; into the middle of which complexity the raw student is at once introduced, and forced to gain a command of its various component elements by a gradual process of discrimination, dissection, and re-construction. There can be no doubt that this analytic process has its advantages, and under a skilful master might be made to produce admirable results; but it is by no means free from the danger of confounding, scattering, and discouraging the student on the very threshold of his attempt, and, therefore, except under very skilful handling, is scarcely to be preferred before the synthetic method, to which prominence is given in the text, and in the works of Ollendorf and Arnold. It must always be borne in mind, however, that there is nothing to prevent a skilful teacher from uniting all the different methods, or from allowing this or that modification of a great general principle, to preponderate, according to the bent of his genius, or (what is too often neglected) the different inclinations and capacities of his scholars. There can be no end, indeed, to mere varieties of technical dexterity; but the best method is always that which unites the greatest variety of practical gymnastic, with the greatest subtlety and profundity of scientific principle.

ART. IX.—*Du Prêtre, de la Femme, et de la Famille*, par
JULES MICHELET. Paris: 1845.

DURING the last four years, France has been the theatre of a passionate struggle of which few tidings have reached us here in England. It is not because the struggle was unimportant, or unworthy of European attention, but because other and political struggles which made more noise, usurped our attention, that we heard so little of the angry and profound dissension which agitated most serious minds. The struggle we allude to is that between the Jesuits and the Philosophers; and we hope to present our readers with a detailed account of it in our next.

Meanwhile, there lies before us the latest manifesto of the anti-Jesuit party—the brilliant book of the historian Michelet—which is exciting such a sensation, that we must at once take notice of it as a separate publication. It is, indeed, a book which has an individual interest quite independent of the quarrel whence it originated. It is a book which at all times would be welcomed as a profound insight into the social life of France, but which is particularly valuable at the present time, when in our own country there is a powerful, persevering influence at work, which strives to hurry society into accepting spiritual direction and celibacy, the two monster evils of Catholicism. We speak of that active, ardent, and, if successful, terrible sect, the Puseyites. Its more recondite principles we are not now to discuss; but what it openly avows, we may openly challenge; it avows its preference for the celibacy of priests; and it avows, though less boldly, its approbation of confession and spiritual direction.

This brings the subject of M. Michelet's work home to our 'business and bosoms.' This makes that which is a subject of European interest a special subject of English interest. His work is full of eloquent indignation, piquant portraits, historical traits, and subtle analysis; but these are literary qualities which the majority of people would be tolerably indifferent to, did they not all combine to illustrate one strong, vehement purpose, and that purpose practical.

"The family is in question ;

"That home where we would all fain repose, after so many useless efforts, so many illusions destroyed. We return home very wearied...do we find repose there ?

"We must not dissimulate, we must frankly confess to ourselves the real state of things. There exists in the bosom of society—in the family circle—a serious dissension, nay, the most serious of all dissensions.

"We may talk with our mothers, our wives, or our daughters, on all

those matters about which we talk with our acquaintances : on business, on the news of the day, but not at all on matters nearest the heart, on religion, on God, on the soul.

“Take the instant when you would fain find yourself united with your family in one common feeling, in the repose of the evening, round the family table ; there, in your home, at your own hearth, venture to utter a word on these matters ; your mother sadly shakes her head, your wife contradicts you, your daughter although silent disapproves. They are on one side of the table, you on the other, and alone.

“It would seem as if in the midst of them, opposite to you, sat an invisible man to contradict what you say.”

Such is the mysterious opening of the work. That invisible enemy is the priest. To show how the priest becomes your enemy, and your powerful enemy, is the object of what follows. Although we entirely agree in the reasons M. Michelet alleges, and quite see the force of his arguments against celibacy, confession, and direction, as destructive to domestic peace, we think he has omitted two elements of the social anarchy, elements which marvellously facilitate the dangerous powers given to the priest by confession and direction. These, as supplementary rather than contradictory to his work, we may briefly indicate.

1st. *The husband has not the same faith as his wife.* In France, while the girls are sedulously educated in the principles of the church, and turn out religious, often devout women, the boys, with the greater licence of public schools, and the general, almost universal scepticism, or, at least, indifference in matters of religion prevalent amongst men, and apparent in every shape of French literature, are found to have no religion at all. There is very little Voltairianism in France; but there is a wide-spread indifference; no polemics, but no fervour of belief, not even fervour of disbelief. When we say France, we mean, of course, Paris; for to some of the provinces the same charge will not apply.

What is the consequence? A timid, devout, serious girl, is sold in marriage to an ambitious, occupied, or frivolous man. But the man, whether he be ambitious, over-worked, or frivolous, is sure to be indifferent to all religious matters. We repeat *indifferent*. Were he a positive sceptic, he might convert her; and then, at least, there would be sympathy. But he does not attempt it. All her religious scruples are received with a shrug, her heart's effusions seared by a *bon mot*; her sympathies are outraged. She married without love; she is soon to be a wife without respect, as well as without love for him who ought to be her all-in-all.

But her sympathies though chilled, are not stifled; they are agitating the heart, they struggle for utterance. An English wife so

situated, if not cursed with some 'female friend and counsellor,' would soon make up her mind; keeping her thoughts to herself, praying in her own way, and praying for her husband, she would devote herself to the education of her children. There would be a 'silent sorrow' in the home, as there must always be when such differences exist. But the husband would possess a wife, the children a mother, the house a mistress. The French wife has not this refuge. The priest is at her side. To him she is *bound* to confide her sorrows, and how willingly does she perform the duty! To him she tells all—the secret of her soul, the secret of her home. She asks advice, and receives it; but from that moment she is lost. The priest sits at the hearth, in the place where the husband should sit. The priest has all the deepest utterances of the young heart poured into his ear; he is the only one to sympathise with her. She is *une femme incomprise*; but the priest is there ready to understand her; he is there, with the most poisonous of all flattery—sympathy! He is there, unconsciously, unwillingly, the refuge for all her disappointed aspirations, all her outraged feelings. She does not love her husband; love-matches are rare in France, and the affection she could bestow on him, and which in time might ripen into love, she bestows on another.

This is no exaggerated picture; it is the inevitable result of an unhappy position. The priest is perhaps the hastener of the evil; he is not the first cause of it. If he were the first cause, why is he not so wherever Catholicism is accepted? Why not in Spain, in Italy, in Ireland? M. Michelet will not contend that the sad evil he so eloquently exposes, exists to any thing like the same extent, in those countries, as in France; and why not? Simply, we believe, because the priest is not there so often called in to interfere. The faith of the wife is also the faith of the husband, her aspirations, if not always shared, are always understood; her deepest thoughts find an echo in her husband's heart; what she holds sacred, he holds sacred. Upon these points, the priest is not called on to interfere. He may listen to her confession, he may direct her conduct; but he has not to listen to the outpourings of a wounded spirit; he has not to soothe and flatter *la femme incomprise*.

2nd. *The mother does not nurse her infant, does not educate her child.* This point is perhaps of less importance than the former, but less than that only, and being coupled with it, becomes of fearful importance. M. Michelet has finely treated that portion of it which concerns education. It wrings from him expressions of the noblest kind; and wisely, feelingly, does he exhort the reader to pay attention to the claims of nature in this respect, and not be led away by the foolish notion of a mother's care making her son effeminate.

Willingly would we transfer to our pages all the passages in which he treats of this matter; but we must be content to refer our readers—who will, we trust, all become his readers—to the work itself.

But this is not all the question. That the child is best educated by the mother, because she alone rightly understands him, when the father or the tutor so often misunderstands him, so often expects him to appreciate that which is above his comprehension,—this will scarcely be denied. We mean, of course, a competent mother, not a silly, doting woman. But M. Michelet is a Frenchman, and as such, we may venture to say, is not so much alive to the importance of the mother's *nursing* her child, as all Englishmen are; and here we fancy he overlooks a grave consideration. Our readers are probably aware, that it is the very general custom in France for women not only to procure wet-nurses for their infants (as many English mothers unhappily also do), but for the infants to be sent away into the country to nurse. A serious social error. We pass over all collateral evils to dwell solely on those which immediately bear upon our present subject. The *young* mother is left alone! She has no husband to love; she has no child to *occupy* her thoughts—no child to form the centre of all her hopes, her fears, her thousand womanly affections.

Remember, the case is stronger than with the English mother, who, if she were to send her baby away from her, would (unless a *young* wife and mother, and to her the case does not so well apply) have *other* children to occupy her affections. The French are often facetious on the subject of large English families; and they little imagine how much of their own social anarchy results from their obedience to Plato's uncompromising and audacious law of proportioning the number of children to the amount of property—*οὐχ ὑπὲρ τῆν οὐσίαν ποιούμενοι τοὺς παῖδας, εὐλαβούμενοι περὶ τῆν πάλαιον*.* It is a subject we dare not dwell upon. Enough that the position of the wife and mother is an isolated one. The infant is sent away to nurse. When it returns home it is almost time for it to be sent to school. The mother is thus alone. What are her resources?

To be thus alone is to be a prey to the demon of *Ennui*. The fearful effects of that condition M. Michelet has pointed out; and in one epigram he has condensed volumes: '*Ennui* makes her receive friends she knows to be enemies—curious, envious, calumnious.' If it makes such society agreeable, what charm must it not lend to the society of one who feels for her, understands her, flatters her, occupies her? There are two persons who are capable of this:—a priest and a lover. How often the two are one!

* 'De Rep.' ii., p. 85, ed Bekker; confer also 'Leges' v., p. 397.

The last phrase will startle many; but it was not written carelessly. The priest differs essentially from the clergyman; and it is because they differ, and because the Puseyite tendency is to make them resemble, that we feel reticence would now be cowardice. We assert, therefore, calmly, but distinctly, that the priest is but too often the lover of the woman whose conscience he directs. The thing is natural, often inevitable. M. Michelet's work abundantly proves it; and thousands of daily examples confirm his work. It is an awful fact; but its very awfulness only the more stringently forces examination of its causes.

Our readers, if personally unacquainted with French society, and drawing their notions of it from novels and vaudevilles, may imagine that every married French woman has, or will have, her lover. Indeed, to believe the novelists, love seems only possible when it is adulterous. But, although there is prodigious exaggeration in all this—although there are French homes as happy as English homes, and French wives as chaste, as fond, and as devoted as English wives, the exaggeration is the over-statement of a real truth. Adultery does exist in France to a frightful extent; and we have just named two powerful causes. The lover is accepted because he fills the 'aching void' of an unoccupied heart. He is the centre of feelings which have no other centre. He takes the place of husband and children. When he is not chosen to fill that place the priest is chosen.

The priest, as confessor, possesses the secret of a woman's soul; he knows every half-formed hope, every dim desire, every thwarted feeling. The priest, as spiritual director, animates that woman with his own ideas, moves her with his own will, fashions her according to his own fancy. And this priest is doomed to celibacy. He is a man, but is bound to pluck from his heart the feelings of a man. If he is without faith, he makes desperate use of his power over those confiding in him. If he is sincerely devout, he has to struggle with his passions, and there is a perilous chance of his being defeated in that struggle. And even should he come off victorious, still the mischief done is incalculable and irreparable. The woman's virtue has been preserved but by an accident, by a power extraneous to herself. She was wax in her spiritual director's hands; she has ceased to be a *person*, and is become a *thing*.

There is something diabolical in the institution of celibacy accompanying confession. Paul Louis Courier has painted a fearful picture of the priest's position as an unmarried confessor; and as Courier's works are far less read than they deserve to be, we make no scruple of transferring his powerful sentences to our pages.

“What a life, what a condition is that of our priests! Love is forbidden them, marriage especially; women are given up to them. They may not have one of their own, and yet live familiarly with all, nay, in the confidential, intimate privacy of their hidden actions, of all their thoughts. An innocent girl first hears the priest under her mother’s wing; he then calls her to him, speaks alone with her, and is the first to talk of sin to her before she can have known it. When instructed she marries; when married, he still confesses and governs her. He has preceded the husband in her affections, and will always maintain himself in them. What she would not venture to confide to her mother, or confess to her husband, he, a priest, must know it, asks it, hears it, and yet shall not be her lover. How could he indeed? is he not *toussured*? He hears whispered in his ear, by a young woman, her faults, passions, desires, weaknesses, receives her sighs without feeling agitated, and he is five-and-twenty!

“To confess a woman! imagine what that is. At the end of the church a species of closet or sentry-box is erected against the wall, where this priest, wise and pious as I have known some, but yet a man, and young (they are almost all so), awaits in the evening, after vespers, his young penitent, whom he loves, and who knows it; love cannot be concealed from the beloved person. You will stop me there: his character of priest, his education, his vow. . . I reply that there is no vow which holds good, that every village *curé* just come from the seminary, healthy, robust, and vigorous, doubtless loves one of his parishioners. It cannot be otherwise, and if you contest this, I will say more still, and that is, that he loves them *all*, those at least of his own age; but he prefers one, who appears to him, if not more beautiful than the others, more modest and wiser, and whom he would marry; he would make her a virtuous pious wife if it were not for the pope. He sees her daily, meets her at church or elsewhere, and sitting opposite her in the winter evenings, he imbibes, imprudent man! the poison of her eyes.

“Now I ask you, when he hears that one coming the next day, and approaching the confessional, when he recognises her footsteps and can say, ‘It is she;’ what is passing in the mind of the poor confessor? Honesty, duty, wise resolutions, are here of little use, without peculiarly heavenly grace. I will suppose him a saint; unable to fly, he apparently groans, sighs, recommends himself to God; but if he is only a man, he shudders, desires, and already unwillingly, without knowing it, perhaps, he hopes. She arrives, kneels down at his knees, before him whose heart leaps and palpitates. You are young, monsieur, or you have been so; between ourselves, what do you think of such a situation? Alone most of the time, and having these walls, these vaulted roofs as sole witnesses, they talk; of what? alas! of all that is not innocent. They talk, or rather murmur, in a low voice, and their lips approach each other, and their breaths mingle. This lasts for an hour or more, and is often renewed.

“Do not think I invent. This scene takes place such as I de-

scribe it, and through all France; is renewed daily by forty thousand young priests with as many young girls whom they love, because they are men, whom they confess in this manner, entirely *tête-à-tête*, and visit, because they are priests, and whom they do not marry because the pope is opposed to it."

Paul Louis might have added another argument. Forbidden fruit is proverbially of all fruit the most coveted. The very fact of man's imagination being thus stimulated by contradiction is enough to constitute temptation. What is temptation? It is the irritation of the soul, produced by the presence of an object desired, but forbidden. Were it not desired, there could be no temptation. Often there would be no desire were it not forbidden. Now it is well that men should conquer their desires; it is well that they should learn to calculate consequences, and to forego the present enjoyment, if that enjoyment must be too dearly purchased. And such mastery all wise men possess. But, although a man may conquer one desire, although he may resist one temptation, because by an effort of the will he can rise superior to his own passions, such a state of effort is spasmodic, not normal: it may conquer once, it cannot always conquer. It is an effort; and the very nature of effort is spasmodical and temporary; it must relax, and in relaxing the man succumbs. The vehemence with which a man resists temptation is a latent cause of his fall, if the temptation continue. 'When a woman hesitates she's lost;' when a man does not at once shut himself out from the possibility of a recurring temptation he is lost.

Let us take an illustration from another class. You are residing in the house of a friend whose wife is extremely fascinating. You begin to perceive that she interests you too much, and, conscious of the peril, you either put a guard upon your feelings, or, which is by far the wiser plan, you quit the house. By an effort you have conquered. But there was only wisdom in your effort; there was no virtue; for this fascinating woman was not only another's, but had shown no signs of interest in you. This is a simple and, doubtless, common case. But now let us make it more complicated. Instead of being merely her friend, you are her confidant; you are made the repository of all her secrets, of thoughts which neither her mother nor her husband ever know; you are revered as a superior being; your word is law; your menace terrible. She almost worships you; and you cannot leave her, cannot shun her, cannot put a stop to those confidences which torment you. In vain you struggle: you conquer to-day only to renew the fight to-morrow. The agonising irritation of the soul, named Temptation, is perpetually present. How many men are there who could withstand this?

This the priest has to suffer; and to him the peril is greater, because he is blinded by sophisms. A man in love with his friend's wife sees every thing clearly enough; he knows his guilt, and shuns or braves it with open eyes. But the priest has the spiritual care of her he loves; her soul is in his hands. He is connected with her by the most sacred ties; his interest in her he disguises to himself under the cloak of spiritual anxiety. He can always quiet the voice of conscience, by an equivoque. The mystic language of Love is also the mystic language of Religion, and what guilt is shrouded under this equivoque, the history of priestcraft may show. *Parler l'amour c'est faire l'amour*, is a profound truth. From the love of God, it is easy to descend to the love of man; especially when this man is a priest, that is to say, a mediator between the woman and God, one who says, 'God hears you through me; through me he will reply.' This man, whom she has seen at the altar, and there invested with all the sacred robes and sacred associations of his office; whom she has visited in the confessional, and there laid bare her soul to him; whose visits she has received in her *boudoir*, and there submitted to his direction, this man whom she worships, is supposed to be an idea, a priest; no one supposing him to be a man, with a man's passions!

M. Michelet's book contains the proofs of what we have just said; but they are too numerous to quote. We shall only borrow from his work the passages he gives from an unexceptionable authority, Llorente:

"Llorente, a contemporary, relates (t. iii., ch. 28, article 2, ed. 1817), that when he was secretary to the Inquisition, a capuchin was brought before that tribunal, who directed a community of *béguines*, and had seduced almost all of them, by persuading them they were not leaving the road to perfection. He told each of them in the confessional that he had received from God a singular favour: 'Our Lord,' he said, 'has deigned to show himself to me in the Sacrament, and has said to me: Almost all the souls that thou dost direct here, are pleasing to me, but especially such a one (*the capuchin named her to whom he spoke*). She is already so perfect, that she has conquered every passion, except carnal desire which torments her very much. Therefore, wishing virtue to have its reward, and that she should serve me tranquilly, I charge thee to give her a dispensation, but only to be made use of with thee; she need speak of it to no confessor; that would be useless, as with such a dispensation she cannot sin.' Out of seventeen *béguines* of which the community was composed, the intrepid capuchin gave the dispensation to thirteen, who were discreet for some length of time: one of them, however, fell ill, expected to die, and discovered every thing, declaring that she had never been able to believe in the dispensation, but that she had profited by it.

"I remember," says Llorente, "having said to him: 'But, father, is it not astonishing that this singular virtue should have belonged exactly to the thirteen young and handsome ones, and not at all to the other four, who were ugly or old?' He coolly replied, 'The Holy Spirit inspires where it listeth.'

"The same author in the same chapter, while reproaching the Protestants with having exaggerated the corruption of confessors, avows that: 'In the sixteenth century, the Inquisition had imposed on women the obligation of denouncing guilty confessors, but the denunciations were so numerous, that the penitents were declared dispensed from denouncing.'

It is painful thus to drag to light the iniquities which have sullied the past; but our arguments would be suspected of gross exaggeration, were they not in some measure supported by these historical facts; and although we are as unwilling as any one, to hold a body of men responsible for the acts of their predecessors, we are surely keeping within the legitimate bounds of argument, in thus pointing out the *results* of an institution; results which we hold to be inherent in the very nature of that institution. We may as well anticipate an objection which is sure to be made. It will be said that the picture we have drawn of the Priest and the Wife is not a fair one, because it is not true of all priests and all wives; it is an exception, and not to be treated as the rule.

We accept this objection, and admit that the case we have considered does not apply to all wives. Let us explain, however. In the case we have considered, we assumed the wife to be truly religious, to have married a man she does not love, and who does not share her faith, and to have no children at home with her. This we say is the common, though not universal, position of French wives; and wherever it exists, the consequences we have pointed out will certainly follow. But the wife is not religious? In that case she would not be in danger from the priest; but in that case the evils of the institution of priesthood would not have a trial. We say that celibacy, confession, and direction, have an almost inevitable tendency to convert the priest into a lover. This being the point we wish to illustrate, we are right in selecting only such cases as admit of the natural operation of this tendency. It would be no argument against the purity of a clergyman's doctrine and example, that several persons who never entered his church, and never paid attention to his acts, were notoriously dissolute and profane. In the same way, it is no argument against the danger of priesthood, that those persons who have no religion, or who seldom come in contact with the priests, are entirely free from the evil effects which are found to follow in other cases. If there is a real vice in the institution,

it will best display itself where the surrounding circumstances are most favourable to its free operation: that is, in convents, and in families such as we have described.

M. Michelet says, that the priest is the cause of the social disunion; and to show how he is the cause, the book was written. He is the cause, because he possesses the wife: possesses her soul as a confessor, directs it as a director. He is the real master of the house. Old Selden long ago saw the nature of the priestly tactics. 'When the priests come into a family,' he says, 'they do as a man that would set fire on a house; he does not put fire to the brick wall, but thrusts it into the thatch. They work upon the women, and let the men alone.' And have we not had experience enough of the truth of this in our own country? Are not the Cantwells and the Stigginses abundant? Do we not find the essence of 'direction,' if not its name, among certain classes of religionists professing the strongest antipathy to Romanism? It were a serious error to suppose, that M. Michelet is only fighting against an evil endured by France. He fights against an evil which we are all bound to take arms against, because it more or less openly menaces us all. Wherever the priest departs from the strict nature of his office, interferes with temporal matters, and with the private concerns of family life, and makes himself privy keeper of the several consciences of his flock, there direction exists to all intents and purposes.

Having thus endeavoured to point out the dangerous tendencies of direction, especially when accompanied by celibacy, we may now proceed to give an account of the book in which M. Michelet has so brilliantly exposed them: an account we would gladly enrich with piquant extracts, but that our space forbids it.

It is divided into three parts. The first is an historical appreciation of direction and its theories in the seventeenth century. This is touched in his own masterly manner. All the brilliant qualities of the historian assist him here; and exquisite are the pictures he paints of Saint François de Sales and Madame de Chantal, of Bossuet and la Sœur Cornuau, of Fénelon and Madame de la Maison Fort, and of Madame Guyon. Beside these portraits are little cabinet pictures of the inner life of much of the seventeenth century; and *La Dévotion Aisée*, and *La Dévotion Galante*, let us into the secret of the times. Contrasted with these cabinet pictures, there are some of those ghastly subjects worthy of the pencils of Rebeyra and Francia; we speak of Molinos—the society of Le Sacré Cœur—la mère Agueda et Marie Alacoque.

The second part is devoted to an appreciation of direction in

the nineteenth century. In this Michelet examines, in detail, the whole question of direction; the means by which the priest acquires his power, and the ends for which he uses it. This second part we have made use of in the foregoing pages, but the reader will find it a far more satisfactory exposition. It contains, moreover, a fearful exposure of the convent system; in the course of which he refers to Eugène Sue's 'Juif Errant,' the third volume of which contains the real history of Mademoiselle B. 'It took place recently,' says M. Michelet, 'but in a convent, not in a mad-house.'

The third part is devoted to a brief consideration of the Family: a subject we have already touched upon. From this brief outline, our readers will gather an idea of the extent and variety of the subject treated; and when we add, that it is treated by M. Michelet, we have said enough to excite the most eager curiosity.



ART. X.—*Manchester in 1844.* By M. LÉON FAUCHER.
Translated with copious Notes by a Member of the Manchester Athenæum.

It is a good sign, we think, of the vigour of modern French literature, that it does not, as in days of old, confine itself to subjects either frivolous, or, at the best, of a light nature; but that it ever and anon plunges into the dirt and smoke of statistical and positive questions, and, as in the present instance, grapples with a manufacturing monster, and tries to unfold to us the mysteries of that creature's existence. Who would ever have suspected a French *littérateur* of quitting the Boulevards, or the Bibliothèque, for the dingy cotton metropolis, the antipodes of learning and all refinement? So, however, it is: M. Léon Faucher has visited not Manchester only, but Liverpool, and London, and Birmingham, and others of our industrial towns; and viewing them with a liberal and enlightened eye, has communicated the result of his observations to the Parisian world, in the pages of the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' (an excellent periodical by the way); and from this an enthusiastic Manchester man has borrowed it, and translated it for the information of his fellow-townsmen.

Let us hasten at once to say, that though the translation is well made, yet the calibres of the author and the translator are far different from each other; the *animus* with which they write is by no means the same. The one writes with the feelings and

the information of a traveller who has seen men in various forms of social existence; who has been able to compare the good and the bad things in many a system; and who looks on all the misery he has been thus compelled to witness with a compassionate and no narrow regard. The other comments upon that author, with the limited views of one whose knowledge is confined almost to his own town,—at all events, to his own country—who, by being perhaps nose-ground at the wheel of unwilling labour, has contracted an acerbity of spirit, and an obliquity of vision, injurious to his discriminating powers; and who, therefore, not only thinks his own dear region of soot and cotton a near approximation to the apex of commercial excellence, but also settles things in a way not quite consonant with the experience and the wishes of nine-tenths of his fellow-countrymen. These are faults, however, of a young author, or rather commentator; he shows that he has abilities for literary pursuits; and we wish him success in them.

To M. Faucher, we really think the English public are under obligations for the able and dispassionate manner in which he touches one of our national sores, probes the wound, and prescribes remedies, which, if not doomed to be effectual, have the merit of originality and good intention. The commercial and manufacturing greatness of England cannot but be an object of interest to an enlightened French politician: for his own nation is partly running the same race as ourselves,—*longo intervallo*;—and it is a point of importance, for those who are coming after the ponderous Colossus, to see the rocks over which the shins of traders may be broken, and the beams against which speculators may dash to pieces their aspiring heads. In France, where money, or rather national wealth, is so much more equally distributed than it is here, and where there is not so much obtrusive evidence of physical suffering, although there is a good deal of the essence, in such a country the accounts of that appalling misery which is to be witnessed in any of our large towns, and of that boldness of popular enthusiasm which shows itself in periodical outbreaks and strikes, create feelings of wonder and incomprehensibility. No Frenchman can understand how it is, that the jarring and repulsive elements of our social body adhere together; the most enlightened French statesmen and publicists have expected to see the 'puritanical English' fly off to the moon, or, at least, some one of the planets or their satellites,—so fierce have been our internal disputes, so lowering, at times, the clouds that hung upon our political horizon. They all fall into an error, common indeed to most French authors,—and never more prevalent than at the present day,—that of estimating the characters, the social

and political characters, of other nations by their own, and of taking for granted that a much greater similarity exists than is really the case. It should ever be remembered, that the character of French authors themselves, is that which they attribute to their fellow-countrymen, collectively and indiscriminately; whereas, the French author is only the Parisian *homme de lettres*, and his character is none other than that of the Parisian literary public,—the most heterogeneous, and the least national character of any in Europe—we might say, in the world. When, therefore, an intelligent and calm observer of men and things, like M. Faucher, takes the trouble of crossing the channel, examines into facts for himself, and expresses the result like a gentleman, and a man of good feeling and good sense, he does service to both countries: he administers an unperceived counter-poison to the rubbish about 'perfidious Albion,' and other trash; and he raises the character of French public writers in the estimation of their rivals.

Unfortunately, M. Faucher did not remain long enough in our manufacturing districts to unravel the secret of their existence in all its mysteries: and he has been driven to depend rather too much upon statistical returns and hearsay information. Nevertheless, he had considerable advantages for obtaining the most accurate information upon subjects of the kind he was looking after; for he was introduced to one of the most eminent and most philanthropic manufacturers of the neighbourhood of Manchester, in whose house we understand he was a guest, and he was aided in his researches by the superintendent of police of the borough; so that he went to nearly the fountain-head in both cases, and, as might have been expected, has brought forward facts which, though not to be called new—for they may be found in Parliamentary Reports, and have been often mentioned in the public prints—yet derive additional interest from the light in which he regards them, and from the comments with which he accompanies them.

The main things that struck our author—and, indeed, they must strike any visitor of South Lancashire—are the squalid misery of the working class, their moral recklessness, and their rude but short-lived existence. These are things painfully evident to whoever comes into contact with the hard-working thousands of this district, and they become more and more deeply engraven on the attention, the longer that contact is continued. We do not say that these things exist without the coexisting remedies, nor that they remain in unmitigated severity at all periods; at the present moment, for instance, they are on the decline; but

still a large substratum of moral, political, and social evil and suffering always remains; the least pressure of commercial distress wears away the covering, and the stench of the unremoved ills rises to the nostrils of all the nation. M. Faucher, therefore, after noticing the social diseases of the Manchester operatives, and detailing them for the information of his fellow-countrymen, as he was bound to do, goes into disquisitions on the causes of the evils complained of, and proposes, as we before observed, his remedies. His book is not about the high commercial system of the place; that is 'all right;' he leaves the great commercial houses to take care of themselves; his thoughts are principally directed towards the poor, the suffering classes—his sympathies are with them. After opening his book with a brief but brilliantly-written sketch of the early condition of Lancashire—and of the labours of the Cartwrights, the Hargreaves, the Arkwrights, and other great authors of the present system, M. Faucher gives several pages to a topographical and social account of the town of Manchester, from which we make the following extracts. Though many of our readers have, no doubt, witnessed for themselves what he describes, we deem some of these details not without interest, as being clothed in the language of an intelligent and closely-observing foreigner:—

“Nothing is more curious than the industrial topography of Lancashire. Manchester, like a diligent spider, is placed in the centre of the web, and sends forth roads and railways towards its auxiliaries, formerly villages, but now towns, which serve as outposts to the grand centre of industry.

“An order sent from Liverpool in the morning, is discussed by the merchants in the Manchester Exchange at noon, and in the evening is distributed amongst the manufacturers in the environs. In less than eight days, the cotton spun at Manchester, Bolton, Oldham, or Ashton, is woven in the sheds of Bolton, Stalybridge, or Stockport; dyed and printed at Blackburn, Chorley, or Preston, and finished, measured, and packed at Manchester. By this division of labour amongst the towns and amongst the manufacturers in the towns, and amongst the operatives in the manufactories, the water, coal, and machinery work incessantly. Execution is almost as quick as thought. Man acquires, so to speak, the power of creation, and he has only to say, 'Let the fabrics exist,' and they exist.

“Manchester, which holds under its sway these industrial agglomerations, is itself an agglomeration the most extraordinary, the most interesting, and, in some respects, the most monstrous, which the progress of society has presented. The first impression is far from favourable. Its position is devoid of picturesque relief, and the horizon of clearness.

“Amid the fogs which exhale from this marshy district, and the

clouds of smoke vomited forth from the numberless chimneys, Labour presents a mysterious activity, somewhat akin to the subterraneous action of a volcano. There are no great boulevards or heights to aid the eye in measuring the vast extent of surface which it occupies. It is distinguished neither by those contrasting features which mark the cities of the middle ages, nor by that regularity which characterises the capitals of recent formation. All the houses, all the streets, resemble each other; and yet this uniformity is in the midst of confusion. On closer examination, however, a certain approximation to order is apparent.

“Manchester does not present the bustle either of London or Liverpool. During the greater part of the day the town is silent, and appears almost deserted. The heavily-laden boats glide noiselessly along the canals, not at the feet of palaces, as in Venice, but between rows of immense factories, which divide amongst themselves the air, the water, and the fire. The long trains roll smoothly along the lines of railway, conveying as many multitudes as individuals afortime. You hear nothing but the breathing of the vast machines, sending forth fire and smoke through their tall chimneys, and offering up to the heavens, as it were in token of homage, the sighs of that Labour which God has imposed upon man.

“At certain hours of the day the town appears suddenly animated. The operatives going to, or returning from, their work, fill the streets by thousands; or it is perhaps the hour of 'Change, and you see the chiefs of this immense population gathering to one common centre; but even at those times, when the inhabitants relax from their arduous duties, and give free course to their feelings, they lose nothing of that serious and angular stiffness, which a too exclusive occupation in industrial pursuits communicates to them.

“These characteristics bespeak the origin of the population. In our manufacturing towns industry has been grafted upon a pre-existent state of society. Mulhausen was a free town, having political traditions of its own, and which have imparted to its industry a peculiar physiognomy, almost that of a family, or rather of a clan, so much do the inhabitants support and assist each other, and so paternally are the workmen treated. Lyons is a literary and religious as well as an industrial town; the noblesse and the clergy have their distinctive quarters, from which they come to take their share in the working of the municipal arrangements. Rouen belongs as much to the members of the bar as to the manufacturers and landed proprietors. There are present all the elements which concur to form what we call society. But, at Manchester, industry has found no previous occupant, and knows nothing but itself. Every thing is alike, and every thing is new; there is nothing but masters and operatives. Science, which is so often developed by the progress of industry, has fixed itself in Lancashire. Manchester has a Statistical Society, and chemistry is held in honour; but literature and the arts are a dead letter. The theatre does nothing to purify and elevate the taste, and furnishes little but what is necessary to attract the crowd habituated to gross pursuits.

"In political opinions radicalism prevails. As to religious sects, the latest imported is generally the most acceptable. Manchester contains more Methodists, Quakers, and Independents, than adherents to the Established Church.*

"The town realises in a measure the Utopia of Bentham. Every thing is measured in its results by the standard of utility; and if the BEAUTIFUL, the GREAT, and the NOBLE, ever take root in Manchester, they will be developed in accordance with this standard."

Much of what M. Faucher here says is strikingly true:—he describes the general impression made by the outward appearance of Manchester with great effect and acuteness of perception. 'Tis the filthiest hole in England—except Leeds;—and there is no remedy for its innate ugliness and dirt but some universal conflagration burning out all the abominations that exist within its compass. But then again, when the fire should be over, and

* As closely connected with the state of religion in Manchester, we may mention 'Carpenter's Hall,' and the 'Hall of Science.' The first is the Sunday resort of the Chartists. They open and close their meetings with the singing of democratic hymns, and their sermons are political discourses on the justice of democracy and the necessity for obtaining the charter. The second is an immense building in Camp Field, raised exclusively by the savings of the mechanics and artisans, at a cost of 7000*l.*, and which contains a lecture-hall—the finest and most spacious in the town. It is tenanted by the disciples of Mr. Owen. In addition to Sunday lectures upon the doctrines of Socialism, they possess a day and Sunday-school, and increase the number of their adherents by oratorios and festivals, by rural excursions, and by providing cheap and innocent recreation for the working classes. Their speculative doctrines aim at the destruction of all belief in revealed religion, and the establishment of community of property; and they are vigorously opposed by the evangelical portion of the religious public. It is at the same time admitted, that they have done much to refine the habits of the working classes. They are mostly advocates of temperance societies, and never allow fermented liquors to be drunk at any of their festivals. They were among the first to introduce tea-parties at a low rate of admission, and the popularity they have obtained by these endeavours to improve the habits of their fellow-townsmen, is one great cause of their success in the propagation of their system. The large sums of money they raise, prove that they belong to the wealthier portion of the working classes. Their audiences on Sunday evenings are generally crowded.

The architectural character of the Dissenting places of worship, affords curious instances of perverted taste and of inconsistency with the principles maintained by the old nonconformists. Many of the Independent and Baptist chapels have exchanged the plain meeting-house of the last century for imitations of Gothic architecture, and diminutive Grecian porticoes—even the Quakers have been infected with the prevailing fashion; and although their consciences refuse the ordinary nomenclature of the days and months, yet the Spirit moves them in a building, so heathen in its architecture, that Jupiter or Bacchus would not be disgraced by it. The Scotch Presbyterians are building a stone Gothic temple in Oxford-road, which would almost make John Knox turn in his grave with dismay: and to complete the character of the town for architectural taste and consistency, the Unitarians have built for themselves a handsome Roman Catholic chapel decorated with the architectural symbols of the Trinity! It is singular that whilst the Dissenters have been signalling themselves by such false taste, the Methodists (who approach nearest to the Church of England) have adhered to plain and commodious brick structures for their chapels.—TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

the houses rebuilt, factories and warehouses must also reappear; and the same succession of smoke and dirt and stink must recur: so that it is, perhaps, of little use to complain: there must be a dirty cotton factory somewhere or other, and it is well for the rest of England that the nuisance should be confined within the limits of nearly a single county. It may be said of Manchester and its inhabitants that they are nothing more than the conglomeration of many Lancashire villages and many Lancashire people; but in all time the inhabitants of this county have been a rude, uncivilised, dirty, and outwardly careless race,—however much their inward intelligence may have been sharpened by necessity. There is the strongest ethnical distinction between them and the people of the south of England, many of the most offensive peculiarities of the Americans are nothing more than Lancashire modes of saying and doing still in common practice in that county. It is true that the Irish portion of the population is one that makes itself readily remarked: but we doubt whether it be the worst portion:—and of this we are certain, that the Irish immigrants are themselves greatly improved, not by contact with the Lancasterians, but the habits of active industry which they are there forced to assume. Nothing is said of the tone of society in the upper classes of Manchester: it was a delicate point for M. Faucher to touch upon: we have no wish to go into it ourselves, further than to remark, that the gradually increasing number of foreign mercantile houses in that town tends to soften the roughness that existed not many years ago:—and that literature and the fine arts, though sparingly encouraged there, and even that more in name than in reality, are doing something towards elevating the character and the amusements of the higher circles.

Manchester makes pretensions to be a literary, as well as a practically scientific town; but it has not hitherto produced many proofs in support of its claims, at least in recent times. The honour of sheltering—it can scarcely be said of encouraging—Dalton, certainly has belonged to it; but this refers to a personage purely scientific; and the only literary names of any note now associated with the place are those of the Hon. and Rev. W. Herbert, the dean, who is a poet and an antiquarian, as well as a man of science, Swaine, also a votary of the Muses, and Miss Jewsbury, the author of 'Zoe.' The neighbouring and rival town of Liverpool has the advantage in this respect; for there not only are literary institutions better supported than they are in Manchester, but the name of Roscoe sheds a lustre on it not easily to be equalled, much less extinguished.

It is needless, however, to look for much elevation of senti-

ment in a district the pursuits of which are so exclusively practical and one-sided. It is enough that the community does its duty as a commercial community. As long as manufactures flourish there, and commercial probity is upheld, the end of its existence is attained; there is no cause to be dissatisfied with the result. Nevertheless, it is a special result; not to be envied by the mass of mankind, nor to be imitated; and so the Manchesterians judge themselves; for while a family is rising in the world there, they are careful to live as far removed from the town as the habits and requirements of business will permit; but when once they have climbed to the top of the tree they quit the place for ever.

M. Faucher follows up the remarks quoted above by some interesting and judicious observations as to the effect of the factory and great-town system upon the female portion of the community. The results are not very cheering, of course; nevertheless, we are inclined to believe that this part of the evil is exaggerated in the apprehensions of those who are not practically acquainted with the subject. We subjoin, without much comment, the following passages relating to another evil, which afflicts not Manchester only, but, more or less, every town in England. We should only remind our readers, that the words are those of one accustomed to the cheerful society of a sunnier clime than our own.

“Saturday evening and Sunday are the periods of the week devoted to intoxication. Whence this employment of their repose? In what features of the manners or institutions of the country are we to seek for the cause which induces them to spend in debauchery or idleness, the day which Nature and Religion have consecrated as a respite from daily labour? Let us put out of sight, for the moment, the other causes of moral degradation; this of itself, seems a vice inherent in modern society, which manifests itself more conspicuously in Great Britain than elsewhere. We have no longer our national holidays and religious festivals. Athletic games, to which our forefathers had recourse, to exercise and develop the physical powers, are fallen into disuse; and the mystic ceremonies of religious worship, by which, in former times, the soul was borne away from earth, and hovered in celestial regions, have not found favour with the religious in our day. At least in Catholic towns, religious spectacles have given place to scenic representations upon the stage; and the theatre might be made, under the influence of an intelligent government, a powerful means of education. But in Protestant countries, where the bigoted Puritanism of their religion is opposed to all innocent recreation, and admits no other intellectual food upon the Sunday than the Bible, the labouring classes remain sunk in an immovable stupidity, and know no other relaxation from the *ennui* which afflicts them, than the excitement of drink. Thus, the more rigorously the Sabbath is observed, the more frequented are the public-

houses and gin-shops. This holds good as a general rule; and Scotland, for instance, which is infinitely more puritanical than England, is accordingly the classic ground of Intemperance.

"I know nothing more repulsive than this stern and sullen character of the Protestant sects. In proportion to their enthusiasm, they proselyte the soul by violence, and not by the charms of persuasion. It is thus that the stern voice of the fiery Knox succeeded in raising all Scotland in his favour; and the more recent success of the Methodists is to be explained by the same violent excitement. As soon as the sudden excitement is ended, Protestant society is literally cut into two distinct portions. Place yourself in Briggate, at Leeds; Mosley-street, at Manchester; Lord-street, or Dale-street, at Liverpool; of what description are the families you see, walking along in silence, and with a reserved and formal attitude, towards the churches and chapels? You cannot be deceived, they belong almost exclusively to the middle classes. The operatives loiter on the threshold of their cottages, or lounge in groups at the corners of the streets, until the hour of service is terminated, and the public-houses are opened. Religion is presented to them in such a sombre and gloomy aspect; it succeeds so well in addressing neither the senses, the imagination, nor the heart, that it is no wonder it remains the exclusive patrimony of the rich, and leaves the poorer classes forlorn in a moral desert.

"The aristocratic character of society contributes still more to this evil. If the people of Manchester wish to go out upon a fine Sunday, where must they go? There are no public promenades, no avenues, no public gardens; and even no public common. If the inhabitants seek to breathe the pure atmosphere of the country, they are reduced to the necessity of swallowing the dust upon the public highways. Every thing in the suburbs is closed against them; every thing is private property. In the midst of the beautiful scenery of England, the operatives are like the Israelites of old, with the promised land before them, but forbidden to enter into it. Aristocracy appropriates to itself the soil, and lives in ease and luxury, yet fears to grant a paltry plot for public recreation to the labourers, who have been the ladder to which they are indebted for their own elevation. Even the cemeteries and the Botanic Gardens are closed upon the Sunday. What then remains but the brutal diversion of drunkenness?"

There is but too much truth in these painfully interesting passages:—but the remarks apply nearly as well to all our manufacturing towns, as to the one in question—some of the evils here pointed out are as rife in our capitals as in our provincial cities:—they seem to be common, in modern times at least, to all large masses of men dwelling and working together. What M. Faucher subjoins is, however, more specifically true; and he indicates the mischief in his bright and forcible manner. After quoting statistical returns to show the premature mortality to which a manufacturing population is exposed, he says:—

"The general appearance of the population does not contradict these

melancholy statistics. The operatives are pale and meagre in their appearance, and their physiognomy has not that animation which indicates health and vigour. Female beauty is not to be found amongst them, and the declining vigour of the men is replaced by a febrile energy. The officers of the regiments raised in Lancashire, affirm that the men cannot bear much fatigue. It is evident that the race is degenerating.

“Certainly, if there is one nation more than another fitted for labour, that nation is the English; and especially the Lancastrians. Nature has liberally endowed them with an indomitable energy, and with nerves of steel. The Lancashire operative is, indisputably, the best workman on the face of the earth; the best spinner, and the best mechanic. It is he who brings into the field of industry that ingenuity which economises labour, and that active energy which is not surpassed, if indeed equalled, by any other race. But this untiring, this excessive and unceasing energy, carried beyond certain limits, tends to enervate and undermine his frame. Over-working is a malady which Lancashire has inflicted upon England, and which England in its turn has inflicted upon Europe. Manchester is the seat, the concentrated focus of this malady; a malady which is felt in every portion of the kingdom, and which is now interwoven with the habits and constitution of the country. Even its politics are infected with the same evils. The members of the House of Commons devote the day to their private concerns, and consecrate the night to the discussion of public affairs. Add to this the study and the correspondence required from a public character; the attendance at the political clubs; the necessity of being *au fait* upon the hustings, and of saying something *à propos* upon every imaginable subject, and you will be able to conceive the incessant wear and tear of public life.

“The English are not naturally sober, either in their judgments, their appetites, or their conduct. Take them from one extreme and they immediately rebound to the other; and their preachers, who know their character well, cure them of intemperance by the contrasted extreme of total abstinence. They cannot partake of any thing in moderation; they must partake of it to repletion. Their politics are like their drinks, coarse and stimulating; their ambition without bounds, their activity without repose. In England, the bow is perpetually on the stretch; and hence the sole danger which can menace such a nation.”

There is more truth in these last sentences than most Englishmen will care to acknowledge. In the second portion of his work, M. Faucher proceeds to propose remedies for the evils pointed out in the first, and he attaches himself quite as earnestly to the cure of the moral ills as to that of the physical ones. The leading idea which he brings forward is this, that as much as possible the factory system should be carried on, not in large towns, but in country districts; where the workpeople would be more immediately under the inspection and control of their employers, and where the temptations of a crowded city would

not be experienced. To strengthen this argument, he urges that the facilities afforded by railroads are now becoming so great, as to annihilate petty distances of a few miles, and to make one whole county, like Lancashire, as accessible in its remotest districts as the purlieus even of Manchester. He also brings forward some very felicitous instances of the working of the country-factory system, as carried into operation by Mr. Ashton, at Hyde; Mr. Greg, at Quarry-bank; and Mr. Ashworth, at Turton. The results of their experiments have all been embodied in Parliamentary Reports and other publications, so as to need no quotation here. Indeed, the mere fact itself will speak volumes to whoever knows the bearing of the subject, and has thought upon topics of this nature. We agree with him fully; and we have great pleasure in bringing before our readers the following parallel instance, quoted from his pages, of a similar experiment as tried in France. We doubt not that the information will be new to many among them:—

“The French clergy, in our day, has made several attempts, and with more or less success, to attract industry towards itself. It will not be without interest to compare these essays, which have a character nearly allied to the attempts at organisation to be observed in Lancashire; and hence I will say a few words respecting the *religious families* founded in the departments of the Rhône and Loire by the brothers Pousset. The following particulars of this attempt have been furnished to me by an honourable deputy of the Loire, who has treated of them in a liberal and impartial manner.

“These two ecclesiastics have inherited from their father a domain of moderate value, which is situated in the commune of Cordelle, upon the right bank of the Loire, a short distance south of Roanne. The elder brother is curate of the church of Chartreux, at Lyons. He commenced his work by gathering together some poor girls rescued from misery and vice; their own labour was at the first almost the sole resource he opened to them, and when at length he organised a workshop, he little dreamt of the important economical consequences which would flow from it.

“There exist now four houses of religious families (*saintes familles*); one at Lyons, another at Beaujen (Rhine), a third at Cordelle (Loire), and a fourth at Mornand (Rhône). The first has been established fifteen years, the third six, and that of Mornand is but recent. I have only seen the one at Cordelle, which contained fifty-three inmates in the month of September last.

“This house is built on an elevated site, and in the midst of an immense garden, in which the young women cultivate flowers for their amusement. The nature of their labour does not admit of a more rude or fatiguing employment. The house was built purposely for its present use.

“The cooking, the washing, the sewing and mending of garments,

are done by them either in turns or in common, according to the nature of the occupation. The remunerated labour consists in winding coloured silk, or weaving satin fabrics for the market at Lyons. The Lyons merchants send the silk in hanks and receive it woven in the piece. The work is always done with the greatest care, and the merchant is certain to receive back the same quantity of silk which he put out, whilst in the houses of the common weavers he is generally certain that he will receive back less.

“Out of the twenty-four hours of the day, eight are set apart for sleep, twelve for labour, and the other four for prayers, meals, recreation and the toilet; but the hours of labour are divided by four different intervals. The provisions are abundant, healthy, and strengthening. Their linen and bedding are kept in proper order. They work in common in a large room; there are hours when silence is prescribed, and others when conversation is permitted—others again are devoted to choral sacred music whilst at their work.

“The economical results are not to be despised. These females are better fed, better clothed, and better lodged than the free labourers. It has been said that the Abbé Pousset makes enormous profits by them: I believe that he carries on a good work by which he does not lose; and good works which support themselves are the only ones which last.

“The Abbé Pousset has not given me any information as to his accountability, although I put several questions to him with a view to obtain it. It seems that each female has an account opened, in which is entered the amount she gains by her labour, and that which she costs, whether for her share of the common expenses or for private expenses; and at the end of the year the surplus is handed over to her. This surplus I have been told amounts to five pounds per annum for some, and is rarely below two pounds. No female operative in outer society can arrive at such a result; a result which springs much less from the economy of a community-life, than from the withdrawal from all distracting and corrupting influences.

“The first intention of the founders in collecting these forlorn children, was to teach them a trade, and to return them afterwards to society, with an honest means of getting their livelihood. They expected that a constant rotation would occur amongst the inmates, but in this they have been deceived. In contracting habits of order, cleanliness, and decency, in learning to respect themselves, they feel a repugnance to return to the gross manners of their neighbours. Their ambition is to become *sisters*, that is to say, to make triennial vows, which unite them in a definite manner with the *religious family*.

“Although the only consequence of their leaving the establishment is, that they are not permitted to re-enter, and although the principal entrance always remains open to any who wish to quit, yet in six years not a single young woman has left, and, consequently, not one has married. Perhaps this may be partly accounted for by the retired position of the establishment, and in the midst of a town this

result might not have followed ; nevertheless, this fact joined to the serenity and contentment of mind visible in their countenances, proves that so far as individual happiness is concerned, the families of the Abbé Pousset have met with ample success.

"The religious families of the Poussets are not an isolated feature in the departments of the Rhône and the Loire. In these eminently Catholic districts, female communities have multiplied for some years, and the life they lead partakes jointly of a religious and industrial character. Silk-winding, and weaving, and embroidery, furnish ample employment to them, and they invariably compete with advantage against the independent labourer. If they increased extensively, they would have a serious effect in depreciating the wages of manual labour; for the economy of their arrangement allows of their reducing the remuneration for their labour very far below the *minimum* necessary for the independent labourer, who, in addition to his own subsistence has other burdens to sustain. The industrial convent is, therefore, a competition of the family against the individual, a formidable but immoral competition, and one which is incompatible with the true welfare of society."

The religious constitution of English society hardly yet admits of plans like the one just mentioned being carried into effect: indeed, we are not prepared to say that they would be desirable, nor do we know that they would permanently effect the object proposed. Much more feasible is the idea originally, we believe, propounded by Mr. Babbage, of allowing operatives to participate directly in the gains of their employers, and thus to form around the manufacturer a kind of industrial family, united by a common bond of interest and affection. Certain it is that our periodical returns of distress, and the strikes of the working-classes, are evils to which the legislative attention of the nation cannot be too seriously directed; for these oscillations of a commercial community like our own, though they have not yet thrown the machinery out of play, may, some day or other, give a fatal shock and wrench to the pivots of society, from which we may not have elasticity enough to recover. M. Faucher observes very truly, however, on this subject:—

"For an industry endowed with such vitality, that which is the greatest source of inquietude is not the present so much as the future. If the cotton manufacture were to remain stationary, the chances of success might be regulated, but this is precisely what is impracticable. So great an industry as this, which accumulates machinery, buildings, capitals, and labourers; which destines its productions for exportation, is in itself a system without limits, and consequently requires a field of action boundless in its extent. It is organised for conquest, and observes the discipline of a legion. Capital increases—population soon begins to overflow—production, therefore, must increase without

cessing. In no department of society is the law of progress more inexorable. The day when England shall have attained its climax, when its manufactures shall have no further prospect of increase, will be the day when she will begin to decline, and when she must retire and make way for the fortunate ascendancy of some other nation."

The gloomy prospect, here anticipated in possibility only, may come upon our eyes sooner than we are aware. At the present moment we are in the heyday of national power and prosperity; so were the Spaniards 300 years ago; so were the Dutch not 150 years back; so were the French, at a less distance than a century. But the tables of political fortune have been greatly turned since then. Our own commercial power dates only from the middle of the last century; and what has happened to the most favoured of other nations may fall to our own lot. With the two new nations rising, one on the western, the other on the eastern side of our horizon, it is impossible to say how long the comparatively few acres of our islet may retain the proud pre-eminence of being the busiest mart in the world. Fortune, like love, has wings; and the plains of the Volga, or those of the Mississippi, may come in for a share of the favours of the fickle goddess, with just as good a claim to them as the domains of Father Thames or the Virgin Sabrina. We should never lose sight of the chance of this great revolution in the adjustment of nations; we should never forget that the ignorance or the misconduct of a statesman or a political faction may banish trade from our shores, and stop manufactures in our land, never to return or revive.

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- ART. XI.—1. *Slave Trade. Copy of Correspondence relating to the Suppression of the Slave Trade. Presented to Parliament by her Majesty's Command. 1845.*
2. *A Complete Collection of the Treaties and Conventions, and Reciprocal Regulations at present subsisting between Great Britain and Foreign Powers, and of the Laws, Decrees, and Orders in Council, concerning the same, so far as they relate to Commerce and Navigation, to the Repression and Abolition of the Slave Trade, and to the Privileges and Interests of the Subjects of the High Contracting Parties. Compiled from Authentic Documents. By LEWIS HERTSLET, Esq., Librarian and Keeper of the Papers, Foreign Office. Vol. VI. London: Butterworth. 1845.*

THERE is no question invested at the present moment with greater interest, than that of the Right of Search, since the peace

of the whole world depends upon it. It unfortunately happens, moreover, that the solicitude which the subject itself is calculated to inspire, is very much heightened by accidental circumstances. The persons entrusted with the management of public affairs, both in England and France, want the wisdom and the probity that might inspire confidence. With the word peace continually in their mouths, they are heaping up in every quarter of the world the materials of war, not designedly, which would, at least, argue forethought and genius, but through sheer want of statesmanlike capacity. The French cabinet stands convicted by its own showing of weakness or folly, since it has entered upon a course which M. Guizot himself, not two years ago, maintained to be absurd. The imbecility of our own ministry needs no proof. Every body who has bestowed a thought upon the matter will acknowledge it. Lord Aberdeen piques himself apparently upon one thing only, viz., that his policy contrasts strikingly with that of his predecessor. The fact is as he supposes. The contrast is most striking. Lord Palmerston's policy was to the last degree bold and consistent, tending to the preservation of peace, by creating in all nations the conviction that there was nothing to be gained by going to war with us. Lord Aberdeen's policy is timid, fluctuating, and for that reason most dangerous, since it tends to inspire foreign states with the belief that there is no indignity to which we will not submit, rather than engage in expensive hostilities. Now, as this is a mistake, his lordship, whether he knows it or not, is actually laying a trap for foreign powers, who may find, when they least expect it, that they have arrived at the limits of English patience, and roused the lion instead of the animal which in the fable puts on the lion's skin. Among the statesmen likely to fall into this mistake is M. Guizot, who, notwithstanding his supposed partiality for England, is, in truth, among the foremost of those that would take advantage of Lord Aberdeen's simplicity to wound and humiliate her. The Tories, however, for party purposes, have long been engaged in disseminating an erroneous opinion of this man. According to them his abilities are of the first order. His political principles, derived from a profound study of history, and the most extensive practical knowledge of mankind, they regard as on a level with his genius. But what charms them most is the wonderful predilection for this country which they discover equally in his writings and in his policy. On each of these points they have deceived themselves, and would deceive the public. M. Guizot is not a man of genius. We might say of him, as Canning did of Peel, that he is the sublime of mediocrity. His political principles, instead of being the growth of study and experience, are purely

traditional, and belong to that motley school which sprang up after the Restoration in France, and adopted for its leading characteristic the desire to reconcile contradictions.

We impute it as no particular crime to M. Guizot that he ranks among this class of politicians. If his prepossessions and the natural habit of his mind had not attached him to them, the events of the times would probably have done so. Possessed by the ambition to distinguish himself and to rise, he soon perceived that he could succeed no other way, than by siding with the party that might be uppermost; to do which, without incurring peculiar odium, it was necessary to make profession of a political creed susceptible of a double interpretation, the one popular, the other anti-popular, according to the exigencies of the moment. It has for this reason frequently been doubtful whether M. Guizot was a Legitimist or a Liberal; whether he was for the elder branch of the Bourbons with or without the charter, or for the charter, in all its developments, at any rate. Our opinion has always been, that M. Guizot was neither for the one nor for the other, but simply for himself. He has in him nothing of the passion or poetry of politics. It answers his purpose exceedingly well to seem to be a minister, by taking on himself the responsibility of another man's actions; by expounding to the Chamber doctrines which he does not hold, as the representative of an individual who could not conveniently expound them there himself; by defending measures which he did not originate, nay, which in secret he condemns as vain, or worthless, or prejudicial to the best interests of France. M. Guizot is not endowed with a prolific mind: he gives birth to nothing. He only adopts the illegitimate offspring of others, and allows them, for a consideration, to assume his family name and seem to be his. This, no doubt, is a proceeding which implies some hardihood, some ingenuity, some power of face. It is not every one that could stand up in the presence of a whole parliament, and maintain contradictory propositions with an equal show of reason; that could, by the speciousness of his sophistry, obtain credit for conscientious patriotism, while openly acting contrary to the declared convictions of his whole life; that could establish his reputation for pacific views and honourable intentions, while laboriously exciting national animosities, and giving daily proofs of reckless Jesuitism and improbity. It is not every one, we say, that could accomplish this, and therefore we admit M. Guizot to be a shrewd man; a man capable of much calculation, a man familiar with all the prevailing arts of intrigue. What we mean to say is, that M. Guizot is neither a great nor an honest man.

To make good this proposition it is by no means necessary to enter into an elaborate critique of his works, or to reca-

pitulate all the events of his life. As a writer M. Guizot is industrious, clever, and entertaining: nothing more. He has no philosophy of his own. He receives and reflects ingeniously the colours and intellectual forms of the age. His views are the views of his contemporaries. His system, if he can be said to have one, is of the composite order, made up of heterogeneous elements, united by an arbitrary act of the will, but sustained by no single great principle. He does not even form a necessary part of the intellectual existence of these times. So that if he and his works were taken away, blotted altogether out of the list of contemporary entities, no chasm would appear, no loss would be felt. He does very well where he is; but hundreds would do as well, many would do much better. M. Guizot is wholly incapable of taking an independent view of political positions. He does not examine society as it is, and strike out original measures to meet its necessities, and conduct it towards something better. He falls into the pedantry of imitation, and is haunted by the desire of producing political parallelisms; of re-enacting, as it were, the events of history, and impressing on occurrences of the present day the image and superscription of the past. This indication of mental poverty, however, is common to him with most of his countrymen. Though intensely jealous of our superiority, they have done little, during the last hundred years, but study our history and literature, in order to discover models for copying. Our spirit has accordingly been upon them, for good or for evil, in all that they have achieved or imagined during that period, whether they have trodden ingenuously in our footsteps, or have flown off into eccentric or absurd paths, in the vain hope of placing themselves beyond the reach of that over-mastering influence, which Providence seems to have decreed shall impart its distinguishing characteristic to modern society. M. Guizot, to do him justice, has scarcely sought to conceal the sources of his inspiration. We might almost say, perhaps, that he has somewhat too explicitly pointed them out; because, from his supposed familiarity with English history, English politics, and English literature, he has drawn upon himself the very unfounded suspicion of being friendly to this country. He has studied Great Britain, however, in the same spirit that Voltaire studied Christianity, and for precisely the same purpose. His object from the beginning has been to discover where we were most vulnerable, that he might teach his countrymen to strike us there. But this, it may be said, is to pronounce M. Guizot's eulogium, since it is his duty to promote, not the interests of England, but those of France. Be it so: but then follows the inquiry, whether he did not overshoot his mark; since, instead of creating among his countrymen generally the belief that he is inimical to Great Britain,

which might go far to render him popular, he has had the unskilfulness to obtain credit for the feeling least calculated to recommend him to the people of France. Thus vaulting ambition sometimes overleaps itself. But most things have two handles.

This at least is the case with M. Guizot's Jesuitism. For if on the other side of the channel it has curtailed his influence, and exposed him to obloquy, it has produced on this side the contrary effect, and procured for him the support of our Tory administration, which, joined with that of Louis Philippe, may be regarded as of far greater consequence than the applauses of the Parisian multitude. It is for the sake, therefore, of Lord Aberdeen and Sir Robert Peel, that we have engaged in the present investigation into M. Guizot's character. Had the Whigs remained in office, we might have spared ourselves the trouble. Lord Palmerston understood the man thoroughly, had taken the exact dimensions of his mind, and was familiar with the whole sweep of his policy. He would not, we fancy, have given him credit for being the friend of England. He knew better the value of such phrases and professions; and it is only because our present rulers superabound in the milk of human kindness, and have foresworn Machiavelli, and adopted the maxim that frank credulity is the basis of all true statesmanship, that we undertake the task of unmasking M. Guizot. Our bowels yearn with compassion towards Lord Aberdeen when we behold him made the dupe of the wily Frenchman, when we behold this small Talleyrand of the Universities throwing dust into the eyes of the British minister, and when we observe that minister himself, in order to keep him in his place, retract his solemn declarations in Parliament, and perform exactly the contrary of what he voluntarily undertook to accomplish.

The transactions to which our remarks will more especially refer, are of recent date and universal notoriety. We shall not pursue the stream of M. Guizot's achievements back through all the obscure and tortuous mazes of its earlier course. We shall omit to mention his flight to Ghent, his intrigues under the government of the Restoration, the pitiful part he played during the Revolution of July. Nay, our charity induces us to pass over in silence much of his subsequent career. It would, indeed, be unfair to criticise with severity the fluctuations of the youthful and unformed statesman, the waverings of whose mind, like those of the magnetic needle when its direction has been disturbed, may only indicate its anxiety to discover the polar principle to which it will ever after point steadily. We take up M. Guizot at a period when his political instincts may be supposed to have

been brought into subjection to his reason; when it was no longer permitted him to veer and shift, and betray tokens of undisciplined impulses. In short, we come at once to the year 1840, and the negotiations for a treaty between the five great powers of Europe on the subject of the Right of Search. One of the motives by which England was urged to desire this treaty, was the conviction that it would place her in a better position for operating upon the reason of the United States, which had hitherto refused to act cordially in conjunction with us for the suppression of the slave-trade. With the pride and obstinacy which its citizens originally carried along with them across the Atlantic, the great American Republic refused to recognise the Right of Search from the idea that it would be derogatory to its dignity. It was believed, however, that if all the great powers of Europe were to come in and consent to act frankly together, and give proofs unequivocal that they considered it to be for their honour to yield to the instances of Great Britain in the cause of humanity, the United States also would follow in their wake, if not from any better motive, at least from the vanity of being included in the list of civilised and influential states. M. Guizot was of this opinion, and laboured cheerfully and earnestly, in concurrence with our own minister to bring to a successful issue the discussion on the celebrated treaty of '41.

The necessity for this convention arose out of the limited sphere of operation secured by the Right of Search treaties of 1831 and 1833. By those treaties, our cruisers were frequently hampered in the discharge of their duty. They could not pursue a slaver beyond the tenth degree of latitude north or south, or more than sixty leagues from the coast. Without these limits the most suspicious vessels might pass to and fro within sight, nay, within hail. Under whatever flag they sailed they were sure of impunity. This was a most vexatious state of things, which ought, it may be said, to have been foreseen by the framers of the former treaties. But Lord Palmerston's object in 1831 and 1833, was not to alarm the prejudices of the continent by insisting on too much. He knew that having obtained the recognition of the principle by France, it would be much easier to extend the range of its operation when experience should have proved that no practical evils of any importance were likely to spring out of it. In 1840, therefore, considering that the time was come to give plenary execution to his great plan, he set on foot the negotiations for a new and vastly more comprehensive treaty. This time the Right of Search was to extend its influence along the whole of the western and eastern coasts of Africa, and along the eastern coast of America from the Gulf of Mexico to Cape Horn:

Russia at first felt considerable repugnance to concede to Great Britain, necessarily the chief actor in all affairs taking place on the ocean, the power to overhaul, under any pretext, all the commercial navies of the world. She herself had many ships engaged in the fur and timber trades, which would probably be often mistaken for slavers from the character of their build, and from the circumstance of their always having scattered about them numbers of loose planks, spars, and other things calculated to expose a vessel to suspicion. For these and for other reasons, Count Brunnow felt considerable repugnance to enter upon those negotiations. It was impossible to foresee all the consequences that might flow from the act about to be accomplished by the plenipotentiaries of the leading European powers. Certain vague apprehensions that somehow or other Great Britain would reap all the advantages of the measure disturbed him. He, therefore, long held back. He desired that the treaty should be temporary, and regarded merely as an experiment. He suggested the term of ten years as long enough to give the scheme a fair trial. But M. Guizot, either because he then sincerely desired the suppression of the slave-trade, or, which is more probable, because he unconsciously acted under the influence of Lord Palmerston's genius, vigorously combated the arguments of the Russian ambassador, and returned so frequently to the charge, and reasoned with so much subtlety, warmth, and cogency, that after a resistance protracted for several weeks, Count Brunnow yielded. This circumstance, considered in itself, is honourable to M. Guizot. It proves him to possess many of the qualities of a man of business. It is creditable to his diplomatic eloquence, and it shows that, under certain conditions, he is far from being indifferent to the sufferings of humanity.

The objections of Russia having been thus overcome, no obstacle appeared to stand in the way of the signing and ratification of the treaty. France entered heartily into the business. Those evil influences which afterwards swayed her resolution appeared to be wholly dormant. But there was then, on the edge of the horizon, a small speck, which was destined soon to spread and darken this fair prospect. Every one will recollect the position in which the affairs of the Levant were placed in 1840, and the famous treaty concluded on the 15th of July of that year. The ruling mind of France may possibly, in secret, have expected that, by giving way to Great Britain in the matter of the Right of Search, it might purchase her forbearance in another quarter. Louis Philippe, in conformity with certain views of policy, which, without plunging deep into the affairs of the East, it is impossible to understand, was desirous, at the period referred to, of aggrandising Mohammed Ali at the expense of the sultan, of securing

to him the possession of Syria, and ultimately, it would seem, even the throne of Constantinople itself. What France expected to gain by this scheme, we may discuss some other time. Some prospect of advantage she had, though M. Thiers, who acted as Louis Philippe's minister at the time, protests he knew not what they were, or, knowing, regarded them as of far too little importance to justify the disturbance of the peace of Europe.

However this may be, the treaty of July, 1840, came, very inopportunately for the children of Africa, to disconcert the projects of Great Britain for their deliverance. Here again M. Guizot was engaged, though far less to his credit as a man and as a diplomatist, than in the matter of the Right of Search. M. Thiers, then first minister of France, has since, publicly, in the Chamber, accused M. Guizot of having played him false in the summer of 1840, of having designedly kept him in ignorance of the progress of the negotiations going on in London when he was ambassador, and that, too, for the dishonourable purpose of supplanting him in the post of minister. For M. Guizot's honesty no sane man would undertake to answer. Intrigue and hypocrisy are necessary to him. He rose by them originally, and now, that they are less necessary, adheres to them, perhaps out of habit, or gratitude. He hates M. Thiers, and has always hated him. He must, therefore, when he saw him placed over his head, have ardently desired his overthrow, and been ready to co-operate with any one who could bring it about. But in the transactions of 1840, which terminated in the treaty of July, we doubt whether M. Guizot's inaptitude for business did not completely neutralise his malice. We shall give the history of his achievements, and leave the reader to judge.

The object, it will be remembered, of Great Britain and the other parties to the treaty, was to preserve the integrity of the Ottoman empire, and France was formally invited to co-operate with Great Britain and her allies. Not that our foreign minister was ignorant of the intrigues which the French had for some time been carrying on in Egypt, but that it was not thought proper to take notice of her underhand doings, which, however congenial to her character, it was believed she might not like to have brought under public notice. But Louis Philippe had formed his own theory of Levantine affairs, which he persuaded M. Thiers to seem, at least, to adopt, and instructed M. Guizot to act upon. His policy, as we have already said, was to sacrifice Turkey to Mohammed Ali, and, in the first instance, to gain over Lord Palmerston to these views; or, secondly, if that were found impracticable, to address himself to the representatives of Austria, Russia, and Prussia, and endeavour to prevail on them to

co-operate with France in thwarting Great Britain. Here, then, we have M. Guizot pitted against Lord Palmerston. They had the same materials to work upon, the same tools, external to their minds, to work with. They entered upon the arena, each with the power of a great country at his back. To any one reasoning, *à priori*, from the characters and abilities of the men, the contest never could have appeared for one moment doubtful. But fortune sometimes prides herself on giving practical proofs that the race is not always to the swift, or the battle to the strong; and, therefore, by some perverse concatenation of accidents, she might have enabled the atrabilious Huguenot to triumph over the first diplomatist of this age. How far M. Guizot deserved to succeed, we shall presently see. Having sounded, in succession, all the foreign ambassadors, and made use of all that mixture of coaxing and menace, which in the hands of a man of genius, sometimes produces effects so wonderful, M. Guizot perceived that the influence of Great Britain, in the hands of a diplomatist worthy to wield it, was a thing difficult to be counteracted. He foresaw, or might have foreseen, the isolation in which France was likely to be placed, by the diplomatic isolation in which he himself actually stood. He was no longer permitted to witness the secret agency by which a determinate direction was given to the great currents of European affairs. He stood without the magic circle, and could discern nothing of the characters drawn within it. He became irritated, fidgetty, and perplexed. He sought to provoke to argument the leading members of the diplomatic body, in the hope that in the intemperate moments of discussion, they would drop something that might enable him to guess at their designs. But he found them impenetrable. The blunt *bonhomie* of Baron Bulow, the quiet taciturnity of Neumann, the stern volubility of Brunnow, and the easy, graceful frankness of Lord Palmerston, equally puzzled him.

Still there were circumstances which led him to think it probable that the designs of the British cabinet would be defeated. The soil of England, though not fertile in intriguers, yet produces, from time to time, a few who are active in proportion to the scantiness of their numbers. Into the hands of two or three of these M. Guizot fell in 1840. Their names we need not mention, though they are at present enjoying, in high and lucrative situations, the reward of the ignoble services which, at the period referred to, they were supposed to render their party. One of these, revolving perpetually like a satellite round M. Guizot, undertook to keep him exactly informed respecting the proceedings of the parties engaged in negotiating the dreaded treaty. He

affected to possess the most certain sources of information, spoke of himself as a sort of second conscience to Lord Palmerston, and maintained, that to the secret thoughts of all the other great diplomatists he knew the avenues. This was charming to M. Guizot; for, though an industrious man, he was not unwilling to be relieved from some portion of the labours of his office, especially as, in reality, he found that his voluntary coadjutor did, from time to time, bring him important intelligence. The great object of the French ambassador was, of course, to prevent altogether, if possible, the conclusion of the treaty; or, failing in that, to protract the discussions, and postpone its signature, till it should be too late to undertake operations that year on the coast of Syria. An important event, which happened in the midst of the negotiations, promised the accomplishment of his most ardent wishes. This was the death of the King of Prussia, upon which the intriguer already mentioned hastened to M. Guizot, and said: 'The game is ours! It is impossible that the signature of the treaty should now take place in time to commence operations this year.' 'How so?' inquired the Frenchman. We must preface the reply of the intriguer by a brief explanation. When a sovereign dies, his plenipotentiaries at foreign courts lose their powers, and are treated as ambassadors only by courtesy. They can negotiate nothing, they can sign nothing, unless at their own proper peril. Now, Baron Bulow, the Prussian ambassador, was not a man to volunteer his responsibility, and the intriguer positively maintained, that his new credentials had not arrived. This was the fact insisted on, in his reply to M. Guizot. 'I tell you,' said he, 'that Bulow is placed *hors de combat*, so that you may make yourself perfectly easy.' 'That I can't do,' rejoined the diplomatist, 'until we are assured of the fact you state from the baron's own mouth. In grave, serious affairs like these, we must not act upon hearsay. Could you not sound him?' 'Why, not exactly,' observed the intriguer; 'but—,' and here he paused, and placed his hand upon his diplomatic brow; 'but I think we have a friend who can manage this business for us.' The deputy-intriguer, accordingly, by accident, met Baron Bulow, to whom he was well known, and, addressing him in German, and using the national idiom, said carelessly: 'Well, is your roast roasted yet?' 'No,' answered Bulow, 'it takes a long time to roast our roast.' The deputy-intriguer then laughed in a way which signified, 'I know that as well as you.' He then placed the fore-finger of his right hand on the baron's sleeve, and throwing at the same time a scrutinising glance at his face, said: 'Now tell me, upon the faith and honour of a gentleman, have your new credentials arrived?' The Prussian diplomatist, with the greatest possible frankness and simpli-

city, replied at once: 'They have not.' 'Thank you,' rejoined his interrogator, 'that is all I want to know;' and, bidding him good morning, hastened to report to the arch-intriguer the important discovery he had made.

This intelligence, immediately conveyed to M. Guizot, completely tranquillised his mind. He felt satisfied that no progress could, for some time at least, be made towards the conclusion of the treaty, and, repairing to the residence of one of the diplomatists, he artfully gave vent to the feelings of triumph that filled his mind. He affected to compassionate the extreme slowness of their movements, and said they would be far less likely to compromise the peace of Europe if they acted with a little more promptitude. Otherwise, unpleasant events might occur, which would not only frustrate their designs, but occasion them much future embarrassment. Having delivered himself of this political homily, he forthwith returned home and forwarded a despatch to his government. This document M. Guizot designed to be a masterpiece. It was intended to create in the mind of the French Cabinet, the belief that the conclusion of the treaty was imminent, that he might afterwards take credit to himself for having overcome the most formidable obstacles. But if such was his object, he failed completely; for, though the obvious meaning of the language employed was such as we have stated, M. Thiers thought it susceptible of a different interpretation, and, in fact, detected the *arrière pensée* of his ambassador. The French Cabinet, therefore, participated in the confidence of M. Guizot, and enjoyed, by anticipation, the extreme pleasure of outwitting Great Britain. Every thing now was supposed to depend on the arrival of a courier from Berlin with the fate of the East in his bags. None, however, arrived; and, therefore, up to the very morning of the 15th of July, M. Guizot and his friend the intriguer, continued to be lulled in the most perfect confidence, making no exertions, because they believed none to be necessary. On that day, however, the plenipotentiaries met, brought their deliberations to a close, and signed the convention, Baron Bulow and all! 'What then,' the reader may exclaim, 'was the Prussian ambassador guilty of an untruth, when he said he had not received his new credentials?' By no means; he had not received them; but the young King of Prussia had, immediately on his accession, written him a letter, authorising him to act in all cases as if nothing had happened. He did not, therefore, require any new credentials: a fact with which the intriguer, on whose sagacity M. Guizot depended, was not acquainted.

The hopes of diplomatists, however, are not easily quenched. It immediately occurred to the French ambassador and his friends,

that active operations could not possibly commence in the Levant till the contracting parties should have exchanged ratifications, which, considering the distance of Constantinople and St. Petersburg, it was calculated they could not do in less than two months. Now, two months from the 15th of July would bring them to the 15th of September, and then it would require at least a fortnight to collect the fleets on the coast of Syria; but by that time the winds would begin to blow, which render naval operations impracticable on that coast. It was therefore argued, that nothing could possibly be done till the ensuing season, and that France would consequently enjoy ample leisure and opportunities to bring her influence to bear upon events, and disconcert the designs of the allied powers. This was extremely ingenious reasoning, but it was rendered nugatory by one single act of the British minister, who had taken care to append to his treaty a protocol, empowering him to act at once. Within an hour, therefore, after the signature of the convention the order was on its way to the admiral's, to proceed without delay to the coast of Syria and commence operations. It would be beside our purpose to enter upon the recapitulation of events which must be fresh in the memory of the public. It may be sufficient to observe, that both the French ambassador and his government remained in entire ignorance of the course it was intended to pursue, as well as of the moment of action, till the intelligence of the bombardment of Beyrout came to open their eyes. M. Guizot was still in London when the news arrived. It had reached Paris by telegraph, and an express, with a copy of the 'Moniteur,' containing the startling paragraph, was instantly despatched to London. He saw at once that he had been the dupe of his own vanity, of that compound vanity which he felt, partly as a Frenchman and partly as a diplomatist. He had persuaded himself that France was too great a power to be set at nought by the rest of Europe, and that he himself was too great a diplomatist to be outwitted by any person in the world. This conceit, it was now clear, had placed him in a very humiliating position, and his indignation was exactly proportioned to the credulity and weakness he had previously displayed. He read over the paragraph in the 'Moniteur' again and again, his dark complexion growing each time darker and darker, till at length, having wrought himself up into a towering passion, he sallied forth to vent his fury on the diplomatic body.

Such is an exact history of the part played by M. Guizot in the affair of the treaty of July; and from this it will, we think, appear, that his diplomatic abilities are not of the first order. Had he possessed far greater capacity than has fallen to his share, he

would not, we think, have succeeded in counteracting the influence of Great Britain; but a more skilful and daring intriguer might, nevertheless, have thrown so many obstacles in the way of the negotiators, that a great deal of valuable time might have been lost. As it was, we firmly believe that the efforts of M. Guizot did not retard the signature of the convention by a single hour.

On the 29th of October of the same year, M. Guizot became a member of the new French Cabinet; or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say, became its chief, under the designation of minister for foreign affairs. Now, then, it may be said, he occupied a position which would enable him to give solid proofs of his hostility to the slave-trade, by hastening the conclusion of the treaty, which, as ambassador, he had negotiated, for confirming and extending the Right of Search. But the mutual relations of Great Britain and France had assumed an untoward aspect. The latter country felt, or fancied, that a slight had been put upon her by the allied powers, at the instigation of England, and she was, consequently, not in the humour to treat with us on any subject, much less on one so replete with difficulties as the Right of Search. Our own cabinet, perceiving this to be the case, suffered the whole matter to remain in abeyance, until the affairs of the Levant were settled, and French excitement had had time to subside into its ordinary channels. A convention was then set on foot, the chief object of which was to supply France with a pretext for quitting that attitude of menace which she had rashly and foolishly assumed, and soon found extremely irksome: we allude to the treaty of the Dardanelles, ultimately concluded at London, July 13, 1841.

Having thus apparently smoothed the way, the British cabinet returned to the subject of the Right of Search, and proposed that the treaty which had been negotiated during the early part of the preceding year, should forthwith be signed and ratified. And now we come to speak of one of the most characteristic acts of M. Guizot's whole life, one of those acts which reveal a man's real principles, which disclose to us his secret theory of honour and good faith, which, in short, stamp him as what he is for the present age, and determine the place he is to hold in the estimation of posterity. The British ambassador in Paris, having been instructed to renew his representations to the French government, on the subject of the means to be employed for the suppression of the slave-trade, received from M. Guizot the most extraordinary reply ever made by any minister to a foreign ambassador. He could not, with all his Jesuitism, conceal from Lord Grenville the fact, that the diplomatic defeat inflicted on

him in the July of the preceding year, still remained rankling in his breast. He had been beaten, and could neither forgive nor forget it. He felt but too happy, therefore, that the state of the negotiations on the subject of the Right of Search, enabled him to aim a blow which he fancied must tell at his enemy, Lord Palmerston, and, through him, at the whole Melbourne administration. The state of his feelings, on this occasion, could not possibly be mistaken; indeed, he was at little pains to disguise it. He said, that as it was very clear the Whigs were going out of office, he should not pay them the compliment of signing the treaty with them, but reserve it for their successors, with whose views and principles he altogether sympathised.

We request the reader, desirous of understanding what manner of man M. Guizot is, to reflect a little on this proceeding. The original idea of the great convention in question, which was to bind together the leading powers of the world for the purpose of delivering humanity from the most grievous infliction, and from the deepest disgrace which has ever been heaped upon it, belonged altogether to Lord Palmerston. It was he who set the negotiations on foot, who rendered the project palatable to Austria, Russia, France, and Prussia; who overcame all but the final obstacle, which was not based on irresistible circumstances, which arose out of no misunderstanding between nations or princes, which was not suggested by any apprehension entertained by any of the contracting parties—the only obstacle which Lord Palmerston could not surmount, was the wounded pride and pettifogging revenge of M. Guizot. There are able and honourable men who give this person credit for having been once sincere in his hostility to the slave-trade. We regret our inability to adopt this favourable opinion of him, not that we pride ourselves upon any Machiavelian rule of interpretation, when we desire to explain the acts of statesmen, but that in the present case, the lower we pitch the motive the more likely is it to square with the truth. For ourselves, therefore, we fear we must believe, that M. Guizot never cared any thing at all about the suppression of slavery, and that his sole object in putting himself prominently forward was to gratify his insatiable thirst of notoriety. Had it been otherwise, will any man believe that, when an opportunity presented itself of mitigating, at once, the woes of millions, he would have fallen back on the most pitiful party considerations, and voluntarily put in jeopardy the grand scheme, for the success of which he once pretended to be so solicitous? Nay, as far as France is concerned, it may with truth be affirmed, that M. Guizot completely shipwrecked the hopes of Africa; for had he, when applied to, in 1841, by the Whig cabinet, consented to the immediate signature

and ratification of the treaty, no time would have been allowed for the organisation of those infamous intrigues which afterwards led France to play so dishonourable a part, and cast upon the reputation of M. Guizot a stain, which all the sophistry he is master of—and it is not a little—will never be able to obliterate. But because the disgrace of this transaction is not entirely monopolised by the French minister of foreign affairs, we must proceed with our narrative of events.

It has been seen, that in order to revenge a personal defeat, brought about by legitimate means and for a legitimate object, M. Guizot extended, in 1841, his most active patronage to the slave-trade. By completing an act which he had himself commenced, he might have gone far towards putting an end to it, at least such was the profound persuasion of all the leading statesmen in Europe, a persuasion which he himself, also, had always professed to cherish; but when the time came to put his sincerity to the test, when Providence had moulded events, and placed them in a posture so favourable that it required only a single act of a single man's will to render them adequate to the production of the greatest results for humanity, that man, because his pride had been humbled a year before by a British statesman, refused to perform his duty, let the consequences to humanity be ever so deplorable. We invite any man, we invite M. Guizot himself, to give, if he can, any other feasible version of this affair. Well, then, M. Guizot refused to sign his own treaty during the whole summer of 1841, because the Whigs were in office. The horrors encountered by thousands of men on both sides of the Atlantic, and in the middle passage, weighed nothing with him when cast into the balance with his personal pique against Lord Palmerston. Better, he thought, that those unhappy beings should writhe, and pine, and die in the floating dungeons prepared for them by fiendish speculators, than that he should accede to the wishes of the liberal cabinet of England, and not reserve what he himself regarded simply as a compliment for their presumed successors. We wish M. Guizot all the joy which sober reflection on this subject can afford him. He may not, perhaps, be able to get up the statistics of the question, and determine how many Africans, men, women, and children, were sacrificed to his ignoble egotism; but when his approaching retirement from office supplies him with the necessary leisure, he may, by instituting a careful inquiry into the matter, make some approximation towards the number of his victims.

We have remarked already, that the criminal delay which took place in signing the treaty of 1841, was not attributable altogether to the French minister. The Tories came into office on the 3rd of September, and considering the lavish professions of humanity

which, as a party, they have for some years been in the habit of making, considering, too, that they have in their ranks several distinguished philanthropists, as Sir Harry Inglis, Lord Ashley, and so on, it might very reasonably have been expected, that they would lose no time in bringing to a close, negotiations undertaken solely for the repression of human misery. Even the gratification of vanity it might have been supposed would have impelled them immediately to conclude an affair, which, for the reasons already stated, their predecessors were unable to accomplish. But, in the exultation of victory, Sir Robert Peel and his colleagues entirely lost sight of the Right of Search. They were too happy to find themselves in Downing-street, and devoted the time to chuckling and rubbing their hands, and receiving the felicitations of their friends. What were the wretched Africans to them? They had beaten the Whigs, and got an overwhelming majority, and had before them the prospect of dispensing for years, the whole patronage of the empire. Was that a moment to disturb their repose with troublesome contests about negroes, and cruisers, and treaties excessively hard to be concluded? Lord Aberdeen resolved to take warning from the fate of his predecessor. The latter had devoted night and day to business, had concluded innumerable conventions advantageous to commerce and to humanity, had augmented, by his genius and untiring activity, the external influence of the empire; yet, what had been his reward? Parliamentary defeat and exclusion from office. The Tory foreign secretary, mindful of the classical precept, resolved to learn wisdom at another man's expense. As Lord Palmerston had lost office by diligently and boldly performing his duty, Lord Aberdeen determined to retain it by doing nothing. That this was the rule by which he secretly shaped his course, any one may convince himself who will examine the history of the Peel administration. Had it felt any solicitude for the suppression of the slave-trade, it would instantly have applied to France to sign and ratify the treaty which the malice of M. Guizot had prevented the Whigs from concluding. There was now no obstacle in their way. Their friend over the Channel would have been happy at once to pay them the compliment which he had reserved for them. The juncture was, in all respects, the most favourable that could have been desired. The French Chambers were not assembled. There was no particular excitement in the country, so that the cabinet was quite free, as it was quite ready, to act upon its own responsibility. But Lord Aberdeen had adopted for his guidance the maxim, 'slow and sure,' though he has never realised more than the first half of it; and, therefore, delayed above three months to invite his friend, M. Guizot, to sign and ratify the important treaty already so fre-

quently referred to. No objection was made, and the Count St. Aulaire, in conjunction with the ambassadors of Austria, Prussia, and Russia, readily affixed his signature to the document on the 20th of December. Seven days after this act, the French Chambers assembled, and all the arts and resources of intrigue were called into play to prevent its ratification.

The United States had, at this period, in Paris, an ambassador congenial in feelings and principles to M. Guizot—we mean General Cass. It would betray us into too intricate a labyrinth of details, to explain all the secret manoeuvres of the diplomatic general, and the diplomatic Huguenot, who, about this time, laboured strenuously in common, to attain an object ardently desired by both. They who have been accustomed to give M. Guizot credit for sincerely desiring the suppression of the slave-trade, would be slow to conjecture what that object was; though the peculiar character of American diplomacy might, if carefully considered, serve as an unerring index to the truth. M. Guizot had hitherto figured in the political world as an ardent abolitionist, and, as such, would undoubtedly have been lynched by General Cass, had he caught him anywhere 'convenient' in the backwoods. But the necessities of office, like those of poverty, make men acquainted with 'strange bed-fellows.' Thus, in the winter of 1841—42, we find the abolitionist, Guizot, and the anti-abolitionist, Cass, without a single thought of lynching each other, cordially co-operating together for the accomplishment of some common purpose. Their numerous conferences soon proved prolific. The worthy general conceived the idea of becoming an author; and having been long in labour with a manuscript, was at length delivered of it, and astonished the world by the prodigious birth. It was a pamphlet against the Right of Search. Every one who knew the reputed author, felt surprised at the cleverness of his supposed production. It was profoundly profligate, but became popular in France, through the dash of clever vulgarity which pervaded it. But was General Cass really the author? The reader shall judge. While the pamphlet was in preparation, the American ambassador was constantly observed circulating to and fro between his own hotel and the residence of the foreign minister, with the tip of a roll of manuscript frequently peeping forth from his pocket. Day after day they were closeted for hours together, and the subject of their amicable discussion was, in most cases, the treaty recently signed in London. M. Guizot laid open all the difficulties of his position to the American, and, with those powers of logic which he must be acknowledged to have at his command, soon convinced him of two things; first, that it would be highly politic for General Cass to

vulgarise and father M. Guizot's pamphlet; and, second, that it would be advantageous to both parties for him still to affect, some time longer, hostility to the slave-trade. Having thus come to an understanding, the two great diplomatists proceeded forthwith to play their respective parts—the American to get up a powerful and wide-spread agitation against the Right of Search, and the Frenchman gradually and gracefully to yield to the force of public opinion.

Of conduct like this what shall we say? We know of no parallel to it in private life, save that of giving a bill with the determination to dishonour it when it comes due. And what were the interests thus sported with by pettifogging and profligate intriguers? No less than the interests of two great divisions of the earth. For if Africa be depopulated by the nefarious traffic in slaves, if her wild and ferocious hordes of heathens are plunged into a depth of barbarism and demoralisation greater than that in which they were originally found, America, inhabited, for the most part, by men calling themselves Christians, is no less widely and profoundly demoralised by the servile population she receives, and the practices to which she is driven in order to hold them in subjection. Nor, in all probability, is this the whole of the penalty that she will be called upon to pay for the crime of dealing in human beings. In the slaves that people her territories, she may reckon so many enemies, who treasure up, and transmit from father to son the debt of vengeance, which will be paid in blood and slaughter at last. The history of ancient slavery furnishes what may, possibly, prove to be a parallel case. For, in the course of generations, circumstances enabled the victims of oppression to turn their chains into horrid arms against their torturers, and to carry them away captive, and make them servants of servants, till the whole detestable race was extinguished. Let America bear this fact in mind; far as she lies from the great seats of civilisation, punishment will sooner or later reach her. Providence has a long arm, and chastisement may come when she least expects it, and is least prepared to ward off its consequences. And what we say to America, we say to all those who aid and abet her in her crimes, who, for money or place, or authority, afford facilities to the miscreants that prowl about the African coast to kidnap the ignorant and helpless natives, and consign them to hopeless slavery in a distant part of the world, or to death in its most cruel or revolting form on the middle passage.

In this guilt our Tory rulers have largely participated. We have proved, that, in the autumn of 1841, they might easily have obtained from France the ratification of the Right of

Search treaty which would have compelled her to co-operate with us in putting down the infamous traffic. But they voluntarily allowed the opportunity to slip by. Their friends and protégés across the Channel would not at the moment referred to have refused them any thing, because M. Guizot had not yet made the discovery, that more was to be gained by playing into the hands of the United States, than by acting honourably towards Great Britain, and keeping the faith which he had pledged. M. Guizot when he first came to office, finding the Conservative party in great strength, and generally disposed to promote a good understanding with England, continued to take the same views on the Right of Search as he had been in the habit of affecting for some years, regarding this step as calculated to strengthen him in his position. M. Thiers had fallen through the prevalence of English influence. He had paid the penalty of seeking to bring about a rupture between the two countries. M. Guizot understood this, and shaped his own course accordingly. He systematically separated himself from all the partisans of war, and studied with the greatest assiduity to discover fresh grounds upon which the interests of the two countries might approximate and coalesce. At first he was enabled to avail himself of this element of strength without sacrificing any other. That is to say, he could exhibit his leaning towards England without diminishing his support in the Chambers, and so long as this continued to be the case, he cared not a single rush for popularity out of doors. For M. Guizot is not one of those who entertain any partiality towards the people, or who would even take a single step to purchase their good opinion or co-operation, so long as it might be possible to do without it. But society is made up of shifting materials in France, and M. Guizot soon found that he could not afford to affect the stoic and despise popularity. He beheld forming in Paris and throughout the kingdom, a secret association, having for its object the maintenance of slavery. The germ of this infamous society is said to have been imported from Cuba, whose merchants, together with those of Porto Rico, collected by subscription a very large sum of money, and sent it by secret emissaries to the French capital for the purpose of buying over the demagogues of the press and the Chambers, to get up, if possible, a national agitation against the Right of Search. These public-spirited efforts quickly excited emulation among congenial minds in France. The slave-merchants of Nantes and Bordeaux, and of every port in the kingdom, felt the most earnest sympathy with the gentlemen of the Spanish West Indies, and by their contributions greatly enriched the fund destined to purchase logic

and eloquence in the Parisian market, where both greatly abound, and are generally venal.

By these means a violent storm was soon raised against the ministers, still supposed to be swayed by British influence, synonymous in the case under consideration with the influence of virtue and morality. The hirelings of the press, and the hirelings of the Chambers, vied with each other in tempestuous patriotism. People on this side of the Channel, not at all suspecting the source of the inspiration, wondered at the prodigious hatred which the mint-masters of public opinion in France had suddenly conceived for us. Every day our pride, our ambition, and our perfidy, were celebrated in a hundred journals, while the Chambers rang with a succession of furious speeches all equally complimentary to our character. It seemed that a moral epidemic had seized upon the inhabitants of France. And this was actually the case; for although the originators of the disease introduced it, as smugglers do contraband goods, for gain, the infection was soon transmuted out of an artificial into a real one, and spread through the population more rapidly than the plague virus. To understand the practicability of such a process, it is necessary to have had some experience of the French people, to have studied them, not in Paris only, but in the provinces, and ascertained how few are the ideas, how crude and vapoury the opinions, how lax, uncertain, and vacillating the principles of which they are possessed. There is probably in the world no community so mobile as that of France. An insatiable thirst for novelty torments every single member of it, and urges him to wander in every direction in which he fancies its excitement may be found. Being ignorant of the good or evil that may exist in the character of neighbouring nations, he is eternally forming a wrong estimate of them, sometimes exalting and loving them beyond measure, and presently, without rhyme or reason, veering round and hating them with equal intensity. But chief of all, the Frenchman hates the English, for this among other reasons, that he is conscious of their superiority, of their steadiness, of their industry, of their rectitude, and of the superior influence which they consequently exercise upon the councils of foreign states, and the preferences of foreign nations. In illustration of this truth we may relate an anecdote, which, though it may lose much of its point from the suppression of names, will yet be felt to be characteristic. A statesman now living and enjoying a great reputation for sagacity, on one occasion, while minister, applied himself to prevent our concluding a commercial treaty with a neighbouring state. The British government on hearing of these intrigues, directed our ambassador formally to complain of them. It was expected that

he would rebut the charge, or seek to escape from it by some convenient subterfuge. Not at all. He frankly acknowledged what he had done, and said that in justice to his own countrymen he must on all occasions continue to do the same. 'For,' said he, with the most charming naïveté, 'though it may be stipulated by treaty that your merchants are to be placed on a footing of equality with those of other nations, that equality would exist only upon paper; because, such is your capital, perseverance, and enterprise, that you invariably beat your rivals out of the field!' Our minister felt the compliment, which experience had convinced him was well deserved. But he did not the less on that account wonder at the simplicity of the statesman who, in the conduct of public affairs, could be so candid.

Upon a people possessed by such a persuasion, the declamation of General Cass, and the other advocates of the slave-trade, could scarcely fail to produce a powerful effect. They did not at all investigate the subject of the Right of Search, but tricked up a one-sided view of it, addressed to the ignorance and prejudices of the French. They dwelt upon the insult offered to the flag of France by the British cruiser, when it boarded a merchant-vessel, and insisted upon overhauling its papers; but they omitted to state, that French cruisers stationed upon the same coast, were empowered to exercise precisely the same right over English merchant-vessels. It is surprising that this privilege, so flattering to their vanity, did not reconcile them to the whole system. It was, perhaps, the first time that French officers had enjoyed the opportunity of visiting and examining the interior of British ships. But neither this nor any thing else could blind them to the fact of our overwhelming maritime superiority, from the acknowledgment of which they sought to escape, by resisting the Right of Search.

To the popular clamour thus raised, M. Guizot yielded, and refused to ratify the treaty, which, with his sanction, and by his own direction, the French ambassador had signed in London. A more disgraceful proceeding than this, it would be difficult to mention. M. Guizot may, no doubt, plead in mitigation the opinion of the Chamber and the clamours of the people. But the apology will not avail him. He should have resigned, rather than have encountered the opprobrium with which such an act must for ever cover his name. The Duc de Broglie, Dr. Lushington's coadjutor in the mixed commission, has very properly characterised the conduct of the Chamber, in the whole of the discussion on this subject, by describing it as at once frivolous and cowardly. He says, 'it was bold to make use of its power, because no responsibility was attached to it, while it yet ab-

surdly sought to impose responsibility upon the minister whom it deprived of power. He forgot to add, that a ministry which retains office under such circumstances, is still baser than the Chamber which seeks to place it in a situation so dishonourable.

Reasoning from occurrences like these, we might be disposed to regard a French minister in the light of a mere parliamentary reporter. He does not receive from the legislature the power to act according to the best of his own judgment, but accepts office as a sort of delegate of the Chambers. Whoever is acquainted, however, with the practice of constitutional governments, must know, that although parliament determines who shall be minister, and how long he shall remain in office, it does not imperiously prescribe to him the policy he shall pursue while at the head of public affairs. But there is no extremity of humiliation to which M. Guizot and his friends will not submit, in order to retain the show of power, the mere trappings of authority, without the reality. Still, even he considered that it was necessary to move cautiously in the retrograde career upon which he and his countrymen had entered. For, when the advocates of the slave-trade, having prevented the ratification of the treaty of 1841, proceeded to insist, also, upon the abrogation of the treaties of 1831 and 1833, M. Guizot declined to proceed so far in the first instance. He said, it was a rule of diplomacy never to make to any foreign state a demand which you are sure it will refuse to grant. In the case under consideration he maintained, that to do so would be an act of weakness, or of madness; of weakness, if, having made the demand, France were afterwards to omit insisting upon it at all hazards; and of madness, if she should so insist, and thus involve herself in a disgraceful and disastrous war. But, as M. Larcy once observed in the Chamber of Deputies, the French foreign minister has at his command doctrines suited to all occasions. He is not one of those statesmen who tower above events and circumstances, and impart to them a character snatched, as it were, from his own idiosyncrasies; but rather receives from the occurrences of the day, the principles he shall profess and the exposition he shall give of them.

When M. Guizot made his famous declaration about the weakness or madness of proposing to Great Britain the abrogation of the treaties above referred to, he overlooked one thing, which should by all means have been taken into account; that is, he overlooked the fact, that it was Lord Aberdeen, and not Lord Palmerston, to whose guardianship the external relations of the British empire were intrusted. This display of want of judgment is surprising, even in M. Guizot. Being a Tory himself, he should have known better of what stuff a Tory minister is made,

should have known that his ruling passion is to provide for his own ease and convenience at the expense of the public interest; and should have recollected, moreover, that of all Tory ministers that exist, or have ever existed, Lord Aberdeen is the one of whom this is most emphatically true. In saying this, we are actuated by no personal hostility to his lordship. He is, we dare say, a very pleasant person, very affable, very obliging, and very much addicted to long explanations, more especially when desirous to exculpate himself. All this betokens great inherent amiability, because it can only arise from a wish to afford pleasure to all around him. Still, Lord Aberdeen is an extremely bad foreign minister, who introduces into the grave transactions of state the little, frivolous courtesies of common life, and sacrifices a national interest, or even a great principle, in order to avoid wounding the feelings of an individual. It will be seen that we are disposed to place the most charitable construction on his foreign policy, in consideration of which, the reader should give us credit for being actuated by none but public motives, when we feel ourselves called upon to speak with peculiar harshness of any of Lord Aberdeen's proceedings.

Having premised thus much, we proceed to speak of the act by which M. Guizot was delivered from his greatest difficulties, we mean that infamous treaty known throughout Europe as the *Ashburton Capitulation*. It is altogether unnecessary for us, or for any other man in his senses, to profess a preference of peace before war. Every body must do so. The universal dictates of humanity and common sense determine invincibly to such a preference. Nevertheless, it is quite possible for nations to be so circumstanced, that the prolongation of peace instead of being a blessing must prove a curse to them, because it must diminish their honour. And let no one think that the honour of states is an empty sound. It is far otherwise. What is meant by the honour of states is simply their reputation for uprightness, for good faith, for inflexible adherence to principles, for unflinching firmness in keeping their engagements, for a high and chivalrous devotion to what they esteem to be their paramount duties. And what duty can be more binding than that which we owe to humanity? Yet, by the odious *Ashburton Capitulation*, on behalf and with the approbation of his colleagues, Lord Aberdeen not only broke faith with a portion of our Canadian subjects, who were delivered over to a government which they detested, but yielded to the menaces of the United States the first relaxation of a principle, by a conscientious devotion to which Great Britain has acquired her greatest glory. But what renders this sacrifice most inexcusable is the fact, that it was not called for. We might surely, had we so

pleased, have made a present of important territories to the United States, without making any reference to the suppression of the slave-trade. There was no necessary connexion between the subjects, neither could the coupling together of things so heterogeneous be excused, on the ground that it proceeded from a resolution to remove at once all causes of dissatisfaction between the two countries, because the Oregon boundary having been left undetermined, the chance of collision remained as imminent as ever. We are at a loss, therefore, to divine why Lord Ashburton was sent to America, unless, we suppose, that the Tories desired to put on the appearance of doing something, though that something should be prolific of the most grievous mischiefs in all time to come. However, we have to do just now with one phasis only of this pernicious act, the abandonment of the Right of Search, in deference to the United States. That the capitulator felt ashamed of what he was doing is manifest from the language of those articles in the treaty which constitute the monument of his guilt. It is evident, that every word was conceived and brought forth in shame, and that the deepest possible sense of humiliation accompanied the signing of the convention. We are as sure of this as if we had been among the most intimate of Lord Ashburton's friends at the time; because it is wholly impossible that an English gentleman should have put his hand to such a document without being conscious that he was signing the death-warrant of his own fame. With another celebrated delinquent, therefore, who may only be more distinguished, because he acted on a vaster theatre, it is probable that secretly, in the depths of his heart, he must have murmured, while he consummated his country's shame and his own:—*Quam vellem nescire litteras*. To that, however, we have nothing to say. It is Lord Ashburton's affair and let him see to it. We have only adverted to this treaty at all, in order to show how opportunely it was concluded to relieve M. Guizot from his most pressing difficulties, and gave him courage to undertake an enterprise which he had so recently characterised as an act of extreme weakness or madness.

In justice even to him, however, we must review all the influences to which he succumbed, partly, perhaps, as we have already said, of his own creating, but partly also accidental. In the case of administrations constructed upon certain principles, we find ourselves compelled to adopt the reverse of a well-known maxim, that union is strength; for the union of two feeble cabinets appears only to generate additional weakness in each. Thus, the Peel cabinet exposes itself to contempt by the vain efforts it makes to support M. Guizot in office; while the Guizot cabinet, laying hold of Lord Aberdeen, only finds itself benumbed by the touch of the torpedo.

To be convinced of this, let the reader reflect for a moment on the wonderful proceedings of these two ministries. M. Guizot, after having pitifully given way in the affair of the treaty of 1841, thought himself entitled, on the ground of that concession, firmly to take his stand on the two previous treaties, and of course expected, that his English friends would be careful to do nothing that should have the effect of weakening his position. Without being at all hostile to negro slavery, he may have desired to pause somewhere in his concessions to the slave-traders, through fear of hazarding his own weak government, by bringing France into collision with Great Britain. But what did the Tories do? Did they act so as to strengthen his hands? Was their policy calculated to create in the mind of the French people the opinion that England would go to war rather than relinquish any of the concessions in favour of humanity, which she had wrung from other Christian powers? Far from it. While their Huguenot protégé was surrounded by the most tumultuous sea of intrigue and clamour, they concluded with the United States a convention calculated to multiply his difficulties ten-fold, by proving practically the correctness of the notion, that by insolence and perseverance Great Britain might be bullied into a course which, in her heart, she vehemently reprobated. By this proceeding, M. Guizot was deprived of the pretext, that he was withheld from insisting on the abrogation of the treaties of 1831 and 1833, by the conviction that England would rather go to war than yield. It does not signify a tittle in the present discussion, what were M. Guizot's own secret leanings! As we have already observed repeatedly, we think he had none, but was ready to adopt and contend for any thing which appeared to promise duration to his ministry. It would, however, be paying him too high a compliment to affirm that his selfishness was enlightened, and that he generally foresaw what course it would be best for his own purpose to pursue. Our opinion is, that he fluctuated incessantly, that he was for the Right of Search when it seemed to bode him any good, and that he was against it when the contrary seemed to be the case. The same remark will apply to all his apparent partialities. From this anarchical state of his mind it must result, that all who attempt to follow his career will be betrayed into apparent contradictions. They will represent him as playing different games, as willing different things, as swayed by different preferences. The fault, however, lies not in them but in him. He has all his life been a man of expediency, a man of shifts, a man who never could formularise his politics into a creed, and say what he believed and what he disbelieved. The fact is, that his creed has never contained more than one article, namely, that it is desirable for M. Guizot's own sake that he should be

minister of France. No other view of the man's character will enable us to comprehend his actions, but this makes every thing clear. For example, we have asserted above, that M. Guizot has all along been hostile to the Right of Search; that he encouraged the agitation got up against it in France; that he even wrote the pamphlet published by General Cass, which tended more than any thing else to rouse the jealousy and national prejudices of his countrymen. We have also said, that the Ashburton Capitulation occurred inopportunately, and might be reckoned among the hostile influences with which he had to struggle. But how do we reconcile these statements? Simply by showing, that M. Guizot desired at once to remain on good terms with England, and to be popular in France; that to promote the former purpose he was ostensibly favourable to the Right of Search, and that to promote the latter he was determined to abandon it, not, however, as of his own will, but in obedience to a pressure from without, which the English cabinet itself should recognise as amounting to a necessity.

This was the difficult game which M. Guizot determined from the outset to play, though he was frequently deterred from the prosecution of it by the appearance of things around him, which sometimes propelled him towards the English Alliance; sometimes hurried him in a different direction, and at length left him in a state of deplorable incertitude, from which he can only be delivered by retirement from office. But how his embarrassments sprang up and became complicated around him, it may be worth while to inquire. As far back as the beginning of 1842, and in the course of the very discussions which M. Guizot affected to regard as justificatory of his bad faith in refusing to ratify the treaty he had signed, a notorious Louis Philippiste and supporter of the Guizot cabinet, already adverted to the necessity which he maintained France was under of retracing her steps, and completely emancipating her flag from the surveillance of Great Britain. In other words, he contended not merely that the minister ought not to ratify the treaty of 1841, but that he should at once open negotiations for annulling those of 1831 and 1833. In concluding a long speech, he proposed an amendment to this effect, which was carried by a large majority. But did Monsieur Guizot acquiesce in the policy thus recommended by the Chambers? As we have already seen, he did not. But what were his reasons? that the faith of France was pledged? that the interests of humanity were at stake? no such thing. He placed the question on the lowest level possible, and dwelt simply on the absurdity or the danger of pressing such a proposition upon England. He insinuated, moreover, that the time was not yet come for taking such a step. Besides, the system, he contended, against which

the Chamber declaimed with so much violence, worked well, both answering the purpose for which it was established—namely, the obstruction of the slave-trade—and allowing the greatest possible freedom to legitimate commerce, since during ten years, only one abuse worth mentioning, had occurred. This was intended as a sop for England. It is in displays of this kind, that M. Guizot chiefly exhibits ability, when illustrating the truth proclaimed by M. Larcy, that he has ready cut and dried doctrines for all occasions. He has not studied ethics for nothing; but, when opportunity serves, can cull from the moral repertory of his memory, dignified sentiments to be put forward in pompous and sounding phrases, well calculated to elicit admiration from an assembly of sophists. It suited his purpose just then to bestow a little cajolery upon England. Intending to act most shabbily towards her, he thought it would be no harm to perfume the offence with a few sweet words. He therefore maintained, that the object of this country was not, as many supposed, to establish maritime supremacy under colour of putting down the slave-trade, but that our designs were simply what we professed them to be.

His rival in the Chamber, M. Thiers, gave utterance on the same occasion to an opinion which would embarrass a statesman on this side of the Channel, if he meant to pursue the course which there is every reason to believe will be pursued by M. Thiers. He lamented that the conventions of 1831 and 1833, had ever been entered into; but, seeing that they had, he considered the act irrevocable. But wherefore did he lament it? Why, because forsooth, France had thus been playing into the hands of Great Britain, and conceding to her maritime advantages, which, according to them, she did not possess before. These gentlemen, considering the rank they hold, and the opportunities at their command for acquiring knowledge, continue to entertain very strange notions, both of themselves and us. Does M. Thiers think that the naval superiority of England depends on any concessions of France? Does he think that the having of a few anti-slavery cruisers on the western coast of Africa, will very materially influence the relative naval strength of the two countries? He would at least have had the public believe that such was his opinion; for, in order to diminish the poor popularity of M. Guizot, he affirmed that every statesman viewed with terror the future which the cabinet was preparing for France! From this it would of course be inferred, that the past had been different, and that all other ministers had exhibited more forethought than M. Guizot, and managed public affairs so as to ward off the frightful consequences to be anticipated from the policy now pursued. Had M. Thiers thought proper to indulge in such an insinuation, the Chamber was quite in the humour to applaud him. But the vanity

of exhibiting historical research, came in to thwart the machinations of the party politician. Instead of saying that M. Guizot was preparing a new destiny for France, and heaping up for her unheard-of humiliations, M. Thiers went on to inform the Chamber, that as often as war had broken out between Great Britain and France, the commercial navy of the latter had always fallen a prey to the former. In that case she has no new indignity to dread, and M. Guizot is doing nothing which all preceding French ministers have not done.

We may here, by the way, make one or two remarks, which, if properly considered, and allowed their due weight, may spare the politicians of Paris a great deal of useless uneasiness. In the first place, the Right of Search is not a cause, but a sign of our maritime superiority, nor would France, supposing we were to suffer the whole duty of cruising on the coast of Africa to devolve on her, be, on that account, a jot the nearer to supremacy on the ocean. Secondly, upon the breaking out of war between the two countries, several other consequences would ensue, besides those enumerated by M. Thiers. We should, in the first place, seize upon the French West Indies and emancipate the negroes, and though we might afterwards, on the conclusion of a general peace, restore those colonies—which, however, is somewhat doubtful—our garrulous and boastful neighbours would find it exceedingly difficult to re-establish slavery. This hint we throw out for the especial consideration of the slaveholders of Nantes and Bordeaux. Next, we should destroy, capture, or block up in harbour, the fleets of France, as no man can for a moment doubt, who compares our naval forces with hers. We could put to sea nearly seventy sail of the line, not to insist just now on our overwhelming steam navy; while France, with all her efforts, could not possibly reckon on more than twenty-four or twenty-six sail of the line. But the greatest difference remains to be noticed, the difference in the officers and seamen, which is so great as to be wholly inappreciable. When, some years ago, the Tories, for party purposes, were, in and out of parliament, depreciating our navy, and repeating the boast of some silly Parisian journalist, that France possessed 73,000 registered seamen, it was proved by exact returns, that our registered seamen amounted to 370,000. With elements of maritime strength like these, every French statesman must perceive that France is unable to cope. In the third place, therefore, the result foretold by M. Thiers would infallibly ensue; we should destroy utterly the commerce of France, and by so doing create for ourselves new markets in various parts of the world. On this score, accordingly, we have nothing to apprehend from war, for though, at the outbreak, our merchantmen might suffer a little from privateers, we should soon clear the sea of that nuisance.

Lastly, we should indubitably relieve France from the incumbrance of Algeria, first by cutting off all communication between the colony and the mother country; and, secondly, by affording aid to the bold chivalry of the desert, which, supplied by us with money, arms, and ammunition, would make one razia of the whole country, and either capture the entire French population, or drive it into the sea.

Such are some of the consequences that would probably flow from the breaking forth of war between Great Britain and France, as the majority of French statesmen appear fully to comprehend. Still, both they and many of their partisans in this country, seem to be of opinion that the duty of warding off hostilities devolves exclusively upon us. It follows, also, from what they say, whether they intend it or not, that we alone possess the power to disturb the peace of the world, since all governments and all people would pursue noiselessly the even tenour of their way, if our violent and all-grasping policy would permit them. But, though we act thus, like a sort of terrestrial destiny, lulling the world into peace, or shaking it at our pleasure, it is we who, according to these prophets of evil,—it is we, after all, who have the most to fear from the consequences of our own omnipotence. There may possibly, if they could but discover it, lurk some fallacy in this curious chain of inferences. Having at our command so many resources and means so multiplied of offence, stretching as we do by chains of settlements through both hemispheres, inhabiting the torrid zone and looking upon the ice of either pole, it seems likely that we should be able to inflict more injury upon our enemies than they on us. We speak now, solely with reference to human probabilities, and make no presumptuous reference to that mysterious influence to which both the humble and the great are alike subject. Should hostilities, however, spring out of our efforts in behalf of humanity, our cause would be the cause of justice, so that we should, in this sense also, have less to fear than our enemies. But, according to some speculators, we are blinded by our philanthropy, and trust too much to the goodness of our intentions. A man must, indeed, be intoxicated with vanity to give utterance to such an observation, because it implies that he alone in the infinite incertitude of all human affairs is able to tower above passion and prejudice, and discover what is right. The age, however, is not so wholly a prey to delusions, that the only sane man left is a crazy pamphleteer.

But to return to M. Guizot. There is possibly on record in the history of modern statesmen no more striking example of bad faith, of sudden and audacious change of policy, of reckless indifference to the opinion of mankind, than that which M. Guizot has exhibited in the matter of the Right of Search. In his correspon-

dence with the Earl of Aberdeen he most felicitously exemplifies the correctness of the estimate formed of his policy by Count Molé, when he said it was a policy of extremes, of extremes even in weakness. In applying to a foreign government in order to procure its sudden abandonment of a system of indescribable magnitude, of a system established for the protection of the inhabitants of one whole quarter of the world, of a system hallowed by the cause of humanity, and springing out of the greatest sacrifices ever made by a great people in obedience to the sentiment of duty. M. Guizot does not present himself armed with any respectable reasons of state; but comes forward, and bases his claim solely on the ignorant passions and prejudices of his countrymen. He makes some little show, indeed, of contradicting his former affirmations, that the Right of Search had produced all the effects that were expected of it, and was attended by scarcely any abuses at all; but the reasons he most relies on are, that the excitement against the Right is rapidly spreading in France, that it is likely to spread still more, and that it already embraces within the circle of its operation both their houses of parliament. He then goes on to insinuate, in something very much like a menace—the menace of weakness, as Count Molé expresses it—that unless the reason of England will, at this important juncture, yield to the prejudice of France, great mischief may possibly ensue. He assumes, indeed, the tone of a dictator, and tells the British minister that agreement with his proposition is ‘indispensable!’ What Lord Palmerston would have replied to such a threat as this, every man in England may know by consulting his own feelings. He would have informed M. Guizot that we made no account of the passion and folly of France; but that we would compel her to execute the treaties into which she had entered, or defend her bad faith by arms. It is not, in fact, for us to lay by our good will towards mankind, because the French people never know what they would be at; because they determine one thing to-day, and another to-morrow; because they desire, at the same time, to obtain credit for philanthropy, and to enjoy the profits arising from the sale of men. It is for the French government to correct the notions and sentiments of its subjects, and not basely to come whining to foreign governments, to protect it from the consequences of the ignorance which it fosters.

But what is Lord Aberdeen’s reply to M. Guizot’s communication? We take some credit to ourselves for ingenuity, for some little experience in literature and politics, for some slight power of discrimination and judgment; and yet we can neither determine within ourselves what we are to think of his lordship’s answer, or what description it is proper to give of it. We are entirely nonplused by his lordship. He tells the French foreign

minister, in tolerably plain language, that he knows perfectly well, as every body else does, that no adequate substitute for the Right of Search can possibly be discovered, and that the appointment, therefore, of any commission, whether mixed or unmixed, must be a mere act of hypocrisy, originating in no faith, and expected to lead to no advantage. His lordship causes it, however, to be understood, that he sympathises very strongly with the difficulties of M. Guizot, and that he entertains precisely the same opinion as he does of the stupid excitement which has been got up by the advocates of slavery in France; and that, in consequence of this sympathy and this conviction, he will consent to assist in practising a hoax upon the French people, by giving them a commission which may sit and deliberate, till they shall have had leisure to come to their senses. But if they should prove madder than he expects, and persist even after the commission shall have pleasantly trifled away several months or years in chatting and taking snuff together—if they should persist, we say, in requiring the abandonment of the Right of Search, then his lordship will take a new view of the matter, reverse things a little, and, instead of practising delusions on the French, put a cheat on the good people of this country. That this is no strained inference from Lord Aberdeen's language, every one who attentively reads his correspondence must feel. He there says, that the substitute for the Right of Search to be proposed by the commission is to be regarded in the light of an experiment, and that, consequently, while the two countries are engaged in working it, in order to ascertain whether it succeeds or not, the Right of Search must necessarily be suspended.

From this statement the course that will be pursued must be obvious. Should the ignorance and obstinacy of the French prove exceedingly difficult to be subdued, it will be maintained in the teeth of facts and experience, that the experiment has succeeded, and no return will ever be made to the Right of Search. But if, on the other hand, the fury of the French prove, as is most likely, evanescent, while the convictions of the anti-slavery party in this country only grow stronger and stronger with time, why then the conclusion will be, that the new-fangled system has proved a failure, and that it would have been much better to persist, from the first, in standing on the old ways, to which we should be necessitated to return.

In the meanwhile every one who takes any interest in the subject is doubtless anxious to know what scheme is likely to be hit on by the mixed commission, and whether, in their deliberations, its members are completely free, or act more or less under instructions. M. Guizot himself has already formed something like a plan, to which he darkly alludes in his communication to the

Count St. Aulaire. To have explained the nature of it would have been imprudent; because, if the Duc de Broglie should by accident have fallen upon any thing like the same project, it might, by ill-natured persons, be pretended that he had been prompted by M. Guizot. The secret, however, has to a certain extent transpired; we mean, as far as regards M. Guizot's idea; for what the mixed commission may in its wisdom think proper to recommend, we by no means affect to foresee. In the plan of the French foreign minister the Right of Search is still retained, but under certain conditions which, according to him, will render it unobjectionable, and, according to us, altogether ineffectual. He proposes that on board every British cruiser there should be a French officer, to whom should be delegated the delicate task of examining all suspected ships claiming the protection of the French flag; while on board French cruisers there should be a British officer for the performance of a similar duty. We congratulate M. Guizot upon his invention. It argues a degree of simplicity and of confidence in human nature which we should scarcely have expected to find in its author. Truly M. Guizot is a far-seeing statesman! Nevertheless there occur to us some little objections which may be urged against his plan. In the first place, how are we to be sure when a slaver with a French flag flying heaves in sight, that the aforesaid officer would always be in readiness to board her? It might be night, it might be blowing weather, he might be lazy, or he might be sick; and not being under the orders of the British commander, he might often make it a point of honour not to obey. In this way differences would arise which might terminate in serious quarrels, while the service would be utterly neglected. Again, a foreign naval officer placed even in the midst of the gentlemen who command our ships of war, would occupy no very enviable position. Our sailors, high and low, entertain an overweening contempt for the French, which they could scarcely be expected to get rid of all at once, because an officer belonging to that people was among them. Without intending any offence they would be perpetually saying things which would wound his feelings and humiliate his pride, so that, we will venture to affirm, every French officer, without exception, who should be thus located on board of a British ship-of-war, would leave it ten times more than ever the enemy of England.

The situation of the British officer on board of a French ship would be infinitely worse. The insults given in the former case unintentionally would here be studied and contrived with exquisite malice. He would every day and hour of the day have to fight over again the battle of Waterloo; for, as the moth by some inexplicable fascination plunges into the splendours of the flame that threatens to consume it, so Frenchmen of all ranks and con-

ditions are attracted towards the blighting glories of that field. No memorable name occurs so frequently in the debates of their Chambers, in the columns of their journals, in their conversation whether at home or abroad. It would seem as though they expected to efface the memory of that dire defeat by clamouring everlastingly about it, and inventing pretexts and reasons to explain away what took place. By this means they convert their own affliction into a general calamity. We could almost wish we had lost the battle, if haply in that case we could hope to hear no more about it. But success would only have moulded the national vanity into a different form, and boasting and exultation would have been made to perform the work which the thirst of revenge does now. Under these circumstances we should bestow our choicest pity on the wretched lieutenant who should under M. Guizot's system be condemned to do penance for his sins in the purgatory of a French ship-of-war. For our own part we would as soon be sent to the galleys at once. We say nothing now of the elements of French conversation, which the English gentleman would look upon with disgust, its impiety, its sensuality, its gross indecency. Imagine the conversation of such officers as M. Dupetit Thouars and his companions who flooded the Society Islands with their vices. But we forbear. Enough we trust has been said to show the utter absurdity of M. Guizot's project. It is to be hoped the mixed commission will have something better than this to propose, otherwise the enlightened and religious community of Great Britain will reject it with scorn. Even Lord Aberdeen, to whom M. Guizot communicates his ideas, could discover but little promise in them. With every disposition in the world to oblige the French minister, he felt that it would be beyond his power to render his plan palatable to the Parliament or people of England; and therefore it was that he felt himself bound in candour to declare that he had 'hitherto seen no plan proposed which could safely be adopted as a substitute for the Right of Search.' We are glad his lordship could muster sufficient spirit to make this declaration, and that he and his colleagues still 'hesitated' to fall into the trap laid for them by their friend M. Guizot.

Should any desperate scheme be proposed, it is easy to foresee what course ministers will pursue in their endeavours to mitigate the hostility of the public. They will avail themselves of the rash and unfounded admission made by certain philanthropists, that the Right of Search, instead of effecting the purpose which it was designed to effect, only multiplied the sufferings of the negroes and the number of the victims that annually fall a sacrifice to avarice.

But what then are those sufferings, and what is the number of the victims annually offered up to the Moloch of modern civilisation?

Lord Palmerston, in one of the most eloquent and convincing speeches ever delivered within the walls of parliament, entered upon the whole topic towards the close of the last session. To that speech we refer our readers. We can neither reproduce its facts in full, nor imitate its eloquence. But we may remark in general terms, that the amount of human misery daily occasioned by the slave trade, surpasses all conception and belief. We ourselves have seen a slave-caravan which, having probably consisted at the outset of several thousand men, women, and children, in good health, and with every prospect of long life before them, had dwindled down by degrees to a small number, of which only the pampered few, spared for the worst of purposes, retained either health or spirits when approaching the close of their odious pilgrimage. They had come from the heart of Africa, had traversed mountains and deserts, and great rivers, and had left their track marked by bones and skeletons. In other parts of the continent, and under other slave-traders, the horrors of the march are far more fearful. The weak and the infirm are knocked on the head as they proceed, or left to perish of thirst and hunger, or to be devoured by wild beasts in the depths of the wilderness. In this way, it is said, in all the kafilas that descend to the western coasts, three out of four of the original number of slaves captured, perish by the way. Then follow the diabolical cruelties of the barracoons where the slaves are examined and sorted, the hale and hearty being delivered over to the captains of ships, to be transported across the Atlantic, while the weak are summarily disposed of by murder on the spot, or turned adrift to die of famine in the surrounding wastes.

The few inconsiderate philanthropists who have given currency to the notion that the Right of Search multiplies the sufferings of the slave, only take of course into their account those who are actually shipped, amounting annually, it is said, to about 200,000, one-fourth part of whom perish at sea. This is a frightful waste of human life, the guilt of which is not to be extenuated by any arguments or considerations whatsoever. But how much of the misery suffered in the transit is attributable to the Right of Search, to the build of the vessels constructed, not for room, but for speed, and to every other circumstance arising out of the fear of capture? We apprehend that it is nothing in comparison with that which must attend the transport of so many slaves under any circumstances. If the slavers were delivered to-morrow from all fear of cruisers, they would not be delivered from the fear of their prisoners. Manacles and chains, therefore, would not be dispensed with, neither would that crowding and severe confinement which at present occasion the most grievous tortures endured by the negroes. Neither

would the miscreant traders be delivered from their own evil passions, from cruelty and lust of gold, and whatever else degrades and pollutes human nature. These causes would remain in full operation though Great Britain should withdraw her hand and suffer slavery to take its full swing. We are not, however, left to collect by inference what would be the internal state of slave-ships, supposing the traffic to be made completely free, since we can revert to the example of what it was when no restraint was put upon it, and from examination we find that the horrors of the middle passage were no way inferior to what they are at present. Those philanthropists, therefore, who disparage the Right of Search because it fails to produce all the good effects originally expected from it, are guilty of a great crime against humanity, because by supplying the advocates of slavery with arguments, they do much towards establishing a free traffic in human victims. Supposing, however, that the sufferings which the slaves endure at sea were, to a certain extent, augmented by the establishment of the Right of Search, no one pretends that it is answerable for the miseries inflicted on the captives upon their way to the sea-coast. Yet these must far exceed the others in intensity and destructiveness, since, while the former are supposed to cut off only 50,000 souls a year, the latter are fatal to at least six times that number.

But if we stop short here, the most important part of the subject must be overlooked; for, unless it can be shown that the more obstacles you throw in the way of any trade the more it flourishes, it must be confessed that the practice of the Right of Search wonderfully circumscribes the traffic in slaves, reducing it probably to one-sixth or one-eighth of what it would otherwise be. As it is, however, what numbers does it annually cost Africa? Little short of half-a-million, so that within the memory of man a number of human beings equal to the whole present population of the British empire in Europe has been cut off by the slave-trade. Surely, therefore, it is no exaggeration to say that all the crimes ever perpetrated by mankind from the creation of the world to this hour, cannot exceed in number or atrocity the crimes perpetrated by the slave-trade alone. Humane men are accustomed to talk of the ravages of war and of the annihilation of armies; but what are these compared with the ravages of the slave-trade? We shudder with horror as we follow in the page of the historian the devastating course of Timúr, who swept like a hurricane over the plains of Asia, overthrowing cities, massacring whole populations, and leaving the earth in the rear of his army one vast wilderness. The same feeling comes over us when we follow Napoleon, for a time the scourge of Europe, in his disastrous expedition against Russia with one of the largest armies that have ever taken the field in modern times, and when we be-

Lord Palmerston, in one of the most eloquent speeches ever delivered within the walls of parliament, has cast a halo over the crime. The health of spirits was probably inferior to that of the slave-trade. And in the terms, that the amount of human life, was probably inferior to that of the slave-trade. And in the slave trade, surpasses all conceivable quest, the hurry and excitement have seen a slave-caravan of several thousand, to mitigate the calamities the outset of several thousand, the slave-trade, there is no passion health, and with every sort, to mitigate the calamities dwindled down by degrees, the slave-trade, there is no passion the pampered few, secretly, few at a time, under false colours, health or spirits were waving banners, and sound of trumpet, grimage. They secretly, few at a time, under false colours, reversed mountains take, in the hope of escaping detection. track marked, that can prompt human action are theirs, they continent, an attach even the most factitious glory to their are far more than have been known to acquire a degree of the health of spirits have been known to acquire a degree of or to amounting to fame, and pirates and buccaneers In the instance on record of a slaver's being proud of his co example of his coming forward and boasting of T victims he has consigned to hopeless servitude, or Atlantic, or caused to be butchered on the coast of derives his principles from the author and source of works, like him, in darkness, clandestinely, under the that can possibly be supplied by hypocrisy and fraud. to uphold a traffic carried on by miscreants such as we have described, and by such only, is France at present labouring and main. The rabble of sophists by which the salons of the capital are peopled, and by which, chiefly, her press is conducted, endeavour, indeed, to impress a sort of national character on the agitation which they have been enabled to get up in favour of negro slavery. But their arts, though sufficiently subtle to delude the unreasoning multitude of France, can by no means shield them from the penetration of this country. We understand perfectly well, under the influence of what inspiration they write, whether they seek to avail themselves of the powerful sympathy of the United States, or labour to serve some popular prejudices in Spain, by the grossest misrepresentations of our principles and policy. Under these circumstances, it is extremely difficult to foresee what will be the future course of France in reference to the Right of Search. When M. Guizot falls, by whom is he to be succeeded? and will that statesman, whoever he may be, prove more sagacious or more honest? The hopes of one party are centered in M. Thiers, who, on the subject of the Right of Search, neither knows

in mind, nor what is due to the honour of his country. It is difficult to play a more disreputable part than has been played by this political impostor, in connexion with the very question under consideration. In the debates of the present year, M. Thiers endeavoured to place himself in the most advantageous light in the eyes of the Chamber, and M. Thiers was guilty of an act of hypocrisy in doing so. But nothing but the furious character of French disunion could have prevented its being detected and pointed out. It was pointed out to M. Guizot, as a flagrant delinquency, the treaty of Commerce with England, which he described as a great sacrifice made by France to England; and on his own side of the Chamber, this accusation was received with rapturous applause. But how stands the fact? When the idea of that treaty was first conceived, and during the whole period in which it was negotiated, M. Thiers himself was minister, and directed every step that was taken. M. Guizot was but his agent, who originated nothing, but only executed, with more or less ability, the task confided to him by his present accuser.

This may be regarded as one of the most striking illustrations on record of the lax morality prevalent among French statesmen. They look upon the public business of the country merely as a stage, whereon they may display their powers of intrigue. It is not in their eyes a momentous concern, in which the happiness of many millions, and the hopes of future generations, are bound up. They do not approach it with that awful sense of responsibility with which a matter so vast would inspire men of integrity, but rush into it as into a great gambling transaction, in which they may personally be winners or losers to a considerable amount. Even Count Molé, the other rival of M. Guizot, and who seems to have a powerful party both in the Chambers and in the press, is not a jot less to seek for his moral principles than M. Thiers himself. He affects much gravity of demeanour, and exhibits occasionally a large share of political sagacity; but, nevertheless, there is nothing in his character which could enable us to determine what he would do under any given circumstances, which would be the case were he an honest man. Count Molé speaks cautiously, and throws a large amount of meaning into his phrases. He thoroughly understands, moreover, the personal history and private relations of all the statesmen around him, whether in or out of power, and can, therefore, when he thinks proper to strike, impart a tremendous force to his blows. But these, after all, are only the qualities of a great political gladiator. The only question for us, as Englishmen, to consider is, whether, if he were minister, our relations with France would thereby be placed on a better footing; and, considering the whole of his career, the measures of which he has been the author, the acts he has performed, and the acts which he might have performed but has not, we ought probably to come

to the conclusion that we should gain nothing whatever by his elevation to power. Among the other notabilities of the day there is none to which we could point, or on which we could rely with any confidence. The Duc de Broglie has capacity, but appears to be wholly wanting in energy, the consciousness of which has generally placed him in secondary situations.

We must content ourselves, therefore, with regarding the political lottery of France with imperturbable *sans froid*, since who falls or who rises is really at bottom matter of indifference to us. Not so with the proceedings of the mixed commission. These we must watch with the greatest solicitude and assiduity, since we unhappily have not ourselves a ministry upon whose honour or capacity we can place any reliance. With what projects the Duc de Broglie is big it would, of course, be folly to pretend with certainty to know, though the French journals, with that rage for penetrating into the future, which always torments little minds, have pretended to divine and disclose his instructions. They have probably obtained some imperfect hint of the plan of M. Guizot, which we have already briefly sketched; and it is this they are endeavouring to describe when they talk of *mixed cruisers*. M. Guizot, like Sir Robert Peel, is pre-eminently fond of mystery, and loves, when he has found a mare's nest, to reserve as long as possible the pleasure of peeping into it to himself. Still he has not been able to shroud his designs wholly in darkness. Some half-word, some indiscreet confidence, has enabled the journalist to obtain a glimpse of his intentions, which, because they have been seen but in part, they distort and misrepresent most ludicrously. At the same time, M. Guizot is not above adopting an absurdity even from the columns of a public journal; so that if in their efforts at delineating his scheme the politicians of the press should throw out any suggestion which he might think feasible, he would immediately introduce it into his plan and call it his own.

Hitherto, however, it is quite clear to us that the French press remains in profound ignorance of the minister's real ideas. The notion of mixed crews appears perfectly monstrous to them, and yet it is a certain modification of this notion that M. Guizot means seriously to propose to Great Britain through the mouth of the Duc de Broglie. Whether, when he first hears it, Dr. Lushington will be able to keep his countenance, is more than we can say. He also, however, is a grave man, and may therefore accomplish that achievement; but should the scheme even so far proceed as to be laid before Parliament, we anticipate the most extraordinary outburst of merriment that ever shook the walls of St. Stephen's. M. Thiers, in speaking of the mixed commission, observed, that it could only transfer the centre of agitation from Paris to London, and give rise in our House of Commons to the most stormy

debates. But if M. Guizot's plan were placed in all its naked deformity before Parliament, the indignation of the House and of the country would be stifled in inextinguishable laughter. Whether or not the plan of twin cruisers has ever been seriously entertained by the French government, is more than we can say. All we know is, that it is by no means so ridiculous to be possible. M. Guizot is a strange man, and his head is filled with strange notions; and he takes of other statesmen and other nations the strangest views possible, bewildered probably by his experience of Lord Aberdeen and Sir Robert Peel.

But the Parisian journals appear to think that mischief would inevitably ensue from the endeavours to carry out such a system; because the seamen of the two countries being yoked as it were together, might, under circumstances quite conceivable, endeavour to pull different ways, and thus bring about a collision which might end in a war between the two countries. They have not yet fathomed, however, the power of endurance possessed by Lord Aberdeen and his colleagues, and are not aware of how great a weight of insult John Bull can bear on his shoulders when in the leading-strings of a cowardly cabinet. It is quite true that, naturally, the officers and seamen of England are bold, rough, and ready; not prone, indeed, to trample on the weak, and therefore not at all likely to quarrel with the French, while in strength and numbers they are obviously inferior, on the coast of Africa. But were the circumstances of the case changed, and the French rendered equal to them in numerical strength, they might possibly be provoked by impertinence to perpetrate some act which would compromise the pacific relations of the two countries. If they did, however, it would of course be in contravention of Lord Aberdeen's instructions. He would have them be tame, and submissive, and gentle as sucking doves. He has no belligerent qualities in his composition. He relishes the ease of a peaceful office, in which there are few or no duties to be performed which transcend the abilities of Mr. Ad-dington or Mr. Hammond. It was for this reason that he consented to consider the insulting proposition of M. Guizot to retrace our steps in philanthropic legislation, and undo the most honourable acts of the Melbourne cabinet. We say the most honourable; for although that administration, composed of the ablest men in Christendom, performed many great and glorious services for this country, none of those services can transcend in honour or importance those which it rendered to the cause of humanity. Possibly—for there is no fathoming the jealousy of little men—Lord Aberdeen and his colleagues may be incited to abrogate the treaties on the Right of Search, because they were concluded by their predecessors, just as they abandoned Afghanistan and the advantageous

position we had won in Central Asia, for the same reason. We have, however, no desire to be unjust towards them, and, therefore, omit to determine respecting the character of their motives. But their acts are before us; and these, in whatever views they originated, are to the last degree paltry and pettifogging as far as regards the Right of Search.

It is never too late to reconsider the direction of a course which has not yet been accomplished, and it is by no means dishonourable to yield in any matter to the force of reason and argument. Had it consequently been shown, that in our desire to put down the slave-trade we were actuated by passion and prejudice, that justice was against us, that we were inflicting unnecessary suffering on humanity, and that we were alienating from us the affections of our best friends in the Christian world, it would have redounded infinitely to our credit to give way to such representations. The pure and good are ever ready to relinquish an enterprise in any respect inconsistent with the principles of equity and right feeling. But will any competent and dispassionate judge of what is fair and honourable in human transactions, maintain that it is the duty of reason to give way, when the happiness of millions is at stake, to the most vulgar of all prejudices; that it is the duty of common sense to yield to blind passion; that it is the duty of enlightened wisdom to quit the field before the onset of ignorance? Yet this is what M. Guizot and Lord Aberdeen are at this very moment endeavouring to compel Great Britain to do. They both admit, more or less frankly, that the French people are guided in their hostility to the Right of Search solely by prejudice; but M. Guizot pretends that this prejudice is unconquerable; and Lord Aberdeen apparently concedes, that to unconquerable prejudice, justice and reason, and whatever is most enlightened or sacred among mankind, ought to succumb. But in putting forward his countrymen's weakness and ignorance as a reason why we should act indulgently towards them, M. Guizot cannot divest himself of his propensity to sophisticate and play the hypocrite. For, not satisfied with urging upon Lord Aberdeen's attention the reason we have above stated, he proceeds to say that he has latterly become convinced, that the Right of Search has lost its efficaciousness, and that it would be very possible to substitute in its place something quite as good, if not better. But if the Right of Search be itself good for nothing, which it must be if it be *inefficacious*, then it certainly would not be difficult to find a substitute for it, since any plan would be equal to that which was itself of no value.

But this is not precisely the point of view in which we consider M. Guizot's conduct most reprehensible. By admitting that the French are actuated by prejudice, M. Guizot, in effect, admits that

they take a wrong view of the subject. Now the opinion which they put forward is, that the Right of Search, while it is injurious to the maritime interests of France, is likewise unproductive of benefit to the Africans for whose sake it is tolerated. In thinking thus, the French people, M. Guizot says, are guilty of prejudice; or, in other words, either do not understand the matter at all, or suffer their better knowledge to be overborne by their passion. This view of the matter is intelligible, and it is also quite conceivable that as a politician he should lament such a state of things, though he might not be able to improve it. But, instead of taking up this position, which upon the whole would be a dignified one, M. Guizot professes himself to be a prey to the very prejudice and ignorance which he objects to in his countrymen; for, he says, he also thinks that the Right of Search has ceased to be efficacious! In what then consists the difference between M. Guizot's opinions and the opinions of the most ignorant brawler in Paris? It will be admitted, probably by both that the suppression of the slave-trade is desirable, but it will likewise be admitted that the Right of Search is not calculated to effect that suppression. We can perceive, therefore, no distinction between the notions of M. Guizot, and the notions of that vain multitude which he affects to compassionate, while he shares its worst weaknesses. But, perhaps, it may be said M. Guizot does not candidly state his own opinions in his letter to the Count St. Aulaire, designed expressly for publication. Perhaps that despatch may form part of the system so ingeniously described to the Chambers by M. de Morny, who observed, that if the government were constantly interfered with by the legislature, and compelled to publish its despatches, it would be under the necessity of framing *two different sets of diplomatic documents, one to be presented to the public, and the other to be really acted upon.* We dare say M. de Morny was not supposing a case, but describing a practice. We dare say, if he had thought proper, he could have given numerous examples of when and where the thing had been done, and we feel perfectly assured, that had he gone minutely into the subject, he must have mentioned the letter written by M. Guizot to M. St. Aulaire, on the subject of the mixed commission.

And it is all this political juggling that Lord Aberdeen and his colleagues undertake to countenance! It cannot, in their defence, be said that they do not comprehend the drift of the whole proceeding, that they do not correctly estimate the value of the sacrifice they are about to make to keep M. Guizot in office, because it is wholly impossible that on these points they should be ignorant. But we are quite ready to give them credit for not knowing, or not caring to believe

the truth, that their concessions to M. Guizot are only calculated to precipitate his downfall. This is an idea which they will, of course, be slow to entertain, because it is deeply humiliating to their pride. Nevertheless, it will be beyond their power to sustain the man in office, because they cannot give him principle, or wisdom, or genius, or consistency with himself; and the persevering, though abortive attempts to accomplish this enterprise, will only relax still more their own hold on public opinion. It cannot, in fact, escape the country, that the Peel administration is making sacrifices of national honour to France. The same accusation, indeed, is preferred on the other side of the Channel against the Guizot cabinet; and the ministerial journalists in both countries bring forward this fact as a proof, that the charge originates in faction. But there is no force in this observation, unless it be maintained that it is wholly impossible that there should exist weak, and indolent, and profligate statesmen in France and England at the same time. For ourselves, we can discern no impossibility in the case; the breed of incapables is a prolific one, and, we fear, is not confined either to France or England.

At any rate, the anti-slavery party should be up and stirring. The Peel cabinet is a weak one, and if not kept in the right course by irresistible pressure from without, will inevitably fall into a wrong one. It has no sympathy with freedom, whether to be enjoyed by whites or blacks. It will babble about slave-grown sugar, because it has a sordid interest in the West Indies to protect; but it will wink at the kidnapping and enslavement of the negroes, who toil to produce that sugar, because it has an insolent and suspicious neighbour to conciliate. The Melbourne cabinet would have acted differently, would have constrained France to abide by the engagements into which she had entered, or accept the consequences. That cabinet would not have yielded in the smallest tittle to keep the Huguenot Jesuit in office, but would have forced him to avow like a man the honest convictions of his mind, or to retire like a man into honourable obscurity. As it is, shuffling and weakness on one side of the Channel beget shuffling and weakness on the other. M. Guizot dares not face the stubborn prejudices of France, because he has a back-door by which he hopes to escape from the struggle; while Lord Aberdeen consents to trample on the enlightened convictions of England, because he beholds them accompanied by no energy or enthusiasm. We conjure the enemies of slavery to come forward and undeceive his lordship, and make him understand, that as a nation we are ready, if need be, to engage in war to-morrow with France in behalf of that humanity, which, more than any other country, she has oppressed and persecuted.

SHORT REVIEWS OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Die Lustspiele des Aristophanes. Uebersetzt und erläutert von HIERONYMUS MÜLLER. Erster Band. Leipsic. 1843.

There are perhaps few classics who need translation so much as Aristophanes, as certainly there are few so difficult to translate. To understand the amazing quantity of witty allusion in these uproarious farces requires thorough knowledge of antiquity; whilst the extraordinary power of language—a power wilfully, wantonly abused by the poet—requires of course an equal mastery in the translator. But who has ever possessed that mastery?—who was ever so airy, delicate, and luxurious, at the same time so capricious, boisterous, preposterous in the use and abuse of language?

Hieronymus Müller has certainly not that mastery, but he wields his own flexible language with unusual power. His translation is that of a profound scholar and admirable writer. The fidelity with which he has executed it has not interfered with the spirit; indeed, as we endeavoured on a former occasion to prove, fidelity is never likely so to interfere.

The advantages of having such a translation by one's side while reading that most curious of poets, need not be insisted on; and German is a language now so generally studied that we shall be doing several of our readers a kindness in pointing out to them the existence of this work, since our own language has no substitute for it. The masterly paraphrases of Mr. Hookham Frere and Mr. Mitchell are often useless to any but the merely English reader, and they only comprise a small portion of Aristophanes. Herr Müller's version is to comprise the whole in three volumes: the first of these lies before us, and is preceded by a succinct but excellent history of the Grecian drama. When the publication is completed we may return to it in a more special manner.

Project for Transporting Laden Merchant Vessels by Railroad across the Isthmus of Suez. By Sir WILLIAM CORNWALLIS HARRIS. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood. 1845. pp. 8.

THE distinguished author of this pamphlet was selected in 1830, by the Bombay government, to conduct a survey of the Isthmus, with a view to the execution of a navigable canal between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. Subsequent political events caused the idea of the survey to be set aside, but Sir William had meanwhile diligently collected information on the subject, and on his return through Egypt from his Abyss-

sinian mission, he applied his practised eye to scrutinize the engineering capabilities of the country between the Nile and the Gulf of Suez. Convinced, in common with all unprejudiced inquirers, of the perfect feasibility of an Egyptian railway, he now comes forward with an exceedingly ingenious plan, whereby the utility of that work may be incalculably enhanced. The grand and peculiar excellence attributed to the system of water communication between the two seas is, that it would enable merchant vessels to pass from the one to the other *without discharging their cargoes*: Sir William undertakes to show that this most desirable condition may be fulfilled 'at an infinitely less expense, by a much less complicated process, and in a very much briefer space of time than by a canal,'—in a word, by a railway.

"I propose," he says, "to construct a class of narrow steam-vessels, of about 300 tons burthen, suited for freight, and to transport them across the Isthmus of Suez upon trucks, by means of locomotive engines of adequate size and power. The vessels must be built upon the plan that will best serve to counteract any additional strain upon the sides involved by removal from the water, and the cradle truck, upon which each will be placed during the transit, must be constructed with the same view. * * * At the terminus on the Nile, and at the head of the sea of Suez, an inclined plane must be run out, under suitable shelter, to a distance to admit of the steamers being readily hauled upon the rails. It might be carried into deep water at an inclination of one foot in forty or fifty, and a truck upon wheels sent down to it so as to be brought beneath the floating vessel. This truck must be cradle-shaped, and so constructed as to receive the shoulders of the vessel, and thus afford her adequate support when she rides high and dry. By means of a stationary engine both the vessel and the truck must then be drawn up the incline, so that the first, sinking upon the second, will be raised upon the railway along which it is to travel.

"The locomotive engine required to draw a laden vessel of 300 tons burden across the desert of Suez, need not possess above three times the power of those ordinarily used upon an English railway, and the increased disposable breadth for the machinery will render this power one of easy acquisition. The masts of the vessel must be so constructed as to fold over and lie flat, during the transit, in order to prevent any action of the wind upon them; and a moderate width between the rails will then be found sufficient." A station to admit of vessels on their trucks passing each other midway, must be constructed in the centre of the line; and as the entire distance of eighty-four miles could be accomplished in six hours, communication between Suez and Cairo might be daily held each way upon a single line of rails.

"The expenses that would attend the construction of such a railroad, with inclined planes, stationary and locomotive engines, carriages, and trucks, may be estimated within a million sterling."

Communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, through the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. Additional Observations by the Engineer, SIGNOR GAETANO MORO. pp. 16. London. Ackermann. 1845.

THE author's 'Report,' which we noticed in our last number, having satisfactorily established the feasibility of a ship canal through the great American Isthmus, the present publication addresses itself to the question: What pecuniary advantages might reasonably be expected from the construction of that grand work? The answer given is such as ought surely to attract the earnest attention of capitalists.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FLORENCE, February 25th, 1845.

THE chronicle of our doings on this side of the Alps since Christmas, Mr. Editor, would, I fear me, afford but little to interest your purely literary readers. With you, in busy bustling England, gaieties and gravities go hand in hand. Life is found to be too short to devote any portion of it to the exclusive pursuit of one object. Thus in the high tide of your London season, Murray is by no means idle because Gunter is in full action. Colburn and Collinet run neck and neck. Brougham and Bunn make play at the same time. It is the harvest time of fashionable chapels and missionary societies, as well as of opera houses and concert rooms. The energies and amplitude of mighty London suffice for every thing at once. Not so with us easy-going inhabitants of *la bella Italia*. 'One thing at a time,' is our principle; and the one thing to which the whole attention and energy of every soul in Italy from Christmas to Shrove-tide is devoted, is amusement, jollity, and carnival foolery of all sorts. Like the sailor, who expended the three wishes granted him on 'as much rum as ever he could drink, as much tobacco as ever he could smoke, and thirdly—why, a little more rum;' so we Florentines seem to bound our carnival wishes to as many balls as it is possible to dance through, as many suppers as it is possible to eat, and then—a few more balls. We have private balls and public balls, city balls and court balls, noble balls and snoble* balls, fancy balls and masked balls; to which may be added this winter (to the great disgust of those English wanderers who fancied that the *bel cielo d' Italia* knew no winter) *snow-balls*.

Well! *Dulce est desipere in loco*. And of all the places for playing the fool in, commend me to the classic banks of Arno. And, believe me, our grave, beef-feed, sensible, Saxon countrymen, are by no means laggards in Folly's Carnival race. Far from it! Not a sallow-faced Signor of them all keeps his Carnival so religiously, so hard-workingly and unshirkingly, as your Englishman in Italy. And if a prize of a model partner in silver were awarded, as it ought to be, to the young lady who had accomplished the greatest number of polkas, waltzes, cotillions, mazurkas and quadrilles during the Carnival, I would back some of our English lasses ten to one against all Italy. But Carnival once ended, the Italians and the English part company. 'One thing at a time' is, as we have said, the Italian's motto; and having eaten up his fat during Carnival, he fairly and honestly betakes himself to his lean during Lent. Not so our countrymen. Carnival is all very well; but Lent is popish superstition. So we carry on our balls, flirtations, and dissipations nearly as hard as ever, while Italy does penance for her excesses.

I have not written to you, I think, since the flood. That is the era from which we calculate our dates now at Florence. Our Florentine flood, I mean, which occurred on the 3rd of November, A. D. 1844. All the parti-

* 'Snobfilii' is a classical Italian word, meaning the reverse of 'nobiliti;' and yet it is not the parent of our classical English 'snobs.' What a trap for the etymologists of a thousand years hence!

culars of the disaster, as far as regards *the consequences* thereof, your readers have of course long since seen detailed in the newspapers; including sundry circumstances, of which those same monstrous London '*quid-nuncs*' gave us also the first intimation. Our attention here, however, has been more seriously occupied in considering the causes of the mischief, and the question is almost as difficult a one, as it is interesting and important. In truth, the present state and progressive modifications of the condition of nearly all the great rivers of Italy, have for some time past been giving considerable uneasiness to men of science, and to the more enlightened among the rulers of the Peninsula. The subject becomes from day to day a more urgent and alarming one. The whole of the great valley of Lombardy is menaced by its dangerous inmate, the Po. At Ferrara, the ordinary level of the water in that river is said to be higher than the summit of the highest steeple in the city! And every passing season adds to the alarming evil. The immense quantity of earthy materials, which the river brings down with it from the hills and upper valley, and deposits in its channel during its passage across the plain of Lombardy, has been for centuries gradually raising the bed of the river; a change which has been met by the populations, through which it flows, by a proportionate embankment. The two operations have proceeded *pari passu* together, until the mighty and threatening stream may almost literally be said to be conveyed across the rich plains of Lombardy in an artificial conduit, raised above the surface of the country.

It is but too evident that this condition of things cannot continue indefinitely. And not a year passes, but partial breakages of the embankment, involving inundations more or less extensive and destructive, warn those, who think for the morrow as well as for to-day, that the period is not far distant, when some great and radical change in the circumstances of the river must be attempted, if Lombardy is to be saved from almost total inundation. It is, of course, clear enough *now* that if a system of *dredging* had been pursued, instead of that of continually building up embankments, all would have been well. Various schemes have been suggested for the remedy of the mischief, all more or less attended by great and discouraging difficulties. But the evil is pressing, and increasing, and something must shortly be done.

Many other rivers of Italy are giving their neighbours cause for uneasiness, though none, perhaps, to the same degree, and certainly none of so mighty a power as the Po. The subject is an interesting one; but any satisfactory examination of it, or detail of the remedial plans that have been proposed, would lead me far beyond the limits of this letter. But there are some peculiar circumstances that complicate the question, as regards the Arno and its valley, which, as they are very curious, and have been recently occupying every one's attention here, I shall endeavour to explain to your readers in a few words.

From the Arno near Arezzo to the Tiber, near Orvieto, stretches among the surrounding Apennines a low, flat valley, called the Val di Chiana. Now, the whole of this remarkable valley is so flat, so nearly level, that a very small matter—either a weir raised by art, or a deposit of earth brought down by a torrent from the adjacent hills—would be sufficient to cause its waters to drain off northwards into the Arno or southwards into the Tiber, at the pleasure of man, or at the caprice of the elements. The waters of this district, therefore, which are very abundant, used to be nearly stagnant. The whole valley was a marsh, and the Val di Chiana was one of the most pestiferous of all the dominions of the foul fiend Malaria. Its waters ran partly into the Arno, and partly into the Tiber. And it is curious, that so far back as the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, orders were issued by the senate of Rome, in consequence of the city having suffered from inundations of the Tiber, that embankments should be raised in the Val di Chiana, so as to throw all its waters into the Arno. Upon which the municipality of Florence, and the inhabitants of the lower

Val d'Arno, sent deputies with a petition to Rome, begging that they might not be exposed to the certain destruction by inundation, which would await them were such a plan carried into execution.

It is to be presumed that their remonstrances had the desired effect. For there is no reason to think that the operations of nature, with regard to the waters of the Val di Chiana, were in any way interfered with before the times of the Medici. Under the last of those princes extensive works were undertaken, with a view to guarantee Florence and the Val d'Arno from the frequently recurring inundations, caused in a great measure, or at all events aggravated, by the waters of the Chiana. A huge weir was erected under the superintendance of Dutch engineers, for the purpose of regulating and retarding at will the discharge of the Chiana into the Arno. For though there are no traces of any ancient works constructed for the purpose of changing the course of the Chiana waters, it is clear that in the course of ages great changes have taken place in the hydraulic conditions of this district. It should seem that the Chiana was once a river rising near Arezzo and flowing into the Tiber, now the majority of the waters of the valley are discharged into the Arno. The old road from Rome to Florence in the days of the Roman emperors—the Via Cassia—ran through this Val di Chiana, avoiding thus the ranges of the Apennine which the present road traverses; and it is clear that this road was passable towards the year 1000 of our era. The probability, therefore, is, that gradually the deposits of earthy matter which the Chiana dropped into its bed, in greater and greater quantities, as its stream, from the same cause, grew slower, at length sufficed to block up its passage towards the Tiber entirely, to cause the whole valley of the Chiana to become a pestiferous marsh, no longer traversable by the road; and, finally, to throw its overflowing waters into the Arno. This was the state of things till towards the end of the last century. At that time the celebrated Fossombrone, who died but a few months since at Florence, a nonagenarian, was appointed, by the late grand duke, governor and manager of the Val di Chiana. In 1790, he published an octavo volume on the subject, containing an exceedingly interesting account of the former condition and successive modifications of the state of the Chiana and the Arno, and detailing his views of the measures to be adopted for reclaiming, and rendering salutary and productive, this hitherto pestilential district. In this enterprize he succeeded to an almost unhoped-for extent. The main feature of the operations adopted was briefly this:—by draining off the waters of the Chiana into the Arno *pure*, after they had by temporary detention been caused to deposit the earthy materials they carried with them, to raise the entire bottom of the valley, and thus to make the torrents themselves the means of reclaiming the lands they were destroying. Recently, a few years before the death of Fossombrone, other schemes of further reclamation and improvement, in which the grand duke was greatly interested, made it desirable to obtain for the main stream of the Chiana a greater fall, and more rapid course. With this view it was proposed to pull down, or at least considerably lower, the great dam that was built under the Medici. This Fossombrone most warmly opposed; predicting the inundation of Florence at no distant day as the certain result of such a measure. The question was eagerly disputed among the engineers and men of science; and eventually the opinion of the younger men prevailed. Old Fossombrone was deemed behind the present point reached by hydraulic science—old-fashioned in his notions—and a croaker, as old men are apt to be. It was decided to pull down a part of the old dam; and Fossombrone declared that he should thenceforth keep a boat on the first floor of his house in the Borgo Ognisanti in Florence.

Death came in time to save the nonagenarian engineer from the necessity of using his boat, and from seeing his prediction verified. But many of the inhabitants of the Borgo Ognisanti, which lies along the bank of the river, would have been very glad, last November, if they had followed the old man's example, and had boats ready in their houses; for the water was eight or ten feet deep in that street.

Under these circumstances it may easily be imagined how earnestly and eagerly the different views and arguments of the rival engineers are canvassed. Fossombrone's book has been republished. Counter statements have been put forth, and the question, a most important one to the future prosperity of Florence, is occupying the thoughts and conversation of all.

In the meantime, every thing seems to indicate a degree of prosperity, which will every day more and more make fair Florence the foremost of Italian cities in the race of modern civilisation and progress. Material and moral improvement is on all hands the order of the day. New buildings are rising rapidly within and without the city. New villas in addition to the already almost innumerable residences, which, crowning every eminence and vantage ground of the lovely environs, led Ariosto to declare that in his day the villas around Florence would make two Romes, are nestling themselves into each unoccupied nook of the hills whence a view of the incomparable Val d' Arno below may be obtained. One of the finest of the old villas has recently been purchased, together with the large estates belonging to it, by a countryman of ours, who intends to make it his residence. This is the celebrated Villa Salviati, the property of that turbulent family whose conspiracy against the Medici is one of the best known episodes of Florentine history. The fine old castle, which had become the property of the Borghese, who sold it to the present possessor, has in its day been the scene of many a transaction celebrated in Tuscan annals, and is rich in reminiscences and associations grave and gay, romantic and chivalresque. When the improvements external and internal, which the present proprietor is now engaged in executing shall be completed, it will assuredly be one of the finest residences in Italy.

Within the city we have new streets built, building, and projected in all directions. In one fine open quarter within the walls an entire new district is about to be created. A square is to be built larger than our boasted Be-grave square. It is probable that one of the stimulating causes of all this movement may be the now proximate probability of railroad communication from Calais to Marseilles; and the great additional influx of English and French which would unfailingly result therefrom. We have already a railroad open from Leghorn to Pisa, and the line thence to Florence is in the progress of construction; so that, ere long, the entire journey from London hither will be accomplished in four or five days entirely by railroad, with the exception of a few hours' steam-voyage from Dover to Calais, and from Marseilles to Leghorn. All this is only a little foretaste of what may and will be accomplished for Italian progress, improvement and civilisation, by that great nineteenth-century civiliser, railroad communication.

And now what have I to give you of literary gossip *proper*? But little, for the reasons set forth at the beginning of my letter. Cavaliere Inghirami's 'History of Tuscany' has been brought to its termination in fourteen post octavo volumes. This work, which has been its author's favourite occupation for several years since the completion of his great work on Etruscan Antiquities, has been, like that, printed at his own press, and published on his own account. So that he has been author, printer, and publisher of it. The Cavaliere Inghirami's reputation was raised deservedly high by his former work, entitled 'Monumenti Etruschi o di Etrusco Nome, disegnati, incisi, il-

illustrati e publicati dal Cavaliere Francesco Inghirami.' It is admitted to be the best, most extensive, and most accurate work on the difficult and obscure, but highly interesting subject, which it treats. But we fear that the learned Cavaliere's history of his country is not calculated to place his reputation as a historian on a level with that which he has earned as an antiquary. Not that the work is otherwise than creditable and respectable—far from it. It is the honestly and industriously executed work of a learned, conscientious, and laborious man. The Cavaliere has spared no pains in searching out and bringing together the materials of Tuscan history, and of these he has raised a huge, massive pile. But such an edifice as history should be elegant, delighting, symmetrical, critically beautiful—this he has not accomplished, nor apparently either attempted or conceived. In fact, is a deeply-learned and long-practised antiquary the most likely man to become a satisfactory and successful historian? It is to be feared not. It is to be anticipated that the acquisitiveness which has been educated into excessive development by the long habit of picking up and accumulating as treasures all sorts of odd scraps of fact and forgotten information, will have become so strong as to exclude criticism and judgment. The antiquary is omnivorous. The historian should be dainty, and of choice palate. Then the antiquary is but too apt to consider his work done precisely at the point where the true historian's should begin;—when facts and dates, that is, *have been* ascertained and collected, and are now to be reasoned on and reduced into their legitimate relative positions of cause and effect. Your readers, therefore, Mr. Editor, will know what to expect, and what not to hope for from our learned Cavaliere's history of Tuscany.

One other little bit of news is too curious, and too indicative (though but of straw-like importance) of the way in which the wind is blowing, and is likely to blow in this part of the world, for me to conclude this gossiping letter without communicating it. Eugene Sue's '*Juif Errant*,' the successive volumes of which are pouring themselves in tens of thousands of copies and multitudes of editions, legitimate and pirated, over the four quarters of the globe and Polynesia, is a forbidden book in Italy. The first two volumes were permitted to come. But the Church then took the alarm. The Jesuits, once again dear to Rome, felt the arrow in their vitals and cried aloud. So Rome growled forth its penny-trumpet thunder; and Tuscany obediently, as in the case of Nicolini's '*Arnaldo da Brescia*,' prohibits the book. But the prohibition of '*Arnaldo*' was followed by the sale of a large edition of the work; and the Tuscan government has forgotten to prohibit the '*Constitutionnel*,' in whose *feuilleton* the '*Juif Errant*' enters daily without molestation, let, or hindrance, and is daily read in every café and reading-room in Florence. Is it possible for Tuscany to speak its own wishes and tendencies on such subjects more plainly? Nor, as there is good reason to hope, is the time far distant when she will be able to follow the dictates of her own more enlightened sense in such matters, and lead rather than follow the steps of the most benighted portion, not of Italy only, but of Europe.

TURIN, Feb. 19th, 1845.

SIR,

In the Foreign Correspondence of your '*Review*' (Jan., 1845, p. 526), I observed the following words respecting my book '*Delle Speranze d'Italia*.' 'The first remarkable circumstance attending the publication of Signor Balbo's book is, that it is not prohibited in the dominions of the King of Sardinia.'

The writer was ill-informed. The book was, and is, so far prohibited here, that it is neither publicly sold nor advertised, nor can it be otherwise obtained than upon an application in writing, or as it is here called *sotto castela*. In short, my book is tolerated here in the same way, as the very facts produced by your correspondent prove, that it is or was tolerated in Tuscany, in the same way that Niccolini's 'Arnaldo' was tolerated there; and as he is permitted to live peaceably there, so am I here.

All who know my social position, and I may say my personal character, must be aware likewise, that I am not exactly the man to write a book either at the command or suggestion of another. And yet, if an Italian prince had commanded such a book as mine, very willingly would I have written it, but I would have acknowledged that I had written it at his command; and I believe many millions of Italians would have rejoiced that an Italian prince had thus declared himself willing to prepare the day of independence in the way pointed out by me; that is, treading the path of universal progress, and always walking therein before the foreign ruler, and not fearing to continue in those paths as far as political liberty. But unfortunately, such was not the case, and my book was neither commanded nor suggested, but merely tolerated. It is, however, the first serious publication on the present political condition of Italy that has been written in this country since the year 1814, by an author continuing to reside here. I know not whether this be creditable to the author tolerated, but it certainly does honour to the prince who tolerates him.

Nor did I, in my book, propose this or any other prince to Italy as the '*Captain of her hopes*.' Neither I nor any author, however superior to me, could have the authority so to do. Public opinion alone could make such a proposal or declaration, and I doubt not that it will do so, to the immortal glory of whichever of our princes boldly takes the lead in the path which I pointed out, but which all perceive. But here I will venture further than I did in my book: I will confess my earnest desire that the King of Sardinia may be the one who takes the lead of all the rest, both because he is my sovereign, and because he is better placed for so doing than any other. And to accomplish this desire, I would willingly give not only my poor and often wrongly-interpreted words, but the last drop of my blood and that of my six children.

Sir, my book, of which (in spite of the difficulties it has encountered from opposite quarters) nearly 3000 copies are circulating in Italy, could be neither criticised nor mentioned in the Italian papers. Several of my countrymen residing out of Italy have there attacked me harshly, less for what I said than for what I did not say, and even for what I did say in quite a contrary sense. I am grateful for the former criticisms; sincere discussion is useful to our country, and one of my aims was to excite it. I should perhaps have answered the other criticisms in the same periodicals, in order to prove their inaccuracy; but some of the latter were not worth the trouble, and others have the bad habit of not admitting discussions on the articles they have published. But your review is serious and important throughout all Europe; and British habits and honour make me hope that you will not refuse a place to my answer, which cannot appear in any of the publications of my country. With this hope,

I have the honour to subscribe myself,

Your most obliged servant,

COUNT CESARE BALBO.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Political Refugees in Belgium.—The new "Confession of Faith," which Freiligrath has made by the act of withdrawing across the frontier, has, it is supposed, given more offence at Berlin than his previous one in print. Whether he really had any cause for apprehension, may be questioned; but, considering the fate of some political offenders in Germany, it is not surprising that he has thought it best to be on the safe side of the border. The number of refugees residing here has greatly diminished of late, notwithstanding the hospitality exercised towards them—for Belgium, small as its revenues are, has extended to these helpless people the same support as its wealthy neighbours, England and France. Since the amnesty published at his coronation by the Emperor of Austria, most of the Italians have returned home. Among the few that have preferred remaining, are Count Arivabene, Signor Cebritti, and the Abbé Gioberti, who has lately become celebrated for his work on religious ethics, 'Del primato morale e civile degli Italiani,' published at Brussels; for he has been compelled to preach his fiery political 'Evangile' in a foreign land. His writings have been prohibited in Italy, but they are not the less eagerly disseminated, for, in this instance, they are passed from hand to hand under the protecting mantle of the church. The object of his aspirations is no less a one than a union of all Italy, under the dominion of the Papal Chair. Rome, as the ally of Austria, must of course officially condemn such a doctrine; but Rome, once the seat of Gregory VII., and, up to this hour, the centre of the most diligent and far reaching Propaganda, is in her heart well enough inclined to it, and willing to bestow on it the blessing of all the saints. The Abbate Gioberti is a man of genuine talent and a sincere enthusiast, notwithstanding the wild incongruity of his plans for uniting the most unbridled democracy with a hierarchy all but omnipotent.

The greater number of the French refugees were not driven into this hospitable port by political storms, but by private peccadilloes; being mostly runaway bankrupts, defaulters from bubble companies, &c.; some who have meddled with their neighbours' cash, and some who have coveted their neighbours' wives. His experience of guests of this description, has induced the good-natured and credulous Netherlander to feel somewhat suspicious towards his 'lively' neighbours, and the French are just now in exceeding ill odour in Brussels.

Of the Germans there are, we believe, only two, with exception of Freiligrath and Heinzen, who might not return if they pleased. Of these, the one is an M.D., Dr. Breyer, a Prussian, who was, in fact, never concerned in any political attempt, and merely assisted a friend who was, to escape from prison. This act of friendship cost the young man, who had just begun to practise, all his hopes in his own country; for, strange to say, he was excluded from the amnesty published by Frederick William IV. Another, and more distinguished exile, is Dr. Aehrens, now Professor of Philosophy at the University of Brussels, who was driven from his country thirteen years ago, when he was only twenty-one years of age, merely for having taken part

in some peaceful political manifestation at the time of the disturbances at Gottingen. Of the fugitive Poles, there are nearly a hundred; some have entered the army, some earn their subsistence as language masters, mechanics, &c., and many receive from the State a pension of forty-five francs a month. Formerly this latter class was nearly three times as great as at present; and the friendly reception they met with, probably as well as his disgust at popular revolutions, has induced the Emperor of Russia to decline honouring Belgium by sending it a Russian resident. Alas, poor country! It has been decidedly 'cut' by his Imperial Majesty, and his agents have orders to refuse passports to any Belgian who might wish to enter his dominions. On the other hand, Belgium has the satisfaction of seeing the messengers, who are everywhere searching for his proscribed subjects, stop upon her frontier, and 'cease from troubling.' Their master is 'not known in that neighbourhood.'

ITALY.—The enterprising spirit which induced M. Vaisseux of Florence to publish the 'Archivio Storico d'Italia,' is spreading southwards. At Naples, an association of gentlemen have, with the tacit sanction of government, undertaken to print the more important diplomata of the Lombard period which remain in the archives of Lower Italy. At Rome, Signor Ginarelli had issued proposals for a republication of Muratori's 'Scriptores Rerum Italicarum,' after careful collation with the best MSS., but this is now indefinitely postponed, the coadjutors upon whose literary assistance he most depended, having decided upon breaking fresh ground, rather than re-editing an expensive work already well known. These gentlemen have chosen the 'Archivio Storico' as the channel through which their labours are to appear, and among the subjects which at present occupy their attention are the municipal history of the peninsula, and the papal Censi Camerali, which offer a new and rich field for investigation into the political economy of central Italy. The life of Sixtus V. may shortly be looked for at their hands. The *Saggiatore*, a literary periodical of some merit, is to be continued here with fresh spirit, and will be enriched by the Signori Ginarelli and Mazio with many curious antiquarian documents. Signor Amati is at work upon the 'Regestum Farfense et Subiaccense,' to be compiled from a most interesting series of documents formerly belonging to the Abbeys of Farfa and Subiaco, which extend over nearly twelve centuries, and are preserved in the Bibliotheca Sessoriana, at the monastery of Sta. Croce in Gerusalemme at Rome.

At a general meeting of the members of the British Life Academy at Rome, held on the 14th of December, it was resolved, by a large majority, to appoint a professor of design, to superintend the drawings of the students; and, by an almost unanimous vote, the Chevalier Mainardi, professor in the Academy of St. Luke, was elected to the office, which he agreed to accept, rather as an honorary appointment, than in consideration of the very trifling salary which the funds of the academy at present afford. The regular income of this very useful establishment falls short of 100*l.* a year, but contributions received during last season from some friends of art, at home and abroad, which it is hoped will be continued, have enabled the committee to remove to more eligible premises, and to found an artistic library for the use of British students.

Mr. John Gibson has returned to Rome after visiting England for the first time during twenty-five years. He has brought with him several important commissions in sculpture; among others an admirable bust of the Queen, from which he is to execute a statue of her Majesty for Buckingham Palace, as a companion to that of Prince Albert by Wolff, which reached England last summer.

M. Stentz, the director of the French academy at Rome, has recently exhibited there a striking picture, founded on an incident at the sack of

Aquileia by the troops of Attila. A ruthless warrior, mounted on a fiery horse, drags away a terrified maiden from the grasp of her aged mother, as she tends the body of her son, who had fallen in the defence of his sister's honour. The great size of the canvass, and the effective grouping of the figures, give an imposing character to the picture, and the accessories are carefully wrought out. There are, however, faults of mannerism which somewhat diminish the pathos that belongs to the subject, and although the extravagance of David is wanting, the impress of his style lingers upon this new production of the French school, whilst its colouring must, to an English eye, seem crude and ineffective.

The catalogue of the third sale of the Pesch gallery was published at Rome in the last days of the year, containing the Dutch, Flemish, German, and French pictures, in number 478. These include the gems of the collection; and the sale is advertised as positively to commence on the 17th of March, and to be continued until these and the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the Italian schools are disposed of; but, as the catalogue of the latter was still in the press in the beginning of March, there is every prospect that this promise will again be broken, and that as formerly, the pictures brought forward will be of inferior character, set off by a few finer works. Indeed, rumours to this effect are already emanating from the parties to the sale, who allege with some show of reason, that there is not time for the catalogues to become known to amateurs at a distance. This, however, will be a very inadequate excuse to those who are already on their way to Rome, on the faith of a *bonâ fide* auction at length taking place. The catalogue is a most elaborate work by M. George, got up with a degree of care and expense, scarcely warranted even by the quality of those admirable productions which it describes with fatiguing detail, several pages being often devoted to the illustration of a single picture.

Signor Vallati has recently acquired the interest of Prince Odescalchi in the celebrated Magdalen by Correggio, of which we have spoken in our article on 'Pictures and Picture dealing.' The Magdalen is now offered for sale for 2500*l.*, and it is hoped that it will be secured for England.

The valuable collection of the late Count Guido di Vicenzo, left by will to the poor of three Roman parishes, and to the convents of St. Vincent and St. Anastasius, is to be sold. It contains originals of Giotto, Pietro Perugino, Raphael, Ghirlandajo, Titian, Domenichino, Poussin, Caracci, Tintoretto, Guido Reni, Albert Durer, Teniers, &c.

ATHENS.—It is the intention of the government to erect on the Acropolis a Greek national museum, in which the remains of ancient art are to be arranged according to their epochs; and the various museums of Europe are to be solicited to furnish casts of the principal statues and groups in their possession.

BERLIN.—The Archæological Society met here on the 7th of November. With reference to a report concerning the Xanthian marbles in the British museum, at the last meeting, Dr. Emilius Braun furnished an elaborate description of the two beautiful friezes, which, according to Mr. Fellowes' probable conjecture, represent, the one, a battle of the Lycians and the inhabitants of Lesser Asia; the other, the storming of the Xanthos, and the triumph of Harpagos. Various remains of art from the Holy Land were presented by Dr. Schulz, Vice-consul at Jerusalem, and an interesting Abrouas stone. A Syracusan bust of burnt clay was also exhibited. It was supposed, from various peculiar ornaments, to represent Harmonia, worshipped as a goddess at Thebes.

The Royal Gallery has been enriched during the last three years, by no fewer than 116 new acquisitions, of which Professor Waagen gives a detailed description in the 'Kunst Blatt.' With few exceptions these pictures be-

long to the most flourishing period of the art, the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; so that the attractions of the gallery have been very greatly augmented by them.

THE AUSTRIAN TARIFF.—The time has gone by in Austria, when patriotism was thought to consist in despising every thing foreign, merely because it was foreign, and lauding to the skies the worst articles produced at home. In our popular theatres the coarse sallies of self-adulation, formerly received with thunders of applause, are now heard in silence, or even with obvious disapprobation, and we see every day similar proofs of an improved tone of the public mind. It is, therefore, fortunate that the government appears to comprehend and favour this movement; and it can surprise no one that, in its plans of reform, its attention should first be directed to material well-being—to trade, industry and finance, rather than to the higher interests of science and mental culture.

The rise of Austrian manufacturing industry can be dated only from the time of the ever memorable Joseph II.; for its previous efforts, such as the establishment of the carpet manufactory at Linz, can be regarded but as attempts, and were the acts merely of the government. He first summoned manufacturers from the Rhine and the Netherlands, and introduced the prohibitive system as a temporary premium to them. But it was necessary that these privileges should come to an end, unless millions of consumers were to be taxed for the sake of a few thousand manufacturers. The eyes of the Austrian government were opened to the evils of this system, not only by the success of the Customs League, but by the discovery of the grand style in which smuggling was carried on along her extensive frontier. At Prague, Vienna, Trieste, and Milan, were immense depôts of smuggled goods, where every article of foreign produce might be obtained in the most regular and punctual manner. The conductors of diligences to Bavaria, Saxony, and Prussia, often made the largest part of their income by commercial transactions of this description, and the mines in Bohemia yielded a larger profit by serving the convenience of smugglers, than by the ore found in them. The provinces of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom enjoyed, thanks to the activity of the smugglers, an entire independence of the Austrian system, and stood in much nearer commercial relations to Lyons and Manchester, than to Bohemia and Vienna. Insurance companies were even formed for the payment of fines on conviction. This trade is still very flourishing on the Hungarian frontier, but the poor fellows who serve as the subordinate instruments make little enough by it. They generally receive a certain quantity of tobacco, with a direction to a merchant or other receiver on the opposite side of the border, as well as a few florins, part of which is paid in advance, and part on delivery of the goods. They then make for the great morasses on the eastern frontier, or the broken hilly country, where the custom-house officers cannot keep so good a watch. In severe seasons, when the trade grows bad, it is not uncommon for them to take two or three pounds of tobacco, and contrive to get taken; and as by the laws of Austria, every pound of smuggled tobacco involves the punishment of a month in the house of correction, they calculate the quantity so as to make their imprisonment just last out the winter.

The measures recently adopted by Austria in lowering the duties on raw cotton, cotton-twist, coffee, and many other articles, may be regarded with satisfaction as indicative of the course to be pursued in future, but would be entirely insufficient if presented as effectual reforms. With respect to raw cotton, nothing short of the total repeal of the duty can afford any chance of retrieving this important branch of industry from the condition into which it has sunk.

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ART. I.—*Histoire des Comtes de Flandre, jusqu'à l'avènement de la Maison de Bourgogne.* (History of the Counts of Flanders to the Accession of the House of Burgundy.) Par EDOUARD LE GLAY, Ancien Élève de l'École Royale des Chartres, Conservateur-Adjoint des Archives de Flandre à Lille. 2 vols. Paris. 1843.

IN commencing a notice of even the most unpretending historical work of a foreign writer, an English critic cannot but feel embarrassed by a recollection of the decline, or rather death, of history, as well as of most of the other higher branches of literature, in our own country. Disregarding, as we must if our present remarks are to be proceeded with at all, this unpleasant consciousness, we refer to it only for the purpose of calling attention to one or two of the causes which may account for our undeniable inferiority in this respect to our French and German neighbours: not that we see any chance of removing them, but because it is desirable to provide our countrymen with legitimate excuses for their deficiencies. The most general cause of the decline of literature, is probably to be found in the extreme cheapness of books, which not only makes it impossible for publishers to remunerate any but the lightest and most amusing writers adequately, but supplies the indiscriminate appetite of the public with a vast mass of food in which it is wholly incapable of distinguishing for itself the wholesome and nutritious portions. When books were few and dear, those who bought them were often guided in their choice by those who understood them; but all persons can judge of a half-crown volume, or a book for a book-club. Still, cheapness of books is in all other respects a good thing; and if it were not it cannot be helped. This, however, is one of the excuses of English authors. Another applies more particularly to books of abstract reasoning, and to poetry. We believe there are, at most, two poets of the present day whose works command *any* price from a publisher; one of them, nevertheless, being

known and admired by all the remaining readers of poetry in England. We do not believe that any metaphysical, logical, or political treatise, would pay the expenses of publishing. If Locke, and Berkeley, and Adam Smith were at this moment ready and willing to instruct the world, we believe that every publisher in London would be compelled, by regard to his own interest, to refuse to become the medium of instruction. This result, too, seems unavoidable—readers have become a larger and, therefore, a busier and less instructed class. The opinion of their intellectual superiors daily loses in weight, and the majority, who perhaps care for poetry and philosophy neither more nor less than the same class in former times, have become the ruling body in the world of literature. The publisher would lose his best customers by publishing dear books. The author who writes for the few cannot afford to write cheap books. Hereafter, the taste of the great body of readers may possibly be raised; but, in the meantime, the evil must be submitted to. Authors, since the death of patronage, necessarily depend on publishers, and publishers as necessarily on readers: that authors of the higher orders are now probably worse remunerated than at any period since the Restoration is their misfortune, and much more the misfortune of the public. We do not believe that the ‘Paradise Lost’ would now be valued at so large a sum as at the time it was written; but certainly publishers are not in fault. They are quite right in preferring tales in monthly numbers, sermons, and illuminated magazines, to unprofitable speculations in solid and enduring literature. If the body called the public wanted wise books, sooner or later wise books would be written for it.

There is, however, one important exception to the general want of interest in literature. We believe the discerning public has a growing taste for history. Memoirs and letters of all kinds, and even translations of foreign historical works, are among the most popular publications of the time. There is no study more wholesome or more useful, especially to a nation of politicians; yet how little has been done to meet it. Mr. Alison’s history, embracing the most immediately interesting of all periods, has acquired popularity alike by its merits and its defects; Dr. Thirlwall’s ‘History of Greece’ has been fully appreciated by scholars; and the more congenial subject of Roman history has acquired through Dr. Arnold a wider circle of readers; but in the more immediate business of Englishmen, the history of their own country, there seems to be an entire stagnation. Mr. Hallam’s histories have been published, we believe, more than twenty years; and even the little which Mackintosh added to our literature, belongs to another generation. It is universally admitted, that not only the general

history of England, but that of almost every separate period, still remains to be written. Yet we have heard of no rising historians, and one cause of the deficiency, at least, appears to us plain, though we suggest no means of removing it. The study of history for the purpose of writing history, is a profession to occupy a life; and the historian requires a fixed position during the continuance of his labours, as well as a reward when he has completed them. It is as necessary to possess a technical knowledge of manuscripts, records, and public documents, as to have judgment to understand events, and genius to reproduce them in narrative. Even poetry, even philosophy, though they may strain the intellect more strongly, require less continuousness of labour; for the vast abundance of materials in modern times has produced the same change in the duties of a historian, as the accumulation of statutes and cases in the qualifications of a judge. Neither office can now fitly be held by a layman—the labour necessary to attain one position is perhaps equal to that required for the other—the standard of natural ability is much higher for the historian than for the judge. Now let it be observed what temptation is offered to embrace the more arduous career. In the whole of England there are two historical professorships of 400*l.* a year, one at either university. This is, with the exception of two or three miserable pensions, the whole provision furnished by this country for the maintenance of historical learning—we might almost say, of learning of any kind. The college endowments of the universities succeed admirably in producing the groundwork of knowledge, but the short period for which they are generally held is a direct inducement to select any other pursuit rather than that of literary study for advancement in the world. We do not much regret the absence of great rewards. A moderate inducement will keep a historian or a philosopher in the path to which his genius leads him; but he ought not to be called upon to sacrifice all prospect of advancement in life. At present he will find no provision, and, unless he is popular, no reward. The prospects of literary men have gradually been darkening since the time when the national reverence for genius was expressed in the regard showed to it by statesmen, when it was popular to make Addison a minister, and Prior an ambassador. The Church remained to them long; but popular feeling has declared conclusively against a learned clergy. The revenues will henceforth be associated to active duties, and we fear that Mr. Milman will be the last Prebendary of Westminster who will add to the literature of England. Nor are the indirect advantages of learning greater than its pecuniary rewards. In Germany the university professors alone are, perhaps, the most

influential body in the nation; and from them are selected many of the highest judicial and administrative officers. In France it is enough to say that M. de Barante is a peer of France, that M. Guizot and M. de Salvandy are in the cabinet, that M. Villemain has recently left it, and that M. Thiers is the leader of opposition. Most of these statesmen have been university professors, all have been eminent writers. They passed their youth in thought and study, and their country thinks them worthy in their mature years of serving and ruling it. In England, they would have had pensions of 200*l.* a year each, if in want; and would have had condescending invitations to aristocratic dinners, if their manners were agreeable. We repeat that we speak not on behalf of literary or historical writers, but on behalf of readers, and it may be reviewers. Let us if we like do without great writers, but let us be fully aware that our offers to them are smaller, and our treatment of them less respectful, than at any former period in this country, or, at the present time, in any civilised country but our own. We give the highest rewards in the world for mechanical skill, and we obtain the most skilful mechanics in the world; we give no rewards to learning, and learned men are rare among us. With this contrast we turn to M. Le Glay, whom we have too long neglected.

Almost every historical work is useful, and M. Le Glay's is both useful and creditable. The subject is interesting to all—to Belgians especially, as it forms an introduction to their national history; and the author has shown commendable diligence in collecting his materials from many scattered sources in chronicles and voluminous publications, with further illustrations from the documents to which he has access, as conservator of the archives of Flanders at Lille. We cannot place his work among the higher class of histories, for he seems to us deficient both in comprehensiveness of view, and in harmony of composition. He neither masters his subject from above, nor throws himself unreservedly into the current of events, but vacillates between the character of a judge and that of a witness. There are two opposite modes in which the account of a remote age may be written, corresponding to the so-called subjective and objective schools of history. The writer may retain his actual position of calm and impartial criticism, judging the events and characters before him, not merely by the standard of the time to which they belonged, but with the additional light of subsequent experience and fuller knowledge. Summing up the simple facts as they have impressed themselves on his mind, with the deliberate estimate which he has formed of their bearing, he may be called a judicial or subjective historian. A more imaginative mind will naturally attempt to

realise the original spirit and form of the period which the writer describes. After imbuing himself with the feelings and associations of the age which he is to delineate, the objective historian will apply no less care and industry than the calmest critic to the weighing of evidence and investigation of doubtful facts; but when he is ready with his story he will tell it as a witness, and leave his hearers to judge of the tendency. His colouring will be more vivid, his figures more solid, and his art will bridge over or conceal the gulf which separates us from distant times. 'It is of little importance,' says M. de Barante, in the admirable essay on historical composition prefixed to his '*Histoire des Ducs de Bourgogne*'—'it matters little to the reader what impression the events which I relate produce on me; but it is highly important that he should know how they were regarded by those who witnessed them.' We confess, however, that we think something further necessary. The reader ought to be told not only what his ancestors or their contemporaries thought, but what he ought to think of their thoughts, and the historian who understands their thoughts should teach him. Among recent historians, Barante himself is generally considered the most successful writer of the objective school; though a part of the result which he proposes to himself has, perhaps, been more fully realised by Scott in his novels, which, no doubt, gave rise to Sismondi's scheme of filling up the defects of a grave history by the supplement of a dull romance. Hume, with his natural and acquired incapacity to appreciate the middle ages, and his singular sagacity in apprehending the motives which in his own time influenced human conduct, may divide with Voltaire the credit of having introduced the subjective method of writing history; which has since been parodied by Mitford, and has nowhere been more fairly and advantageously applied than by Schlosser. Historical essayists and critics, such as Guizot and Hallam, or discoverers, like Niebuhr, are generally classed under the same denomination. It is difficult to find a classification for Carlyle's living and richly-coloured pictures, in their peculiar frame-work of irony. His imaginative representation is purely objective, but the undercurrent of humour incessantly recalls the writer to mind. To a great extent he has exemplified the two great requisites of history, reality in the picture and sincerity in the painter. But his secret for reconciling difficulties, the irony which is founded on duality and opposition, cannot be, and ought not to be, an ordinary method for historians.

Writers who, like M. Le Glay, have no peculiar genius for composition, are always liable to fall, like him, into the error of writing of a former time, neither as men of that time nor as men of the present day. Sometimes he utters commonplaces founded

on modern views of the growth of trade and of municipal freedom; but his commonplaces are more often mediæval. His warlike counts, after a life of aggression and violence, become as amiable in his eyes as in those of his monkish authorities, when old age leads them to found monasteries and churches, and approaching death reminds them, that as they can use their goods no longer, it may be as well to leave them to the poor. In almost every chapter of the book we see traces of the opinions of different writers and different ages, unharmonised by the critical and final judgment which should be pronounced by the modern historian. Crusades are praised, because they seemed praiseworthy to the twelfth century; commercial regulations and guilds, because the fourteenth century approved of them; but there is a sufficient mixture of modern reflections to remind us, that we might expect something more than a translated chronicle, and that a writer not possessed by the spirit of the middle ages is not bound to reproduce their prejudices. Detrimental, however, as scraps and patches of a foreign material are to every composition, some of his literal extracts from old chronicles, especially a fragment of a warlike legend, called 'Ralph of Cambrai,' are in themselves extremely interesting; and on the whole, the book, as we have said before, is useful, and a second-rate history can hardly fail to be worth more than even a sound criticism upon it.

Although the counts of Flanders never aspired to complete feudal independence, none of the great fiefs of Europe can compare with their dominions in historical importance, or in the duration of their separate existence. In the eleventh century, their territories equalled the immediate dominions of the French king in extent, and far surpassed them in population and wealth; and long afterwards, when Champagne, Normandy and Brittany had become parts of the royal domain, and the provinces to the south of the Loire had either been torn from the Empire, or converted from dependencies into provinces of France, the Flemish provinces retained a distinct national character as possessions of Spain and Austria, till they became, for the first time, nominally independent, by the formation of the kingdom of the Netherlands. It is in a great measure to the early civilisation and vigorous character of the people, that this peculiarity is to be attributed, although, in the earliest period, their greatness in some degree depended on the vigour and capacity of their counts; but there are few, even of the greater states of Europe, which have kept together so entirely by organic national unity, uninfluenced by the marriages or enterprises of their princes. As Lorraine, or Lotharingen, was the country of Lothar, so Prussia is the offspring of the arms and policy of the house of Hohenzollern, and

Austria of the marriages of the arch-ducal and imperial family. The connexion between Brandenburg and the Lower Rhine, or between Bohemia and the Tyrol, is no other in its origin than that which unites Grosvenor-square and Covent-garden, respectively, to Eaton and Woburn. The great properties have been brought together by great proprietors; but Flanders had an existence of its own. Neither the union of the neighbouring provinces under the same princes, nor their occasional separation, materially affected its prosperity. The Flemings outgrew the control of their counts, and resisted the cohesive pressure of the house of Burgundy. They passed, under Charles V., into the Spanish monarchy, as a distinct possession, and 200 years afterwards were transferred to Austria with little effect on themselves. It is, perhaps, to be regretted, that national distinctions have prevented them from uniting, either in the time of Philip II., or in our own age, with their northern neighbours, into a great low-land state, which would have united the manufacturing skill of Flanders and Brabant to the commercial energy of Holland, and combined the Manchester with the Liverpool of the Continent.

The house of Flanders, like the Plantagenets of Anjou, derived its origin from the *waldgraves*, woodreeves, or foresters, who administered the power of the Frank monarchs in some of their provinces,—officers, perhaps, identical with the *missi*, or legates of Charlemagne. Baldwin of the Iron Arm, who had succeeded his father, Ingelram, as governor of the northern provinces of Gaul, under Charles the Bald, having been secretly married to Judith, daughter of Charles and widow of King Ethelbald of England, was after an interval of hostility reconciled to the king, and received from him the government of a district extending from the Somme to the mouth of the Scheldt, with the character of Markgrave of the Flemings, a title which implies the duty of defending the frontier of the kingdom against an enemy more distinct from the inhabitants in race than the Franks of Lorraine and of the Rhine.* The empire of Charlemagne was still considered, in many respects, as a whole, notwithstanding its division among the princes of his family, and the increasing difference of language and character between the Eastern and Western Franks. At the treaty of Verdun, in 843, the boundary of the western kingdom assigned to Charles the Bald, was drawn along the Scheldt, and the purely

* The eastern frontier of Germany was protected against the Slavonic nations by markgraves, but it was not till long afterwards that similar officers were established against France. The corresponding French title of *marquis* was, as is known, introduced into England at a late period; but the lords of the Welsh Marches are called *marchiones* as early as Henry III.'s reign, and their office exactly corresponded to that of the markgraves appointed by the German kings. Bacon somewhere calls the Markgrave of Baden, 'Marquis of Bath.'

German population of Flanders were cut off from Germany, while all the remaining part of the Low Countries, including the Gallic and Romanised inhabitants of Hainault and South Brabant, fell either directly, or after the extinction of the independence of Lorraine, to the share of the German kings. The line which at present marks the division of Flemish and Walloon, that is, of German and French, is drawn, according to 'Murray's Handbook,' nearly due east from the Lys, at Menin, passing a little south of Brussels and Louvain, to the Meuse, between Maestricht and Liège; and although the boundary of the two nations may have advanced somewhat northward in the course of ages, the direction in which it was drawn in the eighth century, probably intersected the arbitrary frontier formed by the Scheldt, as in the present day, at nearly a right angle. As long as the sovereignty of both kingdoms remained in the Low-German house of Pepin, it might, perhaps, be indifferent to the Flemings whether their allegiance was paid to the throne of Rheims or to that of Aix-la-Chapelle; and the virtual independence of their counts or marquises during the troubles of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, was furthered by the weakness of their nominal sovereigns in comparison with the emperors of the Romans. But when the power of France began to unfold itself, the importance of the feudal relation arising from the treaty of Verdun was fully felt in Flanders. Notwithstanding the absorption of the kingdom of Lorraine into the Empire, and the temporary re-union of Charlemagne's empire under Charles the Fat, the boundary of the Western Franks, as fixed at Verdun, was never afterwards disturbed; and the German prince of a German people was, from an early period, reckoned as one of the peers of France, and was consequently exposed to all the encroachments which an ambitious sovereign had always pretences for making on the power of his vassals.

During a long interval, however, as we have said, the successors of Baldwin were, in all essential points, independent. Their rank of marquises or wardens of the marches must, we suppose, be referred to the duty imposed upon them of guarding the coasts and rivers of the Netherlands against the Norman marauders. The reign of the second marquis, Baldwin the Bald, so called in honour of his grandfather, King Charles, was almost wholly occupied in conflicts with the invaders, generally with loss, but accompanied by the contingent advantage of concentrating the population of the country in walled towns, which afterwards became the centres of the national strength and opulence. The original capital of Flanders, Bruges, was fortified against the Normans by the first Baldwin, and many of the abbeys which afterwards formed cities around them owe their origin to the

same period. The northern pirates were followed by a still more formidable enemy, the savage Hungarians of the East, and in these wars a succession of warlike chieftains, Baldwins and Arnulfs, sustained themselves with varying success, till the end of the migrations of the barbarians. In the intervals of the troubles, and after their cessation, they also took an active part in the disputed successions of the later Carolingian kings, whom from regard to their own descent from Charlemagne they generally supported against the dukes of France of the house of Capet. The kings of Germany were more formidable allies or enemies. Otho the Great was followed by Arnulf, as a vassal, to the siege of Rouen, and afterwards took from him a district including Ghent, where he appointed a governor of his own. In the eleventh century we find two successive Baldwins at war with the emperors Henry II. and Henry III., and in each case the war is ended by the submission of the Marquis of the Flemings, and his acquisition of territories to be held as fiefs of the empire. It was in this manner that imperial Flanders was formed on the right bank of the Scheldt; and from this time forward the emperors had a claim to the allegiance of the counts, of the same nature as that which connected them with France; but far the more valuable portion of their territories was held under the French sovereignty, and the diversion of the attention of the emperors to the affairs of Italy, even before the decline of their power, relaxed the ties which united their vassals to them, while the royal authority in France was steadily concentrating itself and increasing.

The possessions of the first Baldwin, which had been divided at his death, were for a short time reunited by the marriage of Baldwin of Mons, sixth of his name, and brother-in-law of William the Conqueror, with Richilde, Countess of Hainault; but, at his death, in 1071, a struggle for the guardianship of his son between the widowed countess, supported by her Walloon countrymen, and Robert of Friesland, Baldwin's younger brother, who held imperial Flanders in his own right, led to the establishment of Robert in the marquisate of the Flemings, while the descendants of Baldwin were compelled to content themselves with Hainault. Robert II., son of the Frieslander, was the last Count of Flanders who assumed the title of marquis. The foreign invaders had long since conquered territories for themselves, and taken rank among the established principalities of Europe; and perhaps the familiar title of 'Count' or 'Graf' was more expressive of personal and hereditary rank, than the official and significant designation of 'Mark-graf,' or Count of the Marches. The new field of ambition which about this time opened itself to the princes of Europe in the crusades, offered peculiar attractions

to the warlike and wealthy counts of Flanders. From the first siege of Jerusalem, in which Robert II. took an active part, till the establishment, a century later, of Baldwin on the throne of the East, few of the descendants of Robert of Friesland failed to visit the Holy Land as pilgrims or crusaders. The personal distinction which they acquired was the principal result of their toil and danger; but the prosperity of their dominions seems to have been little affected by the frequent absences of the princes and their nobles. The indirect influence of the crusades on their comparative greatness, by the consequent elevation of kingly power in France, was of far more vital importance. The first faint symptom of the future dependence of the counts upon their nominal sovereigns appeared soon after the return of Robert II. from the first crusade. Louis VI. of France, commonly called the Fat, was relieved, by the departure of many of the great barons, from rivals and enemies, who almost confined him to the walls of Paris. Some mortgaged their lands, some left their children orphans. The Lord of Montlhery, who commanded the road to Orleans, gave his daughter to the king's son, with the tower for her dowery which Philip I. had spent his life in watching and fearing.* The king was the general reversioner, in virtue of claims, which had, perhaps, been uncontested only because they were hitherto nominal. For more than a century the Flemish marquises had entered into few relations, either of alliance or enmity, with the powerless Parisian kings; but, in 1111, Robert II. assisted Louis the Fat in an expedition against Normandy, undertaken under the pretext of supporting William, son of Duke Robert, against his uncle, Henry I. of England. It cost the Normans little exertion to repel the invasion; but the share which Robert took in the war is remarkable on account of the change of relations which it indicates. M. Le Glay has fallen into a common error as to the ground of his hostility to Henry I., which we notice the more as he has in many cases, as it seems to us, paid too little attention to the nature of the feudal bond. Even in a detailed account of the homage done, in 1305, by Robert of Bethune to Philip the Fair, he recounts the ordinary circumstances of the ceremony in such detail, that it seems as if he attaches undue importance to the use, in one particular case, of forms which were equally required of all vassals, of the King of England when he did homage to his French rival for Guyenne, or of the French king's son when he received the investiture of Dauphiné from the

* See 'Michelet,' vol. ii, who quotes from Suger, 'Vit. Lud. Grossi,' the advice of Philip to his son:—Age, fili, serva excubans turrem cujus devexatione penè consenui, cujus dolo et fraudulenta nequitia nunquam pacem bonam et quietam habere potui.

emperor. Even in the mere formalities, moreover, he has fallen into the error of making the lord put his hands between those of the vassal, instead of the converse position.

Baldwin, in consideration of the supplies which he furnished to his son-in-law, William the Conqueror, for the invasion of England, had received a pension of 500 marks, which was afterwards continued by the kings of England to his successors. M. Le Glay, copying the earlier historians, alleges, that when Robert II. demanded the payment of this pension, he was answered by Henry I. that England was too great to be tributary to Flanders, and says that the count supported the cause of the French king in revenge. It must be admitted that the story rests on plausible authority, and that Henry's reply is so natural, that it is only surprising that it should not have been anticipated by his father or his brother, little as either of them was disposed to undervalue his position as the most powerful monarch of his time. It is remarkable, however, that this very anecdote has been selected by Rymer, as a specimen of the value of his great collection of records in the exposure of established fictions, and that the first page of the '*Fœdera*' contains a refutation of it, in the form of the original agreement made with King Henry by Robert II. on his return from the crusade in 1101. Indeed, we believe that a little consideration would have led a historian to the conclusion, that a money payment made by one potentate to another was not likely, according to the notions of the eleventh century, to assume the form of a tribute, or to imply the superiority of the receiver to the payer. The terms of benefice and service were reciprocal, the grant proceeding from the lord, the military or civil service accruing from the feudatory. First came the fief or fee in land, money, or office, and thence arose the obligation of the holder to swear obedience to the giver. It was only by establishing a relation of feudal superiority to his grantee, that the payer of a pension could secure the performance of the conditions which induced him to make the donation.

In the case of England and Flanders it is not necessary to speculate on the nature of the transaction. The treaty contains an agreement that the count shall do homage to the king for a fee (*feodum*) of 400 marks yearly, saving his allegiance to the King of the French. The count is to serve the king in all his wars in person, and with 500 men, except against France. If the King of France calls on the count to invade England, he shall dissuade him from the attempt; and if compelled to follow him, he shall do so with as small a power as possible, and injure his lord the King of England (*dominum de quo feodum tenet*) as little as circumstances will permit. In a renewal of the treaty, in 1103, there is a

further exception saving also the Count's allegiance to the Emperor of the Romans, who had probably been passed over in the former agreement, in consequence of the hostilities which arose about that time between Count Robert and Henry IV. of Germany.

Nor is it true, as M. Le Glay seems to infer, that the payment of the pension or subsidy from England ceased in the time of Henry I. In 1163, a similar agreement appears between Henry II. on one side, and Count Theodoric, Dietrich, or Thierrri, and his son Philip on the other, with the important addition of a guarantee for its execution, by the recognition of the principal barons of Flanders that they are liege men (*ligii homines*) of the king. It is, no doubt, the same payment which, so late as 1248, occasions an arrangement by which Thomas of Savoy, the widowed husband of Countess Jane, does homage to Henry III. on behalf of Jane's sister and successor, Countess Margaret.

It is true, that the superiority of the grantor of the fief was in some cases only formal. Many causes affected the relation of lord and vassal, as well as their comparative power; especially the tenure by the same vassal of other fiefs either more valuable in themselves, or more liable to effectual forfeiture. The nearest modern analogy is supplied by the kindred relation of landlord and tenant. The landlord is, as a general rule, in a more favourable condition and in the position of a superior; but it often happens that the tenant is in fact more independent, or that he holds from another landlord more valuable lands; or, as it sometimes happened with lord and vassal, the same persons may stand to each other at the same time both in the relation of landlord and tenant. A curious instance of the possible confusion of relations arising from the practice of subinfeudation, happened in the case of the Countess Margaret whom we have just mentioned, in 1254. William, Count of Holland, held Zealand under the counts of Flanders, who had received that province as a fief of the Empire from Henry II., in 1007. By his election as King of the Romans, William became entitled to homage from Margaret without escaping the obligation of paying her homage as undertenant of the same fief. The king and the countess both refused to take the oath of homage, and as each declared that the fief was forfeited by the other, it became necessary to solve the difficulty by a long and bloody war, which only terminated with the death of William.

It was in the reign of the same king, Louis the Fat, whom Count Robert had served in Normandy, that the first opportunity occurred for an efficient interference by the feudal sovereign in the affairs of Flanders. On the extinction of the male line of Robert of Friesland, by the death of his grandson

Baldwin of the Axe, the county had devolved on Charles, a son of the King of Denmark by one of Robert's daughters. The death of this devout and popular prince by the hands of assassins in the church of St. Donatus at Bruges; the subsequent attack on the church and its desperate defence by the slayers, shut up together with the body of their victim, before which, throughout the siege of seven weeks, they were careful to keep lights constantly burning—form one of the most striking episodes in the history of Flanders, and are told in minute detail by M. Le Glay; though we must regret the one-sided view which he has evidently presented of the motives for the murder. When we are told that the avengers were supported by the arm of God, and that the murdered count was made a saint after having received the title of Charles the Good, we can at once see that we are listening to the opinions of an ancient partisan unsifted by the modern historian. A taint of serfdom discovered in the genealogy of the most powerful family in the county, had exposed them to insult and to probable ruin, and the good count refused to relieve them from an oppression intolerable to a house of which the chief, Bertulf, was chancellor of Flanders, and his brother castellan of Bruges. That they should attempt revenge and that punishment should overtake their not unprovoked crime, were events equally in the nature of things; but the mixture of good with evil on both sides, and the growth of wrong from wrong, suggest more complicated considerations than those which a monkish chronicler was likely to entertain. It was not without reason that a modern English dramatist selected the story of Bertulf as containing the materials of true tragic interest.

Louis readily availed himself of the death of Count Charles to appear in the favourable light of a judicial avenger, and a supreme mediator. At a moment when the general indignation, and the danger of anarchy withdrew attention from the danger of foreign interference, the king called on the inhabitants of Bruges to assist him in punishing the murderers, and persuaded the nobles and the great towns to accept William Cliton, son of Duke Robert of Normandy, as their count. But, except as a precedent for future assumptions of power, the bold attempt to establish in Flanders a hereditary enemy to the English king, did little service to Louis. The material basis of his power was too small to enable him to control the great fiefs of his crown, or to rival the power of England. When the young count attempted to raise the taxes on his subjects, they deposed him as readily as they had elected him, and answered the reclamations of Louis, that the election of their counts was a matter in no way pertaining to the kings of France. William fought for his power with all the gallantry

of his race; but his early death in battle left the undisputed possession of Flanders to Dietrich or Thierrî of Alsace, a descendant, like Count Charles, in the female line from Robert the Frieslander. Before the kings of France were again in a position to endanger the independence of Flanders, the power of the counts had reached its greatest height by the reunion of Hainault through the marriage of Margaret, Thierrî's daughter, with Baldwin of Hainault, the direct heir of Baldwin of Mons, and of the original founder of the race. Thierrî's son, Philip, had already acquired the county of Vermandois by marriage, and during the minority of Philip Augustus he exercised in France the power of guardian of the king, to whom he gave his niece Isabella, daughter of Baldwin and Margaret, in marriage. But at the climax of the prosperity of his house, Philip laid the foundations of its decline by severing the district of Artois from his dominions as a dowery to the young queen; and by leaving, in consequence of his animosity against his son-in-law and successor, the life-enjoyment of several towns in Flanders to his widow, Matilda of Portugal. It seemed, however, that Flanders with the alliance of England was still an overmatch for France. It was not till the policy of Henry II. and the strength of Richard were removed, that the genius of Philip Augustus rose into the ascendant over the ancient enemies of his crown.

The elevation of Baldwin, son of Baldwin of Hainault, to the imperial throne of Constantinople, while it seemed to add lustre to his family, deprived them of a head, and enabled the King of France at his death to assume the guardianship of his orphan daughters, Jane and Margaret, and to impose as a condition on the marriage of Jane with Fernando of Portugal, the cession of Aire and St. Omer, both ancient possessions of the counts. The indignities with which the cession was enforced by Louis, Philip's son, and the discontent of the Flemings with the count for submitting to the loss, prepared Fernando to join with eagerness in the formidable league which the ambition of Philip Augustus had raised to resist his encroachments. After the war had lasted for three years with varying fortune, the first great coalition against France was finally arranged, in 1214, at Valenciennes. On one side, were King John of England, and his nephew the Emperor Otho IV., with all the princes of Lorraine and Low Germany, and the counts of Flanders and Boulogne; on the other side, Philip Augustus was allied with Innocent III., and with the young King of Sicily and claimant of the Empire, Frederick II.; a Hohenstauffen by a strange combination of circumstances supported by the pope against the Welf Emperor, son of Henry the Lion. In the plans of the confederacy, the western provinces, Cham-

pagne, Burgundy, and the Free County, were to be given to the empire; the lands south of the Loire to be restored or added to the possessions of England; and Artois, Picardy, and Paris itself, were to be the share of the Count of Flanders. The great victory of Philip Augustus at Bovines secured the existence of France, and determined the future history of Europe. It is useless to speculate on the results which might have followed the dismemberment of France, and the establishment of a great Flemish kingdom, extending from the Scheldt to the Seine, and exceeding in power and population the dominions which Philip had inherited. Languedoc and Provence as yet formed no part of France, and the western provinces had long been possessed by vassals more powerful than their sovereigns; but Picardy and the Isle of France formed the heart of the kingdom, and were separated by no broad distinctions of language and character from the Walloon inhabitants of Hainault and Southern Flanders. It seems not impossible that the defeat of Philip might have formed a northern power, which, inheriting none of the claims of the French kings, might have remained permanently separated from the Gauls beyond the Loire.

Even his victory did not enable the king to establish his direct authority in Flanders. To the end of his life he kept Fernando prisoner at Paris; but when the Countess Jane consented, as the price of her husband's liberty, to demolish the fortresses of Flanders and Hainault, her subjects refused their consent, and the treaty remained a nullity. The countess governed her states alone for twelve years, till the death of Philip, and of his son Louis VIII., left Blanche of Castile guardian of her son, afterwards celebrated as St. Louis. In 1226, the queen-regent consented to the liberation of Fernando. The count died in 1233, his wife in 1244; but during the remainder of her reign, the wise moderation of Louis IX. gave no occasion for further jealousy of France. The troubles which arose from the romantic story and perversity of her sister Margaret would undoubtedly have offered an occasion for interference to the predecessors or successors of the king. But St. Louis contented himself with acting as a judge; and in this, as in other cases, perhaps, his disinterested virtue coincided with true policy. The success which rewarded his justice and self-denial was only less extraordinary than that which crowned the unprincipled ambition of his brother Charles of Anjou.

If the conspiracy of Bertulf is a fit subject for tragedy, the story of Margaret of Flanders and Constantinople is almost unequalled in the romance of history. Confided to the guardianship of Bouchard, a knight of the ancient house of Avesnes, she had consented at an early age to marry him clandestinely. He is de-

scribed as a character unequalled in that age, a profound and accomplished scholar, a wise statesman, and a gallant knight. It was known that he had studied philosophy at Paris, and proceeded doctor of either law at Orleans, and that he held prebends at Laon and Tournai; but it was not till after his marriage that his enemies discovered that he had once submitted to the fatal tonsure, and condemned himself to clerical celibacy. The Countess Jane demanded that her sister should leave him, and Innocent and Honorius successfully fulminated excommunications against the apostate clerk; but Bouchard and Margaret were firm, and the friends of his family supported him for many years against the countess and the censures of the Church. At length, to the surprise and indignation* of all men, Margaret left her husband, and married William of Dampierre, after answering Bouchard's remonstrances with cool effrontery: 'Sir, leave me in peace, and think of saying your hours.'

Both Bouchard and William of Dampierre were dead when Margaret succeeded to the county, leaving each two sons, John and Baldwin of Avesnes, William and Guy of Dampierre. The legitimacy of all of them was liable to question, as the first marriage, if not void in itself, must have invalidated the second. With the unreasoning wickedness of a woman whose mind has been once perverted, Margaret extended to the sons of Bouchard the hatred she had conceived to their father, and her long reign of more than thirty years was occupied in endless contests between the Dampierres and the D'Avesnes; in the course of which, the dominions of the Emperor Baldwin were once more divided by the award of St. Louis, who assigned to the Avesnes the county of Hainault, to the Dampierres the succession of Flanders. His successor, Philip the Bold, was, during the greater part of his reign, too much occupied with distant objects, to take an active part in Flemish affairs; but in the grandson of Louis IX., the counts of Flanders were to find a second Philip Augustus.

The lively and picturesque work of Michelet contains no passage more characteristic of its ingenious and thoroughly French author, than that in which an elaborate contrast is drawn between the early Norman kings of England, and their contemporaries, kings of France. It can hardly be better abridged than in the words of his index: 'The King of England is 'violent, heroique, impie—Le roi de France, *figure pâle et impersonnelle.*' The feudal superior stands towards his great and violent vassal in the rela-

* Si prist Guillaume de Dampierre;
Mais ele en fu partôt blasinée,
Quar Boucars l'avoit molt aimée.

Ph. Moushes. Chron. rimée, quoted by Le Glay.

tion of an energetic, good-for-nothing son: ' *Mechant fils, qui bat son père.*' Fierce, red-complexioned, lawless, fearless, greedy of all things, from lampreys up to provinces, preferring force to fraud, but capable of either, the strong and unscrupulous descendant of the Conqueror, was yet often foiled by the quiet, pliant, almost saint-like personage, who represented, in his dignity and impotence, the trampled law and morality of the times. ' *In the grand mystery-play,*' says Michelet, ' *of the twelfth century, le Roi de France joue le personnage du bon Dieu, et l'autre celui du Diable.*' In the following century, however, the characters of the drama were not so distinctly marked. The race of Plantagenet lost none of the strength which it derived from Robert the Devil, and little of its fierceness;* but the saint was now little better than the sinner—the patient, residuary legatee of Charlemagne had become the most active and rapacious of litigants. Seldom have force and fraud been more unscrupulously combined, than in the Flemish proceedings of Edward I.'s rival, Philip the Fair.

About the year 1297, the kings of France and England were, as was natural, either at war or preparing for war; and Edward sought to strengthen himself by contracting the Prince of Wales to the daughter of Count Guy, of Flanders, a worthy but inefficient prince, surrounded by a Priam-like train of brave and spirited sons. As sovereign of the count, and godfather of the princess, Philip invited them to receive his farewell at Paris; they obeyed, and found a prison, from which Guy obtained his release only by ruinous concessions, while his daughter remained in captivity till her death. The breach of the terms so iniquitously imposed upon the count, gave occasion to a fresh invasion of his territories; and, feebly supported by his subjects and allies, the aged prince was induced once more to trust to the honour of Philip, and again found himself deceived. The pledge of the king's brother, that the prisoners should be released within a year, was wholly disregarded, the authority of the count was suppressed, and Flanders passed, for a time, under the immediate sovereignty of France, while Guy and his eldest son, Robert, remained captives at Paris.

Several of the cities of Flanders had either actively or passively encouraged the aggressions of Philip; they had, as a matter of course, differences with their lord; they had no objection to avail

* On the paternal side, the Plantagenets were descended from a devil in a less metaphorical sense—a devil in disguise having married one of the ancient counts of Anjou, according to authentic tradition. In the blood of our present royal family the stain has been effaced by lapse of time. The change in the character of the French kings is recognised in the fierce invective which Dante puts into the mouth of Hugh Capet.

themselves of the offered protection of the king; and they may have thought that there was little difference between the rule of the vassal, and that of the deputy, of Philip. To neither did they intend to sacrifice their civic privileges or their Flemish nationality. When Philip, in 1301, visited the two great rival cities, Ghent and Bruges, he was received at Ghent with shouts for the abolition of an unpopular tax, which it was thought prudent to concede; but, in consequence, the people of Bruges were forbidden to trouble the king with any such clamorous demands; accordingly, they received him in silence, more convenient, and also more significant than clamour. Neither incident seems to have taught him the character of the people who astonished him by the display of their wealth, whose strength was even greater than they themselves knew, and whom the oppression of his lieutenants was urging to put their force to the trial.

At first sight no struggle could appear more unequal, than one between the monarchy of France and a few manufacturing towns; and such it doubtless seemed to the man whose trade was war, to the nobles of France and their retainers, descendants of those who, on the plain of Bovines, had cut to pieces the chivalry of Flanders, though backed by the empire and Lorraine. But the towns had great advantages, not merely in their wealth—though money formed then, as now, the sinews of war—but still more in the concentration of their force. No invading army could equal their population in numbers, nor greatly surpass it in warlike spirit and discipline. Every man was a soldier, well fed and well armed, every parish was a regiment, and the ringing of the storm-clock, the great bell, Roland,* with its fine old Flemish inscription, was the beating of the '*générale*' for a regular army, whose headquarters were the homes of the men, and which was thus exempt from the danger of dispersion for want of pay or provisions, and, indeed, from the one great military difficulty of the commissariat. Perhaps the wits of the French court, in 1301 and 1302, had as many good jests against citizens and trained bands, as are to be found in Beaumont and Fletcher; but the burghers in Bruges, like the Londoners in our own civil wars, were soon to prove, that the imputation of cowardice is not necessarily deserved by a city militia. In these battles, moreover, the knights and gentry often fought on foot, by the side of the commons, and both together gave proof of the new doctrine, which Swiss pikemen and English

Roland, Roland, when I toll then is
brand (fire),
When I peal, then is storm in Flan-
derland.

Roelandt! Roelandt! als ick kleppe dan
ist Brandt,
Als ick luye dan ist Sturm in Vlaen-
derlandt.

archers so often illustrated to unwilling learners, that good infantry were more than a match for the heavy-armed horsemen of the middle ages.

Several disturbances, slight and serious, and partial revolts against the representatives of Philip, had preceded the great and successful insurrection of the 21st of March, 1302, when the people of Bruges, men and women alike, rose upon the French with all that fury which, it would seem, the French only have the secret of provoking. None escaped by mercy; a few, including the governor, by accident; between 3000 and 4000 perished. 'Après cela,' says Michelet, 'il fallait vaincre,' and the Flemings acted on the necessity. Ghent, chiefly from jealousy, stood aloof; but the small towns mostly joined Bruges. With the sons and grandson of the count at their head, they waited the great army which the king despatched against them under his cousin, Robert of Artois. The queen, who remembered how the dresses of the citizens' wives had presumed to eclipse the splendour of her own, exhorted the gentlemen of France, in almost untranslatable language, to slay Flemish boar and sow alike; nor were her knights wanting in loyal obedience to the extent of their power. They wasted and slew, till their advance was stopped by the Flemish army at Courtrai. It was composed chiefly of the infantry of the towns; but many of knightly lineage were there on their country's side. They sent away their horses; they took their stand with the commons; they knighted the leaders of the commons. 'Scildt und Vriendt' (Shield and Friend) was the watch-word of their determined and perfect union. The fiery valour of the French knights, wasted, as in many fields, by want of conduct, was broken against the steady array of the citizens. The defeat was total, the slaughter immense, including the highest names of France. The victory which saved the Flemings might console them for the recollection of Bovines, and may be regarded by us with more than equal sympathy, not only as the rare triumph of right over might, but as, in some degree, that of freedom, civilisation, and commerce, over feudalism, all powerful till then. This great victory saved the country, but did not end the struggle, which was continued by Philip with much historical consistency; that is, with much perseverance, vigour, policy, and perfidy. Campaign after campaign, the whole strength of France was directed against the Flemings, who, resolute as they were to maintain their liberties, were yet anxious to be relieved, at the price of any reasonable concessions, from an exhausting war, in the course of which Philip sometimes beat them in the field, and always overreached them in negotiation. At one time the old count was

sent back into Flanders, to aid in arranging the terms of peace; though received by the people with compassionate affection, he failed, as a matter of course, and returned, according to his promise, to a captivity, dishonourable only to the king who had entrapped him. He died in 1305, at the age of eighty, when on the point of being restored to his dominions by means of a treaty, which, originally more advantageous to Philip than his success in the war had entitled him to expect, rendered still more so by his unscrupulous duplicity, and by the concessions which he extorted from Guy's eldest son and successor previous to his release, and in all ways unfair towards the Flemings, and to some extent disavowed by them, yet had the effect of restoring to Flanders an interrupted and doubtful peace for the rest of the reign of its malignant and versatile enemy.

The three sons of Philip the Fair, who successively occupied the throne of France, inherited the policy of their father with respect to Flanders, and Count Robert, who, at an advanced age, succeeded his father, Guy of Dampierre, was almost incessantly engaged in hostilities with his sovereign, which, without any striking direct result, tended constantly to weaken the bonds which united the great towns to their feudal lords, a consequence as it then seemed favourable to France. The change of relations which followed in the next generation, when the marriage of Robert's grandson and successor, Louis of Nevers, with the daughter of Philip the Long, had procured him the protection of the ancient oppressors of his house against his revolted subjects, showed the error which the French King had committed. Philip the Fair had interfered to protect the commons against the count, and, notwithstanding his imperfect success, he had so far succeeded in weakening his great vassal, that the descendant of Guy appeared as a suppliant for aid at the coronation of Philip of Valois. When the herald summoned the Count of Flanders to do service by bearing the sword before the king, Louis appeared not to hear the appeal; when the proclamation was repeated, he knelt before the king and said, 'Sire, if I had been called Louis of Nevers, I would have answered—of Flanders I only bear the name—the people of Bruges, of Ypres, of Poperingen, and of Cassel, have thrust me from my lordship.' 'Fair cousin,' said the king, 'I swear by the unction I have received to-day, that I will never re-enter Paris till I have put you in possession of Flanders.' The gallant attack of the Flemish commons on the royal camp at Cassel, nearly put the king out of a condition to keep his promise; but his hard-earned victory restored Count Louis to his dominions. 'Fair cousin,' Philip said on receiving his homage, 'I and my

barons have laboured much for you, and I give you your land in peace—cause me not to come again by your fault; for if I return it will be for my profit and for your loss.’

But before the king could come again Louis was an exile, and Philip was shaken on his throne. At this period the communication of England and Flanders acquired fresh importance by the succession of Edward III. to his weak and unfortunate father. In Rymer we find that the king’s constant cause of complaint is the permission to trade given by the Flemings to the Scots, adherents of the late Robert de Brus of infamous memory, pretended King of Scotland. To one of these remonstrances the count answers, that the markets of Flanders were free, and that it was not lawful to exclude Scots from them—but simultaneously the corporation of Bruges sends a declaration of obedience to the king’s wishes, and of hostilities to the Scots, protected though they were by the King of France, and by his ally and dependant, the Count of Flanders. The disunion of the count and his subjects was soon made visible to the world. When the great war between England and France broke out, Louis assisted his sovereign by sending armed vessels to cruise on the English coasts. Edward replied to the provocation by making the exportation of wool, felony. The effect was immediate. The old friendship of England and Flanders was founded on the broad basis of mutual interest. England dealt in wool, Flanders dealt in cloth; but the profit of the manufacturer is many times greater than that of the producer of raw material, and England grew many things besides sheep, while Ghent and Bruges lived by the loom alone. The count soon found that Edward had more power with his subjects than he possessed himself. The great towns and their dependencies tacitly passed from his power, and James of Arteveldt, the ablest, perhaps, of all tribunes of the people, governed Flanders for seven years in close alliance with England. He it was who, to overcome the scruples of his countrymen against breaking their treaties with their sovereign, persuaded Edward to assume the title of King of France, which twice verified itself, and which afterwards was retained by our kings for nearly 500 years. By his newly acquired prerogative, the king restored to Flanders the Walloon territory of their ancient counts, and Artois—but the friendship of the Flemings did not extend to the surrender of their independence. The plan of Arteveldt, for giving the county to the Black Prince, led to his murder in 1345. The year afterwards Louis of Nevers fell fighting for France at Crecy. His son, Louis of Mâle, succeeded peaceably to his dominions, but similar variances to those which had led to the exclusion of his father from government, soon raised Philip van Arteveldt, the son of James,

to the regency of Flanders. It was not till the defeat and death of the regent on the field of Honbecque, that the last count re-entered on the possession of his dominions. By his early death, the succession passed to Philip the Bold, founder of the new house of Burgundy, which, while it was strong enough to repress the cities on one hand, was, on the other, more dangerous to France than the counts of Flanders had been in the height of their power. M. Le Glay finishes his history at the death of Louis of Nevers.

Since the extinction of the independence of Flanders, and since the rise of manufactures in England, the relations of the Southern Netherlands to the neighbouring states have changed their character, but not lost their importance. Flanders and Hainault have become the battle-field of Europe against France, the central point where England has assisted Austria to check her ancient enemy. In those plains Villars, and Saxe, and Luxembourg, successively struggled with the hereditary rival of their country. The Revolution gave to the Republic and Empire the prize which the Monarchy had for centuries struggled in vain to grasp. It remains to be seen whether Belgium will be the field of our future contests. The new kingdom, founded in 1830, is often considered little better than a dependency on France; but there are strong economical interests opposed to a union; and possibly it may be found that the alterations of modern warfare have changed its field as well as its means.

ART. II.—*Etudes sur les Tragiques Grecs ; précédées d'une Histoire Générale de la Tragédie Grecque.* Par M. PATIN, Professeur de Poésie Latine à la Faculté de Lettres de Paris. 3 vols. Paris. 1843.

‘THE light of the understanding,’ said Bacon, ‘is not a dry light, but drenched in the will and affections; for what men desire should be true, they are most inclined to believe.’ This admirable remark applies equally to the investigations of literary historians, as to the speculations of philosophers. Men are naturally more prone to argue than to observe; they prefer seeking in their own ingenuity for a ready explanation, to awaiting the slow but certain process of induction; and this because they are more impatient at error than anxious for truth.

The speculations on the subject of the drama, with reference to its history and present condition, have been all impressed with the above characteristic. The deplorable condition into which

this art has now fallen, not only in our own country, but in all Europe, has occupied much attention. The drama, which in its 'high and palmy days' numbered the greatest poets amongst its professors, and was the highest expression of the nation's art, is now in the last lingerings of decay. A blight has fallen on it. Sterility, only varied by feeble abortions, is the universal complaint. The *stage* may exhibit more vigour in one country than in another, but nowhere does the *drama* give any signs of life. It is very natural that many persons should regard this depression of an art, once so exalted, once so fondly cherished, as a serious misfortune: hence the anxiety about 'reviving it;' and the many plans proposed. Facile theories, angry discussions, presumptuous hopes, and practical failures, have hitherto occupied those most interested in getting the problem solved. Let us, therefore, now endeavour to do that which should have been done at first: let us ask the question, 'Can the drama be revived at all? Is the present depression temporary, or is it inevitable decay?' If this is capable of theoretical answer, that answer must be sought in the history of the drama.

The work of Professor Patin placed at the head of this article will afford us an opportunity of taking a bird's-eye view of this great subject. But first let us discharge our critical office of introducing the work, which, on the whole, is excellent. It comprises a cursory and somewhat confused, though erudite, survey of the history of Greek Tragedy,* and analysis of all the plays of the three tragedians, with illustrations derived from modern imitations. Professor Patin is extremely well read; and takes advantage of all that the erudite Germans have been able to drag into light: so that with French clearness and German research, the work cannot fail to be both interesting and useful. Any thing novel in criticism must not be looked for in this work. There is no peculiar stamp of an individual mind to distinguish it from the works of other *savants*; but it has good sense, the views upon debatable points are moderate and well expressed, in short, it is very much of a professor's book. Better than Bode's 'Geschichte der dramatischen Dichtkunst der Hellenen,' but many degrees below Gruppe's 'Ariadne.' In the 'History of Greek Tragedy,' which he prefixes to his considerations of the three great poets, he takes a rapid glance at the attempted revivals of the Greek drama by moderns. This being, as it were, beyond the real province of his studies, is very feebly treated by him. Still the very attempt opens curious tracks of inquiry; one of which is the *comparative* history of the drama, and on this track we propose to

* His account of the Grecian actors, though full, is not to be compared with that given by Mr. St. John in his 'Hellenes,' vol. 2, pp. 232—244.

conduct our readers, confident that some certain results may be obtained which will better enable us to answer the question respecting the revival of the drama.

At the outset it will be advisable to state that we shall uniformly regard the drama as a form of poetry occupying a distinctive place in the national literature, 'expressing the generalised reflection of the epoch on human life.' We have nothing to do here with the stage. We put aside the ordinary subjects of dispute, to confine ourselves solely to the dramatic art. Too much stress has been laid on the stage and its dependants. Whatever influence it may exert, the literary historian is not bound to consider it as essential to his subject; no more than booksellers are essential to poetry, although they also exert some influence on the condition of literature.

The drama has no existence in Europe at the present time. In other words, it has ceased to be the form in which the national poetry, or at least the greater portion of it, is represented. The ancient drama is studied with avidity; there is no modern drama. If editions, commentaries, and criticisms, were signs of vitality, we might say that at no former time did the drama flourish more vigorously. Unfortunately, as Mr. Carlyle says, it is an infallible sign that religion is at a low ebb when men are profuse in building churches to embalm it in; so is the drama feeble when so much labour is bestowed on that which is past. Whatever may be done towards a thorough intelligence of the ancient drama, very little is done towards the creation of the modern. Men write plays; men, too, of great ability, of dramatic ability; but these plays are essentially the works of individuals (to say nothing of their being imitations of ancient models), and do not constitute a drama. Perhaps all young poets, in our country at least (fascinated by Shakspeare), have written plays: but they have not given the exclusive devotion of their lives to the culture of this art, they have not made it occupy that position in the national mind which it occupied in the great dramatic eras of Pericles, Elizabeth, Louis XIV., and Philip. Amongst the band of poets which made the beginning of this century illustrious, some few wrote a play or two; but he is a bold man who would pronounce Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Byron, dramatists, or assert that their plays, added to the innumerable plays of other writers, form a national drama. All the great dramatists have devoted their lives to their peculiar office, and have scarcely written any thing but dramas; modern writers attempt plays by way of imitation or of variety; and these plays form a very inconsiderable portion of their works. In other words, the drama at one time occupied a large and distinct place in the national poetry, and the greatest

poets had no higher ambition than to cultivate it with success; it now occupies no such place, and neither attracts nor rewards the devotion of such energies. This is what we mean by saying that it has no existence at present. History will convince us that the existence of this art depends on causes no longer in operation.

The drama was a religious festival before it became an amusement; this not only in one country, but universally. Otherwise we might wonder, with M. Patin and the Germans, that the Greeks did not sooner possess a drama, seeing that they possessed all its elements in the works of Homer: action, character, passion, and dialogue. The 'Iliad' has, in consequence, been theoretically distributed into several plays. We are called upon to notice the fact that the narrative portions need only be placed in the mouth of the *ἀγγελος*, and the speeches to be spoken by the separate characters, to produce a complete drama out of the first book of the 'Iliad.'* The same argument might be applied to Chaucer, in whose 'Canterbury Tales' there is dramatic character variously set forth, together with humour and pathos, cutting satire and exquisite tenderness. Yet no drama was produced till upwards of a century after their publication. Small as the step seems, there was no one to take it. Why should there have been? Homer and Chaucer sufficed; the narrative poem gave perfect delight; no one thought of altering it into something else. The drama had to grow up from an original soil: that soil was religion. It was a distinct species, fulfilling a distinct office from the epic.

The origin of the Greek drama is by universal consent referred to the ceremonies of the worship of Bacchus. The dithyrambs, which celebrated the triumph of the god, were transformed by gradual changes into the drama which represented a great portion of the national mythology and legendary lore. In a similar way the Miracle-plays of modern Europe, which were purely religious festivals, became gradually transformed into the drama. But as the dithyramb did not throughout Greece become a Tragedy; so also the Miracle-play did not in every European country produce a national drama. England, Spain, and France, can alone be said to have succeeded in this; the reason we shall presently bring forward.

The first stage of our inquiry will embrace the detailed proofs of the foregoing statements respecting the uniformity everywhere visible in the causes which produced the drama. To begin with the Greek:—An altar is erected, and on it a goat sacrificed to the god Dionysus; around the altar is a band of drunken revellers, bearing the Phallos, and disguised as satyrs, dressed in goat-skins

* Patin, 'Études,' i., p. 4; Bode, 'Gesch. der Dram. Dicht.' pp. 5, 6.

and deer-skins, their bodies stained with soot, vermilion, and green, their faces covered with masks or huge leaves; they dance and sing, roar out obscene jests and impassioned songs, throw themselves into fantastic attitudes, and celebrate the virtues, exploits, and sorrows of Bacchus. It is not clear how the drama could proceed from such a 'rabble rout.' We see nothing here but the mummeries in which most nations have delighted: the Lithuanians, the Swedes, nay, even the inhabitants of the Himmalayas, have had such, yet no drama. We might as well expect to see a tragedy issuing from the mummeries of sweeps on Mayday, which were also, we are told, once symbolical and religious. Nevertheless, from the Bacchic rout the drama rose. Arion came, and transformed this irregular band into a regular chorus. The flute was changed for the cithara; the rapid pyrrhic dances for slow and solemn movements; the wildness of jest for the tragic and impassioned strain which expressed the sorrows and victories of the god. The comic element was not suppressed, but *separated* from the tragic. It continued to flourish, and gave birth to Comedy; but we have no more to do with it here. The dithyramb was formed; the chorus was serious; but a drama was still far from being constituted. Thespis came, and laid the foundation stone. Standing on an elevated platform, he varied the monotony of the songs with recitations in character. He is said to have invented the first actor; and this one actor sufficed for all the parts, since by means of a linen mask he was enabled to represent different characters who appeared on the platform one after the other, and occasionally answered the chorus.* This step, small as it appears, was in truth immense, for it was in the right direction. To the singing of the chorus was now added recitation, and this, with the aid of occasional dialogue, enabled them to represent a story; the first elements of tragedy, the assumption of character, and by it throwing the legend into an action instead of a narration, were thus secured. Phrynichus succeeded Thespis, and made another improvement in the introduction of female characters. He did not venture on adding to the single actor of Thespis, but he used it differently. It is not to be overlooked that by the time Phrynichus wrote, the *religious* character of the drama had undergone considerable change. Instead of a purely Dionysiac legend, he introduced subjects of national interest. The 'Phœniassæ' and the 'Capture of Miletus' had nothing whatever to do with Bacchus. It is evident, therefore, that although we have no positive information as to the nature of the plays of Phrynichus, they must have been very different from those of Thespis. The drama had taken another and considerable

* Hence the term ὑπόκριτης (an answerer) for actor.

stride: instead of being a mere religious festival, it had admitted subjects of *human* and national interest. The honest populace occasionally took offence; for as Plutarch informs us, missing and regretting the satyric chorus in the legends and tales of national suffering which Phrynichus and Æschylus represented, they cried out, 'What is this to Bacchus?*' In the plays of Æschylus which have come down to us, we may clearly see that the religious, or rather the Dionysiac element, has been almost entirely displaced.† Æschylus was universally regarded as the father of tragedy, his improvements must have been very considerable: we are entitled, therefore, to assume that the plays of Phrynichus were rude, inartificial, and feeble, compared to those of Æschylus; and indeed of a different structure, or Æschylus would not have been named the father of tragedy. We shall endeavour hereafter to state the cause of his being so named.

The English drama pursued a similar course, called 'Mysteries,' but more accurately, according to Mr. Collier, 'Miracle-plays;' the early plays were throughout Europe exclusively religious.‡ That their object was religious instruction in the shape of an entertainment is expressly stated by various authorities. The Miracle-play was nothing but a portion of religious doctrine represented in action: an amusement with a religious object. The Scriptures were then untranslated, and these plays must have formed one efficient source of religious instruction, far surpassing church service.

Mr. Collier, who is well entitled to speak on this subject, says, that 'in their earliest state these pieces were of the simplest construction, merely following the incidents of Scripture, or of the Pseudo Evangelium, the dialogue being maintained by the characters introduced. By degrees, however, more invention was displayed, particularly with reference to the persons concerned in the conduct of the story.'§

On looking into these Miracle-plays, we are struck with the extraordinary mixture of simplicity, buffoonery, extravagance,

* Plut. 'Symp.' l. 5. Suidas, however, tells the story of Epigenes of Sicily. It matters little of whom the remark was made; the remark itself is all we would refer to.

† A convincing proof of which may be seen in Aristotle's definition of tragedy, where a moral aim, 'the purification of the passions,' is, indeed, mentioned; but there is not a syllable about religion.

‡ The very titles show this: 'The Fall of Man,' 'The Death of Abel,' 'The Flood,' 'Abraham's Sacrifice,' 'Moses and the Ten Tables,' 'The Genealogy of Christ,' 'Anna's Pregnancy,' 'Mary in the Temple,' 'The Birth of Christ,' 'The Adoration of the Magi,' 'The Temptation,' 'Christ disputing in the Temple,' 'Christ Betrayed,' 'The Trial of Christ,' 'Crucifixion,' 'Descent into Hell,' 'Sealing of the Tomb,' 'The Resurrection,' are amongst the Coventry plays.

§ 'Hist. of Dram. Post,' ii. 124.

piety, and what, to modern ears, sounds like blasphemy. Priests and sacred persons kick and cuff each other, with all the freedom of a modern farce. Scurrilous jests, obscene jests, and dull, prosing sermons, fill up the greater portion of the dialogue. The excess of rustic buffoonery is not seldom mixed up with the most appalling subjects; as in the quarrel between Cain and Abel, which commences by an invitation from the former to salute the least honourable part of his person, and that in the least honourable manner. We may say, however, with the author of the 'Historia Histrionica,' the taste of that age 'was not so nice and delicate in these matters; the plain and incurious judgment of our ancestors being prepared with favour, and *taking every thing by the easiest handle.*' Touches of pathos, and 'strains of higher mood,' occasionally redeem the dreary nonsense of these pieces. Of the former, we may notice Abraham's turning aside to weep, pretending he has lost something, exclaiming: 'What water shoots into both mine eyes? I should have been more glad than of all worldly gain, if *I had found him once unkind*; but I never found him in fault.*' Of the latter, Noah's description of the falling flood is a specimen:

"Behold the heavens,
The cataracts all,
They are open, full even,
Great and small;
And the planets seven
Have left their stall (stations);
Thunders and lightning
Strike down the strong halls
And bowers full stout,
And castles and towers."

An excellent account of these Miracle-plays will be found, together with twelve whole pieces, in a work published at Basle, in 1838.† Mr. Collier has also given analyses and extracts of several. We need not enter into any detailed comparison of these plays with the Dionysiac festivals. The student is at once struck with the similarity of religious intention in both; and with the wild, extravagant, coarse, but awe-inspiring means which both employed. They were both performed on days of festival; they were both accompanied by music and pageantry—the one by a flute and the dance, the other by an organ; in both, long admonitory choruses filled the interstices of the action. One word, however, on the buffooneries common to both. In the infancy of nations, as

* This is Mr. Collier's modernisation, vol. ii., p. 166.

† A collection of English Miracle-plays, containing ten dramas from the Chester, Coventry, and Townley series, with two of later date. By W. Marriott.

of men, the sense of the incongruous is dull; unaccustomed to the critical, refining tendencies of advanced culture, our ancestors could enjoy parody and practical joking, but had little perception of those incongruities which so strongly affect us. They took every thing much as it came, and by the easiest handle. They were neither subtle nor fastidious, and therefore did not trouble themselves with separating and classifying. It would be a perilous thing for a modern clergyman to lead an ass up to the altar during divine service. The fact, familiar enough to all, that our Saviour entered Jerusalem on the back of an ass, would not suffice to keep down the risible emotions of the devoutest. And what would be the effect if the ass was not only placed there, but the minister was to begin braying? Would not every mind revolt at such a scene? Yet our ancestors saw nothing in it but a symbolical act, at which they bowed and crossed themselves. And what do we think now of the act of initiation into the order of Knights Templar, the spitting on the cross? Is it not an infamy, a sacrilege, at which every one shudders? It was once a sacred symbol.

The obscene jests and fantastic attitudes of the 'Bacchic rout' were symbolical; of course, in later times, they lost this sense, and had to be stopped. So in Italy we find, about the middle of the fifteenth century, the Archbishop of Florence scandalised at the vulgar buffooneries, jests and gestures, as well as the absurd masks worn by the actors, that he interdicted all further performance in churches, and commanded the priests to abstain altogether from performing.*

The Miracle-plays were succeeded by 'Moralities,' a decided step, though a small one, towards the formation of a drama. The difference between the Moral-play or Morality and its predecessor, consists solely in the characters being abstract and allegorical, instead of concrete and historical. The Morality resembled the Autos Sacramentales of Spain; Truth, Pity, Perverse Ignorance, Justice, Peace, and other moral qualities, usurped the place of scriptural personages. Mr. Collier has well shown how abstract impersonations, by degrees, found their way into Miracle-plays. As these innovations became numerous, the scriptural characters fell into the back-ground. Having got rid of the purely religious subjects, and substituted others moral and allegorical, the next step was easy: it was only necessary to attempt individual instead of allegorical character, and to represent scenes of real life and manners instead of abstract morals, and the first rude sketch of a drama was accomplished. This step was taken by Nicholas Udall,

* Quadrio, 'Storia d'ogni Poesia,' v., p. 207.

in the comedy of 'Ralph Royster Doyster,' which we have evidence for asserting was in existence as early as 1551.* In it, as in 'Gammer Gurton,' 'The Four P's,' and the rest, we see religion and allegory completely banished, and life, in its every-day aspects, substituted.

On a first glance, it seems a great fall, from the serious heights of scriptural instruction, to the buffooneries of 'Gammer Gurton,' undertaken for the amusement, and the not very dignified amusement, of the populace. The same phenomenon is visible in Greece: the mysteries of Bacchus were set aside for the events of contemporary history. The fall is only apparent; or, if real, the drama, like Antæus, only touched its mother earth to rise again with greater vigour. In the hands of succeeding poets the richness of the soil was amply proved. Indeed, on looking at the history of the drama, we are almost led to assert, that such a decline was necessary for subsequent perfection. It was a rude beginning, but on the right ground. The tragedies of the Greeks were known to scholars; and as the poets of that age were all scholars, they might easily have imitated the lofty, passionate, poetical language which they so warmly admired. But imitation stifles art. The attempt to transplant shoots and branches to another soil is useless labour; the soil must be tilled, and it will bear its own fruit and flowers; the transplanted flower withers in a day. A fortunate condition both of the stage and of audiences, prevented imitation being successful in England. It was tried often enough; Seneca and Euripides were translated, but they succeeded only in the Universities and the Temple; with learned audiences, not with the nation. The people relished the rude productions of their own country. It was their own life, their own thoughts, they were called to enjoy, and they enjoyed. Seneca's laboured rhetoric touched them not. 'Gorbuduc' might be, as Sir Philip Sidney said it was, 'full of stately speeches and well-sounding phrases, climbing to the height of Seneca his style, and as full of notable morality.' It did indeed contain much poetry which, even in the present day, may be called fine, and which in its day was marvellous; but the people preferred their ruder, more familiar comedy, to all the 'stately speeches' in the world.

'Better a nation's life, however slow,
That is its own, than any strength or wealth
Conferr'd or cultured by a friend or foe.'

A still more striking instance is afforded by the 'Suppositi' of Ariosto, which was translated by Gascoigne, and acted without

* Mr. Collier has given an analysis of it, vol. ii., pp. 451—60.

any apparent influence. This truly excellent comedy might be played even now, so full it is of fun, situation, and equivoque. One would suppose that such a piece must have had an influence on the dramatists; it was a model they might well have tried their skill in rivalling; but no one seems to have attempted it. The English drama, like every thing else that has any vitality, had to grow slowly; it could not be forced.

In France the phenomena are very similar. There, as elsewhere, the learned attempted to introduce Greek and Roman plays, but only partially succeeded. Ronsard tells us that:—

‘Jodelle le premier, d’une plainte hardie,
Françoisément chanta la grecque tragédie.’

But translations of Sophocles and Euripides had been published before Jodelle’s imitation. They were not acted, however, nor could Jodelle get his first piece performed without great difficulty. He succeeded at last in getting it represented before Henry II., and the Friars, who had hitherto refused to play any thing but sacred pieces, now consented to play his. We cannot but regard this success as eminently unfortunate. It transferred the drama to the court—a miserable soil, compared to the nation—and the French drama never recovered from the error, but remained courtly till it had ceased to possess vigour. Better far a ‘Gammer Gurton,’ fresh from the heart of the nation, than all the pedantic excellence of Jodelle. Fortunately, the imitation was not a close one. The external peculiarities of the Greek theatre were somewhat copied; the spirit was modern: a cursory view of Jodelle, Garnier, Maret, &c., betrays this. Even as late as Corneille the grotesque and familiar are mixed up with the serious, and the style often ignoble, or inflated.

In Spain we see a closer resemblance to the march of events in England. The religious plays, however, continued to a much later period. By far the greater portion of Calderon’s works are *Autos Sacramentales*; and we are told that the performance of such pieces formed a part of the monastic education, even to within a comparatively recent date. The reason of this longer continuance of the religious drama, is probably the undisturbed continuance of the Catholic faith in Spain. Religion received no shock there from the reformation. The religious drama had the same office to fulfil during the whole period; and Calderon the poet was also Calderon the Inquisitor. Side by side, however, with this religious drama, we have to notice a new species growing up; sprung originally from it, but quickly striking into a new path. This was the national drama. The separation took place as early as the thirteenth century, when an especial law

was enacted to forbid priests from performing in the *juegos de escarnios*, ridicule pieces. These were, therefore, consigned to regular actors, who, selecting some piece of low-life, illustrated it with rough hilarity. The scholars of course attempted to introduce the classical models. Villalobos translated the 'Amphitryon' of Plautus. Perez de Oliva attempted the 'Electra' of Sophocles and the 'Hecuba' of Euripides (the favourite pieces of European translators of this age), and other writers followed in abundance. But, as Bouterweck says, 'The translators, even those who endeavoured to conciliate public taste by prose versions, formed with their learned friends a solitary party.' The first man who saw distinctly the wants of the audience was Torres Naharro. He was the first to write a comedy, such as Spaniards could delight in: free from the rude folly of the improvised ridicule-pieces, and from the heavy pedantry of the classical imitators: preserving the national element of the one, and catching some reflex of the political meaning of the other. He adopted the romance style, writing in *redondilhas*, and relying on the intricacy of the plot, and interest of situations, for his principal effects. Spain applauded; her poets followed. Lope de Rueda soon surpassed Naharro. This Lope de Rueda, of whom Cervantes makes honourable mention, wrote many plays which obtained great success. He mixed up buffoonery with his poetry, as did all the early writers; coarse jests, 'conceits, which clownage kept in pay,' practical jokes and scenes of low-life, formed of course the larger portion of each piece; but rude as these were, they had the inestimable merit of being national, intelligible. In the drama, as elsewhere, the primary condition is luxuriant life; pruning, refining, polishing will come afterwards. To begin with refinement is as wise as to polish the marble before the statue is rough hewn. Yet the pedants never believed this. Juan de la Cueva, in his 'Art of Poetry,' mentions a number of learned poets who vainly endeavoured to bring on the stage works resembling those of Greece and Rome. The public had strongly manifested its preference for modern plays; indeed had manifested a decided aversion to the ancients. Juan de la Cueva confidently believed that in invention, grace, and ingenious arrangement, his countrymen equalled the ancients, and, therefore, could not imitate any one. The Spaniards, by persisting in this proper pride and predilection, at last possessed a national drama.

These three countries, England, France, and Spain, are strong illustrations of the opinion before hazarded, that the growth of a drama cannot be forced; that it must spring from the soil of national manners and feelings. This position is strengthened by

the negative evidence of other countries. Rome never had a drama she could call her own. Italy and Germany were very late in possessing theirs. In each case imitation stifled the young growth.

Rome had scarcely a fragment of literature she could call her own, far less a drama. Roman literature is the most astonishing product of imitation extant; but it is only imitation. The poets were men of rare faculties, but these faculties were denied natural development. Rome plundered the world and lived upon the product; meanwhile her own soil was neglected. The sculptured gods of Greece thronged her temples. The warrior people wondered at these exquisite statues, and mistook their wonderment for taste. They had conquered the Greeks in war, and then attempted to rival them in art. This might have been practicable, but not as they attempted it. That strong nationality which made them great in war, might also have made them great in art. The art would have been very different from that of the Greeks; but it might have been equal without being similar. It was not by adopting false gods and foreign sentiments that Rome had become the mistress of the world; her strength was not the product of falsehood and affectation, but of truth and rude wild energy. Passionate nationality was the force of Rome, and it extended even to her dependants and colonies. In art she gave up her nationality, and spent all her energies in imitation. This was not the way to be strong; nor was she. The child was instructed by a Grecian slave; the boy was instructed at the school of some Grecian rhetorician; the man completed his education by a visit to Greece and the Greek philosophers. The language became infected with Græcisms. Taste consisted in the admiration of nothing which was not Greek. Philosophy was a translation from the Greek. Religion itself aspired to be Greek. To think, speak, believe, or feel like a Roman, was vulgar. In this disease was the strength of Roman life wasted; in this error was all the originality of her literature destroyed.

We need not detain the reader by pointing out the sources of Roman dramatic entertainments, Etruscan and Grecian; the absence of any effective tragedy,* and the obvious imitations of Greek comedy in Plautus and Terence, are too well known to need particular proof.

In Italy, the Miracle-plays continued till the revival of learning. Lorenzo de Medici composed the poem for one of these representations, called 'St. John and St. Paul,' performed on the

* The plays of Seneca were not even written for representation.

marriage of his daughter Maddelena. Ginguéné has given an analysis of it.* Such representations were usually given at the public expense, which will remind the classical reader of the *τὸ θεώριον* at Athens; but occasionally the rich citizens courted public favour by taking the burden on their own shoulders, and thus making a display of their wealth and liberality.

M. Ginguéné says that when the works of the ancients became known, and the poets desired to rival those *chefs-d'œuvre*, 'on sentit que ce ne serait pas avec des farces monacales qu'on pourrait s'élever au niveau de la tragédie antique;' what did they? 'l'on essaya de hausser le cothurne!' the old story, and the old result. Imitation the means; laborious failure the result. To write tragedies which should resemble those of Euripides, was the constant ambition and the constant error of the Italian poets. Until Alfieri, they had no tragic writer in Italy; that is to say, no man capable of taking his place anywhere amongst the European dramatists; and Alfieri was luckily no scholar. To detail the various attempts made by the Italian poets, would be needlessly wearisome; one word characterises them all, and that is the fatal word, Imitation.

In Germany we find even greater sterility. The Miracle-plays continued down to the time of the Reformation; but the learned had previously ventured on imitations; indeed so little did they trouble themselves to please the public, that they wrote in Latin and performed in universities.† The Reformation interrupted the Miracle-plays; and many causes, the Thirty Years' War for one, prevented a national drama supplying the place. Terence and Plautus were repeatedly translated during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as also some plays of Sophocles and Euripides.

This pedantry was fatal: it interfered with the growth of a national drama, yet could not create a love of the antique. After many fruitless struggles, the classics were relinquished. The Pastor Fido of Guarini had made a sensation, and the stage swarmed with pastorals. When tired of the pastoral, the people turned to the English. It is a curious but undoubted fact, that a troop of English players journeyed through Germany during the early part of the seventeenth century, giving representations which met with universal success. Imitation of English dramas was now the order of the day. It became 'a rage,' and endured throughout the century. So strong was the current of prejudice in that direction, that it was a good speculation to publish a collection of plays under the title of 'English Tragedies and Comedies,'

* 'Hist. Litt. d'Italie,' iii. 511.

† Gervinus, 'Gesch. der Deutschen Dicht.,' iii, p. 117.

(1620), which were only English in imitation. This rage passed away, and imitation of the French succeeded. The 'unities' became in request; 'regularity' was the dramatic ideal. In this manner did the German drama turn from model to model, in miserable incompetence; in this manner did it struggle till there arose that giant in literature, Ephraim Gottlob Lessing, who, both by precept and example, led his countrymen at last into the right path. Lessing is the father of the German drama, we might also say of German literature.

We end here the first stage of our inquiry. A rapid glance has been taken of a wide field, and the general results of the observation may be thus summed up: The drama, in its origin, was universally a religious festival; by degrees, the religious element gave place to one moral and human, expressing the national life in its familiar aspects; and out of this slowly grew the drama. Whenever imitation of other nations took the place occupied by the national life, sterility was the consequence.

The second portion of our inquiry will be devoted to tracing the similarities observable in the first formation, in each country, of what may fairly be called the Drama, *i. e.* as it exists in the works of Æschylus, Marlowe, Corneille, Cervantes, Alfieri, and Lessing; who fixed the form which their successors improved; and who may therefore be regarded as the fathers of the European drama.

With Phrynicius the drama had become familiar; with Æschylus it became ideal. This step has been also taken by the other writers in his position: Corneille, Marlowe, Cervantes. We might almost say that it was a necessary step. The drama must touch the earth, indeed, but must not grovel there. Like man, whose nature it reflects, its feet must rest upon the ground, but its head be held erect, communing with the stars. We call attention to this point, because we shall hereafter see, that not only did the drama first commence when it first became ideal, but that the gradual extinction of the ideal element was the gradual ruin of the art.

We traced the progress of the drama up to the time of Æschylus, and found that though much had been done by Thespis and Phrynicius towards clearing the ground of incumbrances, nothing solid had been built. The services of Æschylus, as the founder of tragedy, have, therefore, to be stated. They were many and important. We must first remark, that the popular prejudice in favour of religious subjects, expressed in the *οὐδὲν πρὸς Διόνυσον*, had to be conciliated, and this was very felicitously achieved by Pratinus, a contemporary of the young Æschylus; he invented a

separate species, called Satyric-plays, in which the old Dionysiac songs, dances, jests, attitudes, and costumes were preserved. Tragedy, thus freed from its greatest hindrances, was now ready for organisation. We remark, in passing, how exactly this separation tallies with that practised in modern Europe; in Spain, particularly, where the 'Autos' preserved to the last its original office. *Æschylus* appeared, and formed the scattered materials into an organic whole. He availed himself freely of the materials of his predecessors, but he used them to a different result. His improvements are usually stated to have been the addition of a second actor to that introduced by *Thespis*; the invention of magnificent scenes and costumes; the limitation of the functions of the chorus, and consequent increase of the dialogue; and the 'use of weighty words, expressing weighty thoughts.'*

These are, no doubt, important improvements; we question, however, whether it was purely on their account that he was said to be the father of tragedy. *Quintilian* expresses the opinion of all antiquity, when he says: '*Tragedias primus in lucem Æschylus protulit;*' but this surely refers to something more than a few improvements, however important. It expresses, we believe, a conviction that he introduced some new element, something which made it essentially different from what it had been before. What was this element? The Homeric dialogue, the Homeric drama. Referring to what was said respecting the dramatic element in Homer, and to the impossibility of its assuming its dramatic shape, before the necessary progress had been made in the formation of a drama, we shall now perceive the drift of the well-known saying of *Æschylus*, that his plays were but scraps from the great Homeric feast. He joined the dramatic dialogue of Homer to the chorus; placed the narrative portions in the mouths of heralds, or else allowed his characters to narrate, and thus accomplished what modern scholars wonder was not done before. This explains the two-fold nature of the Greek 'plays. Every student remarks the singular mixture of Doric choruses with Attic dialogues; the metre of the one so irregular as to defy modern classification; that of the other uniform. It is obvious that this mixture denotes the dove-tailing of two very distinct elements; and those elements we venture to suggest were the Dionysiac chorus, as it existed in the plays of *Phrynichus*, and the dramatic element of Homer, expressed in Iambic metre, because, as *Aristotle* says, it was of all metres the most colloquial: *μάλιστα γὰρ λεκτικὸν τῶν μέτρων.*

Æschylus was the father of Greek tragedy, and one of the

* *Aristop. Ranæ*, 1059.

greatest Greek poets. He originated the form of an art which Sophocles perfected. Only seven of his seventy plays have come down to us, and of those the text sadly defaced; but as these were all produced in the maturity of his genius, they enable us to form a tolerably correct estimate of his powers. They form a small volume; but it is worth libraries. It stands like a stately column amidst ruins; not untouched by time, yet majestic in its ruin; from its beauty we can conjecture the style of the whole temple. In these fragments we discern the brother of Cynergenius. They were written by the same hand that struck down the dark-haired Medes at Salamis and Marathon; the same hand that wrote, in his epitaph, of his deeds in war, but left unmentioned his success in art. His voice was a trumpet that stirred the hearts of his countrymen to battle; and the clang of arms was the music sounding in his ears, as he poured forth his martial strains.

'Sublimis et gravis,' says Quintilian of Æschylus, 'et grandiloquens sæpe usque ad vitium, sed rudis in plerisque et incompositus:' an excellent judgment, every word hitting some characteristic, and that the right one. Modern critics have rarely been so just. They have either treated him with frivolous disdain for the faults pointed at in the second half of Quintilian's judgment, or with exaggerated admiration for the beauties mentioned in the first. The idea of his sublimity must be accepted with some qualification. He is more simple than sublime; more *naïf* than terrible. This simplicity is often sublime; but it is often, to modern tastes at least, trivial. It is the rudeness and triviality of the infancy of art, often more interesting than the finest polish; but interesting as an indication of the condition of the human mind at that period, not as the perfection of art. Schlegel, by a happy illustration, compares the 'infancy' of Æschylus to that of Hercules, who strangled the serpents in his cradle; but this is an ingenious comparison, not an answer. We may carry it on, and say that it was, nevertheless, only infancy; and, compared with the maturity of Sophocles, was as the strangling of serpents to the Twelve Labours. What Aristophanes says of the language of Æschylus, that his words were wedged like one who rends timber, breathing with gigantic breath—

ῥήματα γομφοπαγῆ, πινακίδον ἀποσπῶν
γγγενεὶ φυσήματι.—Ran. 825—

is very true; but too much stress has been laid on this quality, or, rather, too little has been laid on the other quality, equally characteristic, viz., his simplicity. The 'Prometheus,' which is the most sublime in subject, is extremely simple in treatment; it has a straightforwardness which, often descending to triviality, and some-

times to bad punning, is characteristic of all early poetry. The 'Prometheus' has none of the Agamemnonian rant; and even in the 'Agamemnon' there is considerable *naïveté* amidst the 'high-crested' compounds and strained metaphors. That Æschylus is often bombastic all the world knows;* few seem aware that he is at times extremely simple, straightforward, and even trivial. M. Patin has properly insisted on this. You have only to read a single play to perceive it. There is an error, however, almost as widely spread as the notion of his bombast, though ludicrously contradictory to it, and that is the profundity of his art.

To suppose Æschylus a profound artist, is to suppose that he who invented the art also perfected it; a feat never yet performed by mortal man. This is not the place to enter into a detailed examination of the plays of Æschylus; but we may, in passing, observe, that many things which strike the modern reader as the result of genius, were, in truth, no more than stage necessities; and for them contemporaries had no admiration. Thus, to take an example, while Prometheus is being chained to the rock by Vulcan, Power, and Strength, he remains imperturbably silent; neither the taunts of Power, nor the pity of Vulcan, draw from him a word, a groan, or a gesture; he has no defiance for the one, nor friendly expression for the other. It is not till left alone that he bursts forth into passionate complaints, calling on earth, air, and ocean, to behold his woes. This is sublime; no one doubts that it is sublime; yet it was no stroke of the poet's art.† Either from some eurhythmic tendency in the construction of the plays, as Gruppe, and, after him, Bode,‡ maintain; or else, and more probably, from motives of economy with respect to the actors, as Geppert§ asserts, certain it is, that more than *two speakers* were never together on the stage in the plays of Æschylus, with a trivial exception in favour of Pylades, who, in the 'Choëphoræ,' says a few words. This fact is indubitable. The invention of the third actor is due, as Aristotle expressly tells us, to Sophocles. Æschylus only used two. Scholars have been much puzzled to account for the distribution of the 'Prometheus' into parts. In the first scene the protagonist would take the part of Power, the deuter-agonist that of Vulcan. Prometheus therefore must be silent. Here the difficulty becomes inextricable; for how, if Prometheus

* Many of his portentous compounds were, doubtless, derived from his predecessors. The 'Hyporcheme' of Pratinas, preserved by Athenæus, xiv., p. 617, is sufficient evidence of this. Here is a word to have delighted Aristophanes himself—*λαλοβαρυσταραμελορυθμοβαταιω*!

† M. Patin follows the ordinary critics in fancying this a stroke of art.

‡ Gruppe, 'Ariadne,' p. 143; Bode, 'Gesch. der Hellen. Dichtkunst,' iii., p. 233.

§ Geppert, 'Altgriechische Bühne,' p. 58.

be not one of the actors in 'the prologue, does he suddenly become one at the close, since he has not left the place where he was fixed to the rock? Welcker* supposes that Prometheus was represented by a picture, and that the protagonist, at the close of the prologue, got behind this and spoke through it. This explanation is accepted by Hermann;† but the difficulties which it raises have been pointed out by Schömann.‡ Be this as it may, we have shown that the silence so sublime was the effect, not of art, but of necessity. Critics, however, have believed that the art of the poet was shown in making this necessity a beauty. We have to show that this was not the poet's intention, and the play itself shall be the proof. At the opening of the play four persons are on the stage; two only speak. Why Strength should be silent, no reason beyond stage necessities has been offered. Why is Prometheus silent? They who dwell upon the poet's art, declare that Prometheus is silent in contempt: he is too proud to answer the sarcasms of his foe; too proud even to accept the pity of his friend. But let those critics turn to verse 905, and the scene which there ensues. Mercury insults Prometheus, and the Titan is *not* silent. He rails in good set terms; defies Zeus, scorns his messenger, and shrieks with pain. If at any time his pride was needed, it was needed then; yet he is fluent—scurrilously so. Why? Simply because the *two actors* are together. The Titan, who was willing enough to express his pangs to the Oceanidæ and Oceanus, and also to his enemy, when no third speaker is on the stage, could not answer either friend or foe, when the two speakers were present.

Mistakes, such as that combated above, must always be made so long as we continue to judge of antique works by modern standards. Whatever we see in Æschylus that affects us as sublime, we naturally, but sometimes erroneously, suppose was meant to be sublime, and as such appreciated by his contemporaries. We should remember, that if contemporaries failed to see the grandeur of such things, on the other hand, they were enraptured with the rhetorical, long-winded arguments of Euripides, which to us are so intolerable. Æschylus was a great poet, and created the Greek drama. He is, perhaps, worthy of as much admiration as Sophocles, but not on the same grounds. His name stands upon a lofty pedestal of imperishable renown; but viewed with reference to their intrinsic merit, his plays hardly bear comparison with those of his wondrous rival. This it is important to recognise; otherwise the history of art will be a blank: for the leading principle of that history is the gradual development, up to a certain

* 'Trilogie,' p. 30.

† 'Opusc.,' ii., p. 146.

‡ 'Prometheus,' p. 85.

point, and then the gradual decay. Art does not attain its summit at one stride; it is no Minerva, leaping ready-armed from the brain of Jove.

The *Æschylus* of the English stage was Christopher Marlowe. In his plays we see also the characteristics of rude energy, high-sounding verse, bombast, triviality, and want of art. His conceptions are grand, daring, almost beyond the reach of adequate execution. He presents them forcibly, but unpleasantly; with a certain extravagant power, but without art. His muse was a Pegasus that disdained the curb-rein; or he was not strong enough to curb it. The winged horse started off, and dashed through the air into unknown regions; the hand that should have curbed and regulated this impetuous energy, that should have kept the steed on our earth, instead of mounting to the clouds, that hand was given to Shakspeare not to Marlowe. Passages unsurpassed in massive grandeur and luxuriant imagination are to be found in Marlowe's works; but the qualities which make a dramatist are absent. He neither dives deeply into character, nor paints the subtleties and paradoxes of passion so as to make them seem real. Nor does *Æschylus*: he sketches where he should paint; gives bold gigantic outlines instead of well-rounded, well-proportioned figures. The subject of 'Faustus' is as grand as the 'Prometheus;' and although miserably inferior to it in treatment, resembles it in one leading characteristic. Both are subjects which in a philosophical age excite the profoundest speculations; and no modern poet would attempt them without a philosophical aim. Shelley and Edgar Quinet have attempted the 'Prometheus;' Göthe and Lenau the 'Faust.' Widely as these differ in execution, they have all the characteristic of philosophical poems, and are in this essentially different from *Æschylus* and Marlowe. These early poets are not impressed with such profound emotions. They treated the subjects with a simplicity and absence of metaphysical intention very curious to contemplate. In Marlowe there is a great quantity of low buffoonery; in *Æschylus* there is only passionate indignation; neither were led to touch on any of the mysterious problems which to a modern naturally present themselves in those stories. *Æschylus* treated this very much as he treated every other myth, and very much as all early poets treat mythical subjects, that is, with extreme simplicity and childlike faith. The poetry of 'philosophical symbols,' of 'types,' or whatever critics may call it, is a modern creation which has no parallel in ancient poetry. It was neither the taste of the poets nor of their audiences. The poet, indeed, has in all ages spoken to mankind at large, not a sect; he has spoken the language of his fellow-men, without esoteric meanings for a few disciples. And this we may

see also in poems expressly philosophical; for in proportion as the poet is great is his poem intelligible to all cultivated minds, and it requires no 'initiation' to understand it. 'Faust' is read all over Germany; is relished by the workman as well as the *Philosophe*. Ingenious men may expound its esoteric meanings; plain men will deny that the poet meant any thing esoteric. Be this as it may, Æschylus had clearly no symbolical meaning in the 'Prometheus;' for such meaning is the product of a reflective age. A meaning, doubtless, can be traced there, as Bacon traced a physical theory in each of the antique myths; but this is the result of idle ingenuity not of sound criticism. Like the sublimity of the silence before noticed, the philosophy is not the poet's but the commentator's. Besides the work of exposition is endless; each critic reads a different meaning from that read by his predecessor, and with equal evidence. Let us suppose one of these critics alighting on the chorus of the Persians, and there observing that they spoke of the fleet as the 'sea-forest,' *πόντιον ἄλσος*; and of ships as 'men-transferring machines,' *λαοφόρους μηχαναίς*. 'See,' he would exclaim, 'with what exquisite art the poet depicts the non-maritime nature of the Persians in their wondering expressions for ships;' and this propriety of *couleur locale* is kept up throughout the play, each person using an oriental pomp of language, an oriental extravagance of metaphor: as where fish are designated as 'mute children of the sea,' *ἀναίδων παιδων τὰς ἀμύαντων*; or where Atossa says that the Messenger has 'spoken a great light to her palaces,' *ἔμοις μὲν εἶπας δάμασιν φάος μέγα!*" This is no exaggeration, as all readers of commentaries will admit; and it is sufficient proof of the worthlessness of such ingenuity.

To return to Marlowe: the English stage owes much to him, but he had many contemporaries who share with him the honour and trouble of forming a drama out of the materials at hand. But the adoption of blank verse, and the rythmical improvements which he introduced, must not be passed over in silence. Although by no means the first to use blank verse, Marlowe was the first who steadily persevered in his dramatic employment. We refer to Mr. Collier (vol. iii., pp. 127—146) for the proofs; we refer to him, moreover, for the sake of noticing his extraordinary misconception of Shakspeare's versification, which he attempts to show was founded upon that of Marlowe, with little alteration. 'Marlowe,' he says, 'introduced such varieties of pause, inflection, and modulation, as left our great dramatists little more to do than follow his example.' Mr. Collier when he wrote this had not edited Shakspeare, or he would hardly, we think, have ventured so singular an assertion. Every reader knows that Marlowe's versification has a 'princely monotony;' that the sense ends almost

with every line, and that redundancies are sparing; redundancies occur, as also deficiencies, but they are so few as to be noticed only on minute examination. The general impression is that of weighty regularity in the structure of the verse. Shakspeare, on the contrary, gives you the impression of inexhaustible variety. The lines run freely over into each other; redundancies are frequent: lines of twelve, thirteen, and even fourteen syllables not unfrequently occurring. Another distinction: in Marlowe there is a monotony in the length and pauses of his verse, with great irregularity in the metre: he employs almost as many trochees and dactyls as iambics; Shakspeare has great varieties in length and pauses, with comparatively a rigid employment of the iambic metre. Marlowe, however, is fairly entitled to the honour of having materially improved our blank verse, and having in spite of ridicule, fixed it as the dramatic verse. We reserve our remarks on Marlowe's want of dramatic characterisation, till we come to Corneille's want of the same power.

The father of French tragedy was Corneille, who also exhibits the same characteristics as Æschylus and Marlowe: sublimity, bombast, triviality, and want of art. Corneille is often familiar, but seldom *naïf*. Not only does his language too much resemble, on occasions, the language of comedy, but, as Voltaire remarks, the poets of that day did not distinguish between the simple and the familiar, 'le simple est nécessaire, le familier ne peut être souffert.' Voltaire, in his valuable commentary, has noticed many examples of this familiarity of expression; but there are many which escaped his lynx-eyed criticism.

From our ignorance of conversational Greek, we are insensible to much of what was doubtless colloquial in Æschylus; but there are not a few passages on which we could unhesitatingly pronounce, because the ideas themselves are trivial and colloquial. Corneille, however, with all his faults was a giant, and took a giant's stride in advance of his contemporaries, and is justly considered the father of the tragic style in France. His improvements were poetical rather than scenical. He made the language more suitable to the expression of serious thoughts; enriched it with many new turns; gave life and vigour to the feeble and contemptible imitations of the classic model then in vogue, and by the force of passion, rhetoric, and concentrated energy, made that form of drama truly national. He is not to be regarded as a great dramatist, in our Shakspearian sense of the term; but some of his scenes approach perfection, and have never been surpassed. He had astonishing vigour and a daring spirit. He is sublime, but it is in sudden flashes, not in steady conceptions. Some of his brief sentences startled the audience into rapture, flashing like lightning; but they were as flashes which for a moment illumine

the dark night, not the steady harmonious light of a sun irradiating and suffusing with a poetical glow every corner of the piece. He wants that which all early dramatists wanted, the power of characterisation.

The characters in Corneille are *vrais*, perhaps, but not *vraisemblables*; we cannot say they are unnatural, but neither can we say that he has made them natural. Without denying that the opposite passions, which he depicts as co-existent in the same breast, may and often do exist, we absolutely deny that he has made their co-existence credible. Owing to the absence of those subtle links which connect opposite passions, as bridges thrown over vast chasms, Cinna is by turns heroic and contemptible, a patriot, a hero, a hypocrite, and a driveller. *Œmîle*, whom Balzac (*not* Honoré de) calls an 'adorable fury,' has a considerable portion of the 'fury,' and none of the 'adorable.' The contending passions of love and filial duty which agitate Chimène are undoubtedly real; but they do not affect us as if they were real; we do not sympathise with her in the struggle because we do not see it going on in her heart; there is no fusion of opposing passions, consequently no truth. It is quite natural for a woman both to hate and love the same man; to hate him with a hate as deadly as her love is deep: for this hate is nothing but a wounded bleeding love, stung with the sense of wrong and blind with intolerable grief. But to portray these contending feelings is a difficult task, requiring subtle knowledge and a delicate pencil. Racine did it, in '*Hermione*,' to perfection. Corneille attempted it in '*Chimène*,' only to make the contradiction glaring. The point we speak of is important. This talent for portraying the minute links of motive and passion constitutes the great dramatist. *Æschylus* had none of it; Marlowe had none of it; Corneille had none of it. The '*Choëphoræ*' of *Æschylus* may be compared with the '*Electra*' of Sophocles, the '*Edward II.*' of Marlowe with the '*Richard II.*' of Shakspeare, and the '*Cid*' of Corneille with the '*Andromaque*' of Racine, by the student desirous of clearly perceiving the nature of the two epochs in dramatic art. A distinction has been made between that 'Ideal which is a faint reflex of the God-like,' and that which is the 'highest point of humanity;' in other words the ideal is sometimes that which imagination conceives as superior to man, and at others the superiority of humanity. *Æschylus* and Sophocles embody these two meanings of ideality. The one paints abstractions and demigods; the other, men. The one has a hardness and nakedness of outline; the other fills up his outlines with perfect lights and shadows, and delicate tints. Let us for a moment glance at their manner of handling the same subject. Clytemnestra, in *Æschylus*, hears of

the death of her son Orestes without exhibiting the least emotion; not merely is the mother stifled in her heart, the guilty woman is not even moved; she neither feels sorrow for her child nor joy at her security. Yet these contending passions are eminently appropriate to the situation, and Sophocles avails himself of them: his Clytemnestra expresses both feelings, both acutely. It is, indeed, curious to notice the absence of all human feeling in the 'Choëphoræ.' Neither Orestes nor Electra are moved with the least filial recollection. Hate, unmixed with pity, unmixed even with the recollections of maternal kindness, of the ties of blood, hate dark, settled, and implacable, alone moves them. And this hate seems, on the part of Orestes, less grounded in abhorrence at his mother's crimes, or in pity for his father's fate, than in the imposing command of the oracle, which he fears to disobey. The Germans, probably, find some very profound philosophical meaning in all this; meanwhile, we may say that nothing can be less dramatic. To portray passion, in its wondrous complexity and appalling reality, belongs to the poets of the second epoch,—Sophocles, Shakspeare, and Racine. Before quitting the poets of the first epoch, let us remark how they resemble each other not only in cast of thought, language, and characterisation, but also in the warlike spirit which pervades their works.

If in pursuing our historical review we call Cervantes the *Æschylus* of Spain, it must be understood as expressive rather of his position than of the nature of his genius. The dramatic powers of the author of *Don Quixote* were unquestionably of the highest order. Nevertheless, his dramas have but scanty merit. He possessed all the qualities which make a writer great: style, pathos, humour, knowledge of life, and mastery in the portrayal of character. He stands alone, not merely in his country, but in his art. But his warmest admirers must confess that his dramas are as unworthy of him, as the 'Rape of Lucrece' is unworthy the author of 'Othello.' The boasted tragedy of 'Numancia' is a 'rudis indigestaque moles,' with occasional glimpses of pathos and poetry. Bouterwek supposes that Cervantes had real genius for the drama, but 'could not preserve his independence in the conflict he had to maintain with the conditions required by the Spanish public; and when he sacrificed his independence and submitted to the rules of others, his invention and language were reduced to the level of an inferior poet. The intrigues, adventures, and surprises which in that age characterised the drama, were ill-suited to the genius of Cervantes. His natural style was too profound and precise to be reconciled to fantastical ideas expressed in irregular verse. But he was Spaniard enough to be gratified with dramas which, as a poet, he could not imitate; and he imagined himself capable of imitating them

because he would have shone in another species of dramatic composition had the public taste accommodated itself to his genius.' This is a similar defence to that erected for Shakspeare's poems. We incline, however, to the belief that Cervantes did not attain dramatic excellence because his genius was not developed till late in life, when he had long relinquished the writing of plays.

Cervantes, though a poor dramatist, was to a certain extent the father of the Spanish drama, and in his works we see, as in Æschylus, Marlowe, and Corneille, a vigour and grandeur in certain passages, with an intensity of pathos which cannot be too highly admired; we see also the familiarity and bombast peculiar to early dramatists. He introduced a new kind of tragic drama which was so perfectly in accordance with the national taste that it became the fixed form. Torres de Naharro had fixed the form of comedy; Cervantes fixed that of tragedy.

With Alfieri there was a vigorous attempt to create a drama in Italy; but although a man of powerful dramatic talent, and although his plays have had immense influence on his nation, are still acted, still admired, yet the attempt has proved abortive. There have been no followers to complete what he began. Monti, Niccolini, and the rest, are but feeble copyists of Alfieri. Opera has become the national drama. Germany has been late in establishing a drama; and in spite of the ability there occasionally bestowed upon it, we cannot on the whole regard it as at all equal to that of Greece, England, Spain, and France. Göthe's is doubtless a great name, but its lustre does not come from the drama. Schiller was unquestionably a man of rare talents; but both Göthe and Schiller contented themselves with being translators, and in some sort imitators of the plays of Greece, England, and France. A national drama they did not attempt. Lessing and Kotzebue in some measure attempted it. The *bürgerliche Trauerspiele*, the sentimental dramas such as 'Minna von Barnhelm' and 'Menschenhass und Reue,' are of course miserably inferior to 'Tasso,' 'Clavigo,' 'Fiesco,' and 'Die Jungfrau von Orleans,' in point of poetic beauty, in point of literary interest; but we suspect that in this species lay the germ of a real national drama, for it was the expression of the national character. If it was a real germ, it was completely buried beneath a host of imitations, historical tragedies, fate tragedies, romantic tragedies, and art tragedies, which have been produced with sterile abundance; German tragedies are unknown. Italy and Germany do not afford the same illustrations of that process of development which we have traced in the other countries; but they give negative evidence of almost equal value. The imitative drama, being always a spurious thing, has not been regulated by the same laws as those of natural development.

The third portion of our historical review is now to invite attention. The drama having been created, as we saw, we have now to trace its progress till it reaches a climax of perfection and then to observe its gradual decline. In Greece, the three epochs of formation, perfection, and decline, are felicitously represented by the only three remaining tragedians, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides; in France equally so by Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire; in England, less perfectly by Marlowe, Shakspeare, and Fletcher; in Spain, still less so by Cervantes, Lope de Vega, or Calderon, and Moreto. With the exception of the Spanish writers, the progress was in all these poets the same in kind, as also was the decline; the reason of this exception we shall hereafter explain. In Sophocles, Shakspeare, and Racine, the sternness, ruggedness, grandeur, bombast, triviality, and scanty outlines of their predecessors were replaced by beauty and harmonious completeness. They received a Cyclopean fragment, bold, but unshapely; in their hands it became a Phidian statue, the ideal of harmonious proportion. The Titan became a man. Art gained in depth what it lost in terror. The Titan, no doubt, was a grand, daring being, vast in size, indomitable in will; but compared to man, wondrous in intelligence, inexhaustible in affection, this Titan was insignificant.

It may be paradoxical, but it is nevertheless true, that the greatness of a poet is shown rather in small things than in great; these small things being only small in appearance. The minute springs of character, the involuntary demonstrations of feeling, the sudden glimpses of the heart, are ten times more difficult to portray than the general expressions and the open manifestations of headlong passion. To paint a demigod requires only imagination; to paint a man requires far other powers. It is comparatively easy to make characters great, imposing, even terrible; scarcely one man in a century can make them *true*. We may say the same of style; imagery is given to many, but that peculiar beauty which consists in the selection of the best images and the best expressions, which preserves the style equally from prosaisms and gaudy ornaments, which gives the thought all its real beauty and no more, in a word simplicity as distinct from boldness, is the rarest and greatest of qualities in a writer.

The most striking improvements effected by the three poets we are now to consider, are precisely in the above qualities. They made their characters more human, and their style more chaste. Sophocles, in a very important passage preserved by Plutarch, speaks of his having emancipated himself from the pomp (*ὕψος*) of Æschylus and at length attained that style which was the best for the expression of character (*ὁπερ εἰς τὴν ἡθικώτατον καὶ βέλτιστον*).

This conveys the best idea of his aim in poetry; and when he said that 'Æschylus did right without knowing it,' he clearly enough indicated the critical nature of his own genius. He was in truth a very critical poet; but critical in the largest sense. In the fulness of his knowledge he knew what was the best, and he executed what he knew. There are persons who prefer Æschylus to Sophocles, there are others at a loss to award a preference; we have not to settle such questions here, but we have to settle the question of historical development, and in this sense we must award the superiority to Sophocles, who unquestionably carried the drama onwards. He not only invented a third actor, which, of course, gave greater opportunities for dramatic complexity; but he put a new spirit into tragedy. The passions in Æschylus are indicated rather than delineated; extremely simple and elementary, they have no fluctuations, no subtleties. The passions in Sophocles are *dramatic*, they have their flux and reflux, their contradictions and subtleties; above all they are natural.* In Æschylus they are almost abstractions. It is from this we believe, that Müller asserted that the masks with their uniform expressions suited the uniformity of passions in ancient tragedy, 'wherein the principal persons, once forcibly impressed by certain objects and emotions, appeared through the whole remaining piece in a state of mind which was become the habitual and fundamental character of their existence.†' He applies this to Sophocles as to Æschylus; yet surely his memory must have misled him here? The fluctuations of feeling which occur in the scene between Creon and Hæmon in the 'Antigone' (to take only one instance), could never have been represented by one expression, since they embrace the extremes of filial submission and outrageous defiance: the father who began with dignified calmness, and the son who began with affectionate obedience, are both quickly hurried into anger, bitter sarcasms, and mutual defiance. These fluctuations form one of the striking characteristics of Sophocles; and the complexity of his plots is contrived for no other purpose. His plots indeed are masterpieces, and fully demonstrate the delicate art which guided him. Simple in their outline they are complex in their internal structure. The events are few, the situations few; but the motives and feelings are complex. The story of the Œdipus Tyrannus may be told in a few words; the play could not be analyzed in less than a dozen pages. All the minute links in the

* Respecting the differences between the simple plots of Æschylus and the complex plots of Sophocles, M. Patin has some excellent observations, and draws an ingenious parallel between the two poets and the two historians, Herodotus and Thucydides. See p. 37.

† 'Lit. of Greece,' i., p. 298, trans.

great chain are brought into view. The result is a work that fills the reader with incessant admiration. For severe simplicity in the economy of materials this play is a model for all dramatists; nothing is superfluous, nothing thrown away.

The drama, as we saw, began when symbols and allegories gave place to human characters, when instead of a virtue or a vice, a virtuous or vicious man was represented. The drama reached its climax when human character was represented in its inner secret phases, and not merely in its external acts. This is accomplished, in different degrees of course, by Sophocles, Shakspeare, and Racine. These poets were all distinguished by the epithet of gentleness; the 'Attic Bee,' the 'tendre Racine,' and 'Shakspeare bland and mild,'* and to them we may add the 'gentle Raphael,' who stands in a similar relation to Michael Angelo as Sophocles does to Æschylus. This gentleness is in no way incompatible with the manliest strength; and those critics who prefer Corneille and Racine on the ground of superior strength, mistake spasms for force. Racine is stronger than Corneille, because wider and deeper. The general tenour of his verse, indeed, is sweet and gentle, but he can be terrible at will; he can be bitter and more intense than his rugged rival. So, also, Sophocles is, on occasions, more terrible than Æschylus. The Attic Bee carries a sting. The womanly-wicked Clytemnestra is more terrific than the fiendish Clytemnestra of Æschylus, because the one has the feelings of humanity and outrages them, the other is purely fiendish. The dying curse of Œdipus is more fearful than the howlings and ravings of the Eumenides, with all the superiority of moral over physical terror. For strength of purpose and unflinching endurance, Philoctetes is as grand as Prometheus; while in resolution, few can surpass Antigone and Electra. It was not that he was unable to wield the arms of terror, but because he delighted to portray the affections, that Sophocles earned the name of the Attic Bee. Owing to the nature of the subjects, and of Greek feelings, little space is occupied by love in the Greek plays; but in those of Sophocles, the affections generally find beautiful expression. Perhaps nowhere but in Shakspeare is there to be found such a couplet as that in which Ismene replies to Creon's question as to her share in Antigone's disobedience.

δέδρακα τοῦδ' ἔργον, εἴπερ ἦδ' ὁμοῦρόβει,
καὶ ἔνυμμετισχῶ καὶ φέρω τῆς αἰτίας.†

The delicacy with which this is touched is wonderful; the

* Tennyson.

† I did the deed if *she* will let me acknowledge it, and I will share the blame and punishment with her.

whole character of Ismene, with its feminine softness and mild heroism, is reflected in these lines, and how simple they are! Examine the couplet, reader, not merely in itself, but in its relation to the speaker, and the wondrous beauty of these artless words will then fill your mind with a glow of admiration.* Such a couplet you will seek in vain through Æschylus. He would have made Ismene as arrogant and violent as Antigone: she would have declared her willingness to share her sister's fate in some brief, stern words, or else in hyperboles: she would have been a termagant or a braggadocia.

The intensely human and extremely subtle nature of Shakspeare's creations, needs no comment here; all the world are agreed on the matter. But Racine demands a few words from us in exposition. Our remarks will be understood to apply to Racine in relation to all other French poets, not in relation to poets in general. We do not enter that debateable ground of national taste and national prejudice. We do not pretend to settle the rank each poet occupies on Parnassus, but the position he holds in the drama of his own country. This method is not only the fairest, but the safest. As Coleridge said of Klopstock, that he was a *very* German Milton, so may Englishmen say that Racine was a *very* French Shakspeare;† our task is to show that Racine did for the French drama what Sophocles and Shakspeare did for theirs.

In the two great qualities of a dramatic writer, style and characterisation, Racine has never, in his own country, been approached. The precept of Horace,

"In verbis etiam tenuis cautusque serendis,"

that exquisite propriety of diction which equally avoids triviality and bombast, is beautifully illustrated in the plays of Racine, and is felt and acknowledged by all persons competent to judge. In dramatic exposition of character he is also masterly. Let us rapidly trace his delineation of Hermione, which is, perhaps, his finest character, though 'Andromaque' is not his finest play. She is introduced as betrothed to Pyrrhus, whom she ardently loves, but who deserts her for Andromaque. Self-love struggling with injuries, jealously swallowing up all tenderness, makes her exclaim, 'Ah! je l'ai trop aimé, pour ne le point hair!' Cléone counsels her to fly; 'Ah!' she replies,

"Laisse à ma fureur le temps de croître encore.
Contre mon ennemi laisse-moi m'assurer ;

* See also our remarks on the character of Ismene, in our last Number, p. 65.

† Mr. Hallam, in his 'Literature of Europe,' ranks Racine next to Shakspeare as a dramatic writer. Vol. iv. 462.

Cléone, avec horreur je m'en veux séparer.
Il n'y travaillera que trop bien, l'infidèle!"

Cléone, quite unaware of the sweet delusion which Hermione cherishes, and, of course, uninfluenced by any of the sophisms in which passion is so fertile, bids Hermione fly before she is again insulted, shows her the enormity of the insult she has suffered, in having a slave preferred to her, and finishes very sagely with:

"Après ce qu'il a fait, que saurait-il donc faire?
Il vous aurait déplu, s'il pouvoit vous déplaire."

To this Hermione passionately answers:

"Pourquoi veux-tu, cruelle, irriter mes ennuis?
Je crains de me connaître en l'état où je suis.
De tout ce que tu vois tâche de ne rien croire;
Crois que je n'aime plus, vante-moi ma victoire;
Crois que dans son dépit mon cœur est endurci;
Hélas! et s'il se peut *fais-le-moi croire aussi.*
Tu veux que je le fuie? Hé bien! rien ne m'arrête:
Allons, n'envions plus son indigne conquête;
Que sur lui sa captive étende son pouvoir;
Fuyons. . . . *Mais si l'ingrat rentrait dans son devoir;*
Si la foi dans son cœur retrouvait quelque place
S'il venait à mes pieds me demander sa grâce;
Si sous mes lois, Amour, tu pouvois l'engager;
S'il vouloit. . . . *Mais l'ingrat ne veut que m'outrager.*
Demeurons toutefois pour troubler leur fortune."

The fluctuations of feeling need not be pointed out; we cannot, however, pass over in silence the passionate depth of

"Je crains de me connaître en l'état où je suis."

In this state of outraged affection, her thoughts recur to Oreste, who long has sighed in vain for her; dallying for a moment with the 'faint surmise,' encouraging the flattering idea of happiness with him, she says:

"Quelque soit Pyrrhus
Hermione est sensible, Oreste a des vertus;
Il sait aimer du moins, et même sans qu'on l'aime,
Et peut-être il saura se faire aimer lui même.
Allons, qu'il vienne enfin.

Cléone. Madame le voici.

Hermione. Ah! je ne croyais pas qu'il fut si près d'ici!"

In these few lines there is considerable subtlety. The third paints her own character while painting his. She, too, loves without return; and on this ground of sympathy she builds the hope of future happiness. 'He loves, will make himself beloved.' But directly Cléone says that he is at hand, we see how 'like the

baseless fabric of a dream,' this flattering hope; she starts, and exclaims, 'I did not think he was so near.' The next scene is too long for extract, and must not be mutilated. We pass to the third scene of Act IV. Pyrrhus has made Andromaque the formal offer of his hand and throne. Hermione enters silent and terrible; the brief answers she vouchsafes are stern and implacable. 'Fais-tu venir Oreste,' is all she says to Cléone. Oreste enters enraptured at being sent for by his mistress. To his gallantries, and somewhat maudlin interrogatories, she answers sternly:

"Je veux savoir, seigneur, si vous m'aimez.

Oreste. Si je vous aime! oh, dieux! Mes sermens, mes parjures,
Ma fuite, mon retour, mes respects, mes injures,
Mon désespoir, mes yeux de pleurs toujours noyés;
Quels témoins croirez-vous, si vous ne les croyez?

Hermione. Vengez moi, je crois tout."

This 'vengez moi, je crois tout,' is as magnificent as the more celebrated 'Qu'il mourut' of Horace. Vengeance is her only thought; the rhetoric of Oreste she dismisses with sublime indifference: 'Je crois tout.' Oreste consents to avenge her; but how? She sternly bids him assassinate Pyrrhus. Oreste hesitates, points out the horror of such a crime, but is interrupted by Hermione's imperiously and impetuously exclaiming:

"Ne vous suffit-il pas que je l'aie condamné!
Ne vous suffit-il pas que ma gloire offensée
Demande une victime à moi seule adressée;
Que je le hais; enfin, seigneur, que je l'aimai?
Je ne m'en cache point: l'ingrat m'avoit su plaire.

Malgré mes vœux, seigneur, honteusement déçus,
Malgré la juste horreur que son crime me donne,
Tant qu'il vivra, craignez que je ne lui pardonne.

Oreste consents; but as he still bids her pause and reflect, she pours forth this torrent of sarcastic passion:

"Tant de raisonnemens offensent ma colère.
J'ai voulu vous donner les moyens de me plaire,
Rendre Oreste content; mais enfin je vois bien
Qu'il veut toujours se plaindre et ne mériter rien.
Partez; allez ailleurs vanter votre constance
Et me laisser ici le soin de ma vengeance.
. . . . De mon ennemi je saurai m'approcher;
Je percerai le cœur que je n'ai pu toucher.
Et mes sanglantes mains sur moi-même tournées
Aussitôt, malgré lui, joindront nos destinées;
Et tout ingrat qu'il est, il me sera plus doux
De mourir avec lui que de vivre avec vous!"

Oreste, overpowered, rushes off to execute her will. With a refinement of cruelty, she bids Cléone follow Oreste, and tell him to let Pyrrhus know

“Qu'on l'immole à ma haine, et non pas à l'état.
Chère Cléone, cours : ma vengeance est perdue
S'il ignore en mourant que c'est moi qui le tue.”

She is, however, informed that Pyrrhus approaches; a hope at once warms her heart, and dispels its ferocity:

“Ah! cours après Oreste, et dis lui, ma Cléone,
Qu'il n'entreprenne rien sans revoir Hermione.”

All these fluctuations of feeling are wonderfully managed, and they are so perfectly true, and made to appear so true, that we follow them unhesitatingly, sympathising with her hate as with her love. We must pass over the intervening scenes, though full of power, and stop at the *denouement*. Oreste has slain Pyrrhus. He comes to seek Hermione in triumph. She at first only says, ‘*Il est mort,*’ for she is half stunned; she says it mechanically, without clearly apprehending the sense. Oreste described the assassination at some length. ‘*Qu'ont ils fait!*’ she exclaims; and this is the sigh which breaks from her as she awakens to consciousness, rather than a distinct reflection. So little does Oreste understand these words, that he expatiates on the deed, adding, that she might pride herself on having struck the blow, since it was but the execution of her wish. Her answer is a thunderclap to him:

“Tais-toi, perfide !
Et n'impute qu'à toi ton lâche parricide.
Va faire chez tes Grecs admirer ta fureur.
Va : je la désavoue, et tu me fais horreur.
Barbare, qu'as-tu fait ? Avec quelle furie
As tu tranché le cours d'une si belle vie ?
Avez vous pu, cruels, l'immoler aujourd'hui,
Sans que tout votre sang se soulevât pour lui ?
Mais parle : de son sort qui t'a rendu l'arbitre ?
Pourquoi l'assiner ? Qu'a-t-il fait ? A quel titre ?
QUI TE LA DIT ?”

This wild disavowal of the deed she abhors now that it is donc, because, in truth, she never meant that it should be done; the bitterness of her not only throwing all the weight of the crime upon Oreste, but with it her scorn and hate; the passionate *ignoring* of her previous commands, ending with that startling question, ‘Who bade thee do it?’—these are in the finest dramatic spirit, and are truly Shakspearian in subtlety and intensity. Oreste, astonished at this burst, and these reproaches, says

“Oh dieux ! Quoi ! ne m'avez-vous pas
Vous-même, ici, tantot, ordonné son trépas ?”

Her answer is full of the deepest pathos and the direst scorn, both bubbling from a bleeding heart, and couched in language very near perfection :

*“ Ah ! falloit-il en croire une amante insensée ?
 Ne devois-tu pas lire au fond de ma pensée ?
 Et ne voyois-tu pas, dans mes emportements,
 Que mon cœur dementoit ma bouche à tous moments ?
 Quand je l'aurois voulu, falloit-il y souscrire ?
 N'as-tu pas dû cent fois te le faire redire ?
 Toi-même avant le coup me venir consulter
 Y revenir encore, ou plutôt m'éviter ?
 Que ne me laissais-tu le soin de ma vengeance ?
 Que t'amène en des lieux où l'on fuit ta présence ?
 Voilà de ton amour le détestable fruit,
 Tu m'apportois, cruel, le malheur qui te suit.
 C'est toi dont l'ambassade, à tous les deux fatale,
 L'a fait pour son malheur pencher vers ma rivale.
 Nous le verrions encore nous partager ses soins ;
 Il m'aimeroit peut-être, il le feindroit du moins.
 Adieu. Tu peux partir. Je demeure en Epire :
 Je renonce à la Grèce, à Sparte, à son empire,
 A toute ma famille ; et c'est assez pour moi,
 Traître, qu'elle ait produit un monstre tel que toi ! ”*

After fifty readings, this passage thrills us with rapture. The reader of Corneille will readily admit there is nothing at all compared to this in his works; nothing, indeed, of the same kind. Yet there is a prejudice very prevalent that Corneille is more Shakspearian than Racine, because less artificial. A mistake, we believe, of the very nature of dramatic art. Corneille is not only rude and inartistic compared to Racine; he is also deficient in that delineation of character which we recognise as peculiarly Shakspearian. Racine, whatever may be his merits or demerits, unquestionably does delineate character dramatically; and Voltaire, speaking of Corneille's method of allowing his characters to announce formally their sentiments instead of letting them escape during passion, says the latter is the great art of Racine, ‘Ni Phèdre, ni Iphigénie, ni Agrippine, ni Roxane, ni Monime, ne débutent par venir étaler leurs sentiments secrets dans un monologue, et par raisonner sur les intérêts de leurs passions.’ The reader knows whether this be the manner of Shakspeare or not. Indeed, with reference to the ‘grand Corneille,’ we may say with Lessing that he should have been named ‘the extraordinary, the gigantic, but not the great. For nothing is great that is not true.’

If there has been any truth in the parallel we have drawn of the great inventors and perfectors of the dramatic art, we believe

it will be found equally true of the corruptor's Euripides, Voltaire, and Beaumont and Fletcher. The sure sign of the general decline of an art, Mr. Macaulay has acutely remarked, is 'the frequent occurrence, not of deformity, but of misplaced beauty.' This sign is visibly impressed on the works of the writers now to be considered, who

" With gold and silver cover every part,
And hide with ornament their want of art."

The whole is sacrificed to the parts; truth, character, and art, are given up for effective rhetoric, striking situations, and bursts of poetry. The rhetoric, unquestionably, is effective, the situations striking, and the poetry beautiful; but they are not worth the sacrifices by which they are attained.

Euripides was a wonderful poet, and possessed in a rare degree the power of expression and the language of passion; but he was not a dramatist of the class of Sophocles and Shakspeare. As with Æschylus, we do not pretend to settle his rank on Parnassus. We neither side with his decriers, nor with his panegyrists. He may be the greatest of the three; he may be, as Aristotle said, the most tragic of the tragedians, or he may be the worst. We have to show that he was different from the others, that his art was not their art, his means of pleasing not theirs, his merits and demerits the forerunners of decay. Looked at as a dramatist, we should say that Euripides was very quotable, perhaps more quotable than readable; certainly more agreeable to read than to criticise. Passages of overpowering beauty and exquisite pathos, choruses running riot in luxuriant imagery, and situations of absorbing interest, are read with delight. But passages do not make a drama. To criticise his plays, is like stripping children's dolls to explore their anatomy; being superbly dressed, they are superb to look upon; strip them, and you find nothing but misshapen wood, or bulgy limbs of cotton. Sophocles not only bears inspection, but invites it, improves upon it. Incessant study does but explore new miracles of beauty, which had before been unobserved. The familiar knowledge of each part only makes the whole seem more stupendous. Euripides dazzles, Sophocles delights. In separate passages, in particular scenes, Euripides is, perhaps, finer than his great rival; but no single play will bear comparison with the 'Œdipus,' 'Ajax,' 'Philoctetes,' or 'Antigone.' The scenes of Medea with her children, of Phædra with her nurse, of Iphigeneia about to die, of Alcestis parting from her husband and children, though not quite free from his besetting sin of rhetoric, are certainly very masterly, very wonderful; but the plays themselves are by no means equal

to them. The two most palpable defects in his method are the 'Prologue' and the 'Deus ex Machina.' By these he abdicated all claim to the two great tasks of a dramatist, viz., evolution and *denouement*. Having evaded these difficulties, he was enabled to throw all his strength into the middle portion, the easiest; hence the power of his separate scenes. Every person conversant with the structure of a drama, will readily admit that evolution and *denouement* form almost the only difficulties. It is easy to invent complex situations; but to make them naturally evolve from bygone conditions, and afterwards naturally grow to a point which shall complete the subject and be a real *denouement*, is what few men can accomplish. But to introduce, as Euripides does, a god or hero who circumstantially narrates the present state of affairs with a glance at the past; to bring forward the characters while at the white heat of passion, allowing them to rant, weep, and reason; and, having placed them in complex situations, to introduce a god who announces the decrees of fate, and *affixes* a termination to all the struggles and complexities, instead of letting them work out their own natural, logical termination: this is not to write a drama, but to use the drama as a stalking horse, under cover of which to shoot the arrows of rhetoric and moral reasonings. Golden arrows, perhaps; but they do not justify the stalking horse. The drama once used for such a purpose, never recovered its dignity.

Euripides is a rhetorician, not a dramatist. He speaks *for* his characters, instead of letting them speak. That impersonality which has been so much admired in Shakspeare and Göthe (and not sufficiently recognised in Sophocles), which is the key-stone of dramatic art, Euripides never exhibits. The drama is his theatre for display, and '*sicca secum spatiat* arena.' He converts all his persons into sophists, and sophists of the same stamp, as Congreve makes even his blockheads utter witticisms, the same in kind as those uttered by his wits. Rhetoric was the vice and luxury of the age in which Euripides lived. The quick-witted Athenians, prouder of acuteness than of truth, prone to quibbling, argument, and litigation, had their 'wit combats,' which were as debasing to their intellectual and moral integrity, as the gladiatorial combats which 'made a Roman holiday.' To make the worse appear the better reason, was not only the practice of the Agora, but of the philosophers; from the quibbling of lawyers to the sophisms of demagogues and teachers, the Athenian passed to the banquet where the guests were quibbling, or to the theatre where the mythic personages displayed their forensic art. The wisest philosophers, and the plainest citizens, were equally beset with this forensic passion. What are the

works of Plato but displays of laborious quibbling? Truth, and to show the nothingness of the reigning philosophy, were, perhaps, the ulterior objects; but the means, were they not dangerous displays of gladiatorial ingenuity? Socrates, also, as represented both by Plato and by Xenophon, had no other method of teaching. Accompany him for an instant into the presence of Critias and Charicles, who command him no longer to discourse with the young men, whom he corrupts. 'At what age am I to consider men young?' Then Charicles said, 'Until they are allowed to be senators. Discourse not with men under thirty.' 'But if,' said Socrates, 'I wish to buy something, and the man who sells it be under thirty, am I not to ask him for how much he sells it?' 'Yes, surely; but you are in the habit of asking that which you already know; ask not such things.' Then said Socrates, 'If any one asks me where Charicles lives, may I not answer him?' And in this strain was he accustomed to quibble.

Rhetoric being the darling vice, Euripides, who pandered to it, became the darling poet. He was applauded because

τοιαῦτα μέντοι γὰρ φρονεῖν
τούτοισιν εἰσηγησάμεν,
λογισμὸν ἐνθεῖς τῇ τέχνῃ
καὶ σκέψω, ὅσπ' ἦδη νοεῖν
ἀπαντα.*

The audience were delighted with his brilliant passages. They murmured his musical verses; they quoted his moral aphorisms; they shouted at his democratic rhetoric; they admired his sceptical ingenuity. They sang with him, harangued with him, doubted with him, wept with him. He uttered their thoughts, and uttered them in language clear, sparkling, and familiar. It was not the weighty, antique, and obscure language of *Æschylus*, nor the elegant, elaborate language of *Sophocles*; it was the language of the *Agora*, with a dash of the schools, and resplendent with imagery and conceits. *Aristophanes* might laugh at him, for treating of familiar household matters; he might, with wonderful sarcasm, deny him the lyre, and call for 'her who sounds the oyster-shells as cymbals;' he might, with equal bitterness and truth, lay bare the physical nature of the poet's pathos, by asking him for a 'raglet from some doleful tragedy;' but the audience appreciated such verses and such pathos better than the profound art of *Sophocles*. Art is for the *élite*. Some portion of the genius which creates is indispensable to the mind that appreciates. Euripides wrote down to his audience, and they applauded.

* *Aristoph. Ranæ*, 971.

Aristophanes must have known this, when he makes Bacchus close the dispute between Æschylus and Euripides with these words:—

τὸν μὲν γὰρ ἡγούμαι σοφόν, τῷ δ' ἤδομαι.—*Rana*, 1413.

'This one I deem wise, with the other I am charmed.'

Together with much misplaced beauty, Euripides had also much misplaced familiarity. Horace, indeed, has sanctioned the use which the Greek poet makes of every-day language. In his 'Art of Poetry' he lays it down as an axiom that—

" . . . tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri.

Telephus et Peleus, quum pauper, et exsul, uterque

Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba,

Si cor spectantis curat tetigisse querela."

But this is surely nothing but a misplaced literality, as bad as the colouring of statues. Because Telephus and Peleus are beggars and exiles, are they to talk like beggars? The 'sesquipedalia verba,' indeed, which pomp and power may fitly employ, should be set aside; but the man remains the same although his state be changed. Œdipus, when at Colonos, talks like a sorrowing old man; but he is still Œdipus. In this, as in some other points, we see the symptoms of decay, which the dramatic art is about to undergo with the successors of Euripides. That poet, in making the drama more familiar, made it more prosaic. Let us trace the consequences.

Æschylus sketched grand outlines; Sophocles filled them up. Euripides frittered away his picture by exclusive attention to details.* The first, painted demigods and their passions; the second, painted passionate men: he made the drama human. The third, degraded the drama by making it prosaic. It came into the hands of Euripides as a statue, cold, elaborate, and ideal. He added warmth, but destroyed the ideality; he lifted it from its pedestal, and placed it in the market-place. The characteristics of the three poets may be illustrated from the subject which they have all treated—the Electra. In the 'Choëphoræ' of Æschylus, Electra, in her mother's house, 'is unhonoured, unesteemed; excluded from the hearth like a most pernicious dog (*πολυσίονος κυνός*), stifling laughter with her tears.' In Sophocles she is 'without husband, without child, dissolved in tears; the constant image of eternal woe; in her father's house (note the father's!) unhonoured as a stranger, dressed in poor, unseemly garments, and forced to wait for food till the others have finished.' The perfectly

* M. Patin acutely observes, that every thing in a drama which is not dramatic is a fault, even when a beauty in itself.

human images here will not escape the reader, as also the contrast they afford to the abstract conditions mentioned by Æschylus. Not content with making her ill-treated and unhonoured, Euripides marries her to a peasant, and introduces her with her locks shorn close, and a pitcher of water on her head. How perfectly typical of Euripides! Quite in keeping with this is his making Electra recognise her brother by the scar on his forehead, occasioned by a fall. How does she recognise him in Æschylus? By the colour of the lock of hair placed upon Agamemnon's tomb, and by the print of his footprint; signs somewhat incredible, it is true; but Æschylus aimed not at illusion. In Sophocles the recognition is by means of a ring, with which Orestes confirms his declaration that he is her brother. How typical of the three poets are these three points! The ring of Sophocles is not conclusive evidence, perhaps, but conclusive enough for poetry. The scar of Euripides is more natural, and more familiar; but it is too familiar, it is prosaic. We may say the same of his making Electra decoy Clytemnestra to her house, by pretending that she is in childbed. The transition from such tragedy to the new comedy was inevitable. When life is no longer represented in its ideal aspects, or when the familiar realities of household life are mingled with them, then prose comedy commences, and ideal tragedy is about to expire. It is to be remarked, that Euripides introduces matters which are both common-place and unnatural: common-place in themselves, unnatural as connected with the particular persons. When Sophocles said, that 'he drew men as they ought to be, *οἷος θεοῦ*, Euripides drew them as they are, *οἷος ἀνδρῶν*,' he very distinctly expressed the prosaic tendencies of his successor. Æschylus is grand and trivial; Sophocles passionate and majestic; Euripides passionate and familiar.

To compare Voltaire with Euripides will startle the careless reader. But those who have followed us hitherto with moderate attention will perceive at once that the comparison is rather one of position than of poetical genius. Euripides was a poet; his most violent detractors admit it. Voltaire was a poet only because he was a Frenchman; that is to say, French poetry being confessedly 'la poésie de la raison,' it was possible for him, not a poet born, to write verses which would live. Voltaire resembles Euripides, in sacrificing the whole to its parts, and making the drama a stalking-horse for political and religious opinions. Incapable of exciting interest by the simple portraiture of the passions, he exerted himself to produce an effect by other means. His tragedies are the productions of an extraordinary mind, and contain many fine passages, but they are not *dramatic*: the passions are described, not evolved; the fluctuations are abrupt and illogical; the

motives are neither deep, subtle, nor complex. We miss all the delicate shades of feeling, all the subtlety which delights us in Racine. Every thing is on the surface, and seems to have no root hidden in the soul. Voltaire can give to feeling a strong expression, but this is always *ab extra*, not *ab intra*: it is the poet speaking, not the person. Orosmane talks a great deal about his grandeur and generosity; these qualities do not shine through his speech and acts. Zaire talks eloquently of her love and her religion; the spectator doubts whether she has either love or religion. This is not the manner of Racine. It may be clothed in powerful verse, and that verse will give delight; but to those who can analyze their impressions, to those who relish art, the delight will be obviously of another sort than that afforded by dramatic evolution of character. Frenchmen prefer Racine to Voltaire because the more exquisite poet; but they usually speak of them as equals in the portrayal of character and passion; they might as well compare Victor Hugo and Racine. The difference really is immense: Racine creates character, Voltaire anatomises it.

Nothing can more fully display Voltaire's dramatic incapacity than the nature of his admiration for Shakspeare, and imitation of those qualities he admired; since he therein doubly manifested his want of appreciation of all that made Shakspeare great. From the 'Lettres sur les Anglais,' and from the 'Discours sur la Tragédie,' addressed to Lord Bolingbroke, and prefixed to 'Brutus,' it is very evident that Voltaire was much struck with the greater licence and superior theatrical capabilities of the English drama; but the profound psychological truth, the irony, impartiality, and astonishing subtlety of Shakspeare never struck him. He wished to introduce upon the French stage the theatrical effects of ghosts, multitudes, and murders; not the dramatic effects of character and passion. The scepticism of Hamlet of course delighted the sceptical poet; the philosophy in this play charmed the metaphysician, but we have no evidence that the unequalled dramatic delicacy and truth with which it is written, roused him to rapture. The mobs in 'Julius Cæsar' and 'Coriolanus,' struck him as very effective; but this was in a theatrical, not in a dramatic sense. He has read Shakspeare with purblind eyes who sees in his mobs nothing but crowds 'to swell the scene;' the bitter irony of the poet is often in its bitterest moods when tracing, with a seemingly careless hand, the levity, inconsequence, folly, and brutality of the people, whose opinions are loud not deep, whose acts are resolved on with levity and executed with ferocity. Voltaire, in this respect, in 'Brutus,' 'Semiramis,' and 'Zaire,' has imitated 'the drunken savage' with painful ill-success.

In his old age Voltaire regretted having been instrumental in

introducing Shakspeare into France; and he had ample cause. Shakspeare, as Göthe admirably said, must be studied not imitated; studied as nature must be studied, and as a key to her mysteries. Imitation, even of perfection, produces only imitation, and that never can have life and strength. Shakspeare and Schiller have corrupted the French drama by destroying its nationality.

Beaumont and Fletcher, though 'good names and true,' were also guilty of the sin of misplaced beauty. It is often supposed that they stand in the shadow of the greatest name in poetry, and that this prevents the lustre of their genius from being fairly seen, as the stars themselves are invisible when the sun is high in heaven. We are disposed to think that some portion of their lustre is reflected from the splendour of their superior; much of the interest they excite in modern times is owing to their connexion with the age which he illumined. Their plays are no longer acted; only a very few are actable, and not one is capable of retaining possession of the stage. Neither poetry, however beautiful, nor plots however complicated, can sustain a play that has not dramatic truth; this truth the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher want. Rapid and amusing intrigues, passages of exquisite delicacy and pathos, scenes of energetic passion, of rich humour, are not unfrequent; hence the high character these poets bear in 'Lamb's Specimens,' and in Reviews. But no one studies their works as *chefs-d'œuvre* are studied; few, even among literary men have read half of their plays. Editions are scanty and do not sell quickly. With all the poetical powers these poets unquestionably possessed, they have not been able to take a firm hold of the national mind. They are not read. And why? Because the greatest charm of dramatic literature, the exhibition of character, is wanting. They often vigorously sketch their characters, but they cannot complete with truth what they felicitously began. The severest task for the dramatist is to preserve the spiritual integrity of each character in spite of surrounding circumstances. A story is the result of character acting upon circumstance, and of circumstance acting upon character; but circumstance never *alters* character, only *develops* it. Othello, after his conviction of Desdemona's infidelity, is integrally the same as he was before: that conviction has not altered but developed another phasis of his character; the expression is changed, not the man. In Beaumont and Fletcher the character changes with the circumstances. It is sacrificed to the exigencies of the story, or to produce an effective scene. The consequence is, you have little or no interest in the persons, and care only for the story or the poetry: on such foundations a dramatic reputation may indeed be founded, but

not an enduring fame. They had brilliant qualities, and by these rivalled, we may say surpassed, Shakspeare himself in popularity in their own day; posterity quickly revoked this judgment of contemporaries.

We are now to look at Spain. Here the drama presents no such distinct types of the three epochs of formation, perfection, and decline, as in Greece, England, and France. It reached its climax in Lope de Vega and Calderon; it expired imitating the French. This exception is conclusive, we believe, of the truth of our former as parallels. The Spaniards do not range under the same classification the other poets, because the Spanish drama is in one essential point radically different from every other. From its commencement to the present day the story, with its complex situations, has been the paramount object of the poet: character and passion have been subordinate to plot and situation, for which alone they were introduced. The character was chosen to exhibit the story, not the story to exhibit the character, as with us. So striking a contradiction in the spirit, precludes any great resemblance in the history of the Spanish and other dramas. Lope de Vega's best plays are not a whit inferior to those of Calderon, being precisely of the same kind; and those of Moreto, Antonio de Solas, Iviso de Molina, and Fragoso, are all of the same stamp as those of Lope de Vega and Calderon, though of inferior execution. But the very finest play of Voltaire or of Fletcher, is not to be compared with one of Racine or Shakspeare, because the difference is of *quality* more than of degree. The ingenious stories, effective situations, and brilliant sparkling fancies, which are the excellences of the Spanish writers, are imitable, even surpassable; but the profound truth of character and passion wrought into wise and weighty verse, which distinguishes Shakspeare, is inimitable, unsurpassable.

The Spanish drama declined because it became imitative; grew ashamed of its national vigour, and aspired after foreign elegancies; blushed when it thought of Aristotle and Bossu: for the scholars declared it was not classical, and the French, or Frenchified Spanish, deplored its *grossièreté*. To be correct; to preserve the sanctity of the unities; to banish every thing unworthy of 'le style noble;' to be classical, were then the tasks for poetic ingenuity. The careless, coquettish, dark-eyed, animated Spanish Muse with a soul of fire, flowing hair, and unconstrained limbs, became a mincing coquette, awkward in her French stays, and ludicrously powdered and *frisée*. Curious it is to notice how French taste overran Europe, England included, destroying the drama of each nation by foisting miserable imitations of 'le style noble' in the place of the national style; while in return Germany, Spain, and England, have helped to destroy that of France. It would seem that imitation

was the last and inevitable resource of the art in its decay; incapable of originality, and forced to comply with the demand for novelty, it endeavours by the introduction of foreign beauties to sustain itself for awhile. In our own country there is but one name from Dryden down to the present century which can be quoted with applause: and that is Otway. Dryden, Lee, Southern, Addison, Thomson, Johnson, Murphy, Ambrose Phillips, Young, and the rest, need only to be named to be condemned. In France, we need only name La Motte, Diderot, La Harpe, Ducis, Lemercier; in Spain, Montiano, and La Huerta. These were men of talent, of celebrity; but they were not dramatists. The public applauded their imitations. There was a fashion in admiring foreign taste, as in patches and powders. 'Cato' was pronounced a *chef d'œuvre*. The pit admired; coffee-houses rang with eulogiums; grave-wigged citizens took their families to wonder at it. But they got tired at last. The French, 'our natural foes,' became supplanted by a return to Shakspeare, and the introduction of German sentimentality.

The theatres continued to fill as before, and therefore people supposed the drama was alive; forgetting that the theatre had become a mere amusement. Was it then come to this? That drama which in its high and palmy days had been a secular pulpit from whence the poet instructed his nation, instructing them through their emotions, was it reduced to rivalry with rope-dancers and jugglers? An amusement and no more? To this complexion it had, indeed, come! In the days of Shakspeare the great public had no source of instruction comparable to that of the stage. Those were not reading days; books were few and dear; the habit of reading was confined to the learned; the mass learnt only from the pulpit and the stage, spending in the bear-garden and skittle-ground the time now bestowed upon cheap literature. The public has become a reading public, so that the instructive office of the drama has gradually become less and less, and the instruction now being sought in other and more effectual channels, has become separated from the amusement; the result of which is, that the drama has ceased to occupy its literary position. It is purely an amusement; and as such must cater for the lower appetites of a miscellaneous public. Hence the increased demand for scenery and spectacle. This separation, though inevitable, is perhaps the most potent cause of the present decline. The poet feels that he can no longer exercise that power over the national mind which the stage once possessed. A new play, if very successful, will cause people to run after it; but not until it has been played so many nights that 'all the world' has seen it. Formerly, the first night of a new play was an event attended with impatience and

literary excitement. The house was always full on such an occasion; the pit was grave with critics. Bad or good, the play was sure almost to cover the managerial outlay by the first night receipts. So many persons were interested, that the risk, which is now so enormous, amounted to almost nothing. Of course the increased splendour of decoration has to do with this; but why the necessity for decoration, if not because the public can not be otherwise attracted? When people now 'run after' a new piece, it is because 'a sensation' has been made: they will crowd to see an elephant or a criminal for the same reason. You cannot call this a dramatic taste.

The usual answer to all complaints is that 'the present age is undramatic.' It is so, but not for the reason alleged; not because modern passions are less energetic, modern manners less picturesque, modern actions less heroic; but because the drama has lost its hold upon our wants and sympathies. The ages of Pericles and Elizabeth are now discovered to have been rich in dramatic materials; we are told to regard the stirring adventures, novel opinions, social excitements, and energetic passions which characterised those epochs. Facile theorising! Are not these things as abundant in our own day? does the pulse beat more feebly? is life a weaker struggle? are our hopes realised—our ambitions less? are our affections less deep and delicate—our imaginations less audacious? is there not a wide-spread social anarchy which, with the gaunt misery of millions, might furnish subjects and passions as terrible as the tale of 'Labdacus?' No one will dare gainsay this; but these hopes, these passions, these wants, and these opinions, find other channels than the drama: they are represented in books, newspapers, and meetings. We leave the drama for a wider sphere. If, as in Athens, we could assemble all our citizens in one giant theatre, and there represent before them a drama typical of their hopes and struggles, then would the stage be more mighty than the press; as it is, the stage is insignificant. The ages of Pericles and Elizabeth were dramatic, because great dramatists rendered them illustrious.

It is useless despairing. Hogarth in his 'Old Burlington Gate,' represents opera, masque, and pantomime flourishing in all their glory, while our tragic poets are being trundled on a wheelbarrow to oblivion. This is thought to be cutting satire, and would rejoice the hearts of modern speculators on this subject. But let us ask: what is the vital force of a drama which can be set aside by masques and pantomimes? Shakspeare had to contend against children, foreign dancers, and 'real' animals. We do not find that these were sufficient 'to ruin the drama' in his day; why should they now? Carlotta Grisi or Van Amburgh would have

delighted our forefathers quite as much as ourselves; would they have 'ruined the drama?' No. Men will at all times be pleased with any thing uncommon, whether acting-children or foreign dancers; they will always be gratified with splendid scenes and decorations. It is in their nature to be so. But there is a higher faculty in man which must also be delighted: he is not all sense, all wonderment; he has a soul: he has thoughts and emotions which demand their food. To this higher faculty Shakspeare appealed; and, in spite of the reality of animals and the curiosity to see children, the public flocked to Shakspeare's theatre, there to enjoy those higher pleasures which they could enjoy nowhere else. In our day things have altered their position. The lower appetites remain the same, and the theatre caters for them; the higher appetites remain, but the theatre no longer successfully and exclusively offers them food. At the library these higher pleasures must be sought. For a few pence a man may revel in the finest poetry; be stirred with the most exciting tale; be exalted by the most adventurous discoverer; be aroused to meditation by the profoundest philosophy; or see his cause defended by the press. Why should he go to the theatre for these?

The library cannot furnish him with music, with dancing, with spectacle, with wondrous feats of human distortion, and brute sagacity; for these he goes to the theatre.

Let us look at France. The conditions usually considered as inseparable from success are met with there. The public is passionately fond of amusement. The government is extremely liberal towards the large theatres. The authors are extravagantly remunerated, and are paid with renown as well as money. A successful piece is a fortune to a young writer. The merits of plays are not subject to the ignorance and caprice of a manager, as is so justly complained of in England; the play is read to a *comité* whose decision carries the day. These are points on which England presents a complete contrast; yet the results, as far as the drama is concerned, are very similar in both countries. In France there is a greater quantity of talent devoted to the stage, and better pieces are produced; this is because the remuneration is so much greater. It is easily conceivable that when one or two thousand pounds is the reward of a successful five-act play, to say nothing of the popularity and contingent advantages, every man with the requisite ability will make a trial. The 'Lady of Lyons' and the 'Hunchback' would have produced fortunes to their authors, had the remuneration been equivalent to that in France. Casimir Delavigne received no less than 60,000 francs for his 'Ecole des Vieillards;' and 40,000 for 'Les Enfants d'Edouard;' and 30,000 each for 'Don Juan de l'Autriche' and 'Louis XI.'

M. Scribe is said sometimes to make 150,000 francs a year. The average annual amount of money received by the French dramatists, sale of copyright and tickets included, is no less than 1,500,000 francs, or, sixty thousand pounds.

This will make our dramatists stare. Sixty thousand pounds a year to be divided amongst the successful writers of plays! Is not the temptation powerful? If there is genius in the country, must not such a glittering prospect draw it forth? Assuredly. Hence the obstinacy with which De Balzac persists in seeking dramatic success, though of a kind radically opposed to his genius: he would be happy to succeed even at the smallest theatre. He has been as low as the *Gaité*, and failed. George Sand also tried the theatre, and failed. Eugène Sue, though, according to a recent trial, offered the enormous sum of 100,000 francs for a novel, he too has tried the theatre. Jules Janin has tried the theatre; so has Théophile Gautier; so has every *feuilletoniste*.

Such are the facts. The temptation to authors is enormous; access to the stage, though difficult, is easy compared to that in England; every encouragement is given; every man of talent tries his fortune. But the result? No one will say that France has a drama comparable in the least degree with that of the age of Louis XIV. Clever plays; amusing plays; not dramas; not works that are studied, or that will live. The theatre is an amusement, and those who furnish it with materials are well paid. The drama is in as deplorable a condition as with us. A high price is given for an amusing play, as it is for a good opera dancer. But leaving money aside, and looking to the influence exercised by the poet, what comparison will the noisy melodramas of Victor Hugo bear with the success of his 'Notre Dame,' or 'Odes et Ballades?' By his plays he managed to create a 'sensation;' this was owing to his audacity. By his novel and poems he created a reputation; by them he exercises an influence on his nation.

Another fact connected with the French theatre is important. In spite of the large sums paid for five act plays, very few are written. Authors prefer realising the same money by various small pieces. Vaudevilles, operas, and dramas pay equally well, and are easier to write. The French critics deplore this; very idly in our opinion. If authors do not furnish five act plays, it is because the plays are less in demand than vaudevilles. Men do not live by bread alone, authors least of all men; and France is a country in which literary talent leads to too many important distinctions not to make authors aspire to literary honours. If, therefore, the drama is deserted for the vaudeville, it is because the drama itself has no hold upon the public mind.

The public seeks amusement; the author seeks to afford it; when he wishes to influence his nation, he does not use the stage. That which formerly constituted the greatness of the drama, that which gave it life, is gone elsewhere; that which constituted the mere husk (the amusement) remains.

The interest excited by Shakspeare, Racine, Alfieri, and Schiller, in their respective nations, must not be misunderstood. Their plays are frequently performed, and to delighted audiences. These poets are the national idols, and their names arouse such echoes through the world, that there is an universal interest excited in them. This is no evidence of a dramatic taste. We go to see Shakspeare as we would to gaze upon a Raphael; our admiration for the prince of painters may be very genuine, yet imply no curiosity for the productions of modern art; we may spend days in the Louvre, and never enter an exhibition. The interest excited by Raphael, is felt by almost all men; he is a celebrated person, therefore the object of curiosity, even to those who care nothing for pictures. Some from fastidiousness, some from pedantry, and others from indifference, would walk away from a modern exhibition; all of them would gladly see the ancient masters. In this way, Shakspeare, being identified with our national history and literature, is an object of incessant curiosity; not so the modern dramatists.

Such has been the course of the drama; such its origin, progress, and decline. The uniformity of the phenomena indicates something more than accidental resemblances, and demands more than a cursory glance. If we now repeat the question: Can the drama be revived—is the present depression temporary, or is it irremediable decay? our answer may assume somewhat the character of a philosophical conclusion drawn from historical facts. History says: As an art, such as we behold it in the works of great writers, the drama has for ever passed away; it is now lingering in the last period of its decay; it cannot be revived. This is the reply made by history; but as it would be presumptuous in us to pronounce upon the future, even from such evidence in the past, we would word our answer somewhat thus:

The drama in its present form has no life, because it no longer springs from the national wants and sympathies, no longer exercises an important and lasting influence on the public mind, no longer occupies the place of any thing higher than a mere amusement. It is possible, however, that at no very distant period, some man will arise with an eye keen enough to perceive the wants of his age in this matter, and with genius enough to fulfil them. Then may the drama, assuming altogether a new form, claiming a new office, and exercising a new and powerful influence, become what it was of old, and be, indeed, 'revived.'

ART. III.—*Histoire des Pasteurs du Desert.* Par N. P. PEYRAT.
Paris. 1842. 2 vols., 8vo.

POWER that can recognise its own limits—governors who can see where government is needed and will be received, and where it is not required and will not be endured—these are rare blessings, and rarest of all in matters of religion; since it is there that men most readily mistake tyranny for firmness, and the gratification of their own pride for obedience to the Divine will. Never was this more strikingly shown, than in the transactions between Louis XIV. and the Protestants of France. Never did the honest will and natural dignity of man, fortified by a stern sense of religious duty, uphold so humble an antagonist against so terrible a foe, and never was the whole artillery of despotism so skilfully, so perseveringly, or so fruitlessly wielded. Protestants were driven into exile by hundreds of thousands; Protestants by thousands were killed in battle, or butchered by soldiers; were racked, were broken on the wheel, were burnt alive; but Protestantism remained unhurt, and survived not only the persecution, but the persecuting government itself.

Seldom has any sovereign ascended the throne with prospects more cheering and glorious than those which opened upon Louis XIV. at the death of Mazarin, and his own accession to the effective government of his dominions. The king's address and external qualities were eminently fitted to captivate his people; he displayed an early strength of character such as had been observed in few of his predecessors, and he found himself in possession of powers far more extensive than had ever belonged to any of them. All that the crown and its ablest ministers had struggled for, came into his hands without an effort. The contest had been long and fierce, but prerogative had gained the day; the sound of arms had died away throughout the land; and it was almost forgotten that the French, now so loyal and submissive, had been among the most mutinous and ungovernable of all the nations of Europe. Had Louis been endowed with a truly kind and liberal spirit, had he been disposed to cultivate the arts of peace, or even to lay a true foundation for military success, he might have become the greatest king that France had ever seen, and might have preserved the continuity of her national existence, by averting the Revolution. But while affairs yet wore this bright and promising aspect, his evil genius prompted him to attack his Protestant subjects; an unprincipled aggression, from which he was destined to reap a bitter harvest of humiliation and disgrace.

It is well known that the convention concluded between Henry IV. and his Calvinist companions in arms, and styled the Edict of Nantes, gave to the latter an organisation extremely dangerous to the crown; and that soon after Henry's death the two powers were again in collision. It was reserved for the genius of Richelieu to retrieve the monarchy. Under his rule the Protestants lost their great civil and military establishments, and their places of strength; even Montauban, which had once proudly engraved upon its medals 'Respublica Montalbanensis' and to which Louis XIII. laid siege in vain, while its holy men harangued the defenders at the very breach, one prophet 'dying in his speech,' as he denounced the advancing enemy, 'Woe unto thee, Babylon!'—and La Rochelle, that yielded not until four-fifths of its people had perished by famine, and then yielded only to the prodigious efforts of Richelieu. But although the Calvinists were thus reduced, they enjoyed the free exercise of their religion, and were admitted, though not without difficulties and discouragement, to several honourable employments; particularly that of arms, in which they boasted the great names of Rantzaw, Guébriant, Châtillon, La Force, and Turenne; besides Duquesne, the founder of the marine. They also cultivated manufactures and commerce with remarkable ingenuity and success.

It was against this class, the most valuable of all who owned his sway, that Louis was unhappily induced to employ his authority. A monarch who identified the state so entirely with himself, did not choose that any part of it should differ from him in matters of faith: he believed that his power was sufficient to compel obedience in spiritual as in temporal affairs, and that firmness on his part would in time produce uniformity in religion. The scheme was recommended by important sanctions; since the extirpation of heresy was expressly stipulated for in his marriage contract, negotiated by Mazarin with the Spanish court, in 1660; and Anne of Austria earnestly desired to atone for her ill-spent life by engaging her son in so good a work: a desire which he might have been less eager to gratify, had it not seemed to point to the extension and completion of the grand system of absolute monarchy. The French, too, were generally of opinion, that the existence of a religious dissent was a great evil; and every blow that could be directly or indirectly struck against the Huguenots was regarded as a triumph.

It is not uncommonly imagined, at least in this country, that the revocation of the edict preceded the attack upon the Calvinists; but the truth is, that a system of cruel and treacherous aggression existed for twenty years while the edict was still the law of the land. Under the pretext of *maintaining* the edict, a

commission was issued in 1662 to inquire into the legal titles to the 'Temples' of the Protestants, their cemeteries, and their schools; and to reduce the number to that specified in the edict; without any allowance for the increase which had been silently permitted during sixty years. A dull, deadening, *negative* persecution was resorted to, and the Protestants found that they had nothing to hope from the Crown, the sole fountain of honours and preferment. Converts who should relapse into heresy, were next made subject to banishment, and the consistory which received them, to the demolition of its church. The age at which a person was competent to avow conversion was fixed at fourteen in males, and twelve in females, and Protestant children were carried off from their mothers to be converted. The sick were compelled to receive the visit of a priest, and to listen to his tormenting exhortations; psalm-singing out of church, was forbidden; and so early as 1665 the oppression was so grievous, that the Great Elector, Frederic William of Brandenburg, was induced to write to the king in behalf of the sufferers. Louis replied that he was not bound to render to any man an account of his conduct towards his subjects of the reformed religion; but that the elector might rest assured that he was pledged to the maintenance of the edicts which secured their liberties, not less by his royal word, than by the remembrance of their fidelity during the civil wars of the Fronde. Nevertheless, decree followed decree, each inflicting some fresh vexation, and clogging every office of religion with some additional burden. Complaint was forbidden, and, to prevent unseemly comparisons, it was made penal to allude to the sorrows of the Hebrews under Herod or Nebuchadnezzar! Every artifice was used to bring the penalties into operation, and many temples were destroyed, and many cemeteries closed.

In 1668, the Chamber of the Edict—a chamber created in the Parliament of Paris for the express purpose of construing and enforcing the Edict of Nantes—was threatened with abolition. Deputies from the churches hurried to St. Germain and remonstrated with the king in person: but their intercession proved fruitless, and having lost their only remaining safeguard, the Protestants began to abandon a country in which their lives were daily embittered. A severe law was fulminated against the fugitives, but the dread of death did not check their outward current.

France was now one vast field of theological controversy, when Bossuet, the leader of the Gallican Church, published his 'Exposition of Catholic Doctrine.' Among the Protestants there existed, unhappily, a great variety of doctrines. The elder men adhered to the Calvinistic opinions in a mitigated form; the majority were professed Arminians; and others had embraced a kind

of Socinianism, which derived its name from Pajon, minister of Orleans. The work of Bossuet found, of course, many eager antagonists. The first was Brueys of Montpellier; a light, mercurial writer, whom Bossuet did not condescend to answer, but sent for and forthwith converted. He was pensioned by the court, and undertook to refute his own book, but never succeeded in the attempt. The Calvinists were now deserted by the few courtiers who still remained to them. Turenne himself avowed his conversion. One or two of the younger members of the high nobility, and a considerable number of the gentry, abandoned their country, to preserve their faith. During the war with Holland the persecution was relaxed, and corruption was resorted to. Upon the principle, it may be supposed, of robbing Peter to pay Paul, a fund upon which the pope had a claim, was set apart for the conversion of Protestants. The poor were tempted with money, and the upper classes with honours and preferment, and with the offer of education for their children at the public expense. But these expedients appeared too slow to Louis, who was continually urged by his Jesuit confessor, P ere La Chaise, to realise without delay the great scheme of uniformity, and to atone for his sins by bringing his whole realm within the pale of the Church. Accordingly, as soon as his hands were set free by the peace of Nimeguen, a new ordinance excluded the Protestants from employment in the farms of the crown, ruining thousands who lived by the collection and management of the revenue. The age of conversion was reduced to seven, and if a child could be taught by its nurse to lisp such phrases as 'Ave Maria,' 'Sainte Vierge,' 'Vive la Croix,' 'La messe est belle,' some priest was sure to hail this token of conversion, and the child was torn from its parents. Large sums were expended in circulating Romanist treatises in the Protestant districts. The movements of every Calvinist in Paris were closely watched and reported by the police, and those who appeared to be most active were ordered to repair to some distant province, and to reside there till further orders. The multitude was excited by the priests and the magistrates; fierce riots took place in the churches, the bodies of the Protestants were torn from their graves, and subjected, even under the eye of the court, to outrages not surpassed by those which horrified all Europe, when the royal tombs of St. Denis were violated at the Revolution.

Next came (1681) a series of very remarkable operations, directed by Louvois, the leading minister of the greatest monarch of his time. The civil and ecclesiastical authorities of each town called a public meeting, announced the approach of a military force, and the king's command that all Protestants should be converted

without delay. Upon the arrival of the soldiers, those who refused obedience were handed over to them, to be pillaged, tortured, and abused at pleasure, murder and violation being alone forbidden. The troops exercised their licence in such a manner as to outrun the warmest wishes of the minister, zealously adapting to each sex and age the kind of torment most likely to subdue it. This process was called a *Dragonnade*, from the dragoons, who distinguished themselves above the other corps by superior ingenuity in outrage. Persons whose faith was proof against the arguments of these savage missionaries, were closely confined in citadels, if they were people of condition; but the humbler classes were thrown into loathsome dungeons, and subjected to daily tortures, which were yet less injurious than the pestilential atmosphere of the cells. Several persons, after a few weeks' confinement, issued from the prisons of Grenoble, deprived both of hair and teeth. Many, to make room in the prisons, were shipped off in old and crazy vessels for the plantations in the West Indies. The king was assured that a rapid and general conversion was in progress.

And now the aged Chancellor Le Tellier requested of the king, as a last favour, permission to crown the great and holy work, by affixing the seal to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The king, strange to say, though he had violated the edict a thousand times, hesitated to avow the principles upon which he had so long been acting, but he gave way under the advice of theologians, and the chancellor had the gratification, before he died, of sealing the revocation* and piously repeating the 'nunc dimittis!' His funeral oration was pronounced by Bossuet, who extolled to the skies this new and surpassing glory of the great monarch, the blessed extermination of the heretics. Medals were struck on the auspicious occasion, and the Gallican Church was in an ecstasy of delight. The counsellors of the Vatican, perhaps, saw a little further, for Rome made no sign of approbation.

The Protestant clergy, to the number of 1500, were forthwith expelled from France; but the revocation had at last been decided upon so hastily, that the government found itself unable to supply their place. All the religious orders sent missions to the new churches; but their envoys were for the most part mere itinerant monks, and were regarded by the people with mingled fear and contempt. Even Bourdaloue and Fénelon, who were despatched to the south-western provinces, were unable to remove these feelings. Many Protestants, indeed, yielded to temptation; but their acquiescence was not of a satisfactory kind, and in general, when the Dragon-

* It was promulgated in October, 1685.

nade had swept by, the people deeply repented of their base submission. Even where they maintained an outward appearance of conversion, the attacks of illness, and the approach of death, seldom failed to awaken a strong feeling of remorse. M. Peyrat relates,* that

“ They cursed the monks who stood by their pillow, and they declared that they would die in the religion of their fathers. After such a declaration, the patient, if he recovered, was sent to the galleys, or if he died was cast out into the public sewer or dunghill (*voirie*)! At Aiguemortes, whenever a corpse was to be thus thrown out, one of the Protestant prisoners was obliged to drag the hurdle, or to lead the horse which dragged it. On one occasion an unhappy prisoner fainted while thus employed. The soldier who was charged with this horrible service immediately killed him with his sabre, and threw him on the hurdle beside the other. A girl died on the eve of her marriage, and her body was dragged and exposed in this manner. Her lover carried it off during the night, and piously gave it burial in some unknown spot. From that time guards were stationed to drive away the friends of the dead, while dogs and vultures were freely allowed to approach.”—Vol. i., p. 88.

The emigration now increased to an alarming extent. Dressed as muleteers, as hawkers, as beggars, or as pilgrims on their way to some holy shrine, the Protestants moved towards the frontier; delicate females cheerfully encountering every fatigue, men of high birth submitting to the meanest disguises. Some of them, on reaching the border, arrayed themselves in their gayest attire, and passed into exile, like true Frenchmen, with songs and rejoicing. The fishermen of the coasts were frequently bribed to perform the dangerous service of carrying them out to Dutch vessels which lay in the offing to receive them. Of those who escaped from France, many never reached a place of refuge: some were driven by stress of weather to Spain, where the dungeons of the Inquisition awaited them; others were captured by Moorish corsairs. After a time, all who chose were permitted to depart, in the expectation that the movement would cease when unopposed; but this impression proved erroneous, and Louis, in disgust, again closed the gates of his kingdom. During this emigration, which lasted altogether for a quarter of a century, it is supposed that 300,000 or 400,000 Protestants quitted France. They carried to foreign countries a number of elegant and useful manufactures;† and their soldiers fought gallantly, and are believed by

* N. B. We have taken considerable liberties with the passages we quote from M. Peyrat, as his style is too copious for our purpose.

† M. Capefigue denies (*Hist. de Louis XIV.*) that any great number of merchants or manufacturers quitted France, but he stands quite alone in this opinion.

the French to have seated William of Orange on the English throne! An equal number is supposed to have perished in civil war, in attempting to emigrate, in the prisons, in the galleys, on the scaffold. A million remained in France, under the name of the 'newly converted,' but retaining their religious opinions.

But there is, though Louis knew it not, a limit to human endurance. After the departure of the clergy, and of the richest and best educated of the laity, when all moral and intellectual elements of resistance to this intolerable tyranny seemed to be exhausted, the course of the oppressor was unexpectedly stayed. The provinces in which the Arians had withstood Clovis, and the Albigenses had struggled with Montfort, still nourished a stern and unyielding race of men, whose obstinacy the king was now to experience.

The strange story of their resistance is recorded in the interesting work of M. Peyrat, who has diligently availed himself of every source of information regarding his Protestant ancestors. In all the leading facts of his narrative, he is completely borne out by the modern histories, most opposite to each other in principle, of Sismondi, and the royalist Cœpefigue. But a minute knowledge of the country, an industrious investigation of local records, and an intimate acquaintance with the many histories and memoirs which have been devoted to the subject, have enabled him to describe the whole struggle with truth and liveliness, and to give reality and distinctness to a series of very memorable occurrences for which the general histories of France have found no room.

The scene of his remarkable story lies chiefly in the country which extends from Mount Lozère southwards to the sea, having the Rhone to the east, and the little river Herault on its western border. It comprehends six dioceses; Viviers, Uzès, Nîmes, Mende, Alais, and Montpellier; belonging, for the most part, to the ancient province of Languedoc, and forming, under the modern division, the four departments of the Lozère, the Ardèche, the Gard, and the Herault.

In the northern part of this region stand the Cevennes, a lofty mountain chain, running from east to west. The lozenge-shaped district called the Higher Cevennes is nearly defined by four streams; the two branches of the river Tarn, and the two Gardons. It is a country most difficult of access, full of lofty peaks and ridges, of ravines and mountain torrents, of innumerable passes and defiles. Of its three stages, or plateaux, the highest is covered with forests, the next is pasture, while on the lowest corn is grown. The climate is severe in winter, stormy and uncertain in summer. Scattered among the gorges, overhanging the streams, and perched upon the rocks of this wilderness, are

five or six hundred villages or hamlets, accessible only by narrow and difficult mountain paths. The population, almost entirely Protestant to this day, amounts to about 30,000. Their habits are very simple: they live on rye and the chestnuts of their woods, which they eat boiled in milk. In summer, they feed their flocks; in winter, when the snow confines them for six months to their cottages, they prepare the wool. The children spin, the women card, and the men weave; and every house is a little manufactory of serges and coarse cloths. The Lower Cevennes are bare, gray, and arid; and still further southward are the parched plains of Languedoc, producing the olive, the vine, and the fig-tree, and in many places silk, and adorned with traces of ancient Roman grandeur. The coast is low, marshy, and insalubrious. Connected with the Cevennes was another Protestant district, the Hundred Churches of Dauphiné, lying chiefly in the valley of the Drôme, which extends towards the Alps from the left bank of the Rhone.

Some of the Protestants of Languedoc and Dauphiné had already, in 1683, been goaded into insurrection, and had been defeated by the royal forces under St. Ruth at the village of Bourdeaux in Dauphiné, and afterwards by the Duke de Noailles, who routed them at the hill of L'Herbasse, near Charmes, and killed 600 in the field. These victories were followed up by St. Ruth with a fearful local butchery; and a general Dragonnade, executed by the same officer, had nominally converted Nismes and Montpellier before the revocation.

In the midst of these severities, Nicholas Lamoignon de Bâville was appointed by Louvois to the post of Intendant of justice, police, and finances in Languedoc; an office embracing the chief civil administration of the province. The new intendant was son of a distinguished judge, and sprung from one of those ancient legal families, who though tenacious of the privileges of the robe, yet commonly adhered to the crown, as against the nobility and clergy. He was a man of stern nature, hostile to the Protestants as rebels, though indifferent to their religious opinions; firm and indefatigable in the discharge of his duties, but full of jealousy and ambition. He could not endure any participation of power, and as the office of vice-governor and military commandant (the governor was the infant Duke of Maine, a natural son of the king) gave its possessor great authority in the province, he procured the recall of Noailles, and the appointment of his own brother-in-law, the Count de Broglie—a dull man, who dreaded and obeyed him.

Bâville had yet another competitor for power, the Cardinal de Bonzi, Archbishop of Narbonne, and President of the States of

Languedoc—or rather his sister, who was married to the Marquis de Castries, Governor of Montpellier, and disposing at pleasure of all military and ecclesiastical preferment, was the real sovereign of Languedoc. The intractable Bâville resolved to overturn this petticoat government, cardinal and all. The aged prelate had allowed himself—for, says M. Peyrat, (to explain the apparent anomaly in the character of a French ecclesiastic,) ‘he was of Florentine descent, and his manners were suited to his *Italian* extraction’—to fall under the influence of the young and ambitious Countess de Ganges. Bâville communicated this scandal to the king, and Louis, though attached to Bonzi, did not hesitate to remove the countess from him by a *lettre de cachet*, that favorite instrument of the old government; the old man fell into a deep melancholy, which undermined his health and reason, and the Intendant remained the undisputed master of the province. But his troubles were yet to come.

The Protestants, under the Edict of Revocation, retained permission to remain in the kingdom and to enjoy their goods, without being subjected to any trouble or hindrance, provided they did not assemble for religious purposes. After the first alarm, which drove them for a time to the Roman Catholic Churches, many of them lived without any apparent religious observances, but in reality met at night for family worship. These meetings gradually became more numerous, and grew into considerable assemblies—in the woods, in caves, and among the mountains, or, as it was now said, ‘in the desert.’ The place of the exiled ministers was supplied by such members of the congregation as felt themselves impelled to address their brethren. In vain did Bâville’s dragoons sabre the assemblies. In vain did he entrap the preachers, and abandon them among the Spanish mountains or on the hostile shores of Italy, or transport them to the colonies: new pastors arose in continual succession, and the people still met in the desert. He then raised eight regiments of regular infantry, and organised a body of 40,000 unpaid militia, so disposed as to be available for service at many different points at the same time. He likewise improved the mountain paths of the Cevennes and the Vivarais; he established military posts among the mountains, and he built forts at Nismes, Alais, and St. Hippolyte.

In the mean time the eyes of the Protestant exiles were directed to the rising power of the Prince of Orange, and Jurieu, one of their most eminent ministers, published (1686) a book, entitled, ‘The Accomplishment of the Prophecies; or, the Approaching Deliverance of the Church.’ In this work he professed to have fathomed the deepest mysteries of the Apocalypse, and he con-

fidently predicted the triumph of the Protestant cause, and the resurrection of the Church in April, 1689.

The work of Jurieu was introduced into the mountains of Dauphiné by an old man named Du Serre, whose engagements called him to Geneva in the summer. He belonged to that class of manufacturers of glass, who combined, according to Châteaubriand, the characters of the gentleman and the savage, because they were ennobled in the fourteenth century,* and lived continually in the woods, in the exercise of their profession and of the chase. They formed a peculiar caste, whose virtues and education gave them an ascendancy among the peasantry; and after the expulsion of the pastors, they became readers, catechists, and even preachers, and their remote and unnoticed manufactories, where many children were employed, became so many seats of religious instruction. The imagination of Du Serre, inflamed by Jurieu's effusions, threw him into an ecstatic condition, which was speedily communicated to the young people who resorted to his furnace, and was spread by them through Dauphiné and Provence.

A similar spirit displayed itself near Castres in Languedoc, where a little girl declared that an angel, in the form of a child of her own stature, arrayed in white, had warned her not to go again to mass. The people in consequence deserted the churches; the girl was shut up in a convent; but a belief in miraculous apparitions became quite common in the district, and the Roman Catholic officials thought it expedient to give out that the angel had really appeared to the young shepherdess, but instead of forbidding, had expressly commanded her to go to mass.

Dauphiné, however, was the chief seat of the prophetic frenzy. The excitement spread from hamlet to hamlet;—everywhere were to be found the convulsions, the glittering eye, the unnatural slumber, which distinguished the inspired, who were all young persons, many of them mere children, and some actually infants at the breast. The phenomena of nature, it was said, confirmed the hopes suggested by the appearance of these prophetic gifts. When the faithful ones were repairing to their nocturnal assemblies, stars detached themselves from the firmament, and glided before them like lamps carried by invisible guides; and sounds, as of the harp blended with celestial voices, were heard in calm nights to proceed with ineffable melody from the solitary mountain tops.

The juvenile prophets presided in the assemblies, summoned

* "The art of glass-making is here (Venice) very highly valued, for whoever be of that profession, are gentlemen *ipso facto*, and it is not without reason, it being a rare kind of knowledge and chemistry," &c.—'Howell's Letters,' p. 40.

apostates before them, preached, baptised, married, directed the people, and exercised all the functions of governors of the church. One of them, 'La belle Isabeau,' was long remembered for her eloquence and devout spirit. But the most considerable was Gabriel Astier, who, inculcating the necessity of obeying God rather than the king, and confidently promising miraculous aid, excited in the Vivarais an insurrection which was not easily crushed. Gabriel was executed in 1690, but there still lurked among the huts and caverns of the Cevennes, two preachers of great influence, Brousson and Vivens. The latter, Bâville was so determined to hunt down, that he put several persons to death on the mere suspicion of having harboured him. The proscribed minister did not scruple to retaliate, and several priests and officers of militia were murdered. Vivens even projected a general rising, but the plot was discovered, and the fanatic was slain in his cave after a desperate resistance.

The death of Louvois gave power to a more tolerant party, who yet shrunk from a contest with Bossuet and with the Jesuits; and the severe system of Bâville was continued. In 1695, the bishops were consulted, but the majority declared against toleration. Languedoc, already exhausted, was tormented with a new poll-tax—the land was desolated by storms—the fields were left uncultivated, and pestilence succeeded to famine. A treaty was at length negotiated between the kings of France and England, but the Protestants of the South were only tantalised and led into danger by the establishment of religious freedom at Orange; the troops withdrawn from foreign service, were let loose upon their wretched province, to pillage and destroy; and at the commencement of the year 1700, the heretical worship was thought to be finally crushed.

But war was again approaching, for Louis claimed for his grandson the mighty empire of Spain; and William, at the head of a vast confederacy, prepared to dispute his pretensions.

The hopes of the Protestants revived when they saw that the government was likely to be fully occupied in this contest. The prophetic spirit reappeared as vivid as ever. Again the people fancied that they were receiving the oracles of God from infants at the breast, from the young, the poor, and the ignorant; and the ecstasy introduced into the Cevennes in the autumn of 1700, by a woman from the Vivarais, became common in all the country that lies between the Lozère and the sea. Of the persons thus affected, some fell as if dead; others stood panting for breath; nearly all experienced violent transports, accompanied with sighs, sobs, groans, and sometimes floods of tears. The inspiration seemed forcibly to master the unwilling organs of the speaker,

constructing each phrase upon his lips, syllable by syllable; while he uttered, without perception of sense or sound, the words dictated from within. These were always addressed to the inspired person himself, commencing: 'Je te dis, mon enfant;' or, 'Je t'assure, mon enfant;' and this introductory formula, like the whole of the revelation, was expressed in common French, although, when the trance was over, the speaker resumed his ordinary tongue, the Romance dialect of the mountains. These emotions were rapidly propagated amongst a population so excitable. Upon one occasion, a prophet exclaimed: 'Behold the Dove descending upon Cabrit!' The person thus indicated, instantly sank to the ground, as if stricken by a thunderbolt, and fell into a violent ecstasy. From that day the Spirit was upon him; and it soon passed to his son. Those upon whom it came, are said to have abandoned all frivolous habits and pursuits, and to have occupied themselves in works of peace and charity. Their hearers also reformed. Within a year, not a village or hamlet, scarcely even a house, was without its inspired preacher. The people came by night in crowds to hear them, chanting psalms as they went on their hallowed errand; and again the meteors appeared on high for their guidance. Severity had no effect upon the children possessed by the Spirit; and when it extended to the children of Roman Catholics, the priests, who hoped at first to profit by it, were scandalised to hear nothing but denunciations of the mass, and of the Church of Rome under its usual style of 'Babylon.' The physicians of Montpellier wisely pronounced the phenomenon to be beyond their sphere; and while the younger patients were, in despair, restored to freedom, hundreds of the older and stronger were condemned to military service or to the galleys.

The Protestants were guilty, in the spring of 1701, of an outrage in the diocese of Uzès, where they burst into a church, broke the tabernacle, and trampled under foot the consecrated wafer. The succeeding autumn and winter were marked by a bloody persecution: the militia hunted night and day for the assemblies, fell upon them, sword in hand, and sent to Bâville, for punishment, those who survived the onset; and people hurried out of a country, where it was an every-day occurrence to see the soldiers, with a Capuchin friar at their head, driving before them to prison a party of women and children seized in the desert; to hear the drums beating as a hill-preacher was going to execution; to see the bodies of men and women hanging from the trees, or dragged on hurdles and cast out to the dogs!

The feelings of nature revolted against this barbarity, and fear gave way to indignation. Some of the mountain prophets re-

ceived, in visions, the divine command to drive out the priests, and to make war upon the king. The people listened, but dared not as yet to obey. Suddenly a young prophet, Etienne Gout, reappeared among them, delivered from prison, as he said, like St. Peter, by the angel of the Lord. At his instance they purchased arms, and collected stores of gunpowder and ball.

The priests now represented that their parishioners disregarded all the ordinances of the Church, and they loudly called for assistance. Early in 1702, Du Chayla, the archpriest (*archipretre*) of the Cevennes, proclaimed a new mission, and sent forth his monks through the district. He accompanied them to their stations, he preached, inspected, examined, and played the inquisitor, treating the people with the utmost insolence. But, on the present occasion, he found them impatient and irritated; they replied to his counsels with hooting, and answered his threats with menaces of death. Their alienation became less and less equivocal. On Easter day all the churches were empty: the people had gone in a body to receive the Eucharist in the desert. One Sunday, the prior of La Melouze, repairing to the church, found a dead dog suspended, instead of the figure of Christ, on the cross of the cemetery. The archpriest put himself in motion to discover the authors of this abomination, and advanced to Pont de Montvert, a village which had recently been the scene of several executions. Baffled in his search for a preacher by the steadiness of the young children of a widow, Du Chayla inflicted on the eldest a cruel and outrageous punishment, which caused his death. He converted his cellars into dungeons, where the unhappy peasantry were subjected to horrible tortures; 'remitted, sometimes, says M. Peyrat (who cites three authorities), to man, for gold; to woman, at the cost of honour.' The people were at length weary of suffering. A woman daringly descended into the prisons of the tyrant, and contrived to effect the deliverance of her youngest child; her sons rescued their sister from the soldiers, who were conducting her to the prisons of Mende, and the people uttered deep threats against their oppressor; yet he went on in his course. At length, in July, 1702, a party was arrested in the act of leaving the province for Geneva; they were carried to the archpriest, who forwarded the women to Mende, and detained the men. Their relatives vainly entreated for mercy; he declared that all should undergo the punishment prescribed by law; that is, death to the guide, the galleys for the emigrants.

The last grain was now added to the heap, and the people of the neighbourhood determined to rescue the prisoners, and to exterminate 'the Archpriest of Moloch.' Fifty of them, accordingly, assembled on the 24th of July, at nightfall, with such arms

as they could muster, under three gigantic beech-trees, on the mountain of Bougès. Several of the band had relatives enduring the living death of the galleys, and one of them was the affianced lover of a girl who had been arrested among the emigrants. Segquier, the preacher who had suggested the enterprise, blessed them in the name of the Lord of Hosts, and they descended the hill, chanting the 74th Psalm as they passed through the forest and the wastes towards Pont de Montvert.

Their further proceedings are related by M. Peyrat nearly as follows:—

“The little town of Pont de Montvert is situated just where two small rivers pour their waters into the Tarn. The archpriest inhabited the forfeited dwelling of a burgess who had been killed in the great Dragonnade of 1685. It presents almost a dead wall to the street, but opens behind upon a narrow terrace, which overhangs the Tarn. About ten o'clock in the evening, the archpriest, being in his house with twelve or fifteen persons, ecclesiastics, servants, or soldiers in attendance upon him, heard the wild psalmody, as Segquier and his comrades entered the southern suburb, and bent their steps towards the house. Supposing that the tones proceeded from a religious assembly in the town, the archpriest ordered out his soldiers; but they found it impossible to quit the mansion, already invested by the mountaineers, who demanded the surrender of the prisoners. ‘Begone!’ replied Du Chayla from a window—‘Begone, you Huguenot rabble!’ and upon their refusal the soldiers fired and killed one of their number. Upon this they became furious; seizing the trunk of a tree, which was lying along the wall, they swung it like a battering ram and broke a hole in the door, which they then cut away with their axes. They rushed into the vestibule, forced the wicket of the dungeon, and delivered the captives. At the sight of these ill-used persons, whom they found in a state of great suffering, their rage increased, they rushed to the staircase and demanded the archpriest himself. A priest whom they mistook for him, fell mortally wounded with a halbert; Du Chayla, seeing himself in extremity, gave absolution to his people, who still defended the staircase. One of the assailants had his face grazed by a ball, when the prophet shouted aloud to ‘burn the priest and satellites of Baal!’ In a few minutes the house was in a blaze; its inmates retreated to an upper room, whence they tried to escape by means of a rope formed of sheets twisted together. The archpriest first attempted to slip down into the garden, but fell and broke his thigh, and was only able to crawl under a hedge, where he was soon after discovered and slaughtered. The others let themselves down after him and fled across the Tarn. Such of the soldiers and domestics as were caught were instantly put to death, with the exception of two for whom the prisoners interceded.”—Vol. i., p. 294.

The fanatic Segquier, relentless as Du Chayla himself, had resolved upon a general massacre of the priests, and he hurried from

one point to another, surprising and slaying them wherever he could, and destroying on his way the churches, the crosses, and all the insignia of Romanism. Having learnt that all the clergy of the neighbourhood were gathering at Saint Germain de Calberte to celebrate the obsequies of the archpriest, who had there his library and his principal residence, Segquier hastened in that direction, and would have given a bloody funeral to his enemy; but, on approaching the place, he heard that it was guarded by the militia, and he did not venture to attack it. In the meantime, the assembled priests were listening to Louvreuil, the curé of St. Germain, who, in an eloquent sermon, extolled the virtues of his superior, and exhorted his brethren to die, if necessary, at their posts, like the illustrious deceased. At that moment a cry was raised that the insurgents were upon them; that fire and sword were at Frugères—at St. Maurice—at St. André! The body of the archpriest was hastily consigned to its tomb, and the assembly, in great consternation, dispersed and sought shelter where they could.

Segquier still proceeded in the execution of what he called 'the judgment of God.' Going to the Château of Ladevèze, he demanded the arms which had been deposited there. The lord of the mansion replied by sounding the alarm-bell and firing upon the party, one of whom was killed, and several wounded. Upon this the prophet forced the gates, and ordered a general massacre.

The whole of the family perished—the lord, with his aged mother, his sister, his brother, his steward, and his servants! The assailants then retired, after having set fire to the house.

But the end of their daring leader was at hand. The powerful relatives of Du Chayla, and the whole noblesse of the Haut Gevaudan, with their followers, took the field to avenge his death. Broglie speedily arrived at Pont de Montvert, and despatched against the insurgents a certain Captain Poul, a military adventurer of extraordinary prowess, lately tested in a partisan warfare against the Vaudois. With his warlike mien, his austere habits, his long and heavy Armenian blade, and his Spanish horse, Poul was the admiration and the terror of the mountaineers. He attacked and routed them at a place called Fontmorte, and captured the prophet with his own hand, while endeavouring to rally the fugitives. 'How do you expect to be treated?' said the unfeeling Poul, escorting his prisoner in chains to Florac. 'As I would have treated you if I had taken you,' replied Segquier. He was sentenced to lose his right hand, and to be burnt alive; and this punishment he underwent, firm and triumphant to the last, at Pont de Montvert, within less than three weeks from the day of his success on that very spot. Broglie now supposed the insur-

rection to be at an end, and after punishing the relatives of those who had taken part in it, he returned to Alais, leaving Poul with some companies of fusiliers to occupy the villages of the Higher Cevennes.

The insurgents wandered among the hills, dejected and irremediable, and considering how they might escape out of France, when they were joined by one Laporte, once a soldier, but now a dealer in iron; a man of resolute character, endowed in the highest degree with those prophetic gifts which were all in all with the fanatical peasantry. He persuaded them to give up all thoughts of leaving the country of their ancestors, but declared that it must no longer be a land of slavery and death, that all the priests of Baal must be exterminated, and the temples of the Almighty must be reared again. 'The Lord of Hosts,' said he, 'is our strength. We will sing the psalm of battles, and from the Lozère to the sea, all Israel will arise. As for arms, have we not our axes? they will get us muskets:' and he instantly led them to disarm some Roman Catholic villages. The band was speedily increased by recruits from the Vébron, and from Nismes. Among the latter were some young men by whom the Baron de St. Cômes, a noted renegade and oppressor, had been assassinated upon the highway, the very day after Segurier's execution. In a few days Laporte was at the head of 150 men, with the prospect of a great addition when the vintage and the olive harvest should be over. He styled himself 'Colonel of the Children of God,' and his camp 'the Camp of the Almighty,' and with these lofty pretensions he bade defiance to King Louis and his armies.

Laporte first set upon a party of the royal troops at the bridge of the Tarnon, routed them, and rescued a considerable number of prisoners and cattle, with which they were returning from a foray against the hamlets of the Vébron. Proceeding to Collet, whence he had drawn off the garrison by a stratagem, he solemnly reopened the 'Temple' of which his own brother had once been pastor, the only place of Protestant worship in the Cevennes, which had not been destroyed; he passed the night in prayer for a blessing upon the holy war, and retired before daybreak, after burning the Roman Catholic church, and the houses of the magistrate, and the commandant, and the priest. The indefatigable Poul was soon upon the spot, and hurried in quest of Laporte. He found him encamped upon an eminence rising abruptly over a wood of chestnut trees, below which extends a vast barren heath called the Champ-Domergue. Hither the Protestants had come to pray, for the place had ever been held sacred, and had probably witnessed the worship of the ancient Gaulish divinities. Laporte boldly came down to fight with Poul, and his men commenced the attack, chanting the psalm

of battles, the sixty-eighth. The shot rattled like hail among the leaves, the hook was brandished against the bayonet; but after a hot skirmish Laporte retreated to his heights, whither Poul did not venture to pursue him; and Bâville heard with astonishment that these half-armed rustics had faced three times their own number of regular troops, headed by the redoubted Poul.

After the fight, the insurgents adroitly spread themselves through the country in three detachments, eluding the pursuit of the royal troops, and always appearing where there was no force to resist them; seizing arms, destroying the symbols of Romanism, and murdering the obnoxious officials, and all whom they deemed traitors to the Protestant cause. Broglie, on the other hand, took the severest vengeance upon the families and property of the insurgents. After a considerable time Poul surprised them at prayer one Sunday (Oct. 22, 1702), on a height near Témelac. They formed in line to resist him, but their muskets had been wetted by a shower, and could not be discharged. He had, therefore, little difficulty in cutting up the party, and Laporte himself was among the slain. Their heads were exhibited by Bâville over the gates of the citadel of Montpellier.

“According to another tradition, Laporte was carried off the field severely wounded, and was deposited in a cave. A month after, finding himself convalescent, he joined in prayer with his band and the people of the neighbourhood; and while they returned thanks to God for his miraculous recovery, he himself, in a transport of gratitude, uttered praises and thanksgivings with such vehemence that his wounds opened afresh, his fever returned, and he died, agitated in his delirium by dreams of battle, and was buried by his followers in some unknown solitude.

“However this may be, Laporte did not appear again at the head of the ‘Children of God.’ During his brief campaign he had inspired them with his own stern courage, and in his hands, from a party of fugitive peasants, they had grown into a band of some numbers and discipline, inured to war, and invested with that romantic and unearthly character which attaches to the idea of men living in the desert, passing their time in prayer and in combat. He exercised such a dominion over his followers, that the Roman Catholics, astonished at their blind and unlimited devotion, did not hesitate to ascribe it to magical arts. They said, for instance, that he carried in his bosom pigeons trained to fly up into the clouds and to descend again to him, as he marched at the head of his men, who took them for heavenly messengers bringing to their prophet the commands of God. Under the guise of these popular fables it is easy to recognise the apparition of the Holy Ghost, which the chief of the Enfants de Dieu alleged that he saw in his ecstasy descend from heaven under the form of a luminous dove.”—Vol. i., p. 325.

Bâville hoped that he had now got rid of the insurrection, but he was again disappointed. Roland Laporte, a nephew of the

first commander, was elected to succeed him, and the fruits of the earth having been gathered in, the peasantry flocked to his standard, so that he had a thousand fighting men under his orders.

The country which furnished these warriors comprised five districts or cantons; the people of each canton formed a band, and as the bands lay within five or six leagues of each other, their communications were easy and convenient. The movements of all were concerted and regulated by a council of the chiefs. They kept up the designation which they had already assumed—the ‘Children of God:’ but the Roman Catholics, viewing their pretensions very differently, spoke of them under a variety of designations, all of which finally gave place to that of ‘Camisards,’ a word for which like ‘Chouans,’ and, we think, various other French party nicknames, no satisfactory origin can be assigned.*

After organising themselves in silence among the woods, the Protestants took to the field, and spread themselves, like a storm, over the open country:

“ Temple and tower
Went to the ground;”

crosses were broken, abbeys were burnt, priests were murdered. Bâville acted in a spirit worthy of the King of Dahomey or the Zooloos. At Aiguevives the whole population had listened to the preaching of the Camisard chief, Cavalier. To expiate this offence, four of the principal inhabitants were condemned to death, and for want of a gibbet were hanged on the branches of an almond-tree that stood before the church. Twelve were sentenced to the galleys, others to be scourged, and a fine was imposed upon the town. A young prophet, whose harangues had contributed to the insurrection, was broken upon the wheel. ‘But,’ says the Romanist chronicler, Louvreleuil, already mentioned, ‘the punishment which broke his bones, broke not his hardened heart; he died obstinate in his heresy.’

Cavalier, whose preaching led to this catastrophe, and the most prominent character, after Roland, in the whole war, was a peasant youth, whom the persecution of the *curé* of his native village had driven to Geneva, where he passed a year as apprentice to a baker, but returned home under a religious impulse, saying emphatically as he took leave of his master: ‘You will soon hear tidings of me.’ So remarkable were his gifts, that the legion of Lower Languedoc, the most numerous and intelligent of all,

* The derivation from ‘Camas’—‘ard,’ words which, in the mountain dialect, mean ‘house’—‘burn,’ seems the most probable.

elected him, at the age of seventeen, or little more, to be their chief. They could not have chosen more wisely, for he had a true eye for war, and was not wholly unacquainted with military movements, having assiduously watched, in his boyhood, on the banks of the Gardon, the manœuvres executed by the soldiery for the purpose of overawing the Protestants.

The united forces of Roland and Cavalier, marching in open day, with drums beating, disarmed the Roman Catholic townships along the Vidourle; Broglie hurried to the spot, but they had already disappeared. A captain, however, of the regiment of Marsilly, found them in a wood above Alais, and, venturing to attack them, was slain, and his company dispersed. A more considerable force, soon after (December 5th, 1702) marching through a defile in the hope of surprising Cavalier, was, on the contrary, surprised by him, and entirely cut up. The conquerors first of all gave thanks to God for their victory. They then despoiled their enemies, whose clothes, arms, and ammunition were carefully stored up for the public use.

These successes encouraged Cavalier to a yet bolder enterprise.

“The castle of Servas, standing on a height to the eastward of the woods of Bouquet, was particularly obnoxious to him, because its garrison watched all his movements, and had massacred several assemblies in the desert. While he was meditating how to take vengeance upon this detested fortress, without cannon to make a breach, or ladders for a nocturnal escalade, he fell in, one day, with a party of the king’s troops on their march to Italy, to join the army of Vendôme. Cavalier forthwith put the whole detachment to the sword, and arraying himself in the dress of the commanding officer, disguised a party of his men in the uniform of their victims—gave to them as prisoners, six Camisards of the most savage aspect, bound with cords, and one of them wounded and covered with blood; then arming himself with the route of the royal troops, he marched to a hamlet near the castle, and caused it to be announced to the commandant that he had beaten the Camisards, and having made six prisoners, desired, in obedience to the orders of Broglie and Bâville, to lodge them in the castle. The commandant came down to meet Cavalier, who saluted him, described himself as the nephew of the Count de Broglie, and presented his prize. The officer, precise in his habits, asked for the route, read it in silence, examined the prisoners attentively, and assured Cavalier that he would take good care of them; and as it was too late to continue the march, requested that he would do him the honour to pass the night in the castle. Cavalier at first refused, but suffered himself to be persuaded, and entered the castle, followed only by two of his officers. While supper was in preparation, the commandant led him upon the platform, and called his attention to the height and solidity of the walls. ‘The Duke of Rohan,’ he said, ‘had failed to take the fortress, and the Camisards

had no chance of escaping from it:’ he then offered his best cheer to his young and noble guest, thinking any civility well bestowed upon the nephew of the commander-in-chief; his officers told stories of their campaigns, and the evening passed very pleasantly. Meanwhile, under the pretext of obtaining provisions, the supposed soldiers, who had remained without, slipped into the fort, one after another, with their guns slung behind them. When Cavalier saw that they were in force, he rose and gave the signal.”—Vol. i., p. 343.

The scene which ensued can only be compared to the punishment of the suitors in the *Odyssey*. One moment all was mirth and joviality; the next, the commandant and the garrison were disarmed, and put to the sword. ‘Thus,’ says Cavalier, who himself tells the story, ‘their *cruelties* were punished.’ He possessed himself of their arms, ammunition, and provisions, and on his departure set fire to the castle. When he had gained the distance of half a league, he heard a terrific explosion. It proceeded from the powder magazine, which he had been unable to find, but which now took fire, and blew the fort into the air.

The insurrection gained head every day, and the Camisards were billeted upon the inhabitants of the villages, exactly like the regular troops. Roland considered himself entitled to all the king’s taxes, all the tithes, all monastic and clerical rents, and had no hesitation in shooting such of the collectors as failed to repair to his camp with these his rightful revenues. He forbade the Roman Catholics to mount guard, to enter into the militia, or to fortify their towns. The Protestant men he summoned to arm; their wives and children he invited to worship with him in the desert, and they came eagerly to attend his ministrations. Of these a curious picture is presented to us by M. Peyrat, who closely follows the contemporary memoirs.

On Christmas-day (1702), the sacrament of the Lord’s Supper was administered with peculiar solemnity.

“Roland, after preaching, came down, and, followed by his principal officers, slowly approached the rock which served as an altar. He took the bread and wine, and the chiefs first partook of it, while the soldiers prayed. The latter then approached, two by two, bare-headed, with their muskets slung; two prophets stood by the side of Roland, to pass to him the bread and wine, which he offered to the communicants, repeating low a verse of Scripture. A third prophet, in ecstatic mood, near the holy table, fixed upon each couple, as they presented themselves, his glittering eye, which penetrated the darkness of their hearts; and, according to the warnings of the Spirit, he repulsed the unworthy, saying to each: ‘Go and pray, my brother!’ The persons thus rejected withdrew to a separate place, and prostrated themselves on the earth with sighs and groans. When the celebration was over, Roland congratulated the warriors whom God had found worthy to partake of

His feast; he then severely rebuked the rejected ones; and, finally, announcing that God was moved by their penitence, admitted them also to the rite. After the soldiers, the multitude approached, and underwent the same test."

On this very day Cavalier was engaged in a similar celebration, when he was informed that the commandant of Alais was at hand with his garrison, aided by 600 of the militia of the town, and fifty of the noblesse on horseback. Cavalier sent his congregation to their homes, and took post on a rising ground, so shaped as to disguise his weakness, and offer some protection against musketry and a charge of horse. The enemy came up; but instead of allowing the infantry to advance, the mounted gentry dashed forward to chastise their rebellious vassals. It was the worse for them; several of them were dismounted, wounded, or killed by the fire of the rebels, and the others turned their backs in disorder, and broke the ranks of their own militia, which the commandant and the regular troops vainly endeavoured to rally. The whole force was borne along in utter confusion, and the Camisards, who hung upon their retreat with psalms of triumph and incessant firing, had nearly entered the gates of Alais along with the fugitives. They took abundant spoils, and among them a mule loaded with cords, for binding the expected prisoners!

Cavalier was now summoned to join Roland in an attempt upon Sauve, a little town of 2000 inhabitants, lying in a romantic situation on the right bank of the Vidourle, under the volcanic mountain of Couta. Sauve at this time belonged to two co-seigneurs, or joint feudal lords; it was protected by ancient ramparts, and a burgess guard. Roland, in order to amuse the enemy, sent a party during the night to burn the church of Monoblet, and to bear a cartel to the commandant of Saint Hippolyte, defying him to a combat of 200 men against 200, at five o'clock in the afternoon. Early in the morning he despatched towards Sauve a demi-brigade of Cavalier's legion, under an officer who went by the name of Catinat, because he had served under the famous maréchal of that name, and was continually boasting of the exploits of his leader. Catinat was a daring fellow, who had slain the Baron de Saint Cômes with his own hand. His party, we learn,

"Were disguised as militia, and he marched at their head, attired in the uniform of a lieutenant-colonel. About noon he arrived before Sauve, and representing that he had been the whole morning in pursuit of the fanatics who had burnt the church of Monoblet, he was allowed to enter the town, and having drawn up his men in the market-place, he repaired to the mansion of M. de Vibrac, one of the co-seigneurs,

and, like his colleague, a recent convert to Romanism. The seigneur was just sitting down to dinner, and he requested the company of the colonel and the two officers of his escort, whom he supposed to be the bearers of an expected message from Broglie. Catinat accepted the invitation, and placed himself by the side of the fair Madame de Vibrac. During the repast, he declaimed against the fanatics, lauded Broglie and Bâville to the skies, and ventured even upon some gallant compliments to his hostess. But the poor Camisard, whose education had been that of a common horse-breaker in the Camargue (or delta of the Rhone), made terrible mistakes, the lady soon observed that the colonel's manners were very rustic, and his mien uncommonly savage, and she and her husband inwardly shuddered to think that they had three Camisard chiefs sitting at table with them. They tried, however, to put the best face on the matter, not knowing how to deliver themselves from their dreaded guests. With dessert came the announcement that a large body of men was in sight. The wily lady desired her husband to go to the gate, as these might be the Camisards coming to surprise the town. 'Fear nothing, madam,' Catinat proudly replied, 'I will see to it.' So saying, he rose, and went out with his two companions. They had scarcely passed the gateway, when the seigneur dropped the portcullis, and glad to get rid of them for a moment, barricaded himself in his mansion. In the meantime, Catinat declared to the agitated citizens that the approaching force must be Camisards:—'but, let them come,' said he; 'you will see how I shall receive them!' and the people pressed round him as their defender. But when Roland was within a musket-shot of the gate, and his men began to sing the hymn of battle, Catinat dropped his disguise, and appeared as an avenger. 'Ground those arms!' he fiercely cried to the townspeople, and, amidst their confusion, he opened the gates to Roland."—Vol. i., p. 353.

Roland, on entering, disarmed the inhabitants, arrested some military men, a monk, and several priests. He destroyed, as usual, the symbols of Romanism, and carried off the arms, all table utensils of metal, and some provisions. He conducted his prisoners outside the walls, where he released the soldiers, but caused the monk and the priests to be shot; and after remaining four hours in possession of the town, he retreated in safety with his booty.

The priests now fled from their parishes in great alarm, and could scarcely believe themselves safe, even in walled towns. The Count-Bishop of Mende repaired the fortifications of his city, raised troops for its defence, and made it a general place of refuge. The gentry deserted their seats, and the more wealthy inhabitants abandoned the open towns. The States of Languedoc (for the province yet possessed that phantom of a free constitution) had already (November, 1702) voted considerable levies, and Bâville had reluctantly applied to the minister of war

for assistance. Meanwhile, he inflicted punishment by wholesale upon those who were within his reach.

The armies acting in Spain and Italy were now going into winter-quarters, and, until the spring campaign should commence, it was intended to employ them in extinguishing the insurrection. Roland could only count upon 300 men at the utmost; and seeing that he would have a very formidable enemy to contend with, he resolved, if possible, to excite to insurrection the Vivarais on the one hand, and on the other the Rouergue; having received from both quarters strong assurances of sympathy. The agitator of the Rouergue was a Roman Catholic, and an ex-abbé, Labourlie, of the noble family of Guiscard, and afterwards notorious for his attempt to assassinate the English Prime Minister Harley. Others hoped to effect a civil reformation when the Duke of Burgundy should come to the throne; but Labourlie was impatient to revolutionise and destroy; he possessed great influence with all classes of men, and but for the premature outbreak in the Cevennes, a general insurrection of Protestants and Roman Catholics, from the Alps to the ocean, might not improbably have been effected.

Roland readily allied himself with Labourlie; and the latter, under the pretext of fortifying himself against the Camisards, collected supplies in his feudal keep of Vareille, lying between Rhodéz and Millau, and well placed for connecting the Cevennes with the Limousin and Auvergne. Here, too, a printing-press was established; for the ex-abbé was less a warrior than a rhetorician, and delighted in harangues and proclamations.

In the depth of winter, and while the Protestants daily expected a rising in the Rouergue, operations were still carried on actively on both sides. In January, 1703, Broglie was beaten at Val de Bane, in the low country, by the division of Cavalier, commanded (in the absence of that chief) by Catinat, in conjunction with Ravanel, a veteran who lived upon brandy, snuff, fighting, and psalm-singing. The dreaded Poul was brought to the ground by a stone discharged from a sling; and Catinat, rushing upon him, cut off his head, leapt upon his Spanish horse, and pursued the terrified soldiers over the plain, crying, it is said, to the general: 'We have plucked your cock (Poul), you have only to eat him!' Broglie had not time to listen to this witticism; he was making the best of his way to the Château of Bernis, where he shut himself up, while his dragoons galloped to Nismes with the news of their own defeat. From that day, Catinat wore the celebrated Armenian blade.

Julien, an officer of high reputation, once a Protestant, and page to William III., now joined the army as *maréchal de camp*;

bringing with him thirty-two companies of fusiliers, and a regiment of dragoons; he had been despatched by the Minister Chamillard, with the double view of conducting the military operations, and reporting confidentially on the state of affairs, as the provincial bulletins (being framed very much upon the same principles with the Algerian bulletins of the present day) were greatly distrusted at Versailles. At the council of war which was held upon his arrival, Julien is said to have strongly enforced his own opinion, which was at least bold and simple. 'It is useless,' said he, 'to kill only those who carry arms; the mass of the population is infected; all the Protestants of the rural districts must be put to the sword, and all the villages burnt, and then the insurrection will fall to the ground of itself.' But even the harsh Bâville shrunk from this atrocious proposal, and protested against the extermination of an industrious people, who might yet be reclaimed.

Now came on with dazzling rapidity, a series of 'alarums, excursions,' marches, surprises, adventures, and conflicts. The results were very unfavourable to the royal cause, and the reports of Julien to the minister were so alarming, that it became impossible to conceal the truth any longer from the king, who, it seems, had hitherto been very imperfectly made aware of it. Preparations were made for a vigorous effort, and Broglie was superseded by the Maréchal de Montrevel, who descended the Rhone with 10,000 men, twenty heavy guns, and large supplies of arms and ammunition. There arrived also in the province a force of a new kind, consisting of 600 miquelets, irregular soldiers, or rather, perhaps, banditti of the Pyrenees, inured to mountain fighting. The royal army of the Cevennes, now formed, together with the militia of the province, an effective force of 60,000 men. The marshal was disposed to adopt very sweeping measures, and began by issuing a menacing proclamation.

But neither Montrevel, nor his proclamations, nor his numerous army, nor his thundering artillery, could strike terror into the Enfants de Dieu. 'They remained unmoved,' says a Romanist chronicler, 'as rocks which the winds buffet in vain.' They were, in truth, but 3000 herdsmen against 60,000 troops; but the country people were with them, they knew the roads better, their feet were lighter, their muskets took better aim, their bullets went straighter to the mark. They had great hopes of foreign aid; but, above all, a sense of injuries endured, a strong feeling that they were in the right, and an enthusiastic belief that they were under the immediate protection of the Almighty. Crushed they might be, but not intimidated.

Roland, finding himself in the presence of so large a force, distributed his men into numerous small parties, who spread them-

selves over the country, glided unperceived between the posts of the royal army, gave them infinite annoyance, and could very seldom be found. Such was their activity, that churches, châteaux, villages, and portions of villages, were swept away as if by a whirlwind, and Montrevel believed that he had 20,000 men in arms against him.

The war was carried on in a truly savage spirit on both sides. In pitched battles the royal troops were generally victorious, but in skirmishes and irregular warfare the Camisards were more successful.

A party of the latter arrived, one day, before the small town of Fraissinet, and summoned it to give up its arms. The militia immediately fired from their fortified quarters, and killed twenty men. The Camisards, infuriated, took possession of the town, and the militia, who dared not to leave their quarters, saw thirty-three of their relatives butchered, and among others the wife of the commanding officer, who, with her unborn child, perished by a fate too dreadful to be described, and scarcely equalled by that which an ancient writer has suggested as barely possible amidst the last and utmost cruelties of pagan war.*

Upon learning the catastrophe of Fraissinet, Montrevel pillaged and burnt two towns favourable to Cavalier—who, in turn, destroyed the ensigns of popery throughout twelve townships, putting to death a priest who was caught. Soon after this an unfortunate company of infantry, escorting a priest, were destroyed by the Camisards, and their bodies rolling down the stream of the Rieutort, discovered to Montrevel the position of Roland, and enabled him to strike a severe blow against that chief at Pompignan. He found him engaged in burning the town, and drove him—after a brief conflict in the open field—into a wood where the main strength of the royal army was posted in ambuscade. Notwithstanding a vigorous resistance, the Camisards were utterly routed—Roland escaped, severely wounded, leaving 200 dead on the plain, and a long train of dying men who were found, next day, lying among the underwood. The rich booty which had been captured by the insurgents, was scattered along the paths, and aided the escape of Roland, by attracting the cupidity of the miquelets.

Montrevel seems next to have held out to the rebels, through the gentry of the Cevennes, some offer of amnesty. The gentry unfortunately did not take either side with spirit, and were suspected by both; but they employed all their authority and in-

* Sed palmam captis gravia, heu nefas, heu! Nescios fari pueros Achivis Ureret flammis, etiam latentem Matris in alvo!

fluence to induce their vassals to submit. Their efforts were unavailing. Among a band of 300 commanded by Salomon (who enjoyed a high reputation for prophetic gifts), only two declared for embracing the amnesty, and those two were immediately shot in obedience to an oracular declaration of the prophet.

The chiefs of these wild men were elected not with any regard to birth, fortune, or intelligence, but simply according to the measure in which they were supposed to possess the Holy Spirit. Of this grace there were four degrees, 'the Gift' or the full and perfect development of the Spirit;—'Prophecy, a second stage of holiness;—'the Breathing' (*souffle*); and the 'Warning' (*avertissement*).

Roland was foremost in the first rank of Divine favour, 'and, therefore, alone,' says M. Peyrat, 'he was chosen by men who would not have put themselves under the command, either of Cæsar, or of Charlemagne, though Cromwell would have suited them well.' Yet it seems very clear that the men of the highest courage, intelligence, and capacity for rule, were precisely those who entered into the religious exercises with most confidence and success, and we strongly suspect that Cæsar and Charlemagne, had they been peasants of the Cevennes, would have displayed 'the Gift' in as high perfection as Roland himself.

The other chiefs were ranged below him according to their degrees of inspiration. They formed a hierarchy elected by the 'profane,' or the army at large, and classified under the usual military titles. In the higher officers were vested the power of life and death, of receiving taxes and tithes, the conduct of public worship, the administration of the sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, the celebration of marriage and burial; and in short the supreme power, religious, civil, and military. Their personal intercourse, however, with their followers was marked by a spirit of republican equality.

Roland, who organised this strange confederacy, was about thirty years of age. He had been a dragoon in the royal army, and had served a campaign among the Alps. His appearance was pleasing, his mien and address far above his rank, and with an impassive exterior he possessed a high spirit and immovable constancy. His military experience taught him the necessity of establishing, in the first instance, a regular system of supply, and this was the real secret of his strength. The country abounds in caves and grottoes; and the most spacious and the most solitary of these he transformed into hospitals, granaries, cellars, stables, arsenals, and powder magazines, in which his followers deposited the booty of every excursion and every combat. They had among them artificers of all kinds, so that they could supply

the wants of the army without the aid of the people of the towns. To each magazine, accordingly, there were attached a body of work-people, and a special guard. Besides handmills, which they had in the caves, to grind their corn, wind and water mills were erected on solitary heights or in hidden ravines. The situation of the caverns was known only to the guards and the workmen employed in them; each legion had its magazines in its own cantons, and the superintendence of the whole was intrusted to an officer of rank.

Their supplies were drawn from various sources. Their corn was carried off from the Roman Catholic villages and abbeys, or contributed by the faithful. Their stores contained the oil of the Rhone, the vegetables of the Vaunage, and the chesnuts of the Gevaudan. The cattle which they took from the enemy were pastured on the crests of the mountains, or were killed and salted for use.

Roland took his meals in solitude, or in company with only one lieutenant, who was honoured with admission to his table. So it is reported of Cavalier that, when he wished to sup, servants covered his table with fair linen and plate of fine pewter, and only one officer sat down to eat with him. The privates in the force fared as well as the officers. M. Peyrat assures us, and we may well give credit to the statement, that they were very sober, and for the most part drank nothing but the water of the mountain torrents. But they sometimes intercepted convoys of Lunel and Frontignan, and the priest of St. Germain asserts, that Roland granted a muleteer his life, in return for a present of some bottles of Muscat.

“ One day Cavalier stopped in the neighbourhood of Ledignan six mules laden with wines of Calvisson, intended for the table of Montrevel. He retained the animals and sent on the muleteers with a note, in which he informed the marshal that the Camisards were going to drink his wine to his health and that of his mistress; a ceremony which they duly performed. Upon another occasion, Cavalier, quartered at the deserted mansion of Fan, carried off four mules laden with sucking-pigs, hares, turkeys, fowls, and bottles of excellent wine. At the same time, one of his parties brought in a capture of a very different kind, but not less precious; a Jesuit, one of the missionaries who were preaching a crusade against the ‘Children of God.’ After having destroyed his escort, they carried him in, to be presented before Cavalier and the council of the prophets, in order that the desolation of Languedoc might be avenged upon him. But, like hungry men, they shut him up in the vaults of the castle, and busied themselves, in the first place, in preparing their repast, keeping their victim for the dessert. In the middle of the feast, the men, in a transport of cruel joviality, sent for the prisoner, in order to amuse themselves with his alarms. The Jesuit,

who was in momentary expectation of death, was astonished when they invited him to place himself at table, and presented to him a roast pig, stuffed, and as yet untouched. His joy, however, was of short duration, for the executioner, or as he was officially styled, the 'exterminator,' placed himself near him, and, raising his large cutlass, said to him, 'Eat, father; take the best piece; but be assured that whatever member you cut, the corresponding member of your own person shall be carved likewise.' 'I am not hungry,' mournfully replied the Jesuit. 'No matter,' said the Camisards; 'eat you must, and that instantly.' The unhappy priest turned his pig over and over, looked at his hosts, raised his eyes to heaven and sighed. 'Make haste!' cried the exterminator in a terrible voice, brandishing his weapon. The good father was compelled to resign himself to his fate: and making a desperate effort, he contrived to suck out the stuffing without cutting the pig. The Camisards, surprised and enchanted by this ingenious turn, uttered shouts of laughter and applause. The story was repeated to Cavalier, who was then at table in an adjoining chamber. He sent for the prisoner and gave him his liberty, saying, he was really worthy to be a Camisard, since they also lived only by stratagem."—*Vol. ii., p. 489.*

It has been said, that in the worst of times there is marrying and giving in marriage; and this is strikingly exemplified by the fact that, in May, 1703, in the very heat of the insurrection, Castanet thought fit to unite himself, with vast solemnity, to a young Cevenole named Mariette. There were great rejoicings throughout the Vébron, and all manner of rural presents were brought in. Before the festivities were concluded, some of Castanet's men captured a party of twenty-five inhabitants of Fraissinet, returning from a fair. They were taken to the forest, and presented to the chief. His bride, whose brother had fallen before Fraissinet, demanded their execution; but Castanet's gallantry was not such as to induce him, even at such a time, to afford her this gratification. He probably thought, as he well might, that enough had already been done to punish Fraissinet. So he dismissed them, upon condition that they should respect Massavaque, his native place. Cavalier is also said to have been upon the point of marriage in the midst of his campaigns; but the cold prudence of his intended father-in-law deferred the nuptials.

Instead of the sombre gravity of costume which distinguished the Calvinists in general, the gay peasantry of the South displayed a fondness for the gaudiest apparel. Roland was magnificently arrayed in crimson velvet, laced with gold, and the chiefs in general wore scarlet cloaks, and hats adorned with plumes. Castanet and Joani wore the additional decoration of a voluminous peruke; the others had their own long hair falling over their shoulders. A successful skirmish seldom failed to increase the

richness and variety of their attire, by making them masters of the property of the king's officers, their scarfs, crosses, watches, and rings, their rich snuff-boxes, and swords with magnificent hilts. Thus the wild mountaineers were enabled to glitter in all the finery of the court. The ordinary Camisards had no uniform, and were clad in the usual costume of the mountains. Shoes alone were furnished to them out of the common purse, and all the shoemakers in the district were kept busy in providing them with an article of which the consumption was so rapid. These and all other expences were defrayed by the contributions of the Protestants, many of whom, not venturing to defend their faith openly, were yet glad to subscribe in secret for the support of the insurrection. The Protestant exiles also subscribed, but it is said, that no portion of their money ever reached their brethren.

“ Armourers and smiths worked like Cyclops in the hidden arsenals among the mountains. They could not, indeed, manufacture muskets, which were, therefore, purchased at Beaucaire or Nismes, or in the pope's own city of Avignon; but they could repair them, and could make sabres and bayonets. They had no cannon, but were bent upon supplying this deficiency, and in one of Cavalier's caverns there were found a couple of field-pieces, composed of two trunks of oak, hooped with iron, and also a quantity of ball of four pounds weight. Their bullets were made of lead, which they bought in bars, or tore from the windows of churches or of priests' houses, and, where lead was not to be had, they melted down all the pewter they could lay hold of. Along with the ball they put into the gun a grain of corn, as a token of recognition, and as symbolic of resurrection. Powder they bought at first in the towns, but Roland established three powder works. Saltpetre abounded in the caverns; charcoal was furnished by the willows that grew near the brooks. These substances they pounded in a mortar along with sulphur, dried the mixture in the sun, and packing it in barrels, sent it round by night on mules to the various magazines.”—Vol. ii., p. 495.

“ The most salubrious grottoes were transformed into hospitals, each with its little store of medicine, purchased at Montpellier. The insurgents had among them two surgeons, so skilful, that, according to Cavalier, no one died in their hands. It seems that these hospitals were walled up at the conclusion of the war, and as the ancient masonry gives way, skeletons are often discovered by the peasants. A fact suggesting the horrible inference, that the patients must have been immured alive.—Vol. ii., p. 491.

Roland was viewed with a certain mysterious awe, greatly increased by the uncertainty which prevailed everywhere beyond the circle of his own mountains, as to his real name and rank. According to some, he was a foreigner of high station, represent-

ing the Protestant powers of Europe. Others believed him to be a French nobleman who had drawn his sword to avenge the oppressions inflicted upon his countrymen. It is related that he visited Montpellier during the meeting of the States of Languedoc; that his good appearance procured him a ready reception, and that he even had the audacity to present himself under the name of a foreign nobleman, at the meeting of the barons, and to take his seat close to Bâville himself, thus ascertaining from the best source, the determination of the states touching the insurrection.

After every battle the lost combatants were replaced by their respective districts, and the recruits, continually on the move and under arms, soon became (as is natural to French peasants) excellent light infantry, and went through their evolutions with courage and dexterity. They usually ranged themselves for battle in several lines—the first, with one knee on the ground, received the hostile squadrons, or, after discharging their muskets, they threw themselves forward impetuously and fought hand to hand, seizing their enemies by the hair. When conquered they disdained to solicit quarter, but, on the contrary, took a pride in irritating their enemies and courting death. The insurrection was most active and vigorous among the fierce inhabitants of the plain, who displayed all the warmth of their southern nature. They were admirably seconded by the good-will of the whole population. If the enemy came in sight the shepherds instantly whistled and shouted *to call in their dogs from a distance*—the neighbouring herdsmen took up the cry and passed the signal from hill to hill. In the plain, the people at their work brandished their implements in the air, the signal was transmitted, and thus a telegraphic communication was kept up. At night stragglers were called in by lights shown for a moment and immediately extinguished.

The worship of God was the great end and object of the insurrection, and although it does not appear that there was a single educated clergyman among the Camisards, yet their meetings for prayer and sermons were frequent throughout the week, and on Sundays were attended by multitudes of people. On these occasions the prophetic ecstasy usually displayed itself in some striking form. Perhaps the subject of the trance represented in dramatic style a man knocking at the portals of Heaven—repulsed again and again—yet still suing earnestly for admittance, and after many prayers allowed to enter, and to mingle his tones of praise with those of the angels singing around the throne. Perhaps one of the faithful demanded the fiery ordeal, and stood amidst flames unhurt. Perhaps some prophet un-

expectedly denounced the secret offences of the brethren. Notwithstanding the unbounded licence which they conceived to belong to them collectively, and the cruelties which they practised, especially upon priests and lawyers, individual cases of wanton murder and robbery were often punished with flogging, and even with death, and discipline was sternly maintained. They felt assured of the immediate presence and favour of God. His spirit warned them of a coming engagement, dictated the most adroit manœuvres, encouraged the soldier in battle, deadened the force of the hostile bullets, and lent meteors to guide his people, and angels to fight on their side. The Spirit miraculously revealed the lurking treason of false brethren, and frequently commanded their execution; it announced to the prophets the approach of death, gave them confidence on the scaffold, and comfort amidst their torments. In a word, this strong conviction animated and supported the whole population in their terrible struggle. They were full of thoughts and analogies, borrowed from the Old Testament, and their heated imaginations were perpetually reproducing, with numberless perversions, the most striking of the events there recorded. It will easily be understood that in such scenes women played an important part: the prophetesses enjoyed unbounded reverence and power, their zeal led them to accompany the Camisards into action, and their bodies were often found among the dead. Cavalier, it is said, was attended by a prophetess called *La Grande Marie*, whose revelations were always in exact accordance with his wishes; and Roland had in his company on the last day of his life a certain *Mademoiselle de Cornelli*, whom *M. Peyrat* represents as having associated herself with his fortunes, from a sentiment partly religious and partly personal, yet without forfeiting respect.

A rebellion thus organised and maintained, was not to be crushed by a single disaster, and the defeat at *Pompignan* made no lasting impression. Roland, indeed, was suffering from severe wounds, but Cavalier was in full activity, and several considerable detachments were cut off by enemies whom Julien could never find when he went in quest of them. The country people could no longer pay taxes—their cattle and goods were seized, but frequently rescued; and the lives of the soldiers were wasted in a series of petty encounters, to the great rage and mortification of *Montrevel*. His temper at length betrayed him into a most atrocious act.

“In the beginning of April, on Palm Sunday, while the bishop and people of *Nismes* were at vespers in the cathedral, two or three hundred women, children, and old men, ventured to assemble in prayer at the house of one *Mercier*, who kept a mill in the *Canal de la Gau*, near

the Carmelites' Gate. Their singing soon discovered them to the police, who gave information to Montrevel, then sitting at table, and probably heated with wine. He immediately rose in a fury, and taking a battalion with him, invested the mill. The soldiers forced the doors and fell sword in hand upon the congregation; but irritated by the slowness of this process, he set fire to the building. Dreadful cries issued from the blazing mill—many of the unhappy inmates escaped into the open air, wounded, bloody, blackened, and scorched, and shrieking with pain—but the soldiers thrust them back at the point of the bayonet, and they all perished in the flames, with the exception of one young girl who was rescued by a servant, but instantly hanged by the express orders of the marshal.²—Vol. i., p. 426.

It might have been expected that the government of any Christian prince, on hearing of this inhuman massacre, would have ordered the wretched Montrevel for immediate trial, and would have endeavoured to atone by a milder policy for the heinous crime of its unworthy officer; and that the Roman Catholics in general would have been eager to express the horror naturally excited by such an action. Strange to say, all their chroniclers have apologised for this savage proceeding, which they consider to have been provoked by the extreme temerity of the Protestants; and the ministers, with Madame de Maintenon, are said to have concealed the fact from Louis, who, probably, was not anxious to know more than they told him. His government became more obstinate and cruel than before, and sanctioned fresh barbarities which were recommended by Julien and Montrevel, though their advice was founded upon facts from which any impartial mind would have drawn a very different conclusion. Julien and the priests agreed in representing, that, of the whole population, old and young, an incalculable majority were Huguenots at heart, notwithstanding the forced 'conversion' which many of them had undergone; and that all the Cevenols entered into the revolt of the Camisards either by acquiescence or by positive co-operation. The task, then, which the crown had imposed upon itself, was neither more nor less than to remove the Protestant religion from an extensive province, peculiarly defensible and difficult of access. The best way, if practicable, was to remove the obnoxious faith from the minds of the people. But as men, women, and children were all equally resolved to hold fast to it, and as the government could not dream, at any hazard, of receding from its determination, the question now was, what was the next best way of extirpating Protestantism? This question is discussed by the Vicar-General of Uzès, Monsire Poncet de la Rivière.

"Various expedients are proposed. To put them to the sword? it is contrary to religion and policy. To hang the hostages? the inno-

cent would suffer for the guilty—it would only exasperate the evil. Carrying off (*l'enlèvement*) is the mildest remedy, for three reasons: First, because it avoids bloodshed and tedious legal procedure. Second, because it anticipates the intention of the Protestants to rise. Third, because it makes the priests secure in their parishes. The persons to be carried off are: first, the relatives of the rebels; second, the principal persons of each place; third, the *spoilt* young people.”—Vol. i., p. 434.

This was the scheme which Montrevel undertook to carry into effect, while the season still left the regular troops at his disposal.

In the first place, in order to starve the Camisards, he ordered the country people to bring in their corn to the towns of Alais, Anduze, or Florac. On the 10th of April he shut the gates of Nismes, called out the troops, ordered all the newly-converted to keep their houses, and made a general search for bibles and fire-arms (both classes of weapons being equally obnoxious), and he proceeded to strike a blow against the rich canton called La Vaunage, the garden and the granary of Cavalier. The marines and the miquelets carried off 1500 persons from the twenty-four parishes of the plain, among whom were the inhabitants of three entire villages. From Mialet, the very head-quarters of the insurrection, where Roland had all his magazines, Julien carried off 590 persons, and was allowed to pillage the whole parish. In other instances the convoys were not brought off without fighting, or not brought off at all. The unhappy prisoners were sent to Montpellier, whence they were transferred to Roussillon: the old men and the women were detained there in prison, and the able-bodied were sent to the galleys or transported to America. The parishes not affected by the ‘deportation’ were obliged to make themselves responsible for large sums, in case of the slightest disorder being committed. These severities failed to reduce the Camisards, whose magazines had long before been abundantly supplied; and when the peasants had yielded their houses and fields, they shouldered the axe or reaping hook, their only remaining property, and set off for the camp of the ‘Children of God,’ who were neither slow nor scrupulous in taking vengeance for their wrongs.

They had a new and disagreeable enemy to contend with in the Roman Catholic population of the villages near the sources of the Cèze, who had taken arms under an innkeeper named Chabert, a man ruined by the Camisards. Those of Saint Florent were distinguished for their ferocity, and the name of Florentins was given in consequence to the whole of what M. Peyrat styles ‘the vagabond gangs which, rather rapacious than warlike, lived on murder and pillage,’ and who, infesting the territories which Ca-

valier and Joani were wont to command, formed to those chiefs an object of continual pursuit and attack. One day, at the village of Pradel, the Florentins came out to greet an officer of splendid appearance, who arrived at the head of his soldiers, wrapped in a mantle of scarlet, and arrayed in a vast peruke, and a large hat shaded with plumes. This was Joani, who replied to their congratulations with a volley of shot, which killed a score of them, after which he cut the rest to pieces. Cavalier killed thirty or forty of them by a similar stratagem, but had himself soon after a narrow escape from the regular troops, who surprised him near midnight, encamped in a meadow near the little town of Collet de Dèze, which lies almost surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills, whose sides are built up in terraces for the growth of the very poor grapes of the country. The Camisards instantly took to the hill, and maintained so hot a fire from the lower terraces, that the soldiers were glad to abandon the pursuit.

On Sunday, the 29th of April, after spending the day in religious exercises, Cavalier with 1500 men took up his quarters for the night at a farm house called the Tour de Bellot, near Alais, built on the ruins of an ancient castle, of which the keep was yet standing, though uninhabited. The insurgents after partaking of a meal which had been prepared for them by their purveyor, dispersed themselves throughout the buildings (which were enclosed by a dry stone wall), and went to sleep. At this moment the purveyor, a miller of the country, who bore a great reputation for piety, and had two sons in the force, was tempted to go to Alais, where he sold to Montrevel, for fifty louis d'or, the blood of his own sons and his Protestant brethren. Brigadier Planque set out about ten o'clock with 3000 or 4000 men, and his troops, in two divisions, invested the farm-yard. They surprised and slew the first videttes, but the sentinels then fired and gave the alarm. The Camisards instantly took arms, and Cavalier with 400 men rushed out of the building; and, by hard fighting—the combat being so desperate that (as he afterwards declared) 'heaven and earth seemed on fire'—he kept the way clear till 400 or 500 more had made their way out; but the enemy pouring in on all sides, he retired behind a ravine, probably an ancient fosse of the castle. After rallying his men he repassed the ravine to make a last effort in favour of his companions who were left behind. To the 'qui vive' of the enemy he replied 'Montrevel,' delivering a murderous fire, and the two divisions of the royal troops mistook each other for enemies, and entered into a murderous conflict in the dark. He rushed upon them thus confused, and a scene ensued of inconceivable bloodshed and uproar. At last a gleam of moonlight, or the dawn, enabled the combatants to recognise each other, and

Cavalier, finding it impossible to succour his men in the tower, retreated with his main body while it was yet dark, passed the Gardon (defeating the dragoons who guarded it), and gained the woods. The unfortunate men who were left behind made a gallant resistance, and showering down stones and tiles when their bullets were exhausted, held out till eight o'clock in the morning, when the buildings were set on fire, and they perished in the flames 'singing psalms (says M. Peyrat) to the last.' The traitorous purveyor was seized and put to death by the Camisards; his two sons spurned him from them, and looked on without emotion.

Montrevel now called upon the 'newly converted' to take arms against the fanatics; and, as they remained passive, he applied his cruel system of deportation to the suspected persons of twenty-two parishes in the diocese of Nismes. He also took into the king's service, at the expense of the Protestants, the predatory bands of Florentins, now extremely numerous. Some bold fellows were placed at their head, and, in particular, one Lefevre. This man, defending a house against the Camisards, was informed that, unless he yielded, his mother and brothers would instantly be put to death before his eyes. 'I know neither mother nor brothers,' said he, 'when the king's service is concerned;' and the Camisards, in admiration, released his kinsfolk and withdrew. Lefevre was a light-hearted, jovial fellow, who put his victims to death with all the pleasantry imaginable, and his hundred men marched to the sound of the violin, instead of the trumpet. Over all the bands was placed a leader of a higher order. La Fayette, a man of birth and military rank, who, having made a vow of solitude, lived in the desert, until the Camisards burnt his lonely hermitage, and called forth the old soldier to combat. The warlike hermit proclaimed a regular crusade against the enemies of God. Armed only with horse-pistols and a mace, he rode upon a pony at the head of five-and-twenty horsemen. The Catholic bands whom he commanded wore a white cross on their hats, and were commonly known as the chevaliers or cadets of the Cross, or the 'White Camisards,' in contradistinction to the Protestants, who were henceforth called the 'Black Camisards.'

In order to open the crusade with *éclat*, and to animate the Roman Catholic population with religious zeal, a bull was obtained from the Vatican, proclaiming a holy war. Hear the mild language of the common father of Christendom:—

"Clement XI., the servant of servants—health and apostolic benediction. We cannot express the grief with which we have been penetrated on learning from the ambassador of the Most Christian King that the heretics of the Cevennes, sprung from the execrable race of the ancient Albigeois, have taken arms against the Church and their sovereign.

For this reason, with the design of averting, as far as in us lies, the advances of heresy, so dangerous and ever re-appearing, to which it seemed that the piety of Louis the Great had given the death-blow in his states, we have thought it our duty to conform to the conduct of our predecessors in similar cases. To this end, and in order to induce and engage the faithful to exterminate the cursed race of these heretics and wicked persons, the enemies in all ages of God and of Cæsar;—by virtue of the power to bind and to unloose, granted by the Saviour of mankind to the Prince of the Apostles and to his successors, we declare and grant of our full power and authority, the absolute and general remission of their sins, to all those who, having engaged in the holy militia which is to be formed, and destined to the extirpation of these heretics and rebels against God and the king, may have the misfortune to be killed in battle."

This manifesto had but little effect, as all the able-bodied men of the province were already engaged in the struggle. The hermit confined himself chiefly to the plain, and the neighbourhood of the large towns, whence he made forays upon the Protestant villages, massacring the women and children, and carrying off the flocks and herds, but carefully abstaining from any encounter with the insurgents. The latter, in their turn, raised a corps of irregular cavalry, commanded by Catinat, who bought or stole 200 active horses from the famous breeding-grounds in the islands of the Rhone, and with his wild horsemen cut up the Florentins, and spread alarm along the banks of the Rhone.

The royal troops went through the townships, assessing the damage done by the destruction of churches (for the churches, though spared at first, were now always destroyed, because Montrevel turned them into fortresses), and carrying off the disaffected population. A detachment proceeding upon this service, learnt one day that Cavalier was in the neighbourhood. His sentinel was surprised, but refused to discover the situation of the camp. A woman who was carrying provisions thither, imitated his generous silence, and they both died for their fidelity. The dragoons, however, on entering a defile, discovered Cavalier's men gaily taking their mid-day repast on the grass, their hats crowned with sprigs of boxwood; while fifteen women, who had probably brought them food, were washing their linen in a rivulet close by. They started to their feet on seeing the royal troops, and received the charge of the cavalry; but the force opposed to them was overwhelming, and Cavalier was glad to escape with the loss of seventy-two men. The women were slaughtered in the stream.

Montrevel had fixed his head-quarters at Alais, under the pretext of placing himself in the seat of war; but the frivolous old courtier, in reality, made this move for the purpose of devoting

his whole time to a lady of that town, for whom he embellished hotels and gardens, while her husband was absent at Paris.

Hostilities consequently languished on the side of the king's troops; and as the peasantry were engaged in getting in their crops, there was a tacit suspension of arms during the summer heats, after which Montrevel tried to starve the insurgents, by destroying the mills, and by renewing his order to bring the corn into the towns; but Roland forbade the country people to obey him, and filled his own magazines, labouring at the same time to cut off the supplies of Alais; and with such success, that the people were for six months without a grain of salt, and Montrevel was obliged to call in his outposts to restrain them.

The marshal went by the name of 'Marshal Short-life' among the insurgents, who were excessively anxious to justify the appellation. They had also an ardent desire to rid themselves of their old enemy, Bâville, and a party of them, duly posted in ambush, one morning, in a vineyard between Nîmes and Montpellier, saw his carriage within a few paces of them, and were just preparing to attack him, when a peasant who had escaped out of their hands, started into the road and gave the alarm, and they had the mortification to see the intendant, escort and all, wheel round, and disappear again in a whirlwind of dust, in the direction of Nîmes.

In August, operations of more importance succeeded, and there was great loss of life on both sides.

"On Sunday, the 26th of that month, Roland had summoned the neighbourhood to meet for public worship in a hollow near Anduze. He knew that the garrison of that town were aware of the intended meeting, but the Spirit had said to him, 'Fear not, my son,' and upon this assurance he proceeded. At three o'clock in the afternoon, before prayers were over, the alarm was given by the sentinels upon the heights; there was some agitation in the assembly, and a few of the women stole away in the direction of their homes. Roland silenced the people, telling them that the approach of the soldiers ought not to cause interruption in the service of the Almighty—but after pronouncing the blessing, he sent out some parties to reconnoitre. They were just in time to rescue the fugitive women from the enemy, who occupied the only issue from the hollow. To extricate his defenceless congregation he ranged the women and children in order, set the men in flank, armed only with branches of trees, which they carried like guns; distributed his Camisards in the van and in the rear, and marched boldly on with drums beating, and singing the psalm of battles. The royal troops, seeing the approach of this large and imposing column, retreated on either hand out of gunshot; they afterwards attacked the rear-guard, but Roland faced about and made head against them till night saved his whole party, who gave thanks to God for their deliverance."—Vol. i., p. 499.

After a time, Montrevel, piqued by a taunt of his mistress at a convivial meeting, fairly roused himself and held a council, which was attended by the generals and governors of towns, the bishops, and Bâville himself. It might have been supposed, that the failure of the carrying-off system would have taught them the inefficacy of mere violence. Yet the council was told to choose between two proposals still more brutal: the extermination of the Protestants in the districts devoted to the Camisards, or the destruction of their villages. The military men were keen for a massacre, and M. Peyrat states that the bishops entirely agreed with them; and Bâville, to prevent it, was obliged to urge upon them the second scheme, which he had hitherto combated. The plan he now proposed was to enclose the inhabitants in the most central towns, and to destroy all the rest—township, castle, hamlet, and homestead. The insurgents, he said, deprived of the population which fed, and the villages which received, them, would be driven into the plain, where they would meet with the king's soldiers, and with death.

He was reminded of the difficulty of laying waste so large an extent of country, and razing to the ground so many scattered villages, under the rains of autumn, the early snow, and the fire of the rebels: it was also remarked, that much discontent would be caused by the destruction of the castles and monasteries. Bâville replied, that the king would provide for the inmates of the castles and religious houses, and that, at all events, the extermination of the population was a greater evil. Julien ardently desired to combine the two plans: to execute a general massacre of the whole people, the men, the women, and, above all, the little children; 'the whole mass,' he said, 'is corrupted; we must cut off two or three members, in order to save the rest from the gangrene.' Bâville observed, that 'though the disease ought undoubtedly to be eradicated, yet it would not do absolutely to kill the patient;' and his scheme, the least atrocious of these hellish counsels, was adopted by the cabinet of Versailles, and forthwith carried into effect.

Enormous stores of provisions were collected at Florac; all the blacksmiths were employed in the fabrication of hatchets, pick-axes, levers, and other instruments of demolition, and a proclamation was issued by Montrevel, ordering the inhabitants of the various parishes to repair, within three days, with their cattle and goods to the towns indicated by him. The gentry were permitted to reside in any Roman Catholic town, and the Roman Catholics of the country were ordered to repair to the towns, where they were to be billeted upon the inhabitants, and to receive, like soldiers, five sous a day. This proclamation caused

utter consternation, and obedience was yielded to a certain extent; but while the women and children, and the old men, repaired in great misery to the towns of refuge, the able-bodied betook themselves to the camp of the insurgents.

The devoted country was now parcelled out among the various bodies of troops. The 29th of September was fixed for beginning the work of desolation, which Montrevel proposed to superintend in person; but on the morning of that day, just as he was mounting his horse to repair to the scene of action, he was recalled in haste to the plain. Cavalier and his force had burst upon the low country, and were destroying every accessible place with fire and sword. An express, sent by the commandant of Calvisson, was thrown alive, horse and all, into the flames which were devouring Aiguevives, and an English squadron appeared off the coast, with money and ammunition intended for the Camisards. These supplies had been obtained by the Protestant exiles; but their agents had been arrested within sight of the Cevennes before they could communicate with Roland; and the insurgents, though in possession of the coast, could not understand, and did not reply to the signals of the ships, which consequently stood out to sea again, and disappeared. At the same time Labourlie's long meditated insurrection broke out prematurely in the Rouergue, from a want of concert, and the hasty temper of some of the chiefs; owing to these faults it was crushed at the very outset, and Labourlie fled from France.

Cavalier continued his foray upon the plain, and Montrevel was obliged to recall Julien to resist him. As soon as Julien left the mountains, Roland and the other chiefs attacked the towns of refuge, and the strongholds of the Florentins, and Julien was forced to return, in order to protect the work of demolition. This process was, indeed, for the moment, scarcely less harassing to the destroyers, than to those who suffered by their cruelty. It has been imagined that the destruction of the city of Lyons in modern times—that most foolishly mad of all the revolutionary extravagances—was wholly new and unparalleled in its nature; but we find, that for this, as for most of the crimes of the same period, the older French history affords a precedent. It was autumn, and the cold rains fell in torrents among the mountains; and after labouring all day with the pick-axe, the wearied soldiers were happy if they could find straw to sleep on, in some deserted barn. They were miserably fed; many fell sick under their privations and fatigues, many deserted, and, on the representation of Julien, fire was employed to expedite the process of devastation. Cavalier became more adventurous and successful than ever; but notwithstanding his gallant exploits, Julien car-

ried on the work, and by the 14th of December, 400 villages were reduced to ashes, and an extensive territory had become a wilderness, in which, at intervals, might be seen a few towns of refuge, crowded with the people and their cattle.

“ ‘At length,’ said Julien, in announcing his triumph to the minister, ‘at length, thank God, I have the honour and the pleasure to inform you that I have entirely finished the long and laborious task which had been intrusted to me; *but*’ (since human felicity is never complete—

Medio de fonte leporum

Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat.)

‘I do not foresee any speedy termination of all these disorders and troubles. I really fear that this great chastisement which I have just applied to a vast extent of country will make more noise in the world than it will bring advantage to the king’s service. However, I wish with all my heart that I may be mistaken. My health is very much deranged, and has need of some repose, for no one can suffer more than we have suffered.’ ”

It is fair to add, that the king received high credit for singular magnanimity, in adopting a measure so *lenient* as the devastation.

With the completion of this grievous crime ended the year 1703, leaving the Camisards victorious, and full of hope. Every form of coercion had been exhausted upon them; slaughter, in hot blood and in cold blood; pillage, the galleys, the scaffold, carryings off, the burning of villages, and, finally, the great devastation, had all been thrown away. There was but one form of severity remaining—an universal massacre.

Of the troops which had arrived with Montrevel, one-third had perished in battle, another had gone on foreign service, the remainder were in Languedoc, discouraged by a war without results and without glory. In the winter they received considerable reinforcements, one of the new battalions having for its colonel the famous Bonneval, who afterwards became a convert to Islamism, and, under the name of Achmet, died at Constantinople, a pacha of three tails, and commandant of the Turkish artillery. The colours received a solemn benediction from Bishop Fléchier, and Montrevel declared that he would now very soon destroy the rebels, and restore the country to its former tranquillity.

As soon as the devastation was completed, Montrevel had extended his lines from the Rhone to the Herault, in the form of a crescent, embracing the southern side of the Cevennes. It was expected that the half-starved insurgents would be driven into this net, like wild beasts, by the snows of winter; but as they were, on the contrary, safe in their caverns, and supported by

their magazines, Planque was sent to force them down into the plain; in the hills, however, he saw no vestige of them. The country people, pent up in the towns, were insufficiently fed, either from accident or design; and those who went out to seek for food among the ruined villages were hunted over the snow like wild beasts, and shot in great numbers, or were barbarously massacred in the towns upon their return. The States of Languedoc, servile as they were, could not refrain from complaining of this frightful state of things, and especially from denouncing the outrages of the Hermit and his men, who murdered and pillaged both parties alike. But the bishops stood up for 'brother Gabriel;' he was fighting, they said, for the Church, his murders were but reprisals; the Catholics were not to let their throats be cut like lambs. Each party vied with the other in cruelty. Lefevre was one day so furiously attacked by a Camisard chief, that his men were glad to abandon their booty, and to take refuge in the little town of Vic. The Camisard, after taunting Lefevre with the rapidity of his pace, which he said was too fast for his fiddle, endeavoured to storm the walls, but failed, and lost some men in the attempt. To avenge his comrades, he cut off with his hatchet the arms and legs of five cadets of the Cross, and hung the men, thus mutilated, to the branches of a tree. He threatened their leader with the same treatment. The latter did not venture to go out to save his unfortunate companions; but after the departure of the enemy, he consoled himself by killing some of the inhabitants of Vic, who were suspected of having called them in.

In the townships where the people of the two religions dwelt together, the Hermit and his four lieutenants usually formed themselves into a tribunal which strongly reminds us of the horrid scenes at the Abbaye of St. Germain, at the Revolution. The inhabitants were brought one by one before the fierce solitary, who demanded of them, as a proof of their orthodoxy, the *Pater*, the *Ave*, the *Confiteor*—this was his shibboleth. If they did not recite these Latin prayers, or if they made any slip, the grisly judge consigned them, as Protestants, to his assassins, who massacred them before his eyes. A worthy predecessor of the revolutionary murderers.

M. Peyrat admits that the Camisards employed a similar test. If, after the Lord's prayer, the person under examination had the misfortune to pass at once, according to custom, to the Angelic salutation, he was poignarded immediately.

As the mutual hatred and the massacres increased, the king's troops seemed almost to disappear from the scene, leaving the

White Camisards under the Hermit, and the Black Camisards under Cavalier, to cut each other's throats; and Montrevel, Bâville, and the bishops, after all their experience, stood perfectly aghast at the frenzy of hatred with which the people flew upon each other.

In the midst of this tempest, the zealous Bishop Fléchier laments the condition to which the country was reduced, but apparently without perceiving the real cause of all this misery.

“ We are in a town,” he writes, “ where we have no rest, no pleasure—not even any consolation. When the Catholics are the stronger, the others are in terror of having their throats cut; when the fanatics are in great numbers near us, the Catholics fear in their turn. I have to encourage sometimes the one party, sometimes the other. We are almost in a state of blockade, and one cannot go fifty paces out of the town without the risk of being killed. From my windows I have seen our country-houses burnt with impunity. Scarcely a day passes but I learn, on awaking, some misfortune that has happened during the night. My room is often full of people who have been ruined, of poor women whose husbands have just been killed, of fugitive curés who come to represent the miseries of their parishes. The exercise of our religion is almost abolished in three or four dioceses. More than 4000 Catholics have been murdered in the country, eighty priests massacred, upwards of 200 churches burnt.”

And all because the king and the priests would force their religion upon the province.

Notwithstanding all this misery, the admirable arrangements of Roland kept his men together and in good condition in their caverns, and the spring found them full of life and strength, and keener than ever for revenge, and they were assured that they might expect an auxiliary corps in spring. The Marquis de Miremont, a leader of the exiled Protestants, was, in fact, forming an emigrant corps at the Hague, with which he intended to pass through Germany, and to enter France from the Alps of Savoy, but unhappily the marplot Labourlie appeared upon the scene to thwart him, representing that an expedition comprehending members of both faiths, and led by himself, Labourlie, would rally all creeds and all classes, and produce an insurrection at once national and universal. His representations had considerable weight, for we find Lord Godolphin writing to Mr. Hill, the English minister at Tunis,* that all the provinces of France were as much disposed to rebel as the Cevennes, if they had mountains equally strong. The quarrels and intrigues of the exiles perplexed the designs of the allies, yet it was intended that while Marlborough opened the campaign in May, the auxiliary force should make its way to the

* See Mr. Hill's Correspondence lately published.

Alps, where a division of Vaudois awaited it, ready to enter France. Roland, with a view to favour this diversion, excited an insurrection in the Vivarais, but the people had no knowledge of the officer whom he sent to them, and their rising was in consequence but partial, and was easily put down by Julien.

About this time, Cavalier and Roland gained their last and most brilliant triumphs. The first, placing himself in ambush at Martignargues, cut up a force under Lajonquiere, who left 450 men dead upon the spot. The Marquis de Lalande was decoyed by Roland into the defile of Salindres, between the Gardon and a precipitous mountain, where he suddenly found himself charged in front and in rear, and crushed by a storm of enormous stones, which rolled down upon him from the mountain. The whole army would have perished, like the Bavarians in the Tyrol in modern times, had they not found one path which Roland had not been able to occupy. By this way a remnant escaped.

These disasters ruined the tottering credit of Montrevel; he was recalled, to the great joy of the Camisards, and Marshal Villars was appointed to succeed him. But before quitting the province he turned the scale completely in his own favour, by disposing his forces through the country in such a way, that the insurgents must encounter each division in succession, and under great disadvantages of ground. Accordingly, on the 16th of April, 1704, Cavalier was beaten with enormous loss, in a series of actions (of which the most important took place at Nages), though the military skill which he displayed in meeting each successive attack by some rapid and ingenious movement, extorted the admiration of Villars himself, when he surveyed the ground soon after. In one of these conflicts Cavalier was saved by the courage of his little brother, a boy only ten years of age, who placed his pony across a narrow bridge, over which the Camisards were flying, and levelling his pistol at the fugitives, compelled them to stand their ground. Roland's turn came next, and in the space of two days the Camisards were defeated in four battles, and lost half their men, half their horses, many of their caverns, and a large portion of their ammunition and provisions; and, worst of all, lost their energy and confidence.

Roland, indeed, was undaunted as ever, and speedily set about repairing his losses. He called for recruits, gave orders for the seizure of horses, sought for other caverns, and prepared new magazines. But the spell was broken, the flame of enthusiasm burnt less intensely, the peasantry were discouraged by the absence of the expected aid from foreign powers, and by the lukewarmness of their brethren in the towns; and in their dejection they lis-

tened more readily to the gentry, who never sympathised in the rebellion, and now urged them to lay down their arms.

Villars was determined, at any cost, to enforce submission to the royal authority, yet felt a natural and generous pity for the brave and honest men who had sacrificed so much for conscience, and had been so unworthily treated; the country people on the other hand perceived that they had now for the first time to deal with a man of a human heart and who regarded them as reasonable beings; kindness penetrated where fire and sword could make no impression, and by his gallant bearing and eloquent yet politic addresses he rapidly acquired their confidence. The Protestants, one and all, had hitherto been identified with the insurrection, and had been treated with the utmost harshness. Villars, through the Baron d'Aigalliers (a benevolent Protestant who was anxious to prevent the further effusion of blood) showed some trust in the Protestants of the towns, and detached them from the Camisards. He then opened negotiations with Cavalier, the chief who lay nearest to him. Roland on this occasion finessed too much, for instead of entering into communication with Cavalier, and putting him upon his guard, he affected to be ignorant of the negotiation, intending to take advantage of it if it should turn out well, but otherwise to disavow Cavalier. The latter, after his victory at Martignargues, had ordered a gentleman to be shot for advising him to submit, but circumstances were now altered, and he lent an ear to the overtures of Villars. Cavalier was, it is true, a military genius, and full of enthusiasm and natural eloquence, but he was, after all, an uneducated lad, a simple peasant. Is it wonderful that he yielded to the seductions of so skilful a diplomatist as Villars? The release of his father and his brother, who were prisoners, a good deal of flattery—a public entry into Nismes to treat on terms of equality with Villars in person (who wondered at the slight frame and boyish appearance of so formidable a chief) and the youthful commander was gained. Cavalier himself, as colonel in the royal army, was to maintain in foreign service the honour of the crown—a regiment of his faithful Camisards was to bear him company; the Protestants, it is said (for there is some difference on the point) were to be allowed to assemble for divine worship though not to rebuild their temples; those who were undergoing punishment were to be set free, and the exiles allowed to return. But the insurgents were instantly to submit, while for the observance of all these terms the royal faith was to be the only security. The sagacious and steady Roland could estimate better than Cavalier the value of this pledge. He was determined to obtain the guarantee of England and Holland for

any terms that might be agreed on, and though he had consented to a suspension of hostilities, he absolutely refused to ratify the convention, or to lay down his arms without some security for the free exercise of his religion. Cavalier was spurned as a traitor, and when he presented himself to Villars in pursuance of his agreement, he could bring with him no more than forty of his own band.

The Protestant chiefs in general owed a part of their firmness on this occasion to their great hopes from an expedition which was in preparation at Nice, and in which Labourlie was the prime mover; but the squadron, after putting to sea, was scattered by a storm, and failed, like all the projects of the unhappy Labourlie. Roland, nevertheless, acted with his wonted spirit and skill; he reorganised his men, and made an attack upon the miquelets at Pont de Montvert (July, 1704), where however, he experienced a slight check. The insurrection may be said to have ended on the spot where it began two years before, for this was the last action of Roland. Dispirited by the submission of Cavalier, and the estrangement of the Protestants of the towns, the insurgents began by slow degrees to listen to the persuasions of Villars and to fall away from their chiefs. Through the treason of an agent of Roland, a party of cavalry was conducted by night to the Château of Castelnaud, where he was sleeping, and though he was alarmed in time to make his escape from the house, he was speedily overtaken (Aug. 14, 1704). Setting his back against an old olive-tree, he shot three of the dragoons with his blunderbuss, and was drawing a pistol from his belt, when he was himself shot dead. His body was burnt in Nismes, and the ashes scattered to the winds, while five of his lieutenants were broken alive upon the wheel. With him died all the intellect of the insurrection: the clemency of Villars, and the activity and vigour of his military operations with light moveable columns, finished the work in a few months; and before the end of the year the chiefs, with a few exceptions, were at Geneva, and the peasantry settled again in their ruined hamlets, with immunity from imposts, as Villars foresaw that people exempt from charges and settled quietly in their homes, would be in no haste to renew the miseries which they had so lately suffered. It is but justice to Bâville to state that Villars was mainly guided by his advice.

Cavalier was no longer entitled to claim from the court the realisation of his lofty hopes: he had an interview, it is said, with the king, who treated him with contempt, and in the end he and his men were glad to make their escape into Switzerland. He passed soon after into the service of Savoy, and many an expedition was planned by the restless Labourlie, in which Cavalier was

to command the Protestant exiles; but it was otherwise ordained. At the battle of Almanza he commanded a regiment of French refugees, who finding themselves opposed to another French regiment, charged them, and were received, with such vindictive fury, that both were nearly destroyed. Cavalier eventually became a general in the British army and Governor of Jersey. He was known as an excellent soldier, of very quiet manners, and exhibiting no traits of the fiery enthusiasm which had marked his early career.

The other chiefs soon tired of their exile at Geneva, where their devotional raptures and prophetic paroxysms were viewed with little interest; and, unable to live without excitement, and prompted by the ill-timed intrigues of foreign states, and by an irresistible yearning for home, they blindly returned one after another to their native mountains, to excite petty insurrections, and at length to fall into the hands of their ancient enemy, Bâville, and to writhe in agony upon the wheel, or in the flames, to which his steady cruelty consigned them. It was not until Louis XIV. ceased to reign (1715), that the prophetic spirit was fairly expended, and Bâville at peace.

Under the regency of the Duke of Orleans, the Protestants hoped at length to enjoy tranquillity, and, in fact, many prisoners were set at liberty by that prince; yet, though disposed to toleration, he did not think it worth while to set himself in opposition to the clergy; and, in 1724, when the Duke of Bourbon was in power, Bâville, living in retirement at Paris, had the malignant pleasure of consolidating the edicts of persecution, to be re-enacted and enforced with fresh vigour. Notwithstanding all this, the Protestant cause continued to prosper. The fanatical transports of the ignorant peasantry had happily given place to the more sober ministrations of pastors regularly educated at Geneva; but these good men exercised their holy office at the greatest personal danger. Throughout the reign of Louis XV. many of them died on the gibbet, or were condemned to the loathsome degradation of the galleys. Under this king, the feelings of all Europe were harrowed by the judicial murder of Calas (1761), the last act of this series of frightful persecution; and it was not before the reign of his successor, that full toleration was conceded, under the auspices of Bâville's near relative, the excellent Malesherbes.

We have been thus particular in tracing the succession of these singular events, not because any thing remained unknown as to their effects upon the general destinies of France, or the policy of Europe, but because they appear to us to mark the progress of a moral struggle, of deeply tragic interest, and not destitute, amidst

all its horrors, of something that tends to cheer and to support us. From the first pettifogging encroachments upon religious liberty, to the open and flagrant wickedness of the Dragonnade; from the hesitating, reluctant Revocation, to the avowed and deliberate Devastation, we see the best organised government in the world, conducted by the ablest ministers, under the greatest sovereign, commanding enormous military resources, and supported by the prejudices of a vast majority of the nation, inflamed by ecclesiastical eloquence and zeal of no mean order, labour year after year for this one object—that the Protestants of the South should become Roman Catholic—and we see it labour in vain. So far as physical privation goes, and exile, torture, life-long slavery, death in every shape, the rupture of all domestic ties, the torment and disgrace of friends, and all imaginable forms of mental and bodily anguish—thus far the government had its will. But the Protestants also had their will; they held fast by what they believed, and were Protestants still, as they are to this day. In the attainment of the object for which it fought (the only test of victory), the government wholly and ignominiously failed; and that, too, after resorting to such measures as no success could have excused; such as scarcely any government has ever thought itself justified in employing; and such as could, least of all, have been expected in an age of magnificence and refinement, distinguished for its literary taste, and its cultivation of all the liberal arts.

It is painful to observe how, in such a conflict, the more wicked party has the power of reducing its antagonists to its own moral level. The people, driven mad by persecution, forgot the cause for which they had taken arms, and yielding to the fierce excitement of the struggle, imitated the worst crimes of their adversaries. Deprived of their regular pastors (who had themselves, as we have seen, lapsed into opinions gravely different from those of the French reformation), their religion was a religion of impulse—of psalm-singing—of devotional and prophetic paroxysms—with only such guidance as their own wild associates could afford them. That they steadfastly refused to change their faith at man's bidding, and stoutly resisted every enticement that is calculated to allure the human heart—must be their chief praise, and must ever give them a strong claim upon our sympathies. Oppressed and wronged as they were, it is not surprising that the contest was characterised by that terrible ferocity to which the French nation has shown itself at times so prone, and that we can here see, too distinctly foreshadowed, many of those actions of the later days of France which have been deemed new and unparalleled in the history of man. This cruelty is not confined to any form of faith, or to any political creed, to popery or to

Protestantism—to monarchy or to democracy. Its source lies deeper; we are reluctant to explore it.

As a political blunder, it is impossible to over-rate the folly of that persecution which banished from France its arts and manufactures, and established a hostile camp in its very bosom. Louis, indeed, seems to have felt himself humiliated by the issue, for it is said that only a short time before he was carried to his last home, amidst the execrations of his people, he expressly disavowed on his own behalf all responsibility for the course which had been pursued, in reference to the Church. 'All,' he said, 'had been done under advice.' In short, he *washed his hands of it*. But (allowing for the cruel and malignant zeal of the priests) can we readily believe that the proud and jealous king, who was his own prime minister, who ruled temporal princes at his will, and defied the pope himself without a moment's hesitation, had suffered his own wishes to be over-ruled in this most important branch of his policy? or, if we so believe, shall we therefore acquit him? This we know, and for thus much he must for ever be held responsible, that although he did not, like Charles IX., fire upon his people with his own hand, yet he did, at a time when he (to use a modern French expression) both reigned and governed, give his full authority and sanction to a system of implacable barbarity, far more destructive of life, far more productive of woe and wretchedness, more soul-killing and body-killing, more deliberate, and, therefore, more wicked, than the massacre of St. Bartholomew itself.

ART. IV.—*India: Legislative Department, 7th May, 1845.—Despatch of the Honourable the Court of Directors to the Governor-General of India in Council.*

MANY reasons may, no doubt, be given why Anglo-Saxon civilisation has made so slow a progress as it has in India. It required some time to enable us to feel that we were the masters there; it required a much longer time to convince both ourselves and the world that we might continue such; and it will, probably, require a still more protracted period to teach us all the advantages which we may derive from that mastery. Hitherto, we seem to be bewildered by the vastness of our own achievements. We are by far the greatest political power in the East, possessing the richest and most fertile provinces which it contains, occupying the centre

of commercial activity in Asia, and commanding nearly all the important avenues to the interior of that mighty continent.

Yet, we should, probably, be guilty of no exaggeration were we to affirm, that we have not up to this moment derived from our unrivalled position one-thousandth part of the benefits which it is capable of yielding us. India teems in all its parts with undeveloped sources of wealth. No bounds can be set to the fertility of its soil, which wastes its superabundant productiveness in a vegetation luxuriant even to rankness. The malaria engendered by its forests and jungles, now prolific of disease and death, is only an indication that the soil has been neglected. The island of Bombay was once enveloped by so pestilential an atmosphere, that it was called the grave of Europeans. Now, there is not a healthier spot in India. What cultivation has performed in that small area it may accomplish throughout the country, which when drained and properly subjected to the dominion of the plough, will be converted into as healthy a residence for man as any to be found on the surface of the globe.

Towards such a state of things very few steps have yet been taken. There is scarcely a good road in all India, though in Bengal, and in the Northern Provinces, and even in the Deccan, a beginning has been made.* It is sometimes said that the most valuable highways of a country are its great rivers, and certainly the Ganges has conferred inestimable blessings on Hindústân, as well by facilitating traffic, as by irrigating and fertilising the districts on its banks. But river communication, however valuable, becomes, at certain stages of society, much too slow to meet the wants of the people. It takes, for example, the common boats of the country three months to proceed from Calcutta to Allahabad, a distance of 544 miles; and, even with the aid of steam, vessels do not consume less than twenty days in this passage. Nevertheless, population, and industry, and commerce, have clustered about the valley of the Ganges, because of the facility which it affords of exchanging the commodities of one province for those of another; while the Deccan has been comparatively but thinly peopled, and very imperfectly civilised, from its possessing no great navigable river, and none of those artificial channels of communication which might have supplied the place of one.

Yet many portions of this division of India scarcely yield in fertility or in the variety of their natural productions to Bengal. The most extensive cotton-grounds are here situated; the mulberry-

* For instance, from Jubbulpûr to Mirzapûr a good road has been constructed and bridged throughout.

tree, affected by the silk-worm, flourishes luxuriantly; wheat grows in the greatest perfection, and might be cultivated so extensively as to afford an inexhaustible supply; several of the mountains abound in iron ore, from which steel equal to that of Damascus is manufactured; the forests supply teak and the most fine-grained and beautifully-clouded woods for furniture; while here and there are found extensive beds of coal, more invaluable, perhaps, than all, and more indispensable to civilisation.*

But the Deccan, as we have already remarked, has no Ganges, and none of the governments which have flourished there, not even our own, has hitherto supplied any adequate artificial substitute for a great river. When there exists a considerable population, some means of carrying on traffic and intercourse there must of necessity be; but if any one accustomed to the modes of travelling in Europe were to be transported suddenly into the territories of Hyderabad or Nagpore, or even into many districts of the Bombay Presidency, he would imagine himself carried back to the primitive ages of mankind, when all the arts of government were in their infancy, when there was little or no science, and when people were perfectly content if they could satisfy the primary wants of nature. The interior provinces of that great table-land which stretches from the Nerbudda to Cape Comorin, are all of them destitute of one of the principal necessities of life—we mean salt, which has, therefore, to be conveyed to them perpetually from the coast. Its price, consequently, is in many places so high, that the poorer classes are unable to purchase it; so that they are driven by a rude kind of process to extract from the saline earths, found in various districts, a coarse and unwholesome substance, which they use as a substitute for salt.

To facilitate the transport of this latter article, therefore, it might have been expected that a high-road would, from time immemorial, have been constructed by the united efforts of all the governments of the peninsula. But what is the actual state of the case? Thousands of Brinjarri bullocks, laden with salt, may constantly be seen traversing the Concan at the rate of only six or seven miles a-day, threading the narrow passes of the Ghauts over paths which their own feet have worn, and, arrived at the summit, breaking into separate lines, and taking their way towards every point of the country along the crests of mountains, or beside the beds of rivers, where Nature's hand may have prepared for

* Near Hoshungabad, in the valley of the Nerbudda, is one of the finest coal-fields in India, or perhaps in the world, situated, moreover, in the vicinity of inexhaustible iron mines.

them a level track. Something we have ourselves done towards facilitating this and other branches of internal trade. In the Bombay provinces, for example, between five and six hundred miles of road, have, we believe, been constructed. But how imperfectly! In some places it has been thought sufficient to clear a space of about forty feet broad, and run a shallow trench for drainage on either side. Elsewhere, the simplest rudiments of a road have been created: thin strata of broken stone or of moorum* have been laid upon the face of the soil, sufficient to support the feet of men and cattle, but seldom adapted to the passage of wheel-carriages, which would speedily plough up deep ruts and render the road impassable.

Yet government has received every possible encouragement to proceed with the work of improvement. Each amelioration in the public ways has been immediately succeeded by an increase of traffic, so that the tolls and duties levied, though in themselves extremely moderate, very soon repay to government the sums expended on the roads, after which they become a permanent source of profit. One example may be worth mentioning. A considerable trade in cotton has long been carried on between Bellary and Kamptee, in Canara. To facilitate the traffic, government, in 1839—40, constructed 140 miles of cart-road from the former town to Sirsee on the top of the Ghauts. Thence down the slope, and across the low country to the sea, the road is hitherto only passable to laden cattle, so that a stoppage takes place at the summit of the Ghauts, where the cotton is transferred from carts to the backs of beasts of burden. Nevertheless, this trifling advance towards civilisation has had a remarkable effect upon the cotton trade of Bellary. During the first four years after the formation of the road 101 carts plied upon it, while in the ensuing year the number increased to 443, and has probably gone on augmenting to the present hour. The change, however, has not been confined to the substitution of one mode of carriage for another, but a much greater amount of cotton has been sent down to the coast. The value of the entire exports at Kamptee multiplied rapidly, rising in three years from 160,000*l.* to 400,000*l.*, whilst the customs increased from 4,622*l.* to 18,015*l.* 10*s.* This holds out, we think, an extremely encouraging prospect to government, which should at once render the remaining forty miles of road from Sirsee to Kamptee practicable for carts. One year's increase of the customs would defray the whole expense.

If we now consider the effect of this improvement upon the price

* The debris of trap rock .

of the cotton, we shall find it to be very great. Formerly, when bullocks only were employed in conveying it, the cost of carriage amounted to 4*l.* 10*s.* per ton, or 7½*d.* per ton per mile. It is now reduced to 2*l.* per ton, or 3½*d.* per ton per mile, which is still double the price of carriage in England. This cotton, ill-cleaned, and subject to much damage from thorns and bushes on the road-side, and dust during its passage on the backs of oxen below the Ghauts, sells at Kamptee for little more than twopence a pound. Thence it is shipped for Bombay, where it is screwed into bales for the English market. It has been found upon calculation, that the cost of bringing this cotton from Bellary to Kamptee, a distance of 184 miles, considerably exceeds that of conveying it to England, a distance of 17,000 miles! Taking the price of carriage in India at two and a half annas per ton per mile, and reckoning the value of money according to the price of bread corn at six times what it is in England, it is equal to twenty-two pence and a half there; whereas in England the expense is tenpence per ton on common roads, and about threepence per ton on canals in general, or even as low as one penny. If threepence be the average, it is less than one-seventh of the cost in India. The expense of the transport of goods from Madras to Trichinopoly, 230 miles, is thirty-five rupees, or 3*l.* 10*s.* per ton, which is nearly as much as the freight from Madras to London. The most important fact, however, still remains to be considered: when brought into the market at Liverpool, this cotton often sells with difficulty at threepence per pound, so that the merchant importing it profits very little by the transaction.

Now it must be evident that this, and all similar evils, are traceable to the want of roads. To what this deficiency itself is owing it is not so easy to say. The most obvious explanation is to lay the blame at once upon government. But, when well considered, the inactivity of government will itself be found to require explanation. In order to avoid being unjust towards any party, we ought, perhaps, to seek for the solution of the enigma in a combination of circumstances, not altogether the result of human forethought, but springing partly from an imperfect policy, partly from peculiarities in the very structure of civil society in India. But whatever theory we adopt to account for the sluggishness of the principle of improvement there, it must be admitted that we have done less than might have been expected towards developing the resources of the country. We have been like the possessors of some rich mine, who, instead of applying themselves diligently to the proper working of it, have contented themselves with picking up, from time to time, a few specimens scattered ac-

identally on the surface of the soil. At present there is every probability that a great change is about to take place. The distance between us and India seems to be daily diminishing, so that from long having been regarded as a sort of dreamy El Dorado, where people fought and plundered and made large fortunes, it is likely soon to pass into the category of ordinary dependencies, where wealth, natural and individual, is to be acquired in strict obedience to the laws of political economy.

Formerly, speculative writers imagined, with Montesquieu, that the precious metals were constantly flowing towards India, there to accumulate to the detriment of the rest of the world. But this was a mistake; for though there be in India much capital, if considered in itself, irrespective of the population among which it is divided, the amount is very small, if we take into account the vast multitudes who share it. Some idea of the real state of the case may be formed from the following comparison. In England, each individual contributes upwards of 2*l.* sterling per annum to the revenues of the state, without paralyzing industry, without impeding the march of commerce, without impoverishing the working classes (whose depression is traceable to other causes); while in India each individual is called upon to pay to government little more than 3*s.*, which, nevertheless, proves by far too heavy a burden. Again, the wages of the labouring classes, calculated in money, are in many parts not one-twelfth of those of a labouring man in England; though the necessaries of life, being still cheaper in comparison, labour may be said to be better paid. In other words, a penny in those provinces of India, is better than a shilling here.

The question, however, just now to be considered, is the means of transport which India at present possesses. In many districts there is next to none. A curious circumstance, which took place in 1818—19, shortly after the Mahratta war, will strikingly illustrate this. General Briggs, then principal collector in Khandeish, received directions from the Bombay government to make advances of capital, without interest, to numerous cultivators who possessed none of their own. The object was to bring into cultivation a much larger breadth of land than had hitherto been submitted to the plough, and thus to augment the revenues, which in India are chiefly derivable from cultivated lands, such as lie fallow, paying nothing; 20,000*l.* sterling were in this way distributed. At first the experiment appeared to succeed; for the revenues of the province, which in 1818 did not exceed nine lakhs of rupees, or 90,000*l.* sterling, rose in four years to twenty lakhs of rupees, or 200,000*l.*

But this was the limit of artificial prosperity. Jowari, the staple commodity of the country, which, before our interference, was selling at thirty-two shillings the quarter, sank, in consequence of the abundance which had been created, to five shillings the quarter, and even then could find no adequate market. Not that throughout India the necessaries of life existed in equal plenty; very far from it. At Aurungabad, jowari was selling at sixteen shillings the quarter; and at Poonah, not more than 160 miles distant, it fetched sixty-four shillings and sixpence the quarter, in consequence of the failure of the crops in the surrounding districts. These were famine prices; and there in reality existed a famine at Poonah, where people perished through lack of food in the streets. A good common road, and still, more a railway, would have effectually prevented these horrors. For, supposing the price of the grain, in consequence of finding a large outlet, had been immediately doubled, it might have been sold at Poonah, allowing for profit, and more than the ordinary price of carriage by railway, at twenty shillings the quarter.

As it was, notwithstanding the enormous difference of prices at Poonah and in Khandeish, not a peck from the great over-stocked grain district reached the famishing city. On the one hand, therefore, farmers were becoming bankrupt, and falling into hopeless poverty, because they could not dispose of their superabundant harvests; and on the other, within less than twelve hours' distance by railway, men were dying for want of bread! And was not this a double plague—we might almost say of man's creating, for that which he could guard against, and does not, he causes? The unhappy people of Poonah had just reason to complain of their rulers, for not providing in time, a channel by which, in seasons of scarcity, food may reach them; and the inhabitants of Khandeish had almost equal reason to complain, since they had been urged by an artificial stimulus to produce articles, for the exportation of which, when produced, no provision had been made.

Upon this remarkable fact we request the reader to reflect. It illustrates, more or less correctly, the condition of all India, if we except the valley of the Ganges and its great tributaries. Famine and the most luxuriant plenty are beheld, as it were, side by side, each occasioning distress or ruin, though they affect different classes of the community. Famine first destroys the poor, who cannot purchase, and superfluity ruins and renders poor the agricultural classes. In 1832, a repetition of the same dreadful scenes was witnessed in Coimbatore, Tanjore, and Malabar, only that here the distance between the surplus and the suffering was still less than in the north of the Deccan.

Obviously, therefore, what is wanting is the means of inter-communication. A proper system of railways ramifying through the Deccan would render the occurrence of a famine almost impossible. At least, *scarcity has never been known to occur on both sides of the peninsula at once*. All that seems to be wanting is to enable the different districts of the country reciprocally to relieve and enrich each other. These remarks, however, must not be supposed to apply exclusively to the Deccan. In Central and Northern India, also, precisely the same causes are found to deepen the horrors of famine. People are beheld famishing and dying in the streets, or selling their very children into slavery—despite the prohibitions of the law—in order to procure themselves a morsel of bread. The cemeteries, the streets, the market-places are crowded with the dead and dying, until the very air becomes corrupted and pestilential. And yet in the neighbouring provinces, juwari and bajera, and rice, and wheat, and the other grains of India are bursting the very granaries, and can find no purchasers!

It may, moreover, with truth be maintained, that numerous castes and tribes of men scattered hither and thither over the face of India, have from the remotest ages been condemned to ignorance and barbarism by the same causes. There are in some provinces tribes so numerous that they may almost be said to form nations, who have not yet made the first step towards civilised life. If they have any religion, it consists entirely of those primitive superstitions which cling closest as it were to the earth, and exhibit that dire character which belongs to the earliest aberrations of the intellect. There, human victims are still offered up, and youths and children systematically fattened for the sacrificial knife, sometimes effect their escape and reach the British province of Orissa where they are safe from their pursuers.

But this is not all. Independently of the debasing nature of their creed, those wandering tribes are indescribably wretched. Of civil government they have never heard. The simplest arts lie beyond the reach of their invention. Like the fowls of the air they neither sow nor reap, nor gather into garners. Weaving and spinning, and the manufacture of garments are mysteries wholly beyond their comprehension. They subsist by collecting in the primeval forests they inhabit, the spoils of the wild bee with which they timidly make their appearance on the outskirts of the more civilised districts, where they barter them for such articles as human nature, even in its lowest stage, seems to require. To them the very luxuries of a hut are unknown. An oblong basket, under which they creep at night, constitutes the nearest approach they

have made to the erection of a house. And these are our fellow-subjects living under the protection of the same laws with ourselves! These, if not Englishmen, still exist within the pale of English civilisation, though none of its advantages have been hitherto extended to them!

We should like to see one of these step-children of India placed beside the governor-general in his durbar. We should like to see him stand up, reeking from the sanguinary rites of Kali, or, with a comb of wild honey in his hand, or leaning upon the basket which forms his palace, and demand of the vice-regal potentate, wherefore he and his race have not yet been included within the circle of his paternal solicitude. Truly Sir Henry Hardinge, or any one else who might be there at the time, would be sorely puzzled to find an answer. The best thing he could say would be: 'Good friend, we never heard of you till now. Your native country has never been properly explored! It lies equally out of the track of war and commerce. No navigable rivers flow through it—it has neither highways nor railways, and we have not been long enough in India to construct any! Be patient, however, for your turn will come as soon as British capital, finding the boundaries of Europe too narrow for its activity, extends its humanising influence in this direction!'

We fancy, however, we overhear our readers exclaim: 'Where then are the luxurious palanquins and superb takh travans, and golden howdahs of Hindústân?' They are there still, but neither commerce nor any thing else that is worth much to the people often travels in them. Utility requires other conveyances. When men are intent upon business they would, if possible, eschew those dreamy varieties of locomotion to which we have alluded above. To them, if to no one else, time is valuable. If not obstructed, they can coin hours into rupees, and extract whole lakhs of treasure from weeks and months.

But let no man in haste traverse the Deccan. The snail is and must be the prototype of all wayfarers there. Your head has almost time to grow gray whilst on a journey! Locomotion is usually performed on foot, on horseback, or in palanquins. There are, as will readily be supposed, no inns or places of resort where strangers may find shelter or accommodation. Individuals belonging to the industrious classes, who journey on foot, proceed when they enter a town to that quarter of it where persons of similar occupations reside. There they obtain permission to pass the night in some shed or out-house, near which they prepare their own food, and wait as well as they can upon themselves, renewing and closing their journey under the same circumstances

upon the morrow. The landlord, who in this manner, receives a guest is required, as on the continent of Europe, to report his arrival and departure to the police, and should he have been lodged within the house he becomes responsible for his appearance.

Another class, such as those who have little prejudice of caste, proceed to the Katwal's office, an open building near the market-place, where the magistrates sit during the market-days to receive town duties, keep the peace, register bargains, for which money is not paid down, and settle disputes summarily. Travellers who resort to this spot, either come on horseback or on foot. Their persons and baggage are protected by the police, who, also, assist in procuring forage for their cattle, and act the part of guides, if necessary, to the nearest village on the traveller's road. For these services the police are permitted to receive, but not to demand, fees, their regular stipend being provided by the town itself.

Travellers who move in numbers, or who have equipages of tents with them, encamp in the neighbourhood of the town, and their attendants procure from the shops what they require, and prepare their food in vessels they bring along with them. Nothing can be more tedious, expensive, or inconvenient than this mode of travelling. Troops moving from station to station to the distance of several hundred miles, are required to march thirty-six miles in four days, or rather to advance twelve miles three days successively, and rest on the fourth. Travellers proceed at about the same rate, and the trade of the country conveyed on hired cattle, does not proceed nearly so fast for a continuance. Consequently, according to the Indian rate of travelling, and of commercial intercourse, it would require three weeks for a passenger to reach Liverpool, York, or Exeter from London, a distance which is now daily accomplished in ten or eleven hours. In England, a first class passenger on a railway, pays at the rate of about fivepence per mile, and travels from twenty to thirty miles per hour; in India he pays, by the most expeditious conveyance, one shilling per mile, and travels at the rate of three miles per hour.

Such at present is the state of internal communication in India. But the people of this country, who certainly cannot be accused in general of going too fast, or engaging rashly in any enterprise, appear to be at length taking into consideration the benefits they may confer on their subjects and themselves, by extending the advantage of railroads to that noblest of all our dependencies. The reasons which would justify the adoption of such a policy as this are far too numerous to be all stated here. Possibly, even the most

practised and sagacious statesman would not, from the point of time on which we stand, be able to foresee or point out the whole of them. But many are at once so obvious and so cogent, that the most ordinary reflection must suggest them to every man's mind.

It has been very justly observed, that no nation can be expected to undertake great and expensive public works from mere motives of philanthropy. It is the spirit of gain that imparts an irresistible impulse to enterprise; but, fortunately, it has been so ordered by Providence, that the gains of industry and commerce bless, like mercy, both those who give and those who take. The principle that constitutes the very basis of commerce, always presupposes reciprocal advantages to those who engage in it; and this is true, not only of commerce in its simple rudimental state, but applies equally to its most elaborate and recondite forms, over which the highest science and political wisdom preside.

In projecting railways for India, therefore, the capitalists of this country need not be called upon to put forward any other views than those of profit, which are intelligible to all the world. The process was begun many centuries ago. We have projected moveable roads from the shores of England to those of India, by means of which we greatly enriched ourselves as a nation. It is now found that we have not gone far enough; that the riches of India cannot find their way down to the coast; that they are pent up by certain restraints in the interior, where they rot and perish, without conferring any benefit on the natives or on us. We must, therefore, extend the lines of communication from the decks of our ships and steamers athwart the peninsula, up to the very roots of the Himalaya, and thus facilitate the outpouring of those vast sources of national prosperity, which we know to exist in every province.

When the Roman republic extended its conquests, its first care was to link the newly-conquered territory to Rome by a great road, over which the legion could move rapidly to and fro, and thus bring to bear the irresistible strength of the parent state upon any point that might be threatened, either by internal commotions, or invasion from without. In this matter we should imitate Rome: not, however, for the purposes of war only; but for the higher and more beneficent purposes of peace and civilisation. In whatever direction we may carry a railway through India, it must enrich the districts over which it passes, not merely by supplying, in the first instance, labour to those who need it, and exchanging the actual commodities of different provinces, but by imparting a new and extremely powerful impulse to population and industry, and calling forth the hidden capabilities of the

soil. By degrees a town would spring up around every station, while the land, beginning from the very banks of the line, would be cultivated like a garden, and afford an inexhaustible supply of many of the articles most coveted in Europe.

Among these, if we commence operations with the Deccan, the most important, by far, will be cotton, of which a sufficient quantity may speedily be raised in India to render us completely independent of the slave states of America. And here we may briefly allude to a fact which will not be regarded with indifference by the friends of humanity: a company has just been established in London, expressly for the purpose of promoting the cultivation of cotton in India, primarily with a view of combating slavery, by depriving it of the aliment on which it feeds. But, in whatever motive such an association may have originated, its results cannot fail to prove beneficial to commerce. Recently, great efforts have been made to improve the quality of cotton in the collectorate of Poonah. In one district an extremely fine sort, equal to the best Baroche, has been introduced, and fetches a very high price at Bombay. In other parts arrangements are making for cultivating the New Orleans cotton, which the most experienced agriculturists in Western India expect will thrive admirably.

It will be comparatively of little avail, however, to expend money on the great cotton grounds of India, unless, at the same time, we provide the means of conveying the produce of those grounds to the coast. This consideration chiefly, perhaps, has suggested to Mr. J. Chapman, a man of remarkable abilities and extensively acquainted with the country, the propriety of running the first line of railway across the Deccan, from Bombay on one side to Coringa on the other. The line would commence at Bombay, run along a causeway to the Island of Salsette, reach the main land by means of a bridge, thrown over what is called the Tannah River, and then, traversing the Concan, ascend the slope of the Ghauts, pass by Poonah, a city of 120,000 inhabitants, and, diverging towards the north, cross the district of Ahmednuggur, sending out branches to Shûlapore on the one hand, and Patoda on the other. From Ahmednuggur, following the great valley of the Godavery, it would project itself eastwards, till, through the Bheer Circar, it entered the Nizam's dominions. Proceeding across Nundeer, and sending forth an important branch northward to Oomrawutty and Nagpore, which might ultimately be carried over the Nerbudda to Allahabad, it would intersect the Circar of Eilgundel, whence it is proposed that a branch should be carried southwards to Hyderabad, the Nizam's capital, a city larger than Paris, and containing 800,000 inhabitants. It is in-

tended that this branch line should afterwards be carried across the Kistna to Madras, from which port it is calculated that 134,000 tons of merchandise are now annually shipped. From Eilgundel the trunk line would stretch through Mullangoar, Warangal, Kummumet, and Rajahmundry to Coringa, probably crossing the Godavery, where its channel is intersected by numerous islands. Thence the railroad would be carried through the Northern Circars, and the province of Orissa, to Calcutta.

Among the advantages of this line, there are some few which appear to be deserving of especial notice. Upon the first and greatest we have already touched; we mean that it would intersect the cotton districts; but there are several others which ought not to be overlooked. Already, with the imperfect means of communication which we have described above, a very considerable trade traverses the peninsula in this direction, because, both north and south of the track, large populations are concentrated in cities and fertile districts. In the mountains which flank the valleys of the Godavery are mines of iron ore, from which a steel not inferior to that of Damascus has from time immemorial been manufactured. Further eastward, in the northern slope of the same valley, an extensive bed of coal has recently been discovered, which for ages, perhaps, would suffice to supply the engines on this road.

A second and shorter line has been proposed to be carried from Madras to Wallajanuggur, to facilitate the transport of salt into the interior, and of cotton from the interior to the coast. Wallajanuggur is at present a sort of central depôt, where the cotton from the surrounding districts is collected ready to be sent down to Madras, whence it is shipped for Europe. According to the testimony of those officers who have been consulted on the subject, there is every reason to expect considerable returns from passengers, as the inhabitants entertain no prejudice against this variety of locomotion, but appear rather to take a strong interest in its introduction. This may partly, perhaps, be owing to the pains which have for some time been taken to familiarise their minds with railways and railway travelling. The best written and most interesting articles from English periodicals and newspapers, have been translated into the native languages, and inserted in the Ukbars. These articles the natives read with great avidity; and consequently, in those parts of India where journalism has made any progress, they may be said to be prepared to avail themselves of the advantages afforded by the railway system. Some idea may be formed of the trade likely to spring up in this direction, from the fact, that at present 30,000 tons of goods, and 150,000 passengers circulate annually between the proposed ter-

mini. From calculations based on these facts, it is believed that the profit arising from the existing traffic, without reckoning on any increase, would pay every expense. It is supposed that a railway in the Madras presidency might convey the lower classes at the charge of one rupee per 100 miles.

A third line has been projected from Calcutta to Mirzapore, and a fourth from Bombay up the valley of the Nerbudda, which, together with many others, may hereafter be called for by the improved condition of India. We should certainly, however, for many reasons, prefer beginning with what has been termed the Peninsular railway; principally because it traverses a country where a very large and rapidly increasing traffic already exists, which would tend at once to render the speculation profitable. If a line were selected that would be slow to pay, it might operate as a discouragement to capitalists, and for many years to come deprive India of the benefits to be derived from an extensive system of railways.

If we now inquire briefly into the expenses of constructing railways in India, we shall find, that taking all the elements of calculation properly into account, they will bear no comparison with the expenses to be incurred in constructing similar works in Great Britain. Here every inch of ground is valuable, and its value is invariably enhanced by the fact, that it is required by a great railway company. The very approach of the line multiplies the difficulties it has to encounter. Everybody knows that a field in the vicinity of a railway, is worth double or treble a field anywhere else, and insists upon being compensated for allowing it to be invaded accordingly. Parliament, therefore, is to be applied to; whole hosts of lawyers are to be fed; a private act is to be obtained; disputes are to be settled; by which means, before a spadeful of earth is thrown up or a brick laid, an enormous cost has already been incurred.

Again, in every part of England provisions are dear, and the wages of excavators, artisans, &c. proportionately high. In India the price of land is extremely low, and the wages of labour and the price of food are still lower. Parliament would not there have to be consulted, nor would there, in many cases, be lawyers to feed. Rough materials might generally be obtained for the mere trouble of taking them, such as granite and other stone, and in many districts even the ordinary timber.

For these and other reasons which might be enumerated, they who have entered into the most careful and elaborate calculations, have estimated the expense of constructing a railway in India at from 3000*l.* to 8000*l.* per mile, according to the greater or less engineering difficulties to be overcome. Perhaps, making due

allowances for casual and unforeseen expenditure, and not counting upon any greater advantages than would be almost certain to present themselves, it might be tolerably safe to presume that between 5000*l.* and 6000*l.* per mile would be about the real cost. If this view of the matter be correct, there seems to be no reason to doubt that the actual movements of trade in the country, taken in conjunction with the advantages promised to the railways by the Indian government, would render the speculation remunerative at once.

Of those advantages, the principal are the transmission of mails and the conveyance of troops. Some little difference of opinion at present exists among the several parties, respecting the principle upon which the arrangements between the railway companies and the Indian government should be based; the latter proposing to make a fixed annual grant, whatever might be the amount of letters or troops conveyed along the line, while the former desire to regard soldiers as passengers, and to take them at half-price. Now, if it would be practicable to reduce the fare of a single individual belonging to the humbler classes to one rupee for a hundred miles, the soldier would be taken that distance for one shilling, which the Court of Directors must surely be convinced would be infinitely cheaper than they could march him that distance, not to insist just now on the other advantages of great velocity of movement.

However this may be, it is quite obvious that Indian railways would not be idle from the commencement. They would have infantry, and cavalry, and artillery, and the expensive establishment of European officers, frequently to fill their trains. The mails would be running perpetually, and we have already enumerated many of the important articles of merchandise which could not fail to be entrusted to them for conveyance. Altogether, therefore, their dividends, we fancy, would be as respectable, upon an average, as those of any other railways, and, perhaps, when the exhaustless resources of India come to be properly developed, they may leave in the rear even the London and Birmingham Railway, which now pays eleven per cent.

This view of the subject, however, will be interesting chiefly to capitalists, but many others present themselves that deserve to engage the consideration of the statesman and of the country. For many years past the invasion of India by Russia has been talked of as a probable contingency. This may not, however, be the case; but considering the character of the Russian government, and remembering the fact, that from the reign of Peter I. to the present day, it has always maintained a host of emissaries, both in India and Central Asia, the contingency must at least be admitted to be a possible one. But whether this be so or not, a thousand

circumstances may arise to render it necessary for us to concentrate large bodies of troops on our frontier, when the command of a system of railways would prove of incalculable value to us. Infantry, cavalry, artillery might be transported from one end of India to the other with a velocity which has never yet formed an element of Asiatic calculation. In this way a small force would be equal in efficiency to one thrice as great, surrounded by pathless deserts and mountainous and broken countries, destitute of roads.

Motives of economy, therefore, should induce the East India Company to favour the development of the Railway system in its territories. We should then no longer hear of a mutinous regiment retaining the command of its arms during a four months' march, or of a governor of Madras compelled to temporise with that regiment, and make use of jesuitical arts to keep within certain bounds the spirit of insubordination, till the arm of government could reach the malcontents. The advantage of a railway would have spared our Indian rulers the humiliation of such forbearance, as well as the discredit of punishing, after a long distance of time, in cold blood, rebels who, to produce the proper effect on the army, should have been instantly called to account upon the spot.

Perhaps, however, the most valuable effect of railways in India would be the influence they must necessarily exercise upon the minds of the people. They would behold us combining, as it were, with the elements to keep down our enemies. An indistinct sense of terror would pervade every breast. We should appear to them, more than we do already, creatures of a superior intelligence, endowed with something like supernatural powers for the production of good or harm. In most cases good only could flow from this source. They would find themselves enriched under our rule, and, learning to connect their wealth with our ascendancy, would necessarily experience some solicitude for the prolongation of our power. It is not consistent with the known laws which govern human nature, to suppose that the Hindús would remain permanently insensible to the benefits they would derive from us.

At present, one of their chief complaints is, that we are negligent of public works. They cannot so well estimate our silent encouragement of agriculture, the efforts we have made to improve the breeds of useful animals among them, or to introduce new grains, or grasses, or fruit-trees, or spices, or other articles of luxury or commerce. Besides, these gifts are rendered in a great measure sterile by the want of lines of communication. It is useless to produce a superabundance, if what exceeds the wants of the producers, cannot be profitably exported.

Now in India the obstacles to exportation, as we have already shown, are in many cases insurmountable. A railroad, conse-

quently, would act as a more powerful stimulus to industry than any direct artificial encouragements. It would likewise make a deep and lasting impression on the imaginations of the people. The irresistible velocity and force of a steam train would seem to them the symbol of their English rulers, as in fact it is. Nothing can more exactly represent our character. In itself it is the most sublime of man's creations. It presents to our view a portion of the elements imprisoned, tortured, and put in motion, and flying with the speed of thought over the earth, uttering piercing shrieks, and giving perpetual tokens of prodigious effort.

Yet it would soon be discovered that this strange creature of mechanical invention was made for use, not show. It would bring along with it bread, and the means of purchasing it. Troops and artillery would seldom be the most prominent objects on the train. The timid native, engaged in trade, would learn by degrees to confide his person and his goods to the flying train, and would be beheld by the side of the stately Brahmin and the wandering Gosaen proceeding to some distant market with the produce of his neighbourhood, or returning homewards with the manufacture of other lands.

In this way Manchester would be brought in contact with the wilds of Gundwana, whose inhabitants would venture by degrees on a suit of brilliant printed cottons, which they would earn by cultivating the earth, and thus making the first move towards emerging from the savage state. This idea may suggest to our manufacturers the propriety of encouraging railways in India, by which they would be throwing open to themselves one of the most extensive and profitable markets in the world. Nay, a very large portion of this market, they would actually call into existence by inducing the naked natives of India to put forth their mental and physical energies in order to possess themselves of the tempting luxuries of shirts and trousers.

But in what way should our manufacturers encourage Indian railways? By helping to construct them, by investing a part of their superfluous capital in shares, and if they were to make a sacrifice of what they thus invest, it would be very far from being a loss to them. Perhaps no money they ever laid out would bring them a better return, for it is impossible to calculate the amount of trade to which the prudent application of a little capital in India might give birth. In many provinces a large portion of the population now stand in want of the simplest articles of clothing, not that, as has sometimes been supposed, because their atmosphere constitutes as it were, one huge garment which wraps and shelters a whole nation at once—for that is not the case—but that they are too rude and ignorant to extract from

the teeming soil beneath their feet the means of purchasing the vestments of which they stand in need.

If any one doubt this let him look at the princes, nawabs and amirs of India. Those persons have no relish for going unclad, but move about under a greater pile of superb manufactures than the most ostentatious exquisite in Europe. Even the middle classes go richly and warmly clothed, and it is only when you approach the lowest, and precisely when the means of purchasing fail, that you behold men practically adopting Rousseau's theory, and acting as though they believed nakedness to be a virtue.

Run a railway through the country, require of the people in the first instance, food for your excavators, artisans, and engineers, and they will apply themselves more extensively to the cultivation of the earth that they may be enabled to imitate the more civilised men whom your enterprise will have brought among them.

And this reminds us of an objection which has sometimes been made against railways in India. You will not, it has been said, be able to feed your workmen; since though the villagers may have plenty of grain laid up in store for their own consumption, nothing will induce them to part with it, because they will apprehend that if they sell their provision they may not be able to replace it. From the prevalence of such notions, some inconvenience may no doubt be anticipated. But, on the other hand, does not this fact itself tend to illustrate the necessity for a railway? Would the inhabitants of any village in England refuse to dispose at a good profit of their corn or any other article of food? Would they not, on the contrary, be most eager to engage in such a traffic, as they would feel perfectly sure that with the money obtained for their goods, they could not only purchase a fresh supply, but add materially to their comforts, if not to their wealth? In such provinces of India as are possessed by inhabitants who would be reluctant to trade in provisions, we may be sure that civilisation is at a very low ebb. Even agriculture must there be pursued in the most primitive and slovenly manner; otherwise, after the wants of the people have been satisfied, there would remain a considerable surplus to be thrown into the channels of commerce.

This may suggest important considerations to the East India Company, that derives its revenue principally from the land-tax, which being only levied on lands under cultivation, must necessarily contract or expand with a greater or less degree of enterprise displayed by the agricultural classes. Taking, therefore, the most dispassionate view of the whole subject, it must be manifest that by intersecting India with railroads, and calling

into existence all the concomitants of such works, the East India Company may double and treble its revenues. Indeed, were the vast population of India, which does not probably fall short of 170,000,000 of souls, actively and profitably employed, the extent to which taxation might safely be carried would at present seem altogether extravagant and paradoxical.

It is unnecessary to push our speculations so far. We may content ourselves just now with affirming in general terms that both the East India Company, and the people of this country, would derive very great advantages from bestowing on India an extensive and well-devised system of internal communication. By persons ignorant of the arts of government, and the first elements of civilisation, the poverty prevailing in many parts of India has been attributed to the misrule of the Company, and it may be said that we are now confirming the truth of that accusation; for if roads and railways only were necessary to call forth the resources of the country, why were they not long ago constructed? To this we reply by another question, why was not the steam-engine invented in the time of the Romans? Every thing in this world comes and comes best in its season.

At all events governments, like society itself, must pass through different stages, and perform their various duties in succession. The first duty we had, as a civilised people, to perform in India, was to fight and conquer, and consolidate, our dominions. While contending for the throne of the Moguls and supremacy in Asia, and while as yet uncertain whether the glorious prize would fall to our share or not, it was no time to be thinking of the slow improvements of peace. It was necessary that the thunders of battle and the shock of arms should be over, before the voice of industry could make itself heard.

This mode of viewing the subject will, in a great measure, exonerate the East India Company from blame, on account of the apparent slowness with which it has proceeded in the construction of public roads. The time, however, seems to have at length arrived for adopting a new course of policy in this matter, and the Court of Directors appears to be fully sensible of it. In its letter to the governor-general it recognises the great desirableness of bestowing the advantages of railway communication upon India, though, while doing so, it is careful to bring clearly into view the obstacles which lie in the way of accomplishing this design. All these obstacles it is quite necessary we should take into consideration, since, in affairs of such a nature, it is not by a benevolent enthusiasm or blind passion for speculation we should be guided, but by large and severe maxims of political prudence.

So far, therefore, from censuring the Court of Directors for conscientiously enumerating all the difficulties which beset the path of railway enterprise in India, we must consider it as thus performing a grave duty. It is unquestionably most fair and just that the public should be made acquainted with the real state of the case, in order that capitalists may not be betrayed into hopeless undertakings, and that India herself may not have the cup of prosperity raised to the lips, to excite warm and flattering hopes, and then see it rudely dashed down again. We say that this was the solemn duty of the Court of Directors. It is far better to look obstructions in the face now, before embarking in the speculation, than when we shall have been deeply engaged, when large sums of money shall have been expended, when an intense excitement and boundless expectation shall have been generated both here and in India, to discover that we have entered upon labours which defy our powers of performance, and that, baffled and impoverished, we must relinquish the grand scheme of regenerating India, by supplying her with channels through which to pour forth her multitudinous productions upon the world.

The Court of Directors thus succinctly enumerates the circumstances which will be likely to impede the progress of railways in India, if they should not discourage us from commencing them:— 1st. Periodical rains and inundations. 2nd. The continued action of violent winds, and influence of a vertical sun. 3rd. The ravages of insects and vermin upon timber and earth-work. 4th. The destructive effects of spontaneous vegetation upon earth and brick-work. 5th. The unenclosed and unprotected tracts of country through which railroads would pass. 6th. The difficulty and expense of securing the services of competent and trustworthy engineers.

To many of the objections suggested by this list of difficulties one satisfactory answer may be given:—The bunds constructed to shut up in narrow valleys the waters of small, but often impetuous, streams, in order to form tanks for the irrigation of the country, are always of earthwork, though lined frequently with stone. These bunds are exposed to all the action of the elements which would affect the embankments of railways, and have, besides, the additional disadvantage of being pressed upon incessantly on one side by an immense weight of water, sometimes augmented suddenly by floods, and disturbed by violent winds. Now if it be found that, notwithstanding these unfavourable circumstances, many of the bunds of tanks in the Deccan, which are so large as to deserve the name of lakes, endure through a long series of ages, some having certainly been thrown up more than 800 years ago, we may reasonably conclude that neither rains, nor inundations, nor

the ravages of insects, nor the effects of spontaneous vegetation, will materially interfere with the development of the railway system in India.

With regard to the periodical rains, their most violent action is confined to the countries below the Ghauts. The immense and heavily-laden masses of cloud, raised from the Indian ocean, and borne along with incredible force and violence by the winds, are depressed by their own weight below the level of the summit of the Ghauts, and, breaking against that towering barrier, descend in impetuous torrents upon the Concan, Canara, and Malabar. The monsoon showers which overpass the Ghauts, are comparatively gentle, and would produce no very injurious effect upon judiciously constructed embankments or causeways. One very curious phenomenon connected with the subject of rain in the Deccan, though it may exercise no particular influence on the progress of railways, may deserve to be mentioned in passing. It is this: in the city of Hyderabad it has been shown by a series of meteorological observations, that rain nearly always falls during the night, while the days, though not absolutely cloudless, are dry. The same remark may, with some qualification, be applied to Alexandria, in Egypt, where, as well as in the Deccan, the falling of showers may depend upon the same laws that regulate the formation and descent of dew.

The growth of spontaneous vegetation may be checked by a vigilant railway police, which may be entrusted with the protection of the works, as well against the hostility of nature as of man. No doubt, when the line passes over long tracts of unprotected country, the watchfulness of the police will be much needed. But perhaps, if the nature of society in India be considered, it is not too much to hope that the chances of voluntary injury may not prove more numerous than here in England.

At first, and for some time, the want of an adequate supply of engineers may possibly be felt. But it would be wilfully to lose sight of the constitution of human nature, and of the motives by which mankind are regulated all the world over, to suppose that where a steady demand for any kind of talent or ingenuity exists, the thing wanted will not be found. The natives of India by no means possess too many outlets for their activity, mental or physical. On the contrary, their abilities, like their lands, are much too frequently suffered to lie fallow. If they could be made to perceive that, by cultivating the practice of engineering, they might enrich and raise themselves in the scale of society, they would unquestionably apply their minds to it, and be soon able to meet the demands of the most extensive railway system. Of this it is impossible to doubt. They possess

an ample share of intellectual energy, are quick and competent to imitate, and are urged to exertion by a remarkable love of property.

It might be necessary, indeed, to run a line of schoolmasters beside the track of the steam-engine, and to impart to the natives of India something of those sciences which have made us what we are. But this would only be an additional argument in favour of the undertaking. We should not be called upon to develop an indefinite and aimless system of education, beneficial, perhaps, upon the whole, but whose benefits it would be difficult to designate. Knowledge would here be inculcated for a specific purpose, and would no sooner exist than it might be turned to profitable account. But if you taught the Hindû or Mohammeden the principles of mathematics and mechanics, he would not stop there. His mind would have received an impulse which no effort of his will could check. In spite of himself he would be hurried forward; the desire to know would beget knowledge; from one branch of science he would proceed to another, would descend through the strata of the earth, would soar to the contemplation of the heavens, and, by degrees, would pass from physics to the consideration of those far more hidden and intricate laws, which govern the progress of thought and the emotions of the heart, and ultimately give form and consistency to civil society itself.

In this way, out of iron rails, and embankments, and bridges, a philosophy might spring up, that would exert a powerful influence on the future destinies of India. However modified by accident and circumstance, it would be an English philosophy. The image and superscription of Anglo-Saxon intellect would be impressed on all the faculties of the Hindû, who would rise nearer to our level, by adopting our ideas and imbibing a large portion of our mental activity. This may appear to be pushing anticipation somewhat far a-head; but it is what must indisputably take place, if we faithfully fulfil our duties in India, among the very first of which is to supply it with the means of disembarassing itself of its surplus produce, and thus calling into play all the resources of its matchless soil.

There is one notion put forth by the Court of Directors, in its letter to the governor-general, which appears to us extremely unsound. An experiment is recommended to be made on a short line, and according as this shall succeed or fail, would be the disposition of the East India Company to encourage or discourage railways in India. The defectiveness of this policy it is not difficult to point out. While appearing to be anxious for acquiring the fruits of experience, it will, in reality, be no expe-

riment at all. If by constructing this short line, we hope to discover whether such works in earth, or brick, or stone, as a railway would require, can withstand the hostility of an Indian climate, its vertical sun, its heavy rains, its tempestuous winds, its floods, and irrepressible vegetation, we need enter into no new undertakings to decide that point. The bunds already mentioned, in the Deccan, in the valley of Oodipûr, and almost everywhere else throughout India, have long ago determined the question. No room is left for scepticism. Similar works have been constructed, and having resisted all the influences enumerated by the Court of Directors, are still standing entire, and prepared to battle with the inclemency of future centuries.

Again, as a commercial speculation, a short line would enable us to arrive at no satisfactory practical results. If constructed between two populous cities carrying on already a considerable traffic, and inhabited for the most part by persons engaged in trade, some little advance might no doubt be made towards a correct opinion. But, after all, how imperfect would be the trial! It is in countries thickly peopled where the movements of trade are rapid, where curiosity, and the love of pleasure, and the longing for a brief interval of rest, which occasionally overtakes the inhabitants of thronged and populous cities that crowd men into steam trains for short distances. In a country like India, it will require a combination of many causes to create the appetite for rapid travelling. First, people must be able to pay for it, and convinced—which they can only be by time—that it is safe; and secondly, there must be attractions of gain or pleasure at the further terminus, to tempt them from their homes. While it lasts, the passion for pilgrimage will supply the railway with many passengers, and those not mere beggars and unsubstantial devotees, as many persons seem to fancy, but people of good property, whom the precepts of their religion, such as it is, perpetually set in motion, and send wandering over the whole face of India. Now none of these classes of passengers would avail themselves, to any great extent, of a railroad running for a short distance only. If it lay directly in their way, they might use it; but if a line of 1200 or 1300 miles, stretching across the whole peninsula, from the capital of the western presidency to that of the east, were constructed, the case would be very different. Men would, under such circumstances, think little of going 200 or 300 miles out of their way, to be whirled in a few hours to the end of what they had always regarded as a journey of many months. And then, in a commercial point of view, there would be a compensating power in the mere length of the line, since what it might fail to find in one district, it would find in another; while, by degrees,

the whole trade of the surrounding provinces would flow towards it, as water towards the channel of some great river.

These and many other considerations must tend, we think, to show that a short experimental line ought to be regarded as a mere absurdity. Whether it succeeds or fails it will prove nothing. If it succeed it may owe its success to local circumstances, which would, however, have no effect upon a longer line; and if it fail it may owe its failure to the fact that it falls short of some given point, passing which it might, perhaps, find ample encouragement. After all, should this plan be persisted in, we trust that the field of operations will be selected with judgment and after much deliberation. We should ourselves prefer the track leading from the great cotton districts down the Ghauts to Bombay; not that there would be much to be gained by passengers, but that by essentially promoting the prosperity of India, something would be done for the security of our manufacturing system at home. Nothing can be well more imperfect than the means by which cotton is conveyed down this road at present. Where bridges have been erected to facilitate the passage of the numerous streams which intersect this route, they are so ridiculously narrow that the lumbering cotton-carts, with their bales projecting on either side, find it impossible to traverse them, and therefore make a *detour* to avoid what was meant for their especial convenience! Besides, those bridges, constructed hastily of unseasoned jungle timber, become in a short time so ricketty, that it would be unsafe for a heavily-laden vehicle to trust itself upon them. Here, then, a beginning might be made profitably both for India and for England. Different considerations may induce the Court of Directors and the governor-general to construct their experimental line elsewhere. They will, no doubt, desire to escape the engineering difficulties presented by the ascent of the Ghauts, and be anxious to pitch upon some track where the chance of passengers is greater.

This may be inferred from several expressions in the despatch to the governor-general. The difference is very carefully pointed out between this country, with its dense and wealthy population, and most parts of India, where the population is both poor and thinly-scattered; and it is observed that where, as in Great Britain, the greatest amount of profit is derived from passengers, in India it must be, for some time to come, derived from the transport of goods. The remark will not strictly apply to Bengal, where the population is nearly as dense as in England, though certainly much poorer, and consequently less inclined to locomotion, and less able to indulge in it. Generally, however, it is the transport of merchandise to which we must at first look for profit

in railway speculation in India. To this, on all lines, must be added the conveyance of the mails, and on several the transport of troops. Under all circumstances, if the Indian government refuse to encourage railways, it will display an extraordinary degree of self-denial; for, if the prospect of even small and slow returns do not discourage capitalists who can propose to themselves no object but gain, still less ought it to induce government to throw cold water on the flame of enterprise, since, let who will lose, the finances of the Company must inevitably profit by the introduction of railways.

There is no probability, however, that the East India Company will be disposed to exercise a discouraging influence. From the despatch of the Court of Directors to the governor-general, directly the contrary may be inferred. The minds of the writers of that document appear to have been made up on the subject; though to avoid the charge of haste and warmth they considered it necessary to state the objections that may be urged by persons unfavourable to the views which they themselves evidently take of the matter. This is prudent and statesman-like. Still it is quite manifest that they very earnestly desire the opening of railway communication in India, because it cannot be concealed from them that, only by such means can the national riches of the country be rendered accessible. The directors, as prudent men, are inclined to examine with scrupulous caution all the relations in which they must stand to the railway companies. That to a certain extent they are ready to co-operate with them is quite clear. But were they now at the outset to exhibit tokens of a too great confidence and highly flattering expectations, the speculators might take advantage of their indiscretion to demand unreasonable concessions from them.

In spite, however, of their most politic caution, they are unable to conceal how thoroughly they approve of the project. The narrow policy of exclusion which formerly prevailed at the India House has now probably not one advocate left. It is no longer believed by any politician, however antiquated, that our dominion in the East is to be rendered durable by keeping the population as much as possible beyond the sphere of the influence of European civilisation. On the contrary, it is felt that the more intimately the Hindûs and the English are blended, the more effectually will the energy of the one be imparted to the other. Time has exploded altogether the notion that the influence of the conquering caste must derive force and efficacy from keeping the vanquished at a distance, or, in other words, from prejudice and misconception. We know better now. It is by coming perpetually in contact with the Hindûs, by exciting their ambition,

by opening before them fresh prospects of gain and pleasure, in one word, by raising them out of their habitual apathy, that we can ever hope to turn them and the country to good account.

The despatch of the Court of Directors speaks of the inhabitants of many parts of India, as poor, and thinly scattered. But why are they poor? and why should their numbers in those provinces be few? Is it that the soil is sterile, or that the inhabitants are incapable of profiting by its fertility? Nothing of all this. In the Deccan, at least, and throughout the greater portion of Central and Northern India, nature has most prodigally lavished her gifts. Nor are the natives generally wanting either in skill or in inclination to profit by the beneficence of nature. Where they have failed to do this, where they continue poor, where the impulse of population is checked, where there is stagnation for the present, and, unless it dawns from without, no hope for the future, it is only where unfavourable circumstances interfere with the development of industry.

Most persons will remember the history of the events which rendered us masters of Haryana, a territory lying a little to the west of Delhi. Unwilling to take upon ourselves the charge of governing it, we invited one chief after another to become its ruler, but, having made the attempt, they all in turns relinquished it, so that we were ultimately compelled to take its management into our own hands, and in consequence of the sums we have expended in calling forth its resources, it is now one of the most valuable districts in the Company's dominions. Elsewhere, as well as in Northern India, and in the Deccan, large tracts of most excellent land, produce nothing, because the means of sinking wells, and constructing tanks, are wanting, and they are so, merely because the produce of the land finds no outlet.

Carry railroads into the poorest of those provinces and there poverty will gradually disappear, while population will expand to meet the largest demands of industry. What happened in Haryana will happen everywhere else. The country which is too poor to defray the charge of bad government, however small it may be, will prove rich enough to defray the charge of good government, however great; and it is one of the principal offices of government to develop to the utmost the resources of a country and its inhabitants.

Connected with this subject there is a subordinate question, which may deserve some consideration. It has been contended, that the management of such undertakings as those of which we are here speaking ought not to be left in the hands of the English residing in India. The precise signification of this remark it is difficult to seize. It may mean that they should not be aban-

done entirely to Indian capitalists, a question which concerns chiefly, perhaps, our rich men here at home, who have spare capital which they would be glad to invest profitably; or it may mean that, if the companies that may be formed shall be of a mixed character, consisting partly of residents in that country, partly of residents in this, then the management also ought to be of a mixed nature, which no one, of course, will be prepared to deny. But the observation appears to point at something else, and may possibly indicate some difference of views between certain speculators in this country and capitalists in India. It would be premature to attempt to decide between them, till we understand precisely what the dispute is, which, at present, we do not.

We discover, however, a sort of preliminary difficulty, to which it may not be useless to make some allusion now. The capitalists of India are, of course, distributed through the three presidencies in certain proportions; and in contemplating the development of the railway system, will be very much influenced by the accidental distribution we have spoken of. The capitalists of Bengal will contemplate all India from the meridian of Calcutta; those on the Coromandel coast from that of Madras; while the Croresuses of Western India will take up their stand at Bombay. Precisely the same thing is likely to happen among the wealthy speculators who have returned from the East. Their presidential prejudices cling to them still, and, to a certain extent, warp their judgment, by calling into activity their instinctive preferences.

This fact the public here in England should bear in mind, and when they hear a civil or military servant of the Company decide in favour of this or that line of railway, should ask themselves, from what presidency does he come? Many causes combine to account for the fact we have been speaking of; but the principal is, that the man who has spent his life in one division of India, is much better acquainted with that division than any other. He will argue, therefore, that though railways be much wanted in his presidency, he is of opinion that there would scarcely be encouragement enough for them in the other two. Now, the truth is, that railways are wanted everywhere in India; but in some parts more than in others.

It might be injurious, therefore, to concede to the Anglo-Indians a predominant influence at the outset. Our inquiry ought to be, which of all the proposed lines will pay best. With any other consideration capitalists can have nothing to do. It is not for them to inquire what will please best at Calcutta or Bombay, but what will produce the greatest dividends. At the same time, it may be a source of considerable satisfaction to know, that whatever will best promote the views of capitalists, will, at the same

time, be best for India and for England in a political as well as in a pecuniary sense. For, if what may be called the great experimental line* be selected wisely, it will be carried through the districts which have the greatest abundance of valuable commodities to bring into the market, and are likely to be traversed by most passengers. This must be ascertained by an examination of statistical details, which have not yet been subjected to accurate scrutiny. As far as we can judge from the information before us, we should be disposed to decide in favour of the line from Bombay to Coringa.

There is one point more to which, before dismissing the subject, we must allude. The Court of Directors, in its despatch to the governor-general, declares it to be its opinion that the Indian government ought to exercise the same superintendence over railways in India, as the home government does over railways in Great Britain. It is further of opinion, that it should always be within the competence of government to acquire from the several companies, by purchase, the great trunk roads, whatever might be determined respecting the branches.

This, however, is a subject for very serious consideration. For if on the one hand it be argued that the rulers of a country ought not to be dependent on a company of private speculators for the transmission of troops and mails; it may be replied, that when government is desirous of conveying armies to any given point by sea, it hires and does not purchase transports, and that the same principle may, also, be found most economical on land. But further, the persons who contribute their capital for the construction of railways in India may desire their shares in them to be a permanent property, transmissible like any other property to their children. All these questions, however, will be maturely considered before the acts of incorporation of the several companies are drawn up, though we have thought it right to make them the subject of a passing allusion.

* This we say, because a short railroad has already been constructed in the Madras presidency, which has not, upon the whole, been profitable. But the reasons are obvious:—the Red-hill railway, to which it will be perceived we allude, was made dependent on a canal, and as that occasionally dried up, the railroad could not possibly answer; for when there was no water to float the barges, the trains which brought down granite to fill them could not, of course, be needed.

ART. V.—*Gesta Romanorum*, herausgegeben von ADELBERT KELLER. Erster Band. Text. 8vo. 1842

THE history of popular fictions offers many subjects for deep reflection. It is in these rude records of an early state of society, but more durable than even the written documents of later history, that we may trace the primeval affinity of nations now widely separated by space and diversity of language and manners; and the traveller hears with surprise and joy, the inhabitants of the distant wilds of India tell the same stories which have been the delight of his childhood in his own native land in the West. The national fictions of a people may be arranged in different classes, which have been transmitted and preserved in several different ways. Some of them—such as the mythic romances—are often as ancient as the tribe to which they belong, and have been in part carried away as a birthright when it branched off from the primitive stock; and these prove community of origin with other tribes in which the same mythic legends are found to exist. They are features common to the different children of one family. Another class of fictions has been mutually borrowed at some early period, when the different races who now preserve them have been in a position of more intimate intercourse than at any subsequent time. A remarkable example of this latter class is furnished by the popular tales which were the favourite entertainment of our forefathers in the thirteenth and following centuries, and most of which were derived from the East. They are convincing monuments of a state of friendly intercourse between the Christians and Saracens, which is but faintly indicated in the more prejudiced writings of the monkish annalists.

Every one who is at all acquainted with the literary history of the middle ages, is aware that an important part of the business of the jongleur, or minstrel, was to tell stories, often of a ludicrous, and not unfrequently of a very coarse, description. Our literary historians have fallen into the error of supposing the jongleur to be merely the descendant of the older bard: he was, on the contrary, peculiar to the age which followed the crusades, and was without doubt an importation from the East. His attributes were far more varied than those of the Saxon or German minstrel. He was alternately a story-teller, a musician, a mountebank, and a conjuror; and we find in his suite even the dancing-girls who are still cherished in oriental countries. These could have been transmitted from one people to another only in times of intimate and friendly intercourse, differing much from what we generally picture to ourselves as the relations between Christian and Sa-

racen in the ages of the crusaders. These periods of peaceful intercommunication were those which are so indignantly denounced by the ecclesiastical historians for that laxity of manners, which allowed the champions of the Church to intermix with the infidels, and when the performances of the jongleur and the dancing-girls were more attractive than the din of arms.* We meet with incidents, not only in the medieval romances, but in the drier pages of the chronicler, which show that it was not uncommon for Saracenic minstrels and jongleurs to follow their vocation in Christian countries. In the half historical, half legendary history of 'Fulke Fitz Warine,' one of the outlaws, 'who knew enough of tabour, harp, viol, sitole, and jonglerie' (*savoit assez de tabour, harpe, viole, sitole, e jogelerie*), blackens his face and skin, and repairs to the court of King John in the disguise of a Moorish minstrel, and he is there welcomed, makes 'much minstrelsy of tabour, and other instruments,' and shows by his sleight-of-hand that he was a *bon jogelere*. The early romances furnish other instances of Moorish minstrels, or persons in that disguise, entertained at the courts of Christian barons and princes, and conversely of Christian jongleurs who visited the Saracens. The Emperor Frederick II., celebrated for his love of letters, and for his enmity to the pope, was accused of having, while in Syria in 1229, received into his palace Saracen guests, and of having caused Christian dancing-girls to play before them.† And, in 1241, when Richard, Earl of Cornwall, visited the emperor, there were Saracenic dancing-girls and jongleurs attached to the imperial court, who astonished him with their performances.‡ His papal enemies accused Frederick of keeping these infidel women for the indulgence of his passions (which they imagined to be a greater sin than incontinence with females who held the Christian faith); but he defended himself

* Ex omni gente Christiana facinorosi, luxuriosi, ebriosi, *mimi, histriones*, hoc genus omne in terram sanctam tanquam in sentinam quandam conflexerat, eamque obscœnis moribus et actibus inquinabat. Guillelm. Neubrigens. de rebus Angliæ, lib. iii., c. 15. Compare the account given by Jac. de Vitriaco, Hist. Orient., capp. 73, 74, 83, who also particularises the jongleurs and minstrels.

† Item in palatio suo Achonensi fecit convivari Saracenos, et fecit eis habere mulieres Christianas saltatrices, ad ludendum coram eis. Matth. Paris, vol. ii., page 361.

‡ Dux enim puellas Saracenas, corporibus elegantes, super pavimenti planiciam quatuor globos sphericos pedibus ascendebant, plantis suis subponentes, una videlicet duos, et alia reliquos duos, et super eosdem globos huc et illuc plaudentes transmeabant; et quo eas spiritus ferebat, volventibus spheris ferebantur, brachiis ludendo et canendo diversimode contorquentes, et corpora secundum modulus replicantes, cymbala tinnientia vel tabellas in manibus collidentes, et jocose se gerentes et prodigialiter exagitantes. Et sic mirabile spectaculum intuentibus tam ipsæ quam alii joculatores præbuerunt. M. Paris, lb., p. 569. This is a curious picture of the performances of the jongleurs.

against this charge, on the ground that they were dancing-girls employed to afford entertainment to his court.

In the thirteenth century, the stories of the jongleur of Western Europe, put into easy French verse, became numerous under the title of 'Fabliaux,' and a considerable number are still preserved in manuscripts. A very large portion of these *fabliaux* as might be expected, are at once traced to oriental prototypes, some of them being nearly identical with the Eastern originals, whilst others have been more or less modified in the course of transmission, to suit the difference in manners and religious creed of the people who adopted them. A good example of the kind of modification which they thus underwent, is furnished by the Arabian story of the 'Hunchback,' which is the subject of two different *fabliaux* of the thirteenth century, and appears subsequently under other forms, both in French and English. It is necessary to give only a brief outline of the story in the 'Thousand and One Nights.' The hunchback is regaled at supper by a tailor and his wife, and is choked by a fish-bone. Fearing to be accused of murder, they carry him to a physician, and depart. The physician running against him in his haste, knocks the patient down, and, finding him without animation, supposes that he has been accidentally the cause of his death. He consults with his wife, and they determine to bear the body to the court of the house of a neighbour, who was the steward of the sultan's kitchen; the steward comes home in the night, and supposes the intruder to be a thief, strikes the hunchback with a mallet, and, as he imagines, kills him. In his distress, he carries the dead man into the street, and places him upright against a wall near the market. A Christian broker, in a state of intoxication, shortly afterwards passes by, and supposing the hunchback to be a person concealed there for the purpose of insulting him, strikes him down, and being caught in the act of beating the dead body, is at once accused of the murder.

In both the early French versions of the story, a monk occupies the place of the hunchback, and the catastrophe arises out of an affair of gallantry. The first is entitled, 'Du Segretain Moine.' The sacristan attempts to seduce the wife of a burgher, to whose house he is allured, and he is there immediately slain by the husband. The latter, to avoid discovery, carries the body through the postern of the abbey by which the monk had issued, and places him on a seat in one of the out-houses. Soon afterwards, the prior of the abbey comes to the place with a candle, and, supposing the sacristan to be asleep, attempts to rouse him with a blow, and the body falls to the ground. The prior now finds that he is dead, and it being known that he had quarrelled with

the sacristan the day before, he fears that he may be accused of murder. In this dilemma, he recollects that the sacristan had been observed to pay especial attention to the burgher's wife, and he carries him back to the door of the house in which he had been murdered. The burgher, hearing a noise at the door, opens it, and is thrown down by the weight of the body, which falls upon him. His wife, alarmed by her husband's cries, hastens to the spot with a light, and they are terrified to find the corpse returned. By the advice of the lady, the burgher carries it to the dunghill of a farmer who lived at some distance from his house, in order to bury it there. It happened that the farmer had cured a fitch of bacon, which he had left hanging in his pantry, and a thief had succeeded in carrying it out of the house, and had buried it in a sack under the surface of the dunghill, intending to fetch it away in the night. The burgher, finding the sack, took out the bacon and carried it home, leaving the body of the corpulent sacristan in its place. Meanwhile, the thief was gambling with his companions in a tavern, and they proposed to sup on a portion of the bacon in question. The thief hastened to the dunghill, found the sack, and bore it in triumph to the tavern;* but when the maid proceeded to empty it of its contents, the first object which presented itself was a pair of boots, and they then found that their booty had undergone a singular transformation. Unable to account for the change, they determined to make the farmer bear the consequences, and the clever thief who stole it carried the monk back, introduced himself into the house by stealth, and hung the body up on the same hook which had held the bacon. In the morning the farmer awoke before daylight, hungry, and ill at ease; and while his wife was making a fire, he went in the dark to cut a slice of the bacon for their breakfast; but, handling it roughly, the beam, being rotten, gave way, and the weighty mass fell upon him. A light was now obtained, and they discovered a monk instead of a fitch, and recognised him for the sacristan of the neighbouring abbey. It would appear that his reputation was none of the best; and in order to get rid of him, they mounted the body on one of the farmer's horses, in an upright position, and fixed an old rusty spear in his hand. The horse being let loose, terrified at the shouts of the farmer and his wife, rushes through the court of the abbey, overthrowing the subprior and others in its way; and, finally, rolls exhausted into a neighbouring ditch, from which it is raised by the monks, who, finding their sacristan dead, suppose that he had become mad, that he had stolen the farmer's horse, and that he

* *Chascun li crie wilecomme.* The use of this latter word (*welcome*) proves the *fabliau* to have been written in England.

had been killed by the fall. The incidents in this story vary much from that of the 'Hunchback,' although the outline is identical; but it is not improbable that other versions of the same story were once current in the East, and the *fabliau* may owe less to the imagination of the Western jongleur, than at first glance we are led to suppose.

The second *fabliau* on this subject is entitled, 'Du Prestre c'on porte;' and, like the one just described, it is printed in the collection of Barbazan. A priest, surprised by the injured husband, is killed, and the guilty wife, with the assistance of her maid-servant, carries the body out during the night, and places it against the door of a house which the priest was in the habit of visiting. The good man of the house opens the door, and is thrown down by the fall of the body, which is discovered to be that of the priest. By the advice of his wife, he carries the body towards the fields to bury it; but finding a peasant asleep, with his mare feeding beside him, he places the dead priest on its back, and returns home. The peasant wakes, and supposing that some one was stealing his mare, strikes him down with his staff, and then finds that it is a priest from the neighbouring monastery. The rustic then places the corpse upon his mare, with the intention of carrying it to a distance; but in his way he falls in with three robbers, who save themselves by flight, leaving behind them a sack containing a stolen 'bacon.' This he carries off, after having placed the body in the sack. The robbers return, find the sack, which appears not to have been touched, and carry it to a tavern, and the same incidents occur as in the former story, until the priest is suspended in the larder of the person from whom the bacon had been stolen. In the middle of the night, the chamberlain of a bishop who had come to visit the abbey (where he was any thing but welcome), comes to the house to seek a supper, and the host discovers the body of the priest. After the departure of his guest, he carries the body to the abbey, finds the door of the prior's chamber open, and places it there against the wall. The prior coming to his room, and fearing to be accused of the priest's death, carries him to the chamber of the bishop, and places him on his bed. The latter, waking in the night, and feeling a heavy body on his bed, supposes it to be a dog, and, seizing a club, beats it until a light is brought; and finding the priest slain, he buries him with due ceremonies the following day.

In some cases, the incidents of the original story have been so strictly preserved in its transmission from the East, that it loses much of its point from its want of accordance with Western feelings. One of the most popular stories of the middle ages, which

appears in a great variety of forms, is that of an old procuress, who undertook to persuade a beautiful and chaste wife to consent to the desires of a young man. The old woman has a little dog, to which she administers mustard with its food, and its eyes are filled with tears. She then pays a visit to the matron, who, naturally enough, asks why the dog weeps. The wicked woman tells her that the dog was her daughter, who had refused to listen to the prayers of a lover, and that, as a punishment, she had been changed by sorcery into the animal before her. The lady, believing this story, rather than incur the same fate, agrees to an appointment with her *amoureux*. This tale was derived through the Arabians from India, where it is found in the large collection of stories entitled 'Vrikat-Kathâ.' But it is much more intelligible in the Indian story, which depends on the Brahminic doctrine of the transmigration of souls; it was the soul of the woman pretended to have been cruel to her suitor, which had migrated into the body of the dog, an unclean animal, which was therefore looked upon as a grievous punishment. A similar coincidence is found in another popular medieval story. A simple countryman carried a lamb to market, and six rogues agreed together to cheat him of his merchandise. They took their stations in the six streets of the town through which he had to pass, and each accosted him in turn with the question, 'For how much will you sell your dog?' At first the rustic asserts resolutely that it is a lamb; but, finding so many persons in succession taking it for a dog, he becomes terrified, begins to believe that the animal is bewitched, and gives it up to the last of the six inquirers, in order to be relieved from his apprehensions. This story, in its original form, is found in the Indian collection entitled 'Panchatantra;' and we there understand better why the man abandoned the animal when he was persuaded that it was a dog, because this in the Brahminic creed is an unclean animal. Three rogues meet a Brahmin carrying a goat which he has just bought for a sacrifice: one after another they tell him that it is a dog which he is carrying; and, at last, believing that his eyes are fascinated, and fearing to be polluted by the touch of an unclean animal, he abandons it to the thieves, who carry it away. The same story is found in several Arabian collections, and from them, no doubt, it came to the West.

The period at which the transmission of these stories from the East appears to have been going on most actively, was the twelfth century. Besides the mode of transmission indicated above, which was the one that acted most largely, two or three of the more popular Eastern collections passed through a direct translation. The famous

collection, which in the East went under the title of 'Sendabad,' was translated into Latin at least early in the thirteenth century, and became very popular in almost every language of Western Europe, under the name of the 'Romance of the Seven Sages.' The no less celebrated collection, entitled in the East 'Calila and Dimna,' was also translated into Latin in the thirteenth century. Another collection, under the title of 'Disciplina Clericalis,' was derived from the Spanish Arabs in the twelfth century, through a converted Jew named Peter Alfonsi. All these translations tended to extend the popularity of the Eastern stories in Western Europe.

This popularity was increased by another circumstance, which has tended, more than any thing else, to preserve a class of the medieval stories, which were less popular as *fabliaux*, down to the present time. In the twelfth century there arose in the Church a school of theologians, who discovered in every thing a meaning symbolical of the moral duties of man, or of the deeper mysteries of religion. They moralised or symbolised in this manner the habits of the animal creation, the properties of plants, the laws of the planetary movements, the parts of a building, and the different members of the human body, romances and popular stories, and even the narratives of historical events. The stories of which we have been speaking were peculiarly adapted for this purpose, having been, in their Eastern originals, frequently employed to illustrate moral themes; and the medieval divines, in thus adapting them, were only making a wider application of a mode of teaching, which had long been rendered familiar by the European fables.* In fact, this symbolical application began with fables, like those composed by Odo de Cirington in the twelfth century; and the distinction between these and many of the stories or *fabliaux* being not very strongly defined, it soon extended itself to the rest.' In the thirteenth century these stories with moralisations were already used extensively by the monks in their sermons, and each preacher made collections in writing for his own private use. An immense number of manuscripts of this kind, chiefly of the fourteenth century, are still preserved. Many of the stories are evidently borrowed from one another; others appear to have been taken down from the recitation of the jongleur or common storyteller, and fitted at once by the writer with a moralisation to serve

* Sir Frederick Madden, in the introduction to his edition of the English 'Gesta Romanorum' (printed for the Roxburghe Club), points out a curious coincidence of a story found in an Arabian writer, with a morality nearly identical with the morality of the same story in a Latin collection of stories; but this by no means proves that the monkish system of moralising the stories was derived directly from the East, which, indeed, is not probable.

as occasion might require. The mass of these stories are of the kind we have described above, and are evidently of Eastern origin; but there are also some which are mere medieval applications of classic stories and abridged romances, while others are anecdotes taken from history, and stories founded on the superstitions and manners of the people of Western Europe. Not only were these private collections of tales with moralisations, as we have just observed, very common in the fourteenth century, but several industrious writers undertook to compile and publish larger and more carefully arranged works for the use of preachers, who might not be so capable of making selections for themselves. Among these the most remarkable are the 'Promptuarium Exemplorum,' the 'Summa Prædicantium' of John Bromyard, the 'Repertorium Morale' of Peter Berchorius, and some others. It was at some period of the fourteenth century that a writer, whose name is unknown, made a collection of these stories, which he put under the names of different supposed emperors of Rome, who are made generally the chief actors in the various plots. This is the work which has been since so famous under the title of 'GESTA ROMANORUM.'

The idea of giving this peculiar form to the stories seems to have originated in the caprice of the compiler; and classic ears are somewhat shocked by such names as those of the *emperors* Dorotheus, Asmodeus, and Polinius, mixed indiscriminately with those of Diocletian, and Claudius, and Vespasian. The date of the compilation of the 'Gesta Romanorum' appears to be a matter of the greatest doubt; the arguments adduced by the editor of the Roxburghe Club edition of the early English text, to prove their antiquity, only prove that the stories themselves were popular before the compilation of this work, which is an incontrovertible fact. We are inclined to agree with Douce in thinking that there is no reason whatever for supposing Peter Berchorius to be the author. But this is a question of very little importance; for the 'Gesta Romanorum,' like so many of the popular productions of the middle ages, represents the spirit and genius of the time much more than those of the individual writer.

We think that Douce acted somewhat inconsiderately in calling the common printed text the *original* 'Gesta,' to distinguish it from the edition of the Latin text found in English manuscripts. It must, we think, strike every reader, that the printed Latin 'Gesta' is not an original work, but a mere selection of stories from the 'Gesta,' intermixed with much extraneous matter taken from the classical writers and the medieval historians; and as no manuscript has yet been discovered which agrees with it, it is

natural enough to suppose that it was printed from the selection of an individual, which was, perhaps, made for the press. It appears to us far from improbable that the English Latin text is the original one, and, therefore, that the 'Gesta Romanorum' was compiled in England. It is quite certain that this is the only one now known which is consistent and complete. While it is found in numerous manuscripts in this country, and is in all identical, the continental manuscripts of the 'Gesta' are of the greatest rarity, and we have not met with two which agree with each other, each having the same appearance of being the capricious compilation of an individual from some common source. The English Latin text is supposed to have been compiled about the time of Richard II.; the few manuscripts of the continental 'Gesta' which we have seen are all of the fifteenth century. It is worthy of notice, as supporting our view of this question, that some of the manuscripts preserved in the German libraries contain stories which are in the English Latin text, but which are not found in the text of the printed editions. Professor Keller's edition is a mere reproduction of the old printed text; and we believe as yet nothing beyond the text has been published, so that we have still to look forwards with impatience for the opinions and information upon this curious subject of a man so learned in the history of medieval fiction.

The 'Gesta Romanorum' is evidently the work of a man possessed of a considerable degree of creative imagination: it is possible that a few of the stories are of his own invention, but it is certain that many of them have undergone ingenious modifications in passing through his hands. Some of these stories are taken directly from the 'Disciplina Clericalis' of Peter Alphonsi; as those of the 'Procuress and her Dog,' mentioned above (cap. 28), the story of the 'Three Fellow-travellers' (cap. 106), and several others. There are several legends of saints, taken generally from the work of Jacobus de Voragine; such as the stories of 'Alexius' (cap. 15), 'Julian' (cap. 18), 'Pope Gregory' (cap. 81), &c. We have also a few stories taken from romances and popular *fabliaux*; and some from Grecian fables. The manner in which the latter are adapted to the ideas of the middle ages is singularly curious. As an instance we may quote the story of 'Argus' (cap. 111), in which Mercury is transformed into a medieval jongleur.

"A certain nobleman had a certain white cow, which he loved much for two things: first, because it was white; and secondly, because it gave abundance of milk. This nobleman ordained, in his great love for it, that the cow should have two horns of gold; and he considered within himself in

whom he could put trust to guard the cow. Now there was at that time a certain man named Argus, who was true in all things and had a hundred eyes. This nobleman sent a messenger to Argus, that he should come to him without delay. And when he had come, the nobleman said to him, 'I entrust my cow with golden horns to thy keeping, and if thou keepest her well, I will promote thee to great riches; but should her horns be stolen, thou shalt die the death.' And Argus took the cow with the horns, and led her with him; and every day he went with her to the pasture, and kept her diligently, and conducted her home at night. There was a covetous man named Mercury, very skilful in the art of music, who desired wonderfully to have the cow; and he was always coming to Argus, to try and get the horns from him for love or money. Argus fixed in the earth the shepherd's staff he held in his hands, and addressing it as though it had been his lord, said: 'Thou art my lord, this night I will come to thy castle. Thou sayest to me, 'Where is the cow with the horns?' I answer, 'Behold the cow without horns: for a certain thief came while I was asleep and stole the horns away.' Thou sayest, 'O wretch, hadst thou not a hundred eyes? how came it that they all slept, and that the thief stole the horns?' this is a falsehood.' And so I shall be the child of death. If I say I have sold it, the danger is the same.' Then he said to Mercury, 'Go thy way, for thou wilt gain nothing.' Mercury went away, and the next day he came with his music and his instrument; and he began after the manner of a jongleur to tell tales, and ever and anon to sing before Argus, until two of Argus's eyes began to sleep; and then at his singing two other eyes slept, and so on, until they were all overcome with slumber. And when Mercury saw this, he cut off the head of Argus, and stole the cow with the golden horns."

This story is evidently abridged and modified from a much longer story, entitled 'De Mauro Bubulco,' printed from a manuscript of the thirteenth century in the selection of Latin stories, published by the Percy Society, which, perhaps, was taken from an older medieval romance, founded upon the Grecian story. Another curious instance of the transformations which the classic legends underwent, is furnished by the following version of the story of Atalanta (cap. 60).

"There was a certain king who had an only daughter, very beautiful and graceful, named Rosimunda. This damsel, when she had arrived at the tenth year of her age, was so skilful in running, that she could always reach the goal before any one could touch her. The king caused to be proclaimed through his whole kingdom, that whoever would run with his daughter and should arrive at the goal before her, should have her for his wife and be his heir to the whole kingdom; but that he who should make the attempt and fail, should lose his head. When the proclamation was made known, an almost infinite number of people offered themselves to run with her, but they all failed and lost

their heads. There was at that time a certain poor man in the city named Abibas, who thought within himself, 'I am poor and born of base blood; if I could by any way overcome this damsel, I should not only be promoted myself, but also all my kindred.' He provided himself with three devices: first with a garland of roses, because it is a thing which damsels wish for; secondly, with a girdle of silk, which damsels eagerly desire; and, in the third place, with a silken bag, and within the bag a gilt ball, on which was this inscription: 'Who plays with me will never be tired of playing.' These three things he placed in his bosom; and went to the palace and knocked. The porter came, and asked the cause of his knocking. 'I am prepared,' he said, 'to run with the damsel.' When she heard this, she opened a window, and when she had seen him, she despised him in her heart, and said, 'Lo! what a wretch he is with whom thou must run!' But she could not contradict him, so she made herself ready for the race. They both started together, but the damsel soon ran a great distance before him. When Abibas saw this, he threw the garland of roses before her; and the maiden stooped down, and picked it up, and placed it on her head. She was so much delighted with the garland, and waited so long, that Abibas ran before her. When the damsel saw this, she said in her heart, 'The daughter of my father must never be coupled with such a ribald as this.' Immediately she threw the garland into a deep ditch, and ran after him and overtook him; and when she overtook him, she struck him a blow, saying, 'Stop, wretch: it is not fit that the son of thy father should have me for his wife.' And immediately she ran before him. When Abibas saw this, he threw the girdle of silk before her; and when she saw it, she stooped, and picked it up, and put it round her waist, and was so much pleased with it, that she loitered there, and Abibas again ran a long distance before her. When the damsel saw this, she wept bitterly, and tore the girdle in three, and ran after him and overtook him. And when she overtook him, she raised her hand and gave him a blow, saying, 'O wretch, thou shalt not have me for thy wife!' And immediately she ran a long way before him. When Abibas saw this, he waited till she was near, and then threw the silken bag before her. And when she saw it, she stooped and picked it up, and took out the gilt ball, and found the superscription, and read, 'Who plays with me shall never be tired of playing.' And she began to play so much and so long with the ball, that Abibas arrived first at the goal, and so obtained her for his wife."

Many of these stories, which otherwise we might be induced to consider as the inventions of the compiler of the 'Gesta,' are found in earlier collections. The following (cap. 109) may be quoted as an instance: it inculcates the doctrine of fatality, which is still prevalent in the East, and which lingered long over the minds of our forefathers.

"There was a rich smith, who lived in a certain city near the sea; he was

very miserly and wicked, and he collected much money, and filled the trunk of a tree with it, and placed it beside his fire in every body's sight, so that none suspected that money was contained in it. It happened once when all the inhabitants were hard asleep, that the sea entered the house so high that the trunk floated, and when the sea retired it carried it away; and so the trunk floated many miles on the sea, until it came to a city in which was a certain man who kept a common inn. This man rose in the morning, and seeing the trunk afloat drew it to land, thinking it was nothing more than a piece of wood thrown away or abandoned by somebody. This man was very generous and liberal towards poor people and strangers. It happened one day that strangers were entertained in his house, and it was very cold weather. The host began to cut the wood with an axe, and after three or four blows he heard a sound; and when he discovered the money, he rejoiced, and placed it under safe keeping, to restore it to the rightful owner, if he should apply for it. And the smith went from city to city in search of his money, and at last he came to the city and house of the innkeeper who had found the trunk. When the stranger spoke of his lost trunk, his host understood that the money was his, and he thought within himself, 'Now I will try if it be God's will that I should restore him his money.' The host caused to be made three pasties of dough; the first he filled with earth, the second with dead men's bones, and the third with the money which he found in the trunk. Having done this, he said to the smith, 'We will eat three good pasties of excellent flesh which I have; you shall have which you choose.' And the smith lifted them one after another, and he found that the one filled with earth was the heaviest, and he chose it, and said to the host, 'If I want more, I will choose that next,' placing his hand on the pasty full of dead men's bones, 'you may keep the third pasty yourself.' The host seeing this, said in his heart, 'Now I see clearly that it is not the will of God that this wretch should have the money.' He immediately called together the poor and the weak, the blind and the lame, and in the presence of the smith opened the pasty and said, 'Behold, wretch, thy money, which I gave thee into thy hands, yet thou hast chosen in preference the pasties of earth and of dead men's bones, and thou hast done well, for it has not pleased God that thou shouldst have thy money again!' And immediately the host divided the money before his eyes among the poor: and so the smith departed in confusion."

This story is found, in different shapes, in manuscripts written long before the period of the compilation of the '*Gesta Romanorum*.' In one, in the British Museum, written apparently at the end of the thirteenth century, it is told as follows:—

"A man who dwelt in the neighbourhood of Winchelsea collected money in a chest, with which he neither benefited himself nor others. Going one day to look at it, he saw a little black demon seated upon it, who said to him, 'Begone, this money is not thine, but it belongs to God—

win the smith.' When he heard this, unwilling that it should turn to any man's benefit, he hollowed out a great trunk of a tree, and placed the money in it, and closed it up, and threw it into the sea. The waves carried the trunk to the door of the aforesaid Godwin, a righteous and innocent man, who dwelt in the next town, and threw it on the dry shore the day before Christmas Day. Godwin happening to go out that morning, found the trunk, and rejoiced much to have such a log for the festival, and he carried it to his house and put it in the fireplace. On Christmas Eve they lighted the fire, and the metal within the trunk began to melt and run out. When the wife of Godwin saw this, she took the log from the fire, and hid it. So it happened that the owner of the money was obliged to beg from door to door, while the smith from a poor man became suddenly rich. It was, however, soon known how the miser had thrown his money into the sea, and the wife of Godwin, seeing how the case stood, thought that she would give the wretch some help, and she made one day a loaf, and concealed forty shillings in it, and gave it him. The beggar soon after met some fishermen on the shore, and sold the loaf for a penny, and went his way. And the fishermen coming as usual to the house of Godwin, drew out the loaf and gave it to their horses. But Godwin's wife recognising it, she gave them oats in exchange for it, and recovered the money. And thus the wretched man remained in poverty to the end of his life."

Another version of this story, differing but little from the one last given, is printed in the selection of Latin stories, published by the Percy Society, from a manuscript of the earlier part of the fourteenth century. It is also found in several other shapes, and in one in the Anglo-Latin text of the 'Gesta Romanorum,' three caskets, each bearing an inscription, take the place of the three pasties. This is the original type of the incident of the caskets in the 'Merchant of Venice.' We will give one instance of the manner in which stories from ancient history are perverted and moralised (cap. 43).

"In a certain place in the middle of Rome, the earth once opened and left a gaping gulf. When the gods were consulted upon this, they gave for answer: 'This gulf will not be closed until some one will throw himself voluntarily into it.' But when they could persuade nobody to do this, Marcus Aurelius said, 'If you will allow me to live at my will in Rome for a year, at the end of the year I will joyfully and voluntarily throw myself in.' When the Romans heard this they were joyful, and agreed to it, and denied him nothing. So he used their goods and wives at his pleasure for a year, and then mounting a noble horse, leaped headlong into the gulf, and immediately the earth closed."

The moralisation runs thus:—

"Rome signifies this world, in the middle of which is hell in the centre, which was open before the nativity of Christ, and an infinite

number of men fell into it, whereupon we received an answer from the gods, that is the prophets, that it would never be closed until a virgin should give birth to a son, who should fight for mankind against the devil, and his soul with divinity should descend to hell, from which time you are to know that it will never afterwards be opened, unless some one open it by mortal sin."

The moralisation here does not appear very applicable. But these symbolical interpretations are the most singular feature of the work. In the story of the 'Procuress and the little Dog,' we are told that the chaste and beautiful matron is the soul cleansed by baptism, the young man who attempts to seduce her is the vanity of the world, the old woman who effects her ruin is the devil, and, which is the oddest of all, the little dog 'is the hope of long life and too much presumption in God's mercy.' In the story of 'Argus,' the white cow is the soul, the lord who possesses it is Jesus Christ, Argus represents the clergy to whose care the soul is intrusted, and Mercury is the devil. In the story of 'Rosimunda,' the lady is the soul, 'which runs *swiftly* in good works as long as it remains in purity of life;' Abibas is the devil, who overtakes the soul by three stratagems: the garland, representing pride; the girdle, luxury; and the ball, avarice. And so with the rest. This style of moralisation is characteristic of, and fitted for, a singular state of society, when the mass of the people were wholly uneducated and little accustomed to think for themselves, and it required broad material images to convey even spiritual ideas. Taking the collection as a whole, it gives us an extraordinary picture of the intellectual condition of an age which we can hardly understand so well in any other historical form, and we might, perhaps, be allowed to hazard one general moralisation as a conclusion:—may we not look upon the whole collection as representing the construction of medieval civilisation? The classic stories show the civilisation of antiquity on which medieval society was founded, while the Gothic garb in which they are clothed is the spirit of the Germanic race which overran it; the monkish legends represent that baneful weight of papal church influence which checked civilisation in its progress; and the beautiful apologues of the East, what are they but that Saracenic element, that spirit of intellectual movement which contributed so much towards the higher mental cultivation of modern Europe?

Professor Keller's edition of the 'Gesta Romanorum,' is, as we have observed, merely a careful reproduction of the early printed text; but we look forward with some degree of interest to his essay and commentary, which is to form the second part. We know no scholar of the present day better fitted for this task. We could wish, however, to see a good edition of the English text of

the 'Latin Gesta,' which in our opinion is the most ancient one, and which is certainly the best. The 'Gesta Romanorum' deserves a new edition less from any great interest possessed by the stories themselves, which are inferior to the common tales of the age, than as a monument of importance in the history of fiction; for it was once an extremely popular book, and it not only exercised a great influence on our literature down to so late a period as the seventeenth century, but it forms one of the most important links in the chain of transmission of popular stories from one age to another.

Before leaving this latter subject, and as a conclusion to our article, we will point out what appears to us a most remarkable instance of this transmission, and one which we believe has not been hitherto noticed. It is an example in which there is a singularly close resemblance in the incidents, and yet no apparent mode of accounting for it. Grimm and Schmeller, in a collection of medieval Latin poetry published at Göttingen, in 1838, have printed a metrical story of an adventurer named Unibos; taken, as we are informed, from a manuscript of the eleventh century, though from its general character we should have been more inclined to look upon it as a production of the twelfth. Unibos, who was so named because he constantly lost all his cattle but one, had enemies in the provost, mayor, and priest of his town. At length, his last bullock dying, he took the hide to a neighbouring fair and sold it, and on his way home he accidentally discovered a treasure. He thereupon sent to the provost to borrow a pint measure. The provost, curious to know the use to which this is to be applied, watches through the door, sees the gold, and accuses Unibos of robbery. The latter, aware of the provost's malice, determines to play a trick upon him, which leads him into further scrapes than he expected, though they all turn out in the end to his advantage. He tells the provost that at the fair which he had visited, bullocks' hides were in great request, and that he had sold his own for the gold which he saw there. The provost consults with the mayor and priest, and they kill all their cattle and carry the hides to the fair, where they ask an enormous price for them. At first they are only laughed at, but in the end they become involved in a quarrel with the shoemakers, are carried before the magistrates, and are obliged to abandon their hides to pay the fine for a breach of the peace. The three enemies of Unibos return in great wrath, to escape the effects of which he is obliged to have recourse to another trick. He smears his wife with bullock's blood, and makes her lie down to all appearance dead. The provost and his companions arrive, and are horror-struck at the spectacle offered to their eyes; but Unibos takes the matter

coolly, and tells them that if they will forgive him the trick he has played upon them, he will undertake to restore his wife to life and make her younger and more handsome than she had been before. To this they immediately agree, and Unibos, taking a small trumpet out of a wooden box, blows on it three times over the body of his wife, with strange ceremonies, and when the trumpet sounds the third time, she jumps upon her legs. She then washes and dresses herself, and appears so much more handsome than usual, that the three officials, who all possess wives that are getting old and are rather ill-favoured, give a great sum of money to possess the instrument, and each of them goes immediately and kills his wife, but they find that the virtues of the trumpet have entirely disappeared. They again repair to the hut of Unibos, who averts their vengeance by another trick, and extorts again a large sum of money as the price of his mare. In this they find themselves equally cheated, and they seize upon Unibos, whose tricks appear to be exhausted, and give him only the choice of his death. He requests to be confined in a barrel and thrown into the sea. On their way to the coast, his three enemies enter a public-house to drink, and leave the barrel at the door. A herdsman passes at this moment with a drove of pigs, and, hearing a person in the barrel, asks him how he came there. Unibos answers that he is subjected to this punishment because he had refused to be made provost of a large town. The herdsman, ambitious of the honour, agrees to change places with him, and Unibos proceeds home with the pigs. The three officials continue their journey, and in spite of the exclamations of the prisoner in the barrel that he is willing to be provost, they throw him into the sea; but what is their astonishment on their return at meeting their old enemy, whom they supposed drowned, driving before him a fine drove of pigs. He tells them that at the bottom of the sea he had found a pleasant country where there were innumerable pigs, of which he had only brought with him a few.

“ Respondet, ‘ sub prodigio
Maris præcipitatio ;
Ad regnum felicissimum
Fui per præcipitium.
Inde nunquam recederem,
Si non amassem conjugem,
Quam vidistis resurgere
Veracis tubæ murmure.
Non fuit culpa bucinæ
Sed bucinantis pessime,
Omnes si vestræ feminæ
Modo stertunt sub pulvere.’ ”

The greedy officials are seduced by his tale, and throw themselves from a rock into the sea, and Unibos is thus delivered of his enemies.

The 'Contes Tartares,' of Gueulette, which are believed to be only imitations of oriental tales, though they are, probably, mixed with stories of an Eastern origin, were published in 1715. The adventures of the 'Young Calender,' in this collection, are the exact counterpart of the story of 'Unibos,' which it is quite certain that Gueulette never saw. The young calender having been cheated by three sharpers, in a manner similar to the story of the 'Rustic and his Lamb,' mentioned in the earlier part of the present article, is eager to be revenged, and having two white goats resembling each other, he goes with one of them to the market where he had been cheated. The three men, who are there seeking opportunities of depredation, immediately enter into conversation with him, and in their presence he buys various articles of provision, and placing them in a basket on the goat's back, orders the animal to inform his servant that he had invited some friends to dinner, and to give her directions how each of the different articles are to be cooked, and then turns it loose. The sharpers laugh at him; but in order to convince them he was in earnest, he asks them to accompany him home. There, to their astonishment, they find the dinner prepared exactly according to the calender's directions; and in their hearing, the calender's mother, who was in the secret, and who acted the servant, tells her son that his friends have sent to excuse themselves, and that the goat had delivered his orders, and was now feeding in the garden, where, in fact, the other white goat was browsing on the plants. The calender invites the sharpers to join in his dinner, and ends by cheating them of a large sum of money in exchange for the supposed miraculous goat. Finding the animal endowed with none of the properties they expected, they return to take revenge on the calender. He receives their reproaches with surprise, calls in his pretended servant, and asks why she neglected to give them a particular direction relating to the goat which he had forgotten, and she makes an excuse. In a feigned passion he stabs her in the belly, and she falls down covered with blood and apparently dead. The three men are horror-struck at this catastrophe; but the calender tells them not to be alarmed. He takes a horn out of a little casket, blows it over the body, and his mother, who only pretended to be killed, arises, and leaves the room unhurt. The three sharpers, in the sequel, buy the horn for a great sum of money, return home and sup with their wives; and, after supper, anxious to try the virtues of the horn, they pick a quarrel with the ladies, and cut their throats. The

horn proves as great a failure as the goat; and the police, who have been attracted by the noise, force their way in, and seize two of the sharpers, who are hanged for the murder; the third escapes. The latter, some time afterwards, meets with the calender, puts him in a sack, and carries him off with the intention of throwing him into a deep river. But on his way he hears the approach of horsemen, and, fearing to be discovered, he throws the sack into a hole beside the road, and rides off to a distance. A butcher now arrives with a flock of sheep, and, discovering the calender in the sack, proceeds to question him. The calender says that he is confined there because he will not marry the cad's daughter, a beautiful damsel, but who has been guilty of an indiscretion. The butcher, allured by this prospect of advancement, agrees to take his place in the sack, and the calender marches off with the sheep. The sharper then returns, and, in spite of the promises of the butcher to marry the cad's daughter, throws him into the river. But on his way back, he is astonished to meet the calender with his sheep. The latter tells him, that when he reached the bottom of the river, he found a good genius, who gave him those sheep, and told him, that if he had been thrown further into the river, he would have obtained a much larger flock. The sharper, allured by the love of gain, allows himself to be confined in a sack, and thrown into the river.

The third form of this story we owe to our best of story-tellers, Samuel Lover. Most of our readers will remember the legend of 'Little Fairly,' first published in the 'Dublin University Magazine,' and afterwards inserted in the 'Legends and Stories of Ireland' (1837). Little Fairly and Great Fairly were the sons of one man, by two wives; the latter inherited the estates, and lived with his mother in prosperity, while Little Fairly inherited only one cow, and dwelt with his mother in a rude hut. The elder brother, who tyrannises over the younger, kills his cow. Little Fairly takes the hide to a fair, and by a trick sells it for a hundred guineas. On his return, he sends to ask for his brother's scales to weigh his money; and the latter, in his curiosity to know why his brother wanted the scales, comes to the hut, discovers his brother's riches, and charges him with robbery. Little Fairly tells him that the money was the proceeds of his hide, an article which then fetched a great price at the fair. Great Fairly was a greedy man, and, resolved not to lose the occasion, killed all the cattle on his estate for the sake of their hides; but when he came to the fair, instead of selling his merchandise, he was dreadfully beaten, in revenge for the trick played by his brother. As soon as he has recovered from the effects of his beating, he

goes to his brother's hut, and by accident kills Little Fairly's mother. Little Fairly turns this also to advantage, and obtains fifty guineas, which he represents as having been the price given for his mother's body by the doctor in the neighbouring town. His avaricious brother immediately goes and kills his own mother, and carries her body to the doctor, but narrowly escapes being delivered to public justice for the murder. Great Fairly, in revenge, seizes his brother, puts him in a sack, and carries him off, with the intention of throwing him into a bog. He stops at an inn on the way to drink, and leaves his brother in the sack, outside the door. A farmer passes by with a herd of cattle, which he is persuaded to give Little Fairly, to be allowed to take his place in the sack, and he is thrown into the bog. Great Fairly, on his return, meets his brother with his cattle, and is informed that he had found a country at the bottom of the bog, abounding in herds, and that when he had carried these home, he proposed to return for more. Great Fairly, eager to be before his brother, jumps into the bog, and is drowned.

We here find the same story, at three widely different periods, and in different countries—in Germany, in the eleventh or twelfth century, in France (if Gueulette's story be not taken from an Eastern collection) in the eighteenth century, and in Ireland at the present day. The resemblance is too close to be accidental; it is certain that neither of the two other writers could have been acquainted with the story of 'Unibos,' and we do not think it probable that our friend Lover borrowed any thing from Gueulette. In fact, the Irish story contains several incidents of resemblance to 'Unibos,' which are not found in the French. The story is not found in writing, in any document which could have formed a medium of transmission. It must, therefore, have been preserved in all these countries traditionally. It is in this manner that the influence of the early popular literature has been continued down to the present time. The fables and legends now current among the peasantry, are the popular fictions of the middle ages.

- ART. VI.—1. *Geschichte der Politik Cultur und Aufklärung der Achtzehnten Jahrhunderts.* (History of Politics, Civilisation, and the Progress of Enlightenment in the Eighteenth Century.) Von BRUNO BAUER. 2 Bände. Charlottenburg: 1844.
2. *Deutsches Bürgerbuch für 1845, herausgegeben von H. PUTTMAN.* (German Citizen's Book for 1845.) Darmstadt: 1845.
3. *Politische Gedichte aus Deutschland's Neuzeit, herausgegeben und eingeleitet von HERMANN MARGGRAFF.* (Political Poems of Modern Germany, edited by H. MARGGRAFF, with an Introduction.) Leipzig: 1843.
4. *Deutschland, ein Wintermärchen.* (Germany, a Winter's Tale.) Von H. HEINE. Hamburg: 1844.
5. *Deutsche Gassenlieder.* (German Street Ballads.) Von HOFFMAN VON FALLERSLEBEN. Zürich und Winterthur: 1845.
6. *Die Politische Wochenstube—Eine Komödie.* (The Political Accouchement: a Comedy.) Von R. E. PRUTZ.

IT would have been easy to extend the list of books which we have prefixed to this article, but it is already heterogeneous enough—in its range from the angry democracy of Bauer to the light and Epicurean sedition of Heine. The opposition literature of the present day in Germany is not without intrinsic merit; but its principal interest arises from the wide-spread feeling of dissatisfaction which it indicates. When we see the numerous squibs and satires, many of them personally directed against the king, which are current in Berlin, and hear that this volume of bad poetry has been suppressed, and that ambitious author confined in a fortress, it is difficult, notwithstanding the comparative wisdom and vigour of Prussian administration, not to think of the state of Parisian literature before the Revolution, with the zest which it derived from occasional glimpses of the Bastille. As in the case of France too, the commencement of a new reign has given rise both to wider hopes and to acuter feelings of disappointment in the friends of innovation. The enlightened and educated sovereign, who was brought up at the feet of Humboldt, Savigny, and Niebuhr, instructed in all the wisdom of the Germans, might naturally be expected to be free from the narrow traditions of German despotism, and to share in the feelings of the extensive class of his subjects which stands on the same intellectual level with himself. The widest meaning has been given to his occasional expressions of liberalism, the bitterest reproaches directed against his alleged non-fulfilment of his promises. What his future intentions may be, as no person even in Prussia appears to know, we in England do not think it necessary to state with confidence. Without pro-

fessing any abstract admiration for representative governments in all times and places, we entertain no doubt that a constitution resembling that of England, or perhaps that of France, is the only possible method of reconciling the continuance of monarchy in Germany with the feelings and opinions of the people. The desire of a change is so strong, that if not gratified it must be repressed by force, with the necessary result of falling back into obsolete despotism, or submitting to a total defeat. The question whether a sound and lasting parliamentary system can be established, appears to us likely to depend in a great measure on the character of the king, and the result will decide hereafter whether he is a great sovereign, or merely an accomplished scholar and gentleman. Even a loyal and complimentary poet only defends the delay of concession against over-hasty agitators:

“ In the North a star arises—it beams forth warm and clearly:

Oh grief, the heavy sleepers said, how comes the day so early!

Oh grief, how slow the sunshine dawns! the sleepless cried aloud.

—Who thanks the light for being light, that might have been a thunder-cloud?*

Who indeed?—If such gratitude is felt in these days, we fear it must be to a star further north still. It is only at Petersburg that Europe would feel surprise at seeing any thing but a thunder-cloud.

In the meantime, the stationary position of the king, and of many other German princes, who are probably waiting for his decision, is involving him in serious difficulties, by the democratic direction which it gives to the tendencies of opposition writers. His supposed inclination to the historical or English system of reform, founded on established privileges and customs, and recognising the very state of things which requires change, as having once been legitimate, is rapidly becoming identified in public opinion with the spirit of mere resistance; while progress and improvement are looked for more and more in the abstract theories of right, in which French Jacobinism is founded. There is also a wide-spread repugnance to the religious diletantism of the king, whether exhibited in his visit to the Catholic cathedral of Cologne, his support of the Anglican bishopric of Jerusalem, or his whimsical flirtation with a benevolent Quaker lady in London. The feelings of the educated class in Germany on these subjects, are very different from those to which we are accustomed in England. They dislike falsehood; happily we dislike impiety more; and if we sometimes feel our bile stirred by the saintly whisper of Oxford, or shudder at the long-drawn howl of Exeter Hall, it is rather because we object to extremes, or because our own opinions are in danger, than

* Anastasius Grün (Count Alexander of Auersperg) *Nibelungen im Prack-Modern Nibelungen.*

from the proselytising indignation against untruth, which seems to be common in Germany. A dislike to hypocrisy easily extends itself to the forms of which hypocrites make use, and we believe that in a large class of the German community there is an antipathy to the established creed, as determined as that which prevailed sixty years ago in France, and far more deeply seated, as it depends less upon ignorance. The destructive party have the advantage of intelligibility and clearness of purpose over rationalising and sentimentalising explainers-away of orthodoxy, and they despise in the pietists the same foibles of shallowness and effeminacy which are, to some extent, sources of influence to the pietist party in this country. Over the Catholic populace neither pietism nor impietism is likely to spread; but the feelings of malecontents towards the ancient Church can scarcely have been softened by the late marvellous exhibition of genuine Romish paganism, in the pilgrimage of hundreds of thousands to worship the holy coat at Treves. Indeed, the Father of lies himself must have envied his old acquaintance, the Mother of pious frauds, who sits on the Seven Hills, her success in promoting the idolatry of that celebrated rag. 'Herr Jesus Christus,' prayed one of the votaries, 'der du gebenedeiet wardst diesen heiligen Rock zu tragen'—a much bolder flight than the sanctification of the altar by virtue of the gold upon it.

Formidable, however, as the growing resistance to religion and government is becoming, the princes of Germany may yet find safety in its results, if they are willing to concede in time. The modern anti-religionists are no more successful than their predecessors in explaining away the basis of religion, or supplying its place. The religious sects with all their follies and contradictions, belong to the cause which will finally be victorious; and in the political struggle, whoever succeeds, the anarchists must be defeated. The King of Prussia can scarcely wish for better arguments in favour of a firm and enlightened government, than the declarations of some of his opponents, that no reform can be useful which does not extend to the abolition of religion, of marriage, and of private property. Yet it does not follow that, unless he breaks up opposition by timely concession, and extends the basis of government, the wildest doctrines will be harmless. The body of the nation would no doubt dislike atheism and universal confiscation, if in operation, even more than despotism and bureaucratic administration; but anarchy is at present an abstraction, while bureaucracy meets them at every turn. It is written, that we fly from evils that we feel, to those we know not of; and the longer the ultra-revolutionists are united in a common struggle with the constitutional reformers,

the better will be their chance of diffusing their principles through the mass of the united party. At present, the bulk of the nation offers a weapon which may be grasped by the stronger and wiser of the combatants.

One of the minor tests of opinion is the disposition professed towards France. The feeling of nationality, which was roused to some extent in 1840, is the constant object of ridicule to the revolutionists, who look across the Rhine for sympathy and aid in propagating Jacobinism. In this case, therefore, as well as in the other, all the sound instincts of the nation may be secured on the side of the governments. The danger is, that princes will lean too much upon them, and make them ludicrous or odious, by associating the thought of external independence with that of internal servility. Religion, and morality, and national pride, are infallible resources to those who rely upon them honestly and without ulterior objects; as excuses for bad government, or for the selfishness of rulers, they last only till the real purpose of their professed advocates is tainted with suspicion. There is no topic more cherished by satirists and parodists, than Bekker's defiance to the French, to seize what he calls the *free* German Rhine.

The 'History of the Political and Intellectual Condition of the Eighteenth Century,' by the well-known Bruno Bauer, may seem hardly to belong to the class of writings which refers to the politics of the present day: but it is in fact, notwithstanding its title, substantially an argument in favour of a democratic revolution, illustrated by accounts of evils which have existed in Germany, and of the process by which some of them have been removed. The historical matter is to be found in many books, and in almost the same form in Schlosser's 'History of the Eighteenth Century,' which we formerly noticed at length in this Review.* The peculiarity of Bauer's work consists in his confining himself almost entirely to the history of abuses and absurdities, and in the favourable colour which he is consequently enabled to give to every destructive movement. It is so wholly impossible to deny that the state of things which preceded the French Revolution was replete with evil and folly, that to dwell upon it in its worst points is to offer the best apology for Jacobinism, and to lead imperceptibly to the fallacy that a destructive revolution is in itself a positive good. With a view to this purpose, Bauer has selected and arranged his materials with skill and effect, commencing with the gross and ignorant age of Frederick Augustus II., of Saxony, and touching in

* No. LXI. A translation of this important work has recently been published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

succession on the feeble and ill-directed attempts at reform of the Catholic and Protestant mystics and Pietists; on the more popular exertions of the (so called) Illuminists; and on the war against feudal privileges, which many of the European monarchs carried on during the latter half of the century, in behalf of the extension of their own prerogative. The victory of Jacobinism over all the minor sects of Liberalism, naturally illustrates the main argument of the writer, that the Conservative reaction at present dominant in Germany, is but a reproduction of past abuses, to be defeated by a political and religious movement more determined and uncompromising than the farthest reach of the French Revolution.

Not at all agreeing in Bauer's principles or conclusions, thinking that the actual existence of a state of society for centuries, is a proof that it has something in it more vital than the follies and absurdities with which it is incrustated, and fully believing that the most dislocating revolutionary wrench would leave Europe, after some painful spasms and convulsions, in a state essentially resembling its present position, we nevertheless feel by no means called upon to defend either old German Toryism, or pietism, or sentimental philanthropism, against the attacks of revolutionary writers: on the contrary, we are indebted to the latter for the vividly offensive form in which their animosity leads them to represent the fungous excrescences with which morality and political institutions have at different times been encumbered. In some of the specimens of folly or dishonesty which Bauer has selected for notice, we view the exposure with peculiar complacency, from the singular coincidence which they present with some of our contemporary proceedings at home. For instance in the reign of Frederic William I. of Prussia, it was considered by some a wholesome reform, by others a dangerous innovation, to remove the accustomed candles from the altar, and to speak the concluding blessing instead of chanting it. We have little doubt that some earnest-minded divine suggested the middle course of putting the candles on the table without lighting them; but the king, with a feeling for scriptural truth worthy of the Protestant people of England of the present day, wholly suppressed the ancient and too popish practice. The predominance of orthodoxy over learning, in the estimation of the universities, was a more serious evil, in the eighteenth century as now; and then, as now, most of the popular efforts to improve academical education were made in a thoroughly wrong direction, with the object of having more and more empty theology, at the cost of learning, science, and philosophy. Pietism, with its capricious rules of morality, its morbid appetite for special providences, and its scrupulous criticism of the future prospects of the critic's friend and neighbours, is amus-

ingly like itself in all countries and in different ages. We are rejoiced to find that tobacco-smoking came under its ban in Germany a hundred years ago, as snuff-taking we believe does in America in our own time. How many worthy women have grieved, like the Lutheran queen of the Reformed or Calvinistic Frederick I., over the hopeless prospects of an heretical husband. 'How,' said the king on one occasion in answer to her remonstrances, 'do you think then that I am to be damned? How will you speak of me after my death? You cannot at any rate say '*der selige König*' (the blessed king—the common form of speaking of a deceased person).' After some hesitation the queen replied, 'I shall say 'the dear—dead king.' The Catholic form of pietism introduced by the Jesuits was probably more demoralising and pernicious, combining as it did the wholly non-religious object of ecclesiastical power with the perverted theology which dictated the slavish obedience and sickly asceticism of its votaries. We might quote from Bauer some amusing or repulsive instances of the extent to which, in this way also, the tendency of human nature to shoot out in distorted forms, when its natural growth is checked, was displayed in a stiff, pedantic, and dissatisfied age. But have we not, too, our Lives of the Saints?

To some of the political grievances which Bauer reports we can happily offer no parallel. The French Revolution was received with no small repugnance in England, but it would have excited some surprise if an order had been issued by the government, as occurred in Hesse-Darmstadt in 1794, to the effect that no one should presume to talk of the war. We might quote many more instances of petty and vexatious interference, partly the result of obsolete traditions of government, partly the natural consequence of the minute subdivision of territory, which often made a prince little more than the master of a household and inspector of his surrounding dependents. But after all, the collection of such anecdotes, as those of which we have given specimens, is worth little in a political argument, and nothing as a history. That such absurdities happened in a professedly Christian and monarchical country proves against Christianity and monarchy absolutely nothing. An infinitely more revolting accumulation of vice and folly might be selected at random from the records of the French Revolution, and that also would prove nothing, except the badness of folly and vice. It would not prove that republics are bad, or that democracy is incompatible with freedom, or that the Revolution itself was on the whole injurious to France. It is true that the experiment of tendering such proofs has often been tried, and has often succeeded; and no doubt Bauer's similar experiment in a contrary direction will succeed with those who are inclined to be convinced by him. A one-sided political argument will always

prevail with the multitude; and even reasonable people may admit it for the portion of truth which it contains. But when it professes to exhaust the question, and especially when it consists of a narrative of the evils of an age detached from all the circumstances which might have explained or rendered them tolerable, we can only consider the work, as we now regard Bauer's, which, with all its ingenuity and frequent interest, is, as a history, a mere nonentity.

The 'Deutsches Bürgerbuch für 1845' is a volume of political essays of considerable interest, interspersed with a few trashy melodramatic stories written in the spirit of our own cockney philanthropists, to exaggerate the sufferings of the poor and the vices of the rich, and concluded by a few pages of political poems, less savage and spirited than the well-known versified tirades of the Irish 'Nation,' and equally or more than equally unpoetical. The serious political portion of the miscellany alone deserves notice. With some minor differences of opinion among the writers who contribute to it, the general spirit of it is professedly hostile to all existing law, religion, and government; but instead of contenting themselves with mere destruction, the revolutionists of this sect propose to reorganise society on the basis of Socialism or Communism—a scheme which it is difficult to reprobate, as we believe it deserves, without seeming to encourage prejudices which we would willingly discountenance.

The volume, however, is not exclusively devoted to impracticable schemes of revolution. Two chapters of it, which treat of present and practical evils, more particularly deserve attention, one as an example of abuses which demand and admit of legislative reform, the other as a proof that no government has yet discovered a means of averting the social dangers and sufferings which arise from manufacturing competition. The account of the results of secret proceedings in many of the German courts of justice, goes far to justify our English predilection for publicity; and the oppressions and absurdities which arise from the desire to extort confessions from the accused, contrast singularly with the uniform discouragement, with which even a voluntary admission of guilt is received by our tribunals. It has always, we believe, been the principle of the Roman law as understood in continental practice, to consider the confession of an accused person the best evidence of guilt, and, therefore, as the great object to be attained by criminal process. On this ground torture has been often justified, and the practice established under every law we believe, but that of England, of interrogating the prisoner before or during his trial; a process which it seems is often continued in Germany till the object is attained, with little consideration of the sufferings

inflicted meanwhile on the prisoner, or of the probability of a false confession.

In one case in Oldenburg, two servants, suspected of murder, were kept in solitary confinement for eight years, and examined, each of them more than eighty times—the judicial documents filled 6000 pages, and contained 178 circumstantial proofs (*Judicien-beweise*) of their guilt—and after all this they were discharged for want of evidence; but condemned to pay one-half of the costs. In the same small State a process was commenced in 1832, against certain rioters who were kept in prison four years and a half, furnishing materials for 7000 pages of record (*Acten*), and at last some of them were only condemned to six weeks' imprisonment. In one case, in Hesse-Cassel, a poor schoolmaster was condemned to death for a robbery and murder of which he knew nothing, on his own confession extorted from him by the creditable method of dressing up a ghost of the murdered man to frighten him, when his nerves were weakened by the effects of long confinement. A similar judicial mode of interrogatory was applied in Holstein, in 1837, to a man named Ramcke, who was accused of murder. His wife, who was imprisoned separately, having been delivered of a dead child, the court, after informing the prisoner falsely that it had now full proof of his guilt, suddenly caused the corpse of the infant to be produced, and pointed out a mark on its forehead as a proof that the father had cloven the forehead of the murdered man with an axe. When to these instances it is added that so-called falsehood is punished by chains, bread and water, or even blows, and that no efficient control of the discretion of the examining tribunals is provided, it may be admitted that no indignation against such a system can be too strong; but even the cases which we have mentioned are not the worst, if we remember the frequency of political prosecutions in Germany, and know that men who represent the opinions of a large class of the community, men of respectability, character, and education, are subjected to years of preliminary imprisonment, to repeated interrogatories involving every kind of leading questions, and even to prison punishments, on the pretext of obstinacy or alleged falsehood in their answers.

The second contribution of a practical character, to which we have referred, contains a narrative of the riots which occurred last year among the weavers in Silesia, with whose cause the writer warmly sympathises. It seems that the insurgents are hand-loom weavers, whose physical condition has been deteriorated by their emancipation from serfdom forty years ago, while their wages constantly diminish, no doubt from the competition of power-loom and of foreign factories. With the usual reasoning of dis-

tressed workmen, they attributed their poverty to the greediness of their employers, a view in which their advocate much less excusably concurs, and attacked and demolished some of the principal factories. After some loss of life from collision with the soldiery, the weavers dispersed, and the disturbances ended, as they have often done in England, without advantage to the unhappy malecontents. The most remarkable feature in the proceeding seems to us to be the weakness of the local government, and the length of time during which the riots were allowed to continue. By the writer in the 'Bürgerbuch' it is used as a proof of the necessity of establishing a socialistic distribution of property—an inference which is so far sound as it admits that the distress of the labouring classes is generally produced rather by economical than by political causes.

We are by no means disposed to treat as contemptible or unimportant the theory of Socialism. The scheme of regenerating the world by the establishment of a perpetual and universal community of goods has, at least, the merit which belongs to a comprehensive and thorough-going change. The evils which it might bring with it, if great, would be new; the objects which it proposes are large enough to be worth a struggle; the plan has many popular and plausible elements, and may hereafter become the creed of a powerful and formidable party. But we would go further than a mere negative and hostile recognition of its strength. It is an extravagant and impossible scheme; but it is a protest against extravagance on the other side. The institution of private property, like every other institution in its turn, has been mistaken for something sacred and inviolable, for a law of nature which it was necessary to obey by an approximation ever closer and closer to its strictest form. By degrees the inviolability of property has been restricted by public opinion to individual possessions, and to those which are the subjects of hereditary and testamentary succession. The reserved or partially divided portion of the general wealth, assigned either to the furtherance of definite objects, or to the common enjoyment of corporate bodies, or appropriated to individuals whose succession was determined by merit or good fortune, all ecclesiastical, corporate, and collegiate property, has lost in modern Europe the sacredness which still attaches to family possessions. At the same time political economy, which is in reality but the developed theory of private property, has encouraged the dissolution of limited social confederacies, and established in the principle of free competition the right of every individual to make the greatest possible gains, without regard to the loss of others. As Hess, a Socialist writer in the 'Bürgerbuch' observes, 'free competition

is the full development of egoism, or of the policy founded on individual right.'

Nevertheless, the economists are right; and perhaps the bigots of hereditary ownership will also be found to be tending in a right direction. In recognising the strict vested right of the individual producer, against the indirect counter-interest of his rival producers, the advocate of free competition also consults the unappropriated and undefined interests of consumers at large—a body not considered by earlier legislation. Above all, competition increases the general wealth; and, perhaps, better means of distributing its gains may hereafter be discovered. The devotees of private property may, perhaps, find, by the time they have completed their demonstration that all corporate possessions are held in trust for the good of the community, that they have laid a foundation for the application of a similar theory to themselves. Land, as being necessarily a monopoly, and as involving a kind of political power, may probably become the first subject of the fiduciary theory, and of a consequent control on behalf of the community; but the system, if once set on foot, will soon extend to every species of wealth, and substitute legal claims and powers for commonplaces about the duty of the rich. Some estates and some money-capitals are so vast, as already to make it almost necessary for their owners to administer them with some regard to the interests of their dependents as well as to their own. Hereafter, what is given as a favour, may be claimed as a right; nor is the gradual change of private into fiduciary property altogether unprecedented. There was a time when every European potentate held his dominions, or a great portion of them, as his private estate. The Frankish kings of the Merovingian race in the sixth century, divided their territories among themselves with no view to frontiers or political convenience, according to the revenues of the different districts, just as a number of co-heirs might arrange the partition of a number of farms. In the same way the descendants of Charlemagne divided their empire, by long lines drawn north and south, for the mere purpose of uniformity and apparent fairness as amongst themselves. Long afterwards, the German princes subdivided their States among their children, without any more regard to their subjects than a modern testator feels for his tenants. But in all these cases, the estates were too large to continue private property. When a landlord, by the greatness of his estate, expands into a prince, he must take the burdens and expenses of sovereignty, and govern his dependents as well as receive their payments. With power comes, in time, responsibility, with responsibility a right of control, and, after-

wards, of direct interference, till at last the proprietor, perhaps, remains the mere chief of a community who administer the estate for themselves. What has been done on a great scale, may, perhaps, in an age of more consistent logic, be applied to every minor case. But we have no wish to pursue this subject further at present.

Sweeping changes give much less trouble in theory, and Socialism is presented by the Germans in a more sweeping form than any in which we have elsewhere met with it. It has been often, and as it seems to us, unanswerably objected to the mere Socialists, that to carry out their own objects and enforce their rules, they required a hierarchical government, while the St. Simonists and others who provided a hierarchy had only come round to the oldest and crudest form of patriarchal despotism. All this is admitted in the volume now before us; but it seems that Feuerbach's philosophy, by declaring that there is no reality but in sense, and that all which man has hitherto sought without, religion, property, and philosophy, must be looked for henceforth within himself, has shown the possibility of realising a community of goods, by making the acquisition and not the possession of them the source of enjoyment. We cannot laugh at this solution, because we only partially understand it, and cannot in a compressed summary of it convey even this partial intelligibility to our readers. We do not, however, think that even if mankind could find all their enjoyment in the production and acquisition of wealth, it would be an advance in their moral or intellectual condition. It is demanded that they shall do nothing with a view to any other thing, but make action and fruition one—an ideal state already attained by cattle, who eat for the sake of eating, and take no thought for the morrow. But perhaps we are, from misunderstanding, fighting with shadows.

Another writer in the same volume defends the practicability of Socialism at present, by an account of the prosperity of the communities of Shakers and other societies of the same kind in America, and of Mr. Owen's establishment in England. Taking all the statements for granted, they prove nothing. The economical advantages of combination for purposes of living, are very useful and important facts, illustrated quite as well by the luxuries of the London Clubs as by the comforts of New Harmony. The collective material wealth, produced by the Socialist establishments is only the test of their success as joint-stock companies, that is as private proprietors in competition with other private proprietors. Lastly, the circumstance that the members consent to abide by the rules of the system, prove nothing in favour of its universal applicability. A set of fanatics, insane enough to practise the religious exercises of the Shakers, may well be obstinate enough to abide by a mode of life unlike their neighbours; and even more rational

Socialists may naturally adhere to a system as long as it is a course of novelty or eccentricity. Clubs have flourished on the principle of eating of one dish, or wearing one kind of coat, 'or any other reason why,' and the members obey the rules; yet the world would not obey them as laws. In a Socialist world there must be no property vested in a particular parallelogram, or community, or nation; all must live on the work of all. Disloyal members who dislike Socialism must be provided for among the rest. There can be no expulsion unless the philanthropists resort to hanging. Stop one step short of this consummation, and nothing is done but the vesting of property in different hands, by creating a vast set of joint-stock societies. That even these joint-stock societies would produce less, and be governed with greater difficulty than the world of individuals might be probably shown; but for the present, enough of Socialism. Theoretical reform in Germany has not yet got beyond this point, though we cannot answer for the future. Socialism is the extreme rearguard of opposition.

One of the most efficient weapons of attack on things as they are, must, if we are to judge from the constant use of it, be political poetry, or at least verse, sometimes of the satirical and sometimes of the high patriotic kind. As we have on former occasions noticed Herwegh and Freiligrath, who are the leaders of the serious poetical opposition, we may now confine ourselves principally to the representatives of the humorous view of German politics. In criticising poetry or works of art in general, as compared with compositions which appeal to the reason, it is a great advantage to be able to regard the execution only with little reference to the moral or political purpose which it may be intended to enforce. A good satire or epigram is a good thing, even if it is unjust. Bavius and Codrus may have been great poets, Zimri a model of consistent wisdom, and Chartres an injured saint; but it is not less true that they have been the subjects of good satires, the victims of great poets, with whom they may settle their quarrels as they can—we, the world at large, are gainers. Even Cleon, if it should turn out that posterity has been wrong in its judgment of his character, could hardly, if of a benevolent disposition, grudge it the great enjoyment which it has derived at his expense from Aristophanes. With every disposition, however, to encourage the union of wit and poetry, and to make ample allowance for the occasional injustice of its application, we cannot speak highly in general of the epigrams with which the despotism of Prussia is at present tempered. They are too often deficient both in poetry and point, and most of all in variety. Almost every composition of the kind attacks the censorship, the police, and the promise-breaking, constitution-withholding king—all excellent topics, but requiring to be mixed with others, or put in new

lights, or associated with ingenious and unexpected images. When the poet travels out of this routine, he generally falls foul of Russia, the knout, and Nicholas, whom it seems at present the fashion to consider as the patron of German absolutism, though we remember the time when Heine claimed him as the champion of democracy. But even so the litigants in the fable thought, each that the arbiter inclined to the other. Meanwhile, by alternate bites, the monkey ate the cheese. To Russia, liberalism abroad, and absolutism abroad, are equally indifferent; the struggle between them is her object, both as a cause of weakness and as a possible excuse for interference. Almost the only remaining topic of satire which we can recollect, in common use, is pietism, and especially so much of it as is patronised by the king. 'There was a William,' sings one patriotic humorist, 'who sailed to England to conquer it; there is a William (dropping the 'Frederick' to make the parallel and contrast still more striking) who sails to England, not to conquer it, but to fraternise with the English Church, and kneel at a Quaker prayer-meeting.' As we never heard of any popular feeling, even in Prussia, in favour of an invasion of England, or of placing the House of Brandenburg on our throne, we confess it does seem rather hard to censure every namesake of William the Conqueror, who may land on our shores from any quarter of the world in peace; but, as we have said, allowances must be made for satirists, especially when, as in this case, they display that kind of wit, which consists in bringing together things wholly remote by nature. The religious exhibitions which his Prussian majesty made in London, however conformable to English habits and tastes, may, we can easily believe, have appeared somewhat eccentric at Berlin.

We have not been much shocked by the severity, or astonished by the ingenuity of Hoffman von Fallersleben. There might possibly be something very laughable in the death of the King of Prussia, if it had happened; but, as he is still alive, we are somewhat at a loss for the point of 'The premature Funeral Feast in Nebuchadnezzar's country,' which states that two strangers went into a tavern and called for Rhenish wine; but the landlord said, that his guests had desired him to serve out only champagne. 'What is that to us?'

" 'To day,' he replies, 'I serve Champagne out,—For so the guests have said;—And none may disobey it.—The king, the king is dead.—Then found they quite in reason,—The words the guests had said.—They drank Champagne and chorus'd,—The king, the king is dead.—But on the following morning,—A caterwauling came,—His Majesty's recovered,—And we've wasted the wine; what a shame!'"

Our ancestors compared wit to a sword or a razor, cutting deeper for its polish. If modern wit is to be a bludgeon, let it at least have a hard surface, and not swell its bulk by straw-padding. 'The First of April' is, perhaps, rather better, turning, of course, on broken promises. The second stanza runs thus:—

"Cinders unburnt and fat of fly,
And stranger things than these to
buy;
We gravely sought the dealer's store—
The dealer turn'd us out of door.
Be still—be still.
Or else they yet may cry 'April,
April,
You send an April-fool where'er you
will.'

"Such was of old our childish game—
A grown-up king can play the same—
He sends his people forth to roam
In search of freedom—they come
home
Quite still—quite still.
The neighbours cry aloud, 'April,
April,
You send an April-fool where'er you
will.'"

After all, the monotony of a set of jokes sometimes indicates the ready susceptibility of an audience. In every private society, not too wise to laugh, there are, as we all know, from time to time certain staple subjects of merriment, which are conventionally admitted to be so intrinsically amusing, that all that is necessary for the wits of the circle is to vary their allusions to them as much as possible. Strangers who hear the jests and observe their success, are frequently irritated or moved to contempt, unless they are considerate enough to assume that the laughter and applause applies not only to the ingenuity of the jester, but to a mass of latent humour diffused through the general body, and called into action by a seemingly trifling cause. The incessant jokes of Shakspeare and his followers on the single subject of 'horns,' are almost as amusing now as when they first appeared, though in a different point of view. His contemporaries enjoyed the joke itself. We must content ourselves with thinking of the inexhaustible wealth of absurd allusions connected with that one word, which must have been diffused through the whole of society, to enable the poets to appeal with so perfect a confidence to it as a chosen vehicle for humour. The loss of an old standing joke, however bad, 'eclipses the gaiety of nations.'

We are accordingly disposed to infer, from the constant harping of writers on the same subjects, that a considerable portion of German society has adopted the censorship, the bureaucracy, and the refusal of the constitution, as its permanent matter of ridicule; that it has learned to think them intrinsically laughable, and determined that they severally contain within themselves the requisite component parts of a joke, whether those consist in remote ideas brought together, or are otherwise scientifically definable.

If this is the case, the re-establishment in public estimation of the organs of a paternal government, will be as difficult as it would have been to impress upon our ancestors the oriental reverence for horns as a symbol of majesty and power.

The satire, however, of the German opposition, is not exclusively in the hands of the writers of epigrammatic commonplaces. Prutz's Aristophanic play is in itself a remarkable production, as a thoroughly scholarlike imitation of the manner, spirit, and metres of the great and unequalled master of comedy. It is curious that a body of readers can be found who can appreciate the resemblance of the copy to the original, which gives the chief zest and point, even to the satire, which is the writer's principal object. Learned pleasantry can only be enjoyed by those who are familiar with the allusions on which it turns; but we are not sure, that as turning on subjects of the day, the '*Politische Wochenstube*' would not convey to a reader unacquainted with Greek, a more approximate notion of the manner of the old comedy, than a professed translation of one of the original plays. In wilful extravagance of fiction, in violence of dramatic invective, and in personality, it is closely modelled after its pattern; and even in the more difficult and peculiar method, of founding irony on irony, and making the same character represent different objects of satire, while, at the same time, the same individual sees himself ridiculed in several persons of the drama, the principle of confusion is judiciously and happily used, as by the Greek poet, to increase the general burlesque effect. The general purpose of the satire, is to represent the frauds and oppressions of the German or Prussian government, with its spy-system of police, and its appeals to nationality and to a golden future, which, according to the liberal, and especially the satirico-liberal theory, are mere stratagems to maintain its own power over the people. There is a doctor or man-midwife, and a spy-adventurer, and a Germany, who turns out not to be Germany, and a vagrant who is the real Germany, and a knavish servant; and almost all these, in turn, represent the Prussian government, though Kilian, the doctor's servant, is sometimes rather the Prussian people; and all, in turn, except the true Germany, lie, and plot, and threaten to denounce the others; and in the midst of the action are always scattering contumelious allusions against the government, and the censors, and Herwegh and Freiligrath, and the Socialists and the Hegelians, and every one else who is worth attacking, just as Xanthias or Dicæopolis, or the immortal Sausage-seller, might have done at Athens in the good old times. We confess, however, that something is wanting. The unequalled command of melody which would have made Aristophanes a great poet, even if he had not been the first of humorous writers,

cannot fairly be expected in an imitator; and German, though a language of great capability, is still very far from being Greek. But we are more inclined to note the total absence of the wild and genial merriment, the reckless indulgence of fun and animal spirits, apparently uncontrollable, and yet kept in the strictest subordination to art, which makes the 'Birds' or the 'Frogs,' with all their obsolete modes of feeling and thought, almost as enjoyable to us as to their contemporaries. A scholar, as we have said, may read Prutz with pleasure; but the unlearned, though they must dispense with the manner of Aristophanes, and even with the form of poetry, will find a larger portion of his spirit in such heterogeneous compositions as the history of the revels of Christopher North.

The Chinese workman who made a cracked set of tea-things to match the cracked saucer which was his pattern, has contributed his share to the instruction of mankind, by affording a proverbial similitude for those who mimic glaring defects. Prutz has most servilely cracked his workmanship, in the very serious and ill-judged error of copying the grossness of his model. Even the imitation is in no way rendered more perfect by thus offending the tastes of modern readers; for every one will instinctively apply different standards of moral susceptibility to Athens and to Berlin. It is as certain that Prutz violates the rules of modern decorum, as that Aristophanes stood at the summit of taste and refinement, in an age which had not yet learned the proper reserve of language, probably because women had no influence on public opinion. We must be understood to complain, not of the heavier offence of licentious and immoral composition, but of naked and physical coarseness; the less culpable kind of grossness which is found in Swift, and, for the most part, in Aristophanes himself. The fault is more irritating, from its evidently arising from deliberate and intentional pedantry. In one of the *parabases*, or addresses aside to the audience, which the dramatist has adopted from his Greek model, he anticipates the objection of coarseness, for the purpose of meeting it by the silly and untrue answer, that his supposed critics are more culpable than himself; that their thoughts are worse than his words; that hypocrites are afraid of saying what they do not shrink from enacting; that he calls on those who are pure to throw the first stone. An untrue repartee, because it must be false as to many objectors, and may be as to all; a silly defence, because the faults of others cannot justify him in imitating them; and, above all, an irrelevant evasion of the question, as the very gist of the charge is, that he says publicly what others, as he assumes, think in private. His grossness too, as we have said, consists in bringing forward revolting and offensive images, unsavoury objects which must exist, but which it is becoming to

think and speak of as little as possible; least of all, to obtrude them on others. We notice this point the more particularly, because it is not an uncommon affectation in German liberal writers to aim at classic nakedness, in default of classic beauty. In the case before us, the disagreeable details prevent us from giving as full an account as we might wish of the comedy, which, to commence, bears the very ill-favoured title of the 'Political Accouchement.'

The scene opens at the dwelling of a doctor, who, in the decay of practice, is endeavouring to persuade Kilian, his servant and assistant, to allow him to extirpate his organs of eating by some strange surgical operation, a suggestion much in the manner, if not in the spirit, of Aristophanes. At this point the doctor, as may be supposed, represents a paternal government, with its supposed disposition to cajole its subjects into patience and self-abnegation. At the same time, not only the master, but the man, who belongs to the conventional class of Xanthias or Sancho, takes the opportunity of the discussion to ridicule as many persons and things as can conveniently be introduced; here, too, following the old comedy, which, however, had its personalities pointed or seasoned by the probable presence among the audience of the victim of satire, or at least of his friends and familiar enemies. At one time the doctor entreats him to sacrifice himself to Humanity and Fatherland. 'Certainly not,' is the reply; 'if you talk of Fatherland. There is always some trick at the bottom where Fatherland comes in.' Patriotism failing, an appeal is made to his love of virtue. 'Surely this desire of eating is at the bottom of all our weaknesses. Was it not for this that Freiligrath disgraced himself by taking the pension of the king. For this Dingelstedt submitted to the brand of servitude. For this—but we need not proceed, as Kilian is impregnable, and even determines to satisfy his hunger by taking whatever may be edible in the collection of drugs. Unluckily, they are all poisons, or as bad. First he seizes some dried cels. 'Oh, fool, and three-times-through-and-through be-Menzelised' (*i. e.* as great a fool as Menzel), says the doctor, coining long words after the Greek fashion; 'these are old Prussian queues. Touch them reverently, for they are bringing them into use again at Berlin, and they will be worth their weight in gold.' Kilian takes up another case. 'Are these young pigtails, or caterpillars?' 'These are maggots—old Hegelish—which once made a disturbance in Göschel's brain, and now are preserved in spirits.—' 'In Göschel's brain! What, is the noble Göschel dead? Of all the goats of Hegel's flock the only sheep; whom oft I envied for his warm and fleecy coat.' 'Oh, no; he lives as man and privy councillor.' The next experiment is on more dangerous food. 'You had better,' says the doctor, 'eat all Bauer's 'Heathendom,

or the whole 'Musen-Almanach,' of Echtenmeyer and Ruge, than touch a drop of this. It is no other than Communist-powder—the poison of our above-mentioned friends the Socialists—'whoever tastes a grain of this powder goes raving mad. But only think of Herwegh and his yellow boots.' An allusion to something which seems worth thinking of, but which we have not the means of explaining. The discussion ends with the refusal of Kilian to submit; but his master need not fear him. 'Am I not a German then? Can I not starve, and yet be patient while I starve?' The doctor promises to reward him, if he dies of hunger, by a monument of three hundred pill-boxes, and, on his departure, sits down to eat some concealed provisions, with some disturbance from a suspicion that his follower is beginning to open his eyes. 'He begins to see where one leads him by the nose, and that is the first step to universal demoralisation.' He seasons his dinner, however, by an edifying reflection. 'The best of cooks is hunger, so the people say; and I agree that hunger is; but not one's own. I eat with most enjoyment, when I know of one—in hunger near me, and have something good myself.'

And to complete his enjoyment by contrast, a beggar approaches; not with the ordinary formulas of distress however, but with a carol in the ancient Nibelungen metre and language, which sounds oddly enough :

" To us the olden stories full manie marvelles rede,
Of heroes and their glories, of doughty hardihede,
Of Herman, the Cheruscan, that wight of high renoune,
Whose deeds y-sung, and eke y-told ye moten hear in every tounne."

The doctor, puzzled with this new mode of beggary, suspects some plot; and not without reason, for the beggar is in fact his old friend Schlaukopf (Slyhead), now head body-spy to the king, and general representative of all the spies and official functionaries, and, by a somewhat wider construction, of the governments of Germany. Even his beggary is an appeal to loyalty, as he proceeds,

" Of Herman, the Cheruscan, the champion strong of honde,
Who harrowed in anger his foes from out the londe,
To him ye shall bring freely your silver and your gold,
So shall your kynges you regard with grace and favour manifold.

(*Speaks.*) "I am collecting for Herman—,"

In fact, the object of Schlaukopf is to test the doctor's loyalty to established principles, before discovering to him a great scheme which is the purpose of this visit. His petition on behalf of Herman, or Arminius, refers to a subscription-statue of the hero at Detmold, and is profanely rejected by the doctor, who calls it a scarecrow, set up to deprive the French of all taste for Ger-

many, by showing that there is no taste in Germany. He will not give a Hanoverian louis-d'or, or a six-kreutzer piece, in which the Duke of Saxe-Coburg has put one-third of alloy. The unity of Germany has no charms for him; and he has already immortalised his name by giving the nails for a door-panel in the Cathedral of Cologne. Patriotism and loyalty have so little hold upon him that he even jests on the sacred subject of the helmets of the Prussian army, and at last provokes Schlaukopf to throw off his disguise, and overwhelm him with invective — traitor, lunatic, communist, suicide, parricide, every epithet which the official vocabulary can supply, is heaped upon the doctor, who, in his surprise, asks if his friend was not once a professed republican, agitator, and regicide? 'Certainly,' is the reply; 'and accordingly here I am, actual-secret-royal-body-spy.' 'Actual secret?—oh! thou trebly blest!' exclaims the doctor, falling into his arms in ecstasy at the prospect of obtaining official employment.

Schlaukopf now develops his great plan, which is no other than that which is attributed to the King of Prussia by his enemies, as a scheme for meeting innovation by vague promises of future improvement. To the doctor he announces that Germany is pregnant, that his services are required for her accouchement, and that she is actually now at his door: to which, after some humorous dialogue, they proceed to receive her. 'What are those lean horses?' the doctor inquires. 'They are the provincial Estates of the kingdom.' 'How short you curb them up, particularly that Polish near horse. Do they never get the bit between their teeth?' 'Oh! no,' is the reply, 'they are accustomed to it; and if they moved out of the old track they would be struck dead at once.' 'Why, what do I see? they are harnessed behind the carriage.' 'Of course,' says Schlaukopf; 'that is the old fashion in Germany.' He further explains that the slaves who attend the carriage are the people, who are to pull it out of the mud when it sticks fast: and so the second act closes.

Without following the plot further in detail, it is enough to state that the pregnancy turns out to be doubtful, and that various suspicious events occur, giving room for the introduction of satirical interludes not bearing on the plot. Antigone and Medea appear with complaints of their sufferings from the representation of Greek plays at Potsdam. Tieck and Schelling come in to be subjected to fierce and contemptuous attacks; and at last the comedy ends by the appearance of the true Germany, and the vanishing of her fraudulent rival, who had been procured by Schlaukopf to personate her. In the course of the comedy two

parabases or addresses to the audience are introduced, which display considerable vigour and command of language. We conclude our notice of the 'Wochenstube' with a spirited and manly passage from the end of the second parabasis, in defence of the freedom of language which we have censured.

"But thou, my own, my German race, oh thou elect of Heaven,
That old Greek life through thee once more may to the world be given.
Put off false shame; put halfness off; be, what thou wouldst be, wholly:
Leave gray to asses—leave the monk his dull dun melancholy.
Trust me, in this close air, by nice æsthetic scents corrected,
By fear of age and censorships prepared and disinfected—
In this thick air, where connoisseurs and critics smother nature—
No poet wilt thou rear in this, no man to manly stature.
Had Shakespeare's self been forced to go from box to box appealing,
To learn if this and that might suit their Worships' moral feeling;
Had Aristophanes, the Clouds, the Frogs, the Knights inditing,
Trembled to think what girls and priests might strain at in his writing;
Then had they never seen the light, those glorious Lords of Merit,
Kings by their own sufficing grace in the free realm of Spirit.
Yet as for artist, and for bard—for verse, and picture-monger—
Why, for our sweetmeats, were that all, we'd wait a little longer;
But on thine own, thy civic life, the same harsh chain is griding,
And holds thee ever to the half—half-souled and undecided.
Yea—reverence unto ancient time, and unto princes honour;
But reverence to the Future too—Men thirst to look upon her.
To settle strife with compliments—'tis pretty litigation,
But base to compliment away the Free Right of a nation.
Who needs the great—and this is thou—must will the great, or nothing—
One may not sip of Freedom's wine; but quaff it full and frothing.
Take courage then, and grasp the cup with firm and fearless holding;
And don't be quite scared out of sense, because thy kings are scolding.
And in the aftertime, when thou to thee thy right hast taken,
Then too for thee shall Comedy with all good things awaken;
A genuine Aristophanes then sing thee German snatches,
And for my play—who will may take, and twist it into matches."

The last writer on our list is the best known of all, the celebrated or notorious author of the 'Reisebilder,' the seditious, profane, immoral, witty, genial, and graceful Heine. A true poet of the Epicurean school, he laughs at every thing which has a serious outside, and yet retains a tenderness of feeling which gives relief to his humour. The allowances which, as we have said, are to be made for satirical writers are doubly due to those who combine poetry with wit, and, in exposing the trivial, suggest the beautiful. If Heine's opinions are wrong, let him look to them; it is of great importance to him that they should be right. To us who are not his disciples it is of no importance at all. And as far as they are conveyed in his humorous writings they are probably in a great part true, though often wrongly applied. What is laughed at and censured is generally laughable and censurable, though it may not be a characteristic of the person in whom it is laughed at, or of the system which is attacked. The old antinomy is not irreconcilable. Ridicule is not the test of truth in the

concrete, because it has nothing to do with the connexion of predicate with subject. Ridicule cannot show whether Cleon was a charlatan—whether Wood's halfpence were good or bad. But, on the other hand, ridicule is the test of truth, inasmuch as it is wholly impotent except against that which is in the abstract ridiculous. Quack statesmen, and governments which issue bad halfpence, as Prutz insinuates of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, are to be laughed at or something more. Probably Heine has not got much further in arranging his opinions than the conviction that falsehood is false and meanness mean. In the meantime, he scandalises many persons, including ourselves, by assuming the falsehood and meanness of various kings, national sentiments, and other highly respectable objects of his satire.

His humour is of a light and playful kind, intermixed with description and sentiment, not wasting itself in unremitting invective, but striking seldom and then striking home. The satire almost always appears a secondary or incidental purpose, suggested by some casual turn in an independent train of thought. It belongs to the school of Beranger, and its closest parallel is in Moore. Those who thirty years ago delighted in the 'Twopenny Post-bag' may find a similar readiness of allusion, and equal command of easy and natural versification, in Heine's 'Deutschland.' The poem consists of scenes in a supposed tour from the Prussian frontier, near Aix-la-Chapelle, to the author's native city, Hamburg. Wherever he comes something reminds him of German politics or patriotism. The Custom-house naturally suggests the Zollverein, and at Cologne Father Rhine himself appears to him, and complains of the bad verses of Becker on the 'free—the German Rhine.' Further on, the battle-field of Arminius naturally suggests complacent feelings.

" This is what Tacitus described,
The Teutoburgian forest;
And this the classical morass,
Where Varus' need was sorest.

" Here smote him the Cheruscan chief,
The noble warrior Herman:
In this same mud was won the right
To call our nation German.

" And had his blond-complexioned
hordes
Not won the fight for Herman,
We had been Romans all—had lost
The Freedom that makes us Ger-
man.

" Our fatherland had talk'd like Rome,
Had worn the Roman tunic—
Quirites had the Swabians been—
Yea—vestals lived at Munich.

" Neander had an augur been,
For flights of vultures looking,
And Hengstenberg a haruspex,
At oxen's entrails poking.

" No German bore had Rümer been—
He had been a Roman Boratius;
And Freiligrath's verses had been un-
rhymed,
Like those of Flaccus Horatius.

" The grubbing blockhead, Father Jahn
Had been called Grobianus—
Massman talked Latin—*Me hercule!*
As Marcus Tullius Massmanus.

" The friends of truth had been beset
With lions, jackals, hyenas,
(Instead of the curs of each little ga-
zette)
Roaring round them in Roman arenas.

"Instead of three dozen 'Land-fathers'
We should have had one Nero;
And spite of police have opened our
veins,
Each like a classic hero.
"Thank God! the Romans lost the day,
The fight was won by Herman—
Slain with his legions Varus lay,
And we continued German.
"Right German we are, and right
German we talk,
As 'twas talked by his old Batavians,

An ass is an ass, not *assinus*,
—And the Swabians still are Swa-
bians.

"Still Räumler in our German north
A grievous German bore is;
And Freiligrath pours couplets forth
—Not in the least like Horace.

• • • • •
"Oh, Herman! this we owe to thee—
And so to hand thy fame down,
A statue at Detmold is getting up—
Myself—I put my name down."

We are not acquainted with the original speech to some meet-
ing of provincial Estates, which Heine appears to have taken for
his model in the following oration; but it seems from the copy to
have been not uncharacteristic of royalty. An accident happens
to the carriage at midnight in a wood, and the traveller is left
alone to listen to the wolves howling round him.

"'Tis the wild howl of the wolves—I
know
Their savage hungry screaming—
Like torches through the darksome
night
Their fiery eyes are gleaming.

"The brutes no doubt had heard of me,
Detained thus in the forest;
And to mark respect they lighted it up,
And round me sung and chorus'd.

"A Provincial State—and they give me
a fête
To mark their entire devotion—
I quickly assumed an attitude,
And address'd them with deep emo-
tion.

"Brethren and Wolves!—with no
common joy
I stand in this loyal meeting,
Hail'd by so many noble hearts
With howls of love and greeting.

"The feelings which this moment
brings
Are wholly inexpressible,—
This proudest hour of my life will leave
An impress ineffaceable.

"I thank you for the confidence
Bestowed, I trust, with reason,
Of which you grace me with the proofs
At every trying season.

"Brethren and Wolves—you doubted
me not,
Nor gave ear to the base detraction
Of scoundrels who told you that I, for-
sooth,
Had joined the Doggish faction.

"Had rattled in fact, and should soon
in the fold
Be a Hofrath—the price of desertion.
—'Tis beneath one like me, whom you
know from of old,
To notice so vile an aspersion.

"The sheepskin I wore—'twas for
warmth, nothing more—
I assure you in all sincerity
It never gave me any crotchety schemes
For promoting the sheep's prosperity.

"I am no sheep—no dog am I,
No Hofrath, and no shell-fish—
Wolf, wolf am I still, wolf I have been
and will— [wolfish.
Heart, stomach, and teeth, all are

"I am a wolf, and take my stand
With the wolves, a howler and yelper:
So count on me, and help yourselves,
And God will be your helper.'

"This speech I made, quite unprepared
By previous thought or writing—
—An incomplete report appear'd
In the *Allgemeine Zeitung*."

In the Kiffhäusenbergr, as all the world knows, the Emperor
Frederick Barbarossa sits at a stone-table, surrounded by his war-
riors, waiting till his appointed time shall come, to reign again
over Germany. The modern democrat naturally has an inter-
view with the mysterious potentate. The introduction of scraps

of ballads into the poem, and the transition to Barbarossa, seem to us very happily contrived. The murderer—the judges of the Vehm—the exiled princess keeping geese—all injustice and suffering which gives matter for legends, equally typifies the kings and nobles who have slain the Princess Germania, and the people who wait for the avenger.

"The wind is moist, the land is bleak,
The chaise jolts on through the mire,
Yet rings it and sings it within my
heart—

'Sun, thou accusing fire!'

"'Tis the burden of the ballad old,
Which my nurse was often singing—
'Sun, thou accusing fire'—it comes
Like the sound of a bugle ringing.

"The ballad told of a murderer grim—
Long lived he in pleasure and glory;
At last they found him hang'd in a wood
To the bough of a willow hoary.

"Nailed over his head, on the trunk
was read

The murderer's death-doom dire—
This deed have the Vehm-Avengers
done—

'Sun, thou accusing fire!'

"The Sun was accuser—he called them
forth

The price of blood to require:
Otilia had cried with her dying voice,

'Sun, thou accusing fire!'

"When I think of the ballad, I think,
too, of her,

Of my nurse, the dear old creature;
Her face comes before me, with each
strange fold,

Each brown and wrinkled feature.

"She was born in the Münsterland,
And many a true ghost story,
And many a grisly tale she knew,
And ballad and legend hoary.

"How beat my heart when the aged
crone
Told the tale, so sad and tender,
Of the princess who sat on the heath
alone

'Mid her locks of golden splendour.

"She kept the geese in that land of
dole,

And ever at eve, poor maiden,
As she drove the geese beneath the
gate,
She stopped with sorrow laden.

"For she saw nail'd up above the gate
A horse's head before her—
It was the head of the well-known
horse

From her father's hall that bore
her.

"'Oh, Falada!' the princess sighed,
'Woe for thy hanging yonder.'

The horse's head to the princess said,
'Woe for thy will to wander.'

"The princess sigh'd from underneath:
'If but my mother knew it.'

The horse's head to the princess said,
'Her heart would break to view it.'"

The next of his nurse's stories which occurs to him is the legend of Barbarossa sitting in his subterranean hall, with men and horses all harnessed, but all motionless—and old weapons and armour hanging round—

"His beard has grown till it touches
the ground,

As red as flames of fire;
Sometimes he twinkles with his eye,
And knits his brows in ire.

"And whether he sleep or whether he
muse,

Not rightly thou discernest;
But when the destined hour shall
come,

Then will he wake in earnest.

"He grasps the banner and waves it
round,

'To horse! to horse!' for the battle.
His men all stir and spring to their feet
From the ground with an iron rattle.

"Each springs on his horse as it neighs
and stamps, [mour;

Fresh roused from the sleep of gla-
Then forth they ride, and the world
rings wide [mour.

With their trumpets' piercing cla-

<p>"They ride aright; right well they fight, Nor sleep nor rest they further; The Kaiser holds a hall of doom On those who have done murder—</p> <p>"On those who murder'd the wond'rous May, The May whom all desire; The gold-hair'd maid Germania— 'SUN, THOU ACCUSING FIRE!'"</p>	<p>"And many who bold in their robber hold, Laugh'd at the thought of danger, Shall not escape the avenging rope, And Barbarossa's anger.</p> <p>"My nurse's stories—they sound so sweet,— And I, while my heart beats higher, In superstitious faith repeat, 'SUN, THOU ACCUSING FIRE!'"</p>
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The traveller sees the emperor in a dream, and after looking over his arsenal, urges him to come at once; but Frederick replies

"If it comes not to-day, yet to-morrow it may—
The oaks grow strong and slowly—
And '*chi va piano va sano*,' they say,
In the Roman Empire holy."

In another interview Barbarossa asks in turn for news. His last information came down no later than the Seven Years' War, and he inquires for Moses Mendelssohn and others, and with particular interest for Madame Dubarry. Heine informs him that Felix, the grandson of Moses, has advanced so far in Christianity as to be a Maestro di Capella; and after answering his other questions, satisfies him in detail as to Madame Dubarry. But his tale leads him to a disagreement with the representative of the German empire, with his colours of black, and red, and gold.

<p>"Madame Dubarry lived merry and free While Louis lived to befriend her— The Fifteenth I mean—she was getting old [her. At the time when they guillotined</p> <p>"That Louis in his quiet bed Ended his reign and life, too; But Louis Sixteen did they guillotine, And Antoinette his wife, too.</p> <p>"The Queen of France with lofty soul Right worthily demean'd her; But Dubarry sigh'd, and scream'd, and cried, [her. At the time when they guillotined</p> <p>"Still stood the emperor; and with eyes Of haughty puzzled meaning, Said slowly, 'What, in the name of God, Is that word 'guillotining?'"</p> <p>"'Guillotining,' I began to explain, Is a new invented fashion, Which out of life, and into death, Helps folk of every station.</p>	<p>"With the new times, as things re- quired, They brought a new machine in— 'Twas made by Doctor Guillotin, So they called it Guillotining.</p> <p>"They strap you down upon a plank— It sinks—and on they shove you Between two posts—a sharpen'd axe Hangs neatly, just above you.</p> <p>"They pull a string—down comes the knife, Cuts merrily asunder; And so your head conveniently Drops in a sack right under.]</p> <p>"'Silence!' the emperor broke in, 'Silence! I would not serve me Nor hear a word more of your horrid machine— The Lord in Heaven preserve me!</p> <p>"'The King of France! the Queen of France! Strapp'd to a plank before 'em! What a heavy blow to etiquette, What ruin to court decorum.</p>
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"And who are you that venture with
me
To talk thus indiscreetly?
Fellow, take care, or I soon may pare
Your saucy pinions neatly.

"My inmost gall it rises up
To hear you prate and reason—
Your very breath is lese-majesty,
And High-imperial treason."

"While thus the old one storm'd and
raved,
And work'd himself into a passion,
My thoughts, too, were stirr'd by the
threats which I heard,
And I spoke them with small reser-
vation.

"Sir Redbeard,' I said, 'recollect that
you're dead—

A fable, an old wife's story.
Go lie down and snore, we ourselves
evermore

Will work out our freedom and glory.

"One always can hear the Republicans
jeer,
When they see crown'd and sceptred
before us,

A crazy old ghost at the head of our
host:
Their jokes become quite indecor-
ous.

"And away with your flag. In my
college days,
With grimaces and pomp out of sea-
son,

Those 'Old-German' fools put a stop to
my taste
For the black-red-golden blazon.

"The best you can do is to stay at
home

Here in the old Kiffhäuser—
When I give good heed to the time and
its need,

We want no more any Kaiser."

On reflection, however, the patriot sings a palinode, and im-
plores the emperor to pardon him. He will not press the guillo-
tine on him, but be contented with the old methods, the axe for
the nobles, the rope for the commons, though he would ask for a
change sometimes, for the hanging a few nobles. The Roman
Empire and the middle ages shall be welcome back—any thing
but the hybrid offspring of old and new manners—

"That mongrel chivalry,
That mixture so deterring,
Of gothic dreams and modern lies,
Not fish, flesh, or red-herring."

A definition of 'Young-Englandism' in Germany, which, as
coming from a pure Semitic Caucasian of the Hebrew race, we
recommend to Mr. D'Israeli's notice. Not being an Englishman,
Heine does *not* continue as follows:

"That pinchbeck 'Fancied History,'
Untrue—yet how prosaic—
Not silver, gold, or precious stone,
But *Arabian Mosaic*."

We have not room to follow the poet to Hamburg.

If the judicious reader remarks that it is a strong measure to
guillotine kings, and that all the different attacks on governments
which we have quoted, are so far unjust that they would apply
almost as well to any government, we have nothing to say to the
contrary—except that, under the circumstances, neither the blood-
thirstiness nor the injustice shock us very deeply, and that we
hope that others may find them, as we have found them, amusing
in their wickedness, pleasant though wrong.

ART. VII.—*Sailing Directions for the Red Sea.* By R. MORSEY and T. ELWON, Esqrs., Commanders, Indian Navy. Printed by order of the Court of Directors of the East India Company. London: Allen and Co. 1841.

WE have more than once spoken of the character and achievements of the Indian Army. It is our design in the present article to commemorate many of the distinguished services which the Navy of the East India Company has performed for geography and navigation. These enterprises, though less brilliant, are no less useful to mankind, since they at the same time facilitate greatly the operations of commerce, and render safer and more agreeable the lives of mariners. It will at once be seen that we allude to the surveys which have been executed by officers of the Indian Navy,*

* The comparative strength of the East India Company's Navy at several periods, from 1839 to the present day, will be seen from the Table here subjoined.

1839.		1832.		1830.	
Name.	Tonnage, Horse Power, No. of Guns.	Name.	Tonnage, Horse Power, No. of Guns.	Name.	Tonnage, Horse Power, No. of Guns.
Acher	1149	Elphinstone .. 18 guns	350	Indus	304
Anklesud ..	946	Amherst	320	Medusa	433
Scottrick ..	876	Clive	320	Assyria	163
Semiramis ..	960	Cote	300	Comet	304
Atalanta ..	617	Benares, 14 gun, surv. shp.	210	Conqueror ..	40
Berwick	664	Turnate	280	Meteor	24
Cleopatra ..	770	Thetis	320	Nimrod	40
Hugh Lindsay	411	Nautilus	160	Napier	60
Victoria	703	Euphrates	380	Planet	335
Zenobia	684	Turris	380	Satellite	162
		Palinurus, 8 gun, surveying.		Niocyris	40
		Royal Tiger, 4 gun, schooner.			
		Hastings, 30 gun, frigate.			
		Elphinstone .. 18 guns			
		Amherst			
		Clive			
		Cote			
		Benares, 14 gun, surv. shp.			
		Turnate			
		Thetis			
		Nautilus			
		Euphrates			
		Turris			
		Palinurus			
		Royal Tiger, 4 gun, schooner.			
		Hastings, 30 gun, frigate.			
		Elphinstone .. 18 guns			
		Amherst			
		Clive			
		Cote			
		Benares, 14 gun, surv. shp.			
		Turnate			
		Thetis			
		Nautilus			
		Euphrates			
		Turris			
		Palinurus			
		Royal Tiger, 4 gun, schooner.			
		Hastings, 30 gun, frigate.			
		Elphinstone .. 18 guns			
		Amherst			
		Clive			
		Cote			
		Benares, 14 gun, surv. shp.			
		Turnate			
		Thetis			
		Nautilus			
		Euphrates			
		Turris			
		Palinurus			
		Royal Tiger, 4 gun, schooner.			
		Hastings, 30 gun, frigate.			
		Elphinstone .. 18 guns			
		Amherst			
		Clive			
		Cote			
		Benares, 14 gun, surv. shp.			
		Turnate			
		Thetis			
		Nautilus			
		Euphrates			
		Turris			
		Palinurus			
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		Elphinstone .. 18 guns			
		Amherst			
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		Cote			
		Benares, 14 gun, surv. shp.			
		Turnate			
		Thetis			
		Nautilus			
		Euphrates			
		Turris			
		Palinurus			
		Royal Tiger, 4 gun, schooner.			
		Hastings, 30 gun, frigate.			
		Elphinstone .. 18 guns			
		Amherst			
		Clive			
		Cote			
		Benares, 14 gun, surv. shp.			
		Turnate			
		Thetis			
		Nautilus			
		Euphrates			
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		Royal Tiger, 4 gun, schooner.			
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		Palinurus			
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		Elphinstone .. 18 guns			
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		Clive			
		Cote			
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		Turnate			
		Thetis			
		Nautilus			
		Euphrates			
		Turris			
		Palinurus			
		Royal Tiger, 4 gun, schooner.			
		Hastings, 30 gun, frigate.			
		Elphinstone .. 18 guns			
		Amherst			
		Clive			
		Cote			
		Benares, 14 gun, surv. shp.			
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many of whom have given proofs of abilities of no common order, united with a degree of industry, of patience, and of a conscientious sense of duty, which would do honour to any service in the world.

We cannot, of course, hope, within the limits of a single article, to do full justice to all who have in this way deserved well of the public. They are far too numerous, and the field of their exertions lies too widely spread over the surface of the globe. Some selection must be made, some bounds prescribed to our account, though it will be matter of regret to us if we appear to neglect any whose merits entitle them to notice.

For the means of executing the plan we have proposed to ourselves, we are chiefly indebted to the liberal courtesy of Sir Charles Malcolm, who has placed at our disposal a mass of information so rich and varied, that there is reason to fear we may not be able to avail ourselves sufficiently of it. This able and gallant officer was for many years superintendent of the Indian Navy, during which period he applied himself with indefatigable zeal and industry to the acquisition of whatever knowledge might be useful to the service under his charge, or throw light upon its history, or tend to promote its efficiency in time to come. All the great surveys, of which we shall have occasion to speak, were undertaken and completed during his administration, and of many, if not of most of them, the idea originated with him. Occasionally, he encountered some difficulty in overcoming the economical scruples of the local government; but in no one instance, we believe, did he ever meet with any thing but the most liberal encouragement from the Court of Directors. They seem generally to have understood what course would best promote the interests of commerce and navigation, and to have been anxious that it should be adopted, altogether regardless of the cost. They had, no doubt, the fullest confidence in the superintendent, and were satisfied that he would do nothing but upon principles of the most enlightened economy, which never sacrifices great ends to petty savings, but is careful first to effect the purpose intended, and next to effect it at the least possible expense.

In what manner Sir Charles Malcolm discharged the duties of his office, we shall find it difficult to explain without entering into details, for which we have here no room. Having projected any particular survey, he seems to have entered into the most careful calculations, not only respecting the force to be employed, but respecting every incidental advantage that might be derived from it, both to the government he served and to science and humanity in general. His instructions, therefore, modestly denominated 'sailing directions,' constitute a model of that form of composition. No-

thing is overlooked. Chiefly, of course, the interests of the government are considered; but these having been provided for, we find proofs of the most paternal solicitude for the welfare and comfort of all engaged, seamen as well as officers. Next the suggestions of a liberal curiosity present themselves, and the most minute and precise directions are given concerning the manner of conducting inquiries connected more or less intimately with geography, or with the character and manners of the tribes and nations inhabiting the coasts or islands contiguous to the surveying grounds.

But the circumstance most honourable to the superintendent's character remains still to be mentioned: we mean his earnest and persevering solicitude that all possible credit should be given to the officers under his command, and that their errors, when they happened to commit any, should be judged of with leniency, and as soon as possible forgotten. For his sake, and for the sake of all those employed under him, we wish the voluminous records we have perused could be printed entire, because the effect, most unquestionably, would be to impress the public with very high respect for almost every individual concerned. We must not omit to mention our obligations to Mr. Walker, hydrographer to the East India Company, who has kindly laid open to our inspection one of the richest collections of charts in the world, and furnished us besides with information of which few possess more than he, or are more willing to impart it. To several distinguished officers of the Indian Navy we are also much indebted, though we have not their permission to give them the credit which is their due. Hereafter, perhaps, this obstacle may be removed, when it will afford us much gratification to enumerate all those who have in any way been of service to us.

Of the older surveys no record has been preserved. It is merely known, that, in 1788, Captain M'Cluer examined the coast of India, from Bombay to Surat, and from thence round the Gulf of Cambay to Diu Head. Captain Maxfield continued these operations along the peninsula of Guzerat, and Lieutenant Middleton made a cursory survey of the Gulf of Cutch. Up to the year 1828, the whole shore from Mandavi to Karachi Bunder might be considered as almost unknown to navigators. From this point to Cape Guadal, the coast of Mekran had been slightly laid down by Lieutenant Maskal, but from thence to the extreme of the Persian Gulf nothing exact had been done.

East of Cape Comorin, however, an extensive system of operations had for many years been carrying on, though we have been able to obtain no detailed information respecting it. The survey of the China Sea was commenced in 1807, by Captains Ross and Maughan, but proceeded in no regular manner. The parts com-

menced were the coasts east and west of Macao from Tienpak westward, to the Lema Islands eastward, the various islands and channels being minutely examined. These portions, with separate surveys of the Paracels Islands and shoals, and the coast of Palawan, were sent home and published by the court. A considerable delay then occurred, Captain Ross having been taken with the vessel he commanded, and carried prisoner to Batavia by the French. Being released, he, on his return to India, received charge of another survey of the China Seas, which was commenced in 1812, and Captains Maughan and Crawford subsequently joined him. About this period Captain Haughton was first employed as draughtsman on this service. From that time forward, the survey, from various causes, was carried on in portions much detached, and without any order; the south-eastern part of the China Sea occupying one season; the Natuna, Anamba, and Tumbelan Islands, with their channels; parts of the coast of Borneo, the Straits of Gaspar and Carimata, and rocks near them, other two seasons. Then was executed a portion of the coast of China, &c., from the great Lema to Namoa Islands, with parts of the Pescadores and Formosa, and a cursory examination of the Bashee Islands and channels. A slight survey of the southern and eastern coasts of Hainan was also made, and several of the harbours were very carefully finished. The same was done with the coast of Cochin China, for the purpose of testing the accuracy of the charts made by M. Dayot, an intelligent French officer in the service of the king of that country.

In 1818 and 1819, Captain Ross and his coadjutors were employed on the survey of the entrance of the Straits of Malacca, and the north and south sands within. The party on this duty co-operated in various ways in forming the new settlement of Singapore, under Sir Stamford Raffles; among others, that of constructing minute charts of the harbour, and coasts and islands adjacent. Connected with the general survey, the officers were engaged in various detached duties on different occasions; one of them of some consequence, the two surveying vessels being ordered to accompany the ships of the embassy to the Gulf of Pecheli under Lord Amherst, when they proceeded to the mouth of the Peiho river. Subsequently, the officers, on their return, and when detached from the other ships of the embassy, visited and made separate surveys of parts of the coast, and two or three harbours of the province of Shantung.

During the progress of the works, many discoveries were made of the highest importance to the navigation of those seas, and points and positions of objects fixed with accuracy, which had

long been desiderata from the extreme want of correctness in all former charts.

In 1820, the surveys of the China Seas were closed, and the vessels returned to Bombay; various circumstances, we believe, combining at the time to render this measure necessary. Much more would have been done on the coast of China, and the parts immediately adjacent, had circumstances permitted; but the greatest caution was then supposed to be requisite, for fear of giving offence to the Chinese government. There was no doubt that the operations, when anywhere near the shores, were closely watched, as, on approaching any of the harbours, particularly at Amoy, war-boats cruised about, or anchored near the ships. This was the case, also, off Formosa and Corea. The surveyors' exertions, therefore, were necessarily cramped by the strict injunctions laid upon them to avoid giving offence, and much less was effected than the time expended would have seemed to warrant. There is still in those regions a vast field open to the inquirer. The Gulf of Tonquin and its extensive shores, though so comparatively close to our principal settlement, in the further east is entirely unknown. Much has, no doubt, been done of late on the shores of the Yellow Sea, but a vast deal yet remains unexplored.

Towards the close of 1815, the Court of Directors ordered the Bombay government to take the necessary steps towards obtaining a correct chart of the western coast of the Gulf of Persia; but this order produced no effect till 1820, when Captain Maughan and Lieutenant Guy, in the 'Discovery' and 'Psyche' were sent into the gulf. On the labours of the first of these officers it is unnecessary to dwell, because he quitted the undertaking abruptly, and no exact idea of what he accomplished can now be formed. Upon his withdrawal, Lieutenant Guy in the 'Discovery,' and Lieutenant Cogan in the 'Psyche,' obstructed by fever, and the necessity of sailing hither and thither in search of water and supplies, proceeded slowly with their task. In the beginning, however, of 1822, Lieutenant Guy forwarded a report to government, containing an interesting sketch of the pirate coast, which in 1809 had been the scene of successful operations against the Joasmi.

These men, trusting as much to the difficult nature of their country as to their personal courage, in which, however, they were by no means deficient, had from time immemorial carried on the profession of piracy, at first sparing British vessels, but ultimately capturing them and murdering their crews, in common with those of all other nations. To pursue them was a work of

much hazard and difficulty, owing chiefly to our ignorance of the peculiar character of their haunts. Lieutenant Guy, taking up the survey where it had been left by Captain Maughan, found the coasts to consist of bays, coves, and inlets, until then wholly unexplored by Europeans, and considered dangerous from the supposed great depth of water, strong currents, and sunken rocks.

This part of the coast of Arabia being mostly a low sand, and in many places just visible from the ship's anchorage, with an almost constant surf on the beach, without an object for many miles, as stations, the task of surveying it was one of great difficulty. Proceeding northward along the shore, the native name of which is 'Roosah Jebel,' or the mountainous capes, and correcting numerous errors as they went along, they arrived at the Island Aboneid, which lies nearly in the same meridian of longitude as Aboothabee. This island affords good shelter from the prevailing winds in the gulf. The Arabs resort to it in the season for the purpose of catching fish, which are found in great quantities, and are immediately salted down, with salt found on the spot. Their principal market is Bahrain, where they barter their fish for grain and dates.

In some places Captain Guy found the coast much further to the southward than was supposed, with many islands and deep inlets, to the extent of twenty or thirty miles, not only totally unknown to Europeans, but also to the Arabs about Rassulkhyma and Shoorga. He discovered twenty-seven islands and islets, mostly low, with some narrow ship channels between; and, although there were considerable dangers, upon the whole the way proved much clearer than was expected. The part of the coast where a landing was made, turned out very low and swampy, without any vegetable production. There were no inhabitants; but the tracks of many camels were to be seen, which shows that caravans are in the habit of passing to and fro.

The last group of islands explored by Captain Guy consisted of nine, on which were found 300 or 400 inhabitants, who had quitted the town of El-Biddah when their houses were burned by the Hon. Company's brig 'Vestal.' The coast from El-Biddah to Aboothabee is inhabited by tribes of wandering Arabs, and it is only when you are the stronger party, that you can expect to be safe from being plundered. The waters found there are so brackish as to be unfit for use. A high compliment has been paid to the characters of the officers employed under Captain Guy:—Lieutenant Brucks, Lieutenant Cogan, and Lieutenant Haughton, afterwards Indian navy draughtsman. The last mentioned officer adds to great knowledge in his particular profession a fine taste for drawing. Indeed he is, in every respect, a

highly accomplished man. Mr. Horsburgh, the late hydrographer to the East India Company, entertained the most favourable opinion of his talents, and very much admired the beautiful manner in which he worked up and finished the charts which were sent home. Lieutenant Haines, who has since so remarkably distinguished himself for the survey of the Gulf of Aden, with the south coast of Arabia and Socotra, as well as a politician, was among the most useful of Captain Gury's assistants. Lieutenants Rogers and Whitelock likewise gave proofs of great talents.

On the 11th of February, 1823, Lieutenant Brucks succeeded to Captain Gury, who returned to the presidency, and shortly after died. By the month of April, 1825, the whole western coast of the Gulf of Persia had been completely surveyed, after which the ships employed in the service returned to the presidency. Early in the following year Lieutenant Brucks resumed operations, with orders to examine the head of the gulf, to visit the dangerous shoals called the Scorpion and Serpent, and then to proceed down the coast of Persia. In order to form some idea of the difficulties encountered in these operations, as well as of the energy and perseverance of the gentlemen employed, it may be observed that, in the course of a fortnight, in spite of all the obstacles they met with from the extensive sand-flats, running sometimes nearly three miles off shore, through which the officers and men had to wade middle deep, they were enabled to complete a distance of seventy-nine miles.

In the prosecution of this part of their enterprise, they observed an extraordinary phenomenon not previously noticed by any navigators. It was in the month of May, the weather being extremely sultry, when the winds blowing seawards brought along with them prodigious clouds of dust, so fine, and of so little specific gravity, that they were held in suspension in the air, and created the appearance of a thick haze, which prevented persons from seeing objects, and continued sometimes for two days together. The vast quantity of soil thus carried away from the surface of the desert can with difficulty be conceived; but it must be obvious that, if bound and fixed by moisture, the whole of the tracts from which it is brought might be rendered fertile.

There can scarcely be a doubt that, at the head of the Persian Gulf, the process which has taken place in the valley of the Nile is rapidly going on, and that it will gradually become dry. While surveying opposite the mouths of the rivers, more especially the Shat-el-Arab, the vessels could not approach within less than sixteen miles of the shore, while at the same time it is so low as not to be visible more than five. They were reduced accordingly to depend on floating objects for preserving their trigonometrical chain.

At the embouchure of the Hindian river, which the Baron de Bode has shown to be the Abi-Shirin of Timûr's historians, there exists a large mud bank covered with bulrushes, which was at one time supposed completely to obstruct the entrance. This river abounds with fish, among which is one which sticks to the bottoms of boats, and unless great care be taken to remove it, produces leaks. From this point Captain Brucks continued his operations with indefatigable industry, and having subjected the whole of the Persian coast within the gulf, together with the several islands, banks, and shoals, to a careful examination, completed the survey in the summer of 1828.

On the 3rd of June of the same year, Sir Charles Malcolm succeeded Captain Buchanan as superintendent of the Indian navy. In the February of 1829 Captain Brucks, who up to that point had been employed in surveying the coasts of Arabia and Persia outside the straits, made over the charge of the 'Benares' to Lieutenant Haines, who proceeded with the examination of the shore of Mekran. In April of the same year, this latter officer visited and laid down the bay and harbour of Karachi, though the native authorities showed the greatest possible reluctance to permit him. They appeared to have a presentiment of what was to take place.

As it had now been determined by the Indian government that a rapid communication should be kept up between Great Britain and India by steam, it was resolved to undertake the survey of the Red Sea, which was to constitute a part of the great highway to the East. The officers appointed to carry on this work were Captain Elwon, in the 'Benares,' whose surveying ground extended from Jiddah to the Straits of Babelmandeb, and Captain Moresby in the 'Palinurus,' who was to take all that part of the sea which stretches from Jiddah northward to Suez.

The reasons which determined the government of India to enter upon this laborious undertaking were chiefly two: first, the dangers to navigation arising from an almost entire ignorance of the configuration and soundings of both coasts of the Red Sea; and, second, the necessity of ascertaining the dispositions and political predilections of the inhabitants, more especially on the Arabian shore. A very anomalous state of things was in general known to exist; but it could not with certainty be foreseen how it might affect us, or whether steam navigation would in fact be practicable during the prevalence of that political excitement which then prevailed, more or less, throughout Arabia.

It does not belong to our present subject to state all the causes which at that time disturbed the minds of the Arabs. It may be sufficient, perhaps, to observe that Mohammed Ali was aiming at the subjugation of the whole peninsula, and that his designs

being perfectly known at Constantinople, the sultan, unable to oppose him openly, was believed to have engaged clandestinely many of Mohammed Ali's officers and men in his service, and that, through the agency of these, several insurrections and revolts took place. At any rate there were two strong parties in Arabia, that of the pasha, and that of the sultan, while some of the Albanian chiefs were at the bottom attached to neither, but eager to set up some little petty sovereignty for themselves.

In the hands of individuals engaged in such intrigues, all the ports on the Arabian coast, and even some on that of Abyssinia then were, and it seemed doubtful to the government of Bombay, whether it would be safe or practicable to establish coal depôts in places so anarchical, or where supreme authority appeared every moment in danger of passing into new hands. It entered, therefore, into the plan of the survey of the Red Sea to make a sort of moral and political survey of the tempers of the ruling powers, as well as of the inclinations of the people under their sway.

The character of Mohammed Ali was then, as it still is, an enigma to most persons. Generally he would seem to have obtained credit for good feeling towards Great Britain, though they who know him best have always been persuaded that he views our influence in the East with intense jealousy, and that while for the profit it brings him, and through fear of the consequences of giving offence, he is unwilling absolutely to prohibit our passage through his country, he lives in perpetual dread of us, not being able to comprehend an honest, straightforward policy, or to believe that we entertain any other design than that of ultimately seizing upon Egypt.

This view of his character is supported by numerous circumstances which transpired during the period of the survey: the detention of the Surat fleet at Mocha, and the hostility manifested by the Company's agent at Jiddah so soon as the government of the place had been bestowed upon him by the pasha. Ostensibly no doubt his highness showed every disposition to forward our enterprise; but it was known that from the Gulf of Acaba to Hadramaut, he exerted himself to sow dissensions between the Bedouins and the English. One of his reasons for this conduct arose from his having assumed in Egypt not the character of sovereign only, but those of a merchant and a manufacturer also, and his interest in these latter capacities was often at variance with his interest as a prince. It might, for example, have greatly improved his revenues to encourage the commercial intercourse of the English with his Arabian possessions, but, actuated by the petty jealousy of a trader, he sought to substitute throughout his miserable Egyptian fabrics for ours. These facts it is necessary to

bear in mind, when considering the obstacles with which our officers had to struggle during the five years in which they were engaged in the survey of the Red Sea.

It would be altogether impossible for us to give any thing like a history of the scientific operations carried on by Captains Elwon and Moresby. Nor, from the very nature of the thing, could it be interesting to the general reader if we could. Our object is rather to direct attention to the subject, and thus, in a popular manner, to do justice to the officers engaged, than to enter into scientific details which would here be wholly out of place. In order to illustrate the nature of the obstacles which were sometimes to be surmounted, we may allude briefly to the skilful policy which the superintendent found it necessary to pursue in order to procure a survey of the Gulf of Acaba. As the principal object of course was to facilitate steam communication with India, it was thought by the Bombay government, at the head of which Lord Clare then was, that as there was no absolute necessity for deviating from the route proposed to be pursued by the steamers, the examination of the Gulf of Acaba would be superfluous, though it might throw some light on the science of geography.

This, however, was not considered an adequate motive for incurring any additional expense, and Sir Charles Malcolm was accordingly informed that it would not be undertaken. Perceiving how matters stood he omitted to press the subject further at the time, but afterwards, as if incidentally, suggested that since steamers might by bad weather or otherwise be compelled to enter the mouth of the gulf, it might, perhaps, be as well to survey it cursorily a little way up. To this no decided objection was made, and the cursory examination took place. It was next hinted, that as the direct route through Egypt might probably be obstructed by political events which would compel us to communicate with India through Syria, a knowledge of the Gulf of Acaba would then be of great service, and, that as it was intended the 'Palinurus' should survey a part of it, it might, perhaps, be as well, if government saw no decided objection, to glance rapidly over the whole. The governor in council at length, with much reluctance, consented to this arrangement, upon which the superintendent directed Captain Moresby to make a thorough examination of that part of the Red Sea, and to this piece of manœuvring we accordingly owe it, that that most important undertaking was not left incomplete.

While the scientific operations were in progress several of the younger and more enterprising officers were permitted, and even encouraged, to make land excursions on all sides, for the pur-

pose of improving our knowledge of the regions contiguous to the Red Sea. Thus the peninsula of Sinai was visited by Lieutenant Wellsted, who afterwards, in company with Lieutenant Carless, traversed the desert between Kosseir and the Sald, and passed some time with the author of the present article at Thebes. There, at night, in the tombs, or sitting in the Hall of Columns at Karnak, or wandering up and down through avenues of sphinxes, or among the shapeless and tottering huts of the Arabs, they would relate their adventures in Arabia, or describe the tedious process by which the future navigation of the Red Sea was to be rendered safe and easy. As the results of most of their journeys have already been given to the public, it is unnecessary to dwell further on them here. It may be worth while, however, to introduce the substance of Captain Elwon's manuscript account of his visit to Gebel Tier, or the Mountain of Birds, a volcano in partial activity in the midst of the Red Sea.

"In February the weather being unexpectedly fine, I proceeded," he says, "from Ockban Island to Gebel Tier, thirty miles westward. We had soundings on the bank for the first sixteen miles, gradually deepening to thirty-eight fathoms mud, and, afterwards, no ground at 150 fathoms. I expected to make the island the following morning, and indeed saw it at two o'clock, but the wind being light, did not reach it until next evening, when we hove to. In the morning we still found ourselves about four miles to the east, and at daylight observed issuing from the base of its peaks a white smoke which rolled along the top of the island, and, borne away by the light breeze, formed a long streak in the air. We ran along the south and western sides, but, finding no anchorage, hove to, and, during the day, surveyed the shores and neighbouring waters. Gebel Tier, when viewed from the sea, presents the most barren and dreary aspect, the cinders by which it is covered imparting to it a blueish colour approaching to black.

"As all the officers were anxious to ascend the summit, I allowed as many as I could spare to go in the morning, and in the afternoon made one of the second party, together with my Parsee attendant, who wished to see what he called 'the sacred fire.' I landed on the western side of the island on a small sandy patch, and proceeded towards the peak over masses of rock burnt to cinders. This continued all the way, but after reaching the top of the hills which surround the island, and while going over them to the base of the peaks, we found the surface covered with a crust so thoroughly calcined that it frequently gave way under our feet. I accordingly began to think this track by no means a safe one, as I might unexpectedly fall into some of the deep chasms underneath.

As there was very little wind the efforts we made to get forward caused us to feel more sensibly the intense heat of the sun. The few stunted bushes scattered here and there in the crevices being too thinly leaved to afford any shade, I attempted to obtain shelter under the rocks, but finding them very much like the sides of an oven, I had no alternative but to proceed. In half an hour from the time of our landing I reached the base of the peaks and had hardly commenced ascending the largest when I observed the smoke issuing from it in many places, which, on examination, I found to be cups or craters covered with a crust, and a softish earth with tufts of coarse grass, which was damp and yielded to the feet: in the side of each of these hollows was a small opening where the smoke had vent. I threw stones down one of them and believe the depth was considerable. Near the summit of this peak is a bed of smoking sulphur covered with a white crust, which obliged us to keep to windward in order to avoid the offensive smell. Some of it was dug out to bring away, but proved by far too hot to be kept in the hand.

“On the apex is a hollow cup, like an inverted cone, with smoke issuing from the bottom. Its circumference may be about 150 feet, and the depth fifty feet. There is also on the northern peak the remains of a crater whose circuit must have been upwards of 200 feet, and its depth nearly seventy. Smaller basins from four to ten feet across are scattered on every side at the foot of the larger peak. From apertures at the bottom of several of these, steam and hot air were issuing. The edges were slightly raised and coated with lava hanging in the form of stalactites. This substance, from its generally dark bright colours, would seem to have been recently thrown out, as, had it been exposed to the sun and air for any considerable time, it would have lost its brightness, and become as dull as other parts of the same matter in its neighbourhood. But it is to be observed it was only in the holes this shining appearance was seen, because the exposure to the sun, though considerable, was not so great as outside, where the lava was uniformly of a dull colour. The largest of these holes is about thirty feet in circumference, and perhaps nearly as much in depth. We saw no smoke issuing from any of them; but in consequence of the bright appearance already mentioned, some of the party not inaptly denominated them the ‘Devil’s Pitch Pots.’ We also saw some pieces of the lava in the holes as red as brick. Wherever we pierced the crust of the cones smoke issued forth, but I saw no flame from any part. Above half way down the peak we discovered an oblong cave, with no aperture but the small one by which we entered. It was nearly forty-five feet in diameter, and thirty high. The sides, like those of the hollows

above described, were entirely composed of lava. The course of the eruptions had been south-east, as appears from a broad winding stream of red and black lava, which flows down the sloping sides of the hills into the sea. I commenced tracing it, but the lateness of the evening obliged me to return on board.

“ There are three names for this island. The Indians call it ‘Gebel Tier,’ or the ‘Hill of Birds,’ from the number of sea-fowls that resort to it; the inhabitants of the eastern shores of Sahar, near Muskat, name it ‘Gebel Dokhan,’ or the ‘Hill of Smoke;’ while the Arabian Abyssinians ‘denominate it ‘Gebel Sabain,’ or the ‘Hill without Anchorage.’ It is very nearly round, being from north to south one mile and three quarters, and from east to west one mile and a half. The perpendicular height of the peak is 906 feet above the level of the sea. From the base it has a gradual ascent for half a mile, when you come to a range of hills about 300 feet high, which terminates in a steep rocky bluff on the south end of the island. On the top of this range you again gradually ascend to the peaks, which, from their base, may be about 100 feet high.

“ The island consists of rocks until you arrive at the peak, which is formed of cinders, ashes, and what has been thrown out by the different eruptions. The largest peak is of a brown sandy colour; the other forms a beautiful cone when seen from the south and west, and is covered with black ashes. From its appearance we may infer there must originally have been tremendous explosions, which have rent the island, and left many large caverns, and covered the surface with the solid rock scattered in fragments and burnt to cinders.

“ Boats used formerly to visit it for sulphur, until an accident happened that occasioned the practice to be discontinued. Two men, about fifteen years ago, approached too near the brink of the crater on the southern peak, and were precipitated into it, in consequence of the earth and stone giving way beneath them. One was killed, but the other, although severely injured, is reported to be still living at Koomsedah. Since then, the Arabs believe it to be the resort of evil spirits, and their boats never stop there at night, both on this account, and also because there is no proper anchorage for them.”

We have already alluded to the disturbed state of political affairs in the Red Sea at the time when the survey was commenced. The officers employed in this service by no means mixed themselves up with the events in progress, though it was impossible for them to avoid observing and reporting to their government the occurrences that took place. This, however, they generally did briefly and simply, without indulging in comment or speculation.

The circumstances of those times have been grossly misrepresented by the agents of France, who, without the slightest proof or probability, have boldly attributed every insurrectionary movement to the instigation of Great Britain. We shall here give the concisest possible narrative of the principal events which arose out of the struggles of Mohammed Ali and the sultan to obtain ascendancy on the shores of the Red Sea.

The Osmanlis took possession of the southern ports in the Red Sea in the name of the Sultan of Constantinople and Turki Bilmas. This man, a Georgian by birth, in conjunction with Zeman Aga, threw off the authority of the Pasha at Jiddah. The occasion was as follows:—twenty months' arrears of pay were due to their troops. This they demanded of Kourshid Bey, the Governor of Mecca, who unable, without permission, to satisfy them, referred the matter to the decision of the pasha. He, in pursuance of his usual system of policy, wrote back, desiring Kourshid to temporise with the troops until he could send their chiefs to Cairo, where the fate that awaited them may easily be conjectured. This despatch was intercepted by Turki Bilmas, who thereupon at once declared for the sultan. He had along with him 500 or 600 Albanians, the remains of two regiments that had served against the Wahabis. He seized on the public treasure and stores both at Mecca and Jiddah, but abstained from plundering the inhabitants, though their wealth offered a strong temptation to his Albanians. He then took possession of the pasha's ships in the harbour of the latter city, and sailed for Mokha, which he fortified and held for some years, in spite of all the pasha's efforts to recover it. During this period, moreover, he seized on all the other ports in Southern Arabia.

Turki Bilmas likewise occupied Massuah, on the Abyssinian side, towards the latter end of March, 1833. A ship called the 'Kundeel,' with a few troops, was sent on this duty. Immediately on its arrival, the acting kaimakan went on board, and after the usual salutation returned to the shore, accompanied by Abderahman, who superseded him as kaimakan, the commander of the Turkish troops, and about forty wretched and sickly-looking followers, composed of Turks and blacks. Not a gun was fired in defence of the place. An attempt was also made to take possession of Aden, but the Bedouins assembled on the night of the Turks' landing, and after killing ten of them, with Hussein, captain of the ship 'Toolk,' beat them off, upon which they returned to Mokha.

In June, when the 'Palinurus' lay at Jiddah, Turki Bilmas was on his way to attack that place and Mecca, in conjunction with the Bedouin tribes. This caused considerable alarm; the forts were repaired, and troops placed on board several Arab ships in the har-

bour. But on the report of Mohammed Ali's successes the Bedouins only amused Turki Bilmas with promises of co-operation, and he at last gave up the design, and returned towards the south. Every thing, meanwhile, wore a warlike aspect at Jiddah. Guns, stores, and troops, were poured in from Egypt; 20,000 dollars were sent for the purchase of ships, and three were bought during the stay of the 'Palinurus.' There were also several gun-boats building, and a frigate's crew, officers and men, was sent to man them. Turki Bilmas and his fleet reached Mokha on the 22nd of July.

During the period that this city was in the hands of the rebel Albanians, there was not the slightest safety for person or property. Even British subjects, though we have been said to have occasioned and encouraged the rebellion, met with as little favour as the most helpless strangers, from which it may possibly be inferred that in reality we had nothing to do with the matter. To show what the position we occupied was, we shall relate a few of the circumstances connected with the detention of the Surat fleet, and the attempts which were made by an officer of one of the Company's ships of war to liberate it.

Captain Lowe arrived at Mokha in the Honourable Company's brig of war 'Nautilus,' on May 29, and finding the fleet detained, despatched a boat with an officer to request that the commander of the vessels might be suffered to come on board, which, however, the governor would not allow. In the evening a party sent to land the agent was attacked by several men with drawn swords, with the intention of detaining them. In this, however, they failed, and the boat returned without any accident to the ship. About nine at night the agent was sent off by the governor to apologise for this insult, which he said was offered without his orders, adding, that he had confined the men in consequence. On the following morning the Nakodhas came on board, and gave in a written complaint against the governor. The season, however, being late, and the north-west wind setting in, they, in consequence of the detention of the fleet, determined not to proceed to Jiddah that year, but to forward their cargoes in bugallas. But though they and their crews were allowed to have free communication with the ship, their cargoes and baggage were for a time detained on shore. The state of things, meanwhile, was such, that not one of the Surat merchants thought his life in safety for twenty-four hours, and it was apprehended that the slightest attempt on the part of the 'Nautilus,' to bring the governor to reason by force, would be the immediate signal for a general massacre of all British subjects, plunder of the town, and retreat inland, so that the most that could be done was to protect the vessels in the harbour.

The real cause of the detention of the fleet and all the vessels

appears to have been the fear entertained that they might assist the people of Jiddah, by bringing troops against them. On Captain Lowe's arrival, Turki Bilmas was reported to be at a place called Berk, about half-way between Mokha and Jiddah, with two ships, and three brigs, and about 1200 men. As we have seen, he altered his intention of proceeding to attack Jiddah, and returned to Mokha. His efforts at rendering himself independent of Mohammed Ali, which was what he meant by asserting the authority of the sultan, were unfortunate. He was driven in succession from all the other places upon which he had seized, and shut up in Mokha with greatly reduced forces, having not more than 500 followers. He was, nevertheless, determined to hold out as long as possible, and actually maintained his position for nearly two years. But at length the Bedouin army, belonging to the Assair tribe, under their chief, Ali Mujjeittel, amounting to 20,000 men, advanced to Mokha, and on the 10th of December quietly surrounded it on the land side. The commander then sent a flag of truce to Turki Bilmas, but without coming to terms. From the 10th to the 13th, desultory firing took place, and in the morning of the latter day the town was stormed and soon carried by the Arabs. Several of the rebel Turks attempted to make their escape by launching some small open boats from the beach, on the sea face of the town. In these, leaky as they were, they endeavoured without sails or oars to reach the 'Benares' and the Honourable Company's brig of war 'Tigris,' which had just arrived. The wind and weather being strong against them, they found it impossible, and were fast drifting out to sea, where they must have inevitably perished, had not our boats been sent to their assistance, by which means we saved 120 of our fellow-creatures from being drowned. As these men lay half naked and bleeding on the deck, they appeared to one of our officers, who has traversed a large portion of Asia, to be the finest men he had ever seen. Among them was Turki Bilmas, without a particle of property except the clothes he stood in. He was conveyed on board the 'Tigris,' Lieutenant Wells commanding. Forty of Turki Bilmas' followers, Arnauts, immediately left in a buggala for Muscat, and others of them soon followed. The Arab chief, Ali Mujjeittel, gave his troops three whole days' plunder of Mokha. They broke open every door and plundered every dwelling. According to the practice universal in the East, the inhabitants, previous to making their escape, dug pits in the floors of the houses, where they deposited their treasures, in the hope of being afterwards allowed to return and recover them. They, of course, stamped and beat the earth hard, in order to conceal the aperture to the excavation, but the Bedouins, well acquainted with the practices of their countrymen, easily discovered the means

of detecting where their treasures lay. They poured a quantity of water on the floor of the houses, which running over that part which had remained undisturbed, sank where the earth had been recently moved. The assailants lost 350 killed, and 300 wounded; Turki Bilmas only fifty.

The survey of the Red Sea, which had occupied Captain Moresby during four years and seven months, and Captain Elwon during a considerable portion of that time, was at length completed in the month of April, 1834, the 'Palinurus' having first sailed on September the 11th, 1829, and the 'Benares' on October the 6th of the same year. This work was received by the Court of Directors with great satisfaction, and a most splendid chart for general use was printed, under the personal inspection of the late Mr. Horsburgh. During the progress of this survey, as we have already observed, several very interesting tours were made on shore, on both sides of the sea, by the officers belonging to the 'Benares' and 'Palinurus.' Lieutenants Wellsted and Carless, but particularly the former, principally distinguished themselves for their memoirs, some of which have been published by the Royal Geographical Society in England, and others by the Bombay Geographical Society. A very complete journal was kept by Captain Elwon during the progress of the survey, which contained a great deal of nautical, meteorological, statistical, and topographical information. This journal was deposited in the hands of the Secretary to the Bombay Geographical Society, and has supplied its transactions with very valuable materials.

This great undertaking having been brought to a conclusion, Sir Charles Malcolm next directed his attention to Socotra and the southern coast of Arabia, which until then had been extremely little known. It was at that time the intention of the Indian government to purchase the island of Socotra, with the design of making it the principal coal depôt between Egypt and India. The course of the negotiations we shall presently describe. With respect to the shore of Hadramaut, upon which also it was intended to establish coal depôts, the necessity of an exact survey had long been felt. Scarcely were its leading features, its great bays, promontories, and inlets known to navigators. There was an error of eighty-five miles in the longitude of Makallah, and the topography of the Kuria Muria group was so imperfectly understood, that a place on one of the islands was fixed upon for a coal depôt, which storms and currents rendered unapproachable during several months in the year. On the other hand, imaginary dangers had been stationed at several points of the coast, which all vanished like shadows when the light of experience had been brought to bear upon them. It was even found that the face of the marine belt of

Hadramaut, and the character of its inhabitants, were grievously misunderstood, rivulets, and groves and green sward, existing where there had been supposed to be nothing but sand, and people tolerably advanced in civilisation where the traveller had been taught to look for half-naked, houseless savages. The chief command was given to Captain Haines, now Governor of Aden, who displayed throughout the greatest professional skill, together with that distinguished ability and aptitude for diplomacy, which have since conferred on him so deserved a reputation. He left Bombay in September 26, 1833, and, after running up the gulf with despatches, reached his ground off Cape Isolette towards the middle of November, and in about a month from that time had finished a hundred miles of the coast. He was then called away to survey Socotra, which he did to the entire satisfaction of government. During the time he was employed on this service he sent Lieutenant Wellsted, his assistant-surveyor, with Mr. Midshipman Cruttenden, a very clever young officer who had picked up, with wonderful quickness, the Arab language, in which Lieutenant Wellsted was deficient, to travel into the interior, and there gain such information on the nature and character of the country and its inhabitants as would enable him to put government in full possession of every thing connected with that island. Lieutenant Ormsby and Dr. Hulton, and Mr. Smith, clerk of the 'Palinurus,' afterwards traversed a great part of its mountainous region, and added something to the stock of information gained by Lieutenant Wellsted.

In pursuance of orders, Captain Haines then proceeded to Kisseen, to obtain from the principal chiefs of the Moharah tribe who there reside, and to whom the island for ages back has owed allegiance, permission to survey Socotra. He anchored at this place on the 28th of December, 1833, and, on the 31st, had a conference with the two young sultans, Ahmed Ibn Saïd and Abdullah Ibn Affick, who gave him full powers to do whatever he thought proper on the island, and a firman directed to the chiefs to show him every civility. This detained him until the 4th of January, when he left Kisseen, and, on the 9th, arrived at Tamarede, the capital of Socotra. On the 10th he commenced a trigonometrical survey, and continued it without intermission until the 14th of March. On his return to Tamarede, after having made the circuit of the island, he says, it was with the utmost satisfaction he found, that on the whole measurement of the island, 197½ miles in circumference, he was only out 186 yards.

It was a laborious survey on account of the wind and sea they had at times to encounter, and the short period occupied in its execution, Captain Haines being anxious to fulfil the wishes of his superiors, who desired the plan of the island to be sent by the

first steamer. They worked, therefore, incessantly, Sundays not excepted, and every officer on board, the captain observes in his report, zealously rendered him every possible assistance.

When half the island had been completed, Captain Haines received a letter from Omar Ibn Tuaree the eldest of the three sultans, directing him to suspend his examination of the island, and join him at Kissean to hold another conference. Knowing their customs and intrigues, however, and that all the chief wanted was some trifling present, Captain Haines paid no attention to his request. Omar Ibn Tuaree was a blind old man who had been dethroned, if the term may be so applied, by his subjects. He still, however, when he went over to the island, exacted a slight tribute—merely a few dollars in coin or ghee—and exercised, therefore, some power.

Having continued operations during several months, with the usual interruptions from bad weather, Captain Haines returned in June to Tamarode, where he learned that during his absence very extraordinary reports had been circulated to the disadvantage of the English. The inquiries he instituted into this matter, brought out into strong relief one of the most striking characteristics of the inhabitants.

The first day he visited the shore after his arrival, the agent told him of these reports. One was to the effect that they had not only robbed the inhabitants of their cattle, but had entered their houses by force, fired through the doors and windows to intimidate the inmates, and plundered both men and women of their clothing, of which they had very little at any time, and committed other acts of violence. On hearing this, Captain Haines sent for the principal man, and questioned him regarding these rumours. He evasively said, it was all false, that the English were very kind to the poor round the island; but that it was an act of policy, and, indeed, necessary to tell lies now and then, particularly if you were to gain thereby. Such is their character. Still for the safety of the agent and the coal after the departure of the ship, Captain Haines thought it necessary to do all he could, which was to point out to the people of the island, the advantages they would derive from good behaviour. He also left for the sultan, should he come over the next season, a letter written in English, and translated literally into Arabic and Socotran.

In pointing out the inconveniences of the coal depot in Socotra, Captain Haines enters into some details which may serve to throw light on the manners of the islanders. It appears that June and July are the months in which the dates require the utmost care and vigilance of the inhabitants. The towns and villages are then almost totally deserted for the palm groves, where they remain

to guard the fruit, as well as to preserve them from being blown off by the violence of the winds, which they do by tying the branches together. Frequently they are covered with mats, which retard the process of ripening, and cause great quantities of the dates to decay. This may, in part, account for the produce not being sufficient for the consumption of the island. The boats of the Socotrans, during this period, are hauled up under the trees, a considerable distance inland, and money, unless to an enormous amount, would not induce them to leave their dates to chance, and labour for strangers.

In the month of October, 1834, Captains Haines, who had returned to Bombay, was despatched to the coast of Arabia with the following instructions:—

“Winds and weather permitting, you will proceed to sea without delay, in the H. C. surveying brig, ‘*Palinurus*,’ under your command, and sail direct to Kisseen, on the coast of Arabia, in order to negotiate with the chiefs who hold the sovereignty of Socotra, for the purchase of that island.

“You will receive for the above purpose 10,000 German crowns, but the Governor-General of India in council trusts that you will be enabled to buy this land for a much smaller sum, and the less money you pay, the more credit you will derive. Your personal knowledge of these chiefs and their character will enable you to negotiate to advantage with them.

“A draft of the treaty to be concluded with the proprietors of Socotra accompanies this order, which will serve as a model for the one actually to be concluded, which may be more or less altered as circumstances may require.

“As soon as you have completed with the chiefs the purchase of Socotra, you will proceed immediately to that island, and take formal possession in the name of the Honourable East India Company, according to the terms of the treaty.

“Should you deem it expedient, you may take from Kisseen a chief accredited from the others to make over the island to you; but only in the event of such being a case of necessity; and it will be advisable not to allow any of the men who have had authority there, to fix their residence on the island.

“You will probably find the detachment who are to be left in possession of Socotra, already there, and to the commandant, who will be furnished with the necessary instructions, you will without delay make over the charge of the island. Should the troops not have arrived, you will await their coming, employing yourself and officers in collecting such information as may prove useful to the officer who takes command, or in adding to your knowledge of the sea between Abdul Kuria and Socotra, taking care not to be out of the way when the troops arrive.

“Should you remain any time before the landing of the troops, you will use your best endeavours to conciliate the inhabitants; but as the

intentions of government are not known as to the mode in which it will be governed, you will make no promises further than assuring the natives that their happiness will be the first consideration of government; but if the commandant of the troops be arrived, you will in no way interfere when you have made the island over to him."

This negotiation, however, proved unsuccessful. When Captain Haines was at Kisseen he immediately waited on the old sultan, Omar Ibn Tuaree, and stated to him the wishes of the Bombay government. He appeared, however, to have insuperable objections. In fact, the island did not belong to him, but to his tribe; though he claimed the revenue, when he could get it, as his own. Yet he could not dispose of the island, without entailing the vengeance of the other chiefs upon him. This was certain. His own words were that he could not take such a step; for by the act his character would be lost in the estimation of his tribe, as he would be disposing of what was not his own, but their birthright; the island being the gift of God to the Mobarahs, and should remain so, as far as he had any thing to do with it, as long as the heavens were above him. He knew the English could take it, but he would neither give nor sell it; money should not obtain it. The arguments respecting the intrinsic value of the island to his government were true, but he would not part with it. This was the old man's determination from the first, and to it he firmly and resolutely adhered to the last. The nephews, Ahmed and Abdullah, might, perhaps, have been prevailed upon, but the uncle's influence and power, in connexion with those of the Saïd, were predominant.

In representing the objections of this old chief to government, Captain Haines tacitly pronounced a very high eulogium on him. He said that no amount of money could induce him to part with what he considered his birthright; not that it was of much value to him in a pecuniary sense, but that it secured him the affection and respect of his tribe. In short, riches would not compensate him for the loss of character, and that good name which he hoped to leave behind among his people. Here, then, the love of fame was not an infirmity, but synonymous with the pride of virtue. The fact, moreover, proves that public opinion exercises as powerful a sway among the Mobarahs as among the rest of the Arab race, who, more than any other half-civilised people, covet the privilege of being respected by each other. The Indian government, expecting no difficulties of this kind, had already landed a small force on Socotra, which it earnestly desired to obtain. But finding that it could not do so without committing an act of injustice, it ultimately withdrew the troops, and applied itself to discover some other locality, where its

wishes might be opposed by no such moral obstacles. If no other reasons, therefore, existed for believing the grounds to be legitimate upon which we afterwards took possession of Aden, it would be fair to draw the inference from the above fact alone. In both cases the officer employed was Captain Haines, who, so far from being the unscrupulous politician which certain French agents would insinuate, actually ventured in his despatches to government, to overstep the limits of his duty and give political advice. This, of course, was done ably and delicately, though no doubt could be entertained respecting the character of his opinions. It is not, therefore, to be believed, that what he would not recommend, or the government perform, in the case of Socotra, would be perpetrated in the case of Aden.

It should, moreover, be observed, that although there exists, as we have said, a public opinion among the Arabs, it is very far from being an enlightened one. Power, with these people, is a sacred thing; and they do not therefore accustom themselves to question its acts. Captain Haines, consequently, was of opinion that though our taking temporary possession of Socotra might make them suspicious of us, they would very soon have been reconciled to our sway; for the philosophic mind of an Arab conforms to every thing, under the idea that all is for the best, and that God wills it. Besides, there are so many distinct tribes, each at enmity with its neighbour, that whatever may tend to annoy or disturb the peace of one, would gratify the other, and it is an act they are daily guilty of themselves. Might, with them, is right; and when conversing with many of them on the subject, they spoke of it as an act justified by our strength. 'Why not take it? It belongs to no one. They have no government or laws. Go you, and make them increase trade. Establish a port, and it will tend to promote the general good.'

The African coast, outside the strait of Babelmandeb, is so extremely unhealthy, that, during three months of the year, as many of the inhabitants as are able quit it and pass over to Arabia, where they commonly live in hovels, erected about the suburbs of the several towns. From 1000 to 2000 persons have been seen at a time huddled in the environs of Mokha. About this period Mohammed Ali evinced a strong disposition to act vexatiously towards the English, in various ways obstructing their trade, and granting a monopoly of coffee to the Americans, in consequence of which, several British ships were forced to quit the port without a cargo. Representations were made to the pasha by Captain Haines, which it may be inferred proved successful, since the American monopoly was not of long duration.

Some idea of the nature of the trade carried on by the southern coast of Arabia may be formed from the following particulars. During the north-east monsoon, the anchorage off Morabat is much visited by boats for shelter and water. In the course of eighteen days, in the November and December of 1837, 121 bugallas and badans arrived and passed, laden with dates. Captain Haines estimated the whole as varying in size from thirty to 150 tons; which, allowing each to contain only thirty tons of dates, will show 3030 tons, exported from the Persian Gulf to this coast, not more than one-fourth of what is supplied during the season. Some of these, on arrival, barter with the merchants of the villages for gums, frankincense, ghee, and waistbands, made by the Bedouin females, called Agghali. In exchange they give dates, which are placed in store-houses, until just before the Ramadhân, when the Bedouins come down from the hills to barter with the inhabitants. On many parts of the coast, Hadramaut, the poorer people subsist chiefly on fish.

In the year 1828, the Laccadive Islands were surveyed by Captain Moresby, but no detailed account of the manner in which the operations were carried on has fallen into our hands. Seven years later was commenced the far more important survey of the Maldives, which was executed in so masterly a manner by Captain Moresby and Lieutenant Powell, that it is now as easy to navigate the intricate channels of that vast group, as it is to thread the streets of London. It had long been a reproach to us, as the great maritime power of the East, that this part of the Indian Ocean should be so little known, particularly as a knowledge of it had once existed, the older navigators seeming to have been pretty familiar at least with many of the Atolls in the Maldivian Archipelago. The islands themselves were noticed, as far back as the ninth century, by the two Mohammedan travellers who visited China, and have left us an extremely interesting account of that country. Again, in the fourteenth century, they were visited and partially explored by the derwish, Ibn Batuta. They had afterwards, at wide intervals, been touched at by other travellers, none of whom, however, had given a satisfactory account either of the islands or their inhabitants. There is perhaps, however, no part of the world more calculated to excite curiosity, than that prodigious chain of islets, extending for 1500 miles athwart the Indian Ocean, from about the latitude of Mangalore to far beyond the equator, including the Laccadive, Maldive, and Chagos Archipelagos, and known to the Arabs as the 'Eleven Thousand Islands.'

The appearance they present to the eye of the navigator is very striking. On viewing one of the smaller islets, covered

with luxuriant and beautiful vegetation from edge to edge, and surrounded by a band of white foam and spray, Captain Moresby was led involuntarily to compare it to an immense flower-pot rising out of the ocean. In considering the formation of these numerous isles, the most obvious theory is to regard them as so many remnants of an extensive, level continent, which has been invaded, dismembered, and almost destroyed, by the ocean. This explanation seems more probable than that offered by those speculators, who suppose them to be so many recent creations of the sea, of that submarine vegetation which is still so active in various parts of world.

In our opinion, however, the whole basis of the present archipelago, whether it be regarded as the wreck of an old continent or the nucleus of a new one, consists of an immense chain or succession of submarine volcanoes, which have upheaved the crust of the earth to within a short distance of the ocean's surface. Upon the summits of the cones of this ridge, coral forests have sprung up, and have, in the course of time, had their interstices filled with sand and mud. Then a new growth of coral has succeeded, and being compacted by new deposits of terrene matter, till the summit of the prodigious column has projected itself above water as far as the impulse from below has been able to carry it. At this point a new process has commenced. The seeds of trees and grasses have been borne to the mud-bank by the water or by birds, and a new principle of vegetation has succeeded to that which had been arrested by the influences of the upper air. Aquatic fowl in myriads have settled on the newborn isle, and made it their nest and procreant cradle, and supplied the richest of all manures to the rising flora of the place. Many wonderful circumstances are observable in the economy established by nature in these remote and singular laboratories. A particular species of tree, known, we believe, nowhere else, of exceedingly rapid growth, and of enormous bulk, abounds there. Having speedily reached its maturity, it dies and decomposes in so short a space of time, that it would seem to serve no other purpose than that of enriching the grounds, or while standing, of affording a resting-place to the countless flights of sea-birds, which frequent these isles. That beneath all this part of the sea there is a volcanic principle at work, must be obvious from the vast shoals of pumice-stones, which from time to time come floating to the surface, connected, to all appearance, with the earthquakes, that frequently disturb the foundations of the Archipelago, and will probably some day submerge all its lovely green circlets beneath the waves. On various points the work of destruction is visibly proceeding, at least in the Chagos group, where the ocean swell, breaking incessantly against the

friable coral cliffs, has eaten away several hundred fathoms of shore, and now rolls triumphantly over the sides of jungles and cocoa-nut groves. The structure of what, in the language of the archipelago, is called an *Atoll*, tends strongly to corroborate the opinion we have formed on its volcanic origin. An *Atoll* is a circular group of islands extending around a basin of deep water. The islands indicate the rim, and the basin the hollow of the crater. This view of the matter is strongly supported by the structure of the Peros Banhos Atoll, in the Chagos Archipelago. Captain Moresby informs us that in the centre of the circle of isles the depth of water is forty-two fathoms, soft sand and mud, decreasing gradually towards the contour; small coral knolls with precipitous sides are numerous in the basin: there are none of them bared by the sea: at low water they have generally two, three, and four fathoms on them. The case is quite different with the Maldivé reefs, which are all bare at low water. On the other side of the barrier reef no bottom was found at 200 fathoms.

As many Atolls, therefore, as we find, so many volcanic cones may we infer to exist below. Each island, with its reefs, rests on the summit of a slender coral pillar, so that any great convulsion which should disturb its base in the depths of the ocean would in a moment overthrow the island. All round, the bank which supports the archipelago slopes away at an angle of forty-five degrees into the immeasurable depths of the ocean, so that the little verdant flats, forming, as it were, the outworks of the group, stand tottering perpetually on the edge of an abyss. At a short distance from the shore no bottom is to be found with any length of line. Some few of these coral nests are inhabited only by sea-birds, and there is one called Danger Island, which, until recently, seems never to have been visited by the foot of man. From afar it presents a prospect of great beauty, being covered at intervals with tufted groves, and matted all over with an undergrowth of bright green, contrasting beautifully with the snow-white surf, which beats everlastingly with a deafening noise around it. There is no creek or opening on any side. The low cliffs rise perpendicularly out of the waves, and therefore our surveying ships, after rounding it several times, relinquished the idea of landing as altogether impracticable. There exists, however, on Eagle Island, a tradition that several years ago, during an extraordinary calm, the surf and breakers subsided, which tempted a man to paddle over in a canoe. He climbed up the coral rocks, and with eager curiosity traversed the whole surface of the isle, which he found to be of surpassing beauty, covered with soft grass and wild flowers, and copses and overhanging trees peopled with aquatic fowl, and strewed in places as thickly with beautiful birds' eggs as the sea-shore is with pebbles. His ear,

it will readily be imagined, was eagerly watching for the least indication of a breath of wind, which would at once have put the surge in motion, and rendered returning in his frail bark altogether impossible. After snatching, therefore, a short and fearful pleasure, he made his way beneath a canopy of sea-birds, which almost deafened him by their screams, to the place where he had landed, and descending into his canoe, paddled safely back to Eagle Island, since which time no one has ever beheld the interior of the foam-girt rock.

As this archipelago forms a part, and perhaps one of the least known parts of the British Empire, it may, perhaps, be worth while to enter into a somewhat more detailed description of it. When and by whom it was discovered, or who made the first settlement on it, we have not been able to ascertain. From the name, however, of several of the islands, the honour would seem to be due to the Portuguese. Davis passed through them in 1598, and they have been visited at wide intervals from that day down to the present. The 'Stranger' traversed the group in 1719, and the 'Grantham' in 1728, and many other English vessels in 1740, 1760, and 1780. Previous to the year 1744, the French had explored and surveyed them. They came into the power of the British, together with the Mauritius, in 1810. The whole group of the Chagos Islands, situated between five and seven degrees of south latitude, lie in a space of 135 miles, north and south, and 80 miles east and west. They are divided into eight estates, some of which comprehend as many as twenty-seven islands, and all belong to individuals of French extraction.

The Chagos abound with cocoa-nut trees, and their produce in oil is about 120,000 gallons a-year, worth about 120,000 rupees. They are capable of producing much more. The oil is made in the common mill such as is used in India, and worked by the negroes, who, when the Archipelago was surveyed by Captain Moresby, were still apprentices. Their labours are assisted by asses, which animals appear to thrive well on the island, and breed very fast. It appears that the proprietors of the several estates contribute nothing to the revenue for their produce; but are under a contract to supply government at the Mauritius with oil at a certain price, and, in fact, no oil is sold there but by these government contractors; for instance, on the arrival of a vessel at the Mauritius from India laden with this commodity, the contractors immediately lower the price and offer to buy what has been imported by others. As little or no profit is allowed, the importers must either sell it at a loss, or take it to some other port. Small vessels, such as brigs of 150 tons, are sent from the Mauritius by the proprietors of the Chagos Islands.

They generally make two trips during the fair season, bringing with them rice and provisions for the settlement; and return full of oil and cocoa-nuts, as also, the refuse of the cocoa-nuts after the oil is extracted, which sells well at the Mauritius for feeding cattle and poultry.

The vegetable productions of these islands are very similar to those of the Maldives, excepting the Solomon Islands, which produce the timber called *guyack* and *tuttamaca*, famous for building, being hard and durable. The Bois Mapous grow to an immense size on these islands and can be seen at a great distance from land; the sea birds generally roost on them; the wood is very soft, fibrous, and spongy; they grow on all parts of the island. Sometimes in the most barren places these trees shoot up very rapidly, decay as rapidly, and are blown down. In a few months they rot into fine black mould, nature apparently intending them to furnish the rich vegetable soil necessary for the growth of other vegetation more useful to man. The Banyan tree is also common here, but does not attain to the same size as in India. Indian corn grows most luxuriantly, but the negroes have neither time nor inclination to plant much. Tobacco, also, flourishes, and a small garden, occasionally looked after, produces all the year round. Cabbages, greens, sweet potatoes, onions, carrots, turnips, leeks, garlic, and all the common vegetables cultivated in India, with limes and citrons, thrive well, but few are planted. Pumpions and plantains grow wild and are of good flavour. Of the bread-fruit tree, when Captain Moresby first visited the islands, they had none; but he brought about thirty young plants from Ceylon, which succeeded well, as also did the Malabar yam. The cotton plant grows on any part of the group, and, when carefully cultivated, produces the finest cotton of a long fibre. There are several grasses on which sheep and cows thrive well. Captain Moresby left a few to breed from on the island of Peros Banhos.

Fresh water is generally on these islands of a good flavour and wholesome quality, and found at the depth of four or five feet. Some wells dug near the beach, from fifty to 100 yards distant, produce good water, and are subject to a rise and fall according to the tide. It is evident, therefore, that these sources are the immediate offspring of the sea, whose waters deposit their saline particles in percolating through the sand and coral rocks, and spring to life fresh and sweet at a very short distance from their great parent. This explanation is obvious and satisfactory; but on some small volcanic islands there are wells whose origin is involved in extreme obscurity, for though no rain falls, perhaps, for nine months in the year, and though they are found high on the slopes of arid cones, their supply never diminishes

or degenerates in quality. This is more particularly the case with a spring in one of the Æolian Isles described by Spalanzani.

Pigs and poultry, the only stock to be obtained, exist in abundance, but are not very cheap, because large quantities of them are annually sent to the Mauritius. The coarse cloth known by the name of *punjane* in India, is much prized by the negroes, who will barter their fowls at the price of one yard for a cock or hen: they prefer it when of a blue colour. Pigs are generally sold by weight, at six dollars or twelve rupees the cwt. Fowls and pigs are all fed on the refuse of the cocoa-nuts, after extracting the oil: this they call *punach*. Fish are very plentiful, and at all times easily procured. Green turtles are frequently found, as also the hawk's-bill turtle; the flesh of the latter is sometimes deadly poisonous. They are, however, easily distinguished from the other turtles by the crooked bill, and the tortoise-shell lying in scales on the back. Strangers should be careful to abstain from the flesh of this animal; the negroes have a curious method of finding out when its flesh is poisonous; they sprinkle a little of the blood on the back of their hands or the skin of their legs; if it cause an itching sensation the flesh is considered poisonous and thrown away. The shell is detached by burying the body in the sand for a few days. A good turtle produces about three pounds of tortoise-shell, value from twelve to fifteen Spanish dollars. The regisseurs or overseers are allowed ten per cent. on all tortoise-shell, and every negro who finds a valuable turtle is presented with a piece of blue cloth, with five or six rupees. The season when hawk's-bill turtles visit the islands for the purpose of depositing their eggs is from December to March; they land in the middle of the day as well as at night: these months over, they are seldom or never seen. The common turtle is to be found at all seasons; sharks are great enemies to these animals. The fish caught among the islands are never poisonous. Seals and walrusses used to frequent the neighbouring seas, but of late they have been seldom found. There are no snakes; but rats are numerous, as also cats, which have become wild and exceedingly troublesome. There is a species of land lobster on the islands, called by the French *sepile*; it is very fine eating, but a totally different animal from the ordinary land crab.

Bees (the common brown sort) are very numerous on the southern islands, and, in some cases, are domesticated. Many, however, are still wild, and produce good honey and wax. Wasps are very annoying in the jungle. Both these animals were brought originally from the Mauritius; the wasps for the purpose of destroying the insects which injure the cocoa-nut trees. Of birds, the aquatic are the most numerous; the black frigate birds with a red pouch, the booby, noddy, puffin, white gannet, common gull,

several kinds of heron, the white tropical bird, called by sailors the boatswain, all breed on these islands, and are considered good eating; the feathers, too, make excellent bedding. Some few migratory birds are occasionally found, such as snipes, the gray curlew, and the teal; but they are by no means common. Flying foxes, crows, and sparrows, do not exist here, which is remarkable, as these islands are not far distant (260 miles) from the Maldives, where they abound, and are regarded as a nuisance. Of birds of prey, such as hawks, kites, and vultures, there are none; so that sea birds are left in unmolested possession of the whole Archipelago.

In the Chagos group the thermometer ranges between 76 and 82 in June; but when the trade winds commence the weather is cold and the atmosphere more clear; passing clouds or a few light showers are at times observed while the thermometer stands at about 78. There is almost continually a delightful freshness and softness in the atmosphere about these islands; and, though very hot in the sun, the air, where there exists any shade, is cool, and the nights are invariably very pleasant. With a climate so agreeable, it is not surprising to find that the Chagos islands are extremely healthy.

The treatment of the negroes, both male and female, is described by Captain Moresby as, upon the whole, praiseworthy. Occasionally they were hard worked and badly fed; but the contrary was the rule. All the provision supplied them by the proprietors consisted of a pound and a quarter or a pound and a half of rice per day, with a small quantity of spirits from time to time; the rest, such as fowls, pigs, fresh vegetables and fruit, the negroes found for themselves. They worked from sunrise to sunset for six days in the week; the Sunday was their own; yet tasks were frequently completed on this day, which had remained unfinished on the Saturday. Turning the cocoa-mills in the heat of the burning sun appears to have been the hardest labour they had to perform. Two men were tasked to grind sufficient cocoa-nuts to make twenty-six or thirty gallons of oil, which they could accomplish between sunrise and noon. Four hours sometimes sufficed for the task, when the sun's rays, being very powerful, caused the oil to flow more freely from the nuts. The negro slaves might easily have been spared this labour, since asses, as we have seen, thrive well on the islands. When not working at the mills, the negroes and negresses were usually engaged in seeking cocoa-nuts in the woods as they fell from the trees; to collect 500 cleaned from the husk being the daily task of each man, and for a woman 300. Others were employed in breaking and exposing them to the sun. There was but a small proportion of women to men. The laws of marriage were unknown, which may account

for the scanty number of children; many of whom died young for want of care. According to one of the overseers, it was not an uncommon thing to suspect the women of causing their children's death by neglect, where they were not compelled to perform their maternal duties. There existed no means of instruction among these poor people, either religious or secular; they had scarcely an idea of a Supreme Being; and the overseers did not trouble themselves about them. Here, then, is a field, however small or obscure, for some missionary, who, without danger or difficulty, might confer very great benefit on humanity. He would, probably, have to begin with instructing the overseers themselves; Frenchmen, when removed from the public eye, having a strong tendency to degenerate into savages, as M. de Tocqueville frequently admits. Of course, the negroes on the Chagos group are now free—that is to say, nominally—though we entertain no doubt, that if their condition were inquired into, very little change would be found to have been effected in it.

Among the occupations of these negroes was the feeding of swine, with which the dwellers on many of the islands lived on terms of considerable intimacy. On one isle of moderate dimensions the droves were exceedingly numerous, amounting, it was reported, to 600 head. The utmost carelessness was exhibited towards these brutes. Nominally, they were said to be fed twice a day; that is, a small quantity of *punach* (the remains of the nut after the oil has been extracted) was thrown into troughs before some 200 or 300 half-famished animals, when a scramble took place, and the strongest of course got the lion's share. The remainder continued constantly scattered about the island, and subsisted on windfall cocoa-nuts, and such herbs or roots as they could find. Although left in that state, however, they never exhibited signs of ferocity. A few of a very superior quality were kept in sties; otherwise these filthy animals were admitted even amongst the dwellings of the inhabitants; several large sows, with their litters, had taken up their quarters under the floors, which were raised about three feet above the ground, whence any thing but sweet odours was emitted. The effluvia, combined with those issuing from a hundred other pigsties scattered in all directions, produced an intolerable atmosphere. The proprietors occasionally sent pigs to the Isle of France, where they sold well.

On the same small island there was a colony of bees, brought from Diego Garcia. They had exceedingly increased. In addition to those in hives, the island swarmed with them in all directions. They formed their combs on the cocoa-nut trees. The honey was occasionally sent to the Isle of France, rather as presents to friends than as an article of commerce. The hives, if they might be called so, were merely pieces of cocoa-nut trees

about four feet long, roughly hollowed out. The remains of a garden completely burrowed up by pigs, seemed to confirm the opinion of the extreme sloth and want of management prevailing. A breed of very fine pointers, amounting, with pups, to about forty, were scattered about, and contributed, in conjunction with about half a dozen starved cats and kittens, to the effluvia before-mentioned. They had on this island a species of wild cat, descendants of some tame ones, which had strayed and forgotten their domestic habits; but from constant warfare being made against them, they were not at all numerous. Tattamucca Island being infested with rats, as, indeed, all the others are, a number of fine dogs had been placed there to kill them. These poor creatures were allowed no other subsistence than cocoa-nuts, a negro being kept there to feed them; they, however, managed to prey upon the rats, and were all in capital condition. Occasionally, at low water, during spring tides, some of these forlorn animals find their way over the reef that separates the two islands; but on being discovered, are immediately sent back to their place of banishment.

Diego Garcia, the principal island of the Chagos Archipelago, used to be the place of exile for lepers from Bourbon and the Mauritius, while these islands were held by the French, and continued so for some time after the English obtained possession of them. A few of these unfortunates were then removed to Peros Banhos. Finally, about eight or ten years ago, they were all conveyed to Curieuse, one of the Seychelles Islands, where our government still keeps an establishment for these poor people. They are well fed and well attended. Two English gentlemen, a surgeon in charge of the establishment, and another person as superintendent, regulate this little colony, consisting of negroes, male and female, some Creole mulatto Christians, two Bengal sipahis, and some Indian Lascars, such as hire themselves in trading vessels. The apothecary in the hospital is also a leper of French extraction. There are altogether ninety-six patients, male and female. The establishment is well and most liberally conducted, and reflects great credit on our government. The little island, with its picturesque bays, is covered with plantations and gardens, and groves of the coco de mer, which flourishes most luxuriantly; poultry, fish, vegetables and fruit are in abundance, and the climate is delightful.

Before the survey of the Chagos Archipelago had been completed, the government of Madras made an application to that of Bombay, for a surveying party to examine the Gulf of Manaar. The idea of this undertaking originated with General Monteith, chief of the Madras engineers, who, having been wrecked on the shores of this gulf in 1809, had from that time forward felt the

strongest possible desire to see its coasts, and shoals, and sunken rocks, examined and laid down, in order, as far as possible, to diminish the obstructions to navigation. In consequence, Lieutenant Powell was ordered to detach himself from Captain Moresby, and with Lieutenant Ethersey under his orders, to undertake this service. At the same time a party of Madras engineers was engaged, under the direction of General, then Colonel Monteith, in cutting a navigable channel through two formidable ledges of rock, extending from the Island of Ramisseram to the coast of Madura on the continent of India.

The passage through these rocks, while they remained in their natural state, had a depth of at most six or seven feet, while on the great horse-shoe sand bank, a little to the south, there was scarcely a depth of five feet at high water. Notwithstanding these obstacles, however, numerous small craft engaged in the coasting trade had long made use of the channel, though always compelled to land a portion of their cargoes on entering the strait. The object of the Madras government was to widen and deepen the passage, so as to obtain a sufficient depth of water for vessels of moderate burden, and for the steamers from the Red Sea to Calcutta, when they should be established.

In order fully to comprehend the value of the works projected by the Madras government, certain facts, not perhaps generally known, must be borne in mind. Up to the year 1837, when General Monteith commenced his enterprise, all vessels beyond the smallest class were compelled, in passing from one side of the Indian peninsula to the other, to beat round the Island of Ceylon, sometimes in the teeth of heavy and contrary winds, and always against currents more or less powerful. The addition thus made to their voyage, consisted under the most favourable circumstances of at least 2000 miles; but as it was often necessary to run down ten degrees of latitude before they could open the Bay of Bengal, they had to sail full 3500 miles ere they recovered their proper course. The craft exposed to this inconvenience and loss of time were engaged in conveying the produce of Malabar, Travancore, and other fertile provinces, to Madras.

It is easy to perceive how very materially such a state of things tended to enhance prices on the coast of Coromandel. Fewer persons would engage in the trade because of the dangers to be apprehended in rounding Ceylon; while the mere length of the voyage, by multiplying the wages of crews and the interest of capital, necessarily raised the prices of commodities. Its general effect, however, was to confine the coasting trade chiefly to small vessels, which by the slow and laborious process of lightening themselves, by landing a portion of their cargoes during the passage of

the Strait, and afterwards re-shipping it, could reach their point of destination through the Gulf of Manaar and the Paumban passage.

It is well known that the dangers and difficulties of the Faro of Messina, have called forth on that point of Sicily the energies of a hardy race of pilots, who subsist by the inhospitable character of their coast. Something similar has taken place in the little island of Ramisseram, where the village of Paumban owes its existence to the intricacy and shallowness of the neighbouring channel. Circumstances, it will readily be perceived, may occur which would render the impracticability of this route a public calamity. Of this, an occurrence which took place in 1839, may be regarded as a proof. The 'Enterprise,' a well-built and powerful steamer, bound, with treasure and arms, for Sinde, during the war in Affghanistân, was completely beaten back and detained for weeks by the force of the south-west monsoon, while numbers of coasting vessels were passing and re-passing daily through the Paumban Channel, completely under the shelter of land. From the detention of the 'Enterprise,' no particular evil, as it happened, arose; but had the fate of India depended on her progress, she could not have overcome the resistance of the weather.

The attention of government was directed to this subject as far back as 1828, when some efforts were made towards removing the principal obstacles to the navigation of the Paumban passage. For reasons which are not stated, these labours were discontinued, and not again resumed till 1837. In the February of that year, Colonel Monteith sailed from Madras with a party of sappers and about fifty convicts. His journal of proceedings, though too voluminous for publication, is, from its very minuteness, highly interesting. He describes, with soldier-like simplicity, the aspect of things at his arrival, which was sufficiently unpromising. An immense congeries of rocks, many of them rising to the surface of the waves, obstructed the channel for 2960 feet; and between these, at high water, the small and venturous craft of the country steered, as we have seen, their tortuous, if not dangerous, course. Through the politeness of General Monteith, a section of the rock is now lying before us, together with a plan of the canal through the reefs.

The geological structure of the strait is curious. First, commencing at the north, we have coral and limestone, to which succeeds shingle, mixed with granite boulders, but not loose. Having passed these, we come upon a breadth of blue soft sandstone, mixed with lime and madrepore. Then follows the great northern reef, composed of hard red sandstone, and extending east and west almost in a right line. Having traversed this, we

reach a broad belt of broken sand-stone, interspersed with boulders of other substances, and then come upon the southern reef, consisting, like the former, with which it runs parallel, of hard red sand-stone. A bed of the same rock, but less indurated, then stretches southwards to the site of the great sand bank.

It is not very surprising that persons taking only a cursory view of this formidable mass of obstacles, should have pronounced it insurmountable, and been disposed to turn into ridicule the sanguine colonel of engineers who was about to encounter them. Nor ought we, perhaps, to wonder that the Court of Directors at home should, at first, have put little faith in the success of the enterprise, and felt no way disposed to sink a large sum of money among the submerged sand-stone, shingle, and boulders, we have above described. But Colonel Monteith was all along perfectly confident. He maintained that, if the requisite means were placed at his disposal, he could cut through the interposing reefs a channel of fourteen feet at low, and sixteen at high water, and at the same time of sufficient breadth to allow of its being safely navigated at all seasons. He located his gangs of convicts on the Island of Ramisseram, where he likewise erected barracks for the troops. A large diving bell, five tons in weight, was sent him from Ceylon: he purchased or constructed various catamarans, and with the least possible delay commenced operations.

Into the details of these we cannot enter. We may observe, however, that great energy and perseverance was exhibited by all parties, the sappers and convicts working almost continually in the water, diving, boring, and blasting. Perhaps the most laborious work was removing the huge fragments of rock when they had been detached. This was effected by raising and swinging them to the sides of the catamarans, or large boats, by which they were carried away and dropped into the sea, with the view of forming a sort of breakwater on either side of the channel. Sometimes the explosion under water took place before the men could get out of the way, and on one occasion a large catamaran was overturned with six persons upon it. Another time, when the fuse had been twenty-two minutes without exploding, a diver was sent down to withdraw the powder, but found the fuse burning fiercely, and had scarcely effected his escape before immense fragments of rock were projected above water, and scattered with tremendous force on all sides.

During the whole period in which operations were carried on, however, few casualties occurred, while the deaths from sickness were scarcely greater than they would have been in any ordinary service. This must have been chiefly owing to the excellent system of management pursued by General Monteith, who treated all those under his care with remarkable humanity. At first,

many unnecessary difficulties were added to those offered by the nature of the ground; but these were at length removed, and a powerful steam-dredge was sent out from England, which cleared away the loose rock at the rate of about 2000 cubic feet per day. Nevertheless, the channel has not yet been excavated to the depth required, having only ten feet at low, and twelve feet at high-water, with a breadth varying from ninety to 150 yards. Its edges are carefully marked throughout by buoys. It may, with truth, be said, however, that the undertaking has proved successful, since not only do all the country craft use the channel, but the Calcutta steamers also. The 'Nemesis' and the 'Pluto' on their return from China came this way, and thus in coal, &c., effected a saving of 400*l.* sterling. But, perhaps, the most striking illustration of the value of the Paumban, or, as we should rather call it, the Monteith Channel, is supplied by the fact that whereas before the works were undertaken, the amount of tonnage that traversed the strait was from 20,000 to 23,000 tons a-year, it has now increased to upwards of 100,000 tons in the same period, or four times the amount of what it was before.

There are several other topics to which we could have wished to allude in the present article, among which are the survey of the Indus by Lieutenants Wood and Carless, and that of the Gulf of Cambay by Lieutenant Ethersey. Lieutenant Wood, as most persons are aware, has distinguished himself as much by his qualities as an enterprising and observing traveller, as for his professional acquirements, and it is much to be regretted that the services of so able an officer should be lost to the East India Company. Lieutenant Carless, also, in whatever way employed, has commanded respect by his superior abilities and perseverance. The same thing may be said of Lieutenant Ethersey, whose curious examination of the Bore in the Gulf of Cambay is entitled to very high praise. These names we thus mention, because the course of our observations has not permitted us to do full justice to their performances. We must not here pass over in silence the name of Captain Haughton, from whom we have received much valuable information. Of Captain Haines' political services, we may possibly speak on some future occasion, having already described briefly some of the principal points in his professional career. With the names of Moresby, and Elwon, and Powell, the reader must be already familiar. To these we could wish to subjoin that of Captain Lloyd, whose abilities and labours are universally held, we believe, in high esteem by the members of his own profession. We ought here to add, that the charts which have grown out of the above surveys are executed in the most accurate and beautiful manner.

- ART. VIII*.—1. *Exploration du Territoire de l'Orégon, des Californies, et de la Mer Vermeille, exécutée pendant les Années 1840, 1841, et 1842.* Par M. DUFLLOT DE MOFRAS, Attaché à Légation de France à Mexico, &c. 2 Tom. Paris: 1844.
2. *The History of Oregon and California.* By ROBERT GREENHOW, Librarian to the Department of State of the United States. London: 1844.
3. *The Oregon Question, &c.* By THOMAS FALCONER, Esq. London: 1845.
4. *History of the Oregon Territory and British North American Fur Trade.* By John Dunn, late of the Hudson's Bay Company. London. 1844.

RUNNING almost due north and south, at an average distance of about 500 miles from the waters of the Pacific, a ridge of lofty mountains may be traced on the map of the New World. To the north, this savage ridge fades off into the inhospitable plains that skirt the Mackenzie River, to the margin of the Arctic Sea; to the south, it is continued into another climate, to cast its shadows over more luxuriant scenes, by that chain which is known amongst geographers as the Mexican Alps; the whole line constituting, according to Humboldt, under various denominations, the course of the mighty Andes, which, from one extremity of the continent to another, from Cape Horn to the Arctic Circle, extends over a distance of 10,000 miles.

This ridge is called the Rocky Mountains. Its desolate peaks vary considerably in height, from 10,000 to 16,000 feet above the level of the sea. Its arid steeps and dismal gorges present no variety of surface, except where accumulated snow lies frost-locked in its sightless depths, or where a gigantic forest climbs the face of the precipice, or some rare nook in the recesses of the stony hills, instead of being a quarry, as it ought to be, is pranked out by the capricious hand of nature with wild and scanty pasturage. This grim barrier limits the British Canadian possessions on the west down to nearly the forty-ninth degree of latitude, and then forms the north-western, as it is the natural frontier in that direction of the United States. A desert plain stretches from its base to the south-east, and beyond that plain lies the great world of American settlement—explorers, hunters, squatters, trappers, trappers, Lynchers, and bowie-knife men. With that side of the mountains we have nothing to do. Our present business lies on the other side.

The region between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean—or rather that portion of it which is bounded south and

* For Map, see p. 517.

north by California and Russian American—is called the Oregon Territory. A glance at the map will enable the reader to fix its limits at once, for they are so intelligibly indicated by unerring landmarks, as not to be mistaken. With the Rocky Mountains on the east, and the Ocean on the west, a chain of lakes, rivers, and rocks on the north, and the grisly Klamet hills, and the sandy plains and salt springs of California on the south, there is no difficulty in ascertaining the natural outline of the Oregon Territory. Differences of opinion exist as to the political boundaries; the American government is for extending them, the British for contracting them. But these differences are apart from the great question at issue, as to the right of either over any, and what portion of this disputed country, whose political geography is so dubious.

The character of a region, thus hemmed in and scarred in every direction by great mountains, traversed by innumerable streams, and dotted all over by lakes and swamps, cannot be supposed to be especially favourable to vegetation. Within a hundred miles of the sea, and parallel with the Rocky Mountains, rises another enormous chain of mountains, bearing evident marks of volcanic action at a remote period. The Americans have appropriated the cap of nearly every peak of this stupendous range to their own glorification, and christened them after the names of their presidents—so that Tyler has his cap, and Harrison has his cap, and even Van Buren has his cap, without waiting for the settlement of the right by which alone any of these worthies will be suffered to wear their caps in the presence of posterity. No doubt Mr. Polk will come in for a peak of his own in the course of time, and nobody has so good a claim, seeing, that of all the American presidents, he is the only one who has ventured to assert that the region belongs to America, in the teeth of a treaty which, at least, leaves that question open by the common consent of both countries. The name assigned by Humboldt to this range, is that of the Californian Maritime Alps. The space westward to the sea is the most fertile on the whole surface, with the exception of a broad and tolerably rich plain to the south of the Columbia river. All the rest is rank, or barren—vast forlorn steppes, hopeless jungle, marsh, lake, sterile rocks, and aboriginal woods. Here and there may be found patches of practicable soil, but nothing grows in them except by dint of incredible labour; and when wheat and potatoes require to be forced with the care and outlay of the daintiest hot-house fruit, it is not difficult to anticipate the issue of agricultural experiments in such districts. The Hudson's Bay Company have a few small farms on the banks of the rivers, which serve the local purpose for which they were undertaken, sustaining the few settlers who, from one cause or

another, have clustered round the fur stations; but agricultural speculations on a large scale can never be undertaken in that major section of the territory which is shut up between the Rocky Mountains and the Maritime Alps.

Indeed, the only places in the interior which present any temptations to the agricultural experimentalist, are those which lie on the banks of the rivers, especially the great Columbia river, the principal stream in Oregon. The Columbia rises in the Rocky Mountains, pursues a vagrant and sinuous course to the sea, is occasionally expanded into a line of lakes, by the accession of numerous tributary waters, and frequently broken in its downward race by rapids, falls, and eddies. In the intervals of these obstructions, it is available only to boats and canoes; but vessels of twelve feet draft may sail up 120 miles from the embouchure, where they are stopped by rapids. Beyond the rapids there is a still water navigation of about forty miles; above that point, the river is accessible only to the boats or canoes of the country.

But, although the Oregon Territory is not very seductive to the agriculturist, it has some natural advantages of a commercial kind. It abounds in valuable timber—ash, cedar, arbor-vitæ; its rivers and bays swarm with fish—salmon, sturgeon, cod, herring; whales and sea otters sport along its coasts; and the interior is inconveniently populated with antelopes, elks, wolves, rats, and buffaloes. Out of all this live stock a brisk trade could be got up in a variety of articles, which in course of time might furnish materials for the establishment of a respectable tariff between Oregon and most parts of the Pacific. But as yet few people seem to consider the speculation a safe one. Not a single independent British settler has struck his spade in the earth, warned off partly, perhaps, by those prudential considerations which always hover round disputed titles, and partly by the exclusive privileges guaranteed by act of parliament to the Hudson's Bay Company, who possess complete jurisdiction over the whole of the territory claimed by the British government. The only stray individuals who have ventured into Oregon, with a view to colonise on their own account, are Americans. We hear of caravans of these adventurous people—whose lives seem to be of as little value as their bonds—setting out for the Rocky Mountains, and making their way by the help of canoes, hatchets, and horses, into the savage defiles. But even the American historians who record these exploits, confess that they have never heard what became of their heroic countrymen. Upwards of a thousand emigrants went off in this way from the United States in the years 1842 and 1843, and more have gone since, and more, we believe, are still going, in defiance of all perils by land, water, and treaty; and all that is known about them is, that a few families are squatted somewhere on farms so small and miserable,

that the only wonder is that they should still survive as a warning and example to the rest of their compatriots. The American passion for going a-head, and keeping in perpetual motion, so curiously exemplified on quarter-day in the large towns, by wagon-loads of fitting furniture, is exhibited in its last agony by this desperate emigration beyond the Rocky Mountains. The journey itself—which we shall presently take an opportunity of touching upon—is replete with hardships and dangers; its successful accomplishment is extremely improbable; and its results, when accomplished, are for the most part such as, instead of drawing men from their homesteads, would deter any other human beings except the restless and reckless race that rove about the United States. They have not even the excuse for expatriation which is furnished by over-populated soils; for the population of the United States, replenished as it is every day by draughts from all other parts of the habitable globe, is insufficient for the daily necessities of the country. Nor have they the plausible pretence of bettering their condition; for it requires, in Oregon, the labour of three men to effect the same quantity of profit that is produced in the United States by the labour of one. Nor have they the higher plea of desiring to render available to the commonwealth this immense tract of territory, by carrying into it their arts and their patriotism; for Oregon, to whomsoever it may be ceded in the long run, certainly does not belong to the United States yet, and never may belong to them. So that this daring movement is unsustained by a single prudential consideration, is opposed, on the contrary, to every argument of policy or expediency, and must be referred to that inexplicable love of change and contempt for consequences, by which Brother Jonathan is pre-eminently distinguished in all the affairs, great and small, in which he is engaged.

As we have alluded to the difficulties of the journey over the continent, and across the Rocky Mountains into the Oregon Territory, it may be as well to show what they are. The expedition of Lewis and Clarke, undertaken at the instance of the American government, in 1804, may be selected as the most favourable illustration, because it was carried out under the sanction of advantages which no private party of emigrants could, under any possible circumstances, be supposed to possess.

The party consisted of forty-four men, who embarked in three boats on the Missouri, in the month of May, well supplied with all resources necessary for the journey. They worked slowly and laboriously against the mighty current until the month of October, when, finding themselves no further advanced than the country of the Mandan Indians, they disembarked to winter on the shore, further progress at that season of the year being impracticable. Here

they were compelled to remain until the following April, when they resumed the ascent of the river with thirty men, having sent the others back, for reasons which it is unnecessary to investigate. At the end of three weeks they reached the junction of the Yellow Stone, and towards the middle of June were arrested by the falls of the Missouri, a series of stupendous cataracts which extend over a distance of ten miles. At this point their boats became useless to them, and making for the water above the falls, they embarked in canoes hollowed from the trunks of the cotton-wood trees that grow on the banks of the river. On the 19th of July they reached the gates of the Rocky Mountains, where the Missouri narrows itself into a dark and rapid channel between perpendicular rocks, rising 1200 feet above its surface. They had now been out fourteen months, and had only gained the entrance to the mountains, where the most formidable difficulties of the journey really began.

The passage of the Rocky Mountains occupied them three weeks. Their sufferings and privations were of a kind to appal the stoutest nerves. The anguish of a fatiguing and apparently hopeless expedition through the dreary gorges, and over the fearful heights, crossing streams which they dared not venture to navigate, and pursuing tracks which they were constantly obliged to abandon, was enhanced by the extreme severity of the cold and the want of provisions. Before they had entered upon this passage they had buried their goods and canoes in pits, and they must have perished in these frightful solitudes but for some horses and guides which they were lucky enough to procure from a party of Shoshonee Indians. From July to October they were unable to find a stream upon which it was considered safe to intrust themselves, subsisting the whole way upon a scanty and precarious supply of berries, dried fish, and the carcasses of dogs and horses. At last, in the beginning of October, they embarked upon the Kooskooskee river, for which they constructed five canoes, and at last reached the Columbia. The passage down the Columbia was sufficiently dangerous, but having, by an infinite variety of stratagems, and at a cost of toil and endurance which cannot be very easily estimated at a distance, succeeded in evading the perils of the falls and rapids,—they finally made the mouth of the river on the 15th of November, 1805. The whole journey consequently occupied eighteen months.

From this bare outline, dropping out all those startling incidents and shuddering details which constitute the actual terrors of such an undertaking, some slight notion may be formed of the risks which the Americans have to encounter, and of the contingencies which render it unlikely in the last degree that they shall ever be able to conduct the stream of emigration in that

direction with the remotest chance of success. Several routes have been subsequently attempted, but with no better results. They differ from each other only in the privations to which the adventurers were exposed; and the difficulties are, in fact, so overwhelming as to justify this conclusion—that no highway can ever be established between the United States and Oregon for the overland conveyance of emigrants. ‘None but the wild and free trappers,’ says Mr. Dunn, ‘who know the country well, can clamber over these precipices, and tread these deserts with security; and even these are quitting them as haunts, and now using them only as unavoidable tracks.’ For hundreds of miles the tracks are barren under foot, with scorching heat or piercing cold over head. The country west of the Rocky Mountains is described by the same competent authority as being broken up with towering cliffs, deep ravines, and sunken streams, from which the traveller cannot draw a drop of water to allay his raging thirst; and the soil is either so sandy, that he sinks into it at every step, or formed of such sharp and rugged stones, that it lacerates his feet. Fruit there is none—except berries, which are scarce, penurious, and not always safe. Farnham tells us that his party were at last obliged to kill their favourite dog, and economise his flesh; and that during eight days’ journey he did not meet a solitary acre of land capable of producing vegetation of any kind. Townsend, an American traveller, gives even a still more dreadful picture of the miseries of the journey. Intense thirst is one of the inflictions, produced by the naked heat of the sun upon the exposed surface, and the consequent desiccation to which every thing is subject. ‘The air,’ he says, ‘feels like the breath of a sirroco; the tongue becomes parched and horny; and the eyes, mouth, and nose, are incessantly assailed by the fine pulverised lava, which rises from the ground with the least breath of air. Bullets, pebbles of chalcedony, and pieces of smooth obsidian, were in great requisition; almost every man was mumbling some of these substances to assuage his burning thirst.’ They have recourse to leaden bullets and other substances for the purpose of producing saliva, which they swallow to prevent inflammation and death.

Such are the terrors of the passage from the United States into the Oregon Territory; terrors so repulsive that they seem as if nature had for ever prohibited the two regions from holding free intercourse with each other. On the other hand, if any political or international value can be reasonably attached to proximity of position, and comparative facility of access, the short and easy transit which we can command from the remotest point of our Canadian possessions to the shores of the Pacific, invests us with

geographical advantages, which it would be impolitic, not to say hopeless, to contest. Whatever becomes of Oregon, the English, who hold so vast a stretch of country due east of the mountains, and who have long wielded direct sway over the disputed territory itself, through the numerous locations of the Hudson's Bay Company, must always exercise an inevitable influence over its destinies. If Oregon were ceded to the United States to-morrow, British influence must still predominate from the source of the Columbia to the sea; a state of things which, so far from producing any practical benefits to the Union, would be attended by disastrous consequences sooner or later. Confident as the citizens of the 'model republic' may be of the solidity of their institutions, there is nothing more certain than this, that the moment they embark in any project of aggrandisement likely to create jealousy amongst other powers, or to precipitate serious divisions of opinion at home, they strike a vital blow at their independence. And of all conceivable designs that of embroiling themselves with Canada would be the most unfortunate; for, whatever foolish calculations they may raise upon the discontent of the *habitans*, now rapidly vanishing before the wise measures of a paternal administration, they may be assured that there is no part of the globe where their intrusion or interference would be met with a more determined resistance. There are certain gloomy memories haunting the borders of Maine which it would be a deplorable mistake to revive; nor can that people who invaded Florida with blood-hounds, and banished the aborigines from their hunting-grounds across the Mississippi, expect a much better reception from the Indians of British America. All parties in Canada, however they may differ on other subjects, are unanimous about Uncle Sam.

Lewis and Clarke, as we have seen, were eighteen months on their journey. The passage from Montreal to Fort George can be made on ordinary occasions in less than a fourth of that time; and, where expedition is necessary, in less than a sixth. The fact is sufficiently notorious to every body acquainted with the country; but we prefer stating it explicitly on the authority of M. Mofras, because that gentleman displays such miserable animosity against England in his useless volumes on Oregon and California, that his evidence must be allowed on all hands to be quite unexceptionable when it can be cited in favour of the accidental superiority of our activity or our position.

"The entire distance," says M. Mofras, "from Montreal to the Pacific Ocean, at the embouchure of the Columbia, is exactly 1800 leagues, and the journey occupies four months and a half. During this period they are obliged to travel on horseback seventy-five leagues, or about thirteen days; the remainder is done by boats. We have not calcu-

lated the days necessarily devoted to repose, or business, at the different stations; and the delays are sometimes so long that a party which leaves Montreal in the beginning of May, probably may not reach Fort Vancouver till the following October; they return towards the end of March, and arrive at Montreal about the close of September. But it ought to be remarked that on such occasions the caravan is generally composed of sixty or eighty persons, and ten or twelve canoes, frequently carrying baggage or merchandise. If they travel unencumbered, like Governor Simpson, or the couriers that are despatched from time to time by the company, they can make the distance from the Columbia to the St. Lawrence in less than three months."

There can be no doubt on which side lies the greater facility of access to the mountain-bound territory of Oregon.

The consequence is, that nearly the whole civilised population consists of the servants and settlers of the Hudson's Bay Company. M. Mofras says, that there are about 200 Americans grouped upon the river Ouallamet; he estimates the servants in the immediate employment of the company at 100 more (calculated by Mr. Greenhow at 400), and the French Canadians at 3000. This division of the population is clearly incorrect, if it be intended to imply that these French Canadians are independent settlers; but the actual numbers, on the whole, are probably accurate enough. The remaining population is composed of native Indians, scattered over the face of the country. It is nearly impossible to ascertain their numbers. They were formerly very numerous, but successive visitations of small-pox, fever, and ague, have swept them away so rapidly, that they are now reduced to a mere remnant. Mr. Greenhow says, that the whole of the native tribes, and all other persons inhabiting Oregon, together, do not exceed 20,000. We are inclined to regard this statement as in excess; but we have no means of approximating more closely to the fact. There is no doubt, however, that some of the Indian tribes are extinct, and the rest not likely, under the influence of white civilisation, to bring up their physical statistics to their ancient average.

Two rather important inferences may be drawn from these statements. First, that geographical proximity gives to British America a complete command over the Oregon Territory. Second, that the Oregon Territory is now, and has been for upwards of a century and a half, since the incorporation of the Hudson's Bay Company, whose power has gone on gradually increasing, and consolidating, and acquiring a more systematised form up to the present hour, under the direct influence of the British. These facts, if they do not enter into the abstract question of right, at issue between England and the United

States, form, at least, material elements in the discussion, and add considerable force to the claim on the part of Great Britain.

Let us now examine the question of right set up between the two countries, strictly confining ourselves to the historical points upon which alone it can be adjudicated. But we cannot avoid observing at the outset that the claim to the entire sovereignty over Oregon by the American government is of recent birth. Up to 1814, they were satisfied with asserting a claim to joint occupancy; up to 1827, they never asserted a right of any kind beyond the forty-ninth degree; in 1843, the president announced, to the astonishment of the world, that the whole territory belonged to America; and in 1844, a bill was actually brought into congress, 'to organise a territorial government in the Oregon Territory, and for other purposes!' This bill, which pledges the government to do that which the government cannot do without violating an existing treaty with England, comes before the senate in December next. We believe it will be thrown out, because, in the interval, all reasonable people will have time to comprehend the extent of its perfidious impracticability; but whether it be thrown out or not, it must remain for ever in evidence against the United States, as an instance of that indecent contempt of all honourable obligations, for which they have been of late years so unhappily conspicuous.

The origin of the American claim to the Oregon Territory cannot be more precisely stated than in the words of Mr. Greenhow, the ablest of the American writers on this subject. We choose his statement, because it relieves us from all suspicion of misrepresentation, and enables us to avoid the possibility of unconsciously colouring the facts by any inadvertent expression of our own feelings and convictions. After having informed his readers that the 'discovery' of the Columbia river by Gray, an American, was not made known until 1798, by the publication of Vancouver's narrative, and that no one then, or for many years afterwards, thought the river, or any thing connected with it, could ever become interesting to the United States, he proceeds to lay down the actual limits of the States at that period.

"The territories of the United States were at that time (1798), all included between the Atlantic Ocean on the east, and the Mississippi river on the west. In the north were the British provinces; in the south lay Florida, belonging to Spain; and beyond the Mississippi the Spaniards also claimed the vast region called Louisiana, stretching from the Gulf of Mexico, northward and north-westward to an indefinite extent. Thus, all communication between the states of the

Federal Union and the Pacific was completely cut off, by the interposition of countries possessed by foreign and unfriendly nations."

It is obvious, then, that up to 1798 the Oregon Territory never entered into the wildest dreams of the United States, and that whatever real or imaginary claims they may have upon it must have arisen since.

But at this point it will clear the inquiry of any possible perplexity on the score of prior discovery, to observe that, in 1778, before the Federal Union was called into existence, the whole coast of the Pacific was explored by Cooke up to the forty-eighth degree; that, in 1787, Berkeley and Dixon, both English navigators, explored the Strait of Fuca and Queen Charlotte's Island; that, in 1788, Lieutenant Mears surveyed the Strait of Fuca and Nootka Sound, where he established a factory, and took possession of the circumjacent country in the name of his Britannic Majesty; that in 1792, 1793, and 1794, Vancouver, who was sent out expressly by the English government, surveyed and sounded every mile of that intricate coast; that, in 1792, Broughton, Vancouver's lieutenant, explored the Columbia river, as far as 100 miles upwards, and took possession of it in the name of his sovereign; and that, in 1793, when most of the north-west continent was unknown, M'Kenzie, an officer in the Hudson's Bay Company, conceived the stupendous project of traversing the whole continent from coast to coast, and executed it with a courage and sagacity unparalleled in the history of discovery. The honour of having *originally* discovered the Columbia belongs to the Spaniards. Heceta, in 1775, was the first person who gazed upon its waters. All this time the whole region was a *terra incognita* to the people of the United States. They knew nothing about it all the time our navigators were exploring and surveying the coasts, and taking possession of the country. The only other nation that ever possessed a scintilla of a right to possession in those latitudes, or that ever pretended to such a right, was Spain; and the rights of Spain and England were finally declared and settled in 1790, by a treaty, called the Convention of the Escorial. The American 'discoverer' Gray, who in 1792 got into an inlet, which he presumed to be the Columbia river, was captain of a ship trading along the north-west coast. He neither discovered the river, nor explored it, nor took possession of it. It is more than certain that he never even saw it. He entered the inlet, ascended twelve miles, to a bay where he was weatherbound for ten days—at a distance of sixteen miles from the entrance to the river*—and then departed upon his

* Vancouver, ii.

trading concerns, to dodge about for furs, utterly innocent of all claim to the glory of being handed down to posterity in the pages of history. Indeed, his name would never have been heard of had it not been for the generous allusion made to him by Vancouver, in his narrative published six years afterwards. Disentangling the question, therefore, of all doubts as to discovery, settlement, and possession—seeing that we had taken possession of this territory, and entered into a convention with Spain, the original discoverer, for the recognition and security of our rights, before the United States knew any thing about the Oregon Territory, or could have reached it if they had, we reduce the American claim to the simplest possible basis, which we are willing to accept in the very terms put forward by the Americans themselves.

Having shown that in 1798, and for several years afterwards, the United States not only possessed no interest whatever in the Oregon Territory, but had no suspicion that they ever should possess any, Mr. Greenhow goes on to state when it was, and under what circumstances, they acquired the right which they have only lately asserted for the first time in full.

“The position of the United States, and of their government and people,” says Mr. Greenhow, “with regard to the north-western portion of the continent, was, however, entirely changed after the 30th of April, 1803, when Louisiana, which had been ceded by Spain to France in 1800, came into their possession by purchase from the latter power. *From that moment the route across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific lay open to the Americans; and nothing could be anticipated capable of arresting their progress in the occupation of the whole territory included between these seas.*”

In this passage there are two very distinct assertions: I. That, in 1803, the United States purchased Louisiana from France; II. That the consequence of this purchase was to throw open to them the whole route to the Pacific. The first is a matter of fact, upon which we are all agreed; for there is no doubt that the United States purchased Louisiana from France. The second is a deduction from the first, and, like all deductions, must depend for its validity on the soundness of the premises. If the purchase of Louisiana threw open to the Americans the territory west of the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, then Louisiana must have extended over the whole of that region. The question is—Did Louisiana occupy that extent—a space on the west of the map nearly equal to the whole of the United States on the east? Upon the answer to this question—upon the actual boundaries of the country known by the name of Louisiana in 1803—the

American claim to the Oregon Territory mainly, if not altogether, depends.

If France sold to the United States any territory west of the Rocky Mountains, France must have been in possession of such territory. Now France derived her right solely from a cession previously made to her by Spain. But we have already seen that Spain possessed no such right herself, and, therefore, could not cede it to France: consequently, France could not sell any such territory to the United States. She could not sell that which she did not possess.

In order, however, to ascertain clearly and circumstantially what were the original Spanish rights from whence this cession descended, it will be necessary to revert to the discovery of the Oregon Territory, and to trace the foot-prints of adventure and settlement from that time to the moment when the United States first set up this imaginary claim. Having exhausted this branch of the inquiry, we will recall the reader to the point from which we start on this unavoidable excursion in the argument.

It is necessary to observe, for the better understanding of the mere question of discovery, that the whole of the Oregon coast lies between the forty-second and fifty-fourth degrees of latitude.

In 1578, Drake discovered this coast to the forty-eighth degree—about two degrees above the mouth of the Columbia. Mr. Greenhow endeavours to discredit this fact; but his motive is too transparent, and his evasive treatment of the subject too obvious, to demand any exposure at our hands. The fact itself, however, although we hold it to be indisputable, is of no importance whatever. We can afford to make the United States a present of all the advantages we could possibly derive from it. If our right to the Oregon Territory rested upon priority, it could be established beyond all cavil. But mere discovery gives no title to possession; and as we made no settlement in Oregon for upwards of two centuries afterwards, the long interval would have been equivalent to an abandonment of the country, if during that period any other government had thought proper to appropriate the soil. But no government did so appropriate the soil; and even waiving our claim on the ground of discovery, we are prepared to assert it on the ground of settlement. We were the first settlers in Oregon—the first to assume the rights of sovereignty over the country;—more than that, we were the *only* settlers there, as we shall show presently, when the federal government purchased Louisiana from France.

Of the Spanish navigators in these waters, the first who is admitted on all hands to a place in the discussion is Juan Perez.

He sailed from Mexico in 1774, and the first land he saw was in the 54 parallel of latitude. But he could not land, and sailing to the southward was driven out to sea. He again made land in latitude 47° 47', and coasted home, having literally made no observations whatever. This expedition was considered to be so disgraceful a failure, that the Spanish government suppressed the account of it; and even Mr. Greenhow, in his hesitating way, allows that the discovery of Nootka Sound 'is now, by general consent, assigned to Captain Cook.'

In 1766, another expedition of two vessels was fitted up under the command of Bruno Heceta, and Juan Francisco de la Bodega y Quadra, who succeeded to the command of the second vessel after they had put out to sea. It is unnecessary to detail the vicissitudes of a voyage in which the commander, says Mr. Greenhow, 'certainly acquired no laurels.' The highest point made was the fifty-eighth degree of latitude; and having examined the coast now belonging to Russia, they returned to the south, discovering the mouth of the Columbia river on their way—the single incident that gives historical interest to the expedition.

In 1778, Cooke, as we have stated, explored the whole coast of the Pacific, up to the forty-eighth degree, followed at intervals by Berkeley and Dixon, by Mears, Vancouver, and Broughton;—Mears and Broughton, the former at Nootka Sound in the north, the latter on the Columbia river in the south, taking formal possession of the territory in the name of the sovereign of England.

All this time the Spaniards never made any settlement higher than Cape Mendocino, lat. 49° 29' N. Their exploring expeditions, even had they been attended by any important discoveries, were not followed up by any attempts at settlement, or any declaration of sovereignty. They abandoned the country after the voyages of Perez and Heceta, just as we abandoned it after the voyage of Drake. They neither occupied the country, nor annexed it to their territories, nor took formal possession of it. They left it open to the settlements of other governments—a waste which it was competent for any foreign power to enter and occupy. 'It is a clear and admitted fact,' says Mr. Falconer, in his close and conclusive argument on this point, 'that the government of Spain never made any settlement north of Cape Mendocino. The whole coast for upwards of twenty-five degrees north of this cape was waste, unsettled, and unoccupied. Throughout the whole distance there was no person authorised to execute authority on the part of Spain, or any other power, at any single point.' In the meanwhile, we had taken possession of the country in a formal and legal manner—and we were the only power that did take formal and legal possession of Oregon.

So far as any American title is pretended to be founded upon Gray's 'discovery' of the Columbia river, in 1792, it may be well to say a few words. In the first place, Gray did not discover the Columbia. It was discovered by Heceta nearly thirty years before. In the second place, Gray was not invested with any official authority whatever, and could not take possession in the name of his government. In the third place, he did not take, or pretend to take possession. In the fourth place, no title can be founded upon Gray's discovery or possession, without repudiating at once all right on the part of Spain; for if Spain had such right, Gray could not have interfered with it without committing an act of invasion; and it is upon the integrity of the Spanish right that the validity of the French title, purchased by the United States, exclusively reposes. Gray, therefore, in whatever point of view he may be regarded, must be put out of court altogether. The Americans cannot claim through Gray and through Spain at the same time.

The fact of having taken formal and official possession of a country unoccupied and unclaimed by other powers, has always been recognised as a legal title to its sovereignty. Mere discovery gives no such title, unless discovery be followed up by settlement; nor does settlement itself give such title, unless it be carried out under the sanction of government. Private individuals cannot form colonies and set up laws for themselves; they must have the consent and authority of their natural sovereign. 'By the laws of England,' observes Mr. Falconer, 'the crown possesses absolute authority to extend its sovereignty; it can send its diplomatist to treat for, its soldier to conquer, its sailor to settle new countries. This it can do independently of parliament; and no act of the ordinary legislature is needed to establish English law and authority in such countries.' The same absolute power is vested in all other sovereignties. But in the United States the president has no such authority; there must be a distinct act of legislation to legalise such a proceeding. Such an act is now before congress; but, up to this hour, no act of that nature has ever been legalised by the legislature of the United States in reference to the Oregon Territory. On the other hand, England, upwards of half a century since, complied with all the legal and solemn conditions by which new territories are annexed to the dominions of the crown. An authorised representative of the sovereign entered the Oregon Territory—then unoccupied and free to the whole world—and with the usual ceremonial formality took possession of it in the name of Great Britain. From that moment Oregon was as completely a dependency of the crown as any spot within the girth of our colonial possessions.

The sum of these details may be thus stated, as far as they respect the title of Spain to any rights of sovereignty over Oregon (and it must be borne in mind that Spain and England were the only countries pretending to such a title):—That Spain never made any settlement in the country; never in any way occupied the country above Cape Mendocino; never took legal possession of the country; and never, in short, performed any act by which it could acquire any right to cede to France a single acre of ground within the territory. Let us now see how this state of things was affected by the Convention of the Escorial.

The immediate circumstances which led to the convention were these:—The government of Spain, learning that both the Russians and the English were very busy forming settlements and carrying on traffic on the north-west coast, despatched some vessels on a sort of commission of inquiry to ascertain the facts.* In the course of the events that followed, certain vessels belonging to Mears, who had previously established himself at Nootka Sound, were entrapped and seized by the Spaniards, whose conduct throughout these transactions (without touching the question of right one way or the other) is universally admitted to have been base and treacherous. We need not detain the reader by entering upon the details, but will reduce the case at once to the simple point into which this outrage was finally narrowed, in the subsequent negotiations between the two countries.

Mears having brought the affair under the consideration of the British government, restitution and satisfaction were instantly demanded of the Court of Spain, to which demand an answer was given, that the Viceroy of Mexico had already restored the captured vessels and liberated the crews, on the supposition, however, that their owners were ignorant of the exclusive rights of Spain. This answer, accompanied by a direct claim to the sovereignty of

* Spain, it seems, founded her title to exclusive sovereignty over these regions, and, consequently, her right to send out this expedition of inquiry upon these grounds; the specification of which, being all equally invalid, would only needlessly interrupt the historical statement of facts. These grounds were: 1. A papal concession in 1492; 2. The discovery of the coast; 3. The contiguity of the Oregon Territory to the Spanish settlements of New Mexico. 1. The liberality of the pope, in giving away a great number of kingdoms that were not his own (including, as a scoffing writer has it, even the kingdom of heaven), was one of the foolish frauds which even they who hoped to reap benefit from them were never hardy enough to maintain in the face of other nations. This ground was obviously so absurd, that Spain had too much good sense to put it forward. 2. Granting to Spain her full claim to the merits of discovery, it has been already shown that discovery alone constitutes no title to sovereignty. 3. Contiguity of territory offers about as reasonable a pretext for exercising sovereign rights over a country as the accident of living next door to an empty house would justify a man in taking possession of the premises. We hear that contiguity of territory is one of the arguments employed by the United States in favour of their claims—an argument which, were it worth any thing, is altogether on our side, as we have shown.

the country, was held to be so unwarrantable, that it was at once met by a message to parliament, asking for supplies to enable his majesty to vindicate the rights of his subjects to 'a free and uninterrupted navigation, commerce, and fishery, and to the possession of such establishments as they should form' on the coast. The supplies were granted with enthusiasm, and preparations for war were immediately set on foot; so clearly did the British government comprehend their rights, and so determined were they to enforce them. On the same day a note was addressed to the Spanish ambassador in London, in which his majesty declared that 'he would take the most effectual pacific measures to prevent his subjects from trespassing on the just and acknowledged rights of Spain; but that he could not accede to the *pretensions* of absolute sovereignty, commerce, and navigation, which appeared to be the principal objects of the last note from the Spanish ambassador.' Nothing could be more explicit on both sides. The Spanish government claimed the right of exclusive sovereignty over the country; the English government denied that they possessed any such right, showing at the same time that they regarded their own title to be so clear, that they actually expended 3,000,000*l.* sterling in active preparations to maintain and establish its validity. The English government would certainly never have incurred so enormous an expenditure, if they had not fully recognised the proceedings of Mears in taking possession of the country.

Spain, however, did not see fit to push her claim to extremities. She argued the case with a downward sophistry, abandoning her high position step by step, and gradually begging the question by observing, that 'although Spain may *not* have establishments or colonies planted on the coasts or in the ports in dispute, it does not follow that such coast or port does not belong to her.' To which the British government contented itself by simply re-asserting the 'indisputable right' of British subjects to free navigation, commerce and fishery, and to the possession of any establishments they might form with the consent of the natives of the country not previously occupied by any European nation. Spain herself admitted in these negotiations that she had never *occupied* the country, so that, according to every received principle of law and justice, her claim fell to the ground.

The attitude taken by England was not to be misunderstood; and the demands of Spain at last shrunk into a treaty. This was the Convention of the Escorial, which in America goes rather significantly by the name of the Nootka Treaty, seeing that it restored and recognised in full the rights of the English in that quarter. By this convention it was stipulated that all the buildings and tracts of land on the north-west coast, of which British

subjects were dispossessed, should be restored; that just reparation should be made for all acts of hostility; that both parties should have free right to navigate in the Pacific Ocean or the South Seas, or to carry on commerce or establish settlements in places not already occupied, and that the subjects of both powers should have access to any settlements subsequently formed by either. This arrangement distinctly reinstated the British settlers in the places they had previously occupied, and threw open to both powers the right of settling in all places then unoccupied. After this convention, Spain had undoubtedly as good a right to form settlements in Oregon as we had. The effect of the convention was distinctly and unequivocally to annul or forego all previous claims to sovereignty over the country on both sides, and to treat the territory as an open waste, upon which either party was at liberty to form any settlements it might think proper, provided they did not interfere with any settlements already formed, there being at the time but two in existence, those of the English at Nootka Sound, and at Port Cox, about sixteen leagues to the southward, which this very treaty expressly recognised.

What followed upon this convention? The English government immediately proceeded to carry out their intentions, in conformity with that official interpretation of the treaty which was accepted by both governments, and sent out Vancouver, in 1792, to take possession of the restored settlements, and to ascertain what parts of the coast were unoccupied. At Nootka he was formally put in possession of the buildings and lands belonging to the English, and having surveyed the coast from 39° 20' south latitude to the Strait of Juan de Fuca, and finding it all unoccupied, he took possession of it in the name of his Britannic Majesty, under the right accorded and guaranteed by the express stipulations of the convention. By this legal and official act, the country was annexed to the British crown for ever. The act was notified to the whole world; it was published under the sanction of government in Vancouver's narrative; every body knew it; nobody disputed it. If Spain regarded this act or declaration of sovereignty as an infringement of her rights, she would have remonstrated or protested. But she did neither the one nor the other. On the contrary, from that hour she abandoned the shores of the north-western region; and has never appeared upon them since. It seems rather unreasonable, then, that if Spain never afterwards asserted any right of territory in Oregon, America should claim such right as emanating from Spain, by virtue of a subsequent transaction.

Under the Nootka Treaty, Spain, had she been in time, and had she thought proper to do so, might have taken possession of all the unoccupied land; and if she had, we must have allowed the

legality of her title. But she not only did not avail herself of the opportunity, but does not appear to have contemplated such a measure. In fact, she never at any period formed a settlement in Oregon, as was frankly admitted in the diplomatic notes which passed between the courts of Madrid and London on the occasion of these negotiations. She had enough to do in New Mexico.

From this review of the actual events which determined in the British crown all rights of sovereignty in the Oregon Territory, it will be seen that the claims of Spain, whatever they might have been before, were now finally set aside. This recalls us to the point which, for the first time, introduces the United States into the discussion—the sale of Louisiana by the French as it was ceded by the Spaniards. As Spain had no possessions in Oregon, she clearly could not have included in her cession to France any portion of that region. The question then is, what district of country did she cede to France under the name of Louisiana?

It is much more easy to answer this question in the negative than in the affirmative. We can much more readily decide what was *not* Louisiana than determine what was understood to be included under that designation. The Americans themselves never had any clear notion of that district; they very candidly avow that its boundaries were indefinite from the earliest period; and the Spaniards, who protested against the sale to the United States, as being a violation of subsisting engagements on the part of France, and who were well disposed to dispute the entrance of the Americans, declared that France had no right to a foot of territory west of the Mississippi. In this dilemma we are thrown upon a complicated tissue of treaties, to trace amongst them, as well as we can, what were the real or supposititious limits of Louisiana. One thing alone is certain, that they could not, by any political or geographical stratagem, be strained across the Rocky Mountains into the Oregon Territory.

The confusion respecting these boundaries is perfectly bewildering. Louisiana was originally a French colony. It was settled by a charter of Louis XIV., which charter left its eastern and western frontiers to the imagination of the settlers. The Sieur Crozat, to whom this ambiguous charter was granted in 1712, was glad to give it up in 1717. Probably, he was afraid of committing involuntary trespasses on the property of others. The Illinois country was then annexed to it, the Illinois country itself being in a similar condition of doubt. This, of course, only increased the perplexity. Louisiana, thus rendered more difficult of definition than ever, was made over by royal decree to Law's Mississippi Company, who escaped from their vague responsibility in 1732.

The onus of this boundless province then reverted to the crown of France, and the said crown, in 1762, got rid of it by cession to the crown of Spain. But Spain seems to have been as uneasy under the obligation as France, and ceded it back again in 1800. The sly terms of these cessions and retrocessions are distinguished by a spirit of evasive finesse worthy of the palmiest days of the French and Spanish comedy. It would puzzle a conjuror to discover from these documents what country it was that was thus ceded and retroceded. France gave to Spain 'all that country known under the name of Louisiana,' and Spain gave back to France this same Louisiana, taking care to guard against accidents, by adding 'with the same extent that it now has in the hands of Spain, and that it had when France possessed it.' The conscientious caution of the Spaniard cannot be too highly commended. In this condition France sold the unmapped Louisiana to the United States for 15,000,000 dollars; and the United States are now trying to make the most of their bargain. Finding that the limits of the country were never laid down, they are endeavouring to persuade the world that it had no limits but the ocean.

The way in which Mr. Greenhow speaks of Louisiana forms a suggestive commentary on this curious dilemma. He says, that from the time when Louisiana was ceded to Spain, until it 'came into the possession of the United States, its extent and limits were not defined.' This is tolerably decisive of the difficulty America has yet to encounter in the attempt to prove that it extended to the Pacific, seeing, on the confession of the Americans themselves, that its extent was not defined. But this is nothing in comparison with the admissions made in the following remarkable passage, which, if there be any meaning at all to be wrung from the English language, when it is employed by American historians, sets the question at rest for ever.

"How far Louisiana extended westward, when it was ceded by France to Spain, history offers no means of determining. The charter granted to Crozat, in 1712, included only the territories drained by the Mississippi south of the Illinois country; and, though the Illinois was annexed to Louisiana in 1717, nothing can be found showing what territories were comprehended under that general appellation. In the old French maps, New France is represented as extending across the Continent to the Pacific; in British maps, of the same period, a large portion of the territory thus assigned to New France, appears as New England, or as Virginia; while the Spanish geographers claimed the same portion for their sovereign, under the names of New Mexico and California. *While Louisiana remained in the possession of Spain, it was certainly never considered as embracing New Mexico or California; though whether it was so considered or not, is immaterial to*

the question as to its western limits in 1803, which were, by the treaty, to be the same as in 1762. In the absence of all light on the subject from history, we are forced to regard the boundaries indicated by nature—namely, *the highlands separating the waters of the Mississippi from those flowing into the Pacific or the Californian Gulf—as the true western boundaries of the Louisiana ceded to the United States by France in 1803.*”

The completeness of this admission—that the western boundary of Louisiana was the chain of the Rocky Mountains, and that, consequently, America acquired no rights by her purchase beyond that boundary—is final. But we must not, therefore, pass over in silence the spirit of subterfuge that runs through this very disingenuous passage. Notwithstanding that Mr. Greenhow is thoroughly convinced that Louisiana never could, in the nature of things, have extended beyond the mountains, and, indeed, does not hesitate, at last, to say so, he tries to insinuate, that in 1762 it *might* have extended to the Pacific. Mr. Greenhow knows perfectly well that New Mexico, or California, never belonged to France, and, therefore, could not have formed a part of the territory called Louisiana, which was ceded by France to Spain, in 1762. The question turns upon what was Louisiana in 1762, for we have seen that Spain returned it back again, precisely as she got it. Now, whatever it was, it is as clear as the sun at noon-day, that New Mexico could have been no portion of it; for this very reason, that in 1762, when the original cession was made, New Mexico belonged to Spain herself. The whole of the territory in that direction, west of the Rocky Mountains, was Spanish ground, adjoining this vague Louisiana, a fact which Mr. Greenhow, only two or three pages before, frankly, but perhaps unconsciously, states in very exact terms. ‘That any settlement,’ he observes, ‘of the western boundaries of Louisiana, should have been made on the conclusion of the treaty of 1762, is not probable. It would have been superfluous, as *Louisiana would certainly have joined the other territories of Spain in that direction!*’

It is impossible, upon the whole of this evidence, to make a loophole for the slightest doubt on this point—that in purchasing Louisiana from France, the United States acquired no rights beyond the base of the Rocky Mountains. President Jefferson explicitly affirms the limits in a letter written at the time of the purchase. ‘The boundary,’ says Jefferson, ‘which I deem not admitting question, are the highlands on the western side of the Mississippi, enclosing all its waters—the Missouri of course—and terminating in the line drawn from the north-western point, from the Lake of the Woods to the nearest source of the Mississippi, as lately settled between Great Britain and the United States.’

And in some negotiations which took place four years afterwards, he desired the omission of a clause which referred to the north-west territory, because it 'could have no other effect, than as an offensive intimation to Spain that the claims of the United States extend to the Pacific Ocean.' We, therefore, dismiss this branch of the subject, by restating the only conclusion consonant with the facts of history, at which any human being can arrive, after a sifting investigation of the whole question—namely, that the claim set up by the United States to a right of territory in Oregon, arising from the purchase of Louisiana, in 1803, is utterly fallacious, and totally unfounded.

Recalling the reader, then, to the point from which we started, we ask what is to be thought of the integrity of the writer who, with all these facts and disproofs before him, could be capable of making the sweeping assertion already quoted, that from the moment of the purchase, 'the route across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific lay open to the Americans?' We have been accused of dealing severely with the poets of America (an accusation which in good time we shall notice as it deserves); but we confess we are in some doubt whether they should not be called upon to evacuate the regions of fiction and give place to the historians.

The settlement between the United States and Great Britain alluded to by President Jefferson, took place in 1783. It recognised the independence of the states and fixed their boundaries; but does not in any way affect the Oregon question, which at that time had not come into dispute.

Pursuing the subject in the order of time, we shall now proceed to state the steps that were taken by America in consequence of her presumed claim, and the arrangements of every kind that have been entered into since 1803 in reference to that claim; conducting the inquiry chronologically to the present moment, so that the English reader may be put in possession of the exact state of the case as it now stands in litigation between the two countries.

In 1805, Lewis and Clarke were commissioned by President Jefferson to explore the country west of the Rocky Mountains. We have already stated that, according to the constitution of the United States, the president cannot exercise any act of sovereignty,—he cannot annex new territories to the Union. This commission, therefore, was not invested with an official character, and could not take possession of the country in the name of the American government. No title, consequently, can be raised upon this exploring expedition; nor is any such title asserted. 'Politically,' says Mr. Greenhow, 'the expedition was an an-

nouncement to the world of the *intention* of the American government to occupy and settle the countries explored.' 'But,' rejoins Mr. Falconer, 'such intention had already been announced to the world by the English government in a public, authentic, and legal manner, and its sovereignty over the country declared.'

In 1810, an attempt was made by a Captain Smith to found a post for trade with the Indians on the south bank of the Columbia. He built a house and laid out a garden, but the speculation was a failure, and he abandoned it before the close of the year. Mr. Falconer very properly observes, that this was the act of a private individual, and does not carry any political inference whatever.

In the same year the fur station called Astoria, rendered famous by Washington Irving's romance, was founded by a German merchant of New York, Jacob Astor, near the mouth of the Columbia. This was simply a private trading speculation, and although it has been dragged into the Oregon question with a view to help out the American claim, we need scarcely observe that it has no political character at all. The government of the United States might as well set up pretensions to sovereign authority in England because some stray ship-broker from New York establishes a packet-office in Liverpool, as pretend to any right over Oregon arising out of Mr. Astor's attempt to establish a fur company there. The brief history of the affair is as follows:—

Mr. Astor, whose experience in the commerce of the Pacific pointed out to him some probabilities of success in such an experiment, devised a scheme for the establishment of a Pacific Fur Company. The rivalry he principally apprehended was from the North-west Company of Montreal (which has been since amalgamated with the Hudson's Bay Company); and he was so impressed with the policy of conciliating the English interest that he offered one-third of the project to that company. But they prudently declined the offer. The company, however, was formed, and although it originated with an American merchant, such was the unavoidable ascendancy of British capital and British influence, that even Mr. Greenhow admits that, 'the majority not only of the inferior servants, but also of the *partners*, were British subjects.' This majority was so decisive that a reasonable doubt arises whether Astoria was not actually an English settlement; and when, in October, 1813, it was found necessary to dissolve the partnership, the whole of the establishment and stock being then sold to the North-West Company, the immediate cause of the dissolution is directly traced by Mr. Greenhow to the fact, that the company was governed by English and not by American directors. He puts this statement into

italics by way of marking its importance; we adopt his *italics* for the same reason. 'The Pacific Company, nevertheless,' says Mr. Greenhow, 'might, and probably would, have withstood all these difficulties [alluding to the war with England], if the directing parties on the *Columbiu* had been Americans, instead of being, as the greater part of them were, men unconnected with the United States by birth, citizenship, or previous residence, or family ties.' This statement is conclusive as to the character of the settlement, and shows unequivocally, that whatever American ingredients may have been mixed up in its formation, it was to all intents and purposes amenable to British influence. It could not have been otherwise, for the Americans had never subjected Oregon to their authority. They had no official servants in the country of any class, judicial, military, or naval. Suppose any civil question had arisen during the brief existence of Astoria, to what authority could it have been referred? If America had any rights in Oregon she must surely have had some machinery of government by which her rights could have been enforced and protected. But she never did establish any such machinery, and if the handful of Americans who were embarked in the Astoria speculation had been at any moment compelled into a civil procedure, they must of necessity have appealed to the English law, under which alone they could derive legal protection.

The failure of Astoria led, as we have stated, to the sale of the whole concern to the North-West Company in 1813, when the name of the establishment was immediately changed to that of Fort George. It was now English by purchase, and it has remained in the hands of the English ever since.

At the termination of the war, in 1814, America claimed the restoration of the post sold by the Pacific Company, as belonging to the United States, and as having been taken during the war. The answer was obvious, that it had been bought, not captured, that the territory had been taken possession of long before in the name of his Britannic Majesty, and that it had all along been considered as a part of his majesty's dominions. The discussions on this point were drawn to a close by leaving the question of title to be discussed in a future negotiation. While the main question was thus left in abeyance, the fort was restored; and the best proof that can be afforded of the slender faith placed by the Americans in their right of repossession is to be found in the significant fact, that they have never occupied the fort up to the present hour. It is now in the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company. It ought to be observed, also, that while we thus consented to restore the fort, we have consistently and invariably protested against the American claim to any territorial rights. Early in 1818, Lord

Castlereagh, writing to the British minister at Washington, says, 'In signifying to Mr. Adams the full acquiescence of your government in the re-occupation of the *limited* position which the United States held in the Columbia at the breaking out of the war, you will, at the same time, assert the claim of Great Britain to that territory, upon which the American settlement must be considered as an encroachment.' The same language was subsequently employed by Lord Bathurst, and has been persevered in throughout all the negotiations that since have taken place on the subject.

If any claim could possibly arise out of such a settlement as that of Astoria, unauthorised by any act of congress, then we are clearly entitled to set it aside on the score of priority; for, in addition to the former settlement at Nootka Sound and Port Cox, an English party, commissioned by the North-West Company, formed an establishment, in 1806, on Frazer's Lake, in the fifty-fourth degree of latitude.* These were all authentic arrangements under the sanction of the British jurisdiction, already formally proclaimed in the Columbia and up the coast many years before. America has no title, in short, on the ground of occupancy; for she has never yet occupied a yard of the country—none on the ground of discovery; for Drake, and Cooke, and Heceta, were there before her—none on the ground of exploration; for Broughton was up the Columbia first—and none on the ground of any declaration of annexation, or any act of possession; for up to this hour she has not taken one single legal step towards the assertion of a legal right of any nature whatsoever.

The next point in the progress of the debate, which was now insensibly assuming every day a more tangible shape between the two countries, was a convention ratified between Great Britain and America in 1818, by which the rights of both were submitted to a temporary suspension. A boundary line was agreed upon which should run along the forty-ninth degree of latitude, from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains; and the whole of the country west of the Rocky Mountains was pronounced free to both for the term of ten years, without prejudice to the claims of either. The question of title was, consequently, still left open. And now we arrive at the most material transaction in the history of this prolonged dispute:—a transaction upon the interpretation of which the American claim finally rests, at some cost of

* Mr. Greenhow's book contains so many errors that we are compelled to abandon the intention with which we set out of exposing them in detail. But we cannot suffer his assertion, that 'this was the first settlement or post of any kind made by British subjects west of the Rocky Mountains,' to pass uncorrected. His own book contains the refutation of this strange historical mistake.

consistency in the variegated arguments by which it had been hitherto maintained. The obscurity in which the transfer of Louisiana in 1803 had left the actual boundary lines of that large extent of country, rendered it necessary that some understanding should be entered into on the subject, and a declaratory treaty, known as the Florida Treaty, was accordingly concluded with Spain in 1819. By this treaty the boundaries were fixed, running on the west of the United States in an irregular line from the Sabine river to the forty-second degree of latitude, and then along that parallel west to the Pacific. A clause was inserted in the treaty by which the United States renounced all pretension to the territories west and south of this boundary, and Spain ceded to the United States all rights, claims, and pretensions to the territories on its north and east. Upon this clause, America mainly relies for the proof of her Oregon claim.

We need not re-argue the incompetency of Spain to cede to America territories over which she possessed no rights herself. This clause, to be of any value at all, must depend upon the power of the donor to bestow, not on the willingness of the receiver to accept. America is willing enough to accept Oregon at the hands of Spain; but the real question at issue is, has Spain the power of bestowing Oregon on America? We answer, No. Spain never was in possession of Oregon; and, whatever debatable title she might have previously had, she distinctly and irrevocably resigned it by the stringent conditions of the Nootka Convention in 1790. From that moment Spain relinquished her claims for ever; Great Britain immediately afterwards took possession of the country, and the Spanish flag has never, from that day to this, appeared off the Oregon coast. It is impossible to imagine a clearer case. The Spanish title is not merely defective but non-existent. Spain had no title after 1790.

Even M. Mofras, in his work on Oregon and California, which betrays all throughout a spirit of malignant hostility against England, is reluctantly compelled to admit that the Florida Treaty gave the United States no rights whatever in Oregon. He says that it could not be construed to invalidate the Convention of 1790, that it constitutes a simple renunciation, and that the Americans ought to respect the rights which were previously recognised by Spain as existing in the English. 'If we had now,' he adds, 'to give an opinion upon this important question, we should, in spite of our sympathies for the United States, and our aversion against the aggressive system of the English, be compelled to acknowledge that reason and right are this time on their side. We are even astonished that, foregoing their habitual tenacity, they should have made, in the course of

their negotiations, such large sacrifices to the Americans.' Every impartial and honourable mind must feel the reluctant justice of these observations, and acknowledge, as frankly as M. Moiras, that no title can be sustained through the Treaty of Florida.

Conscious, no doubt, of this insuperable difficulty, America endeavours to make out her claim upon other grounds, as well as upon the Florida treaty—grounds which are so signally contradictory of each other, as to annihilate her claim altogether. For, if her claim be rightful on any one of these grounds, it is untenable on the others, and *vice versa*; and, as it is needless to insist upon an adherence to some clear principle in the conduct of such negotiations, we are content to submit these grounds, without a syllable of commentary, to the common sense of the world.

She claims, first, through Gray's discovery of the Columbia. If that claim be good, it vitiates at once all claim through the purchase of Louisiana from France, and through treaty with Spain; for neither France nor Spain could confer upon America that which already belonged to America.

She claims, next, through the purchase of Louisiana from France, which purchase rested upon a cession from Spain to France. If that claim be good, Spain must have ceded the Oregon territory to France, which she not only declared she had not done, but which she could not have done if America had previously acquired that territory through Gray's discovery.

She next claims by virtue of occupancy in 1814, although that occupancy was chiefly carried out by an English company, and was relinquished by a regular deed of sale.

And she finally claims under the Florida treaty of 1819, by cession from Spain. This is the title that stultifies all the rest. For if the Treaty of 1819 be alleged as conferring any title, then the pretensions to a title arising from occupancy in 1814 must have been wholly without foundation. If, on the other hand, America relies upon her title of 1814, she cannot go to Spain for a title in 1819. She is in this dilemma—either that her pretensions in 1814 were false, and that, consequently, the 'occupation' of the Columbia by Great Britain was rightful, as against her; or that, claiming under the Treaty of 1819, her title is limited to the territory lying south of the British settlements on the Columbia, over which Spain could have had no shadow of a right.

We leave America to extricate herself from this dilemma as creditably as she can. But it is sufficiently apparent that she must relinquish her claim altogether, or rest it upon some intelligible basis. She has hitherto resisted every approach to a

equitable adjustment with England. Mr. Canning and Mr. Huskisson proposed that a boundary line should be drawn westward along the fourth-ninth parallel of latitude, from the Rocky Mountains to the north-easternmost branch of the Columbia river, and thence down the centre of the stream to the sea. This proposition was rejected. All negotiation, with a view to a moderate and amicable adjudication of the respective claims of England and the United States having failed, the Convention of 1818 was renewed in 1827, and the provisions, instead of being limited to ten years, were extended to an indefinite period, either party having the right, upon a year's notice, to withdraw from the agreement. In this condition the question remains.

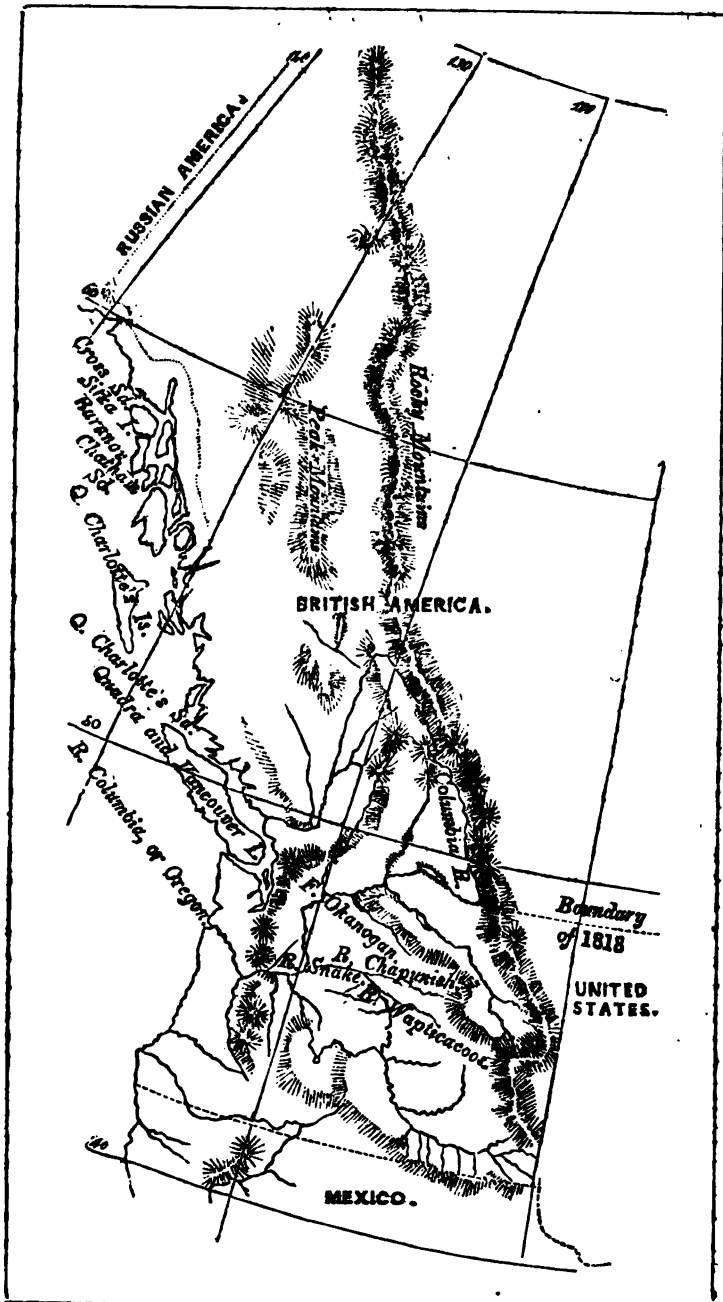
The violent and unstatesmanlike declaration of Mr. Polk, in his inaugural address, has not been serviceable to America in the public opinion of Europe. He thought proper to launch upon the furious tide of the democratic passions which carried him into office a wilful mis-statement, couched in the most offensive language. The bad taste and worse policy of that very foolish proceeding, must recoil upon himself. But we earnestly hope, for the sake of the paramount interests of peace and civilisation, that the calmer judgment of the ministers by whom he is surrounded may avert the consequences from his country. He will have time to reflect in the interval before the next meeting of congress, and it is gratifying to observe that nearly the whole press of America in the meanwhile protests against his conduct. The bill for the occupation of Oregon comes before congress in December. We venture to predict that it will be thrown out; simply because it cannot be carried without involving the United States in a war with England; and there are three sound reasons why America cannot go to war—she has neither men, money, nor credit. No—America will not go to war.

The true policy of America is peace. Washington declared that the moment she committed herself to schemes of aggression and aggrandisement, her power was at an end. She cannot extend her territory without risk of weakening it. She has not enough of population as it is to defend the shores of the Atlantic in the event of hostilities: by what process of conjuration then can she undertake to occupy and defend territories remote from her own states and difficult of access? If she got possession of Oregon to-morrow, she could not maintain it. Her sovereignty in that distant region could be preserved only by the presence of an imposing force, and by a chain of strong military outposts from the Missouri across the continent to the sea. How is she to organise this force? How is she to supply this enor-

mous machinery of defence? Even if she could succeed in laying down such a plan of warlike preparations, she must still fail in securing a permanent occupation of the north-western coast, which, it is notorious, can only be reached and commanded from the ocean. She must, therefore, cover her land force by a powerful naval armament. Where is she to get the means? Overwhelmed with debts, and dragging her reputation as she is at a discount through the exchanges of the world, is she prepared to incur still greater odium and an impossible outlay? We believe there is not a sensible man in America who does not denounce the Quixotic project which points at the hopeless occupation of Oregon.

The British minister has solemnly announced that he is not only resolved but prepared to assert the rights of the British Crown in the Oregon Territory. This is not an idle threat; and it has been echoed back by the universal conviction of a country too well instructed in its own power, too confident in the integrity of its cause, and too well assured of the advantages of peace, to embark hastily in an expensive war. We have the means of vindicating our rights, and we will employ them should it become necessary. The mere addition to our naval estimates this year amounts to 1,000,000*l.* sterling—a sum nearly equal to the total naval estimates of the United States—and our squadron in the Pacific under Admiral Seymour is a sufficient pledge of the sincerity of our intentions in that quarter.

But we do not believe that America will submit the Oregon question to solution in the field of battle. She is not in a condition for such dangerous experiments, and, if she were, a dispassionate investigation of the case must finally satisfy her that the claim she sets up could be settled much more speedily, to her own honour and ultimate advantage, by peaceful arbitration. It is the interest of both countries to settle their claims amicably; but it is chiefly the interest of America, for the experience of all history concurs in this warning—that when a subject in litigation between two powers is removed from the cabinet to the camp, it must be at the cost of the weaker party.



SKETCH MAP OF THE OREGON TERRITORY.

SHORT REVIEWS

OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

German University Education ; or, the Professors and Students of Germany. By WALTER C. PERRY, Philosophical Doctor of the University of Göttingen. London: Longman. 1845.

THE extreme ignorance, shallowness, and prejudice, with which many otherwise intelligent Englishmen allow themselves to talk on the subject of the German Universities, would be surprising did not the general tone of English character combine with the narrowness of our academical education to produce such a result. An Englishman in the main distinction of his nature, as a practical and a political creature, is the direct antagonist of the contemplative and speculative German; and an Oxonian, with his few narrow notions about classical literature, bishops, and lords' sons, is a creature whom no optical machinery of any kind can enable to discern, with understanding, such a large portentous moving world of thought as the wide field of the German Universities exhibits. In general, the whole system of English education is based upon the idea not of enlarging the comprehension and the sympathies of British youth, but of drilling and training them into a due reverence for Greek, bishops, and aristocracy; and in this state of things, prejudice and misrepresentation with regard to all foreign excellences is not so much the natural as the necessary and systematically calculated result.

But Oxford is not England; and to those who, not having been educated in that metropolis of erudite superficiality and conceit, possess an open eye and heart, the present little volume will be highly acceptable; not indeed as, in all respects, a worthy treatment of so worthy a theme, but as comprehending within a small space much useful information on a subject, which the educational measures of government with regard to Ireland invest, at the present moment, with a peculiar interest.

In our own opinion, the excellence of the German Universities, above all other institutions of a similar kind, required no display of logic to prove it, other than may be found in that very significant text of Scripture, "BY THEIR WORKS YE SHALL KNOW THEM." Impartial men will be very slow to admit the superior merits of the Oxonian system, even within its own narrow domain, when they see every notable scholar now known in England, if not breathing altogether in a German atmosphere, at least fighting mainly with German weapons, and engaged in intellectual battles of the most important results, which but for German genius had never been stirred. Throwing overboard the whole army of Kants, Schellings, Fichtes, Hegels, and Herbarts, as so much

metaphysical lumber which the German Universities were much better without (though it were difficult to say that they are worse than Puseyism), there remains behind such a mass of solid erudition, such a glow of literary enthusiasm, such an energy of scientific and philosophic research in these institutions, that the fair conclusion is such a luxuriant vegetation and beneficent crop can come from no barren and sandy soil. The man who, in the face of this real intellectual prosperity, can talk seriously about students' brawls, pipes, beer, whiskers, and the point of honour (*Du bist ein dummer Junge!*), is incapable of forming any manly judgment. Let our academical men rather go to Berlin and Bonn, and fall regularly in love with the German Universities, in the way of contrast, as Huber did with ours. For a prejudiced judgment of this kind—a prejudice in favour of foreign things, begotten of an intense admiration of their peculiar excellence—one might feel even respect. But the vulgar English fashion of seeing no excellence except in England, is pitiful, and unworthy of a people that otherwise possess all the elements of intellectual greatness, as richly as God has yet bestowed them on any race of mortals.

The fact being admitted, the main instruction for us is to be derived from an investigation into the causes of the superior excellence of the German Universities. They are shortly as follows:—

1. Their fidelity to the original character and type of such institutions; in that they afford instruction of the highest order, on the widest range of subjects. The elevation of their work distinguishes them from the Scotch; the comprehensiveness of their domain, from the English institutions of the same name.

2. Their giving the fullest scope and play to the professorial system, as distinguished from the tutorial. In this point they agree with the Scotch, but are diametrically opposed to the English universities. A German university is an arena in which men of the highest intellectual gladiatorship publicly exhibit, the students being principally (though not altogether) spectators. An English university is a collection of intellectual drill-horses, where a set of young men are trained to perform a certain monotonous routine of movements under the direction, not of experienced generals, but mere scholastic corporals, according to certain recognised manuals.

3. Their admitting to the fullest extent the principle of free trade and competition in the work of public instruction. A professor may be sure of his small salary; but he is never sure of his students and his fees, unless he be a clever fellow and work hard. A lecturer immediately starts up at his side, and carries away, without remorse, popularity and pence in the first place, and afterwards place. In Scotland, on the other hand, a professor has a complete monopoly, and can, in general, as little increase the number of his students by talent and diligence, as he can diminish them by stupidity and laziness.

4. Their being built upon the sure foundation of well-organised intermediate schools. In this point, again, they stand favourably contrasted with the Scottish universities, which have long been little better than

upper schools, and schools of a very rambling and irregular kind. The professors, of course, sink down generally into mere schoolmasters.

5. Their being quite free from tests and ecclesiastical control of any kind. In this country the only universities that can compare with them in this respect are the London University and the University of Edinburgh. All the other Scotch universities are more or less under the influence of the church—a church, by the way, not remarkable in the history of Europe, either for learning or for philosophy, and calculated for any thing rather than exercising a beneficial control over the highest seats of science and philosophy. As for Oxford, its character as a mere episcopal and aristocratic college is too well known to require mention.

6. Their being liberally encouraged, honoured, and patronised by the government and the country. Germany is proud of its universities; Scotland starves hers: and the English universities do not belong to the nation, but to a party. In Germany, mere learning and talent are a passport to the best society; in England, rank, money, connexions, and political influence, are preferred.

7. Their being less distracted by political disputes and secular interests than an English or Scottish university can afford to be. This is one of the good results of a thing in itself bad—the absolute, monarchical, and bureaucratic system of the German governments. The Germans have no parliaments; their universities are their parliaments. The Germans have no freedom of speech in the king's face, or in the face of his ministers; but in an academical book (though they cannot say every thing even there) much will be tolerated. The universities are, in fact, the last stronghold of freedom and public spirit in despot-ridden Germany; and all free and Promethean souls flock thither as to a common asylum of liberty, and an arena of truth.

We shall be glad, if an opportunity offers, to take up this subject soon at greater length. Meanwhile, in this educational age, every sensible man will deem the matter deserving of serious consideration. To think of refashioning English and Scotch academical institutions altogether after the German model, is the dream of a boy: but that no useful hint may be borrowed from them for the improvement of our very imperfect native institutions, is the crotchet of a stiff pedant, or the fancy of a vain fool. We hope some intelligent Englishman of status may soon begin to build upon this good foundation laid by Dr. Perry, and come forward with such a loud advocacy of the German universities as will force the most dull to hear, and the most gnarled to bend.

Was Ich erlebte, aus der Erinnerung niedergeschrieben von HENRY STEFFENS. 9ter and 10ter Band. (Memoirs of Henry Steffens.) Breslau: 1844.

We have here the two concluding volumes of the personal memoirs of Professor Steffens, already twice noticed in this Review. In our first notice of the early volumes (No. LXL) we gave a few sketches of

literary character, and a specimen or two of literary opinion, belonging to the end of the past and the beginning of the present century in Germany. In our next notice (No. LXVII.) we strung together a few extracts belonging to the period of our author's participation in the great Liberation War of 1813. After patiently reading through eight volumes, we thought, innocently enough, that the end had come; but we had yet to learn how far the patience of Germany will go in tolerating that biggest of all evils, a big book, and to what excess a *redselig* intelligent old academical discourses will permit himself to abuse that toleration. The amorphous conglomeration of reminiscences, however, is now completed, and with the help of the copious index at the end, will prove not the least edifying of those multifarious collections of memoirs, reminiscences, letters, and what not, which the Germans have lately been stitching together in all quarters, to commemorate their great literary doings in the past, and political achievements in the present century. Professor Steffens is a man who has moved about much more in his day, and come in contact with a greater variety of remarkable characters, than most men of his time and place. He seems, indeed, to have had a peculiar instinct of taking fire, so to speak, with every blaze of inspiration that might happen to be in the atmosphere for the day; whether it was the *Natur-philosophie* of Schelling, or the Anti-Gallic war-cry of Marshal Blücher, or the gymnastic prophesying of bearded old Jahn, or the old Lutheran Shibboleth of pious Scheibel and the persecuted Silesians, Steffens was always in the fray; if he did not publish a pamphlet, you might be sure there was no danger—the storm would not burst the tea-kettle. In the ten-volumed memoirs of such a man, he who cannot hook out a few not unimportant secrets of German doings, must blame the fisherman and not the fish.

The present volumes touch, among 'all subjects and a few others,' particularly on the famous State prosecutions in Germany, which threw such a prosaic and almost Tartarean gloom over the bright epic coruscations of the Liberation War. We have no space here to enter at any length into the details of these transactions, as little creditable to the wisdom as to the honesty of German bureaucratists; it is of vast importance, however, for the sake of historic truth to register the testimony of such a man as Steffens, on the matter—Steffens, a philosophical loyalist and anti-constitutionalist of the first water. In the year 1819, when Germany was turned into one gigantic police-office, Steffens was rector of the university at Breslau, and there employed by the government to make an inquisition in his official capacity into a nefarious political conspiracy, alleged to exist amongst the students, connected with an association called the 'Arminia.' The mountains were in labour, and out came not even a mouse. Behold!

"As rector of the university, almost the whole weight of the inquisition fell upon me. The papers of the 'Arminia,' its statutes, and the names of all its members, came into my hands. Those who, in the books of the society, were named as the heads and leaders, *belonged to the best class of students, and* conducted themselves during the whole investigation in the most honourable

and gentlemanly manner. I was delighted to find, in their whole tone and language in reference to the university authorities, something very different from what I had known to prevail among the clanships and clubs of former times. I read through a great number of letters written by the most active members of the 'Arminia;' but though in these I found some extravagant expressions, and traces of political fanaticism, often absurd enough, there was nothing in them that indicated any definite purpose, or seriously planned scheme. On the contrary, there was much of that false pathos which characterises an inoculated and passing enthusiasm, rather than a deep and solid conviction. No doubt a political fanaticism of this kind was pernicious, and might prove specially hindering to students in the quiet prosecution of scientific research; but there was nothing in it, after all, that was not quite natural, and might have been safely overlooked. Dangerous as many of the expressions sounded in the pen of these young men, I could see nothing in them that could reasonably be made to fall under the category of crime. '*Gedanken sind zollfrei*—Thoughts pay no toll,' says the proverb—and a few exaggerated expressions, vented in the careless confidence of epistolary communication, are of the nature of soliloquies; to call which to account before a court of law seemed to me altogether monstrous. I was no inquisitor by profession, and *must confess, that while engaged in the duty now imposed on me by my office, I felt a secret sense of shame, somewhat as if I had opened a private letter to serve a selfish end.* Accordingly, after accomplishing the task, I was by no means prepared to give in such a report as the instigators of the inquiry expected. I saw some foolish excitement among the students, which it was my business, as professor, in every possible way to endeavour to soothe, but nothing in the shape of treason against the state. I accordingly considered it my duty to write directly to the chancellor in the following terms: 'When I consider the great political fermentation which at present prevails in Germany, I cannot but express myself astonished at the slight traces of it which exist here in the university of Breslau. Silesia, indeed, is the very last province where any thing like a German revolution was to be apprehended. The memory of the recent condition of this province, as part of the empire, is yet too fresh to allow of the uprising of any newfangled ideas of a universal German unity, that exists only in the brains of idle speculators. If we were assuming the language of liberalism here, we would talk of ancient Silesian, not of modern German, liberties. In fact, when I compare the traces of political excitement, that a strictly inquisitorial system has discovered among the students here, with the feelings that stirred the bosoms of all the youth of Germany at the time of the French revolution, when I myself was a student, *there is really nothing to speak of.* I have still among my own papers some relics of those times; and I must say honestly, that were they to be submitted to an inquisitorial process by the police, they would afford evidence of a much more dangerous state of temporary excitement on my own part than, than I have been able to establish against any of the Breslau students now.'

"Whether this report of mine made any impression I cannot say: I rather fear not. The government had by this time taken too decided and too violent steps to retreat. That there were, at that time, in Germany, not a few wild opinions afloat, and, worse than opinions, actual plots and conspiracies, if you prefer to use a strong phrase, there can be no doubt; but whether this was sufficient ground for adopting a general system of severe legal proceedings against the best students in all the German universities, may well be questioned. Certain I am, that the wide sweep given to the criminating inquisition, was mainly instrumental in enabling the real instigators of the evil to effect their escape; and I might almost say, that the ringleaders, whoever

they might be, were never discovered; that the symptoms only, and not the source of the malady, were attacked; and, accordingly, we see the same malady, from time to time, breaking out from its hidden depths, attended with new and different symptoms."

Another interesting topic on which the present volumes expatiate, is the affair of *Scheibel* and the old Lutherans, or what may most intelligibly to British ears be denominated the FREE CHURCH, in Silesia, arising out of the opposition made by a pious clergyman of the name of *Scheibel*, to the forcible union of the Calvinistic and the Lutheran Church, devised by the Prussian monarch.

"The Union, so much apprehended by the small congregation, was introduced into Silesia in a somewhat stormy way. Though its introduction had been matter of common talk for a considerable time, no person knew any thing definite. It was intimated from the pulpit on a Sunday (24th June, 1830), that the Union would be celebrated by public worship next day in all the churches of the city; and that in the principal Lutheran Church the sacrament would be dispensed according to the form of the united Evangelical Church. Two Lutheran preachers having first received the bread from a reformed (Calvinistic) preacher, gave it to the people, while a reformed preacher delivered the cup. This great step was taken without any preparation, except the circulating a few days before a short declamatory address on the subject, composed by one of the principal preachers in Breslau. The stir created in the town by it was considerable, but quite superficial; there was none of that deep, serious moral feeling that accompanies great religious changes, as we know them from the report of history.

"To what did the government owe this easy, and, as at first seemed, complete victory over the religion of the country? Not to the weight of mere monarchic and bureaucratic influence certainly, but much more and substantially to the state of public feeling on the subject, prepared by other causes. The city preachers, both through their catechetical instruction, and by their sermons, had so unaged matters, that almost every trace of the distinctive tenets of the two churches, had vanished from the minds of the people, and *Scheibel* was held up by them to public contempt, as an ignorant, narrow-minded, and prejudiced man, a dark brooder over dogmas, to which a polemical age had attached a false importance, but which the enlightened piety of modern times had with one consent agreed to forget. In point of fact, the greater number of the congregations in Breslau had only from Saturday evening to Sunday morning to deliberate about this important matter, and the two denominations were literally taken by storm in the matter. No wonder, for the garrison had been already gained and disarmed.

"We are not to imagine, however, that *Scheibel* and his friends had been all this time idle. They had negotiated again and again, in various forms, with the consistory and with the government; but a deaf ear was turned to their complaints. The king himself went through Breslau only a few days before the Union. *Scheibel*, with a decision and resolution, in Prussia truly heroic, stood forward on this occasion, the alone champion of his pious little flock. He attempted to obtain an audience of the monarch, but was denied."

Steffens says, and we have no doubt he is correct, that *Frederick William III.*, the late king, never intended that the Union should be forced upon the people of Germany at the point of the bayonet, in the manner that afterwards took place. But whoever was the instigator, the ten years' persecution that followed, will remain for ever as a most

significant monument of the true nature of that 'paternal despotism,' of which we have lately heard so much. Whether he intended it or not, the late king actually did play Charles I. over again; and at another time, and among another people, might have lost his head for the offence. Steffens for one considered the 'Erastianism' of the government so gross, that when representation after representation had been tried in vain, he gave in his resignation, and requested to be allowed to retire to some country, whose people talked less about toleration, but allowed an old-fashioned Christian to worship God according to his conscience, undisturbed. His resignation, however, was not accepted; and to remove him from the centre of ecclesiastical disaffection, he was translated from Breslau to Berlin, where he now is. Fortunately, he was not made of such tough Lutheran materials as his friend, the pious parson; otherwise, Berlin also might have proved too hot for him. Scheibel went to Dresden, and wrote an 'Actenmässige Darstellung' (Leipzig, 1834) of the whole affair; a work which we have not read, but which, on Steffens' authority, we can confidently recommend to the careful study of "Mr. Thomas Carlyle, of the Scottish bar," and other British admirers of the 'PATERNAL DESPOTISM.'

Didot's Bibliotheca Græca. Aristophanes, ed. Dindorf. Scholia of Aristophanes, ed. Dindorf and Dübner. Xenophon, ed. Dindorf. Plutarch, Moralia, ed. Dübner. London. Firmin Didot.

THESE are specimens of Messrs. Didot's gigantic undertaking of giving a complete library of Greek authors, in sixty volumes. In such a scheme we look for more than typographical compactness. It is little to say that these sixty volumes will contain the matter of about four hundred ordinary volumes; for such a saving of space, though immense, would be of very slight importance, if it were the main feature of the undertaking. We feel bound to inform our readers of the fact, that the compactness is only one of the great advantages of this publication; cheapness is a second; correct reproduction of the very best text is a third; a fourth is new or newly revised Latin translations side by side with the original; and a very copious *Indices Nominum et Rerum* is a fifth.

There can be no comparison between Didot's publication and that of Tauchnitz; for except that the Tauchnitz Classics have the advantage of being pocket volumes, in no respect are they equal to the goodly octavos of Messrs. Didot. The Tauchnitz Classics are cheap, but inferior; badly edited, often not edited at all, incorrectly printed, and without either indices or translations. The works before us are, as far as we have examined them, very correctly printed from the best editions. The volume of 'Aristophanes' contains, also, the fragments of 'Menander and Philemon,' published by Dübner: together with several new fragments discovered recently in the MSS. of the Royal Library of Paris. The

volume containing the Scholia to Aristophanes, we heartily recommend to every reader of the poet; especially directing his attention to the copious index. Plutarch's 'Moralia,' of which two volumes have appeared (a third, containing the Pseudo Plutarch and Index, is to come), is founded on Wytttenbach's magnificent edition, which has been carefully revised by M. Dübner, who has availed himself of the collection of MSS. made by the Greek savant, Kontos, for the Royal Library of Paris. The works, though forming a complete library, may be had separately; and it is worth adding that the Index to the Scholia of Aristophanes may also be had separately for four francs. The price of the volumes varies from sixteen shillings to a guinea each: about a fourth of the ordinary price.

For those who do not need editions crowded with foot notes of conjectural emendations and editorial squabbling—who are sensible of the value of good indices, and a Latin version confronting the original—for those, in short, who want good, *serviceable* books, there are none equal to Messrs. Didot's.

The Life of Jean Paul Friederich Richter, compiled from various sources; together with the Autobiography. Translated from the German. London. Chapman. 1845.

A REPRINT from an American publication, which has before made its appearance in England, but comes now in an authorised form, in accordance with arrangements made with the author. The materials have been furnished by 'Wahrheit aus Jean Paul's Leben' (Truth from the Life of Jean Paul), by the poet's nephew; by Spazier's biographical commentary; and Richter's correspondence with his friends: and, as these are by no means the only sources extant in German, we can readily believe that the principal difficulty of the compiler arose from the abundance of his riches. The selection is judicious, but it is, perhaps, not fortunate for the effect of the whole, that the first sixty pages consist of the beautiful autobiographical fragment, in which 'Jean Paul der Einzige' has painted, in roseate colours, the dawn of his life. We pass from the Idyllic scenes in the little village among the 'Pine Mountains,' on which he has thrown the rich and many-coloured hues of his imagination, into the plain prose of his biographers, with a sensation like that of leaving the aisle of a cathedral illuminated by a gorgeous stained window, into the cold, gray light of a rather dull day.

The interest of the life itself, also, it must be confessed, rather declines, after we have passed the period of his youthful struggles with the 'grim spectre of poverty,' to which he cast so valiant a defiance, and the difficulties of his first introduction to literature. With a great part of the story of his early years, the English public have already been made acquainted, in the writings of Carlyle; and, upon the succeeding sentimental, or 'Werther period,' they will have little inclination to linger. His first literary efforts were prompted neither by ambition,

nor by the irresistible impulse of which we sometimes hear, but by sharp hunger, and the desire to procure the necessaries of life for his poor widowed mother; and, for many years, he mistook his genius so much, as to labour only in the vinegar-manufactory, as he calls it, of his satires. The first of these, for which he could obtain a publisher, was a collection of sketches of life, under the titles of 'Literature,' 'Theology,' 'Family Pride,' 'Women and Fops.' With this last subject, Richter had, it would seem, as yet had but little opportunity of becoming acquainted; but, for his essay thereon, he obtained the sum of fifteen louis; and, in the praises it brought, the joyful hope of the 'All hail hereafter.' The fifteen louis, however, were soon exhausted, and, before another of these treasure-ships arrived—being again steeped to the lips in actual want—he took refuge in the school-room. His first experiment was unfortunate, his pupil being of a cold and ungrateful character, and the father a man of narrow mind and rough manners; but he patiently endured all the 'stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,' till the only friend he had in the family died in his arms; and he then returned once more to his mother's desolate apartment at Hof, richer only by two years of bitter experience. He was afterwards invited by many persons of high rank to enter their families as private tutor, but was wise enough to decline all such overtures, and to prefer the more independent position of a village schoolmaster, in Schwarzenbach, where, if the parents had little artificial culture, they had, at all events, intellect and heart enough to look with reverence and love upon the teacher. At his entrance on this office, he says, his 'allodial and feudal estate might have been transported in a child's go-cart;' 'he made an inventory, as usual, of boots, shirts, stockings, and handkerchiefs, and a couple of *kreuzers*' (about fivepence-halfpenny), of which only Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4, were wanting; but, 'whoever,' says one of his biographers, 'had seen him, with his worldly possessions in one hand, his gray green woollen coat, and that noble tender countenance, in which fate, with all its blows, had left no scar, had looked into his beaming eyes, and said, 'Steer on, courageous Columbus, only a few more heavy years, and thou shalt hear and see the land. Above the blooming hills of the New World, the sun shall rise for thee, and a beam will penetrate the narrow dark chamber of thy poor mother, and will be to her the light-beam of an eternal blessedness.' The 'light-beam' was shed by the success of the 'Invisible Lodge,' from the publication of which we may date the third epoch of his life. On the high spring-tide of fame and fashion, which followed the rising of his 'Hesperus,' he was floated into the seventh heaven of Weimar, to which he had long looked as to a paradise of high-minded men, and 'tender and accomplished women, of love and glory, and all a poet's golden dream.' From the Duchess Amelia, and her circle, including Herder and Wieland, he met with the most kind and cordial reception; but Goethe and Schiller met his respectful enthusiasm with a formal coldness, for which the latter only had the excuse of ill health, and domestic trouble. These deficiencies were, however, amply compensated by the boundless admiration of the women.

who fairly overwhelmed him by the lavish profusion with which they bestowed on him a certain nondescript ware, labelled 'friendship,' but which turned out to be of a far more combustible and dangerous quality. There is something very comic in the fierce and determined pursuit of two of these high-born dames, a Madame von Kalb, and an Emilie von Berlepsh, who

'Fast on his flying traces came,
And all but won that desperate game,'

and of the manner in which Jean Paul, in spite of his endeavours to be grateful, and of all the fine things which he says of them accordingly, involuntarily claps his wings, and crows for joy, when he has got rid of them.

Among the interesting portions of the present work, we may name the account, in the appendix, of the 'Campaner Thal,' which, as well as a fragment, called 'Selina,' left unfinished at his death, contains his views on the immortality of the soul—a subject to which he often refers, but only in those bright glimpses of thought, which, in his writings, everywhere glitter beneath the most uncouth disguises, like the fairy splendours of Harlequin and Columbine before their transformation.

Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces; or, the Life and Death of the Advocate of the Poor, Firmian Stanislaus Siebenkäs. By J. P. RICHTER. Translated from the German by EDWARD H. NOEL. London. Smith. 1845.

ANOTHER, and a very successful, attempt to introduce a writer, who would, we believe, be warmly appreciated by a majority of English readers, if they would only have patience with the grotesque masks, and fantastic wrappages, which must be taken off and unrolled, before they will reach, not a dry mummy, but a warm, true, and most tender heart. Living at a time when it was the fashion, in Germany, for people to parade their tears, and 'paw about every sentiment till it was dirty,' it was natural for really acute feeling to hide itself in a kind of comic masquerade attire. In the character of Siebenkäs, Jean Paul certainly intended to present a sort of ideal portrait of himself; and, in that of Lenette, 'a noble but limited and uninstructed nature, in contention with all the little down-pressing circumstances of real life,' it is said, are some traits of that of his mother. Notwithstanding the clumsy extravagance of construction in the story, the delicate and truthful painting of this ill-assorted pair, of their gradual estrangement from each other, and of the manner in which the enchanted wall of darkness grew up between them, carries the reader, with unabated interest, through two volumes, containing many long, and some tiresome digressions. The Germans, it is said, give, besides, a more poetical and philosophical interpretation to the story, than that of the sufferings produced by an

unsuitable marriage. They represent the pretended death of Siebenkäs as symbolical of the renunciation of the actual and every-day life of man, and the rise of the soul to a higher—an ideal state of being.

The Bokhara Victims. By Captain GROVER, Unatt. F.R.S. London. Chapman and Hall. 1845.

THE murder of two accredited agents of the British government in Bokhara, and the indifference to their fate evinced by the Foreign Office, having been already discussed at some length in this Review (No. LXVII.), we have only now to bespeak the earnest attention of our readers to the clear, cogent, and deeply interesting statement before us. Most heartily do we recommend it to the perusal of all to whom our national honour and welfare are dear. Englishmen must have changed their nature if ever their ears grow deaf and their hearts dead to the cry of their murdered countrymen's blood, or if ever they forget the deep disgrace which the sequel of that dark tragedy has entailed on the Peel cabinet, or the gratitude due to the generous man who has striven so hard to repair the delinquencies and fulfil the derelict functions of Her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. It is notorious that for nearly two years, Captain Grover acted in the Stoddart and Conolly business, as a zealous and meritorious, but unpaid and extra-official public servant; it may not, however, be as generally known that, for so acting, the official servants of the crown have had the unparalleled meanness to mulct him in the sum of 400*l.* The facts are briefly these: The government having taken care to protect itself by a guarantee from Captain Grover, allowed its agent, Colonel Shiel, to advance the amount we have named as the price of Dr. Wolff's release from captivity and impending death at Bokhara. The guarantee was not suffered to become a dead letter; the Foreign Office, which can be wonderfully sharp, when it has got hold of a piece of work to its mind, came down on Captain Grover with a demand for Dr. Wolff's ransom money, and the claim was instantly and cheerfully liquidated by that gentleman out of his own pocket. One plain inference from these facts is, that but for the pecuniary aid afforded it by a private individual, the government would have tamely allowed a British subject to suffer imprisonment and death in violation of the law of nations. Its conduct with regard to Stoddart and Conolly was bad enough without this additional ignominy; but Lord Aberdeen is reported to have declared himself covetous of opprobrium. Another obvious inference is, that the British nation is equitably indebted to Captain Grover in the sum of 400*l.* He may be content, but we cannot, that we should remain his debtor; the nation must not, will not acquiesce under such a stigma on its credit; not a whole millennium of the demoralising Peel cabinet could bring down the proud spirit of England to such a lowness.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

BERLIN, June 5, 1845.

There is a great deal 'going on' here, Mr. Editor, much of which is enough to make one tremble for Prussia; but of literary gossip there is little to communicate. The 'Juif Errant' and Thiers' 'Consulat' are on every counter, on every drawing-room table, in every journal. In French and in German—in Belgian reprints and in Leipsig reprints—in endless and execrable translations, in all shapes, all sizes, and all prices—these two books meet you wherever you turn. The young *fat* of an officer, laced, padded, and bearded, swallowing his pastry at *Kranzlers*, will wipe the cream from his moustache to discourse to you on the profound social meaning of this everlasting, ever-wandering Jew. The elderly 'æsthetic' lady will suspend her *strickerei* for an instant, and while elegantly scratching her head with the knitting needle, fervently applaud Eugène Sue for his exposure of the Jesuits. Everybody reads, everybody discusses this 'monster' novel. One young Frenchman has made *furor* here by being lucky enough to have a face that bears some resemblance to the portraits of the great author. The History of the Consulate, of course, does not compete with such success as this; but still the amount of copies exposed for sale is perfectly overwhelming.

The only book that makes any noise beside the infinite talk of these two works, is one of a far other character: the 'Kosmos' of Humboldt. The success is prodigious and complete: I say complete, because it has already undergone the necessary fate of all philosophical works of great pretensions and genuine power, viz., it has roused the venomous fury of fanatics. It would be strange that such a work, in such an age, and in the land whose peculiar boast it is to be the *foyer* of philosophy, should be subject to the frivolous but frightful calumnies of fanatics, did not the history of science but too often furnish us with parallels. Mr. Crosse could not make experiments upon the production of insects, by means of electricity, without the cry going forth: 'It leads to Atheism!' So that noble specimen of intellectual energy and attainment, Alexander von Humboldt, whose long life has been a triumph, cannot publish his calm, and in spirit eminently religious book, without being accused of Voltarianism and republicanism. His work, it appears, is meant to subvert all Religion, Morality, and—good Prussian Government! Nor is this accusation confined to a few petty scribblers—to an obscure sectarian journal or so; it has been brought forward and laid at the very feet of the throne. The king—the religious and *very* conservative king—is energetically informed that his old friend, the uncle of his minister, and the respected ornament of his country, is nothing better than the Heizens, Herweghs, Heines, Prutzes, Freiligraths, and other republican writers, whose object is the destruction of Church and State!

Those who know Prussia can conceive the weight of such a charge. But to the honour of the king be it said, that *as yet* such a charge has not influenced him; how long he may continue to maintain his own opinion defies all calculation. At present, however, he is decidedly on Humboldt's side, and I have seen a letter wherein Humboldt gratefully acknowledges the really elegant and kingly compliment which his majesty bestowed on the work; and as this does honour to all parties, I think I am committing no indelicacy in commu-

nicating it to you. On receiving the work (which is dedicated to him) the king said, in the words of Alphonzo, when Tasso presents him with the 'Jerusalem Delivered':

" Du überraschest mich mit deiner Gabe,
Und machst mir diesen schönen Tag zum Fest.
So halt' ich's endlich denn in meinen Händen,
Und nenn' es in gewissem Sinne mein !"

This is one of those charming flatteries which reflects honour on the *esprit* of the flatterer. It is seldom that a German has the readiness and delicacy to pay such a compliment, worthy of that accomplished flatterer, Louis XIV. Certainly no one can deny that the king wants either intelligence or good-nature, whatever else he may want.

The last novel by Ida Countess Hahn-Hahn: 'Zwei Frauen,' is also on the *tapis*, and is received with the same favour as her other novels. It is the story of two marriages, and touched with a magic pencil. By the way, as the countess is talking of coming to England, I may as well prepare you to receive a most charming creature, not in the least *blue*; with no ink on her thumb; with no eccentricities. She is simply a much-experienced woman, with earnest convictions, great talents, and *les belles manières*.

Schelling is still lecturing on Mythology—or what he calls Mythology; but it is sad stuff. He is also diligently preparing his lectures for publication. Tieck continues to give readings; which, in spite of his wonderful talent, in interpreting dramatically the great master-pieces, people are pretty unanimous in voting excessively wearisome. They are wearisome because of the frivolous etiquette which reigns in the *salon*; wearisome, because Shakspeare himself, if he were to read for three hours, without a minute's pause, would in the end be fatigued. But Tieck is surrounded by a set of persons who take a pride in the infliction. They sit and listen with religious silence, if not with religious fervour. They languish in *ennui*; and would not move a leg, or cough, or turn in their chairs, for any small consideration.

The only books that can be said to excite attention beyond those before mentioned, are those 'prohibited,' which are, of course, to be had everywhere, and are read with infinite *gusto*. Among these I must specify Prutz's 'Politische Wochenstube,' and Heinzen's 'Steckbrief.' . . . * Heinzen's 'Steckbrief' is also very severe, and not a little amusing; but a great deal of it is overdone, and seems merely splenetic. His characterising Prussia as the Priest in a soldier's uniform, is a masterly hit. You can have no notion how fanaticism rages in this land of self-styled philosophers; it has become the cloak to all political intrigue, it is the ladder by which almost every one hopes to climb into the highest places.

Side by side with this is the 'movement' of the German Catholic Church, which, as I suppose, you know is separated from Rome, and is agitating a fierce war of pamphlets. The Holy Coat of Trèves has given rise to a new reformation, of which Johannes Ronge is the Martin Luther: so say his partisans. It was time, indeed, that the gross mummery of the pilgrimage to Trèves should cease; for what are we to think of thousands upon thousands of people, amongst them bishops, professors, and other doctors, thronging to pay homage to a coat, averred to have been the very coat worn by our Saviour, the authenticity of which rests principally on the miraculous construction of that coat: it has no *seam*! So far was the absurdity carried, that the fervent exclaimed: 'Holy coat! Holy coat! pray for us! pray for us.' It was time that this should cease. But the cessation was not to be whis-

* We have already noticed the first of these two books in Art. VI. of this number.

pered 'to ears polite.' A religious strife began in consequence, as fierce as a religious strife can be in our days. Booksellers' shops are swarming with books and pamphlets on the subject. Wherever you do not see a copy of the 'Wandering Jew,' or the 'History of the Consulate,' you are certain to find something about Ronge and the Holy Coat. This makes the windows and counters of booksellers not a little monotonous. It is all very well for a worthy Ronge to raise up his voice against an imposture and a mummery; but one really gets quite sick of the subject, from the excessive importance given to it, and the prodigious fecundity of the pamphlets. The Germans, who write about every thing, are little likely to let so promising a subject drop.

There is a ludicrous side to every thing. Strauss, whose 'Life of Christ' made such a noise through Europe, has ended by marrying an actress. Ronge, who is now the great 'Lion,' has not yet reached such an anti-climax, but *en attendant*, his portrait is painted on pipe-bowls and cigar-cases; and I have purchased a very pretty cigar-case, with his portrait on one side, and a copy of the Holy Coat at Trèves on the other. Is not this German? One might almost call it symbolical. Renown finds its way to the pipes and cigar-cases, as a symbol of the renowned thing ending in smoke.

Félicien David is here, and has produced his symphony, 'Le Desert.' But the success was only partial. It was tried first at Potsdam, before the Court, as in olden times pieces were tried at Versailles, before being ventured at Paris. However, neither Potsdam nor Berlin are in any enthusiasm about it. Not that a Berlin enthusiasm is generally worth much.

This makes me remember that the public enthusiasm for the moment is expended on what is called the *corso*. This is simply an afternoon drive and promenade in the Thiergarten, where two military bands play, as in our Kensington Gardens, on Wednesdays and Fridays. The princes and princesses, together with the diplomatic corps, and all the nobility, mingle with the crowd of carriages and droschkes in an unaffected manner; and you may often see a royal carriage stopped on the way, because a droschke is in front, with students or some tradesmen. The vehicles all move in a line, and no one makes way for the other. The police are there in great numbers, of course; where are they not, in Prussia? The whole affair is very orderly, somewhat ugly, and inordinately dull. A drive in Hyde Park from five to six, is ten times as splendid a spectacle; yet how many go there to see it? In Berlin, every body—not every body in a figure of speech, but numerically—who can, hastens to the *corso*, talks of the *corso*, anticipates the *corso*, as a fête. I have been to three, and found them tedious beyond description. In the first place, the German *belles* are any thing but pretty. You may drive for two hours without meeting with a face which in England would attract attention. In the second place, the equipages are poor, and the horses indifferent. And with these deficiencies, I am at a loss to see how a *corso* is to be worth going to. They do not think so in Berlin.

I will conclude my letter with an anecdote, which is amusingly illustrative of the way in which stories arise and spread abroad about public persons. Jenny Lind is an idol here. A young actress, singer, or dancer, is sure to have plenty of young men in love with her. Accordingly, no one was surprised to read in the papers that Lord ***'s son was desperately enamoured of the enchantress, Jenny Lind. One paper after another copied the rumour. It passed into the French papers, and from thence to some of the London papers. A rolling stone, as we know, increases considerably, and the following is a brief account of the story, as it assumed its final shape:—Mr. F. desperate: Lord ***, distracted at seeing the intensity of his son's passion, and willing to waive the prejudice of birth and station, visited the fair Jenny,

and proposed for his son, declaring to her that he and Lady * * * were ready to receive her as a daughter. But Jenny was not to be tempted, was not to be dazzled; she declined. Surprised at such a refusal, his lordship again and again reiterated his most encouraging assurances. But no; the Swedish siren had lost her heart to a poor young advocate at Stockholm; to him she was faithful, for him she refused rank and splendour. The disconsolate father returned to his disconsolate son, and both were unhappy together.

It is a pretty story; romantic and touching. It gave rise to very eloquent comments. Some praised Lord * * * for his paternal generosity. Others praised Jenny Lind for her romantic constancy; the poor advocate! the friend of her youth! her lover, in poverty and obscurity! The whole story was universally accredited. No one ever thought of doubting it; why should he? It was a capital story; not a very unlikely one. But the truth is, that, as I know, Mr. F. never spoke to Jenny Lind! He was not even so great an admirer of her as many of the other frequenters of the opera. He admired her, of course, but without enthusiasm; and, as I say, never spoke a word to her in his life!

Bologna, May 29, 1845.

Under the judicious management of Signor Veggetti, who replaced the celebrated Mezzofanti in the university library here, that institution has made remarkable progress. A vast quantity of long-neglected MSS. have been rescued from destruction, and gathered from various quarters, and a complete catalogue of them is now in progress. Their number is about 9000, and that of the printed volumes is stated at 140,000.

The Roman public have at length been gratified with a sight of the portrait-statue of Queen Victoria, upon which Mr. Gibson, R. A., has been engaged since his return from England in January. Those best qualified to appreciate the work, regard it not only as the artist's *chef-d'œuvre*, but as a great triumph of art over the difficulties of the subject. The statue is intended as a companion to that of Prince Albert, executed two years ago by Wolff, in the character of a Grecian warrior, and both are to be placed in Buckingham Palace.

The best pictures of the Fesch Gallery have been disposed of with a rapidity by no means anticipated, from the dilatory proceedings of former seasons; above 1800, including all of any pretensions to excellence, having been cleared off in thirty-six days' public sale. This has been occasioned by the death of Joseph Bonaparte, Count de Survilliers, upon which, the powers of residuary legatees devolved upon his son-in-law, the Prince of Canino. The sales have been conducted by M. George, and, as the former ones, showed a disregard to the convenience of purchasers, and generally an appearance of bad faith, which, beyond a doubt, materially checked competition. Several leading dealers from Paris and London attended the auction, but generally made few acquisitions, the inferior pictures falling mostly into the hands of Roman dealers, whilst the gems were forced up, far beyond trade prices, by commissions from a distance. The most important of these orders were sent by the King of Wirtemberg, the Marquis of Hartford, and Baron Rothschild, of Paris; and, in several instances, their competition brought a golden harvest to the estate. Among the principal English amateur purchasers, were the Earl of Northesk, Mr. Davenport Bromley, Mr. C. Tarral, Mr. Williams, Mr. Preston, and Mr. Warrender. Several of the best Flemish and French pictures (such as the Wouvermans and Greuzes), brought prices with reference more to fashion than artistic value; whilst numerous Italian works of high merit and interest were picked up at comparatively trifling sums. It was

lamentable to see such rare specimens of exactly the class of art which is most wanted in our National Gallery, such as the Giorgione, Mantegna, Massaccio, Sebastian del Piombo, Palmeggiani, &c., pass into private collections, for a few hundred pounds in all, and this at the moment when our trustees are listlessly asking 'where any Italian pictures are now to be got?' It is satisfactory, on the other hand, to notice that these, and many other fine productions of the same class, were purchased by Mr. Bromley, Mr. Tarral, and other Englishmen. Of a more popular class, it is enough to notice, that a Spanish picture, attributed to Alonzo Cano, and a large Rocca Marcone, both magnificent specimens of colour, sold together under 25*l*! A large proportion of the highest priced Dutch, Flemish, and French pictures, having been brought by the Cardinal from France, were not liable to the export duty of twenty per cent. The only picture which it was understood would not be allowed to leave Rome was the Beato Angelico, which was, on that account, bought in, far below its value, but which, it is believed, might *now* be had. The following list of prices includes a charge of five per cent., to cover expenses:—

No.	£
106. Hobbema, Landscape (finer than Mr. Holford's, which cost 300 <i>l</i> .)	1825
397. Nicola Poussin, the Hours; this and 106 bought by the Marquis of Hartford.....	1320
54. Albert Cuyp, a Sea Town.....	390
512. Luini, Madonna, Child, and St. John; bought by the Marquis of Hartford.....	920
227. Jean Stean, the Siesta, small size; bought by Rothschild.....	440
356. Greuze, the Broken Looking-glass, ditto; bought by the Marquis of Hartford.....	770
554-5 Albano, the Repose in Egypt, and the Three Maries, large size...	500
191. Rembrandt, Portrait of Justus Lipsius.....	330
192. Ditto, Ditto of Lipsius' Wife.....	780
208. Ruysdael, The Torrent, 250 <i>l</i> ., and The Cascade, 240 <i>l</i>	490
377. Lesueur, Martha and Mary, an altarpiece.....	630
660. Beato Angelico da Fiesala, The Last Judgment.....	730
Frantagna, Christ in the Garden.....	275
239. Terburg, An Interior.....	630
111. Karl du Jardin, The Charlatan.....	620
874. Giorgione, The Epiphany.....	400
254. Wouvermans, Return from the Chase; bought by the King of Wirtemberg.....	2800
382. Claude Lorrain, A Port at Sun Rise, small size.....	1140
109. Van Huysum, A Flower Vase.....	400
110. Ditto, Companion.....	195
190. Rembrandt, Portrait of a Young Man.....	685
S. del Piombo, A Mural Painting in oil, three large pieces.....	300
3. Backhuysen, Ships at Anchor.....	630
135. Metz, The Hunter Asleep, small size.....	2800
812. Pordenone a Moretto, The Doctors of the Church *.....	2800
355. Greuze, The Little Orphans.....	2500

The republication of Muratori's 'Scriptores Rerum Italicarum' has been decided upon by a society of gentlemen in Rome, in the event of a subscription list being obtained, within the next year, such as to guarantee a considerable portion of the necessary expenses. The edition will be rectified by a careful collation with all the best MSS., some of them unknown to Muratori.

* Bought for the Steidl Gallery at Francfort.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

THE Russian Ministerial Journal for November, announces a work on Bosnia and the neighbouring countries, written in the Servian language, and containing 180 documents, extending from the twelfth to the sixth centuries, peculiarly interesting since the previously existing sources of information concerning the early history of Bosnia were very scanty.

Professor Hornschuch of Greifswald, has, since the commencement of the present year, been issuing a periodical under the title of 'Scandinavian Contributions to Natural History,' and containing all the best compositions on the subject to be found in the Scandinavian languages.

Historical literature has, it is said, been lately '*looking up*' in Spain. Albola Galiano's 'History of Spain from the Earliest Times to the Majority of the Isabella II.,' has already advanced as far as the ninth number of the second volume. A Spanish translation has appeared of the French work of Weiss: 'The History of Spain, from Philip II. to the Time of the Bourbons,' as well as a very handsome though cheap edition, of Mariana's 'Historia de Espana.' In the department of more recent history may be mentioned Madrozo's 'Military Narrative of the Campaigns of Zumalacarregrui,' illustrated by many plans and engravings, and the commencement of the 'History of the Reformed Cortes,' with portraits of some of the deputies.

The traveller Linden, who in the year 1841 accompanied a scientific mission to South America, has recently returned to Brussels, after having travelled through Venezuela and New Granada, as well as Jamaica and Cuba. His inquiries, it is said, have yielded an ample harvest of new discoveries of especial interest to botanists.

The City of Paris has voted the sum of 41,600 francs for paintings on glass for the churches of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, St. Gervais, St. Eustache, and St. Laurent.

M. le Gerard has returned to Paris from China, bringing with him a considerable collection of objects of art. Most of them date from the reign of Sio-nen-Fé, of the Ming dynasty—therefore from the year 1426, 1436. On one of the vessels is an inscription which has been translated: 'In the fifth year of the reign of the Emperor Sio-nen-Fé, have I, U-pang, Superintendent and Member of the Tribunal of Public Works, assisted in the preparation of this vessel.' The most remarkable, in appearance however, which has been placed in the king's library, has neither a date nor an inscription which it has been found possible to decipher.

Dr. Dressel at Rome, has lately made a very successful attempt to apply the Daguerrottype to the copying of ancient manuscripts and palimpsests.

In less than eleven minutes he produced a most perfect copy of forty-two folio lines of a half obliterated Greek manuscript of the twelfth century.

Dr. Comarmond, superintendent of the Archæological Collection of the city of Lyon, has lately published a very interesting notice of a discovery made in June, 1841, on land belonging to the Christian Brothers, in Fouvieres, on the heights of Lyon, about four metres from the eastern façade of the new buildings recently added to their establishment. It consists of four pairs of gold bracelets, of which two are decorated with coins of Commodus, and one with a head of Crispina; a single bracelet enriched with emeralds, and another with the inscription 'Veneri et Tutelæ votum.' There are also several necklaces, rings, and ear-rings, several hundred silver coins, from the time of Vespasian to that of Septimus Severus, two of Nero, and a gold quinarius of Commodus.

In a field belonging to the village of Nestomiz, in the Circle of Lestmeriz, in Bohemia, the retiring of the water after an inundation, has recently brought to light a great antique cemetery, the soil deposited upon it by the river having been washed away. In the middle is a high round paved place, supposed to have been used for burning the bodies, and by the extent of the surface, within which urns, lacrymatories, &c., have been found, it would appear there must have existed at one time a considerable population in the neighbourhood.

The botanist Dr. Rabenhorst, of Dresden, has lately received from the King of Prussia the gold medal, as an acknowledgment of the merit of his work on the cryptogamia of Germany; Spontini and Mendelssohn Barthaldy have received the Belgian Order of Leopold, and F. David, in Paris, a diamond ring worth 10,000 francs, from King Louis Philippe, on the performance at court of his new symphony.

The town of Montbard is about to erect a bronze statue to Buffon.

The well-known Arabic scholar, Baron de Slane, is about to undertake a journey, under the auspices of the French Ministry of Public Instruction, to Algiers, Morocco, and Constantinople, to purchase manuscripts for the King's Library at Paris, and to have copied such as are not to be obtained in the original. One of the special objects of his search will be the historical works of the Arabian writers.

According to the last census of the population of Russia, the serfs amounted to 42,000,000, of whom 15,000,000 belonged to the crown, and 27,000,000 to private individuals. The entire population of the empire exceeded 53,000,000 of souls.

The thirteenth session of the Scientific Congress of France will open at Rheims on the 1st of September next.

We have heard a great deal lately about the 'alarming spread of popery,' some predicting with joy and boastfulness that the Church of Rome is about to resume her ancient catholic sway over Christendom, and others in real or feigned terror calling on their protestant brethren to take note of the progress already made in that direction. An inkling of what the pope himself thinks of the state and prospects of his own cause, may tend to moderate the vauntings of the one party and the fears of the other. If the head be sick and the heart faint, what matters it how convulsively life displays itself in the extremities? Now his holiness, so far from feeling strong enough to cope with the spirit of the age, sees no safety for himself but in keeping the said spirit and its works as far as possible from his own doors. He is no longer content with prohibiting such obvious vehicles of thought as books and manuscripts, or anathematising the truths of physical science like his predecessor, who condemned Galileo, but he furthermore sets his face against all the efforts of commercial and manufacturing industry. Wielding the thunders of the Vatican,

he is afraid of steam. Railways are the objects of his particular aversion. The King of Naples, and the sovereigns of Northern Italy, are actively encouraging the spread of railway communication through their respective dominions, but all their most strenuous endeavours have failed to overcome the pope's obstinate resistance to the system. It is probable that ere long all Italy, except the States of the Church, will be covered by a net work of railways, but not one line is to be allowed to cross the hallowed frontier. This is pitiable enough, but what will the reader say to Lord Peter's last freak? He has fulminated an interdict against that diabolical invention of these latter evil days, the art of gilding by electricity!

M. Vincenzo Devit, a distinguished professor of the college of Padua, has recently discovered some hitherto unknown sentences of Varro, the celebrated friend of Cicero. The fragments are found in an old manuscript belonging to the college library.

Meteorological observations made in Belgium seem to indicate a continual yearly augmentation in the quantity of the spring rains. There fell in May, 1842, 49·52 millimètres; in May, 1843, 52·89m.; in May, 1844, 81·04m.; and from the 1st to the 29th of May, 1845, 106·09m. The rains in the latter part of the month were particularly copious, amounting to 69m. between the 21st and the 29th, and of this quantity 28m. fell in the space of twenty-four hours, from noon to noon of the 28th and 29th.

The Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg is preparing an edition of the works of Euler, more complete than any hitherto published, for it will contain several tracts by that celebrated mathematician, which are deposited in MS. in the library of the university of Dorpat, and have never yet been printed, besides others which are to be found in various libraries of Germany. The edition will form about thirty volumes.

The 'Revue de Paris' announces (April 24th, 1845) that the new attempts to sink artesian wells in Algeria have been highly successful. The engineer, M. Fournel, it appears, has proved by a very accurate survey, that the nature of the ground at the foot of the mountains and near the sea-coast offers great facilities for extracting large supplies of water from an inconsiderable depth below the surface. It is expected that these artesian wells will greatly alter the face of the country, and that, by means of them vegetation may be made gradually to encroach on the limits of the desert. A jet of fresh water suddenly issuing from its subterraneous haunts in the heart of the Sahara, would certainly gather an oasis around it. Whether it will ever be possible to produce such a jet remains to be seen.

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL NEW PUBLICATIONS

ON THE CONTINENT.

FROM APRIL TO JUNE, 1845, INCLUSIVE.

FURNISHED BY MESSRS. WILLIAMS AND NORGATE,
14, HENRIETTA-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

—
THEOLOGY.

- Cantarium Sancti Galli. Römischer Choralgesang der St. Gallischen Stiftskirche. 8vo. *St. Gallen*. 7s.
- Delitzsch, Fr., Die biblisch-prophetische Theologie. 8vo. *Leipz.* 7s. 6d.
- Ebrard, A., Das Dogma vom h. Abendmahl u. seine Geschichte. Vol. I. 8vo. *Frankf.* 8s.
- Handbuch kurzgefasstes exegetisches, zum alten Testament. Pt. VI. 8vo. *Leipz.* 4s. 6d.
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- Sydow, A., Beiträge zur Charakteristik der Kirchl. Dinge in Grossbritannien. Part II. 8vo. *Potsd.* 4s.
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- Vaihinger, J. G., Die Psalmen, der Urschrift gemäss rhythmisch übers. u. erklärt. 2 vols. 8vo. *Stuttg.* 12s.
- Vilmar, A. F. C., Deutsche Alterthümer im Héliand, als Einkleidung der evang. Geschichte. 4to. *Marb.* 2s.

CLASSICAL PHILOLOGY, ARCHÆOLOGY.

- Aeschylus Eumeniden. Deutsch mit Einleitung und Anmerk. von G. F. Schoemann. 8vo. *Greifsw.* 5s. 6d.
- Anecdota Palica. Uebers. und erklärt von F. Spiegel. Part I. 8vo. *Leipz.* 5s. 6d.
- Ballerini, P., De vi ac ratione Primatus Romanorum Pontificum etc. liber sing. Edid. E. W. Westhoff. 8vo. *Münst.* 8s. 6d.
- Beschreibung Roms. Ein Auszug aus der Beschreibung d. Stadt Rom, von E. Platner und L. Urlichs. 8vo. *Stuttg.* 12s.
- Böckh, A., Manetho und die Hundsternperiode, ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der Pharaonen. 8vo. *Berlin.* 9s.
- Demosthenis oratio in Aristocratem, edid. E. G. Weber. 8vo. *Jena.* 12s.

- Handbuch, bibliograph. der philolog. Literatur der Deutschen, nach J. S. Ersch, bearb. von C. A. Geissler. 8vo. *Leipz.* 12s.
- Hitzig, F., zur ältesten Völker. u. Mythengeschichte. Vol. I. 8vo. *Leipz.* 7s. 6d.
- Holtzmann, A., Beiträge zur Erklär. der persischen Keilinschriften. Part I. 8vo. *Carlsruhe.* 4s.
- Inscriptiones graecae ineditae. Colleg. edit. L. Rossino. Fasc. III. 4to. *Berol.* 9s.
- Jongh, A. de, Pindarica. 8vo. *Utrecht.* 7s. 6d.
- Kaysers, W. A., Historia critica tragic. graecor. 8vo. *Gotting.* 7s.
- Mahne, G. L., Miscellanea Latinitatis. 8vo. *Leiden.* 6s.
- Miklosich, Fr., Radices linguae Slovenicae veteris dialecti. 8vo. *Leipz.* 4s. 6d.
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- Prabodha Chandrodaya Krishna Misri Comoedia. Edid. H. Brockhaus. Fasc. II. 8vo. *Lips.* 7s.
- Propertii Elegiarum libri IV., edid. Guil. A. B. Hertzberg. Tom. III. IV. 8vo. *Halle.* 13s. 6d.
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- Ritschclins, F., Parergon Plantinorum Terentianorumque. Vol. I. 8vo. 5s. *Lips.* 15s.
- Senecae, L., Annaei, Opera. Edid. C. R. Fickert. Vol. III. 8vo. *Leipz.* 18s.
- Sjögren, A. T., Ossetische Sprachlehre. 4to. *Petersb.* 18s.
- Sophoclis Tragoediae. Recens. et explan. E. Wunderus. Vol. II. sect. II: Ajax. Edit. II. 8vo. *Gotha.* 3s.
- Spiegel, F., Chrestomathia Persica. 8vo. *Lipsia.* 13s. 6d.
- Ulpiani, Domitii, quae vocant fragmenta. Edid. Ed. Böcking. 12mo. *Bonn.*
- Ulrichs, H. N., Lexicon latino-graecum. 8vo. *Athen.* 1843. 13s. 6d.
- Unger, R., Commentationes de Thebarum Boeoticarum primordis. 8vo. *Habes.* 9s.
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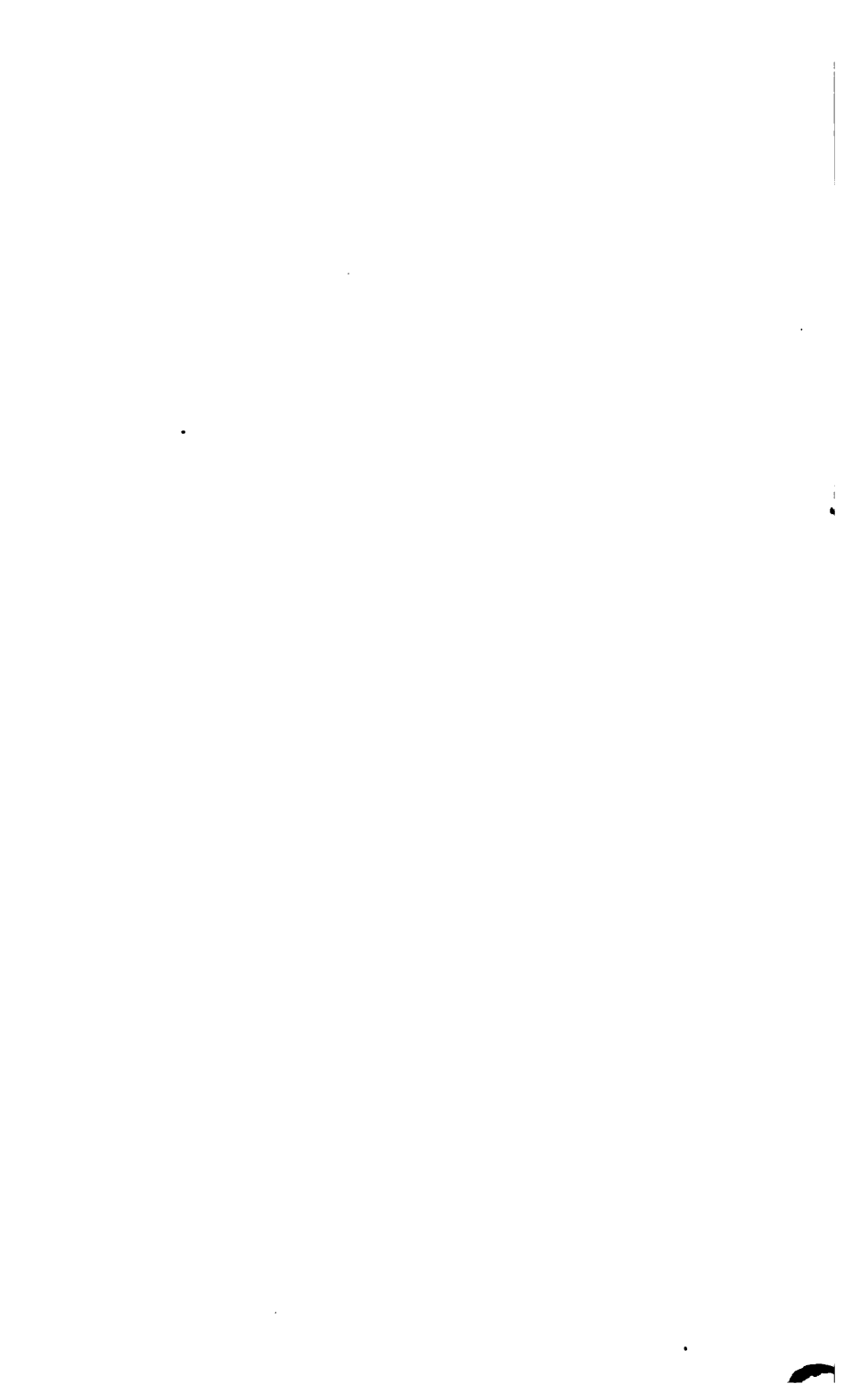
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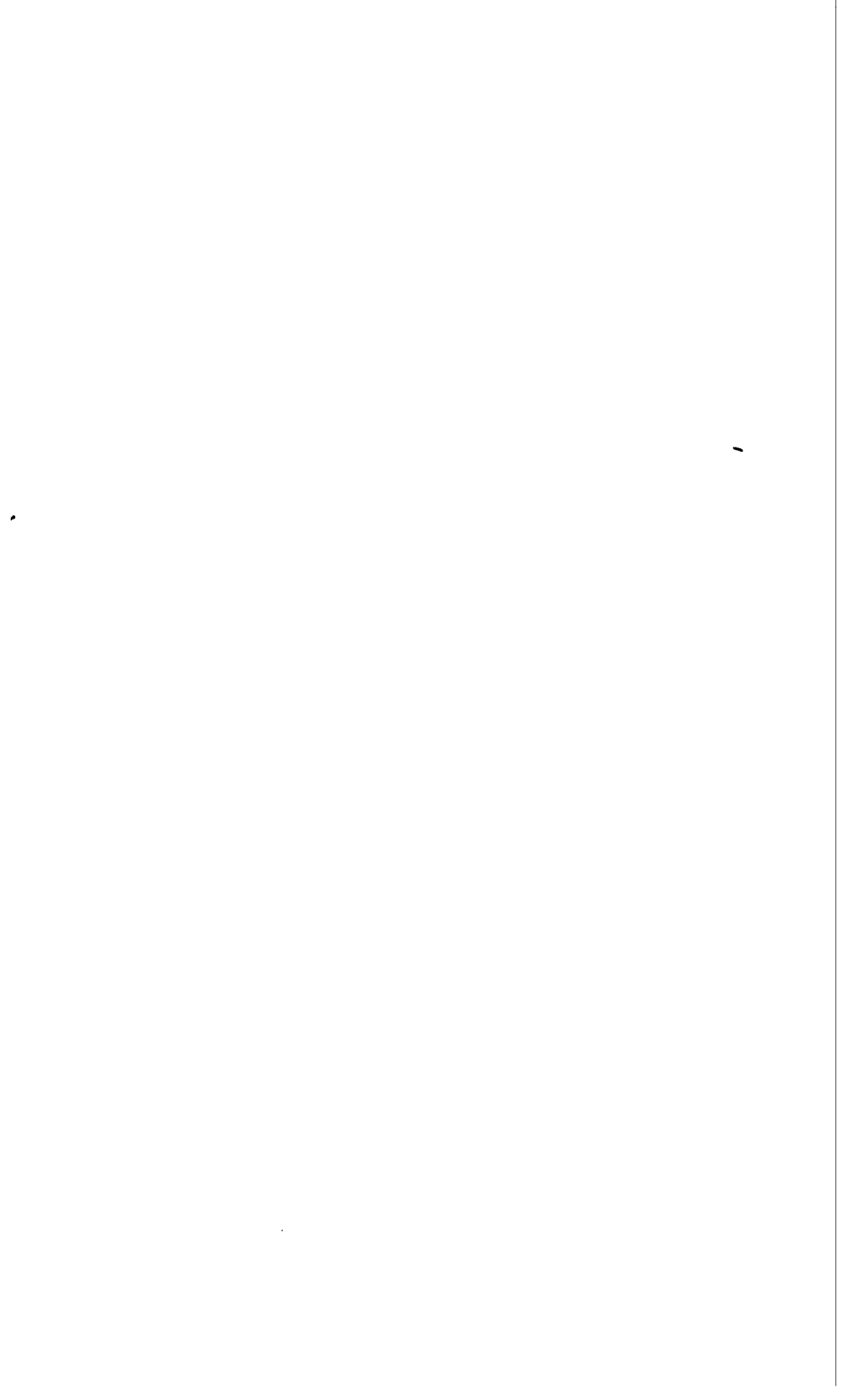
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