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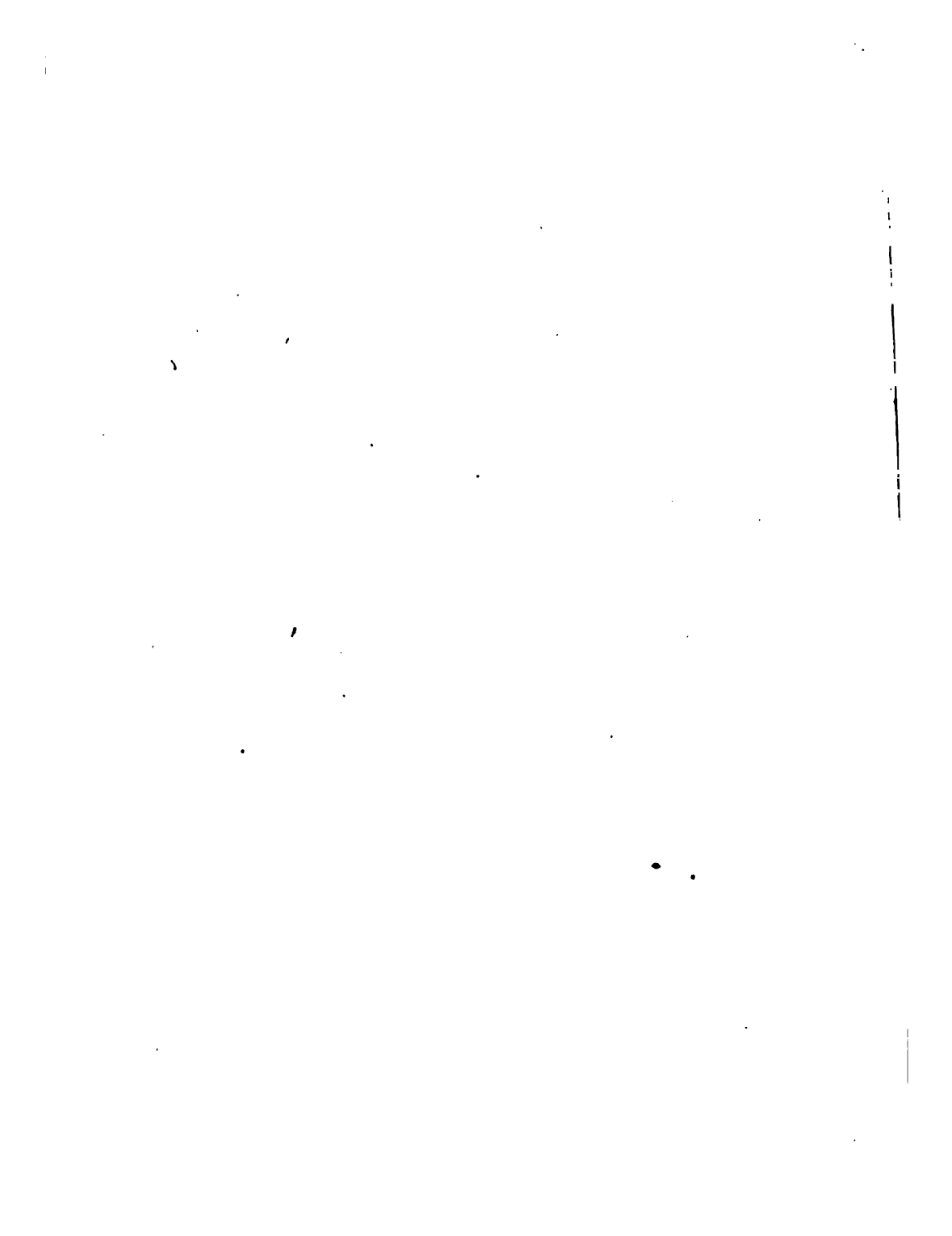
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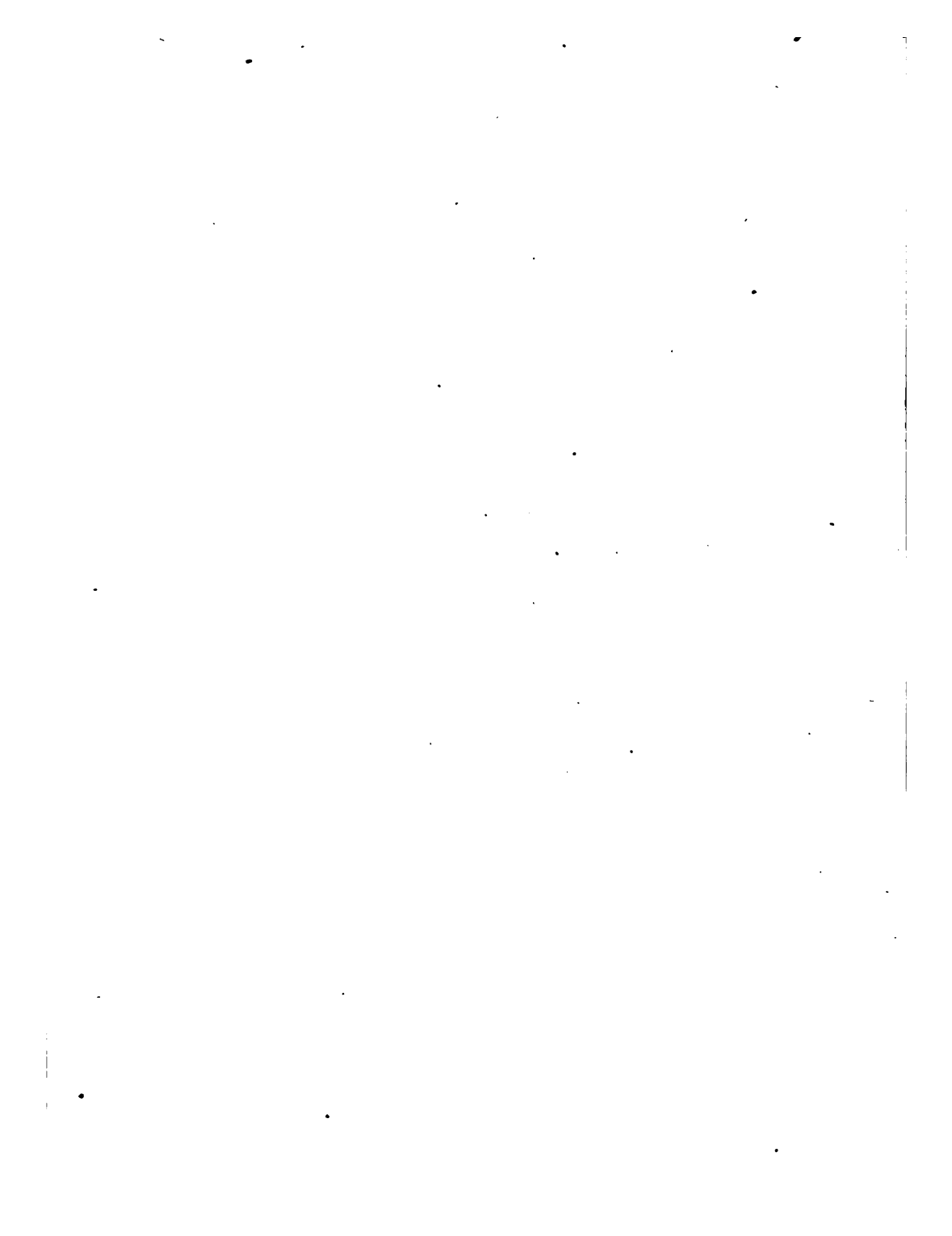


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THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE.

MIND, MEMORY AND MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

Without preliminary negotiations, or special preparations of any kind, I took possession of an old building which once had been a "gin-house." Now bear in mind that I do not mean gin-mill when I write gin-house, for the words are far from synonymous. My new abode was picturesquely dilapidated and stood in the midst of a dense growth of young pine trees. From a window I had a view, through a rift in the foliage, of a small blue lake and a wide stretch of green, rush-covered marsh. An ancient peach and pear orchard was close at hand, the venerable old neglected trees standing knee-deep in a mass of scrubby scions.

This gin-house, instead of having once been a place where intoxicating drinks were concocted and sold, was simply the wreck of an old plantation cotton-ginning establishment; indeed here was an abandoned and overgrown estate which formerly had been the pride of a southern planter of great wealth and social and political power. The stately mansion had disappeared, saving the fragments and ruins of some stuccoed brick columns and the amorphous heaps of rubbish suggestive of chimneys and foundation pillars; nor was there much left to remind one of the agricultural wealth, formerly the largest of this broad area now given over to a thrifty growth of strong young trees and to a wild, musical mob of birds. A considerable marsh, once drained by a rude wind-mill and cultivated in sea-island cotton, had been reclaimed by the tide-water (which now crept in rhythmically through many breaks in the little dyke) and had become a home of the herons and bitterns. Remnants, more pathetic than picturesque, of the tall shaft and pumping apparatus belonging to

the mill lay in a moldering and rusting heap beside the water.

My gin-house was a poor shelter if it should rain, but I could supplement it with my waterproof blanket; and then the climate was very kind at worst. How, indeed, could a climate be more tender in its concessions to one's preferences? A breeze from the gulf, salty and exhilarating, or a waft from the pine-woods, fragrantly heavy with terebinth and balm, was blowing day and night, and the medley of bird songs was accompanied with the effective counterpoint of the distant sea-moan. There was romance in the atmospheric perspective on both water and land as well as in the story suggested by the ruins all around me, and a few of my readers will readily recall from experience of their own how sweet an auxiliary to realistic study is this influence of romance. Science, through which realism works its only wonders (for realism in fiction is a fraudulent pretence), science, I say, is itself most charming when its light flickers on the filmy and misty verge of Nature's romance, and your genuine lover of science is far from averse to making his dryest studies under circumstances of the most picturesque sort. I do not claim that I chose my old cotton-gin house on account of its poetical suggestiveness; this quality was simply a great charm added to a spot possessed of many practical advantages in aid of my purpose, which was a peculiar line of bird-study.

On one side a fresh-water lakelet, on the other side the Gulf of Mexico—great marsh meadows and reaches of sand-bar—dense forests, thickets, old fields given over to Nature, orchards left to the will of the mocking-birds and their friends and foes—everything, indeed, to favor my quest was in view, with the romance and the beauty thrown in for good

measure. So, swinging my hammock from the heavy beams of the gin-house loft, and leaving the care of the mule and the spring-wagon to my hired free man of color, who was to be my factotum, I abandoned myself to the study in hand, feeling that for once many elements had joined themselves together to enhance my physical and spiritual comfort. Here on the latest fringe of Nature's geological formation, with all the newest discoveries of natural science at hand in the shape of books and memoranda, and with fishes, birds, reptiles and mammals, water of sea, stream and lake, woods, marshes and swamps, with all the range of plants growing in them, what more could I wish?

It was comforting to realize what a difference there must be between life now and life some million or more years ago; for there has been a period in the past when I should have had to be content with sitting upon some bleak, sandy cretaceous shore and studying those mockeries of birds with which Nature was fond of experimenting in her infancy.

Professor Marsh has carefully studied, described and figured the remains of an ancient bird which he has named *Hesperornis regalis*; and which in shape and habits resembled a loon. He makes a striking comparison between the brain cavity of the ancient and that of the modern bird, and draws the inference that, as in the case of mammals and reptiles, there has been a steady increase of intelligence in the avian animal from the most remote period of its existence down to the present time. Here is a suggestion arising from the fact of this constant brain-development: may not brain-improvement, which is another phrase for intelligence-development, account in a large degree for the gradual self-modifying of species to suit the environment? Darwin's law of the survival of the fittest presupposes simply the fittest physically; but the film of vague intelligence primarily planted in the animal no doubt gave the impulse toward the proper habitat and also that initial elasticity, which has become so powerful, rendering self-modification to suit changes in surroundings not only possible but comparatively easy.

Probably, when all manner of life was largely elementary and weak, the conditions of change were almost infinitely mild and all the movements of Nature slow and gentle. In those times little intelligence was needed to enable the fittest to survive. It may be assumed that brain and nerve-centers increased in size and strength as necessity compelled an increase of nervous exercise; but such an assumption compasses a great deal not directly expressed by the phrasing of it, for the influence of the mind upon the body, even in the case of a low animal, is great and manifold. Indeed, I believe that the whole matter of physical modification in animals brought about by the exigencies of change in environment, is referable, in an obscure and indirect way, to that influence. What we attempt to express by the word *desire* is nothing more than a natural (though it may be a sadly debased) impulse toward another state. In its broadest and freest sense desire is merely the initial effort of a being toward a new experience or a lost estate, in other words, it is the consciousness of a need coupled with an impulse in the direction obtaining it. The mind-cure fraud is based upon the efficacy of desire. The concentration of the mind upon any particular part of the body certainly affects the part, and the effect may be to produce local disturbance of a peculiar kind, or to destroy a result of local lesion, provided the lesion be not more than a disturbance of nervous equilibrium. From the point of view thus taken one may see one's way clear to an inference as simple as it is strong: evolution is the outcome of natural desire, and natural desire has been generated by a disturbance of natural equilibrium. There is nothing abstruse or occult in this proposition; it is merely a recognition of the development of intelligence and of the controlling power of the brain in animals.

Professor Marsh, in the course of his admirable monograph on the *Odontornithes*, or ancient toothed birds, suggests that certain wingless species had become so by *nonuser* of the organs of flight. Perhaps the limit of this proposition would be found coinciding with that of brain-influence above enunciated.

The neglect of an organ implies that the organ is not needed, and that therefore it is not desired. On the other hand, if the need for an organ increase, the desire for it will strengthen apace, and the organ will be modified in accordance with this natural desire. The trouble about fully comprehending this law lies in our proneness to confining our idea of its operation within the space of a few years, as compared with the almost immeasurable ages of geologic time throughout which the law has operated with the effects we now observe. If we can force our minds to consider a million years, for instance, as the minimum space of time requisite to effect the elimination of a useless organ by the operation of natural desire, transmitted by heredity, we shall begin to feel the perfect reasonableness of our proposition.

Going a step farther, I think there is much evidence tending to prove that birds are endowed with what may be called hereditary memory and hereditary desire. It seems that if ever man possessed this hereditament he has lost it in the over-development of his higher mental powers.

I have noted the following facts:

A bird, when reared in captivity and far from any of its kind, will utter exactly the notes of its ancestors. It will also build a nest after the fashion prescribed by ancestral habit. It will feed its young in accordance with hereditary custom. It will migrate, or not, as ancestral influence directs. It will capture its food after the style and by the same means established in its tribe by immemorial usage. It will seek the habitat always haunted by its kind.

I knew a boy who took a pair of unfledged woodpeckers from the parental nest and reared them by hand. He kept them in a cage nearly a year, and then freed them. They lingered about the premises and soon pecked a hole in a dead pear tree, after the true *picus* pattern, and therein reared a brood. Nest-architecture evidently was hereditary with them.

I have heard a mocking bird, reared in captivity and alone in a Northern state, utter, with absolute precision, the characteristic cry

of a Southern bird whose voice it never had heard in its life.

It will be evident to every close observer that the habit of living in a cage is becoming hereditary with the canary bird.

Domestic fowls are losing, by an infinitesimal process, their wing-power. The need for flight is diminishing and with it the natural desire for wings. The body and legs and brain of these birds are rapidly increasing in weight and strength. On the other hand, our domestic fowls have largely lost their ancestral traits—hereditary memory with them is beginning to go no farther back than to the limit of this domestic state of existence.

I witnessed a striking incident in bird life which was very suggestive: a wild goose, by some accident separated from its flock on the spring flight northward, circled low in the air uttering now and again its loud cry. A domestic gander preening himself beside a meadow brook, heard the clanging voice and lifting his head answered it with emphasis. I could not help wondering if an almost irresistible wave of memory had indeed been started in the brain of the domestic bird by this low-flying migrant. Dimly, perhaps, but wildly, sweetly, came in the old hereditary desire for the far northern water-brinks, along with an elusive and tantalizing recollection of a time, thousands of years ago, when he, in the body of a remote forebear, or clamorous male ancestor, voyaged the high thin air in one of those triangular flocks sketched on the violet sky of spring, or on the gray-blue heaven of autumn.

I have seen a flock of domestic geese, in early spring or late autumn, rise suddenly and fly around in the air, uttering wild cries and exhibiting every sign of ecstatic impulse, for which there appeared no sufficient cause in their surroundings or condition. I have not a doubt that this is an almost involuntary movement toward migration generated by a feeble return of the old hereditary natural desire.

The foregoing facts and instances, to which might be added many more of a like character, all tend to prove that birds possess something like hereditary memory. On the other

land a few facts may be cited tending to establish the proposition that wild birds are modifying themselves in response to the exigencies arising out of recent changes in their surroundings.

The red-headed woodpecker is rapidly becoming an expert fly catcher, a pursuit for which his physique does not especially fit him, and he is already a grain and fruit-eating bird, although his bill and tongue are made for extracting insects from rotten wood.

Chimney swallows have almost quite abandoned hollow trees for their nesting-places, even in our most thickly wooded areas, preferring our chimneys.

The high-hole, or flicker, has become almost entirely a ground bird in its feeding habit, and is modifying its bill from the ancestral wedge shape of the woodpecker's beak, to that of the slender, curved mandibles belonging to the thrushes and the meadow-lark.

The house-wren rarely builds its nest in the crevices of cliffs or in the hollows of logs and trees, as it once did. It seeks the habitations of man and is modifying its nest architecture to suit the new situation.

The sap-sucker (yellow-bellied woodpecker) is losing the power to protrude its tongue far beyond the end of its bill, a very striking modification going on apace with its departure from the true woodpecker habit of feeding. Some of the woodpecker species, the hairy woodpecker for instance, can thrust forward the tongue more than two inches beyond the point of the bill, while the sap-sucker can reach scarcely one-third of an inch.

In the case of wading birds, those species which have chosen to live near small streams have shorter legs and neck than species which prefer larger streams, lakes or seaborders, and, taking the little green heron as an example, as our streams diminish in volume year by year, the bird modifies its habit in accordance with necessity, and in my mind there is no doubt that its legs and neck will be affected, in the course of a comparatively short period, to a noticeable degree.

The blue-jay is either a corvine croaker passing into the song-bird's estate, or a song-

bird whose natural desire for singing is fading away, leaving it to relapse into the crow's unmusical condition; for its voice has a strain of genuine melody in it mixed up, almost comically, with the harsh discords of the true crow-caw.

It would seem that this power of self-modification serves the bird in the same way that the inventive and constructive faculties serve man. The instance of the soundless flight of night-birds of prey is a striking one. A hawk in swooping down upon a quail at mid-day makes a loud roaring with its wings, while an owl falling by night upon its quarry is as silent as "snow on wool." The stillness of night has operated for countless ages to create a natural desire in owls for the power to strike their prey in utter silence, and the desire, transmitted by heredity, has finally so modified the bird's wings and plumage as to respond perfectly to the persistent thought.

Birds of the polar areas of snow and ice are white, those of the tropics are vari-colored and brilliant-hued. The condition in each instance has been reached through a natural desire to hide by blending with the prevailing tone of Nature. Thus the quail and the partridge, the meadow-lark and the flicker, the snipes, the woodcock, the prairie grouse and, in fact, nearly all the ground-feeding birds, resemble one another in general color or plumage-tone, simply because their environment has induced parallelism of natural desire—the desire to blend with the prevailing brown tinge of their feeding-places as the most effective protection against the sharp eyes of their enemies. Some of the game-birds have even acquired the power to withhold their scent from foxes and wolves, and from the sportsman's dog as well. There is a good reason why this desire to perfectly disappear, so to speak, in the color of the environment, has been more persistent and successful in the case of game-birds than in that of any other. On account of the sweetness of its flesh the game-bird has a host of greedy and ever-watchful enemies, and therefore its life has been an intensely tragic experience from its beginning down to the present time.

The aquatic birds, viewed in the light of

palæontology, have changed less than any others in their structure and habit; this because their habitat and their methods of feeding have remained constant in a general way. From the *Ichthyornis* and *Aptornis* of the cretaceous shores and seas down to the terns of the present time, the seas have been the feeding places and the homes of this sort of birds, and the food has changed little in its character. Probably the marine fish-eating birds are all of very ancient origin, and have developed very slowly, while the king-fishers and other fresh-water birds are, comparatively, of recent creation, or have been greatly modified from some ancient form, because the conditions and resources of fresh-water bodies have always been less constant than those of the salt oceans and seas.

While my sojourn at the old gin-house lasted I made the herons and shore-birds and the noisy songsters of the pine wood and live-oak swamps my boon companions. I was not in a shooting mood most of the time, preferring to drift about in my boat, or to walk stealthily among the wild things, watching their movements and studying their attitudes—always with reference to the suggestions contained in the foregoing notes. It is curious how one's imagination helps one under such circumstances, by lending to every visible thing that coloring which never was on sea or land. I soon came to regard my stately herons and wide-winged pelicans as venerable birds, probably older than the land upon which my gin-house stood. Why should a heron ever die of old age? He has no grief, no sorrow, no nagging conscience, no indigestion, no tendency toward drunkenness or other vice. Look at that big ash-blue fellow yonder, as he stands beside that wisp of tall marsh-grass, and tel me when and where he was hatched; may it not have been ten thousand years ago? Perhaps it was he who shed the feather, the fine impression of which now rests somewhere in the lowest stratum of the quaternary! Brave o'd fellow! he lived before the western mountains were lifted out of the sea, and while yet the upper cretaceous rocks were sediment held in suspension. He was too wary to leave his bones beside those of

Hesperornis and *Ichthyornis!* With his jewel-like eyes he has seen every step of man's development.

But the mocking-bird yonder, how old is he? How has he survived the great upheavals and the great down-sinkings—the floods and the ebbs? It is not known; but he is here, nevertheless, as young and fresh and free as he was when Adam drew the first breath of a living soul. What migrations and re-migrations he has had to make to keep on land and to follow the shiftings of climate-centers, during all these geologic oscillations! The time was, perhaps, when he sang in fruit-fragrant groves around the North pole; for that was a warm and luxuriant spot once, as is shown by the vegetable fossils of the later rocks. All the way from the gulf-coast northward to where the palæozoic deposits dip under the eternal ice and snow of the boreal region are found traces of a flora which grew under tropical and, perhaps, even torrid conditions of climate. The age of riant vegetation and of summer heat was followed by the gradual coming on of what is called the glacial age, when vast accumulations of ice, in the form of glaciers swept down from the far north and destroyed all life in America, as far south at least as the Ohio River valley; During the time this enormous body of ice was accumulating and moving down in the form of a glacier, toward the gulf, our birds began to feel a desire to move away southward before the chilly invader. This desire was not born in a day, or a year, or a century; it slowly grew by hereditary descent and accretion, so to say, operating differently in different species. Some birds by infinitesimal degrees modified their physiqes to conform somewhat to the exigencies of the climatic changes; others, following the call of natural desire, crept away in the direction of warm sea-currents and genial sunshine until they were huddled in some lost Atlantis, some tropical garden of preservation washed by tepid ocean-streams over which the glacial rigor could not prevail. Then came another oscillation of Nature. The tropical region began to return toward the pole, drawing the birds along with it, and now here they are again swarming in

to the land out of which the ice-king drove them hundreds of centuries ago!

As I swung in my hammock under the grimy beams of my gin-house, listening to the mocking-birds' songs and to the mellow moan of the sea, I began to analyze and compare all the foregoing facts, and it seemed to me that I discovered the solution of this mystery of bird migration which has troubled naturalists so long.

During the countless centuries of the quaternary age there was a series of climatic oscillations, the tropical temperature swaying back and forth over a wide area from north to south. The birds migrated to and fro under the impulse of a natural desire to keep within an agreeable habitat. These oscillations of temperature were on a large scale; but, from the nature of things, there were intermediate disturbances of a like character, and of far slighter effect. No doubt the birds resisted these changes with stubborn persistency, giving way before them only at the last moment, and returning upon their old haunts with each temporary relaxation of the icy grip, to be driven away again and again through a long series of generations. This struggle for the old northern home, kept up for ages, became a hereditament of bird-nature, an instinct, as we call it, a natural desire, indeed, irresistible and perpetual. The migratory birds are the old birds of the north. With them the polar region is a dim and tender memory transmitted from a remote ancestral source.

The non-migratory species are those birds whose physiques were long ago so modified that natural desire for a lost habitat was extinguished and equilibrium reached.

The aquatic and semi-aquatic birds are mostly very distant migrators, and yet, apparently, they have the least need to migrate at all. Why, for instance, should a Florida gallinule leave the plashy, lily-lined margins of the southern lakes in spring and go far north to less eligible waters? Why do so many wood duck, teal, snipe, herons and bitterns come out of the South to breed? The fact that many, very many, of these birds do not migrate at all is strong proof, I think, that the hereditary memory is growing weaker

year by year, and that the time may come when migration will cease. In many cases the need for migration does not exist, therefore the desire is merely traditionary, as it were, and must be fading out. The mocking-bird's habit is an instance of the imperfect migratory memory. Why should a few of this species come as far north as the Ohio valley to nest when the great body of them are happy to remain far south? Such a question might be asked regarding many other species. The answer is to be found in transmitted memory and hereditary desire.—
MAURICE THOMPSON.

REVOLUTION AND EVOLUTION.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

V.

The "grand" Colbert, anxious for the development of commerce, convoked the richest merchants of Paris in order to take their advice. "Monseigneur," said a certain Hazon, a first-class wholesale dealer from the Rue St. Denis, "if you are so kindly disposed toward us, pray, let us alone: commerce certainly will prosper when you don't care a bit about it." That reply of a Parisian *gros bonnet* is the very motto of the political theory of Herbert Spencer.

I need not remind my readers of the remarkable essays by the author of *First Principles*, on governmental non-interference. I merely endeavor to state that each of the three branches into which modern theoretical sociology divides itself has its proper political programme according to its philosophical premises. Thus, French positivism is prone to a kind of learned patriarchy, somewhat like a scientific papalism or the Chinese Tribunal of Ceremonies. The "struggle for life" school puts forth the *Kulturkampf*, either Social-democratic or Bismarckian; while Herbert Spencer revives the old Manchester *laissez faire, laissez passer*—i. e., the doctrine of no governmental or revolutionary interference.

I do not remember exactly who was the

A prominent man who said that people "have not the age of their own years, but that of the century they live in." Our century grows mature, *i. e.*, sceptical, and no reasonable man in our days, provided that his mind is of the average height of our century, will espouse any one of these three political theories without being sure whether it really rests on a solid scientific basis. Hackneyed commonplaces, splinters of worn-out metaphysical doctrine, have lost their credit with us. An invincible impulse draws us toward the reconstitution of an ethical unity which could reconcile our mind with our heart, our avowed principles with our everyday dealings: but that unity ought to be strictly scientific. Our mind (using Comte's admirable words), consents to be the minister of our heart, but it never again shall become its slave. The public conscience is tired with the hypocrisy of so many years during which we have practiced Malthus six days in the week, sanctifying the seventh by preaching Christ, with his disrespectful hints upon rich men, camels, and needles. And no practical case of morals or politics can be knowingly settled before we have got a rational knowledge of those general laws for which man has always been scrutinizing the powers he supposed to rule over Nature.

The nature-pervading spirit most generally recognized by learned men in our days is the spirit of evolution, and Herbert Spencer has gained to himself unquestionable rights to our gratitude for having shown how that general law mechanically comes from the still more universal law of permanence of motion. But while his evolutionism leads us directly to the longed for intellectual unity so far as the inferior branches of knowledge are concerned, in far more important social matters we see three essentially different political theories, each of them pretending to be the very last and the most genuine fruit of the root of evolution. Besides, we know also other political doctrines haunting modern minds, and which are generally put together under the name of *revolutionary*, on account of the warlike position held by their adherents toward the regularly constituted political and social powers and agencies.

If we were to follow step by step the most prominent leaders of the political theories above mentioned, we could scarcely get a convenient standpoint to settle with accuracy which of them all ought to be considered as the most authentic progeny of their common evolutionary stock. For this end we are rather compelled to choose an independent position from which we can survey at once the most unquestionable scientific results of them all, and to trace at our own risk and peril some narrow path leading us directly from the physical basis to the sociological summit of the evolution.

Starting from the principle of unity and continuity of life, we need not repeat that any classification of cosmic phenomena and of scientific branches has its reason not in the reality itself, but only in the impossibility inherent in our mind of perceiving unity without confusion. A rational division of the scientific organism into a number of branches or series must be strictly conformable to the series of natural phenomena for each of which we are able to account by means of a single general law. Thus, returning to Comte's classification of science, we see that he considers as so many distinct branches astronomy, physics, and chemistry. But all the concrete phenomena observable within the domain of each of these sciences are already in our days explicable by means of a single law—that of gravitation, scientifically expounded by Newton. Nowadays, we are not only authorized to consider philosophically caloric, light, electricity, and chemical affinity as so many transformations of mechanical motion, but we have learned, too, many a practical process of converting them into each other at our will. Hence, we can simplify the classification of the great French positivist without contradicting his own philosophical method, or the fundamental law of evolution, and thus we get the first term of a rational classification of sciences, which we may style *anorganology*.

But we cannot ascend the scale of natural evolution without meeting with orders of facts for which our mind is not able to account on the simple ground of the Newtonian law of gravitation: such, namely, are the complex

phenomena of organic life; and, since Charles Darwin's time, we know that all that vast series of concrete phenomena can be reasonably referred to one single scientific principle, which is the law of struggle for life, with all its well-known logical consequences. Thus we become able to range all the various branches of knowledge dealing with the different stages of individual organic life under a single flag, bearing the celebrated Darwinian motto—"Struggle for life."

Difficile est communis propria dicere, and I am well aware of the fact that my readers' attention would soon be tired with this apparent rehearsal of the spelling-book of evolutionism. Unfortunately, nevertheless, I am compelled to dwell still further upon the connections really existing between anorganology and biology, or rather, between the concrete provinces proper to each of these sciences.

Of course, we do not want much perspicacity to distinguish an ass from a flower, or both from a stone. But the more we enlarge our knowledge of natural life, the less we become able to fix any limit between vegetable and animal organisms, or between organisms generally and mineral bodies. The two great orders of cosmic life—the organic and the inorganic—are not superimposed, like geological strata in some parts of the earth's crust, but they entwine each other, ramifying still more and more, till their branches become infinitesimal, like capillary arteries and veins in a human body. Still more. Are we sure that the distinction we make between inorganic and organic series corresponds to different provinces really existent, and is not merely due to the impossibility of our mind accounting for certain phenomena on the ground of a single law, without the addition of a new one, more limited? I do not know; but even if the second superstition be true, still, we could not abandon the distinction between *anorganology* and *biology*, without confusing the little we know of reality.

Inorganic life does not disappear where organic life begins, and, under more than one aspect, the most perfect human body behaves itself just as any physical body would do in similar conditions. Every further step of

evolution implies all the former ones *plus* something else which was not perceptible before, or, perhaps, did not even exist there except virtually. *Iguanodon*, *Pterodactylus*, etc., may not live in our day, but we can easily see them, duly improved and corrected, in so many animals of our present zoological epoch. Individuals, and even species, died which could not stand the improvements required by the progress of zoological evolution, but the type, instead of dying, lives with an intensity highly increased. Thus, if we would search for a natural province where the law of gravitation abdicates its power for the sake of the struggle for life, we certainly should be at a loss; nor could we point to any natural province where inorganic life is replaced entirely by organic life. Our best reason for strictly distinguishing biology from anorganology is that we cannot satisfactorily account for organic phenomena by gravitation alone: the *surplus* above mentioned has accumulated there to such a degree that we must look for a specific principle.

Hence, the best definition of *anorganology* would be that science which accounts for cosmic phenomena on the ground of the Newtonian law only, whether they occur in the heavens or on the earth, in a rock or in a human body. Biology, then, is that science which accounts for cosmic phenomena requiring the addition of more specific law—viz., the Darwinian law of struggle for life and transformism. Such phenomena, indeed, are observable only in individuals, but these individuals may be either microscopic plastids or exceedingly large aggregations of the most perfect individuals, styled *zoids* in M. Cattaneo's classification: nevertheless, the phenomena must be referred to the biological domain so far as they are explicable on the ground of the Darwinian law (struggle for life or competition), which is not a *deus ex machina*, but merely a synthesis of numberless mechanical, physical, and chemical agencies.

VI.

Returning now to the preliminary question of theoretical sociology, we find it very much simplified by these summary remarks. In

fact, we need no longer care much about the hardly controverted thesis—whether society is or is not an organized body, and whether there exists or not any morphological boundary between individuals and societies. Societies may be individuals exactly as the most perfectly organized animals are, in their turn, mere physical bodies, but sociology still may be a science just as really, or rather rationally, distinct from biology, as biology itself is from astronomy, physics, or chemistry.

At first sight it appears that the organic theory of societies is of capital interests, and that when once we grant that society is a living being and that it grows, we thereby settle beforehand that no interference, governmental or revolutionary, is desirable with social matters: thus we seem compelled to espouse Herbert Spencer's political theory. But so it seems at first sight only. Far more unquestionable it is that potatoes grow, and that no crop of them can be yielded if we sow turnips in their place. Nevertheless, every agriculturist knows that the let-them alone policy in such a case is by no means advisable, and that the crop directly depends on intelligent care paid to their thriving. Our boys and girls also grow, and even we may admit that in eight cases out of ten it would be better to let them grow alone—rather than to submit them to the pedagogic attention flourishing in a good many of our public and private schools. But could we reasonably pretend that no education at all is preferable to the smallest amount of rational education?

It seems plain that we ought not to search for any natural region or province which could be called sociological throughout and thus monopolized by merely sociological studies, because there is no such region in the world which could be styled organic in the absolute sense of the word, exclusive of phenomena of an inferior inorganic character. The only question to be settled is—whether or not there are series of phenomena not explicable by the Newtonian mechanical law supplemented by the Darwinian biological law of struggle for life or competition? If there is none, then no sociology is required at all, and we must say that scientific organism has attained its full

growth since anorganology is completed by a biology based on such a rational and strictly scientific ground as is the specific law of modern transformism. But when there are such series of phenomena, then it becomes plain that the binomial scientific series—anorganology and biology—ought to be completed by a third superorganic term (in Herbert Spencer's acceptance of that word) which can be no other than sociology. And, whether those phenomena are peculiar to human species only—which was the opinion of Comte—or whether they are observable in *zooids* of an inferior anatomical structure—which is the opinion of some prominent modern biologists—or, still further, whether we can meet with them all in the lower morphologic regions of colonies and even of plastids—that is only a secondary matter, which will be satisfactorily settled as soon as (and which cannot be reasonably settled before) we get rid of the preliminary question of the limits, specific methods, and of the very object of sociology.

Theoretically, no one among the most zealous adherents of the organic school in sociology goes so far as to deny that the completion of the binomial scientific series above by a third, a sociological term, is highly desirable; and we have seen that M. Jaeger himself modestly concedes that there may be social entities of a higher order not included in his zoological province. Nevertheless, after the perusal of his pages quoted above, we cannot help becoming rather anxious about what may be the business of a "Sociolog der Zukunft," since a mere figure of zoological classification is able to convince every reasonable man that States *acephalic*, whether the great American Republic or Switzerland, are irrevocably, *vom Hause aus*, sentenced by a natural law to alternate torture between oligarchy and tyranny, unless they prefer to "perish prematurely;" while the unquestionable benefits of "Kulturkampf," out of which there is no salvation, are greedily monopolized by people whom the struggle for existence has endowed with national monarchy based upon *cephalic* family, etc.

Nobody has doubted for many years that struggle for existence is a very powerful agent

of evolution. It remains only to settle whether it is really a scientific law (and as such it must be necessarily limited), or rather a kind of *deus ex machina* accounting for all, a materialistic Providence autocratically pervading the whole creation.

I must observe that if the struggle-for-existence principle could scientifically account for social phenomena, then the high merits of Charles Darwin would be much diminished in my eyes, because then it would appear that the most momentous philosophical work of our age was not his *Origin of Species*, but far more the *Essay on Population*, by Malthus. Indeed, the modern transformism (Alfred R. Wallace explicitly states it) is grounded upon the application to biology of that same law of competition which Malthus, as early as 1798, asserted to be the fundamental law of the social life of man. Thus the most modern writings of the struggle-for-existence sociological school, far from being the seed of something new and productive of future progress yet unknown, are rather mere rehearsals of a worn out doctrine which, after being unfolded only a step further by Ricardo, soon lost all its scientific value with J. B. Say, and no sooner reconquered some uncontested rights to our attention than, with Rodbertus and K. Marx, it threw itself into the deep sea of modern socialism. It seems obvious that the hackneyed Malthusian axioms, now translated into the biological jargon of organic sociologists, cannot yield any more than they have already yielded in their original shape of the renowned "progressions" with their unstatistical ratios and with their ethical *couronnement de l'édifice* of more or less morally restrained procreation.

VII.

The shining merit of Darwin resides especially in the amazing perspicacity with which his genius transformed that worn-out politico-economical thesis into the very principle of regeneration, not only for the biological science of our days, but also for modern philosophy altogether. Such a miracle could be performed only by his clear perception of the fact that the great law of competition or struggle for life, and duly applied by the Malthusian politico-

economy to a series of phenomena for which it cannot account, is really a capital principle pervading the individual life throughout. Since the Malthusian law, stating that the number of competitors always exceeds the means of subsistence, is true with animals, we might logically foresee that it would not do for human societies; because the animals, being far more prolific than men, simply consume the food they find ready in Nature, while the lowest human tribes—provided that they possess some social organization—generally produce a large part of what they consume; and slavery, appearing at a very low degree of social evolution, yields us a sufficient proof that, even in those destitute conditions, men united into a society produce more food than is strictly required for the subsistence of them all.

Herbert Spencer states with all the requisite evidence that the general law of evolution is the permanence of force, and we can follow it throughout the vast dominion of inorganic stages of evolution without being compelled to apply to any other law. It is only when we meet with the multiplicity of organized beings that a specific law is required, and then Charles Darwin brings in his struggle for existence philosophically, which does scientifically account for numberless transformations of living individuals. From the fact that social life is the natural complement of the individual life, we are not authorized to infer that the fundamental law of both individual and social modes of being must be identical: organic life is, too, merely a complement of the inorganic, but it requires its specific law. In many cases we can easily see how the struggle for life impels men, like animals, to the constitution of a league or society; but even then we can assert *à priori* that the laws of an alliance are not the laws of war. In many other cases social action seems not to be imposed on them by considerations of personal preservation; but it is plain that the roots of social life must be deeply buried in their physiological needs and wants, egoistic, altruistic, or whatever else they may be. Are not the roots of organic life itself buried also deeply in physical and chemical proper-

ties of matter? Besides, we know also not a less number of such instances where sociability is not only indifferent but rather hurtful and dangerous from the point of view of competition and preservation of individuals alone.

I have no room to quote here the remarkable researches of Geoffroy St. Hilaire, nor to cite instances which can be gathered easily from zoological and ethnological works. I trust that the following few lines, borrowed from A. Espinas's book about *Animal Societies*, will suffice. He says: "So far as *accidental societies* are concerned, utility (*l'intérêt*) seem to play the most prominent part and sympathy (*i. e.*, a stimulus not explicable by the law of struggle or competition) only consolidates the ties which interest had formed. Among those who have an interest in forming societies, those who really do so are prone to mutual sympathy. As to the *normal societies*, formed by animals of the same species, we are induced to give the first place to sympathy, admitting the instincts of preservation only as an element consolidating the unions, connected by sympathy."

Further, I have already mentioned more than once that the first aggregations of plastids, which really are the starting-point of morphological progress, have never yet been rationally accounted for by the law of struggle for life, and it seems rather questionable whether they ever can be. At least a learned zoologist, Prof. Kessler, of St. Petersburg, in a paper read before the Zoological Society of that town insisted upon the necessity of admitting the law of sociability, or coöperation, as a powerful agent of biological progress. Indeed, we cannot perceive any personal advantage arising to the cells or plastids from the fact of their aggregating together, and thus forming the first rudiment of a social or collective organism, instead of pursuing their individual advancement, as they ought to do, were there not a principle quite distinct from struggle pervading throughout the superior degrees of cosmic evolution in its organic stages.

Wherever we see a phenomenon of association—be it in the shape of a vegetable and animal organism or in that of a more perfect

human community—we cannot fail to detect something new, as essentially distinct from the law of individualistic competition or struggle, as that specific Darwinian law itself is distinct from the Newtonian universal law of gravitation. That something is, namely, the consensus of a number of more or less individualized forces aiming at an end, not personal to one of the allies, but common to them all, and that is what we call *coöperation*.

Such characteristic facts, proper to all phenomena of a series, are just what we call a principle or a scientific law. Thus we cannot avoid acknowledging a principle superior to that of struggle, and we are induced to complete the binomial series of sciences stated above by a third term—viz., sociology—the specific law of which is *coöperation* (as struggle for life is the specific law of biology), and the object of which is the investigation of the natural means and ways by which, at various stages of evolution, is obtained that consensus of individualized forces aiming at an end common to them all. The proper domain of this superorganic science includes every department of the organized world (it being obvious that socialization must imply organization, and that no society can be found where the acting forces are not biologically individualized) where coöperation is observable. The only criterion of social science is thus coöperation, whether coöperating individuals are human or animals, zoids or plastids.

Herbert Spencer is perfectly right in denying the character of society to a host of people listening to a lecture, but I doubt whether the reason on which he bases his statement—viz., the non-permanence of such aggregations, is adequate. We could easily exemplify many quite temporary aggregations, the sociological character of which appears unquestionable since we see in them that convergence of individual forces to a common end which is the only criterion of a society. On the other hand, aggregations of men, or other zoids, might be permanent without our being obliged to consider them as sociological phenomena, because that characteristic of coöperation may be wanting altogether. Two men carrying a burden may be considered as a sociolog-

ical rudiment, or cell, but a hundred men lodging in one house for their lifetime, or meeting together every day during twenty years at the Library of the British Museum, do not present any appreciable embryo of sociability. A nation may perhaps be considered at once as a *dem*, or biological entity, but before we account for its sociological character, we must inquire whether there is any coöperation, and in what degree, between the individuals forming the political whole, and by what means that degree of coöperation is obtained.

At the lowest degrees of the biological evolution, individuals of a very primordial anatomical structure (cells or plastids) cannot form a colony or society without mechanically adhering to each other or being connected together by some mechanical tie. Step by step a division of physiological labor, with its natural consequence, *subordination*, begins to be observable with individuals so connected together by merely physical ties. Prof. Huxley, in his polemic against Herbert Spencer, states quite rightly that the most perfect zoological beings present that subordination pushed to the extreme degree. In the zooids of a superior anatomical structure (birds, mammalia, and men) we see the sensitiveness so completely concentrated in a specific sensorium, and the coöperating individuals so perfectly complying with the interests of the whole, that their physiological personality disappears, and they become mere organs. I must, nevertheless, observe that when we say, it is hot, that is not because the mercury rises in the thermometer, that rising being only an index of the rising temperature around; and should we come under the point at which mercury freezes, or above the point at which it boils, we ought to search for another criterion of the increasing or decreasing temperature. So the progress of subordination in superior biological organisms is only a morphological token of a greater coöperation obtained than would be possible with a less degree of subordination or with a still more primordial mechanical tie. But the evolution does not stop at that point, and the superior biological individuals, produced by such coöperative agency

of organs based on subordination, in their turn unite together and form aggregations or societies of a superior style, called *demæ*.

The ties uniting together the members of these superior societies greatly vary: they may be partly more or less mechanical, like those which are characteristic of the lowest social order, but their mechanicality never reaches so far as a direct adherence (that is what Herbert Spencer means by the *discrete* character of societies as opposed to the concrete character of animals), or as any vascular membrane like those which unite together the individuals in a colony of molluscs; they may be also partly based on division of labor, but subordination here never attains that point at which the physiological autonomy of the individuals would disappear, and they become mere organs.

But, while on the further side of the sociological evolution mechanical adherence (1st degree), and subordination (2d degree), are considerably decreasing, a highly superior mode of obtaining coöperation begins here to be appreciable—viz., conscious and voluntary consensus of the members of the *dem*, or community (3d degree). I doubt whether a human or animal society can be met with in which that specific element of conscious and voluntary consensus is wanting altogether, but it may intervene in various degrees. The more this superior element prevails over the two inferior ones (viz., mechanical aggregation and subordination), the more the coöperation obtained is conscious and voluntary; the further also a society is advanced on its evolutionary way. Hence, whenever we wish sociologically to account for a concrete phenomenon of community or aggregation, we ought to consider:—

1. The quantity of coöperation yielded.
2. The means, more or less conscious and voluntary, for obtaining consensus of individualized forces aiming at an end not personal to one of the allies.

Examples can be gathered in history and ethnology of societies not highly civilized, the members of which enjoy a freedom unknown in the most liberal European monarchies and republics in our days: such were the commu-

nities of Cossacks in Southern Russia in the 17th century, and such are, if M. Raffray be trusted, the Abyssinian Shakos. But these people content themselves with coöperation in a degree which would appear very meager from our civilized point of view. On the other hand, we see geographical regions—*e. g.*, the Lower Valley of the Nile, or of the Yangtze-Kiang and Hoang-ho—where physical conditions require from the inhabitants far more coöperation than they were able to yield freely and consciously in their state of civilization; and, in fact, those countries have always been, and are still, classical for their despotism, either political, or castal, or whatever else it may be.

I sum up in a few words:—

1. *Mechanical Constraint*, which is compatible only with the lowest stages of the individualized (biological) life.

2. *Subordination* by specialization of labor or by political tyranny (which is only a particular case of the former), always degrading for the larger part of the individuals united, if not for them all; and

3. *Consensus* more and more *conscious* and *voluntary*.

Such are the three stages of sociological evolution, and, I think, the ratio of that progression is so easily appreciable, that I need not dwell more particularly upon it. It results that, so far as an end can be scientifically assigned to social evolution, that end can be but one: namely, anarchy—*i. e.*, a large amount of coöperation of autonomous individuals as perfect as their biological organization allows, and that amount of coöperation yielded not by any mechanical tie, nor by any subordination, either by physiological or political constraint, but plainly and completely by their own conscious and free will in the modern psychological acceptation of these words.

Whether it please or displease the learned *Kulturträger* of whatever proclivities, the last word of the scientific theory of evolution is that very terrifying word, anarchy, so eloquently anathematized *ex cathedra* by Darwinizing sociologists and so many others.

VIII.

If we review the evolution of cosmic life in the past so far as it is observable by strictly scientific methods, we are compelled to acknowledge that a large amount of progress has been already effected in the physical, and even sociological provinces, without any apparent interference of a conscious human will with cosmic matters. Speaking anthropomorphically, we can say that evolution has an aim, that its aim is progress, and that Nature attains it surely and practically without our consciously and intentionally caring much about it.

But we must not be forgetful that progress in evolution can be asserted only so far as the cosmic whole is considered, and that its way is studded with corpses of individuals, nations, and worlds, fallen because they could not stand the transformations required by the restless progress of evolution.

We can certainly assert that the law of the future society is anarchy, and that it surely shall be attained by Nature left alone. But the further progress of any particular society of the present day is by no means warranted by any immovable natural law of evolution. Theoretically, it may be a consolation for each of us to know that if we do not thrive in our life, because of our inability to stand the changes asked for by evolution, somebody else shall thrive certainly; but practically we are all allowed to wish that the thriving one should be ourselves.

Dr. Lange, although not a professional sociologist, teaches us that the way of progress in evolution is nothing less than rectilinear, and he even disrespectfully compares the so-much-talked-of cosmic or historical Providence to a hunter who, in order to kill a hare, discharges about one million shots in every direction. The hare is thus reached, of course, but so are many unlooked-for people also, without reckoning how much powder burnt in vain. On the other hand, Charles Darwin adduces many examples of intelligent human interference with biological matters directly arriving at an end which would take centuries to accomplish by the alternate teachings of natural evolution alone. The only caution needed for the success of such interferences is the security

that our personal end does not lie out of the way of evolution. Since we see that the result of natural sociological progression is anarchy, the only question which remains to be settled refers to the methods and practical ways leading most directly to that social ideal of the future.

But is not evolution exclusive of revolution in this sense, that it flows like a majestic and peaceable stream—that it *abhorret saltum*—while revolution seems to contain in every syllable of its terrifying name something catastrophic, and is throughout full of pang and commotion? Ask modern geologists whether such revolutionary episodes as the earthquake of Ischia or the eruption of Krakatoa are erased from the history of our earth, now that we know that its crust is formed not by cataclysm, but by evolution. Ask a mother whether her child was not painfully shaken and, perhaps, more than once in danger of death, every time it crossed one of those breakers of dentition, passage to puberty, etc., that appear like so many milestones marking the natural way of our individual evolution?

In one of his most remarkable essays, Herbert Spencer states that the very source from which every constituted government draws the best of its power is "the accumulated and organized sentiment of the past, . . . the gradually formed opinion of countless preceding generations," that even in the most Liberal countries of our days, constituted powers are far less than we commonly think controlled "by the public opinion of the living," and far more "by the public opinion of the dead." That statement points out the very reason why our social atmosphere becomes so soon impregnated with deadly miasmas, emanations from the tombs of past generations, when a refreshing breeze from the future does not purify it, blowing through a revolutionary agency.—LEON METCHNIKOFF, in *The Contemporary Review*,

THE UNIVERSITY OF JENA.

Jena is an old town of about 12,000 inhabitants in a beautiful hilly country on the Saale, in the Grand Duchy of Sachsen-Weimar.

The former fortifications have been turned into promenades. There are many places of resort in the neighborhood (Sophtenhöhe, Felsenkeller, etc.) where the students enjoy song and beer. The "Paradise" is a fine alley on the banks of the Saale. The town is famous for its University and for the disastrous battle of Oct. 14th, 1806, in which Napoleon, with 80,000 Frenchmen, almost annihilated the Prussian army of 40,000. Inscriptions on the walls indicate the former residences of Schiller, Goethe, Arndt, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Griesbach, Luden. I am writing in the hotel of the Black Bear. Here Luther as "Knight George" on his way from the Wartburg to Wittenberg had the famous interview with two Swiss students on their journey to Wittenberg. The interesting story, as told by Kessler, one of the students, together with an old Bible and a picture of Luther, are preserved in the room.

The University of Jena was founded in 1558, and was for a long time the seat of strict Lutheran orthodoxy. At the close of the last century and the beginning of the present it acquired great celebrity through the heroes of German poetry and philosophy, who gathered here as teachers or frequent visitors. Here Schiller, as Professor of History, wrote most of his dramas, while Herder and Wieland often visited Jena from the neighboring Weimar. Fichte, Schelling and Hegel elaborated their philosophical systems in this place. Paulus taught here his Rationalism before he removed to Heidelberg. Griesbach spent days and nights over the text of the Greek Testament, and prepared his critical edition and apparatus which made an epoch in the history of textual criticism. The old so-called "vulgar" Rationalism of Paulus and Röhr is dead long ago, and Hase, the Church historian, helped to kill it by his letters against Röhr. An æsthetic rationalism and a modified Tübingen criticism have taken its place. The Professors are in sympathy with the so-called *Protestanten Verein*.

The University numbers this summer 655 students, 2 from America. The number of theological students is 152. There are five Ordinary Professors who constitute the faculty

proper, namely: the Wirkliche Geheime Rath D. Carl von Hase; Geheimer Kirchenrath D. Richard Lipsius; Kirchenrath D. Carl Siegfried; D. Carl Rudolf Seyerlen, and D. Friedrich Nippold; two *Ordentliche Honorar-Professoren*—i. e., Ordinary Professors with salary, and the duties, without the rights, of Ordinary Professors—namely, Geh. Kirchenrath D. Carl Luder; Willib. Grimm; and Kirchenrath D. Adolf Hilgenfeld; and one *Privat-docent*, Lic. Schmiedel. The standpoint of the Jena Professors is characterized as *wissenschaftlich frei*, which is rather indefinite, but implies opposition to traditional and confessional orthodoxy. Jena and Heidelberg are farther removed from what is understood by evangelical orthodoxy in America than any other University of Germany.

Dr. Hase is the Nestor of German Church historians, being eighty-six years of age, and may yet live to celebrate, like Leopold von Ranke, his ninetieth birthday. The study of history seems favorable to long life. Döllinger, the most learned historian of the Roman Catholic Church, is 88, and our own American historian, Bancroft, 86 years old, and both retain their mental faculties in a remarkable degree. Hase retired from active duty as lecturer, but continues to take a lively interest in all the affairs of the University and of the age. He has just finished the eleventh edition of his admirable *Compendium of Church History*, which is an unsurpassed masterpiece of artistic composition, full of miniature portraits of great men. It comes down to the Bismarck settlement with the Pope—so he told me, for the book is not yet published. Hase has an æsthetic interest in all that is beautiful and remarkable, and knows how to paint it with a few touches as no other writer. He has recently issued the first volume of his *Lectures on Church History*, which comes down to Gregory I. The second volume will embrace the middle age, and the third volume the last three centuries. They are finished in manuscript, and will be put to press after his return from Gastein, where he spends his summer vacation. He told me: "Gastein has done me much good, and for this we must be grateful; for life is beautiful after all" (*das Leben ist*

doch schön). He may meet there the aged Emperor William. His other works, *Huttrius Redivivus* (a compend of Lutheran dogmatics), the *Leben Jesu* (very full in its literature) and *Vorlesungen über das Leben Jesu* (an expansion of the former, as the *Lectures on Church History* are an expansion of his *Compendium*), not to mention other publications, have long been before the public in repeated editions, and are equally remarkable for good taste, condensed and pointed style. I met him, among the few hearers, in the academic service of the Students' Gustavus Adolphus Association. He kindly invited me to a family dinner with his children and grandchildren. It was an occasion long to be remembered.

Professor Lipsius is now the most vigorous and influential among the theological teachers at Jena. He is in the prime of life (born 1830), and lectures on Systematic Theology, Symbolics, and the New Testament. His chief works are a volume on *Dogmatics*, and a critical treatise on the *Apocryphal Acts of the Apostles*. He represents, in his theology, a New-Kantian theism, resembling the Ritschl school in his sceptical attitude toward metaphysics, but in other respects decidedly opposed to it. He is thoroughly at home in all questions touching the apostolic and post-apostolic age, and a very sharp critic. He contributed several articles to Smith and Ware's *Dictionary of Christian Biography* (i. e., Apocryphal Gospels), which he writes in German, and of which he revises the English translation. He told me that the English was often more readable than the original. He is now preparing, with Bonnet, of France, a new edition of Tischendorf's *Apocryphal Acts of the Apostles*.

Professor Grimm is well known by his *Latin Dictionary of the Greek Testament*. He is now preparing a third edition, in which, as he informed me, he makes constant reference to Westcott and Hort. Dr. Thayer, of Cambridge, has long been at work on an enlarged English edition of Grimm, which is eagerly expected by the American public. Dr. Grimm is a venerable gentleman of nearly eighty, but still lectures on New Testament exegesis, this summer on the Epistles to the Corinthians.

Professor Nippold was recently called from Bern, and takes the place of Hase in Ecclesiastical History. He is a pupil of Rothe, an animated, agreeable gentleman, interested especially in modern Church history, and in the Old Catholic movement.

Professor Hilgenfeld is, together with Holsten, in Heidelberg, the last survivor of the Tübingen School of Baur, and labors with untiring industry in the reconstruction of the post-apostolic age, especially the history of the ancient heresies. He edited the letters of Clement, Barnabas, Polycarp, the Pastor of Hermas, and the *Didache of the Twelve Apostles*, with textual notes; and wrote a critical Introduction to the New Testament (1875), and *Ketzergeschichte des Urchristenthum* (1886). He has very few hearers, but his quarterly *Zeitschrift für wissenschaftliche Theologie* is widely read for its independent critical discussions of difficult problems.

Dr. Stephens, who has been appointed successor of President Dwight in the Divinity School at New Haven, has recently passed a creditable examination for the degree of D. D. at Jena. This is the first and probably the only case of the kind as far as American students are concerned, and rare even in Germany. The degree of Doctor of Philosophy is usually acquired by an examination of dissertation, but the degree of Doctor of Divinity is generally given as a title of honor in recognition of distinguished literary merit and important work. It is never given a second time from another university, as is sometimes the case in England and America. Once a Doctor, always a Doctor. A repetition would be regarded as a lowering of the value of the first honor. The theological degrees in America ought to proceed from the theological faculties as the most competent judges, instead of the colleges, which are the proper judges and donors of other literary degrees. But such a change of custom would scarcely tend to diminish the number of doctors, of whom there are more in New York alone than in the whole German Empire—**PROF. PHILIP SCHAFF**, in *The Independent*.

THE ARMING OF CHINA.

The sudden rise of China to a place among the "world powers" is by far the greatest change which this generation has witnessed in Asiatic politics. It is scarcely yet six years since the great Empire stood as much outside the politics of the world, and especially the politics of Europe, as if she had belonged to a separate and distant planet. A few observers, it is true, who had noticed recent events—the extirpation of the Panthays, the erasure of the Kingdom of Kashgar, and the determined attitude assumed by Peking when demanding the retrocession of Kuldja by the Russians—had begun to doubt whether the vitality of China had not been underrated; but the statesmen of Europe paid her very little attention. The dispatch of an ambassador to Europe was considered rather an absurdity; it was necessary to protect his suite from insult in London by some rather sharp sentences; and the French Government, when it began its experiments in Indo-China, openly pronounced the Chinese Empire to be *une quantité négligeable*. We ourselves delayed carrying out the Treaty of Tientsin with a certain indifferent indolence, and in Central Europe China was considered an interesting geographical expression.

Within six years this indifference has completely disappeared, and China is now recognized by all diplomatists as a state of the first importance, which can exercise a direct and serious influence on almost every great power. She stands, in fact, in direct contact with the majority of them. It is not too much to say that the statesmen of Peking could overthrow any French Ministry by merely increasing their pressure on Tonquin and encouraging the Anamese to attempt an insurrection. That is to say, they could compel the French Government to ask for men and money with which to defend their Indo-Chinese possessions on a scale which the peasantry would assuredly not bear, and which, even if voted, would alienate the Chamber. The Chinese are quite aware of this fact, and are even now striking blows at France which exasperate the foreign office in Paris to the last degree. Peking has decreed

that the old arrangement, confirmed by a treaty in 1859, by which France is the recognized protector of Catholic Chinese converts, shall be abrogated; and though M. de Freycinet rages, and threatens both China and the Papacy, the change, under which the Pope will plant a Nuncio in Peking, has been already arranged, and France will have no remedy except an impracticable war.

The Chinese could in Burmah make everything difficult for the British Government, which, again, has every reason to desire their friendship, not only because the opium revenue depends upon it, but because, in any grand struggle with Russia the alliance with China might enable us to effect a serious diversion, perhaps to embarrass the government of St. Petersburg more than by any direct attack in the Black Sea. The Indian Government, acting in unison with that of China, would control nearly half the human race, and could exert a force in Asia with which even the masses of soldiery at the disposal of the Czar would be unable to contend. To Russia, indeed, China is one of the most formidable of states, because, by an invasion of Manchuria or of the territory west of Kuldja, the Chinese Emperor can at discretion compel St. Petersburg either to submit to a defeat which would be followed by insurrections throughout Asiatic Russia, or to forward an army over three thousand miles of inhospitable country at an expense which would be ruinous to any treasury in the world. One can hardly imagine a worse position than that of a Russian Emperor with a European war on hand, yet compelled to defend his ascendancy in Tartary against a general like Tso.

In Paris, London, and St. Petersburg, therefore, the Marquis Tseng is one of the most honored and influential of diplomatists; and even in Berlin he is received with marked respect, for Prince Bismarck never forgets that Slav and German may one day be compelled to try the issue of war, and he has ideas about "ships, colonies, commerce" which Peking can materially aid or thwart. Indeed, the influence of China stretches even beyond Asia and Europe; for Washington is anxious about Chinese trade, has most delicate questions to

settle about Chinese immigrants, and only last week voted a considerable indemnity to Peking in consideration of outrages suffered by Chinamen at the hands of roughs upon the Pacific slope. No other Asiatic state enjoys anything approaching to the same influence, or is in the least likely to be recognized or thought of as one of the efficient Great Powers of the world.

Is this new position of China real? We believe it is. There is a theory afloat in some quarters that much of the new authority of China is due to the skill of the Marquis Tseng, who conducts business with singular dignity and firmness, and there is also an idea that in the last resort a direct blow at Peking would not be very difficult. In truth, however, an ambassador is seldom greater than his country, and the difficulties of an invasion of China have considerably increased. We all saw in the Kuldja affair, in the defence of the Tonquin frontier, and in the expulsion of the French from Hainan, that the Chinese government can now mobilize large bodies of troops which are by no means easy to defeat, if only because, when defeated, they are so easily replaced, and she is steadily forming a regular force for the defence of the capital. She has been improving her artillery and her fortresses for years; her navy, commanded by Germans or Americans, is no longer to be despised; and a march on Peking from the seaboard, though not impossible, would cost any power that attempted it a large army, and an expenditure embarrassing even to a European budget. No war with China will ever again be undertaken with a light heart, and it is by no means certain that it would be successful. The Chinese have hitherto resisted General Gordon's proposal to move the capital; but they learn fast under pressure, and if they resolved to move the court to a point further from the sea, as they resolved to give up their religious objections to the telegraph, all European effort might be baffled by the impossibility of transporting and maintaining men enough to keep up communications for an invading army. The work could be done, of course, but its costliness and difficulty vastly increase the dislike to do it, as also does the

time to be consumed. The European States go to war still readily enough, but the European peoples, feeling the conscription as they do, grow markedly impatient of what Prince Bismarck calls "interminable" wars, which wear down the strength of armies in the hospitals and send home regiments of specters and skeletons to disgust the villages with compulsory service. In a despotic monarchy, of course, much depends upon the statesmen; but the foreign office of Peking thinks little of time, and while its managers remain as tenacious as at present, the strength of China is real. She cannot defeat a first-class power, perhaps, though she nearly defeated France; but she can inflict too much suffering with too little loss for even a first class power to challenge her without the gravest reason.

Whether the new position of China will ultimately be beneficial to the world is a question which it will require certainly a generation, and possibly many, to resolve with any conclusiveness. There is a disposition in England to believe that it will and, undoubtedly, it is well that China should be placed beyond the danger of conquest. European conquest sometimes vivifies; but the population of China is too huge, her civilization too complex, her people too self-confident, to leave much hope, or any hope, that they could be improved by subjugation. They would probably only lose heart, give up their organization, and devote themselves to the passive resistance and adroit evasion of pressure which, even in Singapore and Hong Kong, have so severely taxed our energies, that Lord Dalhousie once pronounced the good government of Chinese by Europeans practically impossible. It is well, therefore, that China should feel secure, for insecurity develops alike suspiciousness and cruelty; but still, we cannot completely share our countrymen's pleasure at the rise of a grand Pagan State in the Far East. The Chinese statesmen are very ruthless, and think nothing of extirpation when extirpation is apparently the easiest course. They are becoming aware that the congestion of population in parts of China is one of their difficulties, and as their power increases, their love of seclusion may disap-

pear, and they may hunger for more land. At present, no doubt, their ruling idea is a purely defensive one; but it might be changed by circumstances, or the appearance of an Emperor with the old Tartar instinct of conquest, which once carried the race from Samarcand to Peking on one side, and the Crimea on the other.

China is passive now, but she might break out some day, and her outbreak might be a calamity worse for the human race than the barbarian onslaught on Rome. A power which can expend ten thousand men a week without feeling the loss, which has an aptitude for using mechanical appliances, and which is indifferent if it depopulates as it rolls on, is a terrible power to contemplate, more especially as once in motion it could only be checked by a slaughter which would demoralize mankind. China seems immobile now, but she has from time to time struck down most of the states on her borders; and though only historians remember Jenghiz Khan, he conquered Northern and Central Asia, and the world was not the better for his career. We confess to a shade of doubt as to the ultimate result of the reinvigoration of China; but that must not prevent our acknowledging that it has occurred, and that when the bulletin-writers record so carefully the journeys of the Marquis Tseng, they are not wasting time.—*The Spectator*.

ASCENT OF MOUNT ETNA.

The giant of volcanic mountains has been making himself notorious of late. In the usual way he is eclipsed by his more diminutive brother Vesuvius, who has received far more attention from writers and tens of thousands more visitors. Nor is this to be wondered at. Vesuvius distinguished himself once by extinguishing a great historic city, whose exhumed remains constitute one of the most interesting sights of Europe, and which draw numberless travelers from all parts of the world. Then Vesuvius is on the highway of continental tourist travel, and those who go as far south as Rome are tempted

to make the journey to Naples, which city is now one of the ports at which the Orient line of steamers stops. The railway tempts very many to ascend Vesuvius who would not undergo the fatigue of climbing.

For these and other reasons it is that Etna has been kept comparatively in the background, and it is only now and again when he asserts himself that he secures anything like the attention his fame and his vastness demand. The recent eruption has had this effect, and though all immediate expectation of a huge devastation is removed, the tide of desolation was so vast, and was flowing toward Nicolosi with such threatening violence that the inhabitants had fled from their houses, and a cordon of soldiers had been drawn round the town to prevent their return.

At one time this eruption assumed alarming proportions. For some days the volcano showed signs of unusual activity, rumblings of thunder were heard from far down the crater, and these were followed by a continuous roar of Titanic artillery. Huge masses of flame and stones were hurled from the mouth of the crater; but it was from the side of the mountain that the great eruption came. Here a stream of red-hot lava burst forth, and continued for days with more or less violence, until, at its worst, a river of red fire flowed down the mountain, some three or four miles wide, five or six miles long, and of a depth of from thirty to forty feet. This awful stream moved on in slow and destructive majesty, and gradually, as it advanced, separated itself into several smaller currents and distributed itself over the vast mountain side. No wonder that the people fled before such an advancing tide. The whole country is but a too terrible evidence of what Etna is capable of effecting, while the history of previous eruptions lives in the minds of the inhabitants to remind them of the former desolations.

The first mention of an eruption is by Pythagoras, and the next is by Thucydides as early as 477 B. C. Many other eruptions have taken place, but the earliest of which there is any detailed description occurred in 1669, of which a graphic account is left on

record by Alfonso Borelli. From it we learn on March 8th there came first such a discharge of lava as to obscure the light for some time: this was followed by a whirlwind and by a series of earthquakes, increasing in intensity for three days, until the people of Nicolosi—some fourteen miles down the mountain—could not stand. Fissure after fissure opened in the mountain side, each vying with others in the violence of its discharge, some throwing up red-hot stones to the height of 1,200 feet, until at length all the openings united formed a crater or chasm some 2,500 feet in circumference. We need not particularize the course of the desolating torrent, nor indicate the various towns and villages that were swept away; suffice it to say that the desolating stream was quite two miles wide, that it destroyed some fourteen towns and villages, some of them buried to the depth of 40 feet, and that 27,000 persons perished.

The eruption of 1693 was even more violent and destructive. On January 9th Etna began to vomit smoke and flames, and to give forth fearful sounds, as of a storm within its vast bosom. Suddenly there was a terrific shock, accompanied by an explosion, and in an instant Catania, some twenty-six miles off, at the base of the mountain, was in ruins, underneath which lay 18,000 of its inhabitants. The same shock destroyed in a moment fifty towns and villages, some of them at even a greater distance than Catania, and the loss of life is computed at from 60,000 to 100,000 persons.

The last eruption recorded was in May, 1879, when the tide flowed down in two sluggish streams, but did not continue far enough to cause any serious destruction. A severe shock of earthquake occurred, causing some destruction to houses and killing ten persons. Since then the giant mountain has not given much cause for alarm until the eruption which has just occurred, and which happily seems to have stayed its desolating course before doing any damage to life.

We had come to Naples in a well-appointed steamer, and the route on our return would be regulated by the ports where cargo was most easily to be secured. When, therefore, it was ordered that the ship should go

to Catania, in Sicily, and that this was the first port we should stop at, we knew we should be anchored at the foot of the terrible mountain, and hope stirred within us at the thought of visiting the summit. Looked at from the harbor, the mountain presents few attractions, a solitary cone rising over 11,000 feet from the base, and distant some twenty miles as the crow flies. The smoke from the summit is but a small volume compared with that which issues from Vesuvius, and indeed from a distance is scarcely discernible. But then there the monster rises, and around on every hand are the results of his awful devastating power; and we are determined to ascend.

Four of us start in a carriage and pair at three in the afternoon. Our destination, in the conveyance, is Nicolosi, an ascent of twelve miles. As we emerge into the country the lava asserts itself everywhere—the houses, the hedges, the soil are all of the same predominating substance, and of the same gloomy, ashy color. The vegetation springs up, as it were, from boundless fields of cinders, and is the only relief to the dreary, depressing scene that everywhere meets the eye. After three hours' ride we come to Nicolosi, where the carriage leaves us, and where we enter the "Novel Hôtel de l'Etna" to prepare for the ascent. The prospect of an ascent on mule-back of fifteen miles is not exhilarating, but when we are told it would take us fully six hours we settled down to it in a business-like fashion, proceeding in Indian file. On the left we pass the Monti Rossi, two mountains between 6,000 and 7,000 feet high, thrown up by one of the eruptions of Etna. Then there are nothing before us but masses of tiny vines some two or three feet high. But we soon come to quite a distinct zone or belt of woodland, called *Il Bosco*, or the wood, which extends in width about six miles, and is three miles deep.

The moon has risen, and this part of the ride is as pleasant as it is picturesque. But beyond the wood the dreary waste begins.

After a little more than two hours' ride we come to the "Woodman's House," of which we avail ourselves for a rest and for some

water for selves and beasts. Again mounting, we start for our next stage, the "English House," or *Casa degl' Inglese*, at the base of the cone of Etna, where travelers may rest and get a shakedown before ascending to the crater. Never was hostelry more welcome when at length, at half-past twelve, we reach the top; and never had hostelry less to offer to tired and dispirited wayfarers. A bundle of straw is all that is available as a bed, and from this two men have to be aroused, who had gone to sleep. The cold is intense, and no covering is provided.

At a quarter to four we start for the summit. We hope to reach the summit before sunrise, but we little reckon the difficulty of this two-mile ascent. At first our path lies over loose scoriae or ashes, into which our feet sink to the depth of several inches. By-and-by the mountain-side becomes steeper, and the pathway is over hard lava, in which the guides with their axes have to cut niches, in which our feet may find safe hold. It is trying work, for an insecure foothold means a precipitate fall. Our alpenstocks greatly help us, resting on which every few minutes we take breath.

Before we reach the top the sun has risen, but in a mist, so that an earlier start would not have secured the view desired. But in spite of the mist the view is indescribably grand and extensive. All around and below us are the undulating sides of the mountain, which is more than ninety miles in circumference at its base. Beyond, on every hand, stretches away the island of Sicily, with its variegated landscapes, fringed with the blue sea.

Grand as is the panorama that opens up before and around one, the scene which the crater itself affords is no less imposing and unique in its way. Creeping over to the summit, and lying down, with covered nose and mouth, to protect them from the fumes of sulphur which rise up from a thousand fissures, we peer down into the awful abyss. The sides are almost perpendicular, colored by the sulphur, but relieved by patches of green and brown. Every now and again we bury our faces, as the wind blows such fumes of sulphur across them as threaten to blind

and choke us. We strain our eyes to peer into the recesses of this awful gulf, but all in vain. Far, far down beyond our sight the unfathomable chasm yawns, and we cannot help letting our fancy picture, all too faintly, what awful eruptions might come forth from these hidden depths. Some idea of the size of the crater may be gathered from the fact that it is from two to three miles in circumference.

Our way down is on the other side of the mountain, over loose fields of cindery lava, into which the legs sink, so that a precipitous descent is avoided. We reach the English House at seven, where we have an all too frugal breakfast, but where the Alpine Club has provided the unexpected but most to be desired of all commodities, ice, with which we refresh ourselves, till our teeth ache.

At eight we begin our descent on the mules, which step out more briskly, but as carefully as in our ascent. At ten we reach the "Woodman's House," where we again rest and get some cool water. At twelve we reach Nicolosi, glad of the rest and shade from our four hours' ride under a broiling sun.—BENJAMIN CLARKE, in *The Sunday Magazine*

CURRENT THOUGHT.

CHRIST IN MODERN ART.—The Rev. T. Harwood Pattison says, in the *Baptist Quarterly Review*:—

"What are we to infer from the fact that no authentic portrait of our Lord exists, or, indeed, can with any show of reason be said to have been painted? The intense hatred of the Jew for any representation of the divine, coupled with his equally intense hatred of any human portrait, would be enough to explain why the features of Jesus were not preserved on canvas or in marble. The simple story of the evangelists has been darkened, oftener than it has been brightened, by the efforts of the painter. The Sistine Madonna is indeed the most wonderful representation in all art of the mingled simplicity and mystery of infancy, and seems to anticipate the poet's 'Intimations of Immortality' in the unfathomable beauty of the wide-open eyes, and in the far-reaching expression of the countenance. But we have no authority for saying that Jesus had these any more than other children in Nazareth. When, however, we turn from Raphael and Murillo to other painters, the failure to repaint Christ becomes more than a failure. It is an actual profanation. It was reserved for this century to have

a Bible illustrated by Gustave Doré, the prince of caricaturists. It was also reserved in this century to see, in Munkacsy's 'Christ in the Pretorium,' the most shameless attempt of art to crucify the Son of Man afresh. When we look at the sinister face, capable of any crime, with no gleam even of fanaticism to relieve its opaque dullness, the face of a man half knave and half fool, we can readily believe the story that it was a Polish or Hungarian Jew, from the back slums of Pesth, who furnished the painter with his model for the figure of Christ. The Jew of to-day, in his utmost malignity against Jesus of Nazareth, has but to glance at this latest picture of Him, to cry 'Aha! so would we have it!' And yet this execrable travesty of one of the most impressive scenes in the life of our Lord is to be found in the houses of Christian people."

MR. CARNEGIE'S GIFT TO EDINBURGH.—Mr. Andrew Carnegie, millionaire and author of a clever book entitled *Triumphant Democracy*, is a Scotchman by birth, but an American by residence since early childhood. It seems that he has quite recently made a munificent proposition to the city of Edinburgh. Touching this *The Saturday Review* remarks in its customary genial fashion:—

"Citizen Carnegie has, it is said, offered the city of Edinburgh £50,000 (after previously offering £25,000) for the establishment of a Free Library. Considering the language which the Citizen has used respecting a Queen whom Scotland, and Edinburgh in particular, is supposed to regard with peculiar loyalty, it might have been more dignified to suggest that Mr. Carnegie's money might perish with him. But it is probably unjust to require of any man, and especially of a North Briton, the divine virtue of refusing 'siller,' and such a pretty sum of siller. After all, the fathers of the city may excuse themselves by regarding the plum as a sin-offering and Mr. Andrew Carnegie as a penitent. Dollars *non olent*, neither do books, except when they are bound in Russian leather, and then it is pleasant. Besides, it is extremely improbable that Her Majesty has troubled herself much at hearing, if she has heard, that one Andrew Carnegie considers her existence an insult to the manhood of her subjects. Therefore the modern Athens may justly take the fine gold without regarding too narrowly the cleanness of the hands from which it comes, and may without compunction expend it on the very properly Athenian object of a library. How much good the library will do (when it has been got, and a statute of Mr. Andrew Carnegie trampling upon the dragon Monarchy set up in the hall thereof) is of course quite another thing."

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.—Speaking of a series of papers issued by the authority of the British Government, in one of which the island of Tristan d'Acunha is most glowingly depicted, the *London Spectator* says:—

"The late General Gordon thought he had discovered the original Garden of Eden in one of the Seychelle islands, and he identified the 'Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil' as the *Coco de Mer*, which tree, he supposed, after performing its special office, was relegated to the condition of ordinary trees.

(Specimens of the *Coco de Mer* fruit may be seen at the Exhibition by any who are curious to learn into what the apple that tempted Eve has since degenerated). When Gordon made this surmise, he had probably not visited the modern Paradise on Tristan d'Acunha, or he might have discovered that the forbidden tree was really the Cape vine, which seems to have a fatal attraction for 'the younger and more ambitious settlers.'"

SOME PRE-HISTORIC MEN.—Sir J. W. Dawson, the eminent Canadian scientist, in his recent work, *Egypt and Syria*, treats of the physical features of those countries in their relation to Biblical History. We maintain that the bone-caves of Northern Syria yield indications of pre-historic men of two distinct epochs, the earlier being contemporaneous with the woolly rhinoceros; and the later belonging to the present zoological era. Of the latter of these two classes he says:—

"The men of the rhinoceros age are probably an extinct people. Like the animals on which they subsisted, they may have perished in that great diluvial cataclysm which closed the second continental period, and which we are now beginning to identify with the historical Deluge. In this case, the country may have remained unoccupied for ages, and when men returned to it, it had become tenanted by animals still living. The new people also, if we may judge from their implements, were more delicate manipulators of flint than their predecessors, and probably a less rugged and stalwart race, with more of art and less of vigor than the hunters who slew the great rhinoceros of the antediluvian plains. These were probably the aborigines whom the Phenicians met when their ships first explored the coast between Berytus and Tripoli, with whom they may have traded or fought for the possession of the country, and whose descendants not improbably constitute some of the varied tribes inhabiting the region at the present day."

WILLIAM WINTER'S "SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLAND."—Mr. Winter, the dramatic critic of the *New York Tribune*, is moreover a poet—both in verse and prose. The *London Saturday Review*, thus speaks of his work, *Shakespeare's England*:—

"This record of a passionate pilgrim would not be out of place in the pocket of many an Englishman who is a stranger in his own land. Mr. Winter's work is already a favorite companion with the American traveler. The English reader, however, will have but faintly responded to the reverential spirit that inspires these essays if he fails to discover the peculiar distinction of interpretation that isolates the volume from others of its class. Mr. Winter surpasses the modest aspiration of his preface. He offers something more than guidance to the American traveler. He is a convincing and eloquent interpreter of the august memories and venerable sanctities of the old country. Into many an 'odd angle of the isle,' visited by few but his own countrymen, and lying apart from the famous shrines whither the multitude go up unquestioning, he carries a divining rod of curious magnetic property, and reveals the shy and secret presence of the

genius loci. 'The pathos in human experience,' he tells us, 'and the hallowing associations of an historic land,' have most attracted him, and the result is the suggestive reflections that vivify the minute and graphic topography of the chapters on Stratford and Warwick, the Tower of London and Windsor Castle. In these moments of self-revelation the realization of the infinite longing of the pilgrim is not altogether unmingled with the exile's affecting sense of the significance of his Pisgah glimpses into the mystery and magic of the past. Viewed in connection with the promise of the future, the vagueness and grandeur of the retrospect must needs exercise the emotions and intellect of an American with a force that can only be imperfectly apprehended by an Englishman. The distinction implied by the terms 'fatherland' and 'mother-tongue' has been ingeniously analyzed by philologists. Its propriety is demonstrated to be so firmly based in national sentiment as to admit of no violation by transposition. Yet there is a peculiar felicity in Mr. Winter's application of the phrase to England. The American who follows in the steps of Washington Irving and Hawthorne realizes the splendor of his inheritance and the duality of his birth-right. Two countries claim his affection, without dividing his allegiance by their fair rivalry. The one is the land of his birth, the inspiration of patriotism, his fatherland; the other is of necessity his motherland, whose attraction is not less powerful because more complex and undefinable. That this truth is suggested by Mr. Winter, quite incidentally and without any betrayal of self-consciousness, is not the least notable characteristic of these impressions of England. The estimate of English scenery and antiquities is expressed with a frankness and cordiality that evoke a genial feeling in the reader. Even the climate is treated in the friendliest spirit, though we regretfully remember how little the summers of 1877 and 1882 merited the traveler's magnanimity."

PARLIAMENTARY ROWDYISM.—Alluding to some recent scenes in the House of Commons, which would have been held disgraceful at a ward-meeting in New York, *The Saturday Review* says:—

"The importance of the Speaker's office increases with its difficulty. Until lately the House of Commons took pride in the universal deference which its members paid to their own chosen representative. Tact, good temper, dignity of demeanor, and familiar acquaintance with the forms of the House sufficed for the performance of duties which presented no extraordinary difficulty. Mr. Shaw Lefevre—who still survives in honored old age, and, who was for many years one of the ablest occupants of the Chair—can perhaps scarcely recollect an instance of collision between himself and any Parliamentary mutineer. His successor, Mr. Evelyn Denison, though he was somewhat less successful as Speaker, still enjoyed the benefit of traditions dating from a better Parliamentary age. Mr. Brand was the first Speaker who found it necessary to resort to vigorous measures for the preservation of order. Veteran members had scarcely been aware in their early experience of the value of volun-

tary and almost unconscious obedience to established rules. The Standing Orders and the unwritten customs of the House of Commons had been sufficient for their purpose as long as they were universally accepted in spirit as in letter. Waste of time and interruption of business were rendered possible by the text of the rules; but abuse of privileges would have been generally reprobated, and, although it may have been attempted in isolated cases, it had never become deliberate and systematic. The Speaker could invariably count on the support of the great parties, and especially of the leaders, if he found it necessary to check occasional irregularity."

THE PRIMEVAL VALLEY OF THE NILE.—Sir J. W. Dawson, in his *Egypt and Syria*, endeavors to depict the aspect of the Nile Valley before it had become the habitation of man. He says:—

"In its cultivated portions all is now so artificial and dependent on man that it is difficult to imagine a natural condition of the Nile. The river, the mud-banks, and the rocks, no doubt, are as they were; but what was the condition of the belt of cultivated ground when the first wanderer from the cradle of the human race looked out upon it, perhaps from some hill-top of the Arabian range, and ventured, with timorous steps, to explore the lower grounds bordering the great river? The higher portions of the plain were, no doubt, occupied with dense and tangled forests of palms, tamarisks, acacias, and sycamores, while the swamps were filled with tall reeds and papyrus, and pools were gay with the beautiful pale-blue lotus. This luxuriant vegetation would contrast on the one hand with the arid desert, and on the other with the verdureless mud-flats recently deserted by the water. We may add to the picture, crocodiles basking on the flats or sunning in the shallows, the unwieldy hippopotamus floundering in the waters, antelopes pasturing on the meadows, leopards, wolves, and jackals prowling in the woods and on the margin of the desert, swarms of wildfowl over the marshes and in the swamps, and multitudes of fish in the waters. It must have appeared on the one hand a solitude terrible in its luxuriance and its monsters, and on the other a garden of the Lord in its riches and fertility."

WOMEN AND THEIR SHOES.—A medical correspondent of *The New York Times*, who signs himself "Kouphut, M. D.," fell, at a fashionable watering-place, into a colloquy with another medical gentleman, the general subject being the unfitness of American wives and mothers to fulfill the duties of those positions. Dr. Kouphut thus reports a part of this colloquy:

"Look," said my friend, "at that beautiful girl now coming toward us up the middle aisle of the dining-room. What a superb figure! What lovely red and white in those cheeks. She must be at least five feet eight, and what a waist! Why, it would make three of such as that girl just beyond her has."

"All true," said I; "but oh, my dear doctor, did you remark her constrained gait, and did you observe how

exactly her feet, seen as she approached us, looked like those of the animal that gives milk and runs like a woman? And did you notice, as she went from us, how sadly she has the 'Saratoga straddle'? It all comes from the present fashion with fine (and with coarse) ladies of wearing high heels and thin soles, and of having the former placed under the distal end of the *os calcis*. They cannot stand erect without having that bend of the leg at the knee-joint which in an old and hard-driven mare is known as a 'sprung-for'ad' in stable talk. All the weight of that poor girl's body rests on a line drawn through the ball of her foot. Ere long it produces that further strong likeness to a cow's hoof—prevents proper walking exercise and brings in the harvest to pedicure and physician. I have lectured to students on the horrid habit, I have written to medical journals. I have preached and prayed to the foolish virgins themselves and to their mothers, with just as much good result as would have come from telling those amiable females how to extract sunbeams from cucumbers. I am sorry, I am sad, I am mad, and I am tired! How I wish I knew the way to have the infernal evil cured! I have gone to sensible shoemakers and explained how anatomy should be considered in fitting our lovely countrywomen. What has been the rejoinder? 'I know what you say, doctor, to be perfectly true. I tell my lady customers so; but if I don't make what you condemn they leave me for some more complaisant Crispin, and my business is ruined.'

"My wise confrère said: 'I know that girl you admired so much just now. I told her she was in a fair way to permanently injure her health and usefulness. She said, "Oh, doctor, you are mistaken: my heels aren't high; look here." So saying she slipped off a patent leather shoe and handed it to me. 'My child,' said I, 'your foot would have made Cinderella envious. For a woman of your stature nothing is needed in the way of added height. This heel is nearly two inches high. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Believe me, if God had desired you to walk on your toes he would have provided you with a two-inch spike at the time of your birth, such as now disfigures your shoe and deforms your foot.'"

SHELLEY AND THE REVIEWERS.—It has come to be an accepted belief that Shelley was a being of a nature so exalted above the ordinary level of humanity that he cared little or nothing about the low affairs of this world. The following letter by him, which is now for the first time published in the *London Academy*, presents him in a quite different light. It is dated from Eton, April 1, 1810, and is addressed to Edward Graham, of London. Shelley was then in his eighteenth year. The "Harriet" here mentioned was Harriet Westbrook, the daughter of an inn-keeper, whom Shelley married some months after, and subsequently deserted for Mary Woolstoncroft Godwin.

"MY DEAR GRAHAM,—I will see you at Easter. Next Friday I shall be in London, but for a very short time. Unable to call on you till Passion Week. Robinson will take no trouble about the reviewers. Let everything proper be done about the venal villains, and I

will settle with you when we meet at Easter. We will all go in a *posse* to the booksellers in Mr. Grove's barouche and four—show them we are no Grub Street gazetteers. But why Harriet more than any one else? A faint essay, I see, in return for my inquiry for Caroline.

"We will not be *cheated* again. Let us come over York; for if he will not give me a devil of a price for my poem, and at least £60 for my new Romance in three volumes, the dog shall not have them. *Pouch* the reviewers—£10 will be sufficient, I should suppose; and that I can with the greatest ease repay when we meet at Passion Week. Send the reviews in which *Zastrozzi* is mentioned to Field Place. The British Review is the hardest—let that be pouched well. My note of hand, if for any larger sum, is quite at your service, as it is of consequence in future to establish your name as high as you can in the literary lists. Adieu—Yours most devotedly, PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

"Let me hear how you proceed in the business of reviewing."

THE COOL WEATHER IN NEW ENGLAND IN AUG. 1886.—Mr. H. Helm Clayton of the Blue Hill Meteorological Observatory, writes in *Science*:—

"From Aug. 16th to Aug. 23d the weather in New England was quite cool and pleasant. This cool period culminated on the night of the 22d, when the temperature at the Boston signal office sank as low as 49°. On the signal service weather-chart of the morning of Aug. 23d, it is found that the temperature was higher all around New England (north, east, south and west) than in New England itself. Over New England the sky was clear, and the air was blowing out from this region in every direction, on the east side toward a storm which is central on the ocean, and on the west side toward a storm which is central in the lake region. Whence, then, came this cool air? for it had previously been quite warm. It evidently could not have been imported from abroad: was it then, due to a descent of cool air from above? This is hardly possible, since it was found, at 11 P.M. of the 22d, that the temperature on Mount Washington was 51°, while at the nearest lower stations (Portland and Boston) the temperature was 56°, and on top of the Blue Hill 51°. At 7 A.M. of the 23d the conditions of temperature were almost the same, except that the temperature had risen slightly at every station but Boston. If the air had descended from the height of Mount Washington, it is well known that its compression would have heated it much higher than the temperature was found to be at lower stations, unless this heating had been counteracted by some other cause. On top of Blue Hill the lowest temperature recorded by a self-registering minimum thermometer on the night of August 22d was only 50.5°; while, at a base station four hundred feet lower, the temperature fell to 44°; and in Boston nearly 600 feet lower and ten miles distant, the temperature fell to 49°. The thermometers were alike, and exposed in the same manner. The air evidently descended over New England from above, otherwise the wind could not

have blown out in every direction; but the statistics above show that its coolness could not have been due to this cause, since it was cooler at the earth's surface than a little distance above it. The air, as was to be expected on account of its descent from above, was clear and dry, the absolute humidity being lower than at any time during the month except on the night of Aug. 15th, when almost identical conditions prevailed. Here we no doubt find the cause of the coolness. Tyndall's experiments on the effect of aqueous vapor in intercepting radiation from bodies of low temperature like the earth led him to assert, that if the blanket of aqueous vapor over England were removed for one summer's night, the whole island would by morning be held in the iron grip of frost, on account of the rapid radiation from the earth's surface which such conditions would permit. Even the more intense insolation by day at such time would be counteracted by the rapid radiation into space, as shown at elevated parts of the earth's surface. This serves to explain the cool period lasting several days in New England; and this cool period seems to substantiate the view recently advanced, that the cold in anticyclones (or areas of high pressure) is due to radiation from the earth's surface, which is favored by the clear, dry atmosphere accompanying these areas. Tyndall, Hann, and Woelfel have adduced evidence of this in Europe and Mr. Dewey in this country."

A WRONG TITLE.—Mr. H. Frederick Charles, of London, has written and published a book; a fact which *The Spectator*, a paper which is recognized as an authority in such matters tried to announce. It, however, got things wrong, and Mr. Charles thus writes to the editor:—

"SIR: In your list of new books for this week, you mention one of mine thus:—'*Young (Sir R.) by H. F. Charles.*' As I am naturally, if not foolishly, anxious about the identity of my children, perhaps you will allow me to point out that the title of the book really is *Young Sir Richard*.—I am, Sir, etc."

THE POPULATION OF MEDIEVAL CITIES.—Mr. Richmond Mayo Smith, in *Science*, says: "The actual population if the mediæval cities appears from scientific investigation to have been astonishingly small. Those Imperial Cities, which ruled themselves, bade defiance often to the Emperor, and played an important part not only in the industrial but in the political life of Europe, we are accustomed to think of as places rich in wealth and population. In the fifteenth century, Nuremberg, Strasburg, and Dantzic, three very important commercial cities, probably contained less than 20,000 people each; Basle and Frankfort, from 10,000 to 15,000 each. In the sixteenth century Augsburg and Dantzic reached possibly 60,000; Nuremberg, from 40,000 to 50,000; Breslau, 40,000; Strasburg, 30,000; Leipzig, 15,000; and Berlin, 14,000. These were by far the most important cities of the Empire. The other so-called cities were villages and market-places running down to from 1,300 to 1,500 people."

MARRIAGE WITH A DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.

I propose to consider this matter as calmly and impartially as I can, having a very strong opinion on it. I will try to fairly state the reasons for and good alleged of allowing such marriages, and the reasons against and evil alleged of permitting them.

It may be as well first to show what the English law was before Lord Lyndhurst's act in 1835, and what it now is as that act has made it. Before that act such marriages and all marriages within the prohibited degrees of kin or affinity were valid till, and not void without, a decree to that effect. Such a decree could only be pronounced in the lifetime of both parties, the reason being that the proceedings were *pro salute animæ* with reference to future cohabitation, which of course could only be when both spouses were living. The result was that till such decree the marriage was binding, and if either spouse died before such decree the marriage was altogether valid and unimpeachable. For example, if one of the spouses, before such decree, the other living, married, the offence of bigamy was committed. The husband in such marriage was bound to maintain the wife. On the death of either the rights of the survivor to dower, tenancy by courtesy, and otherwise were as good as if the marriage had been between persons having no relationship. The children were legitimate and could inherit. But if—living both spouses—the decree of invalidity was pronounced, the marriage became void *ab initio*. The parties could remarry, the children were or became illegitimate, and in short the marriage became null as much as though one of the parties had had a spouse living when it was contracted. Which is the worse or better of the two laws it is not necessary to determine. On the one hand, the marriage might remain for ever unimpeached; on the other, there must have been the temptation to contract such a marriage and run a risk, with the constant dread of its possible annulment. It should be mentioned that the suit might be promoted by others than one of the spouses.

But, as I said, the question is as to the present law. Marriage now within the prohibited degrees is absolutely void *ab initio*, without any decree to declare it. Either spouse may leave the other. Their relation is that of concubinage. Neither has any legal claim on or responsibility for the other. Either can marry another person. The children are bastards. Further, it may be as well to mention that the notion that this law can be obviated by a marriage ceremony abroad, or in the colonies where such marriages are valid, is erroneous. The domiciled Englishman is bound by the law of his domicile.

Now, then, to consider whether this law should remain, or whether it should be altered—not to what it was before Lord Lyndhurst's act; not whether all marriages within the prohibited degrees should be valid, but whether the particular marriage of a man with his deceased wife's sister should be valid, and be unimpeachable at all times.

In favor of allowing such marriages are the following considerations: A man and woman, in the same condition of life, same age, every way fit for marriage, having that affection for each other which should exist between persons about to marry, are desirous of doing so. As a special and particular reason the man has motherless children who need a woman's care, and the woman loves them as the children of her deceased sister. Neither instinct nor reason forbid it. The Duke of Argyll has said, "My opinion is, on the subject of marriage and the relation of the sexes generally, man's reason and instinct cannot be trusted." And we know that though most honestly objected to by very good and worthy people, there is no feeling of horror at such a marriage, as there would be at incest between brother and sister. Yet the law forbids a valid marriage between these two persons so fitted for marriage together. It overrules their feeling, denies the motherless children the best guardian they could have, and forbids that which is not forbidden by reason or instinct and is earnestly desired by both parties. This is the case with thousands. It is really sad to read the mournful list of cases; the grief, the pain, the waiting anxiety and

hope for a change in the law; the unlawful, or rather invalid, unions that are made, either with a knowledge they are so, or in the mistaken belief that the marriage abroad is valid. There are also cases of desertion, very few; cases of children deprived of the provision made for them because the parent, in intending to make it, used the word "children," which in law means "legitimate" children.

But certainly there is this to be said: People who make the marriages knowing the consequences, have brought the troubles on their own heads and have themselves to blame. When the man has tempted the woman into such a marriage he is most blamable; for he has made her a false position, subject to a charge of living in concubinage; which, rightly or wrongly, is not an equal reproach to him.

But there is another class of cases to which this reproach does not apply. I refer to those cases where the family has but one room and the mother dies. There are hundreds of thousands of these in the United Kingdom. There are 27,000 such in Glasgow alone. The mother dies: the children must have a woman to care for them, who must live in the room with them: the mother's sister is first thought of. We cannot shut our eyes to what must and does follow. It cannot be denied it would be well if the man and woman could marry. These people may be blamable but the law drives them to that for which they are blamed.

It must be admitted that I have shown objections to the present state of the law; that the burden of proof is on those who maintain it. Let me say at the outset that it is maintained with most perfect sincerity by many for whom I have the sincerest esteem and respect—for their learning, ability, and truth.

The arguments are theological or religious and social. I will consider first the theological. I do so reluctantly because—strive as one may—it is impossible to avoid giving offence. An argument against a man's religious opinions is almost sure to be resented, however respectfully it may be stated. First it is said by those who object to these marriages that they are opposed to the texts which say that a man and his wife are one flesh.

The way in which it is generally put is, that if a man's wife is his flesh then her sister is his sister, and so her marriage with him would be the marriage of brother and sister. Now the first remarks to be made on this is that the expression is a metaphor. That it is not a statement of an absolute or physical fact is certain. I desire to avoid anything like a ludicrous illustration, but what of a marriage between people of different color? What happens if a marriage is dissolved? Is there then more than one flesh? It is impossible, it seems to me, to suppose that a command not to do that which is not forbidden by reason or instinct can have been given by the use of this metaphor. Further, those who say it is are not consistent. For if *A* by marrying *B* becomes one flesh with her, and thereby becomes brother of her sister *C*, so also does his brother *D* become *B*'s and *C*'s brother, and ought not to be able to marry *C*; yet that he may be allowed on all hands! So a man may marry his deceased wife's deceased brother's wife. But, I repeat, to my mind it is impossible to suppose that, instead of a direct and intelligible command, a divine and benevolent Being would express only by an uncertain metaphor a prohibition to do that which is contrary neither to reason nor instinct.

I now come to the argument derived from the Old Testament, and I venture to say that, so far from prohibiting these marriages, by implication it plainly authorizes them. But first it may be useful to see how far, if at all, and on what grounds the Jewish law is binding on Christians. In terms it is addressed to the people of Israel alone. "And the Lord spake unto Moses and Aaron, Speak unto the children of Israel and say unto them" (*Leviticus* v. 14-17), and especially at the commencement of chap. xviii., on which the questions arise (verses 2, 3), "Speak unto the children of Israel and say unto them, I am the Lord your God. After the doings of the land of Egypt, wherein ye dwelt, shall ye not do, and after the doings of the land of Canaan, whither I bring you, shall ye not do." This looks very like a command to the particular people only. And it is to be remembered that the Jews were an exclusive race. I do not say that a

man not a descendant of Jacob could not be admitted among them, the contrary is the case; but they were not a proselytizing people. The contemplation of the lawgiver was that they would be and remain a separate race from the Gentiles. It seems strange that to such a people a command was given which was to bind the whole of mankind; which was unknown to other nations than the small community addressed, till the time of Christianity, and which is still unknown to half the world. I know it is said that the command is not in itself binding—that it only shows what is the law of nature. I will address myself to that presently, contenting myself with observing meanwhile that if these marriages were forbidden, and forbidden to others than Jews, it would be hard on the mass of mankind that they should have been left with no guide but reason and instinct, which prompted rather than forbade them. This makes me approach the question with a strong feeling that no such prohibition will be found in the Jewish law.

But let us suppose that either as a direct command or as a model or warning the Jewish law, or some part of it, should be followed by Christians. Then what part? Certainly not the ceremonial; nor *all* which, as distinguished from the ceremonial, may be called the moral or social (*Leviticus* xviii. 19, where a command is given, the punishment for the breach of which is death, xx. 18). It is impossible to suppose, and indeed it is not said, that the command there mentioned, with the penalty for its disobedience, is binding on Christians. So of many others. I ask again, then, what part is binding? Now it is said, as I understand, that that part is binding on Christians for the non-observance of which the land of the Canaanites was taken from them and given to the Jews, and they were destroyed. It is said that to have punished them for disobedience of laws not revealed to them would be unjust unless they knew without revelation that they should act as though the law had been given to them expressly—in other words that reason and instinct would guide them rightly to do what they (the Canaanites) were punished for not doing, so that their punish-

ment was for disregarding reason and instinct. Be it so. But we have the highest authority for saying that reason and instinct do not teach us that a man is not to marry his deceased wife's sister. Further, Jacob married two sisters, the first living at the time of the second marriage. That this was afterward forbidden by the Mosaic law is certain during the life of the first wife. But it is difficult to suppose that nature and instinct would have forbidden what the patriarch did apparently without reproof, and indeed with approbation, seeing the high position and importance of the progeny, Joseph. It may well be that the pain this second marriage gave to Leah, the first wife, caused the prohibition of the marriage of a sister, living her sister as the first wife.

One may, therefore, as I say, approach the consideration of the question with a strong presumption that, as the Canaanites were punished for doing what reason and instinct forbade—and reason and instinct do not forbid these marriages, especially as shown by the marriage of Jacob with Leah and Rachel—so it was not for such marriages that the Canaanites were punished. Therefore either such marriages are not forbidden at all, even to the Jews, or if at all, they are forbidden to the Jews in particular. Their prohibition is not binding on Christians. Let it not be said that this reasoning would set aside the decalogue. Certainly not; reason and instinct both go along with the last six of the commandments. Society could not exist without the observance of what is ordered and forbidden by them.

But we are not driven to speculate what would be the law; we have it. Let us examine the texts and very passages which decide the question. *Leviticus* xviii. 16 is relied on. It says, "Thou shalt not remove the nakedness of thy brother's wife; it is thy brother's nakedness." Now it is said, as I understand that a wife's sister is as near in affinity as a brother's wife, and so by implication such a marriage as that is forbidden. I say, and I say it with all sincerity, that I am by no means sure that this does not extend solely to the case of the brother's wife, living the

brother. It is the natural meaning of the words "it is thy brother's nakedness." In the case of a mother the expression is indeed "thy father's nakedness," but it proceeds "even the nakedness of thy mother shalt thou not uncover; she is thy mother." Another instance is "the nakedness of thy son's daughter is thine own nakedness." It is true that adultery generally is specially prohibited. But the prohibition is addressed to the male. It must be remembered that concubinage was not prohibited by the Jewish law except as within the prohibited degrees; and what confirms this opinion is, that if a man died childless it was the duty of a brother to marry the widow and raise up issue to the deceased. It has been said that these were not marriages between the widow and surviving brother, but it is manifest they were. If proof were wanting it would be found in the question, "What if a woman marries seven brothers in succession?" and in the answer, not that the marriages were not marriages or were wrong, but that "in heaven there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage." And it is a fact that at this day among Jews who observe the law a childless widow will not marry other than her late husband's brother till that brother has formally refused to marry her. It may be as well to add that it does not follow that because marriages were prohibited between a man and his brother's widow that they would be with a deceased wife's sister

But let us assume that verse 16 applies to a brother's widow. Let us also assume that if a man might not marry his brother's widow it would be a fair conclusion that, if there were no other consideration, he could not marry his deceased wife's sister, and so the case against their marrying would be made out. But there is another and decisive consideration; for whatever consequence might be deduced from verse 16, if it were not followed by verse 18, there is that latter verse, "Thou shalt not take a woman to her sister to be a rival to her, to uncover her nakedness beside the other in her lifetime." This is the Revised Version. The Authorized Version is "to vex her," instead of "to be a rival to her." This is the text, and it seems to me

that no man, not merely as a lawyer, on legal consideration, can do otherwise as a matter of ordinary reasoning from the text than say it is a limited prohibition, and therefore by implication a permission out of the limits. *Expressio unius, exclusio alterius*. To say that it shall not take place in the joint lives, is by implication to say that it may when both lives do not exist together.

So thoroughly has this difficulty been felt that the greatest efforts have been made to get out of it. A venerable archdeacon of the Church of England has said that the text ought to have been translated in the Authorized Version, "Neither shalt thou take one wife to another to vex her, to uncover her nakedness beside the other in her lifetime;" but that out of deference to the Septuagint, the translator in the Authorized Version gave this rendering in the text, making, however, amends by placing the alternative rendering in the margin, "which no doubt" says the archdeacon "is the true one." This really seems very strange. It is a charge on those who are responsible for the Authorized Version that out of deference to the Septuagint they knowingly put a wrong meaning on this all-important text in the body of the book, contenting themselves with putting the right meaning in the margin. What makes this the more remarkable is that ninety-nine bibles out of a hundred are without marginal notes. This, inasmuch as those books are printed by institutions governed and controlled by clergymen, is a strong imputation on them. But having adopted the translation in the margin, the archdeacon had to give it an object. He says it was directed against polygamy, which is a breach of the moral law. Is it possible that he can have forgotten the cases of David and Solomon in particular. It is incorrect to say that polygamy was prohibited to the Jews. They recognize its lawfulness, though they do not now practice it. However, we need not trouble ourselves about what would have been the meaning of the text if translated as the archdeacon would have it. The matter is set at rest. The marginal translation was wrong, that in the text right. Those who prepared the Authorized Version had not put

a falsity in their text. The Revised Version, the authority of which the archdeacon will not dispute, gives the translation I have quoted, and does not even notice the other in the margin or otherwise. It ought to be conclusive. The archdeacon says it is strange that "a permission should occur in a chapter which is otherwise wholly concerned with prohibitions." Now this is very remarkable. I am sure that the archdeacon is incapable of saying anything that he has not considered and does not believe. Otherwise I should say this was inconsiderate or uncandid. There are two answers to it: one that there is nowhere a list of permissions in which it could find place. Another and better answer is that it is not an express permission, but one by implication. The matter stands thus: all marriages are lawful which are not prohibited expressly or by implication; this marriage is not expressly prohibited, and cannot be by implication, as by implication it is permitted. The meaning I find in the text of verse 18; the implications from it are those of the Jews themselves. They interpret in the same way. With them these marriages are lawful. They refrain from them in England, because they know they are null by English law, not by their own. Foreign scholars are universally of the same opinion. Indeed, I do not know that since the Revised Version any one here in England contests the interpretation it gives to verse 18. But in some way, which in all honesty I declare I do not understand, it is said that, though the particular text in verse 16 is given up, yet these marriages are prohibited by the Old Testament.

But, it is asked, by one of the archdeacon's correspondents, "Were counsel to argue upon any other subject before Lord Bramwell, by using an inference of this kind against a *distinct enactment*, what would he not say against it?" I should say a good many things. But where is the distinct enactment? The archdeacon's statement of it is this: "So it is said a man may not marry" (that is not the word) "his brother's wife." "Conversely" (qu. conversely) "a woman may not marry her husband's brother, and analogously a man may not marry his wife's sister." This is the "*dis-*

distinct enactment," conversely and analogously, every step being questionable, or, as I think, wrong.

This brings me to another argument. I have said, and repeat, if by common consent there is a divine command against these marriages, that command should be obeyed. But if some find the command, and others do not, and on the contrary find a permission, I say that the former have no more right to enforce their opinions on the latter on this than on any other subject. Formerly men were persecuted for their belief or opinion on transubstantiation, the Trinity, episcopacy, and a variety of other subjects. They are now allowed their opinions on these; why not on marriage with a deceased wife's sister, unless social reasons are against it? See how hard the law is on the Jews: as they read their books these marriages are permitted. The followers, or some of the followers, of a different religion read these books differently and forbid the marriage. To say nothing of the probability as to who is right, how is it possible to justify this, except on considerations which would justify punishing the Jews for holding to their old faith? If it should be said that to forbid such a marriage is not persecution, I say it is in principle. It is an interference with another man because your opinion is right, as you think, and his wrong. And the penalty he pays he would willingly exchange for a large fine or substantial imprisonment. But the law is no harder on the Jew than on the Christian, though its unreasonableness may be more glaring. As I have said, one Christian believes in transubstantiation, another does not; one is for episcopacy, another not. They have given up persecuting each other; each is allowed his opinion and to act on it as far as it can be acted on. Why is not the same rule followed as to this question, as far as religious considerations are concerned?

The social I will now deal with. First, it is said that as the law at present stands a wife's sister may be on the most friendly and familiar terms with the husband, because, as they could not validly marry after the wife's death, there is no danger of improper feelings or conduct, living the wife. I cannot but repeat

that this is to me shocking. For what does it involve? This, that if they could marry after the wife's death there would be danger of improper feelings and conduct during her life. Is this true? Is it true of English men and women? Is it true of the wife's or husband's cousin or other female friends or acquaintances. And if in any case it might happen, is it to be supposed that the man and woman, being lost to every sense of religion, morality, and duty, and having conceived a detestable passion for each other, would be deterred from its gratification by the consideration that they could not marry if the wife died? That future difficulty would not deter such persons from the present gratification of their desires.

Another argument is this: It is said that a sister of a deceased wife can safely and without scandal live in the house of a widower, because, as they cannot marry, neither he nor she can be supposed to entertain, and will not entertain, any desire for the other such as would lead to matrimony. To this there seem two answers. First, no prudent parent would expose an attractive girl to the danger of living in the same house with an attractive man with whom a marriage would on every ground be desirable, and to which neither reason nor instinct is opposed. Secondly, as Archbishop Whately said, the reasoning is the other way, for if they could marry and did not, the legitimate conclusion would be that they did not desire it, and consequently had not those feelings for each other which would endanger their chastity. Then it is said that if such marriages are permitted there is an end to all prohibitions on the ground of affinity. I deny it. I say there is a permission of this marriage—to me as plain as though in so many words. I say that when there is a prohibition the case is different. It may be that Christians ought not to be bound by it. Certainly I think those ought not to be bound who cannot find the prohibition. Still let it be treated as binding where it exists. Let those who think one way have their way. Let it even be maintained when it can be got at "conversely and analogously." But I say there is no prohibition express or by implica-

tion of marriage with a deceased wife's sister—none conversely or analogously. I will deal with a particular case urged, that the same principle that admits this marriage would admit marriage with a deceased wife's daughter. I repeat, that is not permitted expressly or by implication—nay, it may be said to be "conversely" prohibited. For a man may not marry his step-mother; so I interpret verse 8. That shows that step-parent and step-child are not to marry, and "conversely" therefore, a man may not marry his step-daughter. Further, on social grounds I would prohibit such a marriage; for men usually marry women not older than themselves, so that the man is usually old enough to be the step-child's father. That being so, their ages are unfit; and the law should protect the child from being forced into a wrong marriage by one so much older than herself, and who is *in loco parentis* and with the authority of one.

Then it is said that the bill is not logical, that if right it ought to go further. Let us try this logically. No law should be made that is not logical. The proposed law is not logical; therefore it should not be made. Is that so? Is the major premiss true? Are there no good laws that are not logical? In this world of expediency and compromise are we to wait for improvement till we are entirely logical? Really this is a practical proposal to get rid of a practical wrong and mischief—sin, I should say if a man can be said to sin whom bad laws drive to the act called sinful. Men desire to marry, and do marry, their deceased wives' sisters. They do not desire to and do not marry their deceased wives' grandmothers.

There is yet another argument. The archdeacon calls it the ecclesiastical objection. What, it is asked, is to be done by or with the clergyman who respects the canon law which forbids these marriages if he is called on to celebrate one or to admit to the Holy Communion the parties who have contracted one? It might, perhaps, be answered, Let those who take the state's pay do the state's work, for the doing of which they are paid. But I would not insist on this, as some deny that the clergy are state-paid; and whether or no

they are, I think such a rule would be hard on conscientious men. It is better to let them decline to celebrate such marriages. The Duke of St. Albans expressed his willingness to have a clause to that effect in the bill the House of Lords has just rejected. As to the Sacrament, I would leave that to be settled by the law. If living together after such a marriage disentitles the parties to partake in the Sacrament, so be it. They must put up with it; if not, they would be entitled to enforce partaking in it. I looked up the matter some time back. I have not the books with me, but my recollection is that it is very doubtful if there is a right to refuse participation in the Sacrament to such parties. How can two thoroughly well-conducted persons having contracted such a marriage lawfully, as they would if the law was altered as desired, be said to be "notorious evil livers," so as to cause scandal? I cannot but think that reasonable charity, a feeling of the duty of allowing participation in the Sacrament, unless for strong reasons, and a feeling also that otherwise the sheep might stray from the flock, would cause few refusals to take place on this ground.

It has been urged that in the Code Napoléon these marriages are forbidden, and that it was so settled by the casting vote of Napoléon himself. So we are to be influenced by the opinion of that most hateful of men. Why? He was not influenced by religious considerations and, we may make pretty sure, not by any love of his fellow-creatures. In fact, I believe the matter was determined as it was mainly on the ground of its being the existing law. Against it may be set the modern French practice. Thousands of such marriages take place under some dispensing power.

There is another consideration in favor of these marriages. They are lawful in every sense in the vast majority of our colonies. An Australian of English race may validly marry his deceased wife's sister if he was born in Australia, or if, though born in England, he has become domiciled in Australia. And that marriage is not only valid there; it is, as I believe, valid here. The husband and wife would have all the claims of legiti-

and wife on each other; they would owe all the duties; the children would be legitimate, and would succeed certainly to personalty as next of kin, if not to realty as heirs. Does it not seem a strange thing that an English court of justice should have to inquire, not whether A and B were married in point of form, but that being proved, and it also appearing that the woman was the sister of the man's deceased wife, the court should have to inquire whether at the time of the marriage the man was domiciled in the colony when it took place, and that the rights and duties of the man and woman and those of their offspring depend on that question? There is a question whether the offspring could succeed to real estate or title; but to personalty they could, if the father was domiciled in Australia when he married the mother; or perhaps when the grandfather married the grandmother.

Of course this cannot influence those who think these marriages ought to be forbidden on religious grounds; but it may well influence those who object only on social grounds, more especially when it is remembered that the laws which allow these marriages have had the sanction of the Crown and its ministers. And as to the former, one would have thought that these marriages, lawful in America and our colonies, without visible signs of divine displeasure, would have prevented such a wonderful thing as appears in a paper I have received, viz., that we ought to "fear the wrath of God on this country" if we permit them.

I have addressed myself to every specific and distinct argument pro and con that I know of. There are some it is impossible to deal with as a matter of reasoning—for example, the following: "A man and his wife are by God's ordinance one flesh, and a circle is formed around them of those in near intercourse with whom they are necessarily thrown." Within the limits of this circle, as was beautifully said, "there is to be neither marrying nor giving in marriage. The area contained therein is to be as it were a sacred precinct, the purity of whose air is to resemble that of heaven." I dare say this is elegant. If so I distrust it. It may be that

what was said is beautiful, and my fault that I do not see it; but as far as it reasons, or is meant to do so, it is unintelligible. A circle is formed round a man and his wife, and within the circle there is to be no marrying. How could there be when the only two persons within it are married already? Oh, but it means that those who form the circle can't marry those who are within it. Well, then, say so, and we will deal with it.

Then a silly story is told of a man who wanted to marry his half-sister, their mothers being sisters. On his father objecting that she was his sister, he answered, "She is my cousin." Why, if a man marries his cousin the child is cousin of both parents in the same sense—first cousin once removed. So they young man gave a silly reason.

The Church of Rome takes upon itself to grant dispensations for these marriages. It is strange. Could it dispense with the impediment between brother and sister, son and mother?

Then St. Basil is cited as disapproving such marriages and objecting to the argument from verse 18 that it by implication permits them. What claim this particular saint has to be an authority I know not. I should value his opinion more if he knew that hundreds of thousands of families are living each in one room, in thousands of which the sisters of deceased mothers are taking care of their nephews and nieces, with the inevitable consequences of cohabitation with or without marriage; and I should value his opinion more if he had not said that any second marriage should be visited with a year's excommunication and a third with five years of that penalty. I value more the opinion of the arch-deacon whose good faith and learning I know, though he has not been, and probably never will be, canonized.

On the question as to the interpretation of Leviticus xviii. 18, and particularly as to the interpretation till recent times—that is, till about 1500 or 1600—I refer to Dr. McCaul's letter to Sir W. P. Wood, 1860, and his letter to the Rev. W. H. Lyall, 1859. A wonderful amount of research and learning is shown, and most urgent reasons are given for holding

these marriages not only not forbidden but permitted. The letters also contain a learned and laborious examination as to what was the law in England anciently, and how the table of prohibited degrees and the canon relating to it came into existence.

It is said that many great lawyers have pronounced opinions against these marriages. If it were a matter of faith and not of reasoning I might be inclined to follow them. Some are named in whose learning, ability, and sincerity I have implicit confidence; but they are all men, shall I say, ecclesiastically given, and who would be likely to have more regard for canons and ecclesiastical opinions than the majority of mankind—more, I think, than was felt by our sturdy old common-law lawyers, who stopped as far as they could the meddling of ecclesiastical courts.

I have, as I have said, stated the case pro and con as fairly as I could. That the existing law causes much misery cannot be doubted, nor that it causes a mischievous breach or disregard of the law by almost driving people to live in a state of concubinage, immoral and sinful in the minds of those who yet uphold the law. It makes a great and most important difference between ourselves and our colonies, while it is on every ground desirable that our institutions should be as alike as possible, that, so far as it depends on religious considerations, it is a breach of what is now recognized as right—viz., that a man must not be persecuted or hindered from following his own honest, conscientious opinion on religious matters because others think differently.

These evils require a justification. What is it? A metaphorical expression, mainly in the New Testament but also in the Old, is relied on as a prohibition of these marriages. An argument is drawn from the eighteenth chapter of Leviticus to the same effect, though no particular verse is relied on. I will only refer to the way I have dealt with it, and add that if Christians are affected by that eighteenth chapter it furnishes in verse 18 a most cogent argument against the present law.

As to the social objection, it is based on the untrue and disgraceful argument that but for

this prohibition decent men and women would form and indulge unholy and loathsome passions for each other.

I believe the present law had its origin partly in asceticism, which delights to deny the pleasures, though innocent, which nature would give us, partly in the love of governing, ordering, directing, and of the influence and power that follow—a characteristic of priests, but which is only more marked in them than in other human beings because they have more opportunity of indulging it. I trust that a right view will be taken of this important matter and the law altered.—BARON BRAMWELL, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

ACCLIMATIZATION.

What are five centuries in the history of the world? Five drops of water in the ocean. Yet, not five centuries ago, the whole face of the earth was, with a few exceptions, so unlike its present aspect, that to all intents and purposes it is a new world.

It is not easy to realize the world at the end of the fifteenth century. America, as yet unknown, was possessed by the red men, each family requiring at least a thousand acres for its support. Vast forests then existed where now the land is either covered with buildings or has passed under the dominion of the plough. Neither a white man nor a negro had set his foot upon the domain of the red man, and the animals were as diverse as the human inhabitants. Not a sheep, horse, or cow could be found in the country, and wheat, rice, and other cereals were equally unknown. Where vast cities now flourish the bison ranged in countless myriads, and the bear and catamount prowled over the ground which is now traversed by busy multitudes. It is true that an equal change has taken place in Great Britain, but it has been slow and gradual, whereas in America it has been so sudden, and yet so complete, that the mind is quite bewildered in trying to realize it.

Much the same may be said of Australia, which is well-nigh equal to Europe in area.

Not quite a century has elapsed since the first colony was established at Sydney, and even then three-fourths of the colonists were convicts. Not even a hut was to be found throughout the land, and not a foot of ground was cultivated; the only inhabitants were the black tribes, always at enmity with each other, and gaining a precarious subsistence by hunting and fishing. As to animal life, the only mammals were various marsupials—the largest being the kangaroo—and none capable of being pressed into the service of man. Then there is New Zealand, which, like the islands of the Pacific Archipelago, was even worse off as regards mammals, the largest being a rat, but which is now one of our most important centers of commerce, supplying the mother country with food and clothing. These astonishing changes are wholly due to acclimatization, *i. e.*, the adaptation of certain animals to live in alien climates.

Ancient Rome, when mistress of the world, might have done much in acclimatization, and did do a little. But the Roman was a soldier rather than a colonist, and although a commander-in-chief, if stationed in Britain, "divided from the whole world," as Horace has it, would import certain Italian delicacies (*e. g.*, the edible snail whose descendants still survive on the sites of old Roman garrisons), they were only for his solace as long as he remained here, and he was always looking forward to the day when he should return to his beloved Rome. The idea of voluntarily abandoning Rome, and establishing himself in a country inhabited only by savages, never entered his head. Spain, when mistress of the sea, might have undertaken the task, and, indeed, unwittingly performed a portion of it, when the voyagers were obliged to take ship in haste and leave some of their horses on shore. Still they, like the Romans, had no intention of settling for life in the new country, and of cutting themselves loose from their native land.

The true colonist does not intend to return, to his mother land, except, perhaps, on a short visit. He takes with him a supply of agricultural implements, seed, the nucleus of a flock and herd, a few horses, a supply of

provisions which will enable him to live until the crops are ripe; and then settles himself down, and is independent. Of such stuff were made the old American squatters, who acted as the pioneers of civilization, but who thought that a neighbor living at a distance of ten miles was uncomfortably near. Men of the same race, and actuated by the same spirit, are now doing on a large scale and with extended means the work which was begun on a small scale by their predecessors, who undertook a more laborious task with inferior means.

Thus far the principle of acclimatization seems simple enough, but it is in reality a complicated one, and involves several very important questions. There is the question of *Success*, but there is also the opposite question of *Failure*, which is equally valuable, inasmuch as our greatest achievements are the result of many failures. There is the question of *Reciprocity*, and last, most unexpected, is the *Reflex* question. We shall have a few words on each of these questions, and will begin with the first.

We have most successfully acclimatized the sheep. In America, and more especially in California, the sheep farms afford wondrous sights in the shearing season. The animal is valued almost entirely for its wool, the meat being held in very slight consideration. During the greater part of the year the shepherds lead most lonely lives. But in the shearing season all is changed, and the ranches are filled with life. There are many professional shearers, mostly natives, none of whom will shear less than seventy sheep daily, and some are so expert that they can shear a hundred sheep in a day.

Californian wool always reminds me of the time when the gold diggings were first discovered in California. At Oxford it used to be the custom at Christmas time for the butchers to exhibit the prize sheep which they had bred and purchased. One witty butcher procured a very fine sheep, dyed its wool purple, gilded its hoofs, and exhibited it as a Californian sheep. It seems hardly credible, but numbers of persons went away in the firm belief that all Californian sheep had purple

wool and golden hoofs. It is clear then that we have succeeded with the sheep in America. We have been equally successful in Australia, where the number of sheep, owing to the vast area of the country, is simply countless. In New Zealand, which is about as large as the British Isles, we have some means of ascertaining our success with the sheep. In 1779 Captain Cook left a few pigs and potatoes in New Zealand, according to his thoughtful custom, the pigs being the largest mammals that had ever existed in the islands. In 1884 there were more than 13,000,000 sheep, besides pigs, cattle, and horses.

Horned cattle have been equally successful. Australia is nearly as prolific in cattle-breeding as in sheep-rearing, the herds being so enormous and increasing at such a rate that they become almost as wild in their ways as the veritable wild cattle. It was for their benefit that the terrible stock-whip was invented. No ordinary whip would have the least effect upon a young Australian bull when summoned to the periodical inspection. But the stock-whip, with its handle of a foot in length and its lash of fifteen feet long, and as thick in the middle as a man's thumb will, overcome the resolution of the most obstinate bull that ever faced a stock-driver. This whip is often used as a weapon against the "black-fellows," a single blow across the stomach killing the man as instantaneously as if it were a bullet from a revolver.

With the horse we have been not less successful, and in several parts of America the horse, under the name of the "mustang," has reverted to its wild state, living in herds, each under the command of a single male, and all being ruled with the strictest discipline. Many travelers have given most interesting narratives of the behavior of these herds, and especially of the wonderful manner in which they dash down ravines and climb precipices, they being as sure-footed as goats. As to the swine, they have thriven marvelously in their new homes, especially in New Zealand. I am disposed to attribute much of the cannibalism which once prevailed in that country to the absence of large mammals on which to feed. The influence of the pig on the Maori

is strikingly evident at the present day. When a great chief gives a feast he builds a solid wall of provisions. In one of these feasts the wall was five feet high, five feet thick, and more than a mile in length. The materials of which it was composed were sweet potatoes, dried shark, potatoes, and baked pigs, the two latter viands being due to the gifts presented by Captain Cook little more than a century ago. Indeed, the pig is now as much the inmate of a Maori hut as of an Irish cottage.

The camel affords a remarkable instance of successful acclimatization. It is absolutely useless in England, but has proved invaluable in Australia. It was first imported from India by Sir Thomas Elder, and landed at Port Augusta. It thrived well, and the breed has since been improved by Mr. H. J. Scott, who sent for a fresh importation from Bikaner, in Rajputana. It is especially valuable for interior explorations, as it not only possesses the power of going without water for several successive days, but is capable of feeding on the "bush," from which no other animal can extract nutriment.

The common barn-door fowl has found a third home in America, Australia, and among the islands of the great Pacific Archipelago, having been first brought from Asia to England, and then transferred to the regions governed by the Southern Cross. The hive-bee has been uniformly successful in the countries into which it has been introduced.

Vegetables have been acclimatized as successfully as animals, an example of which has been seen in the potato in New Zealand, itself having been previously acclimatized in England from America. Then there is wheat. The vast supplies which come to us annually from America are the produce of seed originally sent from England, but finding a larger area and a more propitious sky in the New World. Rice, again, has been acclimatized in America, it originally being an Asiatic plant.

Having now glanced at the successful side of the question, let us look at some of our failures.

The rabbit has been a most disastrous fail-

ure. In its own country it can be bred with profit by those who understand it. For example, in Norfolk there is a large warren, comprising about eight or nine hundred acres, where in summer evenings the visitors may see five or six hundred rabbits playing about their burrows, and indulging in their merry gambols. From this warren the lessee contrives to clear about 600*l.* annually. He drives the rabbits out of their burrows with paraffin oil, and for the oil and labor he has to pay 200*l.* yearly. Ferrets are not allowed to enter the burrows, lest they should injure the skins. The owners of this warren often send to London a consignment of seventy dozen rabbits. Boys on the Kentish coast employ another plan for driving rabbits out of their holes. They take a shore-crab, or (as they call it) a "toe-biter," fasten a short piece of lighted candle on its back, and put it into the mouth of the burrow. Instinctively the crab makes for the darkness of the burrow, and so frightens the inmate that he bolts as if a ferret were after him.

Thinking that the animal would be profitable in the new country, some speculator introduced seven rabbits in 1860. Since that time, they have increased so rapidly, that between 1875 and 1884, 55,000,000 rabbit skins were exported, the supply of 1884 being 9,800,000 skins, the contribution of the previous year having been about the same. At first sight, these figures seem to represent an enormous profit, but in reality they represent a considerable loss, the sum paid for killing the rabbits and dressing their skins for the market far exceeding the money for which they are sold. Could they be let alone, the landowners would be only too glad, but they continue to increase to such an extent, that unless their numbers were kept down, every sheep farm would have to be abandoned, as indeed, has been the case in more than one instance, many small farmers having been ruined.

The rabbit is utterly destructive to pasture land, not only eating the grass close to the ground, but even pulling up the roots when the grass is finished. Wire-fence, sunk deeply into the ground, affords the only hope of

checking the animals, but after a while, finding that they cannot force their way through it, they burrow under it. Miss Gordon Cumming mentions that a well-known sheep breeder, Mr. Campbell, was forced to abandon a "run" of 250,000 acres. Various methods of exterminating the rabbit have been tried. In December, 1835, three hundred stoats and weasels were sent to New Zealand, for the purpose of being turned loose into the rabbit burrows and destroying the inmates. This was the sixth consignment within two years. What success this importation may produce seems rather doubtful, as the introduction of a new animal is always a dangerous experiment.

Australia suffers as much as New Zealand from the depredations of the rabbit. In Queensland, which the rabbit has not as yet reached, great efforts are being made to keep it out of the province. Tenders have been accepted for 2,550 miles of fencing wire and 450 miles of wire netting of small mesh.

A route has been laid out, running for a distance of 300 miles to the intersecting angle of Queensland and New South Wales, and thenceforth northward for a hundred miles. The Queensland Government has voted 50,000*l.* for this purpose.

In order to show the straits to which the Australian colonies have been reduced, I may mention that Professor Watson, of Adelaide University, was granted six months' leave of absence, in order to enable him to visit Europe and procure some rabbits affected with the fatal "scab." These were to be turned down among the burrows in hopes that they might spread the disease, and so lessen the numbers of the rodents. The first batch died of sun-stroke at Aden, but another batch has been ordered.

It is sad to see how man's greed will mar the best intentioned plans. In South Australia a reward is given for killing rabbits, the scalps, including the ears, being demanded as proofs, like the heads of the birds in "sparrow clubs." It has been lately discovered—so says the *South Australian Chronicle*—that "some scoundrels are in the habit of taking the scalps from the does while still living, and allowing them to run, thus securing payment for the rab-

bits which they are supposed to have killed, and providing for the increase of the rodents to such an extent as to still render their services necessary. We all know that rat-catchers and mole-killers always leave a few females in order to keep up the breed," but no Government could have anticipated such atrocious cruelty.

The reason for this overpowering increase of the rabbit is simple enough. The animals find abundant food, the native fauna is so feeble that there is no competition for existence, and in New Zealand there are no destructive mammals and birds which would keep down their numbers and maintain the balance of Nature. In Australia, although there are the carnivorous *dasyures* (or "native cats," as the colonists will persist in calling them), they can exercise but little influence upon an animal which has its burrow always at hand, and which can whisk into its stronghold in the twinkling of an eye.

Another mistake in acclimatization has been made with regard to the sparrow. In many parts of the United States the trees are infested by two caterpillars. One, which is popularly called the "canker-worm," is a very near relative of our vaperor moth, and is even more destructive. The other belongs to the *Geometridæ*, and is called the "span-worm," or "measurer-worm," on account of its habit of looping the body at every step. Not only is it a destructive creature, but it annoys people greatly by its habit of letting itself down from the trees by silken cables, just as is done by many of our leaf-roller caterpillars. But the American caterpillars are so numerous, and their cables are so strong, that they are a serious pest to passengers.

About twenty years ago some American naturalists bethought themselves that the sparrow, which is in the habit of feeding its young with grubs and caterpillars, would be the very bird to cope with these two pests. Accordingly, they sent to England for a thousand sparrows, timing their arrival so that the birds might have their nests built and their young hatched just when the canker-worm and span-worm were most troublesome. But they had forgotten that the sparrow is a bird

of the Old World, and not accustomed to New World insects. Again, the canker-worm was so formidable a being, with its tufts of long straight bristly hairs, that no sparrow could carry it off, and much less could a young sparrow swallow it. The only English bird that can eat this caterpillar is the cuckoo, a species which cannot live in America.

The span-worm is equally safe from the sparrow. Among the leaves it is so well hidden that the sparrow cannot find it, the bird not being adapted for hunting among the leaves and branches. Even when it hangs by its thread from the bough, the sparrow, which is a short winged bird, is incapable of balancing itself in the air and picking off a caterpillar which swings backward and forward in the breeze, and, when fearful of danger, lets itself drop for several inches. If the span-worm, like the Laccadive rats, would only descend to the ground, the sparrow would probably pick it up. But as it prefers to hide in the foliage or to swing at the end of a thread no sparrow can touch it.

An unexpected result followed the advent of the sparrow. Quarrelsome, fearless, and irrepressible, the sparrows ousted the native birds from their nesting places and drove them from their old haunts.

The sparrow has now spread all over the states, and, although it does feed its young on the small larvæ in the spring, it has ejected the native birds which would have performed the same duty, while it does not touch the creatures for whose destruction it was introduced. That, however, is not the fault of the sparrow, but of the imperfect knowledge of the introducers, who ought to have learned that the sparrow could neither capture the span-worm nor cope with the canker-worm. Consequently it does more harm than good, eating grain of all kinds, and being so keen after food that to sow a grass-lawn is a task of great difficulty, the sparrows flocking to the spot and eating the seed almost before it has touched the ground.

A similar result has followed the introduction of the sparrow into New Zealand. Fifty birds were imported, and now their numbers may be reckoned by the million. With the

change to the opposite side of the globe, the alteration of seasons, and consequently the time of moulting, the sparrow accommodated itself to circumstances and entirely abandoned its old habits. Perhaps the insects of the new country were not to its taste, for it soon abandoned them and preferred to live entirely on grain and fruits. Miss Gordon Cumming mentions a case where one proprietor lost in ten days a ton and a half of grapes and had five fig-trees entirely stripped of their fruit.

There is a time and a place for everything. In its own country, which is its proper place, the sparrow is, when understood a most valuable bird. It should be encouraged to the utmost in the spring and early summer, which is its proper time. But as soon as the peas are fairly set in their pods the sparrow's time is over, and it ought to be driven away from the garden until the fruit has been gathered. The bird is not to blame for the harm which it does in countries for which it was not intended, though we can hardly find fault with an aggrieved correspondent of the *New York Sun*, who "detests the English sparrow as a bird wholly depraved, a robber, a brigand, a pirate, and everything that is bad."

Poison and traps have been tried, but in vain, as the sparrow finds fruits quite good enough for him without eating poison, and is much too clever to be enticed into a trap. Australian journals are studded with complaints of the bird, from which I have selected a condensed extract:—

"The sparrow in Australia has conceived a new and larger scheme of life than that with which he was satisfied in the old country. Nothing is sacred from his devastating bill. His appetite for grapes is insatiable, in figs is his delight. In peaches, nectarines, apricots, pears and plums he makes such havoc as to cause a famine in those fruits, abundantly as they grow in the kindly soil of Australia. The agriculturist has found in him a foe even more terrible than the blight or the caterpillar. Wheat, barley and peas are devoured in the ear and pod when fruits are not in season. When neither grain nor fruit are to be got, then tender flower-buds and succulent young vegetable shoots are laid under contribution. The fecundity of the sparrow, great as it was at home, has been increased many-fold under the more favorable conditions of life in Australia."

Our failures in the acclimatization of vegetable life have almost always been due to

sentiment. The useful plants and trees have, as a rule, flourished admirably. Sentiment, however, has always been a deadly foe to the colonist; for example, some thirty years ago a Scotch emigrant to Australia took with him a thistle in a flower-pot. Great were the rejoicings among the Scotch colonists, a dinner was given in honor of the national plant, and it was then carefully transferred to the soil. Now it has rendered whole tracts of land useless. It defies all attempts at extirpation and great sums of money are paid yearly in restraining the once welcomed plant. That the thistle would probably become an injurious plant ought to have been anticipated, and the very seeds should have been prohibited as relentlessly as we prohibit the Colorado beetle. But who would have thought that the sweetbriar could do any harm. At home we are only too glad to have it in our gardens, and a sweetbriar hedge is a thing of joy and an object of justifiable pride. No one, therefore, would have blamed the missionary and his wife who took with them a plant of sweetbriar as a fragrant memorial of their garden in the old country. But when set in the fresh rich soil of Australia the plant grew with almost savage fury. It drove great roots into the ground, developed itself from a shrub into a tree, and spread with such alarming rapidity that it is quite as troublesome as the thistle. Tasmania, which is to the mainland of Australia what the Isle of Wight is to England, has suffered terribly from the sweetbriar. New Zealand has fared no better; Mr. Froude states that it is a worse foe to the agriculturist than the native fern. "At home so chary of growth, it expands here into vast bushes, becomes a weed and spreads like a weed. It overruns whole fields in two or three seasons, will turn a cleared farm into an impenetrable thicket, and has to be torn out with cart ropes and teams of horses."

Another remarkable point in the history of acclimatization is its effect upon previously existing animals. The Chinese soldier, when rebuked for running out of an assaulted fort, replied logically, "No two piecy man can stand in one piecy man's place. If he will come I must go." The aphorism is equally applica-

ble to the animals. When the flocks and herds of the white man enter upon a new land the previous occupiers must make way for them. So, in America, the bison is disappearing in exact ratio with the increase of sheep, swine and oxen. Of course the depredations of hunters have some effect on the bison, but the rapid and steady decrease in its numbers is not due so much to the rifle bullet of the hunter, whether red or white, as to the continual increase of sheep and cattle which crowd it out of its pasture lands. Similarly, in Australia, the kangaroo has been forced to give way to the sheep and the horned cattle. No "two piecy" beast can stand in "one piecy" beast's place, and the inferior must needs retire before the superior.

Now comes the question of Reciprocity.

We have given much to other lands, but we have taken a little in exchange. From New Zealand and the Pacific Archipelago we have received nothing. There are no mammals more than a few inches in length, and the only large bird, the moa of New Zealand, has long disappeared down the throats of the natives. Neither has Australia given us anything, inasmuch as the mammals are all marsupials, for which our climate is not suited. There are certainly a few gallinaceous birds, such as the brush turkey, the jungle fowl, and the leipoa (or "native pheasant"), but these birds need too much space to be useful in this country, where every yard of ground has its value. From America we have received the turkey, a bird which has withstood acclimatization so well that, like the barn-door fowl (which came from Asia), it has long been considered as a British bird. This is the more remarkable as the bird belongs to a different continent. Like most acclimated creatures it has undergone some changes of form and color, and has nearly learned to abandon its wild ways, such as straying and concealing its nest.

The two greatest gifts, however, which we have received from America are the potato and tobacco. How the latter plant would thrive in this country it is impossible to say, as the law prohibits its cultivation. I believe, however, that it would be perfectly successful,

and, indeed, the very fact of its prohibition infers as much. As for the potato, it is now as completely a British plant as the wheat or the barley, and as has already been mentioned, has been again acclimatized over the greater part of the earth's surface. Maize (which in America is invariably called by the name of "corn") has not succeeded in this country, but has been thoroughly successful in South Africa, where it thrives wonderfully under the name of "mealies," and now forms the chief nourishment of the various tribes which are called by the collective name of "Kaffirs."

The great fish question is far too large for more than a casual mention, and we will proceed to what I will venture to call the Reflex question—i. e., the effect of the indigenous animals upon those which have been imported, and its reciprocal action on themselves.

We have seen how marvelously the sheep has increased in New Zealand, where exists no carnivorous beast or bird that could check the increase of the flocks. But the introduction of the sheep has caused the development of a carnivorous bird far more destructive, because more plentiful, than the eagle itself. This very unexpected foe is one of the long-beaked parrots peculiar to New Zealand (*Nesotor notabilis*), popularly called the *kia*, or "mountain parrot."

Just as the sparrow abandoned insects for fruits, grain, and flowers, the *kia* has reversed the process, and abandoned its normal vegetable diet in order to become a sheep-killer of the most confirmed atrocity. Like other criminals it is a nocturnal bird, and not easily seen on account of its dark-green plumage.

In 1868 it was noticed that the *kia* was in the habit of visiting carcasses of sheep which were hung up for consumption, and eating the fat round the kidneys. Finding this fat very much to their taste, but not being able to procure a sufficiency of it, the birds took to attacking the sheep while living, never doing more than perching on the backs of the unhappy animals, tearing away the skin, and digging out the kidney fat with their pick-axes of beaks. In a few years this formerly harmless bird has become the curse of the sheep-run, and not long ago out of three hun-

dred fat sheep two hundred were killed by the *kia* within five months. The natural consequence is that war has been declared against the *kia*, which in all probability will be exterminated. A more bizarre result of acclimatization could never have been anticipated.

The part which has been played by acclimatization in the modern history of the world cannot be overrated. Our vast and numerous colonies—"Greater Britain," as they have been happily called—would have been impossible had we not been able to take with us our beasts, birds, cereals, and fruits. We cannot imagine Australia or New Zealand without cattle, sheep, horses, grain, and fruit. We have made some mistakes, but not so many as might have been made, and we can at all events take warning by these failures, so as not to repeat them in the future. Of this we may be certain. For successful acclimatization it is necessary to be thoroughly acquainted with the animal or plant which is to be transferred to a new soil. It is also necessary to understand the climate and other conditions of both countries; and, lastly, no animal or plant should be imported which cannot be kept within the control of the breeder or agriculturist.—REV. J. G. WOOD, in *Longman's Magazine*.

SCENES IN MARY HOWITT'S LATER LIFE.*

Substantial Mayr-am-Hof, in the Tyrol, so attractive to us in its venerable decay, grew from a retreat for a few weeks into our permanent summer home. Leaving hot weather and ripe cherries in Rome, we have hastened thither at the beginning of May to find the sparkling snow lying thick and low on the mountains; the trees leafless, but a green flush over the giant poplar and the cherry blossoms ready to burst forth. The fleeting hours, how-

* Mary Howitt, at the age of eighty-five, has for several months furnished to *Good Words* some "Reminiscences of her Later Life," portions of which have been given in *THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE*. The concluding paper of this series appears in *Good Words* for September.—ED. *LIBRARY MAGAZINE*.

ever, soon brought us sultry summer heat, interspersed with heavy thunderstorms; then calm, cloudless autumn days, when the fir-trees stood out black against the intense blue, fathomless sky, with here and there a mountain-ash or a wild cherry dyed gold or crimson, but all other foliage suggestive of July. Then came November with gloomy heavens, withered, scattered leaves, wild winds and rattling casements, making us thankful to cross the bare, brown plain to the railway station *en route* for benign and radiant Italy.

One of the main attractions to my husband at Mayr-am-Hof was his gardening. He carried it on in a field allotment, and in the former baronial kitchen-garden, which, neglected for half a century, was divided from the mansion and farm-buildings by the road and a rude old wall surmounted by a fence long unrepaired. It was a strip of terrace garden containing a primitive shed for bees, and some unpruned fruit-trees with straggling, naked branches. In the sloping orchard below, better specimens, however, lingered on, and tradition distinguished one apple-tree as having, by its fine growth and prolificness, called forth the admiration of the Empress Maria Theresa.

William indefatigably dug with his English spade—a unique and expensive tool, in Tyrol, the land of clumsy husbandry—planted, tied up, watered, and cut off dead boughs or leaves. I enjoyed sitting near him, reading, knitting, and in the summer of 1876 working at a huge cabbage-net intended as a protection against the legions of butterflies. In the beginning of July the cabbage crop of which the Tyrolese, rich and poor, grow yearly for their cattle in winter and for their own use as *sauerkraut*, had been planted out by acres. Rain came at the right time and the young cabbage took to the soil vigorously. Then unusually hot weather began, and one splendid morning appeared what might have been mistaken for the beginning of a snowstorm. The air, in fact, was animated with white butterflies, attracted, as it seemed, to a plot of fine blossoming clover, but in reality to some adjacent acres of healthy cabbage.

A trader coming from Italy into Tyrol re-

ported that he had seen for three days this cloud of white butterflies proceeding from the south into these higher regions; and our elder daughter and son-in-law, who had been spending part of the summer with us, observed the same cloud extending through Tyrol to Munich, and onward into France. I have read a poem praising and magnifying the "lovely white butterfly" as an angel of summer. Once upon a time, I believe that I too praised it, but that was in my youth and ignorance. My husband, instantly perceiving the mischief that must accrue to the cabbages from this living snowstorm which lasted many days, urged the peasants to catch and kill the butterflies. To set them an example he quickly captured upward of a thousand in a net. No effect, however, was produced on the apathetic peasants; they left the creatures undisturbed. In a week or two, therefore, every cabbage-leaf had a round yellow spot upon it, consisting of upward of a hundred minute eggs. No attempt being made to destroy them, they soon hatched into ravenous caterpillars, the very sound of whose feeding might be heard. The entire cabbage fields rapidly assumed a pale, livid hue, emitting a most offensive smell from the millions of caterpillars. When the plants had become one mass of skeleton leaves the impassive rustics cleared away the stalks, and silently submitted to a dearth of cabbage for themselves and their cattle.

Convinced that the plague of butterflies was due to the wanton destruction of birds, we no longer begrudged, as we had felt inclined to do in England, the tithe taken by these beautiful and useful creatures, who with quick vision and winged velocity are made the indefatigable enemies of slugs, grubs, caterpillars, mice, and all the myriad insects that attack our most essential products in their growth. We never noticed, however, in Tyrol that deliberate extirpation of birds, as if they were our worst foes instead of our best friends observable in Italy. The few to be met with in the fir-woods and hedgerows were left unmolested; and my husband could not help thinking, had the magpie who built her nest and reared her brood on the summit of the Mayr-am-Hof poplar, chosen such a situa-

tion in his boyhood, he should speedily have been up the tree like a cat and paid her the visit of a plunderer. Fortunately the sober Tyrolers, whether men or boys, were not up such pranks, so she had it all to herself.

The venerable poplar, now defaced by decay, raises its massive trunk, outside the closed entrance-gate, but mingles its wide-spreading branches with those of two noble limes in the home paddock. This group, the only outdoor ornament remaining at Mayr-am-Hof, casts, by its leafy shade, cool inviting shadows on the mushroomy sward, and is a pleasant *al fresco* recess when the surrounding landscape appears quivering with heat. A little tawny owl sojourned for a series of summers in a cavity of the poplar; it slept by day, but became briskly sociable on the approach of night. It diligently conversed with my husband in the gloaming, persistently answering his hoot with a monotonous cry that had an alert gravity about it bordering on the ridiculous.

When, notwithstanding annoying incursions of the burrowing mole-cricket, the practiced old gardener stood still in perfect amazement at the growth of his redundant New Zealand spinach, his wide-spreading "Royal Albert" rhubarb, his exuberant tomatoes and towering spikes of Indian corn, there came the hoopoe in ruddy buff, black, and gray attire, with "crested plume, long beak and sharpened as a spear," as if out of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, uttering its hollow "hoop-hoop," and seeking its insect food in the rotten wood of the old trees or the spongy soil of the orchard.

A host of confiding swallows inhabited the eaves of the house, warbling in the early morning on the iron-work of the balconies, skimming in and out of the open windows, and as the season advanced bringing their young into the upper corridor to essay from the top of the old cartoons of sacred subjects, the cornice and the pediments, the art of flying.

This upper hall assumed by degrees the character of a plainly furnished ante-room, where we could dine, or the servants sit at their needlework. Indeed, that portion of the house which we rented had gained gradually a more clothed appearance, from our bringing

inexpensive carpets and draperies from Rome, or buying them in Tyrol and engaging a carpenter to make chairs, tables, and cupboards after our design, our landlord, the *Hofbauer*, giving the wood. When curtains excluded the glare of the sun from the three-windowed recess in the saloon, I beguiled many hours there, in the attempt faithfully to reproduce with my needle on crash the apple-blossom of the orchard, the crocus of the meadow, the crimson carnation, almost the national emblem of Tyrol, or other flowers of the locality.

Our quiet industry at Dietsheim was at times agreeably diversified by the visits of valued friends: Josiah Gilbert, who, with his comrade Churchill, first threw open, by means of their valuable work on *The Dolomite Mountains*, that sternly grand and beautiful district to English readers and travelers, when rambling about his favorite old haunts would extend his tour to our little post-town, Bruneck, and to Mayr-am-Hof; Miss Leigh Smith, the highly-gifted youngest sister of the intrepid, generous explorer who has given his money, time, and strength in personally extending our knowledge of arctic regions; and Madame Bodichon, the masterly landscape-painter and munificent philanthropist, accompanied by our dear, mutual friend, Miss Blythe, has repeatedly made Mayr-am-Hof a halting-place on her way to Venice or Algiers. Hither came on a second visit, in the summer of 1878, Miss Freeman Clarke, bringing with her the result of much patient wandering about Italy and even Tyrol, in her collection of exquisite pen-and-ink drawings of the various scenes of Dante's exile. She had long been a resident in Rome and closely associated with our life there, but was then bound for a new home in Georgia. We wished her Godspeed with sorrowful hearts, for we knew in all probability we should not meet on earth again. It never entered our minds that such would be the case with another welcome guest, who left us at the same time. This was the large-hearted, nobly-endowed young writer, James Macdonell, a son-in-law of my beloved sister, Anna; his lucid, rapid thoughts expressed in easy polished language had charmed and enlivened our little domestic circle.

The same autumn, attended by her devoted friend, Miss Yorke, came on a passing visit, Octavia Hill, simple, cordial, unaffected, but little changed outwardly since her girlhood; no one was ever more warmly welcomed among us. Her arduous labors and duties had undermined her health. She needed to be where it was high and bracing, in silence, freedom, and solitude, and they speedily left Bruneck to scale during the winter a series of mountain passes. We next saw them in the spring of 1879 at Rome.

I have always desired to retain each precious thread of friendship, never letting it wholly slip through my fingers, although it may be years since I held it first. This made me most highly estimate our residence in Rome, whither all roads seemed truly to tend, bringing us in contact with an infinite variety of old friends and acquaintances. Each season we felt more at home in the great center of learning, art, and religion, notwithstanding the ruthless spoliation carried on under the guise of needful advance; and in the annually changing society of winter visitors always found ourselves meeting earlier associates.

My husband's life-long advocacy of peace principles brought us in contact, in November, 1873, with Mr. Dudley Field, Mr. Richard, M. P. for Merthyr Tydfil, and other gentlemen selected to promote international arbitration instead of war. Mr. Richard had, I believe, earlier carried the resolution in Parliament by an accident, for had there been an ordinary house it would have been negatived by a large majority. His having so done, however, and thereupon receiving an address in support of his views signed by a million working men of Great Britain, made a profound impression on the Continent. In Rome, Mancini, Professor of International Law, carried the motion unanimously in the Chamber of Deputies. Mr. Richard and his colleagues were cordially welcomed by the citizens, and an enterprising milliner, turning the sentiment of the moment to the advantage of her trade, introduced the *Chapeau Richard*, or "Arbitration Bonnet." It was of soft gray silk, fastened on one side by a dove of oxidized silver, with an olive-branch in its beak.

Here I would record that the concourse of English visitors to Rome in the season 1878-79 included our former literary co-worker and much-esteemed friend, the deservedly popular author Dr. Samuel Smiles, and his wife, ever his true helpmate. We also found among the established residents the Countess Gigliucci, with whom when Clara Novello, we had enjoyed traveling many years earlier.

Among the Americans whom we met in Rome were, in the season 1870-71, the two gifted daughters of the teacher and philosopher Amos Bronson Alcott. Louisa, whose *Old-Fashioned Girl* and *Little Women* had already made her a celebrity, found time amid sight-seeing and society to write her *Little Men*, May meanwhile devoting her leisure to landscape painting. Moncure Conway, when preparing for delivery at the Royal Institution his lectures on *The Natural History of the Devil*, paid a flying visit in the spring of 1872. He supposed that Rome must offer him rich contributions for his demonology, but, if I remember rightly, in this he was disappointed. Emerson and his daughter were in Rome the following December, bound for Egypt. On Sunday morning, March 2d, 1873, they having just returned, I found him at the English Church outside the Porta del Popolo, drawn thither, like myself, to hear Trench, Archbishop of Dublin, preach. The same year brought the Bayard Taylors; he changed since last we met from a handsome young bachelor of slender person and means into a powerfully-built middle-aged man, evidently enjoying the good things of this life and that best earthly reward, a sensible agreeable wife—she was of German origin. In February, 1874, Mrs. Adeline D. Whitney, in person, manner and conversation just what the author of *The Gayworthys* and other good, womanly books ought to be, stayed with her husband and daughter at the Hôtel de la Paix. And although we have never been granted the privilege of seeing the home-abiding poet Whittier face to face, the bond of sympathy and mutual regard was drawn closer in Rome by kindly messengers bringing verbal and written greetings.

I must add an interview which I had at the

afternoon reception of an American lady in January, 1874. It was with a gentleman whom I had observed seated before a pretty, black Japanese screen near the fire. I was wondering who in the world he could be, for his face, scored with lines and markings, had a great play of expression, and he exhibited a considerable expansion of white shirt front, a crimson silk kerchief tied round his neck and the glitter of a heavy gold chain and of jewelry, when unexpectedly he was introduced to me as "Mr. Miller." "Joaquin Miller," I instantly replied, understanding at once the character of the man.

Although I had risen to leave, we sat down together. He said: "The first people I wanted to see in Rome were Howitts; yes, I wanted to see *them*. I was taken, when in London, to look at the house they had once inhabited at Highgate—a pleasant house, standing apart from the road." Then he went on to tell me of a solitary American lady married to a Frenchman in Rome, who had begged him to make her acquainted with "Howitts." He had her address folded up in his little purse, and seemed very anxious to do her this service. We spoke of his dear friends the Rossettis. "Daute," he remarked, "was a fine fellow, a true Saxon." He was much interested by Rome, although he confessed ignorance of its history. The snowy Apennines as he saw them from various points charmed him beyond everything else.

Of course I asked where he was located. "He had gone first to a hotel," he replied, "but it was so dear that he, a poor man, could not stand it, and he moved off. He would not reveal his whereabouts, affirming he told no one. "He lived among the plebeians, had a room with a brick floor, and a brazier to warm him. He cared nothing for fine furniture, but he loved the people." "The Italians," I rejoined, "were a good, kind-hearted race." He expressed pleasure in hearing me say so, as some of his friends prophesied he would be stabbed and robbed of his rings and gold chains. I suggested it might be hardly wise to exhibit such tempting objects to the very poor. To this he replied: "He had lived among the poor and the so-called wicked

without ever being robbed of a cent; the only den of thieves he knew was hotels;" he had never locked or bolted a door in self-defence and should not do it in Rome." Then he expatiated on his life as a boy, his sorrows and wild adventures: "Poor father who was so unfortunate, and mother who was so good;" his being stolen by Indians, but never being a chief among them as commonly reported; his journeys in Nebraska and down the Wabash, with much more, giving me glimpses of a romantic existence in keeping with his queer, flexible countenance and crimson neckerchief. Joaquin (his first name was really Cincinnatus) Miller, I never saw again.

In these limits, I can say but one word of the very interesting Scandinavian society in Rome. It included some distinguished members—young Runeberg, chief sculptor of Finland and the son of her chief poet; Aline Bremer, the benevolent, self-denying cousin of Fredrika Bremer; Jonas Lie and Björnson, the Norwegian authors; Madame Jerichau, Polish by birth, the clever painter of portraits and genre, and wife of the Danish sculptor; Finns, Swedes, Norwegians and Danes economizing together, each spoke at their common clubroom in his or her native tongue. They were rapturous for Italy and reluctant to leave, and at the same time they yearned for their Northern moors, their beech and pine woods, their mountains and fjords. Once at home the majority grew restless to return, and an old poet dying in Rome in the winter of 1871-72, rejoiced that he drew his last breath in the heavenly clime. How often, indeed, after taking sorrowful farewells of English, American and Scandinavian acquaintance, did we find them back again the next winter, unable to control that subtle affection, which may be called the true Roman fever!

In our valued friend, the mother of Mr. Osborne Morgan, we had an agreeable link with Scandinavia and North Wales, as she had spent many years of her youth in Sweden, and took a keen interest in all pertaining thereto. Mrs. Morgan and her two daughters constantly wintered in Rome; and the Saadbachs came one season. Mr. Penry Williams,

whose fifty years of residence in Rome was festively celebrated, much to the hero's surprise, by some appreciative friends in December, 1876, dwelt at 42 Piazza Mignanelli, surrounded by his admirable sketches and glowing oil-paintings of Italy and her *contadini*, which he showed in his accustomed quiet, unobtrusive way. Miss Rhoda Broughton may also be classed in the Welsh list from her residence in the Principality with her married sister, who accompanied her to Rome in the early part of 1874.

As to Charles Hemans, a son of the poetess, so enamored of St. Asaph and its neighborhood, nervous and retiring, absorbed in his books and archæology, he had greatly changed from the lively little boy I could recall, rushing exultantly to his mother to bring her "the red rose of glory," as he called a dark crimson Bengal rose.

In Rome our connection with the antipodes was brought prominently before us. Australians just arrived from Naples or Brindisi on their way to England dropped in to see us; while an accidental visit to the studio of a sculptor, named Summers, made us acquainted with the artist of the monument erected by the Victorian Government to Burke and Wills, and which commemorates in statuary the part performed by our son.

My husband, with his unworldly nature, led the same unsophisticated life in Rome, as when cultivating his vegetables in the quiet surroundings of Dietsenheim. In the mornings, when children of all nationalities, under the surveillance of attendants, played in the broad sunlit paths of the Pincian; and in the afternoons, when a gay, fashionable throng drove, strolled and listened by hundreds to the music, he walked alone unless joined by some sociable acquaintance. He admired the fan-palms standing out clear in the sunshine, while snow was still visible on the Alban and Sabine ranges: noted the beds of roses, bay, and lauristinus full of life and vigor; listened to the pleasant, familiar warbling of the little tit-mice, observed the arrival of the chiff-chaff a month earlier than in England. He spied out in the thick, bushy boughs of the pines, cedars, and evergreens, many gold-

finches, some warblers, and a grand old black-bird that sang in good English; and canaries, some intensely yellow, others of a greenish hue from mixing, he supposed, with linnets. To its death, he was familiar with the stealthy Pincian cat. The last seven years of my husband's life, we occupied small but pleasant quarters in the Via Sistina, close to his favorite Pincio. The back windows looked across a little garden of luxuriant southern vegetation, to the frescoed walls of the house in the Via Gregoriana, once belonging to our old friend, the American actress, Miss Charlotte Cushman. Above the quaint tiled roof and picturesque *loggia*, we surveyed the slopes of the Janiculum, and rejoiced in those brilliant sunsets which Claude Lorraine had loved to paint from his near-lying studio windows. Until, alas! Miss Cushman having long since returned to America, and her Roman house passed into other hands, it was transmogrified by the addition of two hideous stories and a flat roof, and supplied with clothes' lines and poles, which blocked out our long stretch of summit, dotted with stone pines, and prominently terminated to the right by the mighty dome of St. Peter's.

But this was a small trial. In the spring of 1877 we had the unspeakable joy of welcoming to Rome our faithful friend, Margaret Gillies. How I delighted in her sojourn, and when she rented the studio of Romako, an Austrian painter—in the little walk thither, the knocking at the door, which at first was cautiously opened, just sufficient for a kind, sunny face to smile on me a welcome! I remember with peculiar tenderness each picture she painted there, or at Albano. She, Margaret Foley, and we occupied some half-desolate but commodious rooms in the Casa Bruti at that little town. It was gladsome May weather, the bright air fresh with the breath of the mountains, and the nightingales singing in the blossoming apple-trees and bosky groves of the adjacent Franciscan monastery. It was a time of exquisite enjoyment mingled with pain. Our beloved and gifted friend Margaret Foley was already treading the Valley of the Shadow of Death, in sickness, weariness, and agony, which were merely to end

the following December at Meran; whither from Dietsheim we had accompanied her.

Some most beloved friends had been given as a great blessing to the poor sufferer and ourselves. They cast a golden effulgence over my husband's closing hours. He delighted to wander with them in familiar converse about the extensive grounds of their beautiful home. It possessed the grandest view of Rome that I can recall, embracing much of the imperial city, St. Peter's cupola, the vast Campagna with its engirdling mountains, a landscape scattered over far and wide with ancient aqueducts, dull red and ivied walls, ruins, temples, churches, monasteries, presenting an epitome as it were of classic and Christian Rome. Old box-hedges, or rather walls, neatly clipped, bound the garden alleys and approaches to the mansion, and sent forth in the sun their peculiar odor. Ancient statues of old Romans, broken friezes, torsos, and sarcophagi, all genuinely pagan and characteristic spoils of the soil, flanked the sunny terraces and the dark avenue of wide-spreading ilêxes, while an old stone seat, embowered in luxuriant foliage, and facing Monte Cavo, marked the spot where, according to the inscription, the Apostle of Rome, kind St. Philip Neri, "conversed with his disciples on the things of God."

Scenes of beauty and of plenty, nay, more, of awe-inspiring devotion. On this self-same Cœlian Hill, the very pearl of Rome to English Christians, St. Gregory, from his home and monastery sent to our heathen forefathers, through his most willing missionaries, headed by St. Augustine, faith, baptism, and Holy Writ. Here, in other hallowed precincts, hearts have bled and prayed, hands have worked for Britain. It is a locality once possessing the house of the Christian lady, Cyriaca, in whose portico the deacon Lawrence distributed alms; and still possessing the rude retreat of the great abolitionist of slavery, St. John de Matha. A locality, in fact, where from the time the sacred grove of the Camenæ skirted the hill, saints have left their impress. As I think of this, my soul echoes the melodious verses of my friend

Madame Belloc, when Bessie Rayner Parkes, commemorative of the Cœlian Hill.

The last visit my husband ever paid was to his favorite associates on the Cœlian in January, 1879. He appeared quite well up to the middle of the month, when he caught a cold that brought on bronchitis. He had however, unconsciously to himself and others, been suffering for some months from a valvular disease of the heart, which the bronchial attack revealed. Hemorrhage came on as the bronchial symptoms lessened. His critical condition brought our children Annie and her husband to his side in the middle of February. He welcomed them in the dining-room, seated in his favorite arm-chair, propped up with pillows. He was attired in his crimson lined, dark blue dressing-gown, and small black silk skull cap, looking in person but little changed his face only a shade thinner and paler.

During the fortnight he was still spared our hearts and souls were blended in a crucible of love and suffering; yet what consolation, what golden memories were granted us! He was meekness, patience, and affection personified; we wonderfully calm and sustained. Our friends, especially those most beloved on the Cœlian Hill, ministered in a thousand tender ways. A very cloud of prayers, like ever-ascending incense, went up night and day from many Roman hearths and altars, bringing down benedictions too sacred for words. In submission to his Redeemer and in love to all mankind, he passed away, at half-past three, on Monday afternoon, March 3d, 1879.

Most singularly, on the self-same day and hour likewise passed away, in the old parental home in Derbyshire, his last surviving brother, Francis Howitt. My beloved husband was wont to say: "There was no cause to lament such exits. The ripe fruit must drop, and now then a night's frost severs the young fruit too from the tree." Most true! for on the preceding day, our much-prized young kinsman, James Macdonell, was snatched away by death, at the commencement of a most promising literary career.

Death renders love stronger and grander; but only when we enter behind the veil shall

we see how glorious she has become through trial and pain. Death shows us even here, the goodness, the spontaneous kindness of our neighbor. When my husband was no more, Mr. Augustus Hare, now so indelibly associated in literature with Rome—attended, with other sympathizers and friends, his mortal remains to their last resting-place. It is near the grave of Gibson, in one of the sunniest spots of the cypress-shaded Campo Santo; the strangers' burial-ground, guarded within the circle of mighty Rome, by the ancient tower-crested wall of Aurelian and the blackened white marble pyramid of Cestius.

The old Romans, amid the funeral games of gladiators, solemnly bore with inverted torches, the ashes of their beloved to sepulture on the Appian Way. It seems to me I have in these pages led the reader stage by stage to the tombs of my departed. It must be so in the reminiscences of a very old woman, who has survived the majority of her kindred and contemporaries. Yet is not the life of each one of us a Via Appia from the cradle to the grave? Well for us when we have not to ask, as Peter had of Him he met on that sacred way: *Domine quo cadis?*

At the tomb of my husband, I would stay and hold my peace; and yet one more sacred grave makes me utter a concluding word. In the summer of 1884, my beloved daughter Annie, un'sknowing it, came to Dietsheim to die. With no revelation of the approaching parting she and I were wont to sit, at her favorite hour of sunset, on the upper balcony of Mayr-am Hof; where she read to me *The Idylls of the King* or *The Holy Grail*, and *The Passing of Arthur*, and finished her water-color sketch of the quiet village street. It was a fair and familiar scene, through which, a few evenings later, the mourning inhabitants carried her to her final resting-place. They bore her under the quaint old archway of the village church to her grave in God's Acre, when, in the hush of nature, the evening glow illumined the mountain tops, and twilight gently spread over the valley and lower slopes.

On the summit of the common above the churchyard and Mayr-am-Hof, near the old

crucifix where we have all so often sat to enjoy the sunset, a granite seat for wayfarers had been erected. It was often visited by her in the beautiful closing hour of her pure and devoted life. It was a memento to her beloved father, from a generous friend, also gone to his rest and reward; the indefatigable projector of most valuable chemical discoveries, Walter Weldon, F.R.S.—MARY HOWITT.

RAMSES THE GREAT.

Ramses II.—the Sesostris of the Greeks—was the third king of the nineteenth dynasty. He bears the name of A-naktu, the Conqueror; and in the rolls of the papyri he is also called Ses, Sestura, "Sethosis—who is called Ramses"—and Setesu. He was a great builder, and a warrior as well. The land is filled with his buildings and with gigantic statues of himself and his family; and the walls of the temples are covered all over with vivid pictures of his battles and victories. Not only in Egypt are these to be found, but also engraven upon the rock tablets at Berytus, in Syria, are records of his victories in Asia. He does not, however, appear to have allowed his architectural plans and his warlike expeditions wholly to engross his attention, for we find him dividing the land into *nomes* or provinces, and setting governors over them. He seems to have employed the prisoners of war in making canals for the use of those who lived at a distance from the river. He also rearranged the scale of rents for land, and made the canal from the Nile to the Red Sea. In the fifth year of his reign we find him at Kadesh on-Orontes, a fortified Syrian town: war had broken out with the Khita, or Hittites, a Semitic tribe, who had one of their strongholds there. After a desperate struggle, Ramses appears to have been victorious, and ratified his treaty with the conquered people by marrying their king's daughter. We find him afterward waging war in Palestine; and it is certain that he conquered Askelon. He transferred his court to Sān or Zoan, on the Tanitic arm of the Nile, and from thence-

forth Pt-Ramses became the seat of government. By many, Ramses II. is thought to be the Pharaoh of the oppression, for whom the children of Israel built the treasure-cities of Pithom and Ramses. Certain it is that during this reign the literature and language of Egypt became impregnated with words borrowed from Semitic sources.

The chief buildings of Ramses II. are the Ramesseum or Memnonium; a Temple of Victory at Old Qurnah, dedicated to the god Amon; the rock-temple of Ipsamboul, dedicated to the chief gods of Egypt; the completion of the Temple of Amon at Luxor, which was left unfinished by Amenhotep III.; and the great hall in the Temple of Karnak. He erected two giant statues of himself and two beautiful obelisks, one of which is in Paris.

The king enjoyed a reign of sixty-seven years; part of which time he was associated with his father. He must have been nearly one hundred years old when he died; and from the temple walls at Abydos we learn that he had sixty sons and fifty-nine daughters.

Now for his personal appearance, in so far as we can judge of it after its long repose in spices and linen bandages. For the sake of those whose faith may not be very strong, let us add that the mummy was opened by Maspéro and Brügsch—two of our greatest Egyptologists—in presence of a large number of people, English as well as Egyptian, who verified the official statement made by the high-priest Pinotem on the coffin lid, and on the outer winding-sheet of the mummy, that this was in truth the body of Ramses II. The head is long, and small in proportion to the size of the body; the top of it is bald, but otherwise the hair is thick. At the time of death it was probably white; but the spices used in the embalmment have turned it a yellowish color. The eyebrows, too, are white and thick; the eyes small and close together: the temples are sunken; and the nose, long, thin, and hooked, is also depressed at the tip. The tightness of the bandaging probably accounts for this. The chin is prominent, and the jawbone massive, giving a look of determination to the face, which is covered with a thin beard and moustache. The skin is of a brown hue, with

black marks on it, possibly owing to the bituminous matter used in embalming. The hands which are crossed over the breast, are small, and dyed with henna; the legs and thighs fleshless; the feet long, slender, and although somewhat flat-soled, are well-shaped. They also are stained with henna. The body is in a good state of preservation; and the corpse, which is that of a very old man, is also that of a strongly built and vigorous old man. The examination over, Professor Maspéro returned the mummy to its glass case, where, with face uncovered, it may be seen, with the mummies of Pinotem and the priest Nebsoni. — *Chambers's Journal*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

ARTIFICIAL RUBIES.—Mr. Geo. F. Kunz furnishes to *Science* a paper presented by him at a meeting of the New York Academy of Science, held October 4th, 1888. We present some of the main points in this paper.

"Early this summer the *Syndicate des Diamants et Pierres Precieuses* were informed that certain stones which had been sold as rubies from a new locality were suspected to be of artificial origin. They were put upon the market by a Geneva house; and it was surmised that they were obtained by the fusion of large numbers of small rubies, worth at the most a few dollars a carat, into one fine gem worth from \$1,000 to \$2,500 a carat."

Specimens of these artificial stones were submitted to the examination of Mr. Kunz, who goes on to say:—

"The hardness of these stones I found to be about the same as that of the true ruby, 8.8 or a trifle less than 9, the only difference being that the artificial stones were a trifle more brittle. . . . The specific gravity of these stones I found to be 3.98 and 3.95. The true ruby ranging from 3.98 to 4.01, it will be seen that the difference is very slight, and due doubtless to the presence of the included bubbles in the artificial stones, which would slightly decrease the density. . . . The color of all the stones examined was good; but not one was so brilliant as a very fine ruby. They did not differ much in color, however, and were evidently made by one exact process or at one time."

Mr. Kunz proceeds to state what he believes to be the process employed in the fabrication of these artificial rubies; i. e., "by fusing an aluminate of lead in connection with silica in a siliceous crucible, the silica uniting with the lead to form a lead glass, and liberating the alumina, which crystallizes out in the form of corundum in hexagonal plates."

The matter was referred by the syndicate to Mr. Friedel, who made a report, the consequence of which was that "the syndicate decided that all *carbocbon*

or cut stones of this kind shall be sold as *artificial*, and not precious gems. Unless consignments are so marked, the sales will be considered fraudulent, and the misdemeanor punishable under the penal code."

"The action taken by the syndicate," says Mr. Kunz, in conclusion, "has fully settled the position which this production will take among gem-dealers, and there is little reason to fear that the true ruby will ever lose the place it has occupied for so many centuries. These stones show the triumphs of modern science in chemistry, it is true; and although some may be willing to have the easily attainable, there are others who will almost want—what the true ruby is becoming to-day—the unattainable. One will be nature's gem, and the other the gem made by man."

"SOWING WILD OATS."—Dr. Howard Crosby says, in the *Church Union*:—

"A phrase has been long in common use which has wrought great evil. It is that of 'sowing wild oats.' It implies that youth must have a time of wickedness, the defying of authority and the abuse of opportunity, after which all will come right. Never was there a more diabolic lie. That which you sow you shall reap; if you sow wild oats you shall reap wild oats. Not one instance can be found in all humanity where the evils indulged in in youth did not mar and scar the soul through life. . . . There's a penetrability and permanency in the virus of indulgence that defies every remedy for removal while we are in the flesh. . . . The indulgence in sin is directly contrary to the aspiration for manliness which is so conspicuous in youth, and which we desire to make enduring; and hence, in order to meet this difficulty, we are apt in our youth to modify our notion of manliness, to eliminate from its definition many of its most important elements, and so to reduce it that it will allow the otherwise prohibited indulgences. We hold on, for example, to the doctrine that manliness forbids lying—it would be a disgrace to us to be found stating what was not so—but we permit the look or the silence that is the same as a lie. We hold on to the doctrine that it is unmanly to harm the honor of a woman, but we permit the low jest and the vile story to be circulated in our company. We hold on to the doctrine that any man's person is sacred, but we count it manly to strike the blow of revenge or to vouch for the vengeance by a challenge to mortal combat, and so we narrow more and more our definition of manliness, until at length we get it so narrow, that it will not be in our way when a temptation to sin calls us."

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.—Mr. James Payn, the London correspondent of *The Independent*, tells the following story, which we suggest to the serious consideration of novelists who are on the lookout for a fresh plot for a story:—

"A surgeon applied the other day to the Court of Bankruptcy for the administration of his affairs, which had got beyond or below his own powers of management. He had no practice and no assets only a 'lot of pawn tickets.' The learned commissioner naturally inquired how, under these circumstances, he had

contrived until lately to live in apparent affluence. 'Well, the fact is, I have been in the enjoyment of £550 a year, which a gentleman gave me for being engaged to his niece,' was the astounding reply. He would give no explanation of this phenomenon except that the engagement had been 'unhappy all along,' and that he had thrown it up and married somebody else without a penny. What a romance could this gentleman tell if he pleased, and how I should like to hear it. Was even a stage uncle ever before heard of who has given such a splendid sum for such a disinterested purpose? People talk of the evils of 'a long engagement;' but this was surely a case where, the longer the tender relation could be protracted—so far, at least, as the gentleman is concerned—the better. What a vista of possibilities it seems to open to the bachelor world! It would not, of course, be honorable—but it would not be illegal—to be engaged to half a dozen nieces (of different uncles) at once with £550 a year a piece. Even if the lady in question has been ever so 'incompatible' to him as the phrase goes—a blackamoor or a 'two-headed nightingale' without the gift of song—it would have signified nothing, since he had only to be engaged to her; and yet he gave up this treasure, with £550 per annum, all for love and 'a lot of pawn tickets.' No such sacrifice has been recorded in the court of Cupid, or in that of the city of London, where the above story was revealed."

NECESSITY OF THE CLASSICS.—At the recent anniversary of the Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore, Prof. Gildersleeve said:—

"I live in the abiding assurance that what is wrought in the structure of our history and our literature must survive so long as the history of our race and the history of our language survive. To disentwine the warp of the classics from the woof of our life is simply impossible. One mediæval writer every one must know, and measured by modern standards Dante was not a classical scholar of the first rank. His perspective of antiquity was false, his estimates of the poets of the past was far from being just, and yet what is Dante if you loosen his hold on the classic time? I will not speak of Milton, steeped in classic lore. I will speak of Shakespeare. None but those who have read Shakespeare with the eye of a classical scholar know how much the understanding of Shakespeare is dependent on training in the classics; and more than once when I have hesitated as to whether it was pedantry or not to use a Greek word in my English discourse, I have turned to Shakespeare. Scarcely had I set down those words when the following passage fell under my eye. It is to be found in the recent introductory letter of the professor of poetry in the University of Oxford. The thorough study of English literature, as such—literature, I mean, as an art, indeed the finest of fine arts—is hopeless unless based on an equally thorough study of the literatures of Greece and Rome. When so based adequate study will not be found exacting either of time or of labor. To know Shakespeare and Milton is the pleasant and crowning consummation of knowing Homer and Æschylus, Catullus, and Virgil. And upon no other terms can we obtain it."

THE RECENT VOLCANIC ERUPTION
IN NEW ZEALAND.

For some considerable time past a noticeable feature in the columns of the daily newspapers has been the frequency of the reports of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions from all quarters of the globe. After due allowance has been made for the increasing attention which these phenomena now receive, and for the rapidity and facility with which their details are made known no matter how remote may be their locality, we shall probably not be wrong if we conclude that never within recorded human experience has there been more terrestrial disturbance than during the last few years. Not merely have the movements been frequent: they have been not less remarkable for the wide region over which, one after another, they have been displayed, and for the magnitude of their effects. They have occurred in districts often previously affected by similar visitations; but they have also appeared in tracts that had never been known to be subject to them before. They have often, indeed, been so slight as to furnish only material for the current gossip of the day, but among them are included some of the most stupendous catastrophes of historic times. And even where no movement may be perceptible to the senses, delicate instruments have made known the striking fact that the ground under our feet is in a perpetual state of tremor. The solid earth which has served mankind as a type of steady immobility turns out to be itself singularly unstable.

Some philosophers have written of the increasing senility of Mother Earth. They have contrasted what they take to be the feebleness of her old age with the titanic vigor which they suppose to have marked convulsions of her early youth. It is doubtless true that when the young planet first left its parent sun and began its own independent course through the heavens, it must have been endowed with a vast store of potential energy. All through the long ages which have since passed away, that store has been unceasingly growing less. If, therefore, the outward manifestations of terrestrial energy depended

directly upon the total quantity of energy retained by the planet, they should undoubtedly become progressively feebler. The most gigantic volcanic explosions and earthquakes of modern times must in that case be but insignificant representatives of the earth-throes of primeval ages. There is good reason, however, to believe that this inference is not well founded. If we may judge of the displays of subterranean activity from the amount of volcanic material ejected to the surface, and from the extent of the crumbings and fractures of the solid crust involved in mountain-structure, then we may rather conclude that the later disturbances have considerably exceeded the older in magnitude. Modern volcanoes and volcanic plateaux cover a wider area, and include a proportionately larger bulk of lava and ashes, than those of older geological date. And even when every reasonable allowance has been made for the extent which the older topographies of the earth's surface have been worn away and covered up, an equivalent among the older records can hardly be found to the stupendous disturbances by which modern mountain-chains have been upheaved.

It has been plausibly suggested that the gradual increase in the thickness of the cool outer crust has offered continually argumenting resistance to the movements of the still hot interior, and hence that earthquakes and volcanic eruptions ought now to be less constant, but more violent, than in the older time. The earth has been compared in a homely way to a pot of porridge which, after thorough boiling, has been taken off the fire. During the process of boiling, the escape of steam keeps the porridge in constant ebullition and eruption. But when cooling set in and leads to the formation of a crust or skin on the surface, the steam, which cannot then so readily escape, finds its way out in intermittent puffs. As the skin thickens, the resistance it offers proportionately increases: the steam-puffs become fewer, but larger, and the last spurts of porridge ejected are sometimes bigger and are thrown out farther than any that preceded them.

Without entering here upon these theories

questions we may take for granted that certainly within the memory of man there has been no appreciable diminution in the intensity of those subterranean operations which manifest themselves at the surface as earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. Three years ago the world was startled by the great eruptions of Krakatau, in the Sunda Strait—the most gigantic explosion within human experience. Before its fine dust had cleared from the air, other volcanoes renewed their activity. Both Etna and Vesuvius have been in eruption, and from the antipodes comes the news of the sudden and altogether unlooked-for calamity which has spread such destruction over the lake district of New Zealand. Earthquakes, too, have followed hard upon each other, not only in volcanic districts, but in regions far removed from active volcanoes. Six years ago the country around Agram was convulsed, with great loss of life and property. Then came the shock that carried death and ruin far and wide through the South of Spain. Within the last few weeks some hundreds of square miles in Greece have been shaken, with great destruction to houses and considerable loss of life; while almost at the same instant the Eastern States of the American Union were visited by the earthquake which has laid the city of Charleston in ruins. If we are still profoundly ignorant of the causes that produce earthquakes and volcanoes, we cannot plead in justification that the phenomena themselves are either infrequent or obscure. But as observers are multiplying in all parts of the world, and as more precise methods of observation are being perfected, there is good reason to hope that some part at least of the mystery which still shrouds from us the interior of our globe may ere long be lifted.

There are two phases of volcanic activity of which some admirable illustrations have recently been furnished. In one of these the volcano continues in a state of comparatively gentle eruptivity, discharging showers of stones, clouds of steam, and even occasionally streams of lava, but without any violent detonations which affect the districts beyond the mountain itself. Vesuvius is at present in

this condition; some photographs taken upon it in August last by Dr. Johnston Lavis show well the sharp explosions of vapor and the ejection of stones and ashes within the crater. The other phase is less frequent, but in some respects more interesting. With little or no warning, the volcano is convulsed, and a large part of it is suddenly blown into the air, vast quantities of stones and ashes are discharged, the country for perhaps several thousand square miles around is covered with detritus, and the air is so loaded with fine dust that day becomes darker than night.

It is obviously much less easy to study these great volcanic paroxysms than the ordinary and gentler kind of activity with which the tourist to Vesuvius and Etna is familiar. Though they have occurred at intervals during human history, and have been described with varying minuteness and accuracy, we are still singularly ignorant regarding some parts of the phenomena, so that every new example of them deserves to be carefully examined and recorded. Even before the times of authentic history we know that man witnessed some of these more stupendous manifestations of volcanic energy. The half-submerged volcano of Santorin, in the Greek Archipelago, for instance, seems to have been blown up by an explosion at a time when a human population had already settled on the island, for remains of buildings, vases, and pottery have been found under the piles of volcanic ejections. The catastrophe was no doubt sudden, and seems to have entirely destroyed the inhabitants of the island. It would be interesting to know whether any possible survival of the tradition of it could be recognized in old Greek story. The earliest volcanic explosion of which any contemporary account has survived is that of Vesuvius in the year 79, whereby the towns of Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabie were destroyed. For the main facts of this memorable event we are indebted to the two well-known letters of the younger Pliny to Tacitus, and to an examination of the ruins themselves and of the volcanic materials under which they have been buried. But the details may be more vividly appreciated from the accounts of similar re-

cent calamities. The graphic narratives of the eye-witnesses and survivors of the New Zealand eruption of last June are especially interesting from this point of view, for there is a close analogy between the phenomena of that eruption and those which must have characterized the famous outburst of Vesuvius. It is worth while making a comparison between the two widely separated catastrophes.

In the first century of our era, and doubtless for many previous generations, Vesuvius was what would now be called an extinct volcano. Rising some three thousand feet above the sea, it formed a notable landmark in one of the fairest landscapes of the Roman empire. Its slopes were richly cultivated, save around the summit, where the loose volcanic cinders had not yet been covered by the mantle of vegetation that during the previous centuries had gradually been creeping up the mountain. The barren crest surrounded a deep crater, whose rugged walls, tapestried with wild vines, enclosed the level space in which Spartacus and his three thousand companions encamped. Intelligent observers had noticed the probable volcanic origin of the mountain, and tradition spoke of its having formerly emitted fire. But to the surrounding inhabitants it gave no sense of insecurity. The peasants planted their vines up its slopes, and the wealthier Romans traveled to bathe in the warm springs that still issue not far from its roots, and to enjoy the balmy climate of that favored region. At last a succession of earthquakes, some of them of considerable violence, continued during a period of sixteen years to shake the Vesuvian Campania. Some of the towns around the mountain were considerably damaged. A Pompeian inscription records that the temple of Isis in that town had to be rebuilt from the very foundations. The subterranean commotion culminated in the great explosion which in the year 79 blew out the southern half of the upper part of the cone of Vesuvius. Seen from the west side of the Bay of Naples in the early hours of the eruption, the cloud of steam and fragmentary materials that issued from the mountain rose in a huge column, which spread out at the top like the branches of an Italian pine-tree. In

the immediate neighborhood of the volcano, cinders and pieces of "burning rock" fell in a continuous shower, gradually filling up the streets and open spaces of the town, crushing in the roofs and driving the inhabitants to the fields. Violent earthquakes accompanying the successive volcanic discharges shook and shattered the houses and kept the sea in commotion. So vast was the quantity of ashes and stones thrown out that the country for miles around was covered with débris. For three days the air continued so loaded with fine dust that a darkness as of night overspread the landscape. When daylight returned, the fields and gardens had disappeared under a deep covering of white ashes that lay on the ground like snow.

The main portion of the volcanic detritus was no doubt ejected in the earlier stages of the eruption, as may be inferred from the fact that the body of the elder Pliny (who, after the courtyard of the house in which he had been sleeping was nearly choked up with fallen ashes and stones, had retreated to the fields) was found, three days after, lying where he had fallen, and not concealed by the dust that had settled down in the interval. There is no evidence that any lava was emitted during the eruption. But the red-hot stones, and the glare from the crater upon the overhanging pall of cloud, probably show that molten lava rose to the surface in the vent of the volcano, while much of the impalpable dust that filled the air was no doubt due to the explosions of superheated vapors by which successive portions of the rising column of lava were blown out. Though the ill-fated region was spared the destruction which would have been caused by the outflow of streams of lava, it was in some places near the base of Vesuvius invaded by rivers of a thick pasty mud produced by the condensation of the dense clouds of vapor and the mingling of the water with the fine volcanic ashes. These mud torrents swept over Herculaneum, burying it to a depth of fifty feet or more. At Pompeii, also, the heavy rain seems to have formed a similar mud, which ran down into the basements of the houses and quickly enveloped

the human victims who had taken refuge there.

The events in the recent New Zealand eruption run closely parallel to those of this historical outbreak of Vesuvius. In both cases the explosion occurs at an extinct, or at least long dormant, volcano, with little or no warning, and with paroxysmal violence. The convulsive tremors of the ground, the dense, far-extended shower of ashes and hot stones, the lurid glare from the volcano by night and the darkness by day, the pasty mud, the crushing in of houses, the burying of fields and gardens, and the destruction of life are to be noticed in striking similarity in each eruption. The only contemporary chronicler of the Vesuvius calamity was Pliny, a young man of eighteen, who, though invited by his scientific uncle to go with him and investigate the singular phenomenon, preferred to remain with his book at a safe distance. Fortunately, the late New Zealand explosion was witnessed by numerous hardy and intelligent observers, who were soon interviewed by enterprising newspaper correspondents, so that the general succession of events, in so far at least as they affected the human population of the district, was speedily made known. The Government of the colony also immediately dispatched the accomplished director of the Geological Survey of New Zealand, who gathered all the scientific facts which could at the time be obtained. A more detailed examination of the ground is to be made as the spring advances and the volcanic excitement has sufficiently abated. Meanwhile, the salient features of the eruption are tolerably clear. A region of geysirs and boiling springs is one of the strangest and weirdest on the face of the globe. From a distance, the curiosity of the traveler is aroused by the clouds of steam which rise here and there from among the trees, or from the bare sinter-covered slopes. His previous experience of steam-clouds has probably been in association with factories and locomotives, and hence the white puffs that float away and disappear seem in strange contrast with the utter loneliness of the scenery. As he approaches the center of activity, he passes an occasional white mound of crumb-

ling sinter, where a geyisir once has been, and quiet pools of steaming water, of exquisitely green and blue tints, enclosed in alabaster like basins of white and pink sinter. The ground sounds hollow as he walks upon it. Treacherous holes open on all sides, some of them filled with boiling water, others opening down into hot, dark, vaporous caverns. It seems as if he were treading on a thin crust covering a honeycombed mass of hot rock within, beneath which lie vast reservoirs of boiling water, and as if this crust might at any spot give way and precipitate him into the hideous gulfs beneath. But his attention is perhaps arrested by a loud hissing roar like that of a large engine blowing off its steam. Turning to the quarter whence the sound comes, he sees a geyisir in eruption, hurling its column of water and steam high into the air. Farther on he comes to a sputtering caldron of gray, green, or red mud, on the surface of which large blister-like domes rise up and burst, scattering the mud around, and building up miniature volcanic cones round the vents from which the steam escapes. And so on all through this strange region he is surrounded with evidences of the nether fires such as his fancy had never pictured. The heat of the earth's interior is now no longer with him a mere matter of scientific belief. It is such an appalling reality that he is perhaps inclined to regard with astonishment the general belief of geologists that geysirs and boiling springs mark a waning condition of volcanic excitement.

Of the three great geyisir districts of the globe, Iceland, Montana, and New Zealand, the last-named far surpassed its rivals in the supreme beauty of its sinter-terraces. Those of the Yellowstone are exquisite in their variety of form and coloring. But for magnitude, regularity, and brilliance, the Pink and White Terraces of Rotomahana stood unrivaled. To the east of the geysirs and hot mud springs of that locality, rises the great ridge of Tarawera, upward of 3,600 feet in height, with its truncated cones, marking the sites of their extinct craters. Its barren summit had for ages been sacred ground to the Maoris, who carried up their dead to that lonely spot for

burial. The volcanic fires, elsewhere still active, seemed there to have burnt out, and the hot springs remained as apparently the last relic of them. It was hardly possible to select a better illustration of what geologists have regarded as the closing manifestation of volcanic activity.

Nothing unusual had occurred to afford any warning of the approach of the catastrophe which has this summer befallen the "wonderland" of the North Island. Slight earthquakes had disturbed the water of Lake Tarawera, but had not attracted much attention. The terraces of Rotomahana had been visited a day or two before by tourists, who found them in their usual condition. Suddenly, however, early in the morning of the 10th of June, the inhabitants on the shore of Lake Tarawera were roused by earthquake shocks followed by a loud roaring sound. On looking toward the mountain, they saw that its most northerly peak was in eruption. Soon afterward the middle peak burst out more violently. Then the volcanic energy, traveling still southward, found vent in a stupendous explosion, whereby part of the south side of Mount Tarawera was blown into the air. Finally, a grand outburst of steam rose still farther southward from the Lake of Rotomahana, bearing up enormous quantities of volcanic dust and pieces of rock. The noise of this explosion was heard at great distances, and the cloud of fine dust produced by it was hurled for thousands of feet into the air, where it spread out as a thick curtain, and, pierced by vivid flashes of lightning, completely cut off the light of the morning. Accompanying the outbreak, a gale of wind blew with great violence, stripping the leaves from the trees, and bearing the black dust-cloud away to the north. In somewhere about four hours the volcanic paroxysm was over, though immense volumes of steam continued to rise from the vents that had been torn open.

The first narratives of the survivors of the catastrophe gave a graphic picture of the terrors of that dreadful night, but, of course they afforded no very clear idea of the character and successive stages of the eruption.

From Dr. Hector's report, however, in which the statements of the survivors are embodied, together with the results of his own exploration of the district immediately after the eruption, the main facts can be satisfactorily followed. The outbreak appears to have consisted of two distinct phases; the first of these culminated in the grand explosion which tore open a vast chasm on the southern slopes of Tarawera mountain; the second manifested itself in the discharges of steam that blew out Lake Rotomahana and destroyed its famous Terraces.

A chain of eruptive points was established along the crest of the Tarawera range and south-westward to near Lake Okaro, a total distance of some ten miles. What changes have been wrought on the mountain summits has not yet been definitely ascertained. But from a distance the crest of the ridge is seen to have lost its old characteristic outline. No fewer than seven distinct flattened conical peaks rise along the edge of the range, each of them giving off at intervals large discharges of steam and fragmentary materials. So great has been the bulk of ashes and dust thrown out from these vents that the rough craggy slopes of the mountain have been in great measure buried under the thick gray accumulations. A large fissure has been opened along the eastern flank to the range, and emits wreaths of steam. But the most remarkable and important of all the orifices produced during the eruption are to be observed on the southern declivities of the range, and thence into the lower country to the south-west.

On the southern slopes of Mount Tarawera, a large chasm has been torn out 2,000 feet long, 500 feet broad and 800 feet deep. This appears not to have been a mere rent caused by the opening of the ground, but to have been actually blown out by the explosion that convulsed the mountain and concluded the first phase of the eruption. From this great chasm a yawning rent is prolonged for several miles toward the south-west, passing across the site of Lake Rotomahana. Between its precipitous walls great wreaths of steam are continually ascending and, as these are blown aside, glimpses can be obtained of the bottom, which appears to be mostly filled with seeth-

ing and boiling mud. Seven powerful geysirs rise along its course and throw their columns of boiling water, steam, stones, and mud to a height of 600 or 800 f. et. Such is the vigor of these discharges that the western walls of the chasm are being continually undermined. It is sad to learn that the largest of the mud fountains has broken through the site of the Pink Terrace. Another has found its way to the surface on the high ground west of the fissure, and has already built up a cone several hundred feet high.

The sounds accompanying the eruption were of the most appalling kind, and were heard at vast distances. From the black canopy of dust and steam that rose above the volcano and spread northward over the country came a continuous rattle of thunder-peals. The steam issued from the newly opened vents with a deafening roar. The earthquake shocks were propagated through the ground with a growling sound like the rolling of heavy wagons, while, to complete the horrors of the night, a hurricane of wind howled round the tottering houses and swept across the woodlands. The reverberation of the explosion is said to have been perceptible at Christ Church, a distance of 800 miles.

Every account of the eruption bears witness to the prominent part taken by steam all through the paroxysm, and also since comparative quiet returned. From every vent, whether old or new, volumes of steam are constantly rising, either in a continuous stream or in intermittent discharges, and sometimes with explosive violence. The grandest mass of vapor is that which overhangs the geysirs that play where the Lake Rotomahana once stood. It is described as about the eighth of a mile in diameter, and towers not less than 12,000 feet into the air—a vast pillar of cloud, catching up the tints of early morning and of evening, and shining at noon with the whiteness of snow.

No attempt has been made to compute the amount of solid material ejected from the various eruptive vents. It must have been enormous. Owing to the direction of the wind at the time, most of this material was borne away northward. It accumulated most thickly

around the active vents, but the finer parts were carried to great distances. Ships at sea, 130 miles away from the scene of disturbance, had their decks strewn with dust. The finer particles remained suspended in the air for several days. Dr. Hector found a yellow fog, charged with pungent acid vapor and dust, as he crossed the Bay of Plenty, more than two days after the eruption.

By the earlier explosions that opened out the vents on the Tarawera range, vast quantities of blocks of lava were hurled into the air, and fell back upon the slopes of the mountain. Some of these stones, however, were projected to a distance of fifteen or twenty miles to the east and south-east, while in the opposite direction they did not reach farther than six miles. No doubt, most of these stones were fragments of the solid mass of rock which was blown to pieces by the volcanic explosions that cleared out the vents. But the eye-witnesses of the catastrophe all agree in speaking of "fire-balls," or glowing pieces of rock, that fell in showers with the other debris, and even set fire to the trees. That much of the ejected material had at first a high temperature seems quite certain from the observation of Dr. Hector that the fallen sand, though cool on the surface, was still quite hot a foot or so beneath it six days after the eruption. There is also a general agreement that in the first phase of the eruption, when the vents of the Tarawera range successively exploded, what is called a "pillar of fire" shot up into the air. It is difficult to understand that this illumination could be produced merely by the electrical discharges from the dust column. Lightning flashes were also observed, and were distinguished from the glare that rose from the crest of the ridge. From the accounts of the survivors, it seems more probable that a column of incandescent lava actually rose up within the mountain, and that the so-called fire was produced by the glow of this white-hot mass upon the volumes of steam that escaped from it. This inference is strengthened by the character of the finer material that accompanied and followed the ejection of the stones and blocks of rock. Enormous quantities of what is described as

pumice-sand were blown out of Mount Tarawera, and fell over a tract twenty miles long toward the north. This sand as it fell was hot—so hot, indeed, as to scorch and even set fire to the trees, the burning stumps of which were seen by Dr. Hector in many places. If its temperature was still so high after its flight through the air, it must have been at a red or even white heat inside the mountain. We may perhaps not unreasonably look upon this sand as due to the explosion of the molten lava as it rose within the vent saturated with superheated steam. It is true that the Government geologist watched during two clear nights in the week after the eruption, and failed to detect any illumination of the steam that still issued from the vent along the summit of the range. But the top of the incandescent column might have been reduced so much in height by the successive explosions as not to throw its glare beyond the throat of the volcano.

Among the solid material ejected during the eruption most attention has been given to the gray mud which played such an important part in the destruction of life and property. As hot mud springs have long been known in the district, and as the site of Lake Rotomahana has been invaded by a group of active mud-geysirs, it was naturally enough concluded that the mud which crushed in the houses at Wairoa and prostrated the trees was vomited forth from some of the vents of the neighborhood. Dr. Hector however, gives another and more probable explanation. He supposes that the cool south-westerly gale, meeting the great cloud of vapor and dust, drove it away toward the sea and condensed its vapor, which mingled with the fine dust, and fell to the ground as mud. He shows that the mud is absent around the region of the mud-geysirs, where the ground is covered with dry sand, and that it is traceable northward for a distance of nearly forty miles to the Bay of Plenty in the pathway of the wind. It attained a thickness of about one foot on flat ground at Wairoa, gradually thinning away northward. But where it has fallen on slopes it is readily softened by rain, and slides down into lower ground. Photographs

of the ruined hamlet of Wairoa show the leafless trunks of the trees protruding out of the mud which half fills the roofless houses. It will be long before these deep accumulations of volcanic mud can be turned again into fertile fields, and before the sylvan beauty of the Wairoa woodland can be restored. Where, however, the covering of detritus is thin, it will no doubt soon be ploughed into the soil, and all trace of the eruption will then vanish, save in the effect that may be produced upon cultivation. Analyses of the various kinds of sand, dust, and mud are being made, that the farmers may know what they may have to hope or fear from the visitation of this summer.

Lava is not known to have issued from any of the vents or fissures of the district during this eruption. The flanks of the Tarawera volcano, however, have still to be examined, and possibly on the eastern side of the range some trace of outflowing lava may be found. If this should prove to be the case, it would be a notable exception to what has been regarded as the rule, for it would show the resumption of full volcanic activity after the geyser stage toward extinction had been reached. There are so many features in common between the New Zealand eruption and the earliest recorded one of Vesuvius that we are tempted to speculate on a possible future for Mount Tarawera like that which has characterized the Neapolitan volcano during the last eighteen hundred years. But, even should such a conjecture prove to be true, the presence of another active volcano in the North Island would probably not sensibly affect the prosperity even of the district in the midst of which the mountain stands. Successive eruptions of varying intensity might from time to time bring with them some loss of life and damage to property. But the crumbling lavas and ashes would by degrees yield soil well fitted for cultivation. Farms and gardens would creep up the volcanic slopes as they have for so many centuries done upon Vesuvius. The mountain might become one of the great sights of New Zealand, and even the object of pilgrimages to the Southern Hemisphere.

Meanwhile, the colony is poorer by the loss of its famous terraces. Lakes of seething, spattering mud, and geysirs casting forth torrents of hot water and steam, are by no means adequate equivalents of the sinter staircases of Te Tarata which have been so utterly effaced. It will be interesting to discover whether, after all the commotion of last June, any sinter-bearing springs have been left in such a position as to begin again the formation of a new set of terraces. But, even if this process were to re-commence at once, many a generation must pass away before anything can be built up at all resembling in extent and beauty what has been destroyed.

From the outburst of the long silent Ta:awera volcano, one passes by a natural transition of thought to the story of the old volcanoes of Britain; and the question arises whether there is any probability or possibility that, in the revolutions of the future, the volcanic fires may once more be kindled beneath this country. Probably no area of equal extent on the surface of the globe can show the records of so long a succession of volcanic eruptions as are chronicled within the rocky substructure of the British Islands. Again and again, after prolonged intervals when not only had volcanic action ceased, but when the very sites of the volcanoes had been buried out of sight under deep piles of sand and mud, renewed outbreaks have poured forth fresh currents of lava and cast out showers of ashes where now and for long centuries past fields have been reaped and towns have grown. What has been may be again. And it is worthy of remark that, so far as we can judge of the lapse of time in the far past, the interval which separates the last volcanic episode in the geological history of Britain from our own day has been immensely shorter than that which separated it from the immediately preceding volcanic period. We cannot therefore, say that a renewal of volcanic activity within our borders is impossible. When we have discovered the causes that led to the repeated re-appearance of that activity during the remote past, we may be able to predict with more confidence for the future. The contingency of renewed eruptions is not one which

any reasonable geologist would consider to be near or probable; but it is certainly not one which he would be disposed to dismiss as impossible.—ARCH. GEIKIE, in *The Contemporary Review*.

EGYPTIAN DIVINE MYTHS.

Ancient Egypt is one of the battle grounds in the long quarrel as to the origin and the nature of early religion. Did religion arise from an instinctive tendency of human nature, from an innate yearning after the Infinite, and were its primal forms comparatively pure, though later corrupted into animal worship, fetichism, and the cult of ghosts? Or did religion arise from certain inevitable mistakes of the undeveloped intellect—did it spring from ghost worship, magic, and totemism, that is, the adoration of certain objects and animals believed to be related to each separate stock or blood-kindred of human beings? These, roughly, are the main questions in the controversy; and perhaps they cannot be answered, or at least they cannot be answered by a simple "yes" or "no." Complete historical evidence is out of the question. We are acquainted with no race of men who were not more or less religious long before we first encounter them in actual experience or in history. Probably a close examination would prove that in even the most backward peoples religion contains a pure and spiritual element, as well as an element of unreason, of magic, of wild superstition. Which element is the earlier, or may they not have co-existed from the first? In the absence of historical evidence, we can only try to keep the two factors in myth and religion distinct, and examine them as they occur in different stages of civilization. When we look at the religion and myths of Egypt, we find both elements, as will be shown, co-existing; and both full of force and vitality. The problem is to determine whether, on the whole, the monstrous beast-worships are old or comparatively late; whether they date from the delusions of savagery, or are the result of a system of symbols invented by the priesthoods. Again, as to the rational

element of Egyptian religion, is *that*, on the whole, the result of late philosophical speculation, or is it an original and primitive feature of Egyptian theology?

In the following sketch the attempt is made to show that, whatever myth and religion may have been in their undiscovered origins, the purer factor in Egyptian creeds is, to some extent, late and philosophical, while the wild irrational factor is, on the whole, the bequest of an indefinitely remote age of barbaric usages and institutions. The Fathers of the Christian Church were decidedly of this opinion. They had no doubt that the heathen were polytheists and that their polytheism was either due to the wiles of the devil, or to survival of ancestor worship, or simply to the darkness and folly of fallen man in his early barbarism. Mr. Le Page Renouf (in his *Hibbert Lectures*), Dr. Brugsch, M. Pierret, and the late Vicomte de Rougé (an illustrious authority) maintain, against the Fathers and against M. Maspero and Professor Lieblein, of Christiania, the hypothesis that the bestial gods and absurd myths of Egypt are *degradations*. In this essay we naturally side with Professor Lieblein and M. Maspero. We think that the worship of beasts was, in the majority of cases, a direct animal worship, and a continuation of familiar and world-wide savage practices. Mr. Le Page Renouf and M. Pierret, on the other hand, hold that this cult was a symbolical adoration of certain attributes of divinity, a theory maintained by the later Egyptians, and by foreign observers, such as Plutarch and Porphyry. It is not denied on one side that many and multifarious gods were adored, nor, on the other side, that monotheistic and pantheistic beliefs prevailed to some extent at a very remote period. But the question is, Are the many and multifarious gods degradations of a pure monotheistic conception? or does the pure monotheistic conception represent the thought of a later period than that which saw the rise of gods in the form of beasts?

Here it is perhaps impossible to give at once a decided and definite answer. M. Maspero says:

There is nothing to tell us what the gods were at

their *debut*, nor whether the Egyptians brought them from their original seats, or saw their birth by Nile side. When we first meet them their shapes have been profoundly modified in the course of ages, and do not present all the features of their original condition.

Among the most backward peoples now on earth there are traces of a religious belief in a moral ruler of the world. That belief, however, is buried under a mythology in which, according to the laws of savage fancy, animals take the leading rôles. In the same way the religious speculation of early Egypt was acquainted with "a Power without a name or y mythological characteristic." "For some obscure reason monotheistic ideas made way very early to Egypt." At the same time, the worship of Egypt and the myths of Egypt were early directed to, and were peopled by, a wilderness of monkeys, jackals, bulls, geese, rams, and beasts in general. Now it may be, and probably is, impossible for us to say whether the conception of an invisible being who punishes wickedness and answers prayers (a conception held even by the forlorn Fuegians and Bushmen) is earlier or later than totemism and the myths of animals. In the same way, it is impossible to say whether the Egyptian belief in an all-creating and surveying power—Osiris, or Ra, or Horus—is in some form or other, prior to, or posterior to, the cult of bulls and rams and crocodiles. But it is not impossible for us to discern and divide those portions of myth and cult which the Egyptians had in common with Australian and American and Polynesian and African tribes, from those litanies of a purer and nobler style which are only found among civilized and reflective peoples. Having once made this division, it will be natural and plausible to hold that the animal gods and wild myths are survivals of the fancies of savagery, to which they exactly correspond, rather than priestly symbolisms and modes of worshipping pure attributes of the divine nature, though it was in this light that they were regarded by the schools of esoteric theology in Egypt.

The peculiarity of Egypt, in religion and myth as in every other institution, is the retention of the very rudest and most barbarous

things, side by side with the last refinements of civilization. The existence of this conservatism (by which we profess to explain the Egyptian myths and worship) is illustrated, in another field, by the arts of everyday life, and by the testimony of the sepulchres of Thebes. M. Passalacqua, in some excavations at Quarnah, struck on the common cemetery of the ancient city of Thebes. Here he found "the mummy of a hunter, with a wooden bow and twelve arrows, the shaft made of reed, the points of hardened wood tipped with edged flints. Hard by lay jewels belonging to the mummy of a young woman, pins with ornamental heads, necklaces of gold and lapis lazuli, gold earrings, scarabs of gold, bracelets of gold," and so forth. The refined art of the gold-worker was contemporary, and this at a late period, with the use of flint-headed arrows, the weapons commonly found all over the world in places where the metals have never penetrated. Again, a razor-shaped knife of flint has been unearthed; it is inscribed in hieroglyphics with the words, "The great Sam, son of Ptah, chief of artists." The *Sams* were members of the priestly class, who fulfilled certain mystic duties at funerals. It is reported, by Herodotus, that the embalmers opened the bodies of the dead with a knife of stone; and the discovery of such a knife, though it had not belonged to an embalmer, proves that in Egypt the stone age did not disappear, but co-existed throughout with the arts of metal-working. It is certain that flint chisels and stone hammers were used by the workers of the mines in Sinai, even under Dynasties XII., XIX. The soil of Egypt, when excavated, constantly shows that the Egyptians, who in the remote age of the pyramid builders were already acquainted with bronze, and even with iron, did not therefore relinquish the use of flint knives and arrow-heads, when such implements became cheaper than tools of metal, or when they were associated with religion. Precisely in the same way did the Egyptians, who, in the remotest known times, had imposing religious ideas, decline to relinquish the totems, and beast-gods, and absurd or blasphemous myths which (like flint axes and arrow-

heads) are everywhere characteristic of savages. Our business, then, is to discern and exhibit apart, so to speak, the metal age and the stone age, the savage and the cultivated practices and ideas, which make up the pell-mell of Egyptian mythology. As a preliminary to this task, we must rapidly survey the history of Egypt, as far as it affected the religious development.

The ancient Egyptians appear to be connected by race with the peoples of Western Asia, and are styled, correctly or not, "Proto-Semitic. When they first invaded Egypt, at some period quite dim and inconceivably distant, they are said to have driven an earlier stock into the interior. The new comers, the ancestors of the Egyptians, were in the *tribal* state of society, and the various tribes established themselves in local and independent settlements, which (as the original villages of Greece were collected into city states) were finally gathered together (under Menes, a real or mythical hero) as portions, styled *nomes*, of an empire. Each tribal state retained its peculiar religion, a point of great importance in this discussion. In the empire thus formed, different towns, at different times, reached the rank of secular, and, to some extent of spiritual capitals. Thebes, for example, was so ancient that it was regarded as the native land of Osiris, the great mythical figure of Egypt. More ancient as a capital was This, or Abydos, the Holy City *par excellence*. Memphis, again, was, in religion, the metropolis of the god Ptah, as Thebes was of the god Ammon. Each sacred metropolis, as it came to power, united in a kind of pantheon the gods of the various *nomes* (that is, the old tribal deities), while the god of the metropolis itself was a sort of Bretwalda among them, and even absorbed into himself their powers and peculiarities. Similar examples of aggregates of village or tribal religions in a state religion are familiar in Peru, and meet us in Greece.

Of what of nature, then, were the gods of the *nomes*, the old tribal gods? On this question we have evidence of two sorts: first, we have the evidence of monuments and inscriptions from many of the periods; next we have the evidence, in much more minute detail, of

foreign observers, from Herodotus to Plutarch and Porphyry. Let us first see what the monuments have to say about the tribal gods, and the divine groups of the various towns and of each metropolis. Summaries may be borrowed from M. Maspero, head of the Egyptian Museums, and from Mr. Flinders Petrie, the discoverer of Naucratis. According to these authorities, the early shapes of gods among the Egyptians, as among Bushmen and Australians and Algonkians, are *bestial*. M. Maspero writes—

"The essential fact in the religion of Egypt is the existence of a considerable number of divine personages of different shapes and different names. M. Pierret may call this 'an apparent polytheism.' I call it a polytheism extremely well marked. The bestial shapes in which the gods were clad had no allegorical character, they denote that straightforward worship of the lower animals which is found in many religions, ancient and modern. . . . It is possible, nay it is certain, that during the second Theban Empire (1700-1300 B.C.) the learned priests may have thought it well to attribute a symbolical sense to certain bestial deities. But whatever they may have worshipped in Thoth-Ibis, it was a bird, and not a hieroglyph, that the first worshippers of the Ibis adored. The bull Hapi was a god-bull long before he became a bull which was the symbol of a god, and it would not surprise me if the onion-god that the Roman satirists mocked at really existed."

M. Maspero goes on to remark that so far as it is possible to speak of one god in ancient Egypt, that god was, in each case, "nothing but the god of each *nome* or town." M. Meyer is resolute in the same opinion "These sentiments (of reverence for beasts) are naturally no expression of a dim feeling of the unity of godhead, of a 'primitive henotheism,' as has so often been asserted, but of the exact opposite." The same view is taken by MM. Chipiez and Perrot. "Later theology has succeeded in giving more or less plausible explanations of the animal gods. Each of them has been assigned as a symbol or attribute to one of the greater deities. As for ourselves, we have no doubt that these objects of popular devotion were no more than ancient fetiches." Meanwhile it is universally acknowledged, it is asserted by Mr. Le Page Renouf, as well as by M. Maspero, that "the Egyptian religion comprehends a quantity of local worship."

M. Maspero next describes the earliest religious texts and testimonies.

"During the Ancient Empire I only find monuments at four points—at Memphis, at Abydos, and in some parts of Middle Egypt, at Sinai, and in the valley of Hammamat. The divine names appear but occasionally, in certain unvaried formulæ. Under Dynasties XI and XII Lower Egypt comes on the scene; the formulæ are more explicit, but the religious monuments rare. From the eighteenth century onward, we have *representations* of all the deities [previously only named, not pictured], accompanied by legends, more or less developed, and we begin to discover books of ritual, hymns, amulets, and other materials."

What, then, are the earliest gods of the monuments, the gods which were local, and had once probably been tribal gods. Mr. Flinders Petrie observes that Egyptian art is first *native*, then *Semitic*, then *renaissance* or *revival*. In the earliest period, till Dynasty XII. *native* art prevails, and in this earliest art the gods are invariably portrayed as beasts. "The gods, when mentioned, are always represented by their animals" (M. Maspero says that the animals were the gods) "or with the name spelt out in hieroglyphs, often beside the beast or bird. The jackal stands for Anup" (M. Maspero would apparently say that Anup is the jackal). "the frog for Hekt, the baboon for Tahuti; . . . it is not till after Semitic influence had begun to work in the country that any figures of gods are found." Under Dynasty XII the gods that had previously been, represented in art as beasts appear in their later shapes, often half anthropomorphic, half zoomorphic, dog-headed, cat-headed, hawk-headed, bull-headed men and women. These figures are probably derived from those of the priests, half draped in the hides of the animals to which they ministered. Compare the Aztec pictures.

It is now set forth, first, that the earliest gods capable of being represented in art were *local* (that is originally *tribal*), and, second, that these gods were beasts. How, then, is this phenomenon to be explained? M. Pierret and Le Page Renouf, as we have seen, take the old view of the Egyptian priests that the beast-gods are mere symbols of the attributes of divinity. MM. Chipiez and Perrot regard the beast-gods as *fetiches*, and suppose that the domestic animals were, originally

worshiped out of gratitude. But who could be grateful to a frog or a jackal? As to the *fact*, their opinion is explicit: "The worship of the hawk, the vulture, and the ibis had preceded by many centuries that of the gods who correspond to the personages of the Hellenic pantheon," such as Dionysus and Apollo. "The doctrines of emanation and incarnation permitted theology to explain and accept these things." Our own explanation will have been anticipated. The totems, or ancestral sacred plants and animals of groups of the original savage *kindreds*, have survived in religion as the sacred plants (garlic, for example) and animals of Egyptian towns and nomes.

Here we are fortunate enough to have the support of Professor Sayce. He remarks:—

"These animal forms, in which a later myth saw the shapes assumed by the affrighted gods during the great war between Horus and Typhon, take us back to a remote prehistoric age, when the religious creed of Egypt was still totemism. They are survivals from a long-forgotten past, and prove that Egyptian civilization was of slow and independent growth, the latest stage only of which is revealed to us by the monuments. Apis of Memphis, Mnevis of Heliopolis, and Papis of Hermonthis, are all links that bind together the Egypt of the Pharaohs and the Egypt of the stone age. They were the sacred animals of the clans which first settled in these localities, and their identification with the deities of the official religion must have been a slow process, never fully carried out, in fact, in the minds of the lower classes."

Thus it appears that, after all, even on philological showing, the religions and myths of civilized people may be illustrated by the religions and myths of savages. It is purely through study of savage totemism that an explanation has been found of the singular Egyptian practices which puzzled the Greeks and Romans, and the Egyptians themselves. The inhabitants of each district worshiped a particular sacred animal, and abstained from its flesh (except on rare occasions of ritual solemnity), while each set of people ate without scruple the animal or vegetable gods of their neighbors. Thus the people of Mendes sacrificed sheep and abstained from goats, while the Thebans sacrificed goats and abstained from sheep. To explain this, Herodotus repeats a "sacred chapter" of peculiar folly. Ammon once clad himself in a ram's skin, and so re-

vealed himself to Heracles, therefore rams are sacred. But on one day of the year the Thebans sacrifice a ram, and clothe the statue of Ammon in its hide, thereby making the god simulate the beast, as in the totem dances of the Red Indians. They then lament for the ram, and bury his body in a sacred sepulcher. In the same way the crocodile was worshiped at Ombus (just as it is by the "men of the crocodile," or "men of the cayman," among Bonis in South America and Bechuanas in South Africa), but was destroyed elsewhere. The yearly sacrifice and lamentation for the ram is well illustrated by the practice of the Californian Indians, who adore the buzzard, but sacrifice a buzzard with sorrow and groanings once a year. In the same way the Egyptians sacrificed a sow to Osiris once a year, and tasted pork on that occasion only.

Thus it seems scarcely possible to deny the early and prolonged existence of totemistic practices in Egyptian religion. We have not yet seen, however, that the people who would not eat this or that animal actually claimed to be of the stock or lineage of the animal. But Dr. Birch points out that "the Theban kings were called sons of Amen, of the blood or substance of the god, and were supposed to be the direct descendants of that deity," who was, more or less, a ram. Thus it seems that the Theban royal house were originally of the blood of the sheep and claimed descent from the animal. Other evidence as to the totemism of Egypt may be found in Plutarch, Athenæus, Juvenal, and generally in ancient literature. Thus it remains certain, however, and whenever the practice was introduced, that the cat, the goat, the wolf, the sheep, the crocodile, were worshiped by local communities in Egypt, and that, in each district the flesh of the local sacred animal might not be eaten by his fellow-townsmen. If, then, we find animals so powerful in Egyptian religion and myth, we need not look further, but may explain the whole set of beliefs and rites—the local beast-gods, not eaten by their worshippers, but eaten by the people of other nomes—as a survival of totemism. Or will it be maintained that totemism among the lowest races of Australia, America, Asia, and Africa,

sprang from a priestly habit of worshiping the attributes of God under bestial disguises? Among other defects, this theory does not account for the local or tribal character of the creed. If the sheep typifies divine long-suffering, and the wolf divine justice, why were people of one name so fiercely attached to justice, and so violently opposed to mercy?

The beast-gods of Egypt were the laughing-stock of Greeks, Romans, and Christians like Clemens of Alexandria and Arnobius. Their prevalence proves that a savage element entered into Egyptian religion. But the savage element in its rudest form is only part, though perhaps the most striking part, of the creeds of Egypt. Anthropomorphic and monotheistic conceptions are also present, forces and phenomena of nature are adored and looked on as persons, while the dead are gods, in a sense, and receive offerings and sacrifice. It is true that all these factors are so blended in the witch's caldron of fable that the anthropomorphic gods are constantly said to assume animal shape: that the deity, at any moment addressed as one and supreme, is at next shown to be but an individual in a divine multitude; while the very powers and phenomena of nature are often held to be bestial or human in their shapes. Various historical influences are at work in the growth of all this body of myth and observance. It is certain that many even of the lowest races retain, side by side with the most insane fables, a sense of a moral Being, who watches men, and "makes for righteousness." This sense is not lacking in Egyptian religion, and expresses itself in the hymns and prayers for moral help and for the pardon of sin and in the Myth of the Destruction of Mankind by the wrath of Ra. Once more, as a feeling of national unity grew up, the common features of the various tribal deities were blended in one divine conception, and various one gods were recognized, just as in Samoa one god is incarnate in many beasts. We have the sun-crocodile, Sebek-Ra, the sun-ram, Ammon-Ra, just as in Samoa we have the war-god owl, the war-god rail bird, the war-god mullet, and so forth. The worship of the Pharaoh of the day was

also a cult in which all could unite. The learned fancy of priests and theologians was busy at the task of reconciling creeds apparently diverse or opposed.

In the complex mass of official and departmental gods three main classes may be more or less clearly discerned, though even these classes constantly overlap and merge in each other. Adopting the system of M. Maspero, we distinguish: 1. The Gods of Death and the Dead;—2. The Elemental Gods;—3. The Solar Gods. But though for practical purposes we may take this division, it must be remembered that, from the religion of the Eighteenth and later Dynasties down to the Greek period, any god may, at any moment, appear in any one of the three categories, as theological dogma, or local usage, or poetic predilection may determine.

The fact is that the Egyptian mind, when turned to divine matters, was constantly working on, and working over, the primeval stuff of all mythologies, the belief in "a strange and powerful race, supposed to have been busy on earth before the making, or the evolution, or the emergence of man." The Egyptians inherited a number of legends of extra-natural heroes like the savage Qat, Cagn, Yehl, Pundjel, Ioskeha, and Quahteah, like the Maori Tutenganahau and the South Sea Tangaroo. Some of these were elemental forces personified in human or bestial guise; some were merely idealized medicine-men, or even actual men credited with magical gifts and powers. Their "wanderings, rapes, and manslaughters, and mutilations," as Plutarch says, remained permanently in legend. When these beings, in the advance of thought, had obtained divine attributes, and when the conception of abstract divinity had become pure and lofty, the old legends became so many stumbling blocks to the faithful. They were explained away as allegories (every student having his own allegorical system), or the extra-natural beings were taken (as by Plutarch) to be demons, not gods." A brief and summary account of the chief figures in the Egyptian pantheon will make it sufficiently plain that this is the true account of the gods of Egypt, and the true interpretation of their adventures.

Returning to the classification proposed by M. Maspero, and remembering the limitations under which it holds good, we find that—

(1) The Gods of Death and the Dead were Sokari, Isis and Osiris, the young Horus, and Nephthys;—(2) The Elemental Gods were Seb and Nut, of whom Seb is the earth, and Nut the heavens. These two, like heaven and earth in almost all mythologies, are represented as the parents of many of the gods. The other elemental deities are but obscurely known;—(3) Among solar deities are recognized Ra, Ammon, and others, but there was a strong tendency to identify each of the gods with the sun, especially to identify Osiris with the sun in his nightly absence. Each god, again, was apt to be blended with one or more of the sacred animals. "Ra, in his transformations, assumed the form of the lion, cat, and hawk. In different nomes and towns, it either happened that the same gods had different names, or that analogies were recognized between different local gods, in which case the names were often combined, as in Ammon-Ra, Souk-Ra, Ptah, Sokar, Osiris, and so forth.

Athwart all these categories and compounds of gods, and athwart the theological attempt at constructing a monotheism out of contradictory materials, came that ancient idea of dualism which exists in the myths of the most backward peoples. As Pundjel in Australia had his enemy, the crow, as in America Yehl had his Khanukh, as Iosekha had his Tawiscara—so the gods of Egypt, and especially Osiris, have their Set or Typhon, the spirit who constantly resists and destroys.

The great Egyptian myth, the myth of Osiris, turns on the antagonism of Osiris and Set, and the persistence of the blood-feud between Set and the kindred of Osiris. To narrate, and as far as possible elucidate, this myth is the chief task of the student of Egyptian mythology.

Though the Osiris myth, according to Mr. Le Page Renouf, is "as old as Egyptian civilization," and though M. Maspero finds the Osiris myth in all its details under the first dynasties, our accounts of it are by no means so early. They are mainly allusive, without

any connected narrative. Fortunately the narrative, as related by the priests of his own time, is given by Plutarch, and is confirmed both by the Egyptian texts and the mysterious hints of the pious Herodotus. Here we follow the myth as reported by Plutarch and illustrated by the monuments.

The reader must, for the moment, clear his mind of all the many theories of the meaning of the myth, and must forget the lofty, divine, and mystical functions attributed by Egyptian theologians and Egyptian sacred usage to Osiris. He must read the story simply as a story and he will be struck with its amazing resemblances to the legends about their culture heroes which are current among the lowest races of America and Africa. Seb and Nut—earth and heaven—were husband and wife, or, as Plutarch put it, the Sun detected them in adultery. In Plutarch's version the Sun cursed Nut that she should have no child in month or year; but, thanks to the cleverness of a new divine co-responder, five days were added to the calendar. This is clearly a later addition to the fable. On the first of those days Osiris was born, then Typhon, or Set, "neither in due time, nor in the right place, but breaking through with a blow, he leaped out from his mother's side." Isis and Nephthys were later-born sisters.

The Plutarchian myth next describes the conduct of Osiris as a "culture hero." He instituted laws, taught agriculture, instructed the Egyptians in the ritual of worship, and won them from "their destitute and bestial mode of living." After civilizing Egypt, he traveled over the world, like the Greek Dionysus, whom he so closely resembles in some portions of his legend that Herodotus supposed the Dionysian myth to have been imported from Egypt. In the absence of Osiris, his evil brother, Typhon, kept quiet. But, on the hero's return, Typhon laid an ambush against him, like Ægistheus against Menelaus. He had a decorated coffer (mummy case?) made of the exact length of Osiris, and offered this as a present to any one whom it would fit. At a banquet all the guests tried it; but when Osiris lay down in it the lid was closed, and fastened with nails and melted lead. The

coffer, Osiris and all, was then thrown into the Nile. Isis, arrayed in mourning robes like the wandering Demeter, sought Osiris everywhere lamenting, and found the chest at last in an *erica* tree that entirely covered it. After an adventure like that of Demeter with Triptolemus, Isis obtained the chest. During her absence Typhon lighted on it as he was hunting by moonlight; he tore the corpse of Osiris into fourteen pieces, and scattered them abroad. Isis sought for the mangled remnants, and, whenever she found one, buried it, each tomb being thenceforth recognized as "a grave of Osiris."

It is a plausible suggestion that, if graves of Osiris were once as common in Egypt as cairns of Heitsi Eibib are in Namaqualand today, the existence of many tombs of one being may be explained as tombs of his scattered members, and the myth of the dismembering may have no other foundation. On the other hand it must be noticed that a swine was sacrificed to Osiris at the full moon, and it was in the form of a black swine that Typhon assailed Horus, the son of Osiris, whose myth is a *doublure* or *replica*, in some respects, of the Osirian myth itself. We may conjecture, then, that the fourteen portions into which the body of Osiris was rent may stand for the fourteen day of the waning moon. It is well known that the phases of the moon and lunar eclipses are almost invariably accounted for in savage science by the attacks of a beast—dog, pig, dragon, or what not—on the heavenly body. Either of these hypotheses (the Egyptians adopted the latter) is consistent with the character of early myth, but both are merely tentative suggestions. The phallus of Osiris was not recovered, and the totemistic habit which made the people of three different districts abstain from three different fish—*lepidotus*, *phagrus*, and *oxyrhyncus*—was accounted for by the legend that these fish had devoured the missing portion of the hero's body.

So far the power of evil, the black swine Typhon, had been triumphant. But the blood-feud was handed on to Horus, son of Isis and Osiris. To spur Horus on to battle, Osiris returned from the dead, like Hamlet's father. But as is usual with the ghosts of

savage myth, Osiris returned, not in human but in the bestial form, as a wolf. Horus was victorious in the war which followed, and handed Typhon over bound in chains to Isis. Unluckily Isis let him go free, whereon Horus pushed off her crown and placed a bull's skull on her head. There Plutarch ends, but he expressly declines to tell the more blasphemous parts of the story, such as "the dismemberment of Horus and the beheading of Isis." Why these myths should be considered "more blasphemous" than the rest does not appear.

It will probably be admitted that nothing in this sacred story would seem out of place if we found it in the legends of Pundjel, or Cagn, or Yehl, among Australians, Bushmen, or Utes, whose own "culture hero," like the ghost of Osiris, was a wolf. The dismembering of Osiris in particular resembles the dismembering of many other heroes in American myth; for example, of Chokanipok, out of whom were made vines and flint-stones. Objects in the mineral and vegetable world were explained in Egypt as transformed parts, or humors, of Osiris, Typhon, and other heroes.

Once more, though the Egyptian gods are buried here, and are immortal in heaven, they have also, like the heroes of Eskimo and Australians, and Indians of the Amazon, been transformed into stars, and the priests could tell which star was Osiris, which was Isis, and which was Typhon. Such are the wild inconsistencies which Egyptian religion shares with the fables of the lower races. In view of these facts it is difficult to agree with Brugsch that "from the root and trunk of a pure conception of diety spring the bough and twigs of a tree of myth, whose leaves spread into a rank impenetrable luxuriance." Stories like the Osiris myth, stories found all over the whole world, spring from no pure religious source, but embody the delusions and fantastic dreams of the lowest and least developed human fancy and human speculation.

The references to the myth in papyri and on the monuments, though obscure and fragmentary, confirm the narrative of Plutarch. The coffer in which Osiris foolishly ventured himself seems to be alluded to in the Harris

Magical Papyrus. "Get made for me a shrine of eight cubits. Then it was told to thee, O man of seven cubits, how canst thou enter it? And it has been made for thee, and thou has reposed in it." Here, too, Isis magically stops the mouths of the Nile, perhaps to prevent the coffer from floating out to sea. More to the point is one of the original "Osirian hymns" mentioned by Plutarch. The hymn is on a stele, and is attributed by M. Chabas, the translator, to the seventeenth century. Osiris is addressed as the joy and glory of his parents, Seb and Nou, who overcomes his enemy. His sister, Isis, accords to him due funeral rites after his death, and routs his foes. Without ceasing, without resting, she sought his dead body, and wailing did she wander round the world, nor stopped till she found him. Light flashed from her feathers. Herus, her son, is king of the world.

Such is a *précis* of the mythical part of the hymn. The rest regards Osiris in his religious capacity as a sovereign of nature, and is the guide and protector of the dead. The hymn corroborates, as far as it goes, the narrative of Plutarch, two thousand years later. Similar confirmation is given by "The Lamentations of Isis and Nephtys," a papyrus found within a the statue of Osiris, in Thebes. The sisters wail for the dead hero, and implore him to "come to his own abode." The theory of the birth of Horus, here, is that he was formed out of the scattered members of Osiris, an hypothesis, of course, inconsistent with the other myths (especially with the myth that he dived for the members of Osiris, in the shape of a crocodile), and, therefore, all the more mythical. On the sarcophagus of Seti the First (now in the Soane Museum), among pictures and legends descriptive of the soul's voyage after death, there is a design of a mummy. Behind it comes a boat manned by a monkey, who drives away a pig called "the devourer of the body," referring to Typhon as a swine, and to the dismemberment of Osiris and Horus. The "Book of Respirations," finally, contains the magical songs by which Isis was feigned to have restored breath and life to Osiris. In the representations of the vengeance and triumph of Horus, on the

temple walls of Edfou, in the Ptolemaic period, Horus, accompanied by Isis, not only chains up and pierces the red hippopotamus (or pig in some designs), who is Set, but, exercising reprisals, cuts him into pieces as Set cut Osiris. Isis instructs Osiris as to the portion which properly falls to each of nine gods. Isis reserves his head and "saddle," Osiris gets the thigh, the bones are given to the cats. As each god had his local habitation in a given town, there is doubtless reference to local myths. At Edfou also the animal of Set is sacrificed symbolically, in his image made of paste, a common practice in ancient Mexico. Many of these myths, as M. Naville remarks, are doubtless ætiological—the priests, as in the *Brahmanas*, told them to account for peculiar parts of the ritual, and to explain strange local names. Thus the names of many places are explained by myths setting forth that they commemorate some event in the campaign of Horus against Set. In precisely the same way the local superstitions, originally totemic, about various animals, were explained by myths attaching these animal to the legends of the gods. If the myth has any historical significance it may refer to the triumph of the religion of Horus over Semitic belief in Set.

Explanations of the Osiris myth, thus handed down to us, were common among the ancient students of religion. Plutarch reports many of them in his tract *De Iside et Osiride*. They are all the interpretations of civilized men, whose method is to ask themselves "Now, if I had told such a tale as this, for invented such a mystery play of divine misadventures, what meaning could I have intended to convey in what is apparently blasphemous nonsense?" There were moral, solar, lunar, cosmical, tellurian, and other methods of accounting for a myth which, in its origin, appears to be one of the world-wide early legends of the strife between a fabulous good being and his brother, a fabulous evil being. Most probably some incidents from a moon-myth have also crept into, or from the first made part of, the tale of Osiris. The enmity of Typhon to the eyes of Horus, which he extinguishes, and which are restored, has much the air of an early mythical attempt to explain the pheno-

mena of eclipses, or even of sunset. We can plainly see how local and tribal superstitions, according to which this or that beast, fish, or tree was held sacred, came to be tagged to the general body of the myth. This or that fish was not to be eaten, this or that tree was holy; and men who had lost the true explanation of these superstitions explained them by saying that the fish had tasted, or the tree had sheltered, the mutilated Osiris.

This view of the myth, while it does not pretend to account for every detail, refers it to a larger class of similar narratives, to the barbarous dualistic legends about the original good and bad extra-natural beings, which are still found current among contemporary savages. These tales are the natural expression of the savage fancy, and we presume that the myth survived in Egypt, just as the use of flint-headed arrows and flint knives survived during millenniums in which bronze and iron were perfectly familiar. The cause assigned is adequate, and the process of survival is verified.

Whether this be the correct theory of the fundamental facts of the myth or not, it is certain that the myth received vast practical and religious developments. Osiris did not remain the mere culture-hero of whom we have read the story, wounded in the house of his friends, dismembered, restored, and buried, reappearing as a wolf or bull, or translated to a star. His worship pervaded the whole of Egypt, and his name grew into a kind of hieroglyph for all that is divine.

"The Osirian type, in its long evolution, ended in being the symbol of the whole defiled universe—under-world and world of earth, the waters above and the waters below: it is Osiris that floods Egypt in the Nile, and that clothes her with the growing grain. His are the sacred eyes, the sun that is born daily and meets a daily death, the moon that every month is young and waxes old. Osiris is the soul that animates these, the soul that vivifies all things, and all things are but his body. He is, like Ra of the royal tombs, the Earth and the Sun, the Creator and the Created."

Such is the splendid sacred vestment which Egyptian theology wove for the mangled and massacred hero of the myth. All forces, all powers, were finally recognized in him; he was sun and moon, and the Maker of all things; he was the Truth and the Life, in him

all men were justified. His functions as a king over death and the dead find their scientific place among other myths of the homes of the departed. M. Lefébure recognizes in the name Osiris the meaning of "the infernal abode," or "the nocturnal residence of the sacred eye," for, in the duel of Set and Horus, he sees a mythical account of the daily setting of the sun. "Orisis himself, the sun at his setting, became a center round which the other incidents of the war of the gods gradually crystallized." Osiris is also the earth. It would be difficult either to prove or disprove this contention, and the usual divergency of opinion as to the meaning and etymology of the word "Osiris" has always prevailed. Plutarch identifies Osiris with Hades; "both," says M. Lefébure, "originally meant the dwellings—and came to mean the god—of the dead." In the same spirit Anubis, the jackal (a beast still degraded as a ghost by the Egyptians), is explained as "the circle of the horizon," or "the portal of the land of darkness," the gate kept, as Homer would say, by Hades, the mighty warden. Whether it is more natural that men should represent the circle of the horizon as a jackal, or that a jackal totem should survive as a god, mythologists will decide for themselves. The jackal, by a myth that cannot be called pious, was said to have eaten his father, Osiris. Thus, throughout the whole realm of Egyptian myths, when we find beasts-gods, blasphemous fables, apparent nature-myths, such as are familiar in Australia, South Africa, or among the Eskimo, we may suppose that these are survivals, or we may imagine that they are the symbols of nobler ideas deemed appropriate by priestly fancy. Thus the hieroglyphic name of Ptah, for examples, show a little figure carrying something heavy on his head, and this denotes "him who raised the heaven above the earth." But is this image derived from *un point de vue philosophique*, or is it borrowed from a tale like that of the Maori Tutenganahau, who first severed heaven and earth? The most enthusiastic anthropologist must admit that, among a race which constantly used a kind of

picture-writing, symbols of noble ideas *might* be represented in the coarsest concrete forms, as of animals and monsters. The most devoted believer in symbolism, on the other hand, ought to be aware that most of the phenomena which he explains as symbolic are plain matters of fact, or supposed fact, among hundreds of the lower peoples. However, Egyptologists are seldom students of the lower races and their religions.

The hypothesis maintained here is that most of the Egyptian gods (theriomorphic in their earliest shapes), and that certain of the myths about these gods, are a heritage derived from the savage condition. It is beyond doubt that the Egyptian gods, whom Plutarch would not call gods; but demons, do strangely resemble the extra-natural beings of Hottentots, Iroquois, Australians, and Bushmen. Isis, Osiris, Anubis *do assume* animal shapes at will, or are actually animals *sans phrase*. They do deal in magical powers. They do herd with ghosts. They are wounded, and mangled, and die, and commit adulteries, rapes, incests, fratricides, murders; and are changed into stars. These coincidences between Cahroc and Thlinket and Piute faiths on one side, and Egyptian on the other, cannot be blinked. They must spring from one identical mental condition. Now, either the points in Egyptian myth which we have just mentioned are derived from mental condition like that of Piutes, Thlinkets, and Cahrocs, or the myths of Thlinkets, Cahrocs, or Piutes are derived from a mental condition like that of the Egyptians. But where is the proof that the lower races ever possessed "the wisdom of the Egyptians," and their splendid and durable civilization?—ANDREW LANG, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

MAN-EATING TIGERS.

Were it not for the presence of civilized man, with his flocks and herds, a tiger could never reach old age. Its stiffening or rather failing limbs would no longer enable it to capture the deer and other active animals

which are its natural prey, nor could its blunted teeth tear the dead carcass in pieces. It would become more and more feeble, and in the course of nature would creep to some retired spot, and there breathe its last. But the presence of civilized man gives it a longer lease of life. For some time it can haunt the outskirts of the villages, picking up a stray ox or goat, and so sustaining life. As the infirmities of age make themselves felt, even so slight an exertion becomes too burdensome, and the animal finds that an old woman or a child that has strayed from the shelter of the house is a still easier prey. When once established in either of these stages of artificial life, the tiger becomes the most terrible foe that the mind of man can conceive. In the graphic language of Colonel W. Campbell:

"A confirmed man-eater always lurks in the neighborhood of villages, or close to some well-frequented road, and rarely preys upon any other animal but man. When a tiger thus quarters himself almost at the doors of the inhabitants a curse has indeed fallen upon them. The ryots cannot cultivate their fields but at the risk of their lives. The women dare not fetch water from the well. The persecuted laborers, returning at sunset from their daily toil, may be seen hurrying along with headlong speed, and uttering loud yells in hope of scaring their hidden foe. Peace and security are banished from that devoted village. Day after day some member of the little community disappears—the land is filled with mourning, and the death-lament comes swelling on the evening breeze, instead of the gay notes of the zitar and the merry laugh of light-hearted maidens. The destroying fiend revels in blood, and becomes daily more open in his attacks."

In one district only, that of Kandeish, the officer in command reported that during his four years' tenure of the post the tigers killed annually an average of ninety human beings and six thousand cattle. An old man-eater develops an amount of cunning which is simply appalling. It never remains for any length of time in one place, but incessantly travels from one village to another, concealing itself with the utmost art, carrying off one of the inhabitants, and immediately making its way to some distant spot. A single tiger has been known to paralyze a triangular district of some forty miles in extent.

The natives feel themselves powerless, and all that they can think of is to offer rice to their numerous divinities. Their only real

hope lies in the European, whom they despise and abhor as an unbeliever, but respect for his powers. Mounted on trained elephants, and guided by native trackers, mostly belonging to the Bheel tribe, the English hunters first discover the beast in its hiding-place, and then destroy it.

A remarkable instance of the cunning of an old man-eater is narrated by Colonel W. Campbell in his *Indian Journal*. A man-eating tigress had been tracked for four days by the Bheels, and at last "harbored," as stag-hunter say, in a small thicket. As the party approached the tigress charged them, and then retreated to the thicket. The elephant was taken through the cover, but the tigress had slipped out. Guided by a Bheel, who walked by the elephant's side, the track was followed for some distance. Making a circuit, it led back to the thicket, but again the cover was empty. On making a "cast" to discover the lost track, a fresh footprint of a tiger was seen over that of the elephant. Again a circuit was made, and with the same result. Completely puzzled, the Bheel was about to start off on foot in search of the track, when one of the hunters happened to look back and saw the tiger crouching behind the elephant, and scarcely visible. The crafty animal had been creeping after the elephant, waiting for an opportunity of pouncing on the Bheel as soon as he left his shelter. Had it not been for the casual glance by which the position of the animal was detected the device would have been successful. As it was the hunter placed a bullet between her eyes as she was watching the Bheel, whom she instinctively knew to be the real element of danger to her.

Comedy and tragedy go hand in hand in these hunts. An amusing example of the former is given by the same traveler. A tiger had been wounded, but although one of its hind legs was broken it made its way into a patch of high grass, and hid there. Guided by the Bheels, the elephant entered the grass patch for the purpose of driving out the tiger. The cunning animal allowed the party to pass, and then sprang at one of the Bheels, "a little, hairy, bandy-legged man, more like a satyr than a human being." The Bheel

dashed at the nearest tree, and, owing to the broken leg of the tiger, was able to climb out of reach. Finding himself safe, the Bheel "commenced a philippic against the father, mother, sisters, aunts, nieces, and children of his helpless enemy, who sat with glaring eyeballs fixed on his contemptible little enemy, and roaring as if his heart would break with rage.

"As the excited orator warmed by his own eloquence he began skipping from branch to branch, grinning and chattering with the emphasis of an enraged baboon; pouring out a torrent of the most foul abuse, and attributing to the tiger's family in general, and his female relatives in particular, every crime and atrocity that ever was or will be committed. Occasionally he varied his insults by roaring in imitation of the tiger; and at last when fairly exhausted, he leaned forward till he appeared to be within the grasp of the enraged animal, and ended this inimitable scene by spitting in his face."

Sometimes the tragic element prevails. In one of these too numerous instances a man-eater, which for six months had been the terror of the neighborhood, had been traced down, and was seen to creep into a ravine. The beaters were at once ordered off, as they could not be of service, and might be charged by the tiger, which had already been rendered furious by a wound. Unfortunately these men are in the habit of half intoxicating themselves with opium before driving the tiger from his refuge, and one of them who had taken too large a dose refused to escape, and challenged the tiger, drawing his sword and waving it defiantly. In a moment the animal sprang upon him, dashed him to the ground with a blow of his paw, and turned to bay. After a series of desperate charges he was killed. The hunters then went to the assistance of the wounded man, but found that he was past all aid; the lower part of his face, including both jaws, having been carried away as if by a cannon-ball.

The terrific effect of the single blow indicates the power of the limb which struck it. Had the blow taken effect a few inches higher the whole of the head would have been carried away. By a similar blow a tiger has been known to crush the skull of an ox so completely, that when handled the broken bones felt as if they were loose in a bag. The wonder at this terrific strength diminishes when

the limb is measured. The tiger which killed the foolhardy man was by no means a large one, measuring nine feet five inches from the nose to the tip of the tail; yet the girth of the forearm was *two feet seven inches*. The corresponding limb of a very powerful man scarcely exceeds a foot in circumference.

Not until it becomes a man-eater is the tiger much dreaded, especially in the case of those natives who do not possess flocks or herds. Indeed, when an Englishman has offered to kill a tiger whose lair was well known, he has been requested not to do so, as the tiger did no harm, and killed so many deer that it supplied the neighbors with meat. The tigress is much more to be dreaded as a man-eater than the male animal. Should she happen to have cubs it is necessary to kill the entire family, as the young ones have been accustomed from the first to feed on human flesh, and begin, instead of ending, by being man-eaters. —Rev. J. G. Wood, in *Good Words*.

A MONTH IN SEARCH OF WORK.

Aug. 9, 1886.—I left London and walked to Luton, thirty miles.

Aug. 10.—Inquired at foundries next morning, but was told that they had no work for their own men, and then walked on to Bedford and received the same answer as at Luton, and being very short of money began to think of returning, but was told I might get work at Northampton, so walked on to Northampton, and found on arriving there that my funds amounted to 10½*d.*, after having only one meal that day.

Aug. 11.—Inquired at the foundry next morning, but found that they did not want any hands, so I determined to walk on to Birmingham, and having no money walked on all night.

Aug. 12.—Arriving in Birmingham quite wet. I went to the Free Library to see the papers, but found no places vacant, that would suit me, so made inquiries in town as to trade, but was told that trade was as bad as it had been for the last three years, and now that my

money was all gone, and having no food all day, I began to look around for the means of a night shelter, but could only raise 2½*d.*, so I slept in an unfinished building till morning.

Aug. 13-17.—Being determined to find work if possible I stayed in the town for five days, being without food for two days, and sleeping in an outhouse three nights, living during that time on a few pieces of bread that I begged.

Aug. 18.—Seeing that there was no work to be had in Birmingham, I then went to Burton-on-Trent, and there I had a shilling given to me by some men at the foundry, and one of them took me to a house and paid for my bed, so that I had a good supper and breakfast.

Aug. 19.—I then walked to Derby, but found that they were as short of work there as anywhere else.

Aug. 20.—I spent the last fourpence for a bed, and got up at five o'clock the next morning and walked to Sheffield, thirty-six miles. I arrived at Sheffield tired and wet, for it rained nearly all day. I went to a mechanic that I knew, and he gave me something to eat and sixpence for my lodgings.

Aug. 21.—The next day I was all over the town looking for work, but could not succeed. I had nothing to eat that day. I then went into several public-houses and begged enough money for my lodgings.

Aug. 22-25.—I stayed in Sheffield four days, and went all around the district, Rotherham, Parkgate, and Masborough. I was then sent to a large colliery owner, and he gave me a letter to a large engine works, but the answer I got was that there were not half their own men at work; but the manager kindly gave me a shilling, which found me two good meals and a bed.

Aug. 26.—Seeing that I could not get work in Sheffield I went on to Nottingham—thirty-eight miles—having made my mind up to come back to London. After walking twelve miles to Chesterfield, I began to feel very hungry. I went into a field about two miles out of the town, and took two small turnips and ate them, and then went on to Nottingham.

Aug. 27-30.—Arriving in Nottingham, I went to a minister that I knew previously in London, and he very kindly gave me a letter to a

coffee house for food and bed for two days. Having worked in Nottingham, I knew the town very well, and I asked at nearly at all the works, but there was no work for no one. At one factory where I had work at before there had used to be from eighty to a hundred hands employed, but now there are only seven, and they are making about twenty-seven hours a week. I then stayed in the town to days longer but could get nothing to do, and had only 6½d. for the last two days.

Aug. 31.—I thought I would try Leicester. I reached there about eight o'clock; and being regularly worn out I did not know where to go, so I rested myself outside the town and then went and slept under a hayrick till morning, and then walked back into town, after trying hard all day to get work. I saw a load of coals that wanted putting into a cellar. I went and asked for the job, and was offered 8d. to put them down the cellar, which I accepted, and so I had something to eat and another night's shelter.

Sept. 1.—Next morning, seeing there was no chance of work in Leicester, I walked to Coventry, eating on the road a few blackberries from the hedges. I got to Coventry about seven o'clock, and sold two pairs of socks and a shirt for ninepence, and went to bed with threepence in my pocket. The next morning went to all the bicycle works, but found that they were more likely to discharge the workmen than take any more hands on. Having spent the threepence left from morning, I was compelled to beg again, and, having got a few pence, I walked on to Rugby and slept there.

Sept. 2.—I then walked to Northampton again, and there sold my waist coat for a shilling; after getting tea and bread and butter I went to bed.

Sept. 3.—I tried the town again for work, but could get none, so I started on my way for London, which I reached after walking two days and two nights without having anything but water and blackberries. And I can only say that my experiences tell me that there are fully six-tenths of the working classes out of employment in England. I have only to say that I should be glad to get work at £1 a week, although I should be condemn-

ed by my fellow-workmen if they knew it.—
A MECHANIC, in *The Pall Mall Gazette*.

A PERTINENT QUESTION ANSWERED.

The following correspondence will speak for itself:

I. INQUIRY.

CANTON, OHIO, Oct. 11th, 1886.

Dear Sir:—It is a general complaint that very few of our young men graduate from our public High Schools—very few in comparison with the number of young ladies who graduate. It is believed that the proportion is not above one to four throughout the state. Demand for explanation is usually met by a statement that the worldly circumstances of parents require the personal services and earnings of their boys at an early age. But the fact is, that very few of the boys of professional men, merchants and others in favorable and easy circumstances remain to graduate, while the sons of poor men frequently do so. Inquiry among parents whose boys have left school before graduation leads to the belief that in most cases the discontinuance has been against the wishes of the parents and notwithstanding the earnest desire of the parents, that they should remain and graduate. The worldly circumstances of the parents cannot be relied on as the true reason for this condition of affairs.

Another reason has been given. It is, that the boy has taken an aversion to school and school work from the sting of ignominy inflicted on him, from the age of from ten to fourteen years, by cruel corporal punishments inflicted on him. It is believed by some who have given this subject thought, that great harm is being done to our educational system by the toleration of excessive corporal punishments on boys in school; that the practice is an evil one, and has an inherent tendency to abuse; that by its imposition the teachers become cruel and heartless, and the boys sullen and revengeful; that it breaks down their self-respect, stultifies their budding manhood, and makes the school where it is inflicted distaste-

ful, if not hateful to them, and they seek every excuse to be free from its disgraceful thralldom.

Has this thought ever occurred to you in connection with your school work? You are aware that as men we consider a blow as a deep indignity. One of the marked distinctions for centuries between freemen and slaves has been that a freeman may not be beaten as a punishment. The more refined and advanced the state of civilization, the deeper and more humiliating the sense of indignity felt from the infliction of blows. May not our boys have feelings and sentiments akin to our own? Nay, may it not be, that many parents, sympathizing with the developing manhood of their boys, withdraw them from schools where cruel corporal punishments are tolerated? A desire for education may be very strong in the human mind, but it is not a moving instinct like the desire to satisfy hunger. Wild animals will seek places where food is abundant; but they will shun, if they starve, places where they know there is personal danger, though food there may be ever so abundant and desirable. Are our boys driven from school before graduation by the ignominy, or the dread of the ignominy, of personal violence at the hands of their teachers?

May I hope that this subject will receive careful consideration, and that I may have at the earliest practicable moment your views as fully as possible? A waiting which I am,

Very respectfully yours,

JAMES J. CLARK,

Member of Canton School Board.

II. REPLY.

HAMILTON, O., Oct. 15th, 1886.

Dear Sir:—In answer to your courteous letter of inquiry I wish to state that the fact, the causes of which you desire to investigate, is correct. Though we find that the number of boy graduates as compared with that of the girls in our city is more than one-third, this does not materially alter the aspect of the case. I agree with you that the argument concerning

the worldly circumstances of parents cannot stand, inasmuch as it is not upheld by facts sufficient in number to make them of weight. Again I agree, that abridgment of the course by voluntary "quitting" is hardly ever in accord with the parents' desires. Certainly there must be other reasons for the undue proportion of female graduates over male graduates.

Now you attribute the above fact to the toleration or let me say, to the application of cruel corporal punishment at the hands of the teachers in the age from ten to fourteen years. You reason well, you reason admirably, and I agree that this explains, if not many, certainly some, cases of early withdrawal from school; but permit me to say in all candor that you are playing on a harp with one string. In the first place, corporal punishment is not prevalent enough, as far as my extended experience goes, to be so potent a factor in the case under discussion. Moreover, boys who manage to get cruelly beaten (I am speaking advisedly just now, and, as I believe, with the proper choice of terms) are of a type who never enter a high school and certainly never graduate. But, sir, your argument as to the degrading influence of corporal punishment, both upon pupils and teachers, is heartily commendable.

Personally and in my official capacity I regard only two offences corporally punishable. According to the educational rule that punishment should be in strict accordance with the offence I believe corporal punishment in place, where a flagrant case of cruelty, either to animals or schoolmates, etc., is to be dealt with, because bodily pain is the proper remedy in that case; and secondly, in the case of open and violent resistance to authority, for we must not forget, that the school is not a republic, and that the teacher is to be queen of the hive, or leader of the class. For every other offence, be it against truth, order, honesty, decency, or whatever else, corporal punishment is improper; moreover, since it acts like opium, if indulged in a few times it causes a craving for more; people become accustomed to it and make its application a habit.

A PERTINENT QUESTION ANSWERED.

Now, whether my limitation of corporal punishment as stated finds approval or not, this much will be granted by every right-thinking person, namely, that the less corporal punishment is inflicted the higher will be the type of the school, morally and intellectually; also that in some cases, as you most convincingly state it, boys are driven from school before graduation by the ignominy of personal violence at the hands of the teacher, or even by the dread of such ignominy.

Permit me to recapitulate: first, I grant, that in a few cases the worldly circumstances cause an early withdrawal of the boys from school. And second, that in a greater number of cases the application of corporal punishment has the same effect, but that *does not adequately explain the great falling off* in the number of boys who try to acquire a higher education. The following causes will, in my humble judgment, explain the fact under discussion better than the two contained in your letter of inquiry.

I. I remind you, dear sir, of the fact that in this country manifold opportunities are offered to boys at an early age to earn, if not a livelihood, certainly a considerable amount of spending and pocket money. This is a temptation which is not held out in many European countries—a temptation to which many a tolerably good boy in this country succumbs.

II. I remind you of this other fact, that the worship of the self-made man in this country, though deplorable it be, tempts the boy to despise, as his father is likely to do, systematic higher education, and to try and carve out his own future. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the boy fails, and speedily sinks to the bottom, never reaches the fame of the great self-made man and is finally found on a level with men of whom thirteen do not even make a dozen. But the fact remains, that it is a great temptation. College-bred men are quoted below par in this country. The river cannot rise higher than its source, why should the boy think higher education necessary, or even desirable, when at the fireside, in the press, from the pulpit or the lecture-rostrum, on the stump, at the bar, in fact everywhere

in this country, the fame of the self-made man is proclaimed.

III. Permit me to call your attention to a third fact not generally known, and where known not infrequently denied for reasons too obvious to mention and too contemptible to combat. It is this, that the course of study, the methods of teaching and the mode of training in the higher grades of the intermediate school, as well as in the high school, are designed for and shaped according to the needs and wants of the girls and not the boys. While I grant readily and cheerfully that the girls have the right to the same amount of education which the boys claim, and that it is our solemn duty to grant it to them, I claim most emphatically (fully aware of the opposition which I shall call forth by the statement) that the two sexes from twelve years upward need a different method of acquiring that amount, or in other words, need a different training. I cannot go into details, but I should covet an opportunity to do so. Suffice it to say, that we measure the steps in our instruction and the methods of procedure by the peculiar combination of faculties in the girls, just as a father measures his steps by those of his child whom he takes out walking. There is a strong desire for exertion and application of his powers in the boy which is not complied with at this age in the schools as they are. He is repressed, and made to progress as the girls do. He sits side by side with them, they are held up to him as examples whose frailty he in his physically robust nature despises. Moreover in many cases he has not even a male example in his teacher; if he is a weak character he becomes effeminate, if he is a strong character he is soon filled with disgust and quits school to find a better opportunity for exertion of those powers which find no satisfaction in a girls' school. I know, dear sir, this will be considered rank heresy among many educational leaders in this country; but it is my conviction, and I have the courage of my conviction to utter it. Do not be deceived by the flimsy argument that the girls are making more rapid progress than the boys; they are merely passive recipients of knowledge, while a boy can argue

himself into knowledge when he has a male teacher who is ready to indulge him in that. The very presence of girls, however, debars him from that in a girls' school, for that is what most of our high schools are. Where boys and girls are separated in different buildings usually a greater number of boys graduate annually. This confirms the cause aforesaid.

IV As I stated above, the undue proportion of female teachers over male teachers is to be counted in, when we look for the causes of the early withdrawal from school on the part of the boys. Boys must have examples of manliness, of man's thoughts, of man's ways of acting, of man's motives, of man's will power and general conduct at the critical age of fourteen to eighteen; and instinctively feeling this, they seek it outside of school. But I have sufficiently emphasized this under III. not to dwell upon it at length.

Pardon the voluminousness of this reply, but of what the heart is full the mouth will flow over.

Yours very respectfully,
L. R. KLEMM,
Supt. of Public Schools.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

WASHINGTON'S SIGNATURE.—"Dr. Persifor Frazer," says *Science*, "recently published in the proceedings of the American Philosophical Society a paper on Composite Photography as applied to handwriting. George Washington's signature was one of the first to suggest itself for the purpose, because many persons were familiar with it, and there are numerous well-authenticated documents in existence which bear it.—As in every thing else, Washington was deliberate, painstaking, and uniform in his method of writing his signature, and the consequence is that it makes an excellent composite for illustration.

"In writing his signature, Washington put pen to the paper five times. First he wrote the *G W* in one connected line. Second, he raised his hand and made the small *o* between the upper part of the *G* and *W*, and the two dots. Third, his hand and arm were placed in position to write *-asking*, these six letters occupying a breadth of almost exactly $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches. This is about as much of the arc of a circle (of which the center is the elbow pivoted on the table) as one with a forearm of average length can come to coincide with the tangent, or the straight line across the paper which the lower parts of the letters follow, unless unusual effort be made, and a great deal more

movement be given to the fingers. The *o* ends in a curved flourish, of which the convex side is turned upward below the right center of the name. Fourth, he wrote the final *-ton*. Fifth, he added the very peculiar flourish above the right center of the name, with the object of dotting the *i* and crossing the *t* at the same stroke.

"It is hardly possible that any one, during the period of sixteen years which these signatures represent, or from 1776 to 1792, should have so schooled his hand to write a long name that the first inch or so of the writing should always occupy the same relative position to the body of the signature. It would take at least that much action for the hand and arm and pen to be brought into normal signature-writing condition; and especially is this so when this part of the writing is accompanied by flourishes, as it is in the case we are considering. The *G W*, and the little *o*, and the dots at the top, were the prelude, after which the arm was moved into position to write the main body of the signature, or the *-asking*. This latter is the part of the name which one would have expected to exhibit the greatest amount of uniformity, as in point of fact it does, with the exception of its terminal *g*, which shows more variation than any of the other letters, because at this point the limit of coincidence between the tangent line of the writing and the curve, of which the right fore-arm was the radius, had been passed, and a freer movement of the fingers was compensating for the increasing divergence. It is likely that Washington sometimes raised the hand between the end of the long *s* and the beginning of *h*, but he does not appear to have moved the elbow. The fourth separate act of the penman was the formation of the *ton* after a movement of the arm. The breadth of the space occupied by these three letters is from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch, or considerably within the range of coincidence of the curve and straight line before referred to.

"The fifth and last movement was the flourish which dots the *j* and crosses the *t* by one stroke. This was done in the freest of free hands; often, as it seems probable, without resting hand or arm on the table at all."

EDGAR FAWCETT.—Of Mr. Fawcett's new volume of poems, *Romance and Revery*, the Loudon *Athenaeum* says:—

"Mr. Edgar Fawcett is undoubtedly one of the most promising of the younger school of American poets, and his latest volume is comparatively free from those affectations and eccentricities which seriously interfered with much that was good in his previous works. The most important poem in the present collection is *The Magic Flower*. The story, which has affinities with the *Holy Grail*, is, on the whole, an excellent piece of narration, and contains passages of genuine imagination. The other poems in the volume, though not destitute of poetic merit, are in the main chiefly noticeable for their grace of feeling, while at the same time they show a lack of any sincere passion of utterance. Mr. Fawcett seems to have concentrated his energies on his *Magic Flower*, an achievement with which he may well rest content."

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE JEWS, SINCE THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.*

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

Judæa was a waste, Jerusalem was a heap of ruins. The temple had been consumed by flames, and the third exile—the European—began. Directly after the triumph of Titus, the great Council of the Israelitish Rabbins was established at Tiberias, in Galilee. The school of Scribes, instituted in that city, soon took the place of that temple, whose restoration has never ceased to be the object of their hopes and prayers. The celebrated revolt of Bar-Cochba and Akiba sprung, in great measure, from thence. Tiberias had become a kind of Jerusalem, where the so-called Oral Law was framed. The first idea of such an undertaking is thought by many to have originated with Rabbi Akiba, who was flayed alive in the Bar-Cochba revolt, in 135. But universal tradition attributes both the plan and its accomplishment to Rabbi Judah, the Holy, styled also the Nasi, or Prince, that is to say, spiritual head of the synagogues in that country. About the year A. D. 190 he completed a collection of all the oral or traditional laws, called the *Mishna*. The later Rabbins have exhausted their ingenuity in making commentaries upon, and additions to, this work. The whole collection of these commentaries is named *Gemara*. With the *Mishna*, its text-book, it forms the *Talmuds*. Of these the Jerusalem Talmud is prior in date, having been completed toward the end of the third century in Palestine; while the Babylonian Talmud, compiled in the schools of Babylon and Persia, takes its date from the year 500. The Talmud is not the only national work of which the Jews, during their present captivity, can boast. From the very first we find ranked with it two other works of tradition—the *Massorah* or fixing the text of the Bible, and *Cabbala* or "Theosophy."

The dispersed Jews, even before the fall of Jerusalem, had classed themselves under three different designations. The Rabbins understand by the "Captivity of the East," the remains of the ten tribes; by that "of Egypt,"

the Jews under the dominion of the Ptolemies, particularly those of Alexandria; by that "of the West" the Jews dispersed over every part of the Roman Empire. In the following sketch we shall speak only of the Jews in the East, and in the West, in Asia and in Europe, since with the history of the Jews in those countries are connected the annals of their wandering and suffering in all parts of the world.

In the Roman Empire, after the reign of Vespasian and Adrian, the condition of the Jews was not only tolerable, but in many respects prosperous. But a complete reverse took place when the Emperor of Rome knelt before the Cross, and the Empire became a Christian state. From this epoch we may date the first period of humiliation. The second marked period in their state of moral and political degradation extends from the commencement of the middle ages to the death of Charlemagne and the incursions of the Normans in Europe. This period, which closes with the discovery of America, the reign of Charles V., and the Reformation, was for the Jews everywhere, with the exception of those in Spain and Portugal, a time of the deepest misery, oppression, and decay. Thus the period of cruel oppression of the Jews in the West began with the triumph of Christianity over Paganism, just as in the East, three centuries later, it may be dated from the rise and triumph of the Crescent. As has already been stated, the humiliation of the Jews commenced under Constantine. A gleam of hope shone upon them in the days of Julian the Apostate, but they were more ill-treated under his Christian successors. Till the reign of Theodosius, in the fourth century, however, their position in the Empire was tolerable. Different, however, it was in the fifth century. The Roman Empire had, from the year 895, been divided into the Eastern or Greek Empire, of which Constantinople was the capital; and the Western Empire, of which Rome and Italy still formed the center. In both these divisions, the position and treatment of the Jews became worse and worse. In the West, even under Honorius, its first emperor, oppressive laws began to be enacted against the Jews. In the East, *i. e.*, in the eastern part of the Roman Empire, soon

after called the Empire of Greece, or Byzantium, the position of the Jews became particularly unfavorable. The government of the Emperor Justin, and the code of Justinian, soon permanently fixed the social relations of the Jews in the Byzantine Empire. Justin (A. D. 528) excluded all non-Christians from holding any office or dignity in the state. In the reign of Justinian the enactments against the Jews were made more onerous. No wonder that during his reign many rebellions broke out among the Jews.

From the reign of Justinian, the position of the Jews in the Greek Empire became such as to prevent their possessing any degree of political importance. True, they carried on theological studies in the country of their fathers, especially at Tiberias. But even here the last surviving gleam of their ancient glory was soon extinguished. The dignity of Patriarch had ceased to exist with the year 429, and the link connecting the different synagogues of the Eastern Empire was broken. Many Jews quitted Palestine and the Byzantine empire to seek refuge in Persia and Babylonia, where they were more favored. When in 1455 Constantinople was taken by the Turks, some of the Jewish exiles from Spain and Portugal took refuge in the ancient capital of the Eastern Empire, where the number of their descendants is now considerable.

In the far East, beyond the boundaries of the Grecian Empire, the Jews continued in a comparatively prosperous condition until the triumph of the Islam was complete. The Jews in Babylonia were governed by the *Resh-Gutha*, or Prince of the Captivity. Since the Babylonian exile a great many Jews had settled here, who were joined by several fresh colonies even before the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, and by many more after that epoch. The Prince of the Captivity mediated between the heads of the synagogue and the Persian or Parthian kings. The dignity itself took its rise while the Parthians reigned in Persia, and continued under the new dynasty of the Sassanides, and only came to an end in the middle of the eleventh century, under the dominion of the caliphs. The feeling existing between the Parthian kings and the Jews was

of a very friendly nature, and whenever the Parthians undertook a war against the Romans, the common foe of both Jews and Parthians, the former always assisted the latter. Thus when Chosroes I., surnamed the Great, declared war against the Byzantine Empire in 531, the Jews lent their assistance. And although their hopes were for the present crushed by the brilliant victory gained by the Romans, yet under Chosroes II., grandson of the former, 25,000 Jews assisted in the war against Heraclius, which resulted in the capture of Jerusalem (A. D. 625), which was, however, retaken by Heraclius four years later. Under the caliphs, the Jews met by turns with good and ill treatment. The downfall of the caliphs brought no favorable change to the Jews. On the contrary, their troubles increased and their celebrated schools at Pumbeditha and Sora at length entirely disappeared, and the succession of their learned men was continued henceforth in Spain. Thus the rise of the Mohammedan power in Asia gave the signal that the time for their greatest oppression and degradation in the East also had come.

In the Peninsula of Arabia the Jews had dwelt from time immemorial. They date their establishment there, according to some, from the visit of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon. Before the time of Mohammed the Jews were very prosperous there, and even a Jewish kingdom under Jewish kings should have had existed there. When Mohammed made his appearance, he found the Jews in general favorably disposed toward him. Several of the Jewish tribes became even his open partisans. But when his principles and plans became more thoroughly known, and the Jews rejected him, Mohammed at once commenced a war of extermination against them. His first attack was against the clan of the Beni-Kinouka, who dwelt in Medina, and was overcome by the warrior-prophet. The same fate awaited the other tribes, one after the other. From the moment that the Jews declared themselves against Mohammed, they became the especial object of his hatred, and since that time a feeling of enmity has ever existed between the Mussulman and the Jew. Crescent and Cross shared equally in the con-

tempt and hatred of the Jew, and as in Christian Europe so in Mohammedan Asia and Africa, the Jew was compelled to bear a distinctive mark in his garments—*here* the yellow hat, *there* the black turban.

Beyond the boundaries of either the old Roman or the Byzantine Empire, Jews have, in early times, been met with, both in the most remote parts of the interior of Asia, and upon the coast of Malabar. In the latter place they probably arrived in the fifth century in consequence of a persecution raised in Persia. In the seventeenth century a Jewish colony was met with in China. When the Jews emigrated there is difficult to ascertain.

But to return to the West. It has already been stated that with the conversion of the Roman Empire to Christianity evil days came upon the Jews. In the Western Empire this unfavorable change commenced in the days of Honorius, and would have continued so; but the storm that burst over Rome toward the end of the fifth century changed in a degree the position of the Jews. The Northern nations, as long as they professed Arianism in preference to the Catholic faith, showed themselves merciful to their Jewish subjects. This was especially the case with the Goths. When the dominion of the Ostrogoths, under their king Theodoric, succeeded that of Odoacer and the Heruli in Italy and the West, the Jews had every reason to be satisfied with their new sovereign. The consequence was that the Goths in the West, like the Persians in the East, found faithful allies in the Jews of that period. When Justinian, by his general, Narses, conquered Italy from the Ostrogoths (A.D. 555), the Jews, especially those at Naples, assisted him, only to be heavily punished afterward.

The Visigoths also, in their defence of Arles in Provence, against the Franks under Clovis, were assisted by the Jews. In Spain, the kings of the Visigoths treated them with favor, till about the year 600, their king Recared, having embraced Catholicism, inaugurated that peculiar system of conduct toward the Jews, which finally resulted in their total expulsion from the Peninsula. The Franks were at the beginning less merciful

to the Jews than the Goths. The Merovingians treated them with peculiar rigor. Thus in 540, King Childebert forbade the Jews to appear in the streets of Paris, during the Easter week. Clotaire II. deprived them of the power of holding office. King Dagobert compelled them either to receive baptism or to leave the country. Under the Carolingians in France, the Jews of the eighth and ninth centuries enjoyed a great degree of prosperity, so that the Romish bishops took alarm. Under Pepin *le Bref*, they enjoyed many privileges, and so likewise under his son Charlemagne, and under his successor and son Louis *le Débonnaire*. The latter even freed them, from the grinding taxes imposed upon them, and confirmed to them these immunities in the year 830. And all exertions of the priesthood, especially of Agobard, bishop of Lyons, to injure the Jews, were utterly useless.

The position of the Jews underwent an entire change at the downfall of the Carolingian dynasty, which began to decay after the death of Louis *le Débonnaire*. The invasion of the Normans was partly the cause, and partly the signal for a complete change of kings in Europe. An age of barbarism spread over the whole face of Christianity, the feudal system developed itself, in every way injurious to the Jews. But one of the greatest evils which they were compelled to endure, was the prevalence of the crusading spirit. During the first crusade (1096-1099), Treves, Spire, Worms, Mayence, Cologne, and Regensburg were the seat of oppression, murders, and bodily tortures, inflicted upon the Jews. During the second crusade (1147-1149), Rudolph, a fanatical monk, traveling through central Europe, stirred up the populace to take vengeance on all unbelievers. The cry "Hep! hep!" was sufficient to bring terror to the heart of every Jew. But King Conrad III. and such men as Bernard of Clairvaux protected them, and thus the sufferings of the Jews were less, compared with the intemperate zeal of Rudolph. During the middle ages, the Jews were not only persecuted, but, where they were tolerated, they became also the Pariahs of the West. But to resume the thread of events.

In France, formerly so signally patronized by the Carolingians, the Jews experienced a different treatment after the extinction of that dynasty. Toward the end of the eleventh century they were banished and afterward recalled by Philip I. In 1182 they were at first banished by Philip Augustus, but readmitted upon certain conditions, one of which was the obligation to wear a little wheel upon their dress as a mark. Louis VII. (A. D. 1223) treated them all as his serfs, and with one stroke of his pen remitted to his Christian subjects all their debts to the Jews. Louis IX. (St. Louis), being anxious to convert them, commanded that the Talmud be destroyed by fire, and twenty-four carts-full of the Talmud were publicly burned in Paris (1244). Philip the Fair, after robbing them repeatedly, expelled the Jews from France in 1306. Under Louis X. they were treated unfavorably, while Philip V., the Long, favored and protected them. In 1341 the usual accusations of treason, poisoning the wells, etc., were brought against them, and many were burned, massacred, banished, or condemned to heavy fines. Under John II. they enjoyed a little rest, and so also under Charles V. But in 1370 they were again banished, but soon recalled under Charles VI. In spite of the many vicissitudes, Jewish learning flourished in France, especially in the south. Men like David Kimchi and Rashi have become household names in Jewish as well as in Christian theology.

In England the Jews date their first residence from the time of the Heptarchy. In the twelfth century, under Henry II. and his son, the cruel treatment and plundering of the Jews reached its height. On the coronation day of King Richard I. (1189), when they came to pay their homage, the population plundered and murdered them a whole day and night in London. This sad example of London was followed at Stamford, Norwich, and more especially at York. Under King John (A. D. 1199) all kinds of liberties and privileges were granted to the Jews, but he soon showed that he cared more for their money than for their persons. Henry III. (1217-1272) followed the same policy, and when the Jews petitioned

the king to allow them to leave the country, he would not grant that request. Under Edward I. they were banished in 1290, and some sixteen thousand are said to have left the country.

In Germany, Jews were found already in the fourth century, especially at Cologne, where they soon became numerous and prosperous. But the commencement of the middle ages in Germany, as elsewhere, put an end to their favorable position. It is true that the Emperor of Germany regarded the Jews as his *Kammerknechte*, or "Servants of the Imperial Chamber," and as such they enjoyed the emperor's protection, but the scores of violent deeds, which are recorded, only show that even the protection of the emperor could not prevent the popular rage from breaking out and marking its course by bloodshed and desolation. The least cause was sufficient to massacre the Jews. When in 1348 an epidemic malady, known as the *Black Death*, visited half of Europe, the Jews were blamed for it because they were said to have poisoned the wells and rivers. A general massacre took place, in spite of the demonstrations of princes, magistrates, bishops, and the Pope himself. In the south of Germany and in Switzerland, the persecution raged with most violence. From Switzerland to Silesia, the land was drenched with innocent blood, and in some places their residence was forbidden.

In the Netherlands, the history of the Jews during the middle ages was much like that of Germany and the north of France. In Flanders they were already living at the time of the Crusaders. In the twelfth century they were driven out, but were found there again in the fourteenth. In 1370 they were accused of having pierced the holy wafer, an accusation which had brought many to the stake. In Utrecht the Jews resided till the year 1444. In Holland, Zealand, and Friesland, many Jews had sought refuge after their banishment from France by Philip the Fair.

Before the end of the tenth century, Jews are already found at Prague. Boleslaus I. favored them, and permitted them to build a synagogue. In Poland they existed very

early. Under Boleslaus V., Duke of Poland (1264), they enjoyed many privileges. His great-grandson, King Casimer, showed them still greater favor, out of love, it is said, for Esther, a beautiful Jewess. Synagogues, academies, and rabbinical schools have always abounded in Poland.

In Italy, where Jews have resided from early times in their *ghettos*, the Popes generally appeared kindly toward them. Gregory I., the Great, in the seventh century, proved himself the friend of the Jews, but Gregory VII., in the tenth century, was their enemy. In other great towns of Italy, the position of the Jews varied. At Leghorn and Venice they met with favor, and so also with a less degree in Florence, but at Genoa they were looked upon with enmity. In the kingdom of Naples, where they settled about the year 1200, persecutions took place from time to time. Italy is the home of some Jewish poets and expositors.

In Spain the Jews must have settled at a very early time, for the Council of Elvira, assembled in 805, made enactments against them, which proves that they had already become numerous there. Under Recared, the first Catholic sovereign of the Gothic race, the long-continued and relentless work of persecution began. His successor Sisebul (612-617) ordered all his Jewish subjects to renounce their faith or quit his dominions. Under Sisenard, the fourth Council of Toledo, in the year 631, mitigated these measures of compulsion, without rescinding any of the penalties which had been previously enacted. Chintilla, in 626, exiled the Jews, but they still remained in great numbers under Wamba (672). In 698, Erwig persecuted them, while Egiza banished them upon the accusation of having entered into league with the Saracens of Africa. Witzia (in 700) recalled them. Under his successor Rodrigo, the Saracens invaded Spain after the famous battle of Xeres de la Frontera in 711. The Jews greeted the Arabs as their deliverers, who again treated them kindly. In the reign of Abderahman III. (912-961), Cordova became eminent for industry and learning, and the Jews shared largely in the splendor and prosperity of the Arabs. Less peaceful times,

however, enjoyed the Jews in the Christian states of the Peninsula.

From the southern part of Spain the Jews had emigrated to Castile in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, where they soon became very prosperous. Their synagogues and schools increased, and as formerly in the East by the *Rash Ghulha*, so were they now governed by the Rabbin mayor, an Israelite, usually in favor at court, and appointed by the king. Every kind of office was open to them, and they often served in the army. But soon the populace, stirred up by the inferior clergy, gave vent to envy, which manifested itself first by the usual accusations of sacrilege and the murder of Christian children, but soon broke out into open rage and acts of violence. Amid the general prosperity of the Jewish nation, a massacre took place at Toledo in 1212, and in 1213 the Council of Zamora, in Leon, vehemently demanded the revival and enforcement of the ancient law against the Jews. In general we may say, that the kings of Castil and Aragon, with very few exceptions, eminently befriended the Jews during the four centuries which elapsed between the reign of Ferdinand I. and the Catholic sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella. Ferdinand I. was almost the only one who showed enmity to the Jews. Alphonso VI. (who conquered Toledo from the Saracens) granted many valuable privileges to the Jews. Alphonso IX., of Castile (A. D. 1158-1196), showed them still greater favor, because of his love for the fair Jewess Rachel. The prosperity of the Jews in Castile and their influence reached its greatest height in the reigns of Alphonso XI. (1312-1350) and his son, Peter the Cruel (1350-1369). All this grandeur and these privileges were, nevertheless, not unfrequently accompanied by violent acts on the part of the populace, and complaints and protestations from the Councils and the Cortes, which had little or no effect upon the kings.

More perilous times, however, commenced for the Jews of Castile and the rest of Spain under John I. (1379-80). This king found occasion to deprive them of the jurisdiction they had hitherto possessed. Under Henry

III., tumults took place at Seville in 1390 and 1391 and the Jewish quarter was attacked and burned to ashes. This fearful example spread, as by contagion, to Cordova, Madrid, Toledo, over the whole of Catalonia, and even to the isle of Majorca. In the first years of the reign of John II., a royal mandate, dated Valladolid, 1412, was issued, which contained the most oppressive measures which had ever been promulgated against the Jews since the time of the later Visigothic kings. Among other enactments, they were ordered to wear a peculiar dress. In consequence of these severe enactments, many joined the Church, who were styled *Conversos*, or "New Christians."

The glorious period during which Isabella, the sister of Henry IV., with her husband, Don Ferdinand of Aragon, governed Castile, brought a complete change over the whole face of the country, and became to the Jews, and also to the New Christians, the time of a most striking crisis.

But before speaking of this period, let us glance at some of the most famous literary men of the Jews during their residence in that country, before the close of the middle ages. We mention Menahem ben Saruk (d. 970), author of a biblical dictionary; Jehudah Ibn Chajug (in Arabic Aboulwalid), the chief of Hebrew grammarians (about 1050); Ibn Ganach (d. 1050), the grammarian; Ibn Gabirol (the Avicbron among the Schoolmen), philosopher, grammarian, and commentator (d. 1070); Ibn Pakuda the moralist (1050-1190); Ibn Giath, the cosmographer, astronomer, and philosopher; Ibn Gikatilla the grammarian (1070-1100); Ibn Balaam, commentator and philologist (d. 1160); Moses ibn Ezra, the hymnist (d. 1139); Jehuda Ha-Levi, the philosopher and poet (d. 1141); Ibn Daud, the historian (d. 1180); Abraham ibn Ezra, commentator, philosopher, and poet (d. 1167); Jehuda Alcharizi, the Horace of Jewish poetry in Spain (d. 1230); Benjamin Tudela, the traveler; Jehuda Tibbon, the prince of translators (d. 1190); Isaac Alfasi (d. 1089); Moses Maimonides, the greatest of all mediæval rabbis (d. 1204); Moses Gerundensis, or Nachmanides (d. 1270); Abraham Abulafia, the cabbalist (d. 1292); Moses ben Schem—Tob de Leon—the author of the

Sohar (d. 1305); Jedaja Bedarchi, or Penini (d. 1340); Abner, of Burgos, better known by his Christian name *Alfonso Burgensis de Valladolid* (d. 1346); Jacob ben Asheri; Ibn Caspi (d. 1340); Gersonides, or Rambaj among the Jews, famous as philosopher and commentator (d. 1345). Solomon Levi of Burgos better known by his Christian name Paulus Burgensis or de Santa Maria, bishop of Burgos (d. 1435); Josef Albo (d. 1444); Simon Duran, the polemic (d. 1444); Ibn Verga, the historian, who died in the dungeon of the Inquisition; Abravanel, the theologian and commentator, who was exiled with his co-religionists from Spain (d. 1515).—B. PICK, Ph. D., *Alleghany, Penn.*

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

FALLING IN LOVE.

An ancient and famous human institution is in pressing danger. Sir George Campbell has set his face against the time-honored practice of Falling in Love. Parents innumerable, it is true, have set their faces against it already from immemorial antiquity; but then they only attacked the particular instance, without venturing to impugn the institution itself on general principles. An old Indian administrator, however, goes to work in all things on a different pattern. He would always like to regulate human life generally as a department of the India Office; and so Sir George Campbell would fain have husbands and wives selected for one another (perhaps on Dr. Johnson's principle, by the Lord Chancellor) with a view to the future development of the race, in the process which he not very felicitously or elegantly describes as "man-breeding." "Probably," he says, as reported in *Nature*, "we have enough physiological knowledge to effect a vast improvement in the pairing of individuals of the same or allied races if we could only apply that knowledge to make fitting marriages, instead of giving way to foolish ideas about love and the tastes of young people, whom we can hardly trust to choose their own bonnets, much less to choose in a graver matter in which they are

most likely to be influenced by frivolous prejudices." He wants us, in other words, to discard the deep-seated inner physiological promptings of inherited instinct, and to substitute for them some calm and dispassionate but artificial selection of a fitting partner as the father or mother of future generations.

Now this is of course a serious subject, and it ought to be treated seriously and reverently. But, it seems to me, Sir George Campbell's conclusion is exactly the opposite one from the conclusion now being forced upon men of science by a study of the biological and psychological elements in this very complex problem of heredity. So far from considering love as a "foolish idea," opposed to the best interests of the race, I believe most competent physiologists and psychologists, especially those of the modern evolutionary school, would regard it rather as an essentially beneficent and conservative instinct, developed and maintained in us by natural causes, for the very purpose of insuring just those precise advantages and improvements which Sir George Campbell thinks he could himself effect by a conscious and deliberate process of selection. More than that, I believe, for my own part (and I feel sure most evolutionists would cordially agree with me), that this beneficent inherited instinct of Falling in Love effects the object it has in view far more admirably, subtly, and satisfactorily, on the average of instances, than any clumsy human selective substitute could possibly effect it. In short, my doctrine is simply the old-fashioned and confiding belief that marriages are made in heaven: with the further corollary that heaven manages them, one time with another, a great deal better than Sir George Campbell.

Let us first look how Falling in Love affects the standard of human efficiency: and then let us consider what would be the probable result of any definite conscious attempt to substitute for it some more deliberate external agency.

Falling in love, as modern biology teaches us to believe, is nothing more than the latest, highest, and most involved exemplification, in the human race, of that almost universal selec-

tive process which Mr. Darwin has enabled us to recognize throughout the whole long series of the animal kingdom. The butterfly that circles and eddies in his aerial dance around his observant mate is endeavoring to charm her by the delicacy of his coloring, and to overcome her coyness by the display of his skill. The peacock that struts about in imperial pride under the eyes of his attentive hens is really contributing to the future beauty and strength of his race by collecting to himself a harem through whom he hands down to posterity the valuable qualities which have gained the admiration of his mates in his own person. Mr. Wallace has shown that to be beautiful is to be efficient: and sexual selection is thus, as were, a mere lateral form of natural selection—a survival of the fittest in the guise of mutual attractiveness and mutual adaptability, producing on the average a maximum of the best properties of the race in the resulting offspring. I need not dwell here upon this aspect of the case, because it is one with which, since the publication of the *Descent of Man*, all the world has been sufficiently familiar.

In our own species, the selective process is marked by all the features common to selection throughout the whole animal kingdom: but it is also, as might be expected, far more specialized, far more individualized, far more cognizant of personal traits and minor peculiarities. It is furthermore exerted to a far greater extent upon mental and moral as well as physical peculiarities in the individual. We cannot fall in love with everybody alike. Some of us fall in love with one person, some with another. This instinctive and deep-seated differential feeling we may regard as the outcome of complementary features, mental, moral, or physical, in the two persons concerned: and experience shows us that, in nine cases out of ten, it is a reciprocal affection, that is to say, in other words, an affection roused in unison by varying qualities in the respective individuals.

Of its eminently conservative and even upward tendency, very little doubt can be reasonably entertained. We *do* fall in love, taking us in the lump, with the young, the

beautiful, the strong, and the healthy; we do not fall in love, taking us in the lump, with the aged, the ugly, the feeble, and the sickly. The prohibition of the Church is scarcely needed to prevent a man from marrying his grandmother. Moralists have always borne a special grudge to pretty faces; but as Mr. Herbert Spencer admirably put it (long before the appearance of Darwin's selective theory), "the saying that beauty is but skin-deep is itself but a skin-deep saying." In reality, beauty is one of the very best guides we can possibly have to the desirability, so far as race-preservation is concerned, of any man or any woman as a partner in marriage. A fine form, a good figure, a beautiful bust, a round arm and neck, a fresh complexion, a lovely face, are all outward and visible signs of the physical qualities that on the whole conspire to make up a healthy and vigorous wife and mother; they imply soundness, fertility, a good circulation, a good digestion. Conversely, sallowness, and paleness are roughly indicative of dyspepsia and anæmia; a flat chest is a symptom of deficient maternity; and what we call a bad figure is really in one way or another an unhealthy departure from the central norms and standard of the race. Good teeth mean good deglutition; a clear eye means an active liver; scrubbiness and undersizedness mean feeble virility. Nor are indications of mental and moral efficiency by any means wanting as recognized elements in personal beauty. A good humored face is in itself almost pretty. A pleasant smile half redeems unattractive features. Low, receding foreheads strike us unfavorably. Heavy, stolid, half-idiotic countenances can never be beautiful, however regular their lines and contours. Intelligence and goodness are almost as necessary as health and vigor in order to make up our perfect ideal of a beautiful face and figure. The Apollo Belvidere is no fool; the murderers in the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's are for the most part no beauties.

What we all fall in love with, then, as a race, is in most cases efficiency and ability. What we each fall in love with individually is, I believe, our moral, mental, and physical

complement. Not our like, not our counterpart; quite the contrary; within healthy limits, our unlike and our opposite. That this is so has long been more or less a commonplace of ordinary conversation; that it is scientifically true, one time with another, when we take an extended range of cases, may, I think, be almost demonstrated by sure and certain warranty of human nature.

Brothers and sisters have more in common, mentally and physically, than any other members of the same race can possibly have with one another. But nobody falls in love with his sister. A profound instinct has taught even the lower races of men (for the most part) to avoid such union of all-but-identical. In the higher races the idea never so much as occurs to us. Even cousins seldom fall in love—seldom, that is to say, in comparison with the frequent opportunities of intercourse they enjoy, relatively to the remainder of general society. When they do, and when they carry out their perilous choice effectively by marriage, natural selection soon avenges Nature upon the offspring by cutting off the idiots, the consumptives, the weaklings, and the cripples, who often result from such consanguineous marriages. In narrow communities, where breeding in-and-in becomes almost inevitable, natural selection has similarly to exert itself upon a crowd of crétins and other hapless incapables. But in wide and open champaign countries, where individual choice has free room for exercise, men and women as a rule (if not constrained by parents and moralists) marry for love, and marry on the whole their natural complements. They prefer outsiders, fresh blood, somebody who comes from beyond the community, to the people of their own immediate surrounding. In many men, the dialike to marrying among the folks with whom they have been brought up amounts almost to a positive instinct; they feel it as impossible to fall in love with a fellow-townswoman as to fall in love with their own first cousins. Among exogamous tribes such an instinct (aided, of course, by other extraneous causes) has hardened into custom; and there is reason to believe (from the universal traces among the higher civiliza-

tions of marriage by capture), that all the leading races of the world are ultimately derived from exogamous ancestors, possessing this healthy and excellent sentiment.

In minor matters, it is of course universally admitted that short men, as a rule, prefer tall women, while tall men admire little women. Dark pairs by preference with fair; the commonplace often runs after the original. People have long noticed that this attraction toward one's opposite tends to keep true the standard of the race; they have not, perhaps, so generally observed that it also indicates roughly the existence in either individual of a desire for its own natural complement. It is difficult here to give definite examples, but everybody knows how, in the subtle psychology of Falling in Love, there are involved innumerable minor elements, physical and mental, which strike us exactly because of their absolute adaptation to form with ourselves an adequate union. Of course we do not definitely seek out and discover such qualities; instinct works far more intuitively than that; but we find at last, by subsequent observation, how true and how trustworthy were its immediate indications. That is to say, those men do so who were wise enough or fortunate enough to follow the earliest promptings of their own hearts, and not to be ashamed of that divinest and deepest of human intuitions, love at first sight.

How very subtle this intuition is, we can only guess in part by the apparent capriciousness and incomprehensibility of its occasional action. We know that some men and women fall in love easily, while others are only moved to love by some very special and singular combination of peculiarities. We know that one man is readily stirred by every pretty face he sees, while another man can only be roused by intellectual qualities or by moral beauty. We know that sometimes we meet people possessing every virtue and grace under heaven, and yet for some unknown and incomprehensible reason we could no more fall in love with them than we could fall in love with the Ten Commandments. I don't, of course, for a moment accept the silly romantic notion that men and women fall in love only

once in their lives, or that each one of us has somewhere on earth his or her exact Affinity, whom we must sooner or later meet, or else die unsatisfied. Almost every healthy normal man or woman has probably fallen in love over and over again in the course of a lifetime (except in case of very early marriage), and could easily find dozens of persons with whom they would be capable of falling in love again if due occasion offered. We are not all created in pairs, like the Exchequer tallies, exactly intended to fit into one another's minor idiosyncrasies. Men and women as a rule very sensibly fall in love with one another in the particular places and the particular societies they happen to be cast among. A man at Ashby-de-la-Zouch does not hunt the world over to find his preëstablished harmony at Paray-le-Monial or at Denver, Colorado. But among the women he actually meets, a vast number are purely indifferent to him: only one or two, here and there, strike him in the light of possible wives, and only one in the last resort (outside Salt Lake City) approves herself to his inmost nature as the actual wife of his final selection.

Now this very indifference to the vast mass of our fellow-countrymen or fellow-countrywomen, this extreme pitch of selective preference in the human species, is just one mark of our extraordinary specialization, one stamp and token of our high supremacy. The brutes do not so pick and choose. Though even there, as Darwin has shown, selection plays a large part (for the very butterflies are coy, and must be wooed and won), it is only in the human race itself that selection descends into such minute, such subtle, such indefinable discriminations. Why should a universal and common impulse have in our case these special limits? Why should we be by nature so fastidious and so diversely affected? Surely for some good and sufficient purpose. No deep-seated want of our complex life would be so narrowly restricted without a law and a meaning. Sometimes we can in part explain its conditions. Here, we see that beauty plays a great rôle; there, we recognize the importance of strength, of manner, of grace, of moral qualities. Vivac-

ity, as Mr. Galton justly remarks, is one of the most powerful among human attractions, and often accounts for what might otherwise seem unaccountable preferences. But after all is said and done, there remains a vast mass of instinctive and inexplicable elements: a power deeper and more marvelous, in its inscrutable ramifications than consciousness. "What on earth," we say, "could So-and-so see in So-and-so to fall in love with?" This very inexplicability I take to be the sign and seal of a profound importance. An instinct so conditioned, so curious, so vague, so unfathomable, as we may guess by analogy with all other instincts, must be nature's guiding voice within us, speaking for the good of the human race in all future generations.

On the other hand, let us suppose for a moment (impossible supposition!) that mankind could conceivably divest itself of "these foolish ideas about love and the tastes of young people," and could hand over the choice of partners for life to a committee of anthropologists, presided over by Sir George Campbell. Would the committee manage things, I wonder, very much better than the Creator has managed them? Where would they obtain that intimate knowledge of individual structures and functions and differences which would enable them to join together in holy matrimony fitting and complementary idiosyncrasies? Is a living man, with all his organs, and powers, and faculties, and dispositions, so simple and easy a problem to read that anybody else can readily undertake to pick out off-hand a help meet for him? I trow not! A man is not a horse or a terrier. You cannot discern his "points" by simple inspection. You cannot see *a priori* why a Hanoverian bandsman and his heavy, ignorant, uncultured wife, should conspire to produce a Sir William Herschel. If you tried to improve the breed artificially, either by choice from outside, or by the creation of an independent moral sentiment, irrespective of that instinctive preference which we call Falling in Love, I believe that so far from improving man, you would only do one of two things—either spoil his constitution, or produce a tame stereotyped pattern of amiable imbecility.

You would crush out all initiative, all spontaneity, all diversity, all originality; you would get an animated moral code instead of living men and women.

Look at the analogy of domestic animals. That is the analogy to which breeding reformers always point with special pride: but what does it really teach us? That you can't improve the efficiency of animals in any one point to any high degree, without upsetting the general balance of their constitution. The race-horse can run a mile on a particular day at a particular place, bar accidents, with wonderful speed: but that is about all he is good for. His health as a whole is so surprisingly feeble that he has to be treated with as much care as a delicate exotic. "In regard to animals and plants," says Sir George Campbell, "we have very largely mastered the principles of heredity and culture, and the modes by which good qualities may be maximized, bad qualities minimized." True, so far as concerns a few points prized by ourselves for our own purposes. But in doing this, we have so lowered the general constitutional vigor of the plants or animals that our vines fall an easy prey to oidium and phylloxera, our potatoes to the potato disease and the Colorado beetle; our sheep are stupid, our rabbits idiotic, our domestic breeds generally threatened with dangers to life and limb unknown to their wiry ancestors in the wild state. And when one comes to deal with the infinitely more complex individuality of man, what hope would there be of our improving the breed by deliberate selection? If we developed the intellect, we would probably stunt the physique or the moral nature; if we aimed at a general culture of all faculties alike, we would probably end by a Chinese uniformity of mediocre dead level.

The balance of organs and faculties in a race is a very delicate organic equilibrium. How delicate we now know from thousands of examples, from the correlations of seemingly unlike parts, from the wide-spread effects of small conditions, from the utter dying out of races like the Tasmanians or the Paraguay Indians under circumstances different from those with which their ancestors

were familiar. What folly to interfere with a marvelous instinct which now preserves this balance intact, in favor of an untried artificial system which would probably wreck it, as helplessly as the modern system of higher education for women is wrecking the maternal powers of the best class in our English community.

Indeed, within the race itself, as it now exists, free choice, aided by natural selection, is actually improving every good point, and is for ever weeding out all the occasional failures and shortcomings of nature. For weakly children, feeble children, stupid children, heavy children, are undoubtedly born under this very régime of falling in love, whose average results I believe to be so highly beneficial. How is this! Well, one has to take into consideration two points in seeking for the solution of that obvious problem.

In the first place, no instinct is absolutely perfect. All of them necessarily fail at some points. If on the average they do good, they are sufficiently justified. Now the material with which you have to start in this case is not perfect. Each man marries, even in favorable circumstances, not the abstractly best adapted woman in the world to supplement or counteract his individual peculiarities, but the best woman then and there obtainable for him. The result is frequently far from perfect; all I claim is that it would be as bad or a good deal worse if somebody else made the choice for him, or if he made the choice himself on abstract biological and "eugenic" principles. And, indeed, the very existence of better and worse in the world is a condition precedent of all upward evolution. Without an overstocked world, with individual variations, some progressive, some retrograde, there could be no natural selection, no survival of the fittest. That is the chief besetting danger of cut-and-dried doctrinaire views. Malthus was a very great man; but if his principles of prudential restraint were fully carried out, the prudent would cease to reproduce their like, and the world would be peopled in a few generations by the hereditary reckless and dissolute and imprudent. Even so, if eugenic principles were universally adopted, the chance of excep-

tional and elevated natures would be largely reduced, and natural selection would be in so much interfered with or sensibly retarded.

In the second place, again, it must not be forgotten that Falling in Love has never yet, among civilized men at least, had a fair field and no favor. Many marriages are arranged on very different grounds—grounds of convenience, grounds of cupidity, grounds of religion, grounds of snobbishness. In many cases it is clearly demonstrable that such marriages are productive in the highest degree of evil consequences. Take the case of heiresses. An heiress is almost by necessity the one last feeble and flickering relic of a moribund stock—often of a stock reduced by the sordid pursuit of ill-gotten wealth almost to the very verge of actual insanity. But let her be ever so ugly, ever so unhealthy, ever so hysterical, ever so mad, somebody or other will be ready and eager to marry her on any terms. Considerations of this sort have helped to stock the world with many feeble and unhealthy persons. Among the middle and upper classes it may be safely said only a very small percentage of marriages is ever due to love alone; in other words, to instinctive feeling. The remainder have been influenced by various side advantages, and nature has taken her vengeance accordingly on the unhappy offspring. Parents and moralists are ever ready to drown her voice, and to counsel marriage within one's own class, among nice people, with a really religious girl, and so forth *ad infinitum*. By many well-meaning young people these deadly interferences with natural impulse are accepted as part of a higher and nobler law of conduct. The wretched belief that one should subordinate the promptings of one's own soul to the dictates of a miscalculating and misdirecting prudence has been instilled into the minds of girls especially, until at last many of them have almost come to look upon their natural instincts as wrong, and the immoral race-destructive counsels of their seniors or advisers as the truest and purest earthly wisdom. Among certain small religious sects, again, such as the Quakers, the duty of "marrying in" has been strenuously inculcated, and only the stronger-minded and

more individualistic members have had courage and initiative enough to disregard precedent, and follow the internal divine monitor, as against the externally-imposed law of their particular community. Even among wider bodies it is commonly held that Catholics must not marry Protestants; and the admirable results obtained by the mixture of Jewish with European blood have almost all been reached by male Jews having the temerity to marry "Christian" women in the face of opposition and persecution from their co-nationalists. It is very rarely indeed that a Jewess will accept a European for a husband. In so many ways, and on so many grounds, does convention interfere with the plain and evident dictates of nature.

Against all such evil parental promptings, however, a great safeguard is afforded to society by the wholesome and essentially philosophical teaching of romance and poetry. I do not approve of novels. They are for the most part a futile and unprofitable form of literature; and it may profoundly be regretted that the mere blind laws of supply and demand should have diverted such an immense number of the ablest minds in England, France, and America, from more serious subjects to the production of such very frivolous and, on the whole, ephemeral works of art. But the novel has this one great counterpoise of undoubted good to set against all the manifold disadvantages and shortcomings of romantic literature—that it always appeals to the true internal promptings of inherited instinct, and opposes the foolish and selfish suggestions of interested outsiders. It is the perpetual protest of poor banished human nature against the expelling pitchfork of calculating expediency in the matrimonial market. While parents and moralists are forever saying, "Don't marry for beauty; don't marry for inclination; don't marry for love: marry for money, marry for social position, marry for advancement, marry for our convenience, not for your own," the romance-writer is forever urging, on the other hand, "Marry for love, and for love only." His great theme in all ages has been the opposition between parental or other external wishes and the true

promptings of the young and unsophisticated human heart. He has been the chief ally of sentiment and of nature. He has filled the heads of all our girls with what Sir George Campbell describes off-hand as "foolish ideas about love." He has preserved us from the hateful conventions of civilization. He has exalted the claims of personal attraction, of the mysterious native yearning of heart for heart, of the indefinite and indescribable element of mutual selection; and in so doing, he has unconsciously proved himself the best friend of human improvement and the deadliest enemy of all those hideous "social lies which warp us from the living truth." His mission is to deliver the world from Dr. Johnson and Sir George Campbell.

For, strange to say, it is the moralists and the doctrinaires who are always in the wrong: it is the sentimentalists and the rebels who are always in the right in this matter. If the common moral maxims of society could have had their way—if we had all chosen our wives and our husbands, not for their beauty or their manliness, not for their eyes or their moustaches, not for their attractiveness or their vivacity, but for their "sterling qualities of mind and character," we should now doubtless be a miserable race of prigs and book-worms, of martinet and puritans, of nervous invalids and feeble idiots. It is because our young men and maidens will not hearken to these penny-wise apophthegms of shallow sophistry—because they often prefer *Romeo and Juliet* to the "Whole Duty of Man," and a beautiful face to a round balance at Coutts's—that we still preserve some vitality and some individual features, in spite of our grinding and crushing civilization. The men who marry balances, as Mr. Galton has shown, happily die out, leaving none to represent them: the men who marry women they have been weak enough and silly enough to fall in love with, recruit the race with fine and vigorous and intelligent children, fortunately compounded of the complementary traits derived from two fairly contrasted and mutually reinforcing individualities.

I have spoken throughout, for argument's sake, as though the only interest to be con-

sidered in the married relation were the interests of the offspring, and so ultimately of the race at large, rather than of the persons themselves who enter into it. But I do not quite see why each generation should thus be sacrificed to the welfare of the generations that afterward succeed it. Now it is one of the strongest points in favor of the system of Falling in Love that it does, by common experience in the vast majority of instances, assort together persons who subsequently prove themselves thoroughly congenial and helpful to one another. And this result I look upon as one great proof of the real value and importance of the instinct. Most men and women select for themselves partners for life at an age when they know but little of the world, when they judge but superficially of characters and motives, when they still make many mistakes in the conduct of life and in the estimation of chances. Yet most of them find in after days that they have really chosen out of all the world one of the persons best adapted by native idiosyncrasy to make their joint lives enjoyable and useful. I make every allowance for the effects of habit, for the growth of sentiment, for the gradual approximation of tastes and sympathies; but surely, even so, it is common consciousness with every one of us who has been long married, that we could hardly conceivably have made ourselves happy with any of the partners whom others have chosen; and that we have actually made ourselves so with the partners we chose for ourselves under the guidance of an almost unerring native instinct. Yet adaptation between husband and wife, so far as their own happiness is concerned, can have had comparatively little to do with the evolution of the instinct, as compared with adaptation for the joint production of vigorous and successful offspring. Natural selection lays almost all the stress on the last point and hardly any at all upon the first one. If, then, the instinct is found on the whole so trustworthy in the minor matter, for which it has not specially been fashioned, how far more trustworthy and valuable must it probably prove in the greater matter—greater, I mean, as regards the interests of the race—for which

it has been mainly or almost solely developed!

I do not doubt that, as the world goes on, a deeper sense of moral responsibility in the matter of marriage will grow up among us. But it will not take the false direction of ignoring these our profoundest and holiest instincts. Marriage for money may go; marriage for rank may go; marriage for position may go; but marriage for love, I believe and trust, will last forever. Men in the future will probably feel that a union with their cousin or near relation is positively wicked; that a union with those too like them in person or disposition is at least undesirable; that a union based upon considerations of wealth or any other consideration save considerations of immediate natural impulse, is base and disgraceful. But to the end of time they will continue to feel, in spite of doctrinaires, that the voice of nature is better far than the voice of the Lord Chancellor or the Royal Society; and that the instinctive desire for a particular helpmate is a surer guide for the ultimate happiness, both of the race and of the individual, than any amount of deliberate consultation. It is not the foolish fancies of youth that will have to be got rid of, but the foolish, wicked, and mischievous interference of parents or outsiders.—GRANT ALLEN, in *The Fortnightly Review*.

HAWTHORNE'S ROMANCES.

"Nevertheless it involved a charm, on which, a devoted epicure of my own emotions, I resolved to pause and enjoy the moral syllabub until quite dissolved away."—*Hawthorne's Blithedale Romance*.

A sentence of Emerson on the character of the American genius, that "it has a certain grace without grandeur, and is itself not new but derivative, is only partially true as applied to Hawthorne. For the special qualities which distinguish his writings form an almost unique phenomenon in literature, partly owing to their impalpable and imponderable charm, partly because of the complete fusion which they exhibit of somewhat contradictory ingredients. For Hawthorne is conspicuously American, and yet he is by no means "pro-

vincial; he is a Puritan, and yet an artist; a moralist, and yet not devoid of a refined and exquisite cynicism. An American assuredly, for he wrote *Our Old Home*; and born of a stock of Puritans and Calvinists, because his stories are full of the problems of sin and evil, and overweighted by the obstinately recurrent feeling of something like an original doom; and yet, by virtue of his higher efforts, a poetic genius, a consummate artist, a cosmopolitan writer. Of the three main elements of his nature there is only one which, so far as we know, was individually his own. His inquisitorial habits, and his predilection for "cases of conscience," were his heritage from the Judge Hawthorne who condemned the Salem witches; his idealistic dreaminess, and his questionings of sense and outward things, we can attribute perhaps more doubtfully to the influence of Emerson and the Transcendentalists. There remains his æsthetic taste, his "squeamish love of the beautiful, and his general artistic sense, which we cannot father on either ancestors or contemporaries, but without which he would have remained as much "provincial" as Alcott, and Channing, and Thoreau. But this individual element cannot be torn out from its intimate relationship with New England characteristics. The fibers which connect Hawthorne with his native soil and his grim old forefathers are too close and intricate for such rude surgery and it is the manner in which his supreme artistic genius is interpenetrated by Puritanical moods and transcendental dreams which gives it its unique importance in modern literature.

The prefaces which Hawthorne prefixes to his books are all charming and generally irrelevant. None, however, is more charming or more irrelevant than the chapter on the Custom House which opens the romance of the *Scarlet Letter*. In it he refers to his ancestry—those grave, bearded, sable-cloaked, and steeple-crowned progenitors, who made Salem famous or infamous with their martial swords and still more martial Bibles. They had the Puritanic traits, both good and evil: they were soldiers, legislators, judges and rulers in the Church, and they were bitter persecutors

of witches and Quakers. Hawthorne pictures them as undergoing a dreary retribution for their cruelties in having so degenerate an offspring as himself, a writer of story-books, who, from their point of view, might as well have been a fiddler. "Yet," he remarks, "let them scorn me as they will, strong traits of their nature have intertwined themselves with mine."

In this, as often in his self-criticism, Hawthorne was entirely in the right. He is haunted by the same problems, though to him they are matters for his imagination rather for his faith; to him, too, as well as to them, the dreary consciousness of sin weighs like an ancestral and immitigable burden on men's souls. The point of view is, however, changed by his artistic instinct. No longer are present sin and future damnation, Divine predestination to evil and human responsibility for transgression, facts of awful moral import, which are to color the practice and darken the sympathies of every individual soul; but only psychological problems, full of speculative interest, themes for imaginative treatment, colors merely of somber hue which the artist keeps on his palette, whereby to heighten the effect of his dramatic pictures. It is as though a man in middle age were to meet again in dream the bogeys which haunted his childish nightmares, and change them from tyrannical masters into servile sprites and obedient Ariels. So purely as playthings for his art does Hawthorne treat the witches' sabbaths and the midnight frolics in the forest, and all the kindred notions of demonic possession. Nay, he extends the same treatment even to hereditary curses and legendary sins, to mesmeric influences and occult phenomena of magic. Like the Mother Rigby of his tale, he lets his familiar Dickon light his pipe, and constructs one or two imaginary Feathertops to delude the too seriously practical or too crudely realistic portion of his audience. Only the thing is managed so gracefully that we are willingly deluded; the artistic touch is so sure and so fine, that we feel a delicate æsthetic relish in such funereal themes. It is not, as he says, "the devil himself who gets into his inkstand," when he fills

his pen, but rather a humorous Mephistopheles with a poetic taste for the graceful and the picturesque.

To this we have to add, a seemingly real belief in philosophical idealism—perhaps due to contact with Emerson and Alcott: that the so-called facts which surround us are not real but phenomenal; that man's life is but a dream; that our truest life is not the external one, but the internal warmth of emotion and feeling which gives us an instinctive insight into truth; these things seem to have been part of Emerson's creed. "Indeed we are but shadows: we are not endowed with real life, and all that seems most real about us is but the thinnest substance of a dream till the heart be touched. That touch creates us, then we begin to be, thereby we are beings of reality and inheritors of eternity." Such a sentence seems obviously to bear the Emersonian impress. The same sentiment is more comically expressed in the following sentences, which relate to Hawthorne's life in the Brook Farm experiment.

"It already looks like a dream behind me. The real Me was never an associate of the community: there has been a spectral Appearance there, sounding the horn at daybreak, and milking the cows and hoeing potatoes, and raking hay, toiling in the sun, and doing me the honor to assume my name. But the specter was not myself. Nevertheless, it is somewhat remarkable that my hands have, during the past summer, grown very brown and rough, inasmuch that many people persist in believing that I, after all, was the aforesaid spectral horn-sounder, cow-milker, potato-hoer, and hay-raker. But such people do not know a reality from a shadow."

No, indeed, for Hawthorne's real self was not at Brook Farm, except in the shape of Miles Coverdale; nor anywhere else, except somewhere haunting the region which divides the natural from the supernatural, the thin borderland which separates the dream life from the actual and the palpable. It can easily be seen how such idealistic tendencies increased the effect of his writings. It gave his characters some of the effect of disembodied creations, with regard to whom we have not to apply the usual canons of credibility. It rendered his Donatello a plausible fancy, and bestowed a kind of verisimilitude on such "moonshiny" romances as *Transformation*.

"The cursed habits of solitude," to which Hawthorne refers, the dislike of conversation and society, the shyness of his ordinary demeanor and his customary self-concentration were doubtless answerable for many of the characteristics of his writing. Here, for instance, is a picture of the man as drawn by his friend G. W. Curtis, which will explain much of his idiosyncrasy:—

"During Hawthorne's first year of residence in Concord, I had driven up with some friends to an æsthetic tea at Mr. Emerson's. It was in the winter, and a great wood fire blazed upon the hospitable hearth. There were various men and women of note assembled, and I, who listened attentively to all the fine things that were said, was for some time scarcely aware of a man, who sat upon the edge of the circle, a little withdrawn, his head slightly thrown forward upon his breast, and his black eyes clearly burning under his black brow. As I drifted down the stream of talk, this person, who sat silent as a shadow, looked at me as Webster might have looked had he been a poet—a kind of poetic Webster. He rose and walked to the window, and stood there quietly for a long time watching the dead white landscape. No appeal was made to him; nobody looked after him; the conversation flowed steadily on, as if every one understood that his silence was to be respected. It was the same thing at table. In vain the silent man imbibed æsthetic tea. Whatever fancies it inspired did not flower at his lips. But there was a light in his eye which assured me that nothing was lost. So supreme was his silence that it presently engrossed me to the exclusion of everything else. There was very brilliant discourse, but this silence was much more poetic and fascinating. Fine things were said by the philosophers, but much finer things were implied by the dumbness of this gentleman with heavy brows and black hair. When he presently rose and went, Emerson, with the slow, wise smile that breaks over his face like day over the sky, said, 'Hawthorne rides well his horse of the night.'"

The happily descriptive remark of Emerson, though it accentuates the crepuscular habit of mind, equally explains two other mental traits of Hawthorne, the tendency to abstraction and the power of introspection. Surely but few writers have had such a genius for self-criticism as Hawthorne. Psychological analysis was, indeed, a familiar sport for his mind, and formed the modern substitute for the ancient inquisitorial instincts of his progenitors. He was so cool, so disengaged, so purely negative toward his creations, that he could not only analyze the prejudices and intuitions of others, but subject himself to the same process. He exactly hits the point,

when he calls *Transformation* a moonshiny romance; he is equally felicitous in what he says in the preface to *Twice-Told Tales* as to the quality of his shorter stories. "The book, if you would see anything in it, requires to be read in the clear, brown, twilight atmosphere in which it was written; if opened in the sunshine, it is apt to look exceedingly like a volume of blank pages." In Miles Coverdale in the *Blithedale Romance*, he left what appears to be a picture of himself in the midst of the Brook Farm enthusiasts. Certainly Hawthorne had no particular business to be among the sentimental young ladies, heavy-footed disciples of socialism, staid devotees of the rights of equal division of property, and calm philosophic thinkers, who together constituted that most picturesque and most visionary of modern Arcadias. Miles Coverdale, too, is not especially enthusiastic. "As Hollingsworth once told me, I lack a purpose. How strange! He was ruined morally by an overplus of the same ingredient, the want of which I occasionally suspect has rendered my life all an emptiness." Or again, "No sagacious man will long retain his sagacity, if he lives expressly among reformers, without periodical return to the settled system of things to correct himself by a new observation from the old standpoint."

One can see that Hawthorne clearly recognized how little sympathy is to be got out of mental analysis, and how far a cool and somewhat self-interested common-sense falls short of being the stuff of which great historical movements are made. Coverdale, however, if a critic, is at least an amiable one and represents Hawthorne at his best. Hawthorne at his worst is represented, possibly, by the darker phantom of Gervayse Hastings in the short story called the *Christmas Banquet*—a man whose cold curiosity in the region of emotion has left him absolutely incapable of experiencing it in his own person. Be this as it may, Hawthorne possesses in singular measure the power of dividing his mind into two departments, one of which adopts the position of critic toward the other. He reminds one of the *Doppel-Gänger* in Schumann's song, where a man is watching with

intense interest a figure on the opposite side of the street. It has the same tricks as he is conscious of possessing, and exercises the peculiar fascination over him of a sort of objective presentation of his own most intimate qualities. The figure suddenly turns and he sees the face: with a shriek, he recognizes that it is his own.

The other characteristic—the tendency to abstraction which so solitary a mind inevitably possesses—manifests itself partly in the bloodlessness of the personages whom he depicts, partly in the love of allegory, partly again in the eerie quality of his romances. It is the gift of the higher forms of literature to possess a distinct atmosphere of their own, the influence of which we instinctively recognize as we read. There is the atmosphere, for instance, which surrounds Mr. Morris's *Earthly Paradise*, the heavy, sensuous air of some island of the Sirens where reigns the indolent and delicious passivity of an eternity of the lotus-flower. Or there is the eager and nipping air which surrounds much of the work of Carlyle, an air which bites shrewdly and which can only be inhaled in gasps. Or there is the quiet, summerlike, peaceful atmosphere which Emerson distills, the air of complacent optimism, when we feel that it is good to have been born, and that all things work together for good to those who love God. Far otherwise is the atmosphere which surrounds the work of Hawthorne, and no one who has once breathed it can forget its peculiar quality. In whatever time, place, or circumstance his tales are perused, instantly there rises the suggestion of a chilly and spectral air, the air of some gleaming moonlight, when all the shadows seem to have gathered an added intensity, when ordinary flesh and blood has lost color, and to both eye and ear are borne ever and anon the visions of flying wraiths, and the echoes of a supernatural melody. The touch of the artist here is incommunicable and indescribable, and is the unique possession of his singular genius. The machinery by which the effect is worked differs, but the result is the same. Sometimes it is witchcraft, together with all the gloomy terrors of the forest at midnight, as

when young Goodman Brown feels himself impelled to desert the common paths of rectitude and join the witches' revel. Sometimes it is an inherited curse, as when Judge Pyncheon, in the *House of the Seven Gables*, dies in the same chair as his blood-stained ancestor, and the author bids us watch for hours at his side while he taunts him with all his unfulfilled engagements. Sometimes, it is the consciousness of sin, as when Arthur Dimmesdale, in *The Scarlet Letter*, places himself on the scaffold where the partner of his guilt had been pilloried and stands in the place of shame throughout the summer night. Sometimes it is merely the consciousness of the secrecy of the human heart, as when Mr. Hooper scares his congregation by appearing before them with a black veil over his face. Sometimes, again it is the morbid fancy of the highest and most exquisite beauty as springing from a being nurtured by the most virulent poisons, as in that short masterpiece entitled *Rappaccini's Daughter*. Or, once more, it is the violent conjunction and contrast of opposite and discordant emotions, as when Miriam and Donatello in *Transformation*, in the intoxication of a crime committed in common, walk feverishly and happily ecstatic through the blood-stained streets of Rome. However managed, the supernatural effect is the same.

Supernatural, indeed, is not the right word to employ: for the essence of Hawthorne's art is to make it seem supremely natural, as though by some magic touch the extraordinary could become ordinary, or as though the realities of the world were but the shadows of those deeper truths which are wrongly named fantastic and imaginary. The fascination of the mystical may be difficult to analyze: certainly, if it ever touches the margin of the vulgar or the ridiculous, it becomes repulsive: but when it is kept in control by an exquisite artistic sense, it affects us with a strange and almost immeasurable force. But if there is one writer more than another who makes us dispute the obstinate reality of the things of our work-a-day life, who teaches us to be sceptical of such ordinary foundations of a materialistic creed as matter and time and

space, it is Hawthorne, with his romantic idealism, who in this respect, though from quite another side and animated by a different motive, preaches the same lesson as his compatriot Emerson, and helps us to banish the vulgar forms of realism, as possible modes of art.

Meanwhile the characters in such tales undoubtedly suffer, and sometimes the tales themselves become too obviously didactic or allegorical. "Instead of passion," Hawthorne with rare frankness confesses, "there is sentiment; and even in what purport to be pictures of actual life we have allegory, not always so warmly dressed in its habiliments of flesh and blood as to be taken into the reader's mind without a shiver. Whether from lack of power, or an unconquerable reserve, the author's touches have often an effect of tameness; the merriest man can hardly contrive to laugh at his broadest humor; the tenderest woman, one would suppose, will hardly shed warm tears at his deepest pathos." Though overstated, there is an element of truth in this self-criticism; yet those who think that Hawthorne was always cold and impassive should remember the passage in the *English Notebooks* (September 14, 1885), where he says he wonders at Thackeray's coolness in respect to his own pathos, and compares it with his own emotion when he read the last scene of *The Scarlet Letter* to his wife, just after writing it—tried to read it rather, for his voice swelled and heaved, as if he were tossed up and down on an ocean as it subsides after a storm. As to the fondness for allegory, Edgar Poe declares in a contemporary criticism that he is infinitely too fond of it, and that he can never hope for popularity so long as he persists in it. "Indeed, his spirit of metaphor run mad is clearly imbibed from the phalanstery atmosphere in which he has been so long struggling for truth. Let him mend his pen, get a bottle of visible ink, come out from the Old Manse, cut Mr. Alcott, hang (if possible) the editor of the *Dial*, and throw out of the window to the pigs all his odd numbers of the *North American Review*." This is of course pitched in a tone of absurd exaggeration.

The truth is, however, that the love of abstraction and allegory was a mood against which Hawthorne was often struggling, and as he himself says, making attempts to open an intercourse with the world. The result is that a progressive tendency from the abstract to the concrete can be traced through much of his work, and that his last work, *Transformation*, so little represents the culmination of his powers that it is in certain aspects a distinct retrogression.

It appears that during or immediately after his college-days at Bowdoin, Hawthorne published anonymously a slight romance with the motto from Southey, "Wilt thou go with me?" He was afterward disgusted with this early work, and never acknowledged its authorship. But it possessed in a crude form many of the subsequent qualities of his style. It was a dim dreamy tale, full of the weird and the uncanny, and its characters were not so much persons as embodied passions, emotions, spiritual speculations. Here at the outset of his career, we find both allegory and abstract characterization. It is the same with many of his earlier tales. He appears, if not anxious to express a moral, at least unable to give his creations anything but the most shadowy and anæmic personality. They move across the pages with a stilted imitation of life, they are endowed with names as though they were really persons, but we instinctively feel that they have not the same flesh and bone as ourselves, and that they draw their breath from airs which never enter our lungs.

Enormous is the interval which separates the best of the shorter tales from *The Scarlet Letter* with its clear enunciation of practical moral problems and its terrible revelation of the anguish of a burdened conscience. After *The Scarlet Letter* was published, we are told that Hawthorne received many confessions from men and women who had either committed or fancied that they had committed some great sin, a sufficient proof of the reality and concreteness of its main theme. A Quaker once wrote to the author to tell him that he knew him better than his best friend. Yet there was truth in Hawthorne's comment that his correspondent considerably overes-

timated the extent of his intimacy with him. For, indeed, even in *The Scarlet Letter* there is much, as Mr. Henry James remarks, of "spheres and influences." Arthur Dimmesdale is real enough, but what are we to say of Roger Chillingworth, the aggrieved husband, who exercises so great an influence over the dénouement of the tale, and yet hovers only on the verge of actuality as an impalpable and ghostly Nemesis? Hawthorne is fond of making the tragic action of his characters depend on such shadowy personalities, and Chillingworth plays an identical part with the mysterious figure of the catacombs who persecutes Miriam in *Transformation*, and Professor Westervelt, who wields such an occult power over Zenobia in the *Bliethdale Romance*. Hester Prynne herself does not affect us like a woman who has loved and suffered for her love, because Hawthorne intentionally separates the present conjuncture which it is his object to analyze from the past, whence it sprang, and which alone could give it causal justification. The effect on the mind is like that of Stesichorus's Helen, who did not go to Troy at all, but only went there in the shape of a pale and bodiless phantom. The triumph of this fanciful semi-morbid psychology is the elfin child, little Pearl, veritably a triumph, for she is so clearly the offspring of an immoral alliance, but for that very reason she is hardly a child at all, but the embodied moral of a wholesome sermon. Yet even here how wonderfully sure is the artistic touch of Hawthorne! What a morbid piece of imagination it is to make the child so fond of the letter of shame that she will not go to her mother unless she is wearing it on her bosom! How morbid and yet how striking! Hawthorne is full of such touches, sometimes insisting on them with an almost painful emphasis, but rarely exceeding the artistic requirements of his picture.

A year after the publication of *The Scarlet Letter*, Hawthorne has added to the concreteness of his personages in *The House of the Seven Gables*. The shadowy Chillingworth has now become a firm-set, tyrannical reality in the shape of Judge Pyncheon; and the author has found a way of making his female

characters more actual by the contrast between an elder and a younger, the younger to be the essence of sweetness and tenderness, and the elder to have harder lineaments, produced either by age or mental strength. Phœbe Pyncheon, too, has, besides her tenderness, a beneficent store of practical activity, and poor old Hephzibah commences her troubles by a crisis of pathetic reality when she degrades her lineage by opening a shop. Holgrave is thrown in to add to this effect as the representative of the pushing, indefatigable Yankee, who has nothing but his wits to make his way within the world. Clifford remains as the representative of the shadows, and there is a half-intimated background of ancestral feud and mesmeric influence to keep the story within the limits prescribed by the author's peculiar genius.

In the *Blithedale Romance* we move to yet newer ground. Here is a basis of actual fact in the experiences of Hawthorne in the Brook Farm community, and Blithedale becomes no imaginary region, but a phenomenon which history has recognized. Of all the novels, this, though perhaps slightest in texture, has most of sunniness, most of humorous enjoyment, as though for once the haunting devil had, for some two hundred pages at least, left Hawthorne's elbow. Coverdale is concrete enough; so, too, in ample measure in Hollingsworth; so, too, above all, is Zenobia. The same expedient is used for contrasting an elder stronger woman with a younger weaker one; and, indeed, the relations of Zenobia to Priscilla are afterward repeated in those of Miriam and Hilda in *Transformation*. But there can be no question that of all the female characters Zenobia is the one that has the firmest outlines and the most insistent personality. In all dramatic characterization, it is women especially who suffer by being made too shadowy and bloodless. All their modes of self-manifestation, all the outlets of their influence, are so essentially bound up with their corporeal organization, the whole impress of their personality, at least to a masculine imagination, is so intimately connected with their bodily form and feature, that if they fail to be flesh and blood, we begin to be sceptical of their actual

ity. As has been already noticed, some of Hawthorne's women seem to sink from crossing the borders of shadowland; but Zenobia at least is imperiously human in her sensuous beauty, in her passionate attachment, in her terrible despair. Rarely has Hawthorne allowed himself such touches as those by which he conveys to his reader the idea of the Blithedale heroine. See how she affects Miles Coverdale:—

"Zenobia was truly a magnificent woman. The homely simplicity of her dress could not conceal, nor scarcely diminish, the queenliness of her presence.—I know not well how to express, that the native glow of coloring in her cheeks, and even the flesh-warmth over her round arms and what was visible of her full bust, in a word, her womanliness incarnated, compelled me sometimes to close my eyes, as if it were not quite the privilege of modesty to gaze at her."

When we turn to *Transformation*, we are struck by many differences in relation to the earlier romances. The scene, to begin with, is changed, and New England has been deserted for Italy. It is a curious proof of the many invisible ties which serve to connect Hawthorne with his native country that with the loss of the familiar background of Salem and Concord and the forest, there appears to be a corresponding loss of power. The many allusions to Italian scenery and the descriptions of notorious spots in Rome; however admirably they may fulfill the purposes of a superior guide-book, and however graceful they may be in themselves, hardly make up for the deficiency of the natural local colors. Sometimes they strike the reader at irritating interruptions, and indeed the story itself, as Mr. Henry James has remarked, has a tendency to lose itself in byways and straggle almost painfully in inconsecutive paragraphs. The characters again have become more shadowy. Miriam is not wholly a satisfactory creation, owing to the intentional obscurity in which the author has left both her past and her future; Kenyon is not especially life-like; and Donatello, though at times he strikes one as a happy fiction of poesy, at other times obtrudes too much his alien nature. The novel, lastly, has an obvious purpose, and the lesson of the educative power of sin, whether it be considered as a moral one or no, interferes to

some extent with the artistic character of the word. Yet such criticisms do not touch the main value of the book, and it is hardly matter for surprise that to many readers *Transformation* appears as Hawthorne's masterpiece. The genius for style is as clearly there—perhaps more clearly there—than in his other works, and the impalpable charm of distinction and refinement rests on many pages of admirable writing. Still, we are not altogether surprised to find that the next step carries the author wholly back to the abstract and allegorical: and however little we may have a right to judge the unfinished *Septimius Felton*, it is easy to see that it would under no circumstances have reached the level of former productions.

Dramatist or no dramatist, there can be no question that Hawthorne was a consummate artist. His characters may often be wanting in opaqueness and solidity, but nothing can interfere with the extraordinary felicity and power of his scenes. The personages do not always stand out with distinctness, but the management of the incidents, the grouping of the accessories, the natural background of color and tone and scenery, and all the "staging," so to speak, of the piece are alike admirable. Further than this, the insight into emotion and the perception of the contrasts of passion, though they often appear arbitrary and unnatural, strike the imagination with rare force, and mastery. It will be better to select some of the finest passages for comparison, in order to observe the manner in which Hawthorne produces his effects. Take the scene in *The Scarlet Letter* in which Arthur Dimmesdale returns from his interview with Hester Prynne in the forest. The minister, after meeting once more the companion of his ancient sin, finds that his moral nature is temporarily perverted. He longs to utter to his deacon blasphemous suggestions about the communion supper. He is on the point of whispering to an elderly dame who has lost her husband and children some argument against the immortality of the soul. He is tempted to make some impure remark and give some wicked look to one of the purest maidens in his flock, and to join a drunken

seaman in a volley of "good, round, solid, satisfactory and heaven-defying oaths." There is a horrible truth in this wonderful scene. Hawthorne has merely analysed the power of mental reaction after some unusual strain of feeling and excitement—a common experience, but one which his genius has transfigured with unearthly light. Or, again, there is the long chapter in the *House of the Seven Gables*, where Judge Pyncheon is described as lying dead in his chair. Here the effect is due to the contrast between the cold lifeless corpse, rigid on its chair, and the string of humorous taunts conveyed in the enumeration of the Judge's manifold worldly engagements for the day. Take another scene. In the *Bliethedale Romance*, Hollingsworth, Coverdale and Foster drag the midnight river for the body of Zenobia, who has committed suicide. What is it that makes the scene so powerfully tragic? It is partly the presence of Silas Foster with his utterly coarse and rustic imaginings, as an effectual contrast to the spiritual agony of the other characters.

"It puts me in mind of my young days, remarked Silas, when I used to steal out of bed to go bobbing for hornpouts and eels. Heigh-ho! Well; life and death together make sad work for us all! Then I was a boy, bobbing for fish; and now I'm getting to be an old fellow, and here I be, groping for a dead body! I tell you what, lads, if I thought anything had really happened to Zenobia, I should feel kind o' sorrowful."

What a wonderful touch that is! Hawthorne knows the value of sudden contrasts of the humorous and the grave, and when Zenobia's body is found, he does not hesitate to suggest that if she had only known the ugly circumstances of death and how ill it became her, she would no more have committed the dreadful act than have exhibited herself to a public assembly in a badly-fitting garment. Another powerful scene has before been referred to. It is that of the murder of the tormentor of Miriam by Donatello in *Transformation*. Here the strength of the situation is not dependent on the realism by which the act itself is described, but, as usual in Hawthorne, on the indication of the after-effects. The sense of a sin in which both have participated leads at first to an ecstasy of joy. Miriam and Dona

tello go hand in hand as though the murder had not only made them irrevocably one, but enduringly happy. Perhaps, after all, the finest single scene of all is the night-vigil of the hero of *The Scarlet Letter* on the scaffold; but in that the effect depends more on the imaginative vividness with which the picture is drawn than on the subtle suggestion of contrasted feelings, on which Hawthorne principally relies.

It is needless to hold up Hawthorne to obloquy, as Mr. Hutton has done, for not seeing the rights and wrongs of slave emancipation. It was reprehensible, no doubt, for our author to have suggested that a noble movement had some of "the mistiness of a philanthropic theory." But it must be remembered that Hawthorne was a Democrat, not a Republican, and that he had a warm attachment for General Pierce, who had identified himself with the party who desired above all to preserve the Union. The real defence, however, is that it was impossible for a man of Hawthorne's organization to feel any deep interest in contemporary politics. He had an instinctive dislike of politicians and philanthropists.

"I detest," he writes in the first volume of his *American Note-books*, "all offices—all, at least, that are held upon a political tenure, and I want nothing to do with politicians. Their hearts wither away and die out of their bodies. Their consciences are turned to india-rubber, or to some substance as black as that, and which will stretch as much. One thing, if no more, I have gained by my Custom-house experience—to know a politician. It is a knowledge which no previous thought or power of sympathy could have taught me: because the animal, or the machine rather, is not in nature."

Or again, on the subject of philanthropists, in reference to Hollingsworth:—

"They have no heart, no sympathy, no reason, no conscience. They will keep no friend, unless he make himself a mirror of their purpose; they will smite and slay you, and trample your dead corpse under foot, all the more readily if you take the first step with them, and cannot take the second and the third, and every other step of their terribly straight path. They have an idol, to which they consecrate themselves high-priest and deem it holy work to offer sacrifices of whatever is most precious, and never once seem to suspect, so cunning has the devil been with them, that this false deity, in whose iron features, immitigable to all the rest of mankind, they see only benignity and love, is but a spectrum of the very priest himself, projected upon the surrounding darkness."

It is on this side, perhaps, that we can see more clearly than on any other what his French critic, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, M. Emile Montegut, means by calling Hawthorne "un romancier pessimiste." He certainly had his pessimistic moments. "Let us acknowledge it wiser, if not more sagacious, to follow out one's day-dream to its natural consummation, although, if the vision have been worth the having, it is certain never to be consummated otherwise than by a failure." Or again, "We contemplated our existence as hopefully as if the soil beneath our feet had not been fathom-deep with the dust of deluded generations, on every one of which, as on ourselves, the world had imposed itself as a hitherto unwedded bride;" a noticeable passage, because seemingly framed in reference to Emerson's optimism, who had told the *American scholar* that he gave him "the universe a virgin to-day." But in reality Hawthorne had too much humor to be either a Leopardi or a Schopenhauer. His inquisitorial coldness and his perfectly neutral analysis of character give him a certain airy scepticism and a kind of cynical aloofness; but such a temper stands at the opposite pole to pessimism, which is dogmatically and savagely in earnest. He describes himself with felicitous exactness in the attitude of Miles Coverdale. He was a devoted epicure of emotions, and on such moods as robbed the actual world of its solidity he was resolved to pause, and enjoy the moral sillabub until quite dissolved away.—W. L. COURTNEY, in *The Fortnightly Review*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

EDUCATION IN THE EMPIRE OF THE YNCAS.—Prof. E. C. White, Head Master at the American College at Callao, Peru, furnishes to the Boston *Education* an interesting paper, of which the following is an abridgment:—

"Prescott has erroneously applied the name 'Ynca' to all the people of the Ynca's empire. The word *Ynca*, in the Quechua language, means 'lord' or 'king' and was applied only to members of the royal family. The proper name of the empire, *Tahuantinsuyo*, is also applicable to the people as a whole. These people vied with the progressive peoples of the nineteenth

century in many departments of education, especially in the industrial sciences.

"Their system of irrigation, extending over an area of nearly 1000 square miles, consisted of aqueducts constructed of flag-stones, so closely jointed, without the use of cement, as to conduct water over rivers and ravines without any waste. In many places the elevation of the *dunes* would not admit of irrigation; and here they excavated the sand to a sufficient depth to insure moisture enough for the growing of plants. These dug-out gardens sometimes contained an acre of ground and were surrounded with walls of sun-dried bricks. To fertilize these irrigated lands they used a small fish which was very abundant along the seashore, or guano.

"They studied the rotation of crops, the proper time for seeding; and the character of the climate and soil. Every foot of ground was utilized. Not only did they reclaim the desert of the coast, but by a system of terracing they re-cultivated the rocky sides of the mountains from the base to the snowline. These terraces (or *andenes*, from which the mountain range derives the name 'Andes'), rise before the traveler similar to the mighty pyramids of Egypt, and were filled in with fertile soil brought up from the valleys at the base of the mountains. The products of the soil consisted of maize; *ninna*, a kind of grain similar to rice; *coca*, a narcotic plant, the leaves of which they mixed with lime, and chewed when their power of endurance was called into action; cotton; *agi*, a kind of pepper; potatoes; *canote*, a kind of sweet potato; *oca*, *ullucos*, and many tropical fruits.

"In manufacturing they produced cotton and woolen cloth having more than sixty threads to the inch of wool, dyed in all colors, and containing many beautiful designs, as found to-day in their tombs. In the working of gold, silver and copper ornaments, and moulding and hardening copper by alloying it with silica, they surpassed the artisan of to-day. Their pottery and other manufactures also show much skill and design.

"Besides their respective occupations, the common people were taught their duty to the government, religious rites, elementary arithmetic, and the Quechua language. The Yncas and the aristocracy were trained in the *Yachahuasaciscusa* (National Universities) in liturgy, military tactics, architecture, the history of the empire, the biography of the kings and other eminent men, astronomy, geometry, the geography of their country, medicine, surgery, elementary arithmetic, the use of the *quepus*, or knotted cords used for memorizing events and numbers, the grammar and rhetoric of the Quechua language, dramatic exhibitions, eloquence, poetry, and song. The principles of geometry were carefully studied, and mastered, as the application of the same is seen in their ruins to-day. They applied these principles in drafting maps of the empire, in the distribution of their lands, as well as in their admirable architecture—solving very difficult problems with great exactness.

"In astronomy they were inferior to the Aztecs, as they determined the solstices and equinoxes by means

of mechanical contrivances instead of mathematical calculations. Nevertheless they observed the course of Venus and of some other planets. When eclipses occurred, they became greatly frightened, believing that the heavenly bodies were threatening to come down and destroy the earth. To avert this they broke out into loud cries, beating musical instruments, and the like. This was kept up until the heavenly bodies were, as believed, driven back to their proper places. The phases of the moon (*quilla*) were explained by the condition of the health of that luminary. They called the new moon, as we do; when at the full it was *pusa quilla*, 'red moon;' when declining, it was *huayuc quilla*, 'dying moon;' when dark, it was *quilla huayuc*, 'dead moon.' They had a lunar year, beginning on the 1st of December, and a solar year, commencing at the vernal equinox. This solar year contained 365¼ days, and was divided into four seasons, as with us.

"The adopted language of the whole empire was the Quechua, every conquered tribe being compelled to learn it as soon as possible. This language is the richest and most systematic of all the Indian tongues. It forms all its conjugations, declensions, and plurals with more regularity than do the Latin and Greek. It is a complete systematized language, ranking with the best developed languages which have ever existed. Much—probably most—of the literature of the Tiahuanacus has been lost through the Spanish conquest, but there still remain fragments of considerable value. The drama *Ollant a and Cusi-Kaylltor*, consists of three acts, and is well composed. Their poetry, mostly in rhyme, was sung at festivals, and chanted in the fields. The favorite piece was the following, addressed to the *Tuya*, a bird which robbed the corn-fields:—

| | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| I. | |
| <i>Ama pisco macychu</i> | O bird! do not eat |
| <i>Nustallipa chacrántá</i> | The crops of my princes. |
| <i>Mánan hind tuotchu</i> | Do not then rob |
| <i>Hillacunán sárántá.</i> | The maize that is her food! |
| Tuyallay! Tuyallay! | Tuyallay! Tuyallay! |
| II. | |
| <i>Panacóymí ruruná</i> | The grain is white, |
| <i>Ancha cooní munepá</i> | And the leaves are tender: |
| <i>Nucmunaocmí uocuná</i> | As yet they are delicate: |
| <i>Llullunacmí raphinpá</i> | I fear your perching on them. |
| Tuyallay! Tuyallay! | Tuyallay! Tuyallay! |
| III. | |
| <i>Phurantátac masocoty</i> | Your wings shall be cut. |
| <i>Cuchusacmí silluta</i> | Your nails shall be torn: |
| <i>Puppacayquin ccontapas</i> | And you shall be captured |
| <i>Happiscayquin ccontapas.</i> | And closely engaged. |
| Tuyallay! Tuyallay! | Tuyallay! Tuyallay! |
| IV. | |
| <i>Hinacatan ricungul</i> | This shall be done to you |
| <i>Huc ruruntá caphacotin.</i> | When you eat a grain: |
| <i>Hinacacemí ricungul</i> | This shall be done to you |
| <i>Huc llallapas chnacocotin.</i> | When a grain is stolen. |
| Tuyallay! Tuyallay! | Tuyallay! Tuyallay! |

characterizes what appears to be a recently developed species of the *genus homo*:—

"The singular adaptability of the English character to the exigencies of circumstances in which the Britons may be placed is nowhere better evidenced than in Egypt. When we say that Egypt is the land of the lazy, and that the Anglo-Egyptians are learning to laze with signal success, we do not wish to impute any evil. There are various forms of laziness which are not sloth, and these varieties are not always entirely reprehensible. There are many energetic workers among the colonists, and these are not the least lazy of the race. They consume but little midnight oil, but many cigarettes and peculiar drinks. Just as the Anglo-Egyptian has taken with ease and grace to the wearing of the official fez and Stambouline coat, so has he fallen into the habits of afternoon siestas and patronage of street carriages (or his own) for covering a couple of hundred yards. Among the peculiarities of the Egyptian climate is the dread it inspires of wearing out shoe-leather. It may be that shoes in Egypt are costly and poor, or it may be that the roads are badly kept and not tempting for pedestrian effort. But, whatever the real reason of the abuse of carriage exercise, it is always put down to the weather. The climate is responsible for so many derelictions from old English notions that it may well bear the onus for this also. Yet no one attempts to fight against it as in India. The Anglo-Egyptian groans under the sun, but sets up no punkahs or tatties; he shivers at the cold, but seldom has more than the kitchen stove in his house. He is only human, after all, and must have something to grumble at. Everything else is so delightfully smooth and easy for him that he falls greedily upon the climate grievance. Once upon a time the naughtiness of heart of Pashas and the intrigues of colleagues and subordinates helped him a little but he has pretty well destroyed all these now, and is reduced to the weather. If he had only a respectable climate, he would be bound to work eight hours a day and forego his annual three months' leave. So he cherishes its inflictions with an exceeding great affection. 'If he has spoken harshly, it but proved how much he loves it.'"

THE ARGENTINE PASS, COLORADO.—Speaking of the recent Teachers' Convention at Topeka, the editor of the Boston Magazine, *Education*, says:—

"One of the most important auxiliary advantages which arose from the great gathering of teachers was the opportunity it gave for so many to visit the Rocky Mountains. Hundreds from all parts of the country prolonged their journey, either direct to Denver by way of the Union Pacific, or by the Santa Fé route, south-westerly to the great bend of the Arkansas River, along the route of the old Spanish trail from St. Louis to Santa Fé; thence along the Arkansas to Pueblo; thence through the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas and over Marshall Pass to Gunnison; or, from Pueblo, northward, to Colorado Springs and Manitou, the Garden of the Gods, and Pike's Peak; then to Denver. Many of those who went to Denver plunged into the

heart of the Rockies, by way of the Central Colorado narrow-gauge railroad, through Clear Creek Cañon to Georgetown, and over the Loup to Silver Plume and Gray's Peak; or, by carriage-road to the Argentine Pass. All of these mountain-roads take one through the grandest scenery of this or any other country. The Argentine Pass is reached by a carriage-road ten miles from Georgetown. Georgetown is 8,500 feet above the sea; but this road rises 4,600 feet higher; so that the pass is 13,100 feet above the sea level. This is the highest pass in the Rocky Mountains, and the road the highest carriage-road in the world. Colorado has no mountain peak 15,000 feet high, but it has more than sixty over 14,000 feet, more than one hundred and sixty over 13,000 feet, and more than two hundred over 12,000 feet. At the top of the Argentine Pass you are within two or three miles of the summit of Gray's Peak, which rises 1,900 feet higher than the pass; and on the north, the south, the east, and the west are are mountain-peaks—peak upon peak, by scores and by fifties—rising from 12,000 to 14,000 feet high. This little stream at the east of you, whose sound you now plainly hear, rushes away through Leavenworth Cañon to the Clear Creek, and then through Clear Creek Cañon to the Platte; and so down the Missouri and Mississippi to the torrid gulf; while this little brook at your feet upon the west, murmuring along its rocky bed, flows into the Snake River, the Blue, the Grand, the Colorado, and so into the western gulf and the western ocean. You are upon the crest of the continent."

FICTION WHICH GIRLS READ.—The *Saturday Review* says that "of 1,068 young ladies whom Mr. Charles Welsh has been at the pains to examine as to who is their 'favorite writer of fiction,' 330 have replied that theirs is Charles Dickens, 226 have confessed to a secret passion for Walter Scott, while only 8 are enamored of Mr. William Black, and not more than 11 are daring and candid enough to prefer Miss Braddon. The worshippers of Canon Farrar make a 'graceful troupe of 22'; Thackeray has but 18 followers; Carlyle, Mr. Ruskin, and Miss Havergal are esteemed above all others by only 6; while Marryat, Charlotte Brontë, Mrs. Gaskell, and Mrs. Hemans among the dead, and Mrs. Marshall, 'Lewis Carroll,' and Messrs. Anstey and Ballantyne among the living, count but 5 devoted followers apiece. Messrs. Stevenson and Haggard are not placed; no more is the gorgeous, the passionate, the soul-subduing Ouida; no more are Miss Rhoda Broughton, Miss Helen Mathers, Miss Florence Marryat, Miss Mary Hay, and the author of *Called Back*. For which reason (and others) it is safe to conclude that the testimony of this particular thousand young ladies leaves the matter as mysterious and obscure as ever."

JOEL BARLOW.—The author of *The Columbiad* and of *Hasty Pudding* has at last found in Mr. Charles Burr Todd a most admiring biographer. Indeed, if we may accept Mr. Todd's estimate of the man, Joel Barlow was the greatest American of his time. "He alone," says his enthusiastic biographer, "excelled in at least three great departments of human effort—in states-

manship, letters, and philosophy, and whose practical talents were perhaps greater than those of any of his contemporaries. . . . His verse first gave American poetry a standing abroad. His prose writing contributed largely to the triumph of Republicanism in 1800. He was the first American cosmopolite. . . . He was the godfather of the steamboat and canal, and sponsor, with Jefferson, of our present magnificent system of internal improvements, while, had he been permitted to carry out his grand ideas of a national university, it is safe to say that American art, letters, science and mechanics would now be on a much more advanced and satisfactory footing."

ART CRITICISM.—Mr. Andrew Lang thus discourses in *Longman's Magazine* :—

"The truth about ordinary art criticism as practiced in the newspapers is that it scarcely pretends to be criticism at all. The very conditions of its existence make genuine criticism impossible. Two thousand works of art cannot be appraised in ten columns of a newspaper. They can only be "noticed." No human being would call similar notice of two thousand poems, novels, and histories "criticism." A column or more is devoted to a new book of merit, but half the Grosvenor Gallery is disposed of in the same space. The art critic of the newspapers is really rather busy with description than with solemn verdicts. His modest function is to supply news, to impress the public as to what they will find in the galleries. He may also offer a *causerie* suggested by the subjects and treatment of the paintings and sculptures. But he does not, or should not, pretend much to dogmatize. He is not, as a rule, the voice of professional opinion. He merely expresses the views of the educated public, of the public which cares for literature and art, and which is tolerably well versed in what men have done with color, and clay, and marble. This may be a humble function, but if honorably discharged it is harmless, and may be even amusing. Spectators may be led to smile at the pictures most worthy of their attention in the vast crowd of the galleries. The artists, too, are enabled to hear what a certain section of the public thinks about their performances. They can listen and attend or not, as they think fit; the proper attitude of the artist toward reviewers is a topic too long to be treated of here. It is certain that art critics, like reviewers of novels and poetry, reach a queer diversity of conclusions. But the diversity would not be less bewildering if no man was allowed to write on art who was not an artist. On the whole it is plain that if the critic does not dogmatize, nor venture into the hidden things of technique, he can do little harm. His business is not with means and processes, but with results. To describe, to chronicle impressions, not to lay down the law and deliver imposing dooms and verdicts, in his proper business—and

difficult enough. It will become infinitely more difficult, if the critic is a professional painter or sculptor—a member of a certain school or set, with the exclusive prepossessions of a school."

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE EARTH.—Apropos of the recent address of the President of the British Association for the advancement of science, Gen. M. C. Meigs writes in *Science* :—

"It seems to me that, in discussing the geology of the Atlantic and the Constitution of the Earth, too much is ordinarily attributed to original action of sedimentary deposition. If we suppose a five-inch globe of terra-cotta (red and well-burned clay) to be dipped for a few moments into a muddy ditch, when it comes out with a film of water adhering to its surface, this thinnest film filled with animalcules, adhering but so quickly evaporating, will, on this scale, represent all the water contained in all the oceans and lakes; and the small quantity which the slightly porous terra-cotta globe has absorbed will represent a greater quantity of water than all that is contained or ever has been contained, in the depths and caverns and fissures of the earth itself.

The microscopic Desmidiaceae, pleurosigmae, wriggling vibrones and bacilli, so well known to modern science, and playing such important parts in life and death of man, will, swimming in the adherent film, be greatly magnified representations of the huge monsters which crawled in the slime of morasses, and swam in the oceans of primeval chaos, when the earth first took form, and ceased to be void. The almost infinitesimal film of water will represent all the water that ever constituted a part of this world in which we live; for science tells us that no violence has ever been able to project a stone beyond the sphere of the earth's attraction, and that no vapor of water, no gas, can float in the thin ether which surrounds or penetrates our fifty miles of atmospheric depth. What part, then, in the constitution and formation and changes of the matter forming the depths of the earth can this very small proportion of water's sedimentary deposits play in the general construction of the globe? To us infinitesimal bodies, the surrounding rocks are immense. Seen from the planet Mars in connection with the whole mass of the earth, what are they? A skin, an envelope, thinner than the model's adhering watery film. Certainly we are more directly interested in the superficial strata which we can see and feel than in the deep masses of which we can learn so little that we speculate as to whether they are solid or fluid without reaching certainty. But the depths in the general plan and constitution of matter far outweigh the surface formations. And fire (for they are certainly hot) has had much more to do in moulding the earth than water and its sediments."

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMAN.

On all sides the woman question bristles with difficulties, and the Higher Education is one of them. The excess in Great Britain of women over men—reaching to not far from a million—makes it impossible for all to be married—Mormonism not being our way out of the wood. At the same time, this paucity of husbands necessitates the power of self-support for those women of the unendowed classes who are left penniless on the death of the bread-winner, and who must work if they would eat. This power of self-support, again, must be based on broad and honorable lines, and must include something that the world really wants and is content to pay for. It must not be a kind of well-masked charity if it is to serve the daughters of the professional class—women who are emphatically gentle, not only by birth, but by that refinement of habit and delicacy of sentiment which give the only true claim to the comprehensive term of lady. These women must be able to do something which shall not lower their social status and which shall give them a decent income. They must keep in line with their fathers and brothers and be as well-considered as they. Certainly, they have always had the office of teachers; but all cannot be schoolmistresses or governesses, and the continual addition made to the number of candidates for work demands, and has already opened, other avenues and fresh careers. And—but on this no one can help save women themselves—as teachers and governesses they are not generally treated as on an equality with their employers, and are made to feel that to gain money, even by their brains, lowers their social status and reduces them perilously near to the level of the servants. As author-esses or artists they may hold their own; the glamour of “fame” and “genius” gilding over the fact that they make their incomes and do not draw them, and have nothing capitalized—not even their own reputations.

Of late years this question of woman's work has passed into another phase, and the *crux* now is, not so much how they can be

provided with work adequately remunerated, but how they can fit themselves for doing it without damage to their health and those interests of the race and society which are bound up with their well-being. This is the real difficulty, both of the Higher Education and of the general circumstances surrounding the self-support of women. For the strain is severe, and must be, if they are to successfully compete with men—undeniably the stronger, both in mind and body, in intellectual grasp and staying power, in the faculty of origination, the capacity for sustained effort, and in patient perseverance under arduous and it may be distasteful labor. But the dream and the chief endeavor of women now is to do the same work as men alone have hitherto done;—which means that the weaker shall come into direct competition with the stronger—the result being surely a foregone conclusion. This is the natural consequence of the degradation by women themselves of their own more fitting work; so that a female doctor, for the present, holds a higher social position than does the resident governess, while a telegraph-girl may be a lady, but a shop-girl cannot.

For well-paid intellectual work a good education is naturally of the first necessity, and the base on which all the rest is founded. Therefore, the Higher Education has been organized more as a practical equipment than as an outcome of the purely intellectual desire of women to learn where they have nothing to gain by it. For all this, many girls go to Girton and Newnham who do not mean to practically profit by their education—girls who want to escape from the narrow limits of the home, and who yearn after the quasi-independence of college life—girls to whom the unknown is emphatically the magnificent, and who desire novelty before all things; with the remnant of the purely studious—those who love learning for its own sake only, independent of gain, *kudos*, freedom or novelty. But these are the women who would have studied as ardently, and with less strain in their own homes; who would have taken a longer time over their education, and would not have hurt their health and drained their vital en-

ergies by doing in two or three years what should have taken five or six; who would have gathered with more deliberation, not spurred by emulation nor driven by competition; and who, with energy superadded to their love of knowledge, would have made the Mrs. Somervilles or Caroline Herschells, the Miss Burneys or Harriet Martineaus, of history. But such women are not many; voluntary devotion, irrespective of self-interest, to art, literature, science, philosophy, being one of the rarest accidents in the history of women—as, indeed, must needs be if they are to fulfill the natural functions of their sex.

Three important points come into this question of the Higher Education of women. These are (1) the wisdom or unwisdom for a father of limited means and uncaptialized income to send to college, at great expense, girls who may marry, and so render the whole outlay of no avail; (2) the effect which this Higher Education has on the woman and the individual; (3) the physical results on her health and strength, especially in relation to her probable maternity.

To give a good education to a boy is to lay the foundations, not only for a successful individual life, but also those for a well-conditioned family. It is the only thing a man can do who has no fortune to leave his son, and is, in fact, a fortune under another form. With a good education, and brains to profit by it, nothing is impossible. From the Prime Minister to the Lord Chancellor, from the Archbishop of York to the leader of the House of Commons, a clever lad, well educated, has all professional possibilities before him—as the French private has the marshal's *bâton* in his knapsack. But to go to the like expense for the education of a daughter is by no means the same investment, nor can it be made to produce the same return. Where the man's education enables him to provide for his family, a woman's may be entirely thrown away for all remunerative results to herself and others. Indeed, it may be hurtful rather than beneficial. At the best—taking things by their rule and not by their exceptions—it is helpful to herself only; for the women of the professional class, like those of

the laboring, support only themselves. For which cause, we may say parenthetically, they are able to undercut the men, and can afford to work for less than can those who have wives and children to support. And this is the reason—again parenthetically—why men try to keep them out of certain trades; seeing in them not so much honest competitors for so much work, as the ultimate destroyers of the home and the family itself. In the education, too, of his sons a father discriminates and determines according to their future. The boy intended for commerce he does not usually send to college; nor is stress laid on Latin or Greek or art or literature at school. For the one destined to the law or the church he stipulates for a sound classical training, and ultimately sends him to the university. For the artist he does not demand science; for the engineer he does not demand music—and so on. Almost all boys who have their own way to make are educated with a distinct reference to their future work; and wise men agree on the folly of wasting time and force on useless acquirements, with corresponding neglect of those which are useful.

But how can girls be educated in this special manner? What professions are open to them as to men? The medical alone of the three learned, public opinion not yet being ripe for barristers in petticoats or for women preachers regularly ordained and benefited; while the army and navy are still more closely shut against those ambitious amazons who think there should be no barriers against them in the barrack-yard or on the quarter-deck, and that what any individual woman can do she should be allowed to do, general rules of prohibition notwithstanding. The Higher Education gives us better teachers, more accurate writers, and our scantling of medical women. But if a girl is not to be one of these three things, the money spent on her college career will be emphatically wasted, so far as relates to the wise employment of funds in reference to a remunerative future.

And then there is always that chance of marriage, which knocks the whole thing to pieces; save in those exceptional cases where

two students unite their brains as well as their fortunes, and the masculine M. A. marries the feminine, for the better perfecting of philosophic literature. Even in this rare instance the fact of marriage nullifies the good of a education; and, after a father has spent on his daughter's education the same amount of money as would have secured the fortune of a capable son, it cannot give him retrospective satisfaction to see her married to some one who will make her the mother of a family, where nothing that she has gained at so much cost will tell. Her knowledge of Greek and German will not help her to understand the management of a nursery; nor will her ability to solve all the problems of Euclid teach her to solve that ass's bridge of domestic economy—the coördination of expenditure with means, and the best way of extracting the square root of refinement out of that appalling x of sufficiency.

To justify the cost of her education a woman ought to devote herself to its use, else does it come under the head of waste; and to devote herself to its use she ought to make herself celibate by philosophy and for the utilization of her material, as nuns are celibate by religion and for the saving of their souls. As things are, it is a running with the hare of self-support and hunting with the hounds of matrimony—a kind of trusting to chance and waiting on the chapter of accidents, which deprives this Higher Education of anything like noble stability in results, making it a mere cast of the die which may draw a prize or throw blank. But very few women would elect to renounce their hope of marriage and maternity for the sake of utilizing their education, or would voluntarily subordinate their individual desire to that vague thing, the good of society. On this point I shall have something to say further on. Yet this self-dedication would be the best answer to those who object to the Higher Education for the daughters of struggling professional men, because of the large chance there is of its ultimate uselessness. I would give, too, a social purpose, a moral dignity, a philosophic purity, and a personal earnestness to the whole scheme which would make it solid and or-

ganic, instead of, as now, loose and accidental.

So far as we have yet gone, has this Higher Education had a supremely beneficial effect on the character of women themselves? As intelligences, yes; as women, doubtful. We are not now taking the individual women who have been to Girton or Newnham, but the whole class of the quite modern advanced women. These are the direct product of the movement which has not only given us female doctors and superior teachers, but female orators, female politicians, and female censors all round—women who claim for themselves the leadership of life on the ground of a superior morality and clearer insight than have men.

In dealing with the woman question, we can never forget the prominent characteristics of the sex—their moral vanity, coupled with their love of domination. The great mass of women think they know better than they can be taught; and on all moral questions claim the highest direction and the noblest spiritual enlightenment. Judging from sentiment and feeling, they refuse the testimony of facts; the logic of history has no lesson for them, nor has any unwelcome science its rights or its truths. They are Anglo-Israelites, but not the products of evolution; and ghosts are real where germs are imaginary. This sentiment, this feeling, is like some other things, a good servant but a bad master. When backed by religious faith it stops at no superstition; when backed by moral conviction, it is a tyranny under which the free energies of life are rendered impossible; when backed by a little knowledge, it assumes infallibility. Scarcely a week passes without some letter in the papers, wherein an imperfectly-educated woman attacks a master in his profession, on the ground of her sentiment as superior to his facts—her spiritual enlightenment the Aaron's rod which swallows up his inferior little serpents of scientific truths. This restless desire to shoot with all bows—Ulysses's, Nestor's, whose one will—may be, and probably is, the first effervescence of a ferment which will work itself clear by time and use. It is to be hoped so; for the preten-

sions to supremacy, by reason of their superiority, of women in these later times is not one of the most satisfactory results of the emancipation movement. And they cannot be too often reminded that the Higher Education, with all that this includes, is not meant to supersede their beautiful qualities, but only to strengthen their weak intellectual places and supply their mental deficiencies.

It would not be for the good of the world were the sentiment and tenderness of women to be lost in their philosophic calmness. But as little is it for the advantage of society when that sentiment rules rather than influences, shapes rather than modifies. That old adage about two riding on horseback together, when one must ride behind, is getting a new illustration. Hitherto the man was in front. It was thought that he was the better fitted to both discern the dangers ahead and receive the first brunt of such blows as might be about, while the woman crouched behind the shield of his broad body; and in return for that protection left the reins in his hands and did not meddle with the whip—or if she did, then was she censured while he was ridiculed. Now, things are changing; and on all sides women are seeking to dispossess the men of their places to take them for themselves. In the home and out of the home woman's main desire is for recognized leadership, so that man shall live by their rule. The bed of Procrustes was no myth; we have it in full working activity at this present time.

We come now to the third and most important point, the physical results of the educational strain in relation to maternity. On this head we will take Dr. Withers-Moore as our guide, in his speech made at the British Association on the 11th of August. The pith of his position is in this sentence, "Bacon's mother (intellectual as she was) could not have produced the *Novum Organum*, but she, perhaps she alone, could and did produce Bacon." The same may be said of Goethe's mother. She could not have written *Faust*, but she formed and moulded and influenced the man who did. In almost all the histories of great men it is the mother, not the father, whose influence and teaching are directly traceable;

and it is a remark as trite as the thing is common, that great men do not often produce great sons, but almost all great men have had notable mothers. As the "Oxford tutor," quoted by Dr. Withers-Moore, said: "A man's fate depends on the nursing—on the mother, not the father. The father has commonly little to do with the boy till the bent is given and the foundation of character laid. All depends on the mother." And this means not only her moral influence, but the actual shaping and moulding force of her physical condition reacting on his. Following this are the opinions of experts and philosophers who have given time and thought to the subject; and in all the authorities quoted—fourteen in number—there is the same note of warning against over-study in girls who are one day to be mothers. It is an unwelcome doctrine to those who desire above all things to be put on an absolute equality with men; who desire to do man's special work, while leaving undone their own; who will not recognize the limitations of sex nor the barriers of nature; who shut their eyes to the good of society and the evil which may be done by individuals; and who believe that all who would arrest a movement fraught with danger to the whole, are actuated by private motives of a base kind, and are to be treated as enemies willfully seeking to injure, rather than as friends earnestly desirous of averting injury. Dr. Withers-Moore's summary of the whole question bearing on the physical condition of women as mothers is this:—

"Excessive work, especially in youth, is ruinous to health, both of mind and body; excessive brain-work more surely so than any other. From the eagerness of woman's nature, competitive brain-work among gifted girls can hardly be excessive, especially if the competition be against the superior brain weight and brain strength of man. The resulting ruin can be averted—if it be averted at all—only by drawing so largely upon the woman's whole capital stock of vital force and energy as to leave a remainder quite inadequate for maternity. The Laureate's 'sweet girl graduate in her golden hair' will not have in her the fulfillment of his later aspiration—

'May we see, as ages run,

The mother featured in the son.'

The human race will have lost those who should have been her sons. Bacon, for want of a mother, will not be born. She who should have been his

mother will perhaps be a very distinguished collegian. That one truism says it all—women are made and meant to be, not men, but mothers of men. A noble mother, a noble wife—are not these the designations in which we find the highest ideal of noble womanhood? Woman was formed to be man's helpmate, not his rival; heart, not head; sustainer, not leader."

The ideal mother is undoubtedly a woman more placid than nervous in temperament, more energetic than restless in habits, and with more strength of character and general good sense than specialized intellectual acquirements. Strong emotions, strained nerves, excitement, anxiety, absorption, are all hurtful to the unborn child. They tend to bring on premature birth; and if not this, then they create sickly offspring, whom the mother cannot nourish when they are born. And, speaking of this, I may as well state here that the number of women who cannot nurse their own children is yearly increasing in the educated and well-conditioned classes; and that coincident with this special failure is the increase of uterine disease. This I have from one of our most famous specialists. The mental worries and the strain of attention inseparable from professional life, make the worst possible conditions for satisfactory child-bearing; while the anxiety bound up with the interruption to her work, consequent on her health and changed condition, must tell heavily on the nerves and mind of the woman whose professional income counts in the family. Her physical troubles, of themselves quite enough to bear, have thus extra weight; and mind, nerves, work, and condition act and react in a vicious circle all round. Even where her profession is one that does not take her out of doors, and does not involve any great personal fatigue—as literature or art—the anxiety of her work and the interruption which must needs result from her state are more disastrous to the unborn than to herself; and the child suffers as much from the relaxation as from the strain. As one of the wisest and best-trained women I know said to me the other day: "How much of all the grand force and nervous power, the steadiness and courage of Englishmen, may not be owing to the fact of the home life and protection of women; and how much shall we

not lose when the mothers of the race are rendered nervous, irritable, and overstrained by the exciting stimulus of education carried to excess, and the exhausting anxieties of professional competition!"

This does not say that only the "stupid women" are therefore to be wives and mothers. Specialized education does not necessarily create companionable nor even sensible women; else, by parity of reasoning, would all professional men be personally charming and delightful, which undoubtedly they all are not. A girl may be a sound Grecian, a brilliant mathematician, a sharp critic, a faultless grammarian, yet be wanting in all that personal tact and temper, clear observation, ready sympathy, and noble self-control which make a companionable wife and a valuable mother. Nor is unprofessional or unspecialized instruction necessarily synonymous with idleness and ignorance; while a good all-round education is likely to prove more serviceable in the home and in society than one or two supreme accomplishments. Many of us make the mistake of confounding education with acquirements, and of running together mental development and intellectual specialization. The women of whom we are most proud in our own history were not remarkable for special intellectual acquirements so much as for general character and the harmonious working of will and morality. The Lady Fanshaws and Elizabeth Frys, the Mary Carpenters and Florence Nightingales, whose names are practically immortal, were not noted for their learning, but they were none the less women whose mark in history is indelible, and the good they did lives after them, and will never die. And taking one of the, at least, partially learned ladies of the past—is it her Latinity and her bookishness that we admire so much in Lady Jane Gray? or is it her modesty, her gentleness, her saintly patience, her devotion?—in a word, is it her education or her character?—the intellectual philosopher, or the sweet and lovely and noble woman?

Modern men want intelligent companions in their wives. But the race demands in its turn healthy, wise, and noble mothers of

vigorous children. Only a few of the less worthy men desire simply an upper servant for domestic use, or a mistress for personal pleasure, or both in one, with whom they, the husbands, feel no true comradeship. But do the mass of men want the specialized companionship of a like education? Does not human nature rather desire a change—the relaxation of differences?—and do specialists want to be always talking to their wives of literature, art, science, medicine, law—whatever may be their own assigned work? Would they not rather forget the shop, even though that shop be the library or the studio, and pass into a fresh intellectual atmosphere when they lay aside their manuscripts or fling down their brushes? We must always remember too, that the conduct and management of the house and family belong to women; and that if the wife and mother does not actively superintend those departments which the fitness of things has apportioned to her, subordinates must—subordinates who will not put into their work either the love or the conscience of the wife, whose interests are identical with her husband's—of the mother, with whom reason and instinct, education and affection, create that half-divine power to which most great men have owed the chief part of their greatness.

Not going all the length of the Turkish idea that women are born into the world only to be the wives and mothers of men—as mothers of women simply keeping up the supply; and that for themselves they are of no account outside their usefulness to, and relations with, men—it is yet undeniably better that they should be unnoted as individuals and perfect as mothers, rather than famous in their own persons and the mothers of abortive and unsatisfactory children. In this lies the soul of the controversy; for the whole question is contained in the relative importance of individual rights and social duties—freedom for self-development in such direction as may suit ourselves, or subordinating our personal desires to the general and unindividualized good.

We are in the midst of one of the great revolutions of the world. The old faiths are

losing their hold and the new are not yet rooted; the old organization of society is crumbling to pieces and we have not even founded, still less created, the new. In this revolution, naturally one of the most prominent facts is the universal claim for individual freedom, outside the elemental laws which hold the foundations together, made by every one alike. We preach the doctrine of rights everywhere, that of duties straggles in where it can; and the one crying need of the world at this moment is for some wise and powerful organizer who shall recombine these scattered elements and reconstruct the shattered edifice. Women, who always outstrip their leaders, are more disorganized, because at this time they are even more individualized than are men. Scarcely one among them takes into account the general good. Even in those questions where they have made themselves the leaders, individual victories are of greater value than general policy, and they would always subordinate the practical welfare of the majority to the sentimental rights of the minority. An individual sorrow moves them where the massed results of a general law leaves them cold. This characteristic is perfectly sound and righteous in those to whom have been confided the care of the family and the arrangement of details. Women ought to be individual, not for themselves but for others; and in that individualism there ought to be the injustice inseparable from devotion. An altruistic mother who would sacrifice her one child for the sake of her neighbor's two, does not exactly fulfill our ideas of maternal care; on the other hand, a mother who would rather her son was disgraced as a coward than that he should run the dangers of courage—or the partisan of her own sex who would sacrifice twenty men to save one woman inconvenience or displeasure, is as little fit to be the leader of large movements involving many and varied interests, as is that other to be a mother. In their own persons women carry out to a very remarkable degree this principle of individualism, the general good notwithstanding. Speak to an ordinary woman of the evil economic effects of her actions, and you speak a foreign language. She sees only

the individual loss or gain of the transaction, and a public or social duty to creatures unknown and unseen does not count. In the cruel vicissitudes of fashion and the ruin of thousands brought about by simple change of material—in the selfish greed for bargains, no matter at whose cost obtained—in the complete ignoring of and indifference to all the results to others of her own example, a woman of the ordinary type is essential individual and unsocial. In America?—whence, however, we have received so many grand and noble impulses—this female individualism, with its corresponding indifference to the public good or to public duty, is even more pronounced than here; and the right of woman to her own development, though that should include what is called “the painless extinction of man,” is the very heart and soul of the new creed.

Women, seeking to rule, have forgotten how to obey. Wishing to reorganize society according to their own desires, they have at the same time thrown off all sense of discipline in their own lives; and the former feminine virtues of devotion, patience, self-suppression, and obedience are flung aside as so much tarnished finery of a decayed and dishonored idol. The ordinary woman cannot be got to see that she is not only herself but also a member of society and part of an organization; and that she owes, as a duty to the community, the subordination of her individualism to that organization. She understands this only in religious communities, where she obeys her director as one divinely commissioned. Outside religious discipline she refuses obedience to general principles. Society has grown so large and its disorganization is so complete, that, she says to herself, her own example does not count. She is but a fractional part of a grain added to a ton weight; and by the law of psycho-dynamics she is undiscerned and without influence. It was all very well in small communities, like those of Greece, for instance, or when the one grand lady of the village was the mirror for all to dress by. Then, the individual example was of value: but now—who cares for one of the tens of thousands crowded in London? and

what duty has she to the community comparable to that which she owes herself?

And this brings us round once more to the subject-matter of this paper—the effect on the community of the Higher Education of Women, in its good and evil results on mothers and their offspring, and their own indifference to these results.

It is impossible not to sympathize with a bright girl anxious to go on with her education, and petitioning for leave to study higher matters than have been taught her at her school. It is as impossible not to feel a sense of indignation at the injustice when parents say frankly, the education of their girls does not count with them; and, so long as these know how to read and write and can play the piano and are able to dance and perhaps to sew, there is nothing more necessary. We do battle then for the right of the individual to know, to learn, to perfect itself to the utmost of its ability, irrespective of sex. But if we are wise we stop short of such strain as would hurt the health and damage the reproductive energies, if marriage is to come into one of the chances of the future. A girl is something more than an individual; she is the potential mother of a race; and the last is greater and more important than the first. Let her learn by all means. Let her store her mind and add to her knowledge, but always with quietness and self-control—always under restrictions bounded by her sex and its future possible function. Or, if she disregards these restrictions, and goes in for competitive examinations, with their exhausting strain and feverish excitement—if she takes up a profession where she will have to compete with men and suffer all the pain and anxiety of an unequal struggle—let her then dedicate herself from the beginning as the Vestal of Knowledge, and forego the exercise of that function the perfection of which her own self-improvement has destroyed. We cannot combine opposites nor reconcile conflicting conditions. If the mental strain consequent on this higher education does waste the physical energies, and if the gain of the individual is loss to the race, then must that gain be sacrificed or isolated.

Of course it all depends on that If; and of this experts are the only trustworthy judges. We must be guided by the better knowledge of specialists and those who have studied in all its bearings a subject of which we know only one side, and that side the one turned to our own desire. If one examiner reports: "That of the boys 29 per cent., and of the girls 41 per cent., were found to be in a sickly state of health;" if another, in confirmation says, "That 11.6 per cent. of boys and girls in the St. Petersburg schools suffer from headache," we must suppose there is something to be taken note of in the opposition of most medical men to this Higher Education of Women. For we must put out of court, as unworthy of serious consideration, that old well-worn accusation of man's opposition to woman's advancement from jealousy, tyranny, the desire of domination, and the preference of slaves and mistresses over companions and wives. We must accept it as part of all sane argument that people desire the best—ideas as to what is the best differing according to the point of view; as now in this very question under consideration, where the individual gain clashes with the good of the community, and the personal advantage of the woman hurts her usefulness as a mother. We must acknowledge, too, that experts know better than the unlearned; and that in matters of health and the wisest rules for physical well-being, medical men are safer guides than girls ambitious for their own distinction, or women ambitious for their sex—holders too, of the doctrine of absolute equality in mental strength with men, and of free trade in all employment and careers.

A great deal of the difficulty surrounding the question of woman's employment could be got over by women themselves. If, instead of degrading their own more natural work by the social ostracism of the workers, they would raise it by respect and honor, large field of productive usefulness would be opened and much cause for heart-burning would cease. The greater democracy of the present age makes it possible for great ladies to earn money. Even a queen throws her books into the market, and sells them all the same as

others. A generation or so ago no lady could have made money, save by the two methods of painting and writing—both done within the sacred seclusion of the four walls of home. Actresses were what we call in the north "chancey." Some were thoroughly respectable and came to good ends and high positions; but the bulk were best left alone by women who wished to keep alive any thing like veneration for virtue. Now, however, we have opened all gateways, and made it possible for ladies of condition, repute, and birth to do what they will in the way of money-making and still retain both character and position. A princess opens a milliner's shop; a lady of rank is a cowkeeper and profits by her dairy-farm; women of title go on the stage; ladies of gentle birth and breeding are storekeepers and horse-breeders. But as yet these are only the showy—we had almost said theatrical—and quasi-romantic vanguard; and what we want is a stable condition of self-support for women whose inherited position is not of that high class which no work can degrade, but who, ladies as they are, stand or fall according to the arbitrary estimation of their work.

In this, we repeat, no one can help women save women. Certain tailors and certain shopkeepers are received in London society as among its favorite and most honored guests. Do we meet with a milliner, a lady shopkeeper? Do we not all know milliners and dressmakers who are well-educated, pleasant-mannered, honorable ladies; yet would the countesses and dames for whom they devise their dainty costumes agree to meet them on equal terms at balls and dinners? Why not? Surely it cannot be on the ground of making their own money. The highest ladies in the land do not disdain to turn an honest penny if they can; and where, pray, is the essential difference between the clergyman's daughter who sells mantles or laces in a shop for her living, and the young duchess who sells pin-cushions and button-holes at a bazaar for her vanity, masked as charity? Here, if we will, the principle of individualism would work with advantage. If we could get rid of all caste feeling, and judge of people by them-

selves and not by their work—if we would allow that a milliner could be a lady, and a shop-girl on a level with her sister the governess, and both on an equality with their brother the clergyman and their aunt the physician's wife—we should have done more for the question of the employment of women than we have done by the establishment of colleges and the creation of educational standards, the attainments of which are inimical to the best interests of society because hurtful to women themselves. We must do what we can in this life, not always what we would; and the general interests of society are to be considered before those of a special section, by whose advancement will come about the corresponding degeneracy of the majority.

In these two propositions, then, we think the whole thing lies—in voluntary celibacy for those who overtax their vital energies by intellectual strain that hurts the offspring; and in the honoring of those lighter and easier methods of making money which have hitherto condemned a woman to social ostracism, and denied her the status she deserves and has inherited.—ELIZA LYNN LINTON, in *The Fortnightly Review*.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE JEWS,*

SINCE THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

The great prosperity of the Jews in Spain proved their ruin. The ignorant populace, instigated by the priests, could not brook the happy condition of the Jews, and wherever they were to be found, they were from time to time pounced upon; numbers of them were slain, while others, to save their lives, submitted to baptism. Thus the Spanish Church contained, besides a body of real Jewish converts, whose names are known by their excellent writings, a large number of nominal Christians who, by sentiment, remained Jews. Soon popular suspicion was aroused against these latter, the so-called "New Christians;" and at last the Inquisition was set in motion to find those out who while outwardly conform-

ing to the Church, secretly lived according to the rules of the Synagogue. Horrible are the details of what the Inquisition wrought at that time in Spain; but, curiously enough, all to no purpose. Cruel as was the old Inquisition, it was to be surpassed by the new Inquisition, established by Ferdinand and Isabella, and which cast so dark a shadow over their reign. While the old Inquisition was of a limited power, and its influence of little importance, the powers of the "New Inquisition" or "Holy Tribunal" were enlarged and extended, and under Torquemada, the first Inquisitor-General, it became one of the most formidable engines of destruction which ever existed. Isabella at first felt great repugnance to the establishment of this institution, and some of the most eminent men opposed it. But the Dominicans had set their heart upon it, and were determined to obtain it. What finally determined the queen to adopt it was a vow she had made when a young infanta, in the presence of Thomas of Torquemada, then her confessor, that if ever she came to the throne she would maintain the Catholic faith with all her power, and extirpate heresy to the very root; and thus it was that she became instrumental in the perpetration of the most horrible cruelties which blacken and deform the history of men. The New Inquisition reached its climax in the year 1492, when an edict was published ordering all Jews who would not embrace Christianity to leave the country within four months. The news of this edict came upon the Jews like a thunder-clap. Every appeal to the compassion of the king and queen was defeated by the opposition of Torquemada. The Jews offered immense sums of money as a price for remaining in a country where they had already been established for centuries. But the merciless Torquemada presented himself before the king, with a crucifix in his hand, and asked, for how many pieces of silver more than Judas he would sell his Saviour to the Jews? Over 300,000 Jews left Spain, and emigrated to Africa, Italy, and Turkey. Most of them went to Portugal, where they enjoyed a few years of rest. In 1497, however, they were again left to the choice, either to

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receive baptism or leave the country forever. Many abandoned forever the soil of Portugal; others, not few in number, embraced or feigned to embrace the Roman Catholic faith. Under Don Emanuel and his son John III., the "New Christians" enjoyed the protection of the state in every way in Portugal.

Following the Spanish exiles, a short time after the edicts of 1492 and 1497, Jews and New Christians were to be met with in the newly-discovered territories of America and in Brazil. In Africa, Asia, and the Turkish Empire, their families and synagogues have been established, and have continued to this day. In great numbers the exiled Jews settled in the western parts of Africa, especially in the states of Morocco. At Tripoli, Tunis, Algiers, Oran, and Fez, Jews soon felt themselves at home. In the Turkish Empire, soon after the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, in 1453, the Jews became a prominent part of the population, and when the Spanish exiles came here, they found numerous synagogues and schools of learning. And although they belonged to one nation, yet they kept distinct from their co-religionists, preserving not only their own liturgy, but also their language, and were distinguished here as everywhere from their other co-religionists by the name of *Sephardim* or Spaniards. In Italy also they were welcomed, with the exception of Naples, where they were not allowed to remain. In the Ecclesiastical States, and especially at Rome, the exiles were but little persecuted, and the New Christians lived in far greater security in the Papal States than in Spain and Portugal. The Jews established in Italy printing establishments; the most celebrated was that at Ferrara, where the famous Spanish version of the Old Testament was printed. That there were also many learned men among the Jews of Italy is but natural.

Shortly after the passing of the edicts in 1492 and 1497, many Jewish emigrants sought refuge on the northern side of the Pyrenees, where they enjoyed many privileges. Early in the seventeenth century, Portuguese Jews were settled and flourishing in the Danish States. At Hamburg, which was soon hon-

ored with the appellation of "Little Jerusalem," the Jews enjoyed a very great social prosperity. The country, however, which has shown the greatest favor and afforded the warmest hospitality to the exiled Spanish Jews since the close of the sixteenth century, was the Low Countries of the Netherlands. When the first Jews, or New Christians, from Spain, made their appearance in the Low Countries, there was not a vestige of those French and German Jews whose troubles we have before related. The first indication of this reestablishment of the Jews in the southern part of the United Provinces is found in the year 1516. At that time some refugees from Spain petitioned Charles V. to be allowed to reside in his dominions. Their appeal was unheeded, and severe edicts entirely excluded New Christians from Holland. And yet, notwithstanding these edicts, many Jews were to be found in these provinces before and after their separation from Spain. Their religion had long ceased to be tolerated, but they practiced it with the greatest secrecy, and lived and prospered under Spanish names. At Antwerp, also, the concealed Jews were very numerous, and had established academies for the study of Hebrew and Spanish literature. Most of these Spanish and Portuguese Jewish families established themselves shortly afterward in the Protestant Low Countries, to seek there complete freedom for the exercise of their own religion. Their first settlement at Amsterdam was made on the side of East Friesland. It was from Embden, that, in the year 1594, ten individuals of the Portuguese families of Lopes, Homen, and Pereira came to Amsterdam, where they soon resumed their original Jewish name of Abendana, and in the year 1596 the Great Day of Atonement was celebrated by a small community of Portuguese Jews at Amsterdam. In 1598 they built the first synagogue in that capital, and in 1618 the third. In the meantime the German and Polish Jews had also established their synagogues in the capital of Holland; and Amsterdam, like Hamburg, was a "Little Jerusalem." Of the authors and learned men brought up in the synagogues of Holland, we mention Rabbi Menasseh Ben

Israel, who pleaded the cause of his brethren before Oliver Cromwell. Contemporary with him was the well known Uriel da Costa. To the generation which succeeded that of Uriel da Costa, belongs Benedict Spinoza. At the Hague too, the Portuguese Jews enjoyed great prosperity and esteem, and their synagogue is situated in one of the finest quarters of the town.

Almost immediately after the discovery of the New World, the Jews from the Peninsula established themselves in America. The first Jewish colony was established in Brazil, in 1624, when the Dutch took possession of that country. The nucleus formed by the Jewish settlers from Holland was greatly strengthened by the progress of the Dutch in Brazil, under William of Nassau, about 1640, when some 600 Jews sailed from Amsterdam to Brazil in 1641, but who were obliged to leave again in consequence of the downfall of the Dutch rule in Brazil, in 1654. In the meantime, the settlement founded in French Guiana increased at a rapid rate, where the Jews enjoyed special privileges. During the wars between France and England in the reign of Louis XIV., the Jews in Eastern Guiana suffered severely, in consequence of which they settled at Surinam. Their privileges were confirmed under King Charles II., by Lord Willoughby (1662), and the Dutch and West Indian Company. Of those parts of the West Indies where Jewish settlements are to be found, the British colony of Jamaica deserves special mention. Here a large Hebrew congregation has been in existence since the middle of the seventeenth century.

As regards the Jews in the United States and North America at large, Prof. Cassel (in his article *Juden* in Ersch and Gruber's *Allgemeine Encyklopädie*) disposes of those of North America in the following pithy words:—

“To the Jews emigrated to America, especially to the United States, that continent represents the land of the independence the settler obtains by the very fact of setting his foot on its shore. The Jews of North America have no history of their own; theirs is the history of the freedom of that continent. American Jews are none, but only Jews from all parts of Europe who emigrated here, formed congregations and were free and independent. In the seventeenth century,

Jews went to North and South America with the English and Portuguese; in the eighteenth century they joined in the struggle of the American colonies for their independence; and in the nineteenth America is the great commonwealth, where the Jewish portion of the population of Europe, being sick of Europe—some impelled by the spirit of adventure, others by rank despair—seek and find a harbor of refuge.”

In England, as we have seen, Menasseh Ben Israel of Amsterdam pleaded the cause of his co-religionists before Cromwell. Although this effort was then in vain, yet in 1666, under Charles II., permission to reside and practice their religion was granted to the Jews. Since that time Jews have become very numerous in England, which was and is to them a real home.

The Reformation opened a new and better era to the Jews. Not that the Reformers, personally, were much more tolerant to them than the Romish Hierarchy, but the very fact that the boasted Unity of the Church had received a serious blow, made people more inclined to toleration. Besides, since the invention of the printing-machine, the Jews had been engaged in publishing beautiful copies of the Hebrew Bible and of the Talmud. This brought their learning into prominence, and some of the leaders of public opinion were more friendly to them. Reuchlin, for instance, stood manfully up for the preservation of the Talmud. Luther, too, owed much to the Jews, for it was chiefly with the help of a Latin translation of Rashi's Commentary to the Old Testament made by Nicholas de Lyra, that he was enabled to translate the Old Testament from the original Hebrew.

The fury of persecution formerly directed against the Jews was now directed against heretics in the bosom of Christianity itself, and while the Jews were left alone, yet the anathema of public contempt, humiliation, and exclusion from every public or private connection, still all lay heavily upon them. Thus the period of 270 years, which intervened between the Reformation and the French Revolution, was of a monotonous character to the Jews, with the exception of a few instances, which attracted public attention. Thus in 1677 the pseudo-Messiah, Sabbathai Levi (born at Smyrna in 1625), died at

Belgrade as a Mohammedan. Notwithstanding the apostacy of this pretender there were some who upheld his claims even after his death, and asserted that he was still the true Messiah, and that he was translated to heaven. Some even of his most inveterate foes while living, espoused his cause after his death. A few years later this heresy appeared under a new form, and under the guidance of two Polish rabbis, who traveled extensively to propagate "Sabbathism," which had its followers from Smyrna to Amsterdam, and even in Poland. In 1722 the whole sect was solemnly excommunicated in all the synagogues of Europe. In the year 1750, Jacob Frank, a native of Poland, made his appearance, who caused a schism in the synagogues of his native country, and founded the sect of the "Frankists."

The most extraordinary movement which occurred among the Jews in the eighteenth century was that of the sect termed the *Chasidim*, or hyper-orthodox Jews. Contemporary with the rise and progress of this sect there lived in Germany the famous Moses Mendelssohn, born in 1729 at Dessau, a man whose remarkable talents and writings constituted an era in the history of the modern Jews. The influence produced by the writings of Mendelssohn was to destroy all respect for the Talmud and the Rabbinical writers among the Jews who approved his opinions. Mendelssohn died in 1786.

Six years before Mendelssohn's death, Joseph II. had ascended the Austrian throne, and one of his first measures was an edict intended to ameliorate the condition of the Jews. In Austria Proper from the first establishment of the duchy in 1267, they were regarded as belonging to the sovereign of the country. In 1420 and 1460 persecutions broke out against them in Vienna. In 1553, Ferdinand I. had granted them the right to reside in the Austrian capital, but at a later date he expelled them. Maximilian II. recalled them, and Ferdinand II. permitted them, about the year 1620, to erect a synagogue in Vienna. In 1688 an edict appeared signifying the wish that they leave Vienna and the Duchy of Austria entirely; but in 1697 we

find that the Jews had gradually returned in large numbers. After the accession of the Empress Maria Theresa their condition improved, and under Joseph II. they enjoyed equal rights and privileges with other subjects. They enjoyed these advantages until after the death of Joseph II. The reactionary spirit then prevailed in Austria, and many privileges were withdrawn.

As in Catholic Austria, so in Protestant Prussia, an amendment in the condition of the Jews began to appear and to develop itself as early as the eighteenth century. Under the Elector of Brandenburg, Frederick William (1640-1688), the Jews had again an asylum and a safe abode in Prussia. During the reign of King Frederick I. the synagogue at Berlin was built. Frederick William, the father of Frederick the Great, was equally favorable to the Jews, although Frederick the Great is thought not to have looked favorably upon them. He did not persecute them, but, on the whole, they were treated as inferior to the other inhabitants of the country, and the whole community was considered responsible for the crimes of its individual members. The successor of Frederick the Great endeavored by new laws to effect a salutary change for the Jews; the result was, that some of them attained to considerable wealth, but the majority of them retained a degraded and dependent position, which continued till toward the close of the eighteenth century. Mendelssohn, it is true, tried to elevate his people, and to bring about this task he was assisted by such men as Hartwig, Wessely, Isaac Enchel, David Friedländer and others. But the effect produced by his writings was precisely the same as that occasioned by the writings of Maimonides six centuries earlier—to render the Jews dissatisfied with their religion, and to drive them either to the adoption of total infidelity on the one hand, or of Christianity on the other. The latter was the case with his children.

The French Revolution marked a new era in the history of the Jews. Not only the Jews, but also the Christian, or, more properly speaking, the civilized world, had become intoxicated with the idea of reforming every-

thing. Several writers, as Dobm and Grégoire, advocated the regeneration of the Jews, and the French revolution furnished an opportunity of realizing some of their ideas. The Jews had been much neglected or cruelly oppressed, but now a new system of legislation commenced. On September 27, 1791, the French National Assembly declared them citizens of France. On September 2, 1796, a similar decree was passed in Holland.

Napoleon, when in the zenith of his power, perceiving the spirit that was stirring in the Jewish mind, conceived the idea of turning it to his own advantage. He thought that the Jews, existing in considerable numbers in most parts of the world, understanding all languages, possessing great wealth and endowed with talents, might prove useful allies in his plan of universal empire. He undertook the vast project of giving these scattered fragments a center of unity in their long-lost, but never forgotten, national council—the Sanhedrin. His idea was that all Jews in the world would obey the Sanhedrin, and that this body, with its seat at Paris and appointed by himself, would be governed by him. He clearly saw that with the old fashioned Jews he could effect nothing. The land of their love was Palestine, their hope the Messiah, and God their legislator. He knew that to them their religion was everything, and his decorations of the Legion of Honor worse than nothing, yea, an abomination. To make use of the Jews it was necessary to reform them, and he perceived in the nation a large party, ready and willing, though upon different principles, to be the agents in effecting this reform. And though Napoleon's intention was to make the decisions of the Sanhedrin the religious law of all the Jews in the world; yet he felt the indecency of legislating for a religious body to which he did not belong. He therefore thought it necessary, at least to preserve an appearance of permitting this body to reform itself. On July 28, 1806, the French Sanhedrin began to sit, and nominated as president, Abraham Furtado, a Portuguese of Bordeaux. After the meetings were fully constituted, and were prepared for the transaction

of business, Napoleon appointed commissioners to wait upon them, and to present to them twelve questions, to answer which was to be the first and principal occupation of the Sanhedrin. The answers given by this body were satisfactory to Napoleon, who convened another great Sanhedrin in 1807. To this assembly the Rabbis from various other countries, especially from Holland, were invited, in order that the principles promulgated by the body might acquire general authority among the Jews. The Jews throughout France were at first highly pleased at the interest taken by the emperor in their affairs. But their joy was soon afterward diminished by an edict which he issued in those provinces which bordered on the Rhine, and which restricted the Jews in their commercial affairs. Nevertheless, in Westphalia, Napoleon exerted a favorable influence by supporting the reformatory endeavors of Israel Jacobsohn, who devoted himself to the diffusion of education among his brethren by establishing schools and a seminary for the proper instruction of teachers among them. The same Jacobsohn also undertook a reform in the public worship. The temple which he built at his own expense at Seesen, he furnished with an organ, a choir of the school children, and commenced regular preaching in German. This was the first instance since the destruction of the Temple that instrumental music was introduced into Jewish worship. The Rabbinic Jews regarded the playing upon instruments as a labor, and therefore a desecration of the Sabbath. But the reformed Jews cared little for Rabbinic principles, and hailed this change with enthusiasm. Subsequently temples were built at Berlin, Hamburg, Leipsic, and everywhere.

Beyond the borders of France, the principles set forth by the Sanhedrin found but a faint echo, and soon met with positive opposition, especially in Germany and Holland. It is true, that the French armies at their invasion of the Netherlands in 1795, effected the producing by degrees a complete emancipation of the Jews. Yet, strange as it may appear, the emancipation was received and estimated very differently by the Jews of

Holland than by those of France. With a few exceptions, the Jews of Spain and Portugal, who were lovers of monarchy and aristocracy upon principle, and devotedly attached to the House of Orange, cared not for a so-called emancipation, which accorded very little with their political attachments and their religious opinions. Even the Jews of the German and Polish synagogues of Holland were little disposed to exchange their ancient Israelitish nationality, for the new political character offered to them by the Revolution. Only a small number, following the spirit of the age, formed a kind of political association under the title of *Felix Libertate*, which gave rise to a schism in the synagogue, which lasted till the reign of William I. From this association, the *Felix Libertate*, which had founded an independent synagogue, three deputies were sent to the Sanhedrin at Paris.

In the new Batavian Republic, founded in 1795, the opinions concerning the political equality of the Jews were divided. There were many admirers of the Revolution of 1789 in France, and that of 1795 in Holland, yet they were restrained by scruples of conscience from wishing for a complete naturalization of the Jews. Finally, however, the contrary opinion prevailed, and the change was made. Under the government, first of Louis Napoleon, and then of the House of Orange, the Jews of Holland became reconciled by degrees to their new political rights. After the restoration of the House of Orange to the government of Holland, the principle of absolute equality among all the inhabitants also remained unaltered.

In Belgium also, the Jews enjoyed equality in the sight of the law. In spite of the new political position of the Jews in Europe, constituting as it does a new epoch in history, the ancient barriers between the Jews and Christians could not be broken down. In Germany, for instance, the entire emancipation of the Jews, which in France had been established, as it were, in a moment, had to struggle for more than thirty years longer. Already before the Revolution of 1789, in the principal states of Germany measures were

taken to secure to the Jews some rights, and to amend their condition. The French Revolution, and the influence of the French Imperial Government, considerably aided the cause of the Jews throughout a great part of Germany, especially in Westphalia, with its capital, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and in Prussia. The reign of King Frederick William III. assured to the Jews, by the edict published March 11, 1812, the right and title of Prussian citizens, with some restrictions and conditions.

When the Congress of Vienna, in 1815, settled the affairs of Europe, the sixteenth article imposed upon the Diet an obligation to take the necessary measures for advancing the social improvement of the Jews, and to obtain for, and to secure to them the enjoyment of all civil rights, on condition of their fulfilling the duties connected with them. This proposal met with intense opposition from many quarters. The prejudices against the Jews seemed to be intense, varying in their nature and degree according to the different circumstances of the thirty-eight states into which the Germanic body was divided. In the end the Congress decided to leave the decision of the matter to the legislation of the respective states representing the confederation. When this subject came up subsequently for discussion in the legislative bodies of the several states it was found that three distinct parties existed, who might be termed the Conservative, the Historical, and the Revolutionary. The Conservative party wished to leave things *in statu quo*; the Historical appealed to history, and insisted upon making progress and improvements in harmony with the necessities of the age. The Revolutionary party, caring for neither history nor religion, insisted upon an entire revolution of things, in which, amid the cry of universal equality, liberty, and fraternity, the Jew, should secure his equal rights. The most famous of the Revolutionary party was Bruno Bauer, who openly declared he wished not for the emancipation of the Jews, but for their entire destruction and extinction. The King of Prussia, in the spirit of the historical party, published an edict, according to which equality of rights

and duties was secured to the Jews, with some exceptions. The year 1848, with its revolutionary principles, effected the full emancipation of the Jews in Germany, and ever since they are found in parliament as well as in universities, in schools as well as in courts, etc. Of late a reaction has taken place against the Jews of Prussia, the end of which cannot yet be foreseen.

In England, Parliament passed in 1753 a bill for the naturalization of the Jews; but in the following year the bill was rescinded. But in 1847 their equality before the law was declared. In the Scandinavian countries the Jews enjoy many liberties, but not their absolute emancipation. In Russia the Jewish population have experienced, at different times, various kinds of treatment, and up to this day they undergo many vexations.—As in Russia, the Jews experienced a diversified fate in the territories of the Pontiff, varying according to the peculiar disposition and prejudices of the successive Popes. Under Pius VII. (1816-1825) they enjoyed ample protection and equal franchises; different, however, it was under Leo XII., who re-enforced old and obsolete bulls. Under Pius IX., the *Ghetto* of the Jews at Rome was solemnly and publicly opened, and thus the wall of distinction and separation between Jews and Christians was removed. The Pope's example was followed by Charles Albert in 1848, who proclaimed perfect equality of political rights to the Jews.

In Mohammedan countries—Asiatic and African—the relation between the Jews on the one hand, and the government and people on the other, has progressed in exact proportion that the influence of Christianity and the growth of civilization have exercised on those countries. Still great, however, is the contempt in which Jews and Christians, and more particularly the former, are held by Mohammedan populations. But on the part of the government of the Viceroy of Egypt and of the Sultan of Constantinople, a gradually increasing favor has been exhibited to the Jews. At one time only, in 1840, an accusation was leveled against the Jews in Syria, for having assassinated Father Thomas, who for thirty years had

practiced medicine at Damascus, and who, as had been reported, was last seen in the Jewish quarter. A persecution against the Jews took place, scenes of barbarity occurred, till at last the representations of the European governments made an end to the cruelties.

Wherever Jews are to be found at present, they enjoy liberties and privileges. Looking at their religious state in Europe and America, we find the Jews divided into three parties: the strict orthodox, conservative, and reformed, or liberal. In Europe the synagogue has produced a number of learned men, who have enriched oriental literature and other sciences. In America, the land of liberty, the Jews have been less productive.

In our rapid survey we have glanced at the past and present of the Jews. There exist at this day about seven million Jews, scattered all over the globe. "The destinies of this wonderful people, as of all mankind," says Dean Milman, "are in the hands of the All-wise Ruler of the Universe. His decrees will be accomplished, his truth, his goodness, and his wisdom vindicated."—B. PICK, Ph. D., *Alleghany, Penn.*

THOUGHTS ABOUT THE COMETS.

In the era preceding that in which man first appeared upon this earth, immense volcanoes on the western shores of Greenland poured from their craters vast masses of basaltic lava. But the eruptive powers of these mighty volcanoes were capable of ejecting more than mere streams of glowing lava. Great masses of rock were flung to enormous heights, and, falling, sank deeply into the still plastic streams of lava on the volcano's slopes. These rock masses came from deeper down in the earth's bowels than the basaltic lava, and were hurled to heights of many miles, or they would not have sunk so deeply as they did in the basaltic lava currents. Perhaps the reader may think that the title of this article has somehow been misplaced. What connection, he may well ask, can there conceivably be between the volcanoes of millions of years ago

and two comets now visible in our skies. Our object here is to show that a very close connection may be traced, though it may not perhaps admit of being absolutely proved to exist, between these seemingly so diverse subjects—the comets of to-day and the terrestrial volcanoes of long-past ages.

The great masses of matter which had been flung forth from the volcano of Ovifak, on the western shores of Greenland, remained for ages buried beneath vast heaps of ashes and dust poured forth from a volcanic fissure. But later ages undid the work of burial. The wearing action of rain and wind and storm gradually cleared away the masses of *débris* under which the rocks had lain, and left them on a shore-line, to be beaten by the sea-waves and swept by the fierce storms which rage upon that dreary coast. At length it so chanced that a well-known scientific traveler—Nordenskjöld—cast his scientific eye upon them. He recognized in them meteoric masses which had fallen upon our earth from interplanetary space, and, moved by this mistaken idea, he determined to convey them to some museum, where they would be regarded as among the most remarkable of those bodies which come to our earth from without. This was done; and for a long time "Nordenskjöld's meteorite," as it was called, did duty for an *aérolite*. It precisely resembled the iron meteorites in structure and at first in appearance. It rusted and crumbled away more rapidly than they do, but that was by many ascribed to its long residence on the shores of Greenland, and the consequent injury which its constitution had sustained. It was unhesitatingly held to be a meteorite. Photographs of its vast mass, with Nordenskjöld beside it, to show what a monster it really is, did duty in books and lectures as illustrating the importance of the bodies cheerfully described by Humboldt as "extratelluric masses, telling us of the constitution of outside matter, and enabling us to touch and handle what must be regarded as pocket-planets."

But at last suspicion began to be so far roused that inquiry was made at the spot where the great "meteorite" had been found. The basaltic lava in the midst of which it had

been imbedded was examined. The result was unpleasant for those who had in some degree pinned their faith on the extra-terrestrial character of Nordenskjöld's treasure-trove. The supposed meteorite was found to be of the same structure as the basaltic mass—only rather more so. The basaltic lava of Ovifak is remarkable among volcanic ejections for the large amount of iron present in it; the Nordenskjöld mass is simply the same lava with a little more iron—precisely the difference we should expect to find between lava poured forth from deep beneath the vent of a crater and volcanic masses ejected from deeper down yet.

Since then, no one has doubted that the mass brought to Europe by Nordenskjöld is a product of volcanic eruption. If Vesuvius even now can eject matter to a height of four miles in her more violent throes, as instantaneous photographs taken during the great eruption of 1872 show, we need not greatly wonder if the much mightier eruptions of the Tertiary era ejected larger masses to much greater heights. But this has naturally suggested the idea that other bodies supposed to be meteorites may really have come originally from the interior of the earth, having been ejected during long-past volcanic throes; for the identity of structure noticed in the Greenland basaltic mass and a class of iron meteorites remains as a striking and noteworthy fact, even though that mass has been rejected from among meteorites.

Once started, this idea has been found fruitful in associated suggestions. At first it seemed contradicted by the observed fact that multitudes of meteoric visitors have certainly not been ejected from any such volcanoes as we have now upon the earth, for they have fallen with velocities such as no eruptive energies known to us could have imparted. But then there is no reason for regarding the volcanic forces of the earth, now in staid middle life, or even those which she possessed millions of years ago, when life was as yet only beginning on her surface, as comparable with the expulsive energies she may have possessed when in the vigor of youth. Still less can we compare the forces now existing with those

the earth had when she was in that sunlike stage through which every large mass within the solar system must have passed. If Vesuvius can expel matter to a height of four or five miles, and the great volcanoes of the Tertiary era could eject matter twice or thrice as high, to what heights may not the Secondary, the Primary, the Archæan volcanoes have propelled volcanic bombs in the mighty throes of the earth's fiery youth? And long before the Archæan crust was formed, which geologists regard as the oldest stratum of the earth's outer shell, our globe possessed energies still more tremendous.

Along quite a different line Stanislas Meunier, in France, and Tschermak, in Russia, had been led to the same idea respecting meteoric masses. They saw that, regarding meteorites as merely casual visitors from outer space, the number of these bodies must be inconceivably large. Our earth traveling round the sun may be compared to a marble circling round the dome of St. Paul's, ten or twelve miles away. The region actually swept by the earth's globe in her circuit is the merest thread of space compared with the vast volume of a globe which should enclose the whole solar system. If across this mere threadlike ring so many myriads of meteorites have come, what must be the number within the whole domain of the sun, extending far beyond the region where cold Neptune pursues his gloomy course?

But perhaps the reader may ask how the ejection of the meteors from the earth in past ages—millions of years ago—would help in this difficulty: the earth cannot be supposed to have supplied all the millions of millions, or rather the billions of billions of meteorites which at any rate exist—account for them how we may. That, however, is just the idea which the earth-ejection theory would allow us to reject. If in old times the earth possessed power enough to eject bodies from her interior with such velocities that they passed beyond her control, all the bodies so ejected would forever thereafter cross that fine ring of space along which the earth in her course around the sun sweeps year by year. The trouble before had been that not one meteor

out of millions of millions would have a track crossing the earth's, so that she would not have even a chance of encountering one meteor out of millions of millions actually existing. Of those expelled from her own interior in remote times, there would not be one which she would not have a chance of picking up again. Nay, one may say that in the long run she would be bound to pick up every one of them, though that long run might mean millions, or even tens or hundreds of millions of years.

For this reason the theory of Meunier and Tschermak found favor in the eyes of astronomers.

But if we are to recognize in our earth a power of ejecting meteoric masses in far-off times into far-off space, in such sort in fact that, but for the help of the sun, the earth would never have been able to draw these children of hers back again, we must recognize a similar power in other worlds also. In particular the giant planets must have possessed corresponding ejective energies. What is sauce for the terrene goose should be sauce also for the Jovian or Saturnian gander. Of course, a volcano in Jupiter or Saturn in the old sunlike stage of each planet's career would have had to be far more energetic to get away with a flight of ejected bodies that they should not at once fall back again, than the terrestrial volcanoes recognized by Tschermak and Meunier. To bring the matter down to figures, a terrestrial volcano would have had to start its bombs with a velocity of at least seven miles per second—probably ten miles per second to get over the effects of friction in the air; while, on the other hand, Jupiter's volcanoes would have had to give a velocity of forty miles a second without counting the effects of friction, and perhaps fifty miles per second, taking those effects into account. But there is no difficulty here. One might as reasonably argue that a lion could not be expected to walk as the dog does, because he weighs so much more. If Jupiter and Saturn needed more strength for their volcanic work, they had more strength. All the volcanic energies of a planet are due to the attractive power of the planet's mass, working on the crust, crumpling it up, contorting, dislocating, upheaving

(by down-drawing), and generating heat by all this mechanical action. The earth seems strong at such work when we look at the great mountain ranges on her surface, and consider the work of her volcanoes now and still more in past ages. But Jupiter is three hundred times as strong, and Saturn one hundred times. If there is any truth in the theory that our earth was able to eject bodies beyond her own control, there can be little doubt that Jupiter and Saturn—nay, every planet large or small within the solar system—possessed similar power during the same fiery stages of their respective careers.

Whether this be so or not, it is certain that there are meteor streams which cross or approach the paths of the giant planets, just as certain meteor streams cross or approach the path of our earth; for some of the meteor streams which are thus associated with the giants of the solar system cross also the track of our earth. This can only be regarded, of course, as a mere coincidence; for, however ingeniously the astronomer may strive to explain the existence of a meteor stream crossing *one* planet's track, he cannot possibly explain how (otherwise than by chance medley, so to speak) a flight of meteors came to cross the tracks of two planets. Any theory associating a meteor stream with one planet must of necessity show that the origin of the stream was independent of every other planet. Vesuvius and Etna may each be in eruption, and a volcanic bomb shot out from Vesuvius might, if it were shot far enough, fall upon Etna; but assuredly any explanation of the course of that missile which assigned Vesuvius as its parent would clear Etna of all suspicion of having had anything to do with it, except as having been casually saluted by it.

But this illustration will serve also to illustrate the next step in our reasoning. If, while Vesuvius was in eruption, and Etna at rest, many volcanic missiles fell on Etna, an observer stationed on this mountain would learn that Vesuvius was very busily at work indeed, for he would perceive that immense numbers of missiles must be ejected from Vesuvius, to give even one a fair chance of falling on Etna. And in like manner, since several meteor

streams which cross our earth's track are undoubtedly associated in some way or other with the giant planets, and as to give even one a fair chance of thus crossing the earth's track there must be millions of the kind, we learn that there are millions of meteor streams crossing or passing very near to the tracks of Neptune, Uranus, Saturn, and Jupiter.

We have then precisely the same reason for judging that the giant planets once ejected many millions of meteor flights, as we have found for recognizing a volcanic power of the same effective kind in our own earth.

But this brings us nearer to the subject of our essay, at least as indicated by its title, than we have hitherto been; for all those meteor streams which, crossing our earth's track, are really associated with the giant planets, are associated also with comets. We may indeed say that they are comets. A comet has been shown to be in reality a flight of meteors, aggregated somewhat closely together, and traveling around the sun on nearly the same paths. Slight differences in the rate at which these bodies travel cause some to lag slightly behind the main body, while others (this is too often overlooked) get in advance. Thus there is a trailing out both ways; and in the course of time—a few hundreds of thousands, or it may be a few millions of years, or some trifle of that sort—the meteoric deserters may be found all round the orbit of the leading troop; or, slightly to alter the metaphor, the meteoric truants may be found all round the path of their parent comet. We must not confound this train of meteoric attendants and *avant-couriers* with the comet's tail. One might as reasonably mistake a royal person's train-bearers for the train itself. The tail of a comet lies in quite a different direction, and is manifestly a body (if body, indeed, it can be called) of quite another kind. A comet's tail always makes an angle, sometimes even a right angle with the comet's track; the meteor stream is always on that track.

It begins to look, then, as though, in saying that the giant comets once ejected in a volcanic fashion meteoric flights, we were in reality saying that they had once ejected comets! And what we have thus said about Jupiter and

his fellows we may be said to have asserted also of the earth, and therefore of her fellows, Mars, Mercury, and Venus (only Venus may not, perhaps, be properly called a fellow). Are the meteoric bodies through which the earth passes the remains of long-departed comets, terrestrial in origin, and perhaps very small affairs, but still comets? It will go near to be thought so shortly. After all, it is only a question of degree. To giant planets we may assign large and long-lasting comets, to the earth and the other terrestrial planets small comets, which were very soon dissipated by the divellent action of the sun.

But indeed, even the comets associated with the giant planets do not belong to the premier rank, either for size or for durability. They are mostly but of moderate splendor, and while most of them look as if they had undergone many vicissitudes, one at least has actually been torn apart and dissipated under the very eyes of astronomers. We must find, it would seem, another explanation for those splendid comets which, like Donati's in 1868, and the great comet of 1811, have spread their glorious trains athwart the heavens in such sort as to excite awe and terror among the nations. These cannot have been ejected from planets even of the giant sort. Indeed, we need not reason about the question of possibility. It is certain that these have not been ejected from any of the planets in our solar system, or in any other system. For if they had been ejected from Jupiter, Saturn, or any other of our sun's family, their paths would still cross, or closely approach the path of the parent planet, which is not the case. If, on the other hand, they had been shot out from some planet attending on a distant sun, they would not have been able to leave the domain of that remote sun, but would still be traveling in attendance upon it, with such subordinate fealty to the parent planet as is shown by the members of the various comet families of the giant planets to their respective progenitors.

Yet, if there is any validity in the theory to which we seem to have been led in the case of the meteor streams through which our earth plunges each year, and of the comets which still cross or approach the tracks of the giant

planets, that theory ought to apply in some way, or in some degree, to the long-tailed and resplendent comets which from time to time visit our solar system. If our earth gave birth to small and short-lived comets, and the giant planets gave birth to larger and longer-lived comets, must we not seek for the parents of the largest and most glorious comets in orbs larger by far and fuller of energy and vitality even than the giants, Jupiter and Saturn?

We need not be at a loss to find such orbs. There are thousands within our ken, visible each night in our skies. The smallest telescopes used by astronomers reveal hundreds of thousands. The giant telescopes used by the Herschels reveal many millions. and the great telescope of Lord Rosse, with its fine 6-foot mirror (imagine an eye six feet in diameter), would show many hundreds of millions if it could be directed to every part of the heavens in succession. The stars or suns are the orbs we are to look to as the probable parents of the great comets which kings and rulers in old times regarded as special messengers to warn them of war or rebellion, fire or flood, plague, pestilence, or famine.

Of course, if an orb like the sun ejects from its interior the materials for forming a first-class comet, it must send forth that flight of meteors in good style, or else the cometic progeny will return to the bosom of its solar parent "like the prodigious son"—as Launcelot has it—a disappointment and a failure. The rejected matter must start forth at the rate of a few hundreds of miles per second. In our sun's case 380 miles per second would suffice. A noteworthy effort must be made, even by such a giant as a sun, to effect this lively ejection. But that a sun is capable of it, no one who considers the might of our own sun can for a moment question. He is 325,000 times as strong as this little earth on which we live. His vitality is shown by his luster, which is about equal to the light which would come from two millions of millions of millions of millions of electric burners. It is shown also by his tremendous emission of heat, equal to what would result from burning each second a mass of coal (of the best quality be it understood) 200 miles broad, 300 miles long, and

200 miles high—that is, eight million cubic miles of coal. This would be about 12,000 millions of millions of tons per second (the whole output of our exceptionally coal-producing country is but about 150 millions of tons *per annum*).

The sun, then, and doubtless every one of his fellow-suns, the stars, has undoubtedly the requisite power, if only it had the will, to eject matter in the required manner. Now, of course, our own sun is not often engaged upon such work as this. Although most active and vigorous, the source, indeed (directly or indirectly), of all life and energy within his system, he works steadily, not fitfully. Yet every now and then he spurts into sudden though local activity of the most amazing kind. In one of these fits he shot out a flight of bodies whose swift motion through the hydrogen atmosphere which enwraps the sun was measured at 200 miles per second, and indicated (as was shown by mathematical computation) a velocity of 450 miles per second, as the missiles left the sun's surface. Since the time (1872) when the sun was first caught in the act of thus ejecting matter away from his own interior forever (because he can never bring back matter which leaves him with a velocity of more than 890 miles per second) he had been detected four or five times at the same lively business. There can be no doubt, then, either about the sun's power to eject matter from his interior as the giant planets and our own earth seem to have done, or about his exerting that power from time to time.

And what the sun can do his fellow-suns can do likewise. In fact, just as our earth is a sample planet, so the sun is a sample star. Now supposing there are 10,000 millions of stars in our galaxy—a most moderate calculation—that each one of them has been in the sun-like state for ten millions of years (our earth actually *tells* us by her crust that the sun has been at work as now for 100 millions of years), and that in ten years on the average only one ejection such as we are considering has taken place, then there would be 10,000,000,000,000 star-ejected meteor flights or comets traveling about the interstellar spaces.

With so goodly a probable supply we need not

wonder if our solar system is from time to time visited by larger comets, such as these ejections might be supposed to have given birth to in the past.

But a few of the comets which from time to time visit our sun may be regarded as his own children returned to him—not to stay, only to pay a sort of flying visit. The greater number of the comets ejected by him and returning—for want of sufficient velocity at starting—to their old home, would come straight to the warm bosom of their parent, and there rest.

Absorbed in never-ending glory
In the heart of the great ruling sun.

But although this would be the usual end of such bodies, and though those paradoxers err who imagine that bodies shot out from the sun could ever circle around him as the planets do, yet it might easily happen that one of these returning comets might miss its aim, if we may so speak. Very moderate perturbation, such as the giant planets are well able to produce, would so affect the movements of the comet that on its return to the sun it would steer clear of his globe, and go back into the depths from which it had returned. In the case of those large comets, like Newton's in 1680, and the comets of 1665, 1843, 1880, and 1882, whose orbits pass very near to the sun's globe, we may fairly imagine this to be the true interpretation. We should in that case have this interesting result—that while the sun, by his overmastering attraction, prevents these comets which were expelled by the giant planets from passing out of the solar system, the giant planets have in some cases prevented these comets which were expelled (hundreds of thousands of years, probably, ago) by the sun from returning to his parent orb, and have so compelled them to remain members of his family. If the comet families of the giant planets are now chiefly ruled by the sun, those comet children of the sun which still belong to the solar family owe their position partly to the giant planet.

The perplexity with which astronomers have viewed the comets of 1665, 1843, 1880, and 1882 may be partly removed by this explanation of

he origin of all these bodies. What made them so mysterious was that they travel on paths which, near the sun, are practically identical; so that, until the close of 1892, the idea was commonly entertained that they were one and the same body which had come back, after gradually diminishing circuits, in 1843 after 178 years' absence, in 1890 after 37 years' absence, and in 1892 after only 2½ years' absence, and might be expected to return in a few months, and perhaps to lash the surface of the sun to intense splendor and heat, destroying thereby all life within the solar system. But the comet of 1892 passed away on such a path that it could be well watched, and we know now certainly that it will not return for several hundreds of years. Now if we suppose that long, long ago the sun shot out a flight of meteors forming presently a comet, which afterward came to travel on a path passing very close, almost grazingly, by the sun's globe, we see that this comet might vary well at one of its returns be broken up by the sun's action, as Biela's comet actually was broken up in 1845. Very slight differences in the velocities of these comets, when near the sun, would cause differences of several years in their periods of circuit. One of the comet fragments came back, if this explanation is right, in 1665, another in 1843, another in 1890, and yet another in 1892. There may be more yet to come.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

WHO WROTE HOMER'S ILIAD?

Two years ago I drew attention to Prof. Fick's important, not to say revolutionary, work on the *Odyssey* of Homer. I expressed my belief in the substantial success of his endeavor to restore the original Aeolic text of the Homeric poems, and to trace their passage into their present form. For the first time his critical skill and philological attainments have enabled us to get back beyond the existing text, which is not older than the introduction of the Eukleidean alphabet in B. C. 408, and to realize what that archaic Homer was actually like about which classi-

cal scholars have talked so much but have known so little. Such a task could have been successfully performed only by one who, like Prof. Fick, combines scientific philology with an unrivaled knowledge of the ancient Greek dialects. He has shown that certain portions of the *Odyssey* can be reclothed in their original Aeolic dress without difficulty, while other portions resist the attempt. In these latter he sees the additions of the Ionic redactor, whom he has identified with Kynaihos, the author of the Homeric hymn to the Delian Apollo.

In my review I defended the traditional date (B. C. 504) assigned to Kynaihos against Prof. Fick's opinion that it was too recent. Fick now accepts my view, and adds some further arguments in support of it. We may, therefore, regard the period of the Ionic revolt as that in which the Ionic Homer first took shape—a fact which will explain many of the allusions and a good deal of the spirit which we find in the poems. Among the linguistic evidence bearing upon this date, may be mentioned a fact which Fick has been the first to bring to light. The older Ionic poets, such as Arkhilokhos, Simonides, or Hipponax, show no acquaintance with those Aeolisms of Home, which differ metrically from the corresponding Ionic terms; on the contrary, these Aeolisms are imitated by the younger poets from B. C. 540 downward—an indication that while the older poets knew of Homer only in a form which could exercise no influence on their diction, the younger poets possessed the Homeric poems in their present shape, honeycombed, that is to say, with Aeolisms which the necessities of the meter required to be left.

What Prof. Fick has done in the case of the *Odyssey* he has now followed up in the case of the *Iliad*. Here he marks out two original poems, each of considerable length, and distinct from one another—the first recounting the *Wrath of Achilles*, the second the *Doom of Ilium*. The author of the first he holds to be a Smyrniote, whose name he ingeniously restores as Melaiogenes, and behind whom lay a school of Pierian poets from Thrace; the author of the second is possibly

a native of Myrina. The *Méris*, or *Wrath of Achilles*, underwent considerable enlargement, at the hands probably of a Lesbian; and the *Doom of Iliou* was eventually incorporated into it, with numerous alterations and additions, either by a series of rhapsodists or by a single member of the Kyprian school.

It will be seen from this that Fick accepts the theory of Grote and Düntzer, though he brings fresh arguments to its support and gives it a modification of his own. His arguments, urged as they are with an originally, a freedom from prejudice, and above all an appreciation of scientific evidence which is unfortunately rare in Homeric controversialists, have quite convinced me. The composition of the *Iliad* does not differ from that of the *Odyssey*; both poems alike consist of earlier epics which have been welded together. If, moreover, Fick is right in ascribing the last book to the amplifier of the *Méris*, the references in it to Lesbos and the "Niobé" of Mount Sipylus indicate the locality from which he must have come.

Naturally there is a good deal of detail, both in the linguistic and in the critical portion of Prof. Fick's work which future research will modify. This must always be the case with first attempts in a new direction, and Prof. Fick himself fully recognizes the fact. He has, indeed, changed some of his opinions between the publication of his *Odyssey* and that of his *Iliad*, a really scientific investigator is always read and always certain to do this as fresh evidence comes before him. But the main part of his contention will, I believe, stand the test of future criticism. Homeric inquiry has been planted by him in a new post of advance, from which it can never recede. There is only one point which affects something more than individual lines and forms of words with which I find myself wholly unable to agree. This is the early age to which, as I gather, he would ascribe the composition of the *Doom of Iliou*.

He has pointed out with great force and lucidity the structure and characteristics of this poem. The author was not only a man of genius; he was also able to plan a long poem of a highly artificial kind. The *Doom*

of *Iliou* is but a pretext for exhibiting the divine government of the world. Behind and above the human combatants on the Trojan plain are the gods upon whom their success or defeat depend, and the higher law of destiny which even the gods themselves must obey. The poet, too, was "an idealist in every sense, knowing only good and bad, and dividing these sharply from one another. Diomédés is for him a cavalier *sans peur et sans reproche*, who continues the fight even when wounded, while the Diomédés of the *Méris*, like the other heroes, leaves the field when stricken. Hektôr is a purely ideal figure, in whom the hero is blended with the purest and fairest humanity. On the contrary side stand Thersitês and Paris in all their moral deformity.

Over against the ideal wife Andromakhê, Helen touches close upon the common coquette." The poet, moreover, lived in a period when the struggle between the people and their lords, between the democratic *agora* and the aristocratic council, had already begun; like Theognis he was "a strong royalist, who sees in the attitude of the popular leaders only jealousy, in that of the people only cowardice and folly."

Now I cannot conceive that a poem of this description can have been composed at an early period. Its artificial character refers us to an age of literature, while the conception of the divine government of the world which underlies it reminds us of Aeschylus. The political views of its author, like those of Theognis, belong to the period of the tyrants, when the struggle between the populace and the old aristocracies was going on. It is, too, to this poem that the tone of light mockery in regard to the gods mainly belongs. Like the conception of the divine government of the world it seems to me inconsistent with an age which believed the woman Phylê to be the goddess Athênâ, or placed the walls of Ephesos under divine protection by stretching a rope from them to the shrine of Artemis. As the Greek colonists of Asia Minor developed earlier than their kinsfolk on the mainland, it is reasonable to suppose that the mental condition of the Athenians when Phylê appeared among them represented the mental condition

of the Greeks of Asia Minor a generation before. I should, therefore, assign the composition of the *Doom of Iliou* to about B.C. 550; in this case the Kypria would be older than the "Kyprian redaction" of the *Doom* and its amalgamation with the *Ménis*. It is only in the Aeolic *Ménis* that we have to look for the really archaic portion of our present *Iliad*.

It is obvious that all attempts to construct a harmonious picture of Homeric times, or of such things as "the Homeric house," "the Homeric polity," and the like, must be as futile as similar attempts to construct harmonious pictures out of the supposed earliest records of other ancient nations which modern criticism has shown to belong to different epochs, and in their present form to be comparatively late. I have long maintained that until we can get behind our present text, and determine what are really the archaic elements in the Homeric poems, it is idle to appeal to them as authorities for the heroic age of Greece, unless their statements are supported by other evidence. We can never be sure that the passage we are using does not reflect the ideas of the time when the poems assumed their existing shape; and how late this was has, I believe, been pointed out by Mr. Paley and myself. Fick has changed all the conditions of the problem. We now know approximately what the poems were like before the date of the oldest MSS. employed by the Alexandrine critics, as well as the elements out of which they were formed. The first stage in the history of Homeric criticism, which is characterized by the names of Wolf and Lachmann, has thus made way for a second.

In conclusion, I would observe that the theory of a European origin of the poems, such as has recently been advocated by Mr. Monro, is absolutely incompatible with the acceptance of Prof. Fick's results. I should not have thought it necessary to note this had I not found so careful and learned a Homeric scholar as Mr. Leaf, in the preface to his book on the *Iliad*, apparently admitting both views at one and the same time. Of course it is possible to maintain that the poems as we now have them have undergone an Attic recension, and thus contain references to the European side of the

Aegean; but this is not the same as their European origin.—A. H. SAYCE, in *The Academy*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

THE SMALLEST COUNTRY IN EUROPE.—The Paris correspondent of *Science* thus writes:—

"The smallest country in Europe is not the state of Monaco (area 6 sq. m., pop. 3,300) nor the republic of San Marino (area 22 sq. m., pop. 8,000), nor Andorre (area 600 sq. m., pop. 7,000). It is a yet smaller territory, whose name is hardly known outside of its narrow limits, and compared to which the above-mentioned states assume a gigantic appearance. The territory of Moresnet is about halfway between Verviers and Aachen, between Belgium and Germany. It comprises $2\frac{1}{2}$ sq. m., and 2,000 inhabitants, and is situated in a very pretty valley. It is completely independent. Its wealth consists mainly in tin ore. In 1815, after the Napoleonic wars, a committee was appointed to establish the frontier between Germany and Belgium. All went right till Moresnet was approached. Here the delegates disagreed. Each wanted Moresnet for his country, on account of the riches under ground. As no understanding could be arrived at, it was agreed that this strip of land should remain independent, and belong to neither country. At that time Moresnet was a beggarly collection of some 50 huts: at present, although still a very young state, it is in a prosperous condition, and comprises more than 800 houses. Agricultural and industrial pursuits are carried on to a considerable extent. It is governed by a mayor, or burgo-master, chosen by two delegates—one German, and one Belgian. This imposing official—a prosperous and hearty farmer—has a second, an old doctor, and presides over an assembly of ten, chosen by himself. This assembly does all the business under his supervision. Nobody votes in Moresnet. There is no military service, and only six francs taxes. The revenue amounts to about 12,000 francs, and is quite enough to pay for the roads, schools, and the military force, which comprises one man of undefined grade. It would seem that the mayor ought to be satisfied with the state of things. Not so, however: this ambitious man wants to find mineral waters in his territory. But none are to be found yet, so he consoles himself by manufacturing soda-water. Another of his ambitions is that Moresnet should stamp its own stamps, and have his effigy on them. But the delegates from Germany and Belgium do not see the use of the thing."

CLERKS AND ARTISANS.—The *London Spectator* thus discourses:—

"Nothing is more natural, or more common than to see sympathy asked for and bestowed upon the clerk who works hard with his pen for forty years, and yet never earns more than £100 a year. It seems to many people utterly unjust that clerical work should not

somehow or other be able to command a greater share of the good things of life than it in fact does command. While other forms of labor are not regarded as underpaid so long as the competition of the market leaves those engaged in them at least enough to support life, the clerk with £3 a week is looked on as an object of compassion by all classes. Yet, in truth, the feeling is chiefly a sentimental one. In a country where education has become universal, mere clerk's work is not skilled labor; and the man who uses the pen has, in the nature of things, no better right to expect high pay than has he who uses the chisel or trowel. So strong is the sympathy for what is supposed to be the more intellectual form of labor—though, as a matter of fact, mere writing or book-keeping is far less intellectual than carpentering or bricklaying—that to say this sounds unfeeling, almost brutal. We have not the slightest intention to use harsh words or to tell the clerk with £50 or £100 a year that he is not worth more, and that therefore he has no grievance; but only to point out how the spread of education, by increasing a hundred or a thousandfold the number of persons qualified for clerical labor has changed his position. In the Middle Ages—when learning was so much rarer—to be able to read, write, and cipher meant the attainment of an exceptional position, to which all men were willing to pay respect and honor. Thus it happens that clerical labor has come by tradition to be looked on as something valuable and good in itself, and deserving of special consideration. That this view must now, owing to the force of circumstances, be changed, is only too evident. What the results of increased competition arising from the spread of education are likely to be in the future in England may in some measure be calculated from its effects in Germany and America. Every one knows how in Germany not only can clerks be got to work for laborer's wages, but how, even in the learned professions, the salaries are reduced to an incredibly low scale. Germany, however, is a land of low prices; and something must therefore be in its case attributed to causes other than those connected with increased education. In America, however, the result is shown still more clearly. The whole population has a good commercial or professional education within its reach, and the consequence is that not only do the wages of the clerks suffer, but the ministers of the religious sects get about half what they do England, and many doctors at the very top of their profession only make £1,500 a year."

THE DEEPEST FRESH-WATER LAKE IN AMERICA.—Mr. L. W. Bailey, of Fredericton, New Brunswick, says in *Science*:—

"Lake Temisconata, in the Province of Quebec, is situated very near the axis of the divide between the waters of the St. Lawrence and those of the St. John, its outlet by the Madawaska River forming one of the main tributaries of the latter stream. Its total length is 68 miles, about 18 of this having a general direction

a little east of south; while the remainder, forming the more northerly position, trends to the north-east nearly at a right angle with the former. The breadth varies from one to three miles. Throughout its length and on both sides the land is usually high, forming numerous ridges and promontories projecting into the lake, but just at the angle referred to one of these, known as Mount Wissick or Mount Essex, rises almost precipitously to a height of 550 feet, while the opposite shore is here quite low. The height of the lake above tide-water is, by aneroid, about 400 feet; the distance of the upper end from the St. Lawrence being 30 miles, while the length of its actual discharge, by the way of the Madawaska and St. John to the Bay of Fundy, is 266 miles. Having had occasion to spend some time about the lake during the last summer in connection with the work of the Canadian geological survey, and having heard incredible stories as to its depth, means were taken to ascertain the truth by a number of soundings at points which seemed to promise the best results. Of these, three, taken near the foot of the lake, gave a depth varying from 215 to 225 feet; farther north a depth of 410 feet was reached; and midway between Mount Wissick and old Fort Ingalls, 500 feet. It seems probable, however, from the statements of reliable parties, that even this depth is at some places considerably exceeded. In the case of Crater Lake, if one may judge from its name, its depth is no more than one might expect from the conditions of its origin; but in the case of Lake Temisconata there is absolutely nothing of a volcanic character, and the whole depression is evidently the result of simple erosion. That that erosion should have occurred to a depth fully 100 feet below tide-level and that, too, directly along the line of the great Appalachian axis, is certainly remarkable. It is further singular, that while the ledges along the shores of the lake are covered with glacial striae, corresponding generally with the course of the depression at the point where they occur, the transportation of boulders has been largely to the north, blocks of fossiliferous limestone from the beds of Mount Wissick being abundantly scattered about the upper end of the lake, but not to the southward. The country between the head of the lake and the St. Lawrence has not yet been examined, but along certain lines is believed to be low. The Madawaska, on the other hand, flowing almost due south, occupies a drift-filled valley, bordered by high and steep hills similar to those of the lake, and probably marks its former extension in this direction. It would seem as if lake and river formed together a great transverse channel of erosion, the result of sub-aerial action, from the St. Lawrence to the St. John, at a time when the entire region stood several hundred feet higher than now, and that the movement of the ice was in the direction of the former. The fact that the direct northward extension of this depression is coincident with the famous gorge of the Saguenay gives additional interest to the observations mentioned."

WHAT IS THE BIBLE?

It may seem rather impertinent to address an audience in this age on so general and common a subject, but the very circumstances and things of life are found oftentimes to contain truth and mystery which have escaped us, and relations of which we never thought. A book alleged to be the repository of a revelation and the best thought of the Hebrew and Aramaic people (a consideration which has but recently been accepted by biblical students)—containing not only their law and habit, but also their trying experiences and efforts to fathom the "depth of the riches both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God"—handed down from age to age, with cautionary qualifications, and with a dignity of truthfulness unequalled in the history of literature—might well be received with little question by a people unschooled in the elements of science, or uninformed about the evidences of revealed and natural religion.

And when we add to all this the fact that every people of an advanced state of civilization in Europe, America, and in some portions of Asia and Africa, have crowded out it many superstitions, and hallowed it by a reverence and fear almost equal to the awe of the barbarian and savage; when it is known that the Church of Rome and many Protestant institutions have tried to make it the very dictionary and guide of social, political, and religious life; when we contemplate the martyrdom and cruelty coupled with the indirect progress and civilization which have resulted from the teaching of theoretic Christianity, we approach the Bible with a curiosity tempered by prudence, and seek to know the essential cause and contents of so popular a book.

We shall not busy ourselves with preliminaries. The points here to be considered are briefly these:—

- I. What is the origin of the Bible?
- II. How came it to be the moral code of the people?
- III. What should be the relation of society toward it?

I. What is the origin of the Bible? may be

a question easier to ask than to answer. What do we mean when we say "Bible?" Surely not what we think we mean. For by study we shall discover that our theories are of little value if they are not grounded in fact. The race has been busy in building the scaffold of the true idea of God, and yet, notwithstanding the fact that Moses, Plato, and Jesus declared a conception of deity almost identical with the present teachings of science; although in every age some philosopher like Spinoza and Descartes in the seventeenth century, Kant in the eighteenth century, and Sir William Hamilton and Herbert Spencer in the nineteenth century, have acknowledged their belief in a Supreme Governor of the Universe, humanity is still busy in tearing down and building up "gods," and cannot arrive at an absolute definition. We may liken society to the earnest people of Western Asia, who in their ignorance built a tower in order that they might have a peep at deity; but found, after much labor, that every human effort would be baffled, and that to define is to confine, and oftentimes express an absurdity.

It would not be imprudent to observe that the word "Bible" is not found in the Anglo-Saxon literature, but obtains in Greek and Latin literature. The words used to express the scriptures of the Old Testament are *ἡ γραφή*, *αἱ γραφαί*, and *βιβλίον*, and it may be well to note that these terms are found in the New Testament. It is with the Bible of the Western World that we have to deal.

A subject of such magnitude cannot here be treated in particular. The bulk of evidence in and out of the Bible proves that the writers of the law had little expectation that their works would help to make a book which would come to be the most marvelous product of the ages. The question of authorship is hard to answer. The recent efforts of biblical scholars have thrown much light upon our knowledge of the authenticity, genuineness, and authorship of many books of the Bible. And although exegesis has almost settled all the above questions still there is something to doubt and much to reconsider. The books of the Old Testament may be thus classed:

1. THE PENTATEUCH: Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy.

2. THE PROPHETS; (a) *The Earlier*: Joshua, Judges, 1st and 2d Samuel, 1st and 2d Kings; (b) *The Later*: Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and the twelve minor prophets.

3. THE HAGIOGRAPHA ("Sacred Writings"): (a) Psalms, Proverbs, Job; (b) Song of Songs, Ruth, Lamentations; (c) Daniel, Ezra, Nehemiah, and 1st and 2d Chronicles.

The Septuagint gives many differences;—but in substance agrees with this arrangement. It must be constantly remembered that Judaism covers an immense amount of territory and that it may be divided into two periods already adopted by the best authority—the first extending to the close of the collection of oral laws 536 B.C.—600 A.D., and the second up to the present time, ending virtually with the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus A.D. 70. An examination of the variety of books in the Old Testament will reveal the fact that they are human. Bloek admits that although the Bible may be regarded from two points of view—the religious and the literary—he yet asserts that the one oftentimes explains the other, and that true criticism must not be wantonly despised when brought to bear upon the history and character of the books themselves. Taking the books as they are, accepting the results of recent learning we must conclude that the Bible is a peculiar book—peculiar to the Hebrew race and the times in which it was composed. It grew as the race it represents, being endowed with a fertility of thought, a warmth of sentiment, and a simple rhetoric. Although we cannot take the Bible as we could any history—as that of England by Green or of Rome by Gibbon—and trace a rational arrangement and order of narrative, yet we can see signs of an intelligent growth.

The history of the Hebrew race is natural and quite similar to the history of other nations. The Jews passed through the experiences common to all. They differ from all the nations of the earth inasmuch as they possessed a higher religious consciousness. What is their social history? They were nomadic—wandering from field to hill, and

from sunrise to sunset, with their flocks, dwelling for the time peacefully together. Then they developed into tribes. Their tribes took on a government; the government became a theocracy—the king being subservient to the priest, and both to God. This mode of legislation lasted for centuries, until within recent years we find the modern Jew modifying his law to meet the demands of the nineteenth century.

Their intellectual history is quite similar. If we give Charles Darwin the credit of being a discoverer, we must admit that man has been patiently trying to solve the problem of existence; and his present apprehension of moral law, his preëminent mental power, his advanced social condition, all bear upon the law of progress. The Hebrew nation likewise struggled through many disciplines, growing stronger as it understood its life as related to the environment, and making such prudent advancement from barbarism into civilization, that, like the Greeks, they have preserved for us a literature the purest and the most complete of any language now extant. Showing indeed how quickly and how perfectly a people could grow from a simple shepherd life into the cosmopolitan, changing not only the common habits of life, but also the style of religious thought; making tents and living in them in one generation, and building substantial houses and temples in the next.

Like every civilized or semi-civilized people we find the Hebrew nation attempting a theory of the origin of the world as a beginning of their history, a foundation upon which to rest the structure of a more extensive inquiry and complete knowledge. The reader may form the notion that the Bible is very much like the *Iliad*, or the *Divina Commedia* of Dante, or some story of Dickens, which can be studied for its plot, and perused chapter by chapter for the descriptive narrative. Or he may compare it to a published edition of essays which, although they may be complete in themselves, yet have sometimes a connecting link or tie of relation.

The Bible is not such a book. And when we say that the cosmogony of the universe is a

basis for the history of the Hebrew race, I would say that the inference is *à priori*. The Pentateuch may have been written by Moses; or it may have been compiled by one who had in mind, or before him, two graphic accounts of the early history of his own race. But the Bible as represented in the Old Testament—including, as we all know, the Pentateuch, the Prophets, and all the minor works, such as the Psalms and Proverbs, Job, Daniel, Ezra, Nehemiah, and Chronicles—is incomplete in completeness, and fragmentary in many of its parts. I would like to show how the law of evolution applies with equal potency to the Old Testament; and that when the books are considered in their order of composition, we shall find a growth from ignorance into wisdom; from mystery into science; from tradition into history; from moral and intellectual weakness and degradation into high spiritual consciousness and mental culture. We may follow the streams of Hebrew civilization until they narrow into the three families which, according to tradition, have peopled the globe, and we shall find indications, not of perfection in any sense of the word, but of savagery; and that far into the interior of Jewish history we may trace evidences of a state of existence similar to the history of the negro or the Chinese. The cradle of man may have rested between the Tigris and the Euphrates rivers, and have been rocked by the fair sweet Indian winds which swept over that land in which it is said our innocent parents defied omnipotence, and lived according to natural law. But, be this as it may, the Bible hints at a progress which is correlative with the growth of man. In a period of human civilization when every phenomenon startled the mind and every spirit, by virtue of its birth, was steeped in a life of figures, metaphors, flowers, and poetry, why should we not expect men to see God in the burning bush, walking with men, or glittering in the heavens, or thundering commandments from Mount Sinai? So that the question of authority and revelation, as applied to the Old Testament, is, after all, but a question of what is truth.

With our limited resources it is impossible

for us to explain every question which may arise in the examination of the text. But when once it is admitted—as we have tried to show—that the Hebrew race evolved, as did every other people, from a state of weakness into one of exceptional strength, we may then have a key which will help to unlock every mystery. So that when it is known, as it now is, that the law which was said to have been revealed to Moses is but the thought of many people, grown into axioms and proverbs receiving the unanimous verdict of the reason and the moral nature, we place more emphasis upon the human mind as an ever-growing, ever-improving test of all moral law.

The Old Testament having its origin among the Hebrew race, and being "an abstract chronicle" of their history, will lose none of its authority as a history. But as a book of morals, as a guide to conduct, as a test for every moral problem, it will receive the reverence of every student. And whatever in it is rational and natural will forever remain in the nobler book which is unwritten, in that book of immortal thought to guide us in the conduct of life. The Commandments, which are divine because they are so much truth, will continue with us long after the conception of the Bible as an immaculate and inspired book has been forgotten, and the future generations will think of the race of Levi—the children of Israel—as a people who attained in but a few generations a civilization which in a moral sense may never have a parallel.

Following the same line of argument, we are forced to ask "What place does the New Testament take in the Bible." Can it be conceded that it is the evolution of the Old, or the fulfillment of any Old Testament prophecy? The law of heredity may throw some light upon this theme. The Hebrew race was in every sense of the word religious. The law which crushes a vicious spirit does so only to elevate the society it represents. In the progress of the Hebrew nation we meet with "wanderers from truth"—men who drove, as a modern writer would have it, "a coach and six through the Ten Commandments;" and who lived the life of a libertine.

As a sunbeam vibrating unseen in the cold ether affects and modifies material objects, so every noble thought, every pure sentiment, by magic power courses through the intellectual and moral nature of man, and, like a shuttle in a loom, it makes the fiber of, characterizes and adorns the race. The prominent feature of the Hebrew nation was so ingrafted and incorporated in their blood that Jesus came forth as the Apollo born from sacred Delos—the noblest type of Jewish civilization. Here, then, we have a fulfillment not of a written prophecy—not even the realization of a sentimental hope—but the natural result of a growth and culture on the very line of heredity. Here may be the explanation of the most startling fact that has agitated mankind. Here we have a natural view of one who lived in the valley as he taught in the mountain; who has changed the course of history, and whose life and morality have been the means of elevating the world. The Gospels are the product of his mind; and, as in every religious composition much allowance must be made for the personality, habit of life, early education, both of the composer and editors, so we overlook things which tax our credulity.

I could discuss at length the questions of his birth, divinity, trinity, and miracles, but the age has come when even these things which have been the means of deluging the continent of Europe with blood, and causing such rife antipathies among men, will either admit of a natural explanation or be rejected as rank imposture, fanaticism, and error. Says Laing :—

“The time is long past when the facts had to be tested by their correspondence with the theory of an inspired revelation; now it is the theory which has to be tested by its correspondence with the facts. The conservative pulpit has exhausted its resources in the vain endeavor to bolster up its absurd theology, and, when it is known that there can be no higher test of truth, no grander, more accurate and more just tribunal than reason, we shall then feel that in all the past years men have been battling their friends and trying to destroy the laborers who were building our civilization upon foundation stones which could never be removed.”

II. How came the Bible to be the moral of the people ?

First, we shall emphasize the traditional authority; *second*, the intrinsic value; *third*, proselytism.

The influence of the Jewish theocracy, the imperative demands of the prophets and priests, the universal power of the Church on questions of civil law and the management of the kingdom, gave the Bible an authority among the Jewish people which could not be questioned. We have reason to believe that the average Jew of 1000 B.C. was, in many respects, in a low state of civilization; able to read and write, some historians would admit, yet fluctuating and passionate. His spirit, unlike his life, was not nomadic; yet it was simple, natural, but abiding. It longed for “green pastures and still waters,” and sighed for Edens perhaps never to come. Like the desert it was unlovely, but many a cherished oasis lay beautifully in its waste. Take God from the Jewish people, and their purest aspirations, their happiest dreams are but in vain. In Babylonian captivity among a foreign nation, they longed for their temple and their ritual; and hung their harps on the willows, and mingled their tears with the Euphrates, because of loneliness and despair. They could not separate themselves from their religion, and hence to defend and protect the Church was their dearest wish and constant care. The influence of such a life upon adjacent nations and tribes would result in jealousy and war. Hence we find that the Jews were precipitated into national strife, and were constantly in fear of invasions by conquerors or hostile Arabs. Aside from the love which the Jew had for the religious traditions and works of his own people the Old Testament was absolutely emphasized as the receptacle of a revelation to the chosen people of God. This doctrine was held by the old and new Church, and is taught by the more conservative churches to-day. This traditional authority, very much like our early training, went far to make the Jew partisan, narrow, and seclusive, and make his ambition bend toward self-aggrandizement. But it had this excellent and redeeming quality: it preserved for us a literature which is unequalled for its simplicity, power, and beauty;

and gave us, above all, an insight into the struggles of a people who indeed excelled all others in their spiritual apprehension.

This leads me, in the second place, to speak briefly upon the intrinsic value of the Bible as a whole. Tradition obtained in the early historical development of the Bible. Authority based upon tradition is unsubstantial, and in many cases misleading. But when a work is popular, or the standard of morality, because of an intrinsic value, it has a merit which will not be denied. Throughout the Bible we find a lofty moral purpose, and hence a decided moral environment. Although many instances of a contrary character could be cited showing the depravity of certain kings and rulers, yet the bulk of incidental experiences proves that the law of righteousness, as Matthew Arnold has stated, was the center about which all other things gravitated. Allowing that the Bible is but a history of man's development—a story of his moral vicissitudes—running over but a brief period of time and including but one people, yet, from a purely literary view, it is an exceptional book. It has given mankind a standard of literature worthy of imitation. Its comparisons and metaphors—indeed its whole rhetoric—is lofty and clear. It contains incidental contradictions, but these result from no dishonest purpose of the writer. Then, again, the emphasis which the Gospel of Jesus gives to the virtues which found nations and make them progressive and eternal—the sanction it gives to purity of life—the loyalty and modesty of the Great Teacher himself—his beautiful yet plain and useful life—his manner of dealing with the criminal, the prodigal, and the hypocrite—his honest way of treating social, political, and civil questions—all these give the Bible an importance not to be lightly treated or imprudently regarded.

Then, in the third place, the effect of proselytism was a means of bringing the truths of Christianity especially among the most illiterate classes of society, and the preaching of the early missionaries, unequalled for its power and fanaticism, startled the world and made many converts to this new and pre-

eminent religion. Paul, the best defender of Christianity, spread the Gospel over the cities by the Mediterranean Sea; and classic Greece, in her days of degeneration, under the preaching of Paul, felt a revolution in the air which was soon to destroy her polytheism and establish the faith of the people upon the very essentials of human life. This missionary spirit, begun by Paul and the early disciples and believers, grew as the ages came and went; and in the middle ages we find monks of nearly every order piercing the haunts of the Gauls, the Vandals, the Goths, and the Huns; extending the power of the Church of Rome, and converting these barbarous people, to theoretic Christianity.

It might be well to add that nothing has so successfully brought the Bible into public favor as the versatile treatment of the facts of Christianity. The unchallenged position which the Bible held in society made it at least a book which ought to command attention; and the universal support which the Romish Church obtained from every source on questions of religion overawed in many respects the heretic or liberal thinker, and compelled him to pursue methods of religious life not opposed to the simple and austere habits of a Christian. The rise of Protestantism had the effect to open a way for independent inquiry and to revolutionize the world, and at the same time to centralize the forces of Europe; and give a powerful push to the arts and sciences. New methods of teaching the old doctrine, and new ideas of the doctrine itself, multiplied the churches, but failed to direct the mind to absolute truth. The liberties of our modern civilization arrested the world from their fanaticism and blind fear, their ignorance and slavery, and gave the thinkers of the world an opportunity to search for the light, to penetrate every undiscovered land, gaze inquiringly upon the resources of human nature, study the growth and history of man, follow the whole range of information, dip the plummet of knowledge into every sea, until at last humanity could know the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

III. Finally, what should be the relation

of society toward it? In this advanced age we may approach such a question with some freedom. Bascom admits that

"the freedom of handling and use, even of revelation, belongs to man, because only thus can individual life be maintained. The authoritative interpretation to which the reason is called to submit is the rendering of another. . . . The religious life of the individual can be won and maintained on no easier grounds than this, of faithful, cogent, independent activity. . . . We must ourselves inquire, or we bring our ears, sooner or later to the door-post of a master."

And David Swing, touching indirectly upon the same thing says:—

"So far as you are concerned, a theory of inspiration will be good enough that shall make Jesus Christ the standard of moral excellence. . . . The scientific statements of the Bible were all human; and if you will compare all of the old morals with that of Jesus you will find what was temporary and what eternal in the laws of sacred antiquity. Christ is thus a measuring line for all of that old ocean; a guiding star in that rather stormy sea."

The relation of society toward the Bible is that of a thinker toward thought, of a philosopher toward philosophy, of a moralist toward morality. He should study the Bible as he reads and ponders other less important works; and with the exegete he should examine with painful diligence all of the contents. The authority of the Bible should be indicated on the ground of its reasonableness and naturalness; and whatever may not be defined or explained should be considered by the wiser generations which are yet to come. The pride which grows out of the conservative positions we hold in society, in the Church, should not modify our convictions nor make us accept simple faith as the rule by which all things should be measured.

I hold that there is material in the Bible for the profoundest thinker, and that an atheist or an agnostic is quite unwise who refuses to accept the truth and reject the error, but who ignores the whole. When science shall have gone her full circle and shall have revealed to us the hidden treasures of the earth, the grand laws which circumscribe the universe, the marvelous wonders which seem in the oceans of space, the truths which at present are beyond human apprehension, we shall then admit with Shakespeare that

"There are more things in heaven and earth Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

It was the false interpretation of the Bible—its absolute misrepresentation, a failure to make reason and science the unalterable tests of a religion—which led the nations into foolish controversy and made the nineteenth century one almost of religious reconstruction. First feel the conviction that the way of truth is the way of reason, and then onward and upward we shall ascend into supreme knowledge. A greater and more accursed slavery than that of intellectual servitude cannot be conceived; and until mankind breaks from its ignorance, its superstition, and its caste, we shall not look for the dawn of that golden age when the nations of the earth will dwell peaceably together, weaving with unbroken harmony of aim and friendship the web of universal civilization. There, indeed, along the lines of rational inquiry and truth, shall we expect to see the multitude reaching out for God, and there shall we hope to see that sincere and pure teacher of Nazareth arise like a star from the darkness, superstition, and sin into which he has been emerged. His revelation is the revelation of truth. As Emerson asserts—

"He saw with open eye the mystery of the soul. Drawn by its equester harmony, ravished with its beauty, he lived in it, and had his being there. Alone in all history he estimated the greatness of man. One man was true to what is in you and me. He saw that God incarnates himself in man, and evermore goes forth anew to take possession of his world. He said, in this jubilee of sublime emotion, 'I am divine.' Through me God acts; through me speaks. Would you see God, see me; or, see thee, when thou also thinkest as I now think."

No man was great save as he lifted himself up into benevolence and love. Live for others, in that will you find joy, was his axiom. His life therefore was sweetly natural—one with the singing bird and the blossoming rose. He beheld nature forever dependent upon God. Arrogant man alone essayed to criticize deity, leap over the walls of natural and spiritual laws and steal forbidden fruit.

This revelation of truth, which unquestionably the Bible contains, runs like a stream of pure water through the ages of the world. Along the banks of that river the millions of

the earth slake their spiritual thirst and drown their sorrows, and, like the famous Lethe in Hades, it puts a new song upon their lips and they forget their crimes and sins. Under the powerful influence of Christianity as a law of righteousness we can expect salutary relief from the vices which precipitate our states and nations into national bankruptcy. The serpent which has dragged her slimy coils all over the pages of human history, corrupting childhood and sapping the fountains of manhood and womanhood, will perish, and society will put on its royal purple, its robe of purity, and proclaim the day of holiness and happiness. One by one the evils of the world are passing away. The idols crumble into dust. And the few which defy the forces of time yet sadly write the destiny of barbarism and mythology. The Sphinx, in absolute repose, watching the years roll across the sands of Egypt—the Sphinx which had stood for thousands of years—before that day at whose dawn creation was said to have sprung into existence—which has seen the empires of Babylon, Assyria, Macedon, fade away, which has watched Athens perish with her Parthenon, which has seen Carthage and Rome wasted by the sea, and observed the dawn of the western nation—it will yet abide to point us to the fact that man and all things change, but God is ever the same. As the bureau at Washington can almost to a certainty tell the state of the weather by the condition of the barometer and thermometer in any portion of the globe, so the religious teacher may prophecy, as he studies the growth and culture of man, that the time is not far distant when the Bible will no longer be the superstitious furniture of the Church, but a book in which we shall read our destiny in the experience and strivings and aspirations of the Hebrew race, and know indeed our salvation in the fact that Jesus is the noblest advocate of the spirit and God, inasmuch as he taught a system of ethics which could be turned into business, emphasized the sublime possibilities and attainments of man by his own self-sacrifice, love, and benevolence.—
J. C. F. GUMBINE, *Syracuse, N. Y.*

ROMANES *VERSUS* DARWIN.

AN EPISODE IN THE HISTORY OF THE EVOLUTION THEORY.

[IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.]

The *Journal of the Linnean Society* (No. 115, *Zoology*, July 23, 1886) is occupied by a very elaborate and lengthy paper by Dr. G. J. Romanes, F. R. S., entitled "Physiological Selection: an Additional Suggestion on the Origin of Species," in which he seeks to show that natural selection is not, strictly speaking, a theory of the origin of species at all, because it does not account for what he maintains is the primary and characteristic feature of species, namely, their invariable infertility, more or less pronounced, when crossed with allied species. Dr. Romanes is well known as an authority on some branches of animal physiology and psychology, and is also an earnest student as well as a great admirer of Mr. Darwin's works; while, as he informs us, he had for many years "the privilege of discussing the whole philosophy of evolution with Mr. Darwin himself." His conclusions on this subject are therefore likely to be widely adopted, more especially as the question is a very difficult one, and the value of the arguments adduced can hardly be estimated by persons who are not well acquainted with the copious literature of the subject. There can be no doubt, however, that the theory of natural selection, as Darwin left it, does present the weak points which are here attacked, and it is therefore a question of great interest to ascertain whether Dr. Romanes has really furnished us with a substantial addition to the theory, and has successfully grappled with the admitted difficulties presented by the phenomena of the sterility of crosses between distinct species. After a careful study of his paper I have come to the conclusion that, although it contains many valuable suggestions, it does not solve the problem which he presents for solution. It also contains many statements and assumptions which appear to be erroneous, and in correcting these some facts will be adduced which must be taken account of in any attempt to deal with this very difficult question. I propose, therefore, to give a brief summary of

Mr. Romanes' arguments, and to point out several important facts and weighty considerations which he has omitted to take account of, and which seem to me to render his theory altogether unworkable. I shall conclude by submitting an alternative hypothesis which seems to me to meet the chief difficulties of the case in a very simple manner.

Mr. Romanes urges that there are three cardinal difficulties in the way of natural selection, considered as a theory of the origin of species. These are (1) the fact that all our domestic animals and cultivated plants are mutually fertile when crossed, although they often differ in external characters much more than do distinct species; yet natural species, though sometimes differing very little from each other, are nearly always more or less sterile when intercrossed,—(2) the swamping effects of free intercrossing upon any individual variation, preventing its ever becoming increased and intensified by natural selection so as to constitute species;—(3) the inutility of a large proportion of specific distinctions, which consist of small and trivial differences of form and color, or of meaningless details of structure, which, being of no service to the plants or animals presenting them, cannot have arisen through the agency of natural selection. Mr. Romanes quotes many passages from Darwin's writings admitting the force of these objections, and he shows, more or less successfully, that the explanations Darwin offered are in no case sufficient.

Mr. Romanes proceeds to argue that, admitting these objections, natural selection is not, properly speaking, a theory of the origin of *species*, but that it is a theory of the origin—or rather of the cumulative development—of *adaptations*. These, he submits, are very different things, because each useful adaptation usually characterizes a whole group of species, often a whole genus or a whole family, while the individual species are distinguished from each other, not by adaptive, but usually by trivial, superficial, and altogether useless characters. To account for these facts Darwin and his followers have called in the aid of certain additional causes, such as use and disuse, sexual selection, correlated variability, and,

most important of all, the prevention of intercrossing with parent forms. This last cause is brought into action by the isolation of varieties in distinct areas, and its effects are well seen in the distinct but closely allied species that so often characterize oceanic islands. This is thought to prove that, whenever intercrossing is prevented, independent variability is a sufficient cause for the evolution of new species, which will always tend to arise under such conditions, and will be usually distinguished by characters which are not useful to them, and have therefore not been preserved by the agency of natural selection.

But, it is argued, such species can never arise without isolation, because intercrossing will continually extinguish all such independent variations of an unuseful kind, and even all such as are useful; unless they occur in considerable numbers together. Except in the case of complete isolation in islands or by great geographical changes in continents, species must have originated in the midst of a parent form, and unless the mutual sterility we find to be a general characteristic of species had appeared at the very beginning to prevent the extinction of all incipient variations by intercrossing, it does not seem possible for these variations ever to have been preserved and accumulated so as to form distinct new species. Mr. Darwin's suggested explanation of the whole difficulty is, that a number of similar favorable variations occurring together will afford materials for natural selection to act upon, and will then rapidly increase; while, as to the cause of infertility between the new form and the parent stock, he suggests that varieties occurring under nature will have been exposed during long periods of time to more uniform conditions than have domesticated varieties, and this may well make a wide difference in the result. This view is supported by the opinion of many independent observers, that domestication tends to enhance fertility; while it is a well known fact that in wild species the reproductive system is so delicately balanced that they often become sterile, even with their own kind, when in confinement.

Dr. Romanes, however, objects that this

suggestion is too vague and too little supported by known facts to explain such a fundamental and almost universal difference as exists between varieties and species in regard to their mutual fertility, and he therefore puts forth his theory of physiological selection. Briefly stated, this theory is, that individual variations in the degree of fertility with the parent form often occur quite independently of any change in external characters. This mode of variation may be either indirect or direct. In the former kind the season of flowering or of pairing may be advanced or retarded, and in either case the individuals so varying can only cross with each other, not with the parent form. In the latter kind the new variety is such that when crossed with the parent form it produces very few offspring, and those offspring are usually sterile; while among themselves these physiological varieties are perfectly fertile as are their offspring. "Once formed as such," he says, "the new natural variety, even though living upon the same area as its parent species, will begin an independent course of history, and, as in the now analogous case of isolated varieties, will tend to increase its morphological distance from the parent form, until it eventually becomes a true species.

Mr. Romanes then goes on to argue that, as a rule, these physiological variations are those which occur first, and form the starting-point of new species. He admits that in some cases sterility may be a secondary character, due perhaps to the constitutional change indicated by the external variation; but even in that case physiological selection plays an equally important part, because, if it does not arise, either coincidentally with the ordinary external variation or as a consequence of it, then that variation will not be preserved, but will rapidly be extinguished by intercrossing with the parent type.

Having now set forth very briefly, but I believe quite sufficiently and often in its author's own words, what the theory of physiological selection is, let us turn back and see how far the facts of variation on which it is founded are adequately and correctly stated; and also endeavor to ascertain with some precision

what would happen to the physiological varieties arising independently in the midst of a species, as Mr. Romanes supposes them to do, and whether they could possibly form the usual starting-point of new species. In discussing the "three great obstructions in the road of natural selection," which Mr. Romanes believes to be insuperable by natural selection alone, it will be convenient to take them in the inverse order, leaving the important question of sterility between species to be dealt with after the road has been cleared of the two less important obstructions.

(1.) *Inutility of Specific Characters.*—This forms an essential part of Mr. Romanes' argument as to the necessity for physiological selection to account for the origin of species, but it is only proved to exist by general statements quite unsupported by evidence. He tells us, for example, that an "enormous number" of specific peculiarities are of no use, giving as instances the callosities on the hind legs of horses, or the habit of covering their excrement by some of the cat tribe. In the latter case, however, it is surely not difficult to see a very probable use, for as the excrements in question are exceptionally offensive, their exposure on the surface of the ground might warn such creatures as are preyed upon by them from approaching the haunts of these animals. But this argument from our ignorance is a very bad one when we consider how recently whole groups of specific differences, formerly looked upon as useless, have been brought under the law of utility. The innumerable fantastic diversities in the size, form, color, and markings of flowers would have been formerly thus classed; but these have now in so great a number of cases been shown to be purposive modifications for aiding in fertilization, that few naturalists will doubt that all or almost all similar distinctive characters have had a similar origin. So the various kinds of spines and prickles, of hairs or down, of stinging organs or of sticky exudations, once unintelligible, have now been proved serviceable in keeping away "unbidden guests" from the flowers.

The life histories of animals in a state of

nature have been so much less studied than those of plants that we are quite unable to determine the use of many of the slighter specific characters which distinguish them. But here, too, progress is being made, and many peculiarities can now be shown to be useful which a few years ago would have been classed as of no possible utility to the species. This especially applies to the colors and markings of animals; and having paid much attention to this question I will make a few remarks upon it. It is a very striking fact, the full importance of which has not been appreciated, that almost all animals, when domesticated, produce varieties of color and markings, often exhibiting great diversity in this respect, whereas the wild species from which they have been derived have each a constant type of color and marking, and although they not unfrequently produce varieties, such as white or pied swallows, black-birds, etc, these never increase in number as they do under domestication. This implies that the variation is prejudicial to the species, and that the general constancy of coloration we observe in each wild species is a useful character. A long consideration of this subject has convinced me that the usefulness of color and marking to wild animals arises in many different ways. The most general of all the uses of color is to serve as a protection to the species from its enemies or to aid in concealing it from its prey; hence the very wide prevalence of protective coloration as instanced, broadly, in the white arctic and sand-colored desert animals, in the numerous green birds of tropical forests, and, more especially, in the countless insects resembling green or dead leaves, bark, birds' dung, moss, stones, or other natural objects among which they live. The protective character of many of these markings can rarely be understood till the creature is seen in its natural attitude and among its natural surroundings, so that hundreds of species preserved in our museums and cabinets seem to have colors which are altogether unmeaning and useless, owing to our ignorance of their habits and life history.

Another kind of coloration was long quite unintelligible, that of creatures which are

very conspicuous and often so gaudily colored as to attract attention; but it is now found that many groups of species thus colored have a totally different kind of protection in being endowed with such an offensive odor and taste as to be inedible. Whole families of butterflies, moths, beetles, and other insects, are now known by actual experiment to be so protected, and these in every case possess conspicuous colors, or at all events are entirely wanting in those protective hues which characterize most creatures which serve as food to others. Another class of animals possess deadly weapons, like the stings of wasps and the poison fangs of snakes, and these often exhibit conspicuous colors or some other means of warning their enemies that they cannot be attacked with impunity. As illustrations of these forms of useful characters I may mention the glow-worm and fire-flies, which belong to inedible groups, but being nocturnal and soft-bodied would be liable to be seized and injured, if not devoured, without the warning light which tells all insect-eating creatures (after one experience) that they are uneatable. This interpretation of the use of the light was suggested by Mr. Belt and has been adopted by Mr. Darwin. The case of the poisonous snakes is still more curious. Most of these are rather protectively colored in order that their prey may approach them sufficiently near to be seized, but they are usually characterized by a broad triangular head and short tail which sufficiently marks out the tribe of viperine poisonous snakes to reptilivorous birds and mammals. In a few cases, however, they possess a more special warning. The rattle of the rattle-snake and the dilated hood of the Indian and African cobras are of this character, and it is interesting to note that the cobras do not belong to the viper tribe, but have heads and tails of similar form to harmless snakes. In South America there are poisonous snakes of the same family which get protection not by a hood or rattle but by a style of coloration in alternate rings of black, red, and yellow, quite unlike that of any other snakes in America or in the rest of the world. They are distinguished among other snakes just as the brightly

colored inedible insects are distinguished among their edible allies, and for the same purpose of warning enemies not to attack them.

The several cases now referred to cover a great deal of ground, but there remains one of the most important. It may be said, you have shown the use of certain classes or styles of coloration, but these would apply to a great number of species equally well. Why, then, is each species usually different in coloration from all others? The reply to this objection I believe to be, that easy recognition is important to all animals, and especially to those which are gregarious and whose safety largely depends upon their keeping together. My attention was first called to this subject by a remark of Mr. Darwin's that the principle of protective coloring fails in the rabbit, "for when running to its burrow it is made conspicuous to the sportsman, and no doubt to all beasts of prey, by its upturned white tail." Not believing that any animal could have acquired a character actually hurtful to it without some more than counterbalancing advantages, it occurred to me that, when feeding in the dusk, rabbits run to their burrows on the least alarm, and that it would be very important for those who were farthest off, and especially for the young, to be able to follow the others without any hesitation in a straight line. The upturned white tail thus serves as a useful guide. On looking for other cases of analogous coloring, I was struck by the remarkable fact that a large number of antelopes, which are usually protectively colored with sandy or earth colored tints, are nevertheless rendered conspicuous by large white patches, usually behind or on the flanks, and often accompanied by peculiar white marks on the face, but always different in each species. Mr. Darwin imputes all these markings to the effects of sexual selection, having been first acquired by the males and then transmitted wholly or partially to the other sex. It seems to me, however, much more probable that these markings have been acquired for the purpose of enabling any strayed member of the herd to recognize his fellows, and to be recognized by them. Most of these animals depend for safety on keeping

together, when they can defend themselves against most beasts of prey; and as each kind will not usually allow animals of another species to join them, it becomes doubly important that every species should have a distinctive marking, especially with desert animals, which are obliged to roam far in search of food and water, and still more when there are many allied species of the same general form inhabiting the same country. It seems not improbable that the many curious differences in the shape, direction, and curvature of the horns of antelopes may have arisen from a similar cause, as when these alone were visible they would often serve the purpose of recognition at a great distance. This same idea has occurred to Mrs. Barber, an excellent observer of nature in Cape Colony. She says:—

"Land birds are for the most part colored to match the country they inhabit. Some of them, however, possess conspicuous markings, which are of great service to them in their flight, enabling them, if disturbed (especially during the night), to keep together. If, however, they are not in possession of indicative colors (such as white beneath the wings, etc.), they will probably utter some peculiar note or frequent cry, which will answer the same purpose, like that of the fern owl, for instance."

This need of easy recognition by each species of its own kind and of the sexes by each other, will probably explain at once those slight diversities of color and marking, which, more commonly than any other character distinguish closely allied species from each other, and also the constancy and bilateral symmetry of the coloration of wild animals. For if the same species varied in color beyond definite limits, and especially if they became piebald or irregularly colored, great confusion would arise; and it is probable that such irregularities, when they do occur, soon die out, because the normal-colored individuals refuse to pair with them.

I think I have now shown that in a great number of cases the trivial characters that distinguish species from species are, in all probability, useful to them, and may therefore have been increased and fixed by natural selection. This is the more probable if we remember the extraordinarily rigid character

of the selection that is always going on among wild animals, from three to ten or a hundred times the minimum population being weeded out every year, so that the very slightest characters, if even at rare intervals affecting the safety of the individual, will be almost sure to be preserved. We must also remember that many slight characters may be the atrophied or rudimentary remains of more important characters which were useful in some ancestral form, but which, being now so very trivial, have not been completely lost by disuse; while sufficient importance has not been given to the constant state of flux and reflux of all organic forms, development and degeneration going on alternately, and having been many times repeated, so that characters may be partially lost, and then under a change of conditions utilized by a fresh development in a different direction, thus leading to those singular complexities of form and structure, serve purposes which might apparently have been reached in a much simpler and more direct manner.—ALFRED R. WALLACE, in *The Fortnightly Review*.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE WEEK OF SEVEN DAYS.

If a being from another world, suddenly placed among us, should examine terrestrial institutions he could scarcely fail to inquire why it is that in so large a portion of the earth time is measured by periods of seven days. To a large number of persons among ourselves such inquiry is practically superseded by the consideration that the Bible opens with the recognition of the week: whatever discussion may be raised, and whatever may be the demands of science with reference to the interpretation of the commencement of the book of Genesis, the fact remains, that it is asserted that in six days God created the heaven and the earth and all things in them, and rested on the seventh day. The same assertion is renewed by the fourth commandment, which enjoins the keeping holy of the Sabbath day. And when we remember how thoroughly the

sanctification of one day in seven has been adopted and enforced by the practice of the Christian Church, and how the first day has been marked, as emphatically the *Lord's Day*, we cannot be surprised to find that with most persons any speculation which transcends the limits of the facts just noticed is likely to meet with small encouragement.

Nevertheless, when we observe the necessarily hyper-historical character (if I may coin such a phrase) of the Mosaic cosmogony, as it is sometimes called, when we perceive the impossibility of interpreting the sacred narrative without some reference to the knowledge already possessed by those to whom it was given, we shall probably come to the conclusion that the reference to the creative work and the seventh day's rest of God does not exhaust the question of the existence of a seven days' week. Therefore, as it is manifestly impossible to detach the ordinary week of a large portion of the world from the history contained in Genesis and as it is equally impossible to find in that history a complete explanation of the phenomenon, I have thought it might be interesting to examine the subject a little more closely, and see what light can be thrown upon it.

I begin my investigation with a few remarks upon what may be described as *favorite numbers*. There are certain numbers, with which we meet more frequently than others, and of which we make more use in dealing with common things. The most favorite may perhaps be said to be *ten*, *twelve*, and *seven*.

The reason why *ten* is a favorite—perhaps the most favorite—number is obvious enough, namely, that we have ten fingers. When we begin to count we almost of necessity do so with our fingers; if we have a large number of things to count, we instinctively divide them into *tens*, or perhaps into *scores*; if the number of things be very large, the collection of tens are naturally grouped again by tens, and so we have *hundreds*. A further grouping of hundreds leads to *thousands*, and so forth. Thus we get the ordinary system of numeration, and there can be no manner of doubt that man's ten fingers are the root of it.

Nevertheless twelve has its turn as a favor-

the number; we often count by dozens, and the reason probably is that twelve admits of being quartered as well as halved; which in many cases is an advantage. Take the case of wine; a dozen bottles is a convenient quantity to take as a standard, because a customer can order half the standard number, or, if he need a small quantity, the quarter of the same; in fact, twelve admits of being divided not only by *two* and *four*, but also by *three* and *six*, which for many purposes give it a great advantage over *ten*, which can be divided only by *two* and *five*, the latter division rarely being of any use. Hence the great divisibility of twelve is sufficient to mark it as a favorite number.

I now pass on to the consideration of the number *seven*. It has no such obvious suggestion as *ten*, and no such recommendation of practical convenience as *twelve*; nevertheless it is quite as truly a favorite number as either, perhaps in some sense it is more so. Its early occurrence in the book of Genesis might be adopted at once as an explanation of its prominence among numbers; this course of treatment, however, would not fall in with the intention of this essay; and I shall therefore, in the first place, treat the subject in the most general manner possible, putting out of mind for the moment all thought of the references to the institution of the week which can be found in the Bible.

Adopting this course, we have to deal with the fact that the division of days by *seven* is both ancient and widespread. If, as has been held by good authorities, the method be of Chaldean origin, the notion that the number *seven* is connected with the heavenly bodies at once present itself to our minds as probable; in fact, when we remember that to the early observers of the heavens the planets were seven in number—namely the Sun, the Moon, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn—and that the names of these planets were in divers countries connected with the several days of the week, the conclusion that the measuring of days by *sevens* took its rise from the physical fact that seven planetary bodies are visible to the naked eye must seem to be almost irresistible.

The reader may be referred upon this subject to a lucid article, "Week," in Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*. The writer says:—

"Whether the week gave its sacredness to the number seven, or whether the ascendancy of that number helped to determine the dimensions of the week, it is impossible to say. The latter fact—the ancient ascendancy of the number seven—might rest upon divers grounds. The planets, according to the astronomy of those times, were seven in number; so are the notes of the diatonic scale; so also many other things naturally attracting observation. . . . So far then, the week being a division of time without ground in Nature, there was much to recommend its adoption. When the days were named from planetary deities, as among first the Assyrians and Chaldees, and then the Egyptians, then, of course, each period of seven days would constitute a whole, and that whole might come to be recognized by nations that disregarded or rejected the practice which had shaped and determined it. But further, the week is a most natural and nearly exact quadri-partition of the month, so that the quarters of the moon may easily have suggested it."

It is not necessary to refuse all sanction to the notion that the happy fact, that $4 \times 7 = 28$, or that four weeks, each of seven days, roughly constitute a month, and that so, the artificial division of weeks had a convenient relation to the natural division of months, has something to do with the stamping of the number *seven* as the basis for the counting of days. Nor would it, perhaps, be possible to entirely deny the position of one who should argue, that this convenient quadri-partition of the month was first in order of time, and that the dedication of the even days of the week to the seven heavenly bodies followed afterward. I do not suspect that this actually was so; yet if it were asserted to be the more probable course of things, I do not know that the assertion could be positively disproved. But whichever may have been the actual order of proceeding, what I desire now to enforce is equally true, namely, that the two astronomical considerations, namely, the number of planetary bodies known to the ancients and the period of the moon, may be regarded as co-operative, and as tending together to fix more distinctly the number of days in the week.

Having thus far dealt with the week on general grounds, I now pass on to make some remarks upon it in connection with Holy Scripture.

In the first place, as has been remarked by the commentators, and as is apparent to careful readers, it would seem that some notion of the week of seven days was current among the people whose history is recorded in very early times, that is to say, at a date long preceding Moses or any of the books written by him. The proof of this is to be found in such passages as the following: *Genesis* xxix. 27, where Jacob is desired by Laban to "fulfill her week," that is, Leah's week, in order that he might also receive Rachel. The week appears to express the time given up to nuptial festivities. So afterward in *Judges* xiv., where Samson speaks of "the seven days of the feast." So also on occasion of the death of Jacob, Joseph "made a mourning for his father seven days" (*Gen.* l. 10). But neither of these instances, any more than Noah's procedure in the ark, go further than showing the custom of observing a term of seven days for any observance of importance. They do not prove that the whole year, or the whole month, was thus divided at all times, and without regard to remarkable events." They do not indeed prove this, but they suggest the division as common and familiar, and in some early period recognized as an institution.

When therefore the children of Israel went down to Egypt for what proved to be a very long sojourn in that country, they possibly were familiar with the practice of dividing time by weeks, and at all events the notion of seven days as a convenient portion of time for the affairs of life would not seem altogether strange to them. It is exceedingly probable that on arriving in Egypt they found the week established by the practice of the country. It will be observed that it was in Egypt that Joseph mourned seven days for Jacob; and it is possible, that in so doing he was conforming to the custom of the country, as he did with regard to the embalming and chesting of his father's remains. But independently of any such consideration, it would seem highly probable that the Israelites found themselves in Egypt among a people who divided the time by weeks of seven days. We know that they did so at a later period;

why might they not have commenced as early as before the sojourn of the Israelites?

And as regards the Israelites, it may be observed that the period of seven days is introduced into the most solemn event of their Egyptian sojourn, namely, the ordinance of the Passover.

"Seven days shall ye eat unleavened bread; even the first day ye shall put away leaven out of your houses: for whosoever eateth leavened bread from the first day until the seventh day, that soul shall be cut off from Israel. And in the first day there shall be an holy convocation; and in the seventh day there shall be an holy convocation to you; no manner of work shall be done in them, save that which every man must eat, that only shall be done of you" (*Exod.* xii. 15, 16).

And a little further on, there is an apparent reference to the division of the month into four weeks, as the recognized method of division. "In the first month, on the fourteenth day of the month at even, ye shall eat unleavened bread, until the one and twentieth day of the month at even. Seven days shall there be no leaven found in your houses." Here we have *seven* mentioned as well as its multiples: seven, fourteen, twenty-one, and the month or twenty-eight days. It is difficult not to believe that either in consequence of Egyptian custom, or their old Syrian tradition, or both combined, the Israelites were at this time familiar with the notion of a week of seven days.

But there is evidence that not only was the week known to the Israelites, but also the ordinance of the Sabbath, early in their wanderings. The Sabbath does not appear to have been ordained for the first time when promulgated from Sinai. In *Herodotus* xxi., we read concerning the manna,

"To-morrow is the rest of the holy sabbath unto the Lord." Moses said, Eat that to-day; for to-day is a sabbath unto the Lord: to-day ye shall not find it in the field, six days ye shall gather it; but on the seventh day, which is the sabbath, in it there shall be none. . . . "See, too, that the Lord hath given you the sabbath, therefore He giveth you on the sixth day the bread of two days; abide ye every man in his place, let no man go out of his place on the seventh day. So the people rested on the seventh day."

Thus the promulgation from Sinai was only the republication, and confirming by more solemn sanction, of that which existed already.

It should be observed, however, that the appointment of the Sabbath and the institution of the week are two different things; the week might be, and perhaps originally was, a merely secular division of time, like the month and the year; what was done by the teaching connected with the manna, and subsequently more explicitly by the fourth commandment, was to take one day out of the seven and impress a peculiar character upon it. Man, so to speak, made the week, but God made the Sabbath: the week was secular, the Sabbath was religious. If I may venture so to express myself, the task of Moses in forming his horde of Egyptian slaves into "a holy nation, a peculiar people," was a good deal facilitated by this course of proceeding; if the people when, in God's providence, he first took them in hand had been simple barbarians, having no measure of time but the phases of the moon, it would manifestly have been less easy to secure for rest and for religious purposes each seventh day. Why each seventh day? Why not the fourth or the fourteenth? But if the people had their almanac ready made, and if they had been accustomed in Egypt to measure the time by weeks and to find each day of the week as weary as the rest under their cruel taskmasters, they would readily accept and rejoice in a law, which made the concluding day of each week a day of rest and rejoicing. And in fact we find in the Deuteronomy version of the fourth commandment this pertinent exhortation: "Remember that thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt, and the Lord thy God brought thee out thence through a mighty hand, and by a stretched out arm: therefore the Lord thy God commanded thee to keep the sabbath day" (*Deut.* v. 15).

Let us now turn for a moment to this same commandment as we find it in the twentieth chapter of Exodus, and as it is commonly cited. The most remarkable feature in the commandment, as here given, is the reference to the six days' work and the seventh day rest of the Almighty Creator. Upon this work of the creative week I shall have more to say hereafter; but at present let me observe that the form of the commandment, beginning

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," seems to imply that previous knowledge of the week and the Sabbath, of which we have already found evidence. It is very unlikely that the notion of a seventh day Sabbath would have been announced for the first time in such fashion; in fact, we have already met with distinct teaching on the subject. Let it be added, however, that it has been supposed—and the supposition is reasonable—that the argument for keeping holy the Sabbath day, founded upon the history of the Creation, which appears in the twentieth chapter of Exodus, does not belong to the original form of the commandment. The fact of its omission in Deuteronomy, and the addition in that version of the commandments of an appendix to the law of the Sabbath day, which does not appear in Exodus, seems to set us free to suppose that both the one addition and the other were made subsequently and did not belong to the commandment when given from Sinai. Indeed, there is much internal probability to recommend the suggestion of Ewald, that the ten commandments were originally given in the following terse form:—

1. Thou shalt have none other God before me.—
2. Thou shalt not make to thee any graven image.—
3. Thou shalt not take the name of Jehovah thy God in vain.—
4. Thou shalt remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.—
5. Thou shalt honor thy father and thy mother.—
6. Thou shalt not kill.—
7. Thou shalt not commit adultery.—
8. Thou shalt not steal.—
9. Thou shalt not bear false witness.—
10. Thou shalt not covet.

Certainly so far as the fourth commandment is concerned it is highly improbable that in its original promulgation it should have been enforced by an argument depending upon a knowledge of the creative week, contained in a book, of the existence and publication of which at that time there is no kind of evidence.

I lay stress upon this point, because I believe that the actual history of the week and of the Sabbath is by no means that which the mere reading of the Bible, commencing with the first chapter of Genesis, might suggest; to

our minds. The book of Genesis describes the first condition of things, and speaks of the Creator as having spent six days in making the universe and as having then rested on the seventh day and having hallowed it: from which description it might seem natural to infer, that we have here the history of the institution of the week and of the Sabbath as the close of it; and there are in fact writers, who suggest that this institution was delivered to Adam and came down from him by tradition to subsequent generations of men. Thus in the *Speaker's Commentary*, on the words of Genesis ii. 1, "God blessed the seventh day," Bishop Harold Browne remarks, "The natural interpretation of these words is that the blessing of the Sabbath was immediately consequent on that first creation of man, for whom the Sabbath was made." This may be so; but when we endeavor to realize what is meant by the creation of man and the institution of the Sabbath being coeval, it is difficult to express the meaning in intelligible language. The keeping of the seventh day as a day of rest involves the counting of six days, and then the dealing with the seventh day in some manner different from that in which the first six have been dealt with. Can we quite conceive of such a course in the case of the first man? Supposing him to have come into instantaneous existence in all the perfection of his human intelligence—a supposition which is beset with difficulties and is opposed to the belief of almost all who have studied the subject—is it possible to conceive of the newly formed man as at once comprehending the division of days into weeks and the consecration of one day above another? or is it possible to conceive of him as capable of receiving a revelation which should convey this knowledge to his mind? If—as all the phenomena of history and of science indicate—the growth of man in knowledge of all kinds has been slow and gradual, then it must be reckoned as incredible that so refined and comparatively complicated arrangement as the division of time by weeks and the keeping of a sabbath should have been the property of the earliest representative of our race.

So far as Holy Scripture itself is concerned,

it will be observed that it is nowhere hinted that Adam had the knowledge imputed to him. The hints of something resembling the knowledge in patriarchal times have been already noticed, but these may very well be explained by reference to the natural growth of human knowledge, rather than to the hypothesis of a primeval tradition.

Having laid the foundations which are to be found in the previous part of this paper, I now address myself to the consideration of the week as we find it in the opening of the book of Genesis.

I propose to argue that the week did not take its rise from the sacred history, but that contrariwise, the form in which that history was cast depended upon the knowledge possessed by the writer of the division of time by weeks, and of the institution of the Sabbath.

It will probably be admitted by all, that the account of the creation given in the book of Genesis was not the result of scientific investigation. I am not wishing to raise the old question how far the account is consistent with scientific truth—this question does not now concern us—but am only asserting that the creative history cannot be regarded in the same manner as that in which we regard a scientific treatise. It is either a speculation, or a poetical picture, or the record of a vision accorded to some gifted seer. Whichever it be, when the author of the written document which we possess came to put down in words his speculation, or his poem, or his vision, he would have to consider, or rather he would instinctively know, what kind of framework he should adopt in order to convey his thoughts to others. Compare the case of Moses, or the author of the original document which Moses used, with that of St. John the Divine. In the Apocalypse St. John speaks of things which he saw in his vision: there were candlesticks, and thrones, and choirs clothed in white garments, and the city of Jerusalem, and so forth; all those were things with which he was familiar, and so his vision adapted itself to and formed itself upon these familiar things. No one will for one moment maintain the objective existence

of these earthly things in that heaven, into which St. John was permitted to peep through the open door : the vision was in fact of necessity to a great extent subjective ; it is of the very nature of visions that this should be so. If, therefore, a vision of so absolutely transcendental an event as the creation of the universe be permitted to the mental eye of mortal man, that vision, when imparted to others, must clothe itself in such knowledge as the man himself possesses. And as the man, when he comes to record his vision, will instinctively use his own language—Hebrew, Greek, Latin, whatever it may be—to express himself, so also all other furniture of his mind will be naturally put into requisition in order to describe what he has seen.

This being conceded, let us suppose Moses himself to have been the speculator, poet, or seer, to whom the vision of creation was for the first time vouchsafed, and let us suppose that the division of time by weeks was a matter of familiar knowledge to Moses. Then, this being so, it is quite intelligible that the successive works of creation, beginning with light and culminating in man, should fit themselves, as it were, into the framework which the division of the week supplied. *Some* framework would manifestly be required, and *this* framework would be ready made.

There would be an advantage in this presentation of the week, which would be analogous to that which belonged to the whole Mosaic cosmogony, as a testimony against idolatry. The tendency, to which the nations almost universally fell victims, was to worship the heavenly bodies ; but the story of creation, as given to the ancient church, distinctly asserted the creature character of these bodies, and with great and emphatic distinctiveness man's superiority to them all ; the first chapter of Genesis was an eloquent protest against the worship of the host of heaven ; and so, if there was a tendency to connect the days of the week with this same kind of false worship, by giving one day to the sun, another to the moon, and so on, nothing could more effectually cure this error than the appropriation of the days as representative of

the stages of operation in the creative work of the one supreme God. The days did not belong to the planets, owed no allegiance to them, and were not influenced by them, however it might be true that the method of reckoning them was due to the number of these bodies ; they were simply the first, second, third . . . days ; all were alike except the seventh, upon which a special character was impressed. And it may be remarked in this connection, that the Israelites never adopted the heathen practice, almost if not quite universal, of designating the days of the week by the names of the planets or of deities ; to an Israelite Sunday was the first day of the week, and nothing more ; the seventh day was the Sabbath, and the sixth was the day of Preparation, but no taint could be found the whole week through of anything which could be twisted or perverted to idolatrous ends. The Christian Church has not thought it necessary to take so much precaution ; bearing in mind that through her Lord the idols have been "utterly abolished," she has not feared to suffer to remain in her nomenclature some of the relics of the heathen past. When the Society of Friends endeavored to substitute the Jewish system for that which is current in Christendom, it was felt that the effort was unnecessary and unprofitable, and it has consequently failed outside their own body. The mongrel method of denoting the days of the week, which prevails throughout Europe, varying from one country to another, but mongrel in all, cannot be defended upon any except antiquarian principles, but may be acknowledged to be free in common use from all taint of superstition or any danger of bringing in idolatry.

I shall be quite prepared to find that the view which has been taken in this essay of the relation of the seven days of Genesis to the seven ancient planets will by some be regarded as objectionable, on the ground that it appears to conflict with what appears to such persons to be the literal interpretation of Holy Scripture. It may be said that the sacred writer plainly informs us that God created the universe, the planets included, in six days, and rested on the seventh, and that the num-

ber of these days can, therefore, have no dependence on the heavenly bodies which were created upon one of the days. And I quite admit that this kind of difficulty is *primâ facie* very plausible; I have felt it strongly myself; I do not wonder that others should feel it. But it may be observed that when we speak of the "literal interpretation" of this portion of Holy Scripture, we are using language which, when examined, has no definite meaning. The whole history of creation is necessarily supra-literal. "The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." What *literal* meaning is there here? "God said, Let there be light, and there was light." How can this grand description be taken *literally*? "God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." How can we assign to such transcendental language any sense which can properly be called *literal*? And so on throughout the whole creative history.

Consequently the literal theory must be simply and completely given up, as in the very nature of things impossible; and the question arises what shall we put in its place. The answer seems to be, that such a picture or sketch of the origin of things was accorded to the sacred writer, and placed at the head of Holy Scripture, as was fitted to the comprehension of man, and fitted to introduce the subsequent portions of the Word of God. The tenacity with which a large number of persons adhere to what they regard as the "literal meaning" of the first chapter of Genesis, proves with what wonderful skill the chapter has been written; but when we come to consider what the literal meaning of the phrase "literal meaning" is, we find that the words are in their nature totally inapplicable to such a composition as that with which we are dealing; and having realized this fact, we may perhaps find that there is another mode of interpretation which is more reasonable, more free from difficulties, and which yet deprives the sacred narrative of no particle of its meaning. To supply such a mode of interpretation is the purpose of this essay: if any of those who read it find that it has thrown light upon a dark subject, and assisted

them to see their way through a difficulty connected with Holy Scripture, my purpose in writing it will have been abundantly accomplished.—HARVEY GOODWIN, Bishop of Carlisle, in *The Contemporary Review*.

UNIVERSAL PENNY POSTAGE.

It is diverting in the extreme to read nowadays an account of the woful prophecies made by Rowland Hill's contemporaries respecting that grand idea to which, after steam, the world is chiefly indebted for the marvelous material and intellectual progress accomplished during the last two generations. He was told that a reduction of rates would bring about financial disaster, that it would be used for the worst purposes, and was, in fact, "sedition made easy." We know now how wrong the prophets were, and that by the supply of a cheap, rapid, and trustworthy means of communication not only have our people, high and low, enjoyed continuous intercourse and fellowship with absent friends, not only have works of charity been facilitated, sympathies enlarged, and unity of national feeling promoted, but, in addition, an incalculable stimulus has been given to trade and industry.

These advantages, however, are practically bounded by the seas that wash our coasts. A heavy impost is laid on all correspondence with the thousand millions of our fellow-creatures beyond these shores. Every firm engaged in foreign trade has to make annually a large deduction from its margin of profit to meet the cost of postage. Every poor man who has a son or brother across the ocean is compelled to restrict the exchange of affection with the absent one. The impost in question, I maintain, is both impolitic and unnecessary, and my object is to reduce it to a reasonable figure.

The agitation which those associated with me are conducting is directed primarily to the institution of an international and universal penny post. Secondly, we aim at securing a similar system for the inhabitants of her majesty's empire, from the Orkneys to Tasmania,

and from Calcutta to Vancouver. The second object, it will be observed, is included in the first, but there are many of us who believe that it will, in point of time, be first secured. Let it be distinctly understood, however, that in our view the inestimable blessings of a postage rate within the reach of all should not be confined to Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, and Welshmen. So long as there are vast tracts of the earth's surface separated from each other by a barrier as effective as oceans and mountains, in the shape of prohibitory postage rates, so long shall we agitate for the removal of this barrier. There are many of us who would fain see the provision of a cheaper submarine telegraph service, and of a cheaper newspaper postage; but these objects, although regarded with sympathy and favor, are not upon our programme.

It should here be remarked that in our opinion the state has no moral right to make a thumping profit out of the post office. The Post Office is not a branch of the revenue. It is, or should be, regarded as a great socialistic institution, carried on for the general benefit of the community. Since Charles I. established it, this vast monopoly has had the exclusive right of carrying our correspondence, and we are compelled by law to submit to any exaction which it may enforce. Now it is easy to show that the taxation raised by means of this institution is of a character utterly opposed to economical science, and even to common justice. A large part of the business of life is now entirely dependent on the postman's agency. There are hosts of great undertakings, each employing hundreds, or even thousands, of men, which could not be continued for a week without his assistance. Probably one half of the documents dispatched through the post—certainly through the post to foreign countries—consist of business letters. Another large proportion is sent by persons of small means, who have many stern inducements to save their pence. In other words, one half of our postal revenue is derived from a tax on trade, and another large portion from a fine on the expression of natural affection among the poorest classes of the community. It is obvious that for ten letters exchanged be-

tween friends and relatives of the well-to-do classes ninety at least will be exchanged among the classes who have to count their pence. We therefore insist that the state is not justified in levying more money through the post office than is necessary for the efficient working of the concern.

The true principle, we maintain, is for the state to encourage those operations of commerce which result in the receipt of large orders from the foreigner for British goods, and consequently in the furnishing of employment to thousands and tens of thousands of British workmen. We further hold that the post office should be regarded as a homogeneous entity, having but one end, to facilitate the intercommunication of the citizens; benefiting the community as a whole, and paid for by the community as a whole. It follows that profits made in one direction may fairly be set off against losses sustained in another. Thus the profit on London letters may be applied to meet the expenditure on the telegraph, the parcels, or the foreign postal service.

It is objected that such a contribution would practically come out of the taxpayer's pocket, and that it would be in the nature of a bounty on our trade with foreign or colonial customers. Well, I never could see much harm in the system of bounties to assist struggling industries. It is adopted with success in several countries with which I am acquainted. But granted that a bounty is wrong, why is it wrong? Because, says the political economist, it is a tax on the community to support a small section of workers, and enable that section to charge the community more for its goods than a foreign producer would take. But a contribution to the cost of the foreign and colonial postage benefits the entire community, in so far as it consists of letter-writers; and as regards the effect on prices, it must be remembered that the goods in question are purchased abroad from our merchants. The result is, therefore, to enable the British merchants to compete successfully abroad for work to be done by British workmen at home. No English consumer would pay a farthing more for his goods.

Furthermore, the initial stages of industry

deserve and require tender treatment; anything like repressive taxation is ruinous. If our foreign commerce is to be taxed, let us tax the export of the finished article, not the infant sproutings of that commerce. Foreign nations are quite alive to the necessity of encouraging their foreign trade, and even in this very fashion. On an average a foreign merchant is charged by his government for a letter to the East just half what our government exacts. Germany has started a line of packets to Australia, and pays £200,000 per annum as subsidy. The French Government is about to increase its large annual subventions to the trans-oceanic lines. A German letter to the English colony of Australia costs 2½d.; an English one of the same weight 6d. Now, if it be worth the while of France and Germany to make sacrifices for the sake of the trade with the refuse of the earth which our settlers have left for them to colonize, what shall be said of England's obligations, with whole continents for settlement and 300,000,000 of possible correspondents through the post?

The immense importance to this country of our Australasian trade will hardly at this date be disputed. But it may be well to recall the fact that of late years our trade with foreign nations has steadily declined, owing to the development of their manufacturing power, and that our trade returns must have shown an immense deficiency but for one fact. That fact is the encouraging increase in our trade with our colonies, which has more than covered the deficiency alluded to. Our legislators have small personal interest in this matter. The millions of poor emigrants living in the colonies are drawn from other and poorer classes than those which supply members to the two houses; and with few exceptions the legislator has no business connection with the colonies. It is therefore difficult for Parliament to realize the hardship and obstruction to business, and the misery to the relatives of emigrants, caused by the prevailing rates of postage. It is a positive scandal that in this nineteenth century a poor citizen who moves from one part of this mighty empire to another is almost as hopelessly divided from

his family as a legionary of Cæsar's army was from Rome one thousand nine hundred years ago.

In 1839 (before Sir Rowland Hill's penny postage was instituted) 82,000,000 letters were carried in the United Kingdom. In 1840 (after the adoption of that system) the number flew up to 160,000,000. Last year more than 1,000,000,000 letters were delivered, 170,000,000 post-cards, 300,000,000 packets, etc., and 100,000,000 of newspapers. Last year Australia sent and received from England 6,000,000 letters, 8,000,000 newspapers, and 1,500,000 packets. This represents an average of two letters per head of the Australian population; a miserably small correspondence, if we remember that the average number of letters exchanged among themselves by the Australians is the highest recorded by the nations of the earth. When we remember, too, that every child now receives a fair education, and that the means of locomotion over the globe are growing cheaper and more rapid, it is easy to foresee that the army of letter-writers will soon include the entire population. But to return to our figures:—The profit of the post office amounted last year to £3,000,000. This revenue is growing at the rate of £40,000 a year. In other words, the estimated cost of the penny post proposed by me would be covered within a decade, even supposing that not one single person wrote a single letter in consequence of the lowering of the rate from 6d. to 1d.

Let us further consider a few of the anomalies and inequalities under the prevailing system. To the West Indies, West Africa, and the Mauritius the post office charges 4d. for every half ounce, while other countries in Europe send letters to be carried by English steamers at 2½d. To India we pay 5d. for every half ounce, and 1½d. for every newspaper of four ounces; and the other European countries can send their correspondence for just half what we pay. We pay 2½d. to post to Ispahan and Russia, and 5d. via the Persian Gulf, that is, by our own route. Australian postage is similarly punished. Why should a letter to Tahiti cost 2½d. and one to Melbourne 5d.? Some firms already find it cheaper

to send a clerk to post their letters in Belgium or France.

Letters can be sent *via* Russia to Japan for 2½*d.*, for a great distance overland; while we are charged 6*d.* for a letter to the not distant colony at the Cape, the letter being carried the whole way by water. The French Government already carries a post-card to New Caledonia, one thousand miles beyond Australia, for 1*d.* We charge 2½*d.* for carrying a letter by water from Folkestone to Boulogne, or 32 miles; and 1*d.* for carrying one by rail to the Orkneys, over 700 miles. For commercial papers posted here to the East we pay 7½*d.*, while on the Continent, the charge is only 2½*d.* The charge for sample packets sent from England is three times what it is from the Continent.

In several colonies there is no charge for the conveyance of newspapers; and in many European countries the charge is a farthing, or even one-tenth of a penny. It is argued by the officials that we belong to the Postal Union, and must abide by our bargain. The terms of the Union are that the charge for foreign postage is to be 2½*d.*, with power to charge an extra 2½*d.* for the ocean service. England is the only country that takes advantage of this power, so that we pay 2½*d.* more for a letter to India than if we were to send it from a foreign country. The argument of the post office is that we must carry for members of the Union at these low rates, under the provisions of the convention, as the price will pay for countervailing advantages, on the continent and elsewhere. But they say loss accrues on this branch of the service, and we have no obligation to treat our countrymen as well as we treat the foreigner. This precious argument, stated nakedly, is this: "We will tax Englishmen by means of heavy rates, in order to enable business men of the Continent to cut out English trade in the East and in the English colonies." So even the post office surplus does not all go to pay the expense of our little wars and the cost of our administration; it is partly paid over as a subsidy to our foreign commercial competitors.

Now we propose that as a beginning an

ocean postage should be established, conveying letters by rapid steamers from our shores to our colonies and to foreign countries separated from us by water. If it be thought proper, let a committee be appointed first to inquire into the feasibility of this scheme. Let the contracts for carriage of letters be thrown open to public competition. We should thus save the enormous charges levied by the French and Italians on our correspondence for railway carriage from Calais to Brindisi, and instead of the loss foretold by the post office, we should be able, I think, to charge one penny per letter, and out of that penny defray the entire cost of carriage.

Of course it would be necessary before dealing with the countries belonging to the Union to call a conference, and obtain their permission. This I believe would be readily granted. But to deal with our colonies no such preliminaries are required.

At present the price charged for the conveyance of letters to Australia is 6*d.* per letter of half an ounce in weight, or no less than £1,792 per ton. Now a newspaper weighing four ounces can be sent to the end of the earth for 1*d.* A letter of the same weight would cost 4*s.* We might send eight letters for 1*d.*, but we offer the Government 8*d.* for the eight letters. The cost of carriage of goods by a first-class steamship is only 40*s.* per ton, or four pounds and two thirds of a pound for a penny, to Australia. The postal authorities might pay the steamship owners 1*s.* per pound. At 1*d.* per letter thirty-two letters would cost the public 2*s.* 8*d.* The postal authorities would then have 1*s.* 8*d.* for the cost of delivery. As pointed out by one of my warmest supporters, we are now compelled to pay £5 postage to send two hundred letters to Australia. If permitted we could send the parcel for 3*s.* 6*d.*, or one-fifth of a penny per letter, leaving four-fifths for cost of delivery. It is well to remember that there is a clause in a well-known post office statute compelling steamers to convey letters if required at the rate of one penny per letter from England to any port in the empire.

What are the objections to the proposal? "Some people," it has been observed, "would

be afraid that their relatives abroad would want them to write more frequently." But this objection is perhaps a kind of joke, difficult of perception by an Australian, who has experienced oftentimes the pleasure of receiving a letter from home.

A more serious cry is that our system would involve a loss of revenue, reckoned by the post office at £400,000 at least. It is astonishing how blind men can be to the lessons of the inland penny post. The cheapening of the transit of goods or letters inevitably brings its reward in the shape of increased business. What is the lesson of 170,000,000 post-cards sent last year? Why, that the supply of the cheaper missives had developed that immense body of correspondents, for the number of letters is as great as ever. We in short blankly deny the possibility of loss. Of the deficit of £360,000 a year the Australian service is not responsible for one penny. Two-thirds of the loss are incurred in respect of the Indian and Chinese service. The Australian correspondence was carried last year for £270,000. With this enormous subsidy we could have a first-class mail service. The Australasian Governments are paying subsidies to half-a-dozen lines, whereas by combination one first-rate service could be had at a vast reduction. The subsidies paid by the post office are in many cases inordinate and unconscionable.

But it is said the public demands speed in the transmission of its correspondence. This is true only of a small section of the writing public. Take one class of correspondents—men of business. It is notorious that all urgent matters are settled by the use of the telegraph and cipher codes. As to the remaining class of writers to the colonies and foreign countries, who deal with private matters of family and individual interest, they would be thankful for a reduction of five-sixths in the cost of postage, at the price of a delay of, say, one-sixteenth in the time of transmission. The great use made of post-cards shows this. Remember that steamers are being built able to convey letters to Australia in 29 days. At present the time occupied by way of Brindisi is 35 days. The

machinery is ready to our hand. Not an extra train or ship would be required. As it is, the American mails are on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, but the packets all enter New York on Saturday and Sunday, making the arrangement practically but one mail. But if this objection as to speed of transmission be seriously urged, I hereby offer to construct three first-class telegraph cable lines to India and Australia, and to convey messages over them free of cost for a subsidy of £360,000, or the sum now lost on the foreign and colonial post.

I have considered in the foregoing remarks chiefly the branch of our object described as imperial penny postage. But I am anxious not to lose sight of the wider, grander vision of a world-post at the same low rate, to which the success of the lesser scheme should lead. I believe that the surest way to cement existing international friendships, to wipe out the recollection of past strife, to develop intelligent sympathy in the affairs of other races, to foster trade, on which the prosperity of the wealthiest and mightiest peoples hangs, to make war impossible, and to reap the full fruit of Christian civilization, is to adopt this view in its entirety. We should not lack the eager coöperation of other governments. I have already received letters from official representatives of Austria and Denmark, warmly approving of the idea which I advocate. We have, I believe, in the present post-master-general a man worthy of the occasion, alive to the teaching of postal history, conscious of our responsibility, both as an imperial power of the first order, and as recognized leaders in the path of economical progress, and deeply penetrated with the conviction that we must at this critical moment put forth our utmost efforts to maintain our place in the great markets of the world. Is it presumptuous to express a hope that he will, in honor of this jubilee year of her majesty's reign, complete the beneficent work of Sir Rowland Hill, and win everlasting renown for himself, by making communication between the nations of the earth "as easy as speech, as free as air?"—J. HENRIKER-HEATON, M. P., in *The Fortnightly Review*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

THE EUROPEAN "BALANCE OF POWER."—"One result," says the *Saturday Review*, "of the collective supremacy of the Five Powers is the exemption of the minor Governments from all responsibility for the condition of Europe. The petty German and Italian States, indeed, are now constituent parts of great monarchies; but such countries as Belgium, Holland, and Portugal, and even Spain, though they maintain considerable armies, are supposed to have nothing to do with the balance of power or the maintenance of European police. Their security might be impaired if a general war were to break out. Both Belgium and Holland were threatened with the hostility of one or both belligerents in the war of 1870; but their independence has not been actually assailed. If they could be assured of perpetual neutrality, their condition might be considered enviable. Norway and Sweden and the two Peninsular kingdoms may be considered as beyond the reach of aggression. At the other extremity of the Continent the liberated Turkish provinces have purchased their freedom at the cost of being exceptionally exposed to the danger of war. Roumania was forced to follow Russia into an unprovoked attack upon Turkey, Servia having in the previous year been induced by the same Power to prepare the way for an attack on the Ottoman Empire. Montenegro, Servia, Bulgaria, and Roumania are always liable to be dragged into war as subordinate allies of Austria or Russia. There is no reason to suppose that either together or separately they will at any future time have the means of pursuing a policy of their own. The old English plan of supporting Turkey against Russia was founded on confidence in the military resources of the former. It was known that the Turks were almost unequaled as soldiers, and that the numerous attempts of Russia to gain possession of Constantinople and the narrow seas had been successfully baffled. It was foreseen that, as the result has shown, any provinces which might be detached from the Ottoman Empire would become auxiliaries of Russia. It is doubtful whether the efforts of General Kaulbars and his master will have effected the result of permanently alienating even the Bulgarians."

THE CHARACTER OF RUSKIN.—John Ruskin is one of the greatest of living men, and the greatest of living literary masters. The thoughts of his fertile and generous mind, bathed in the glow of his imperial imagination, have found abiding record in our literature, and furnish no small part of its richer treasures. And how remarkable is the versatility of Mr. Ruskin's genius which has not only explored and illumined the wide area of nature, and art, and science, but has also shed its light on the greatest social problems of the age as well as on the deepest questions of morality and religion. And he is so tender and compassionate withal, carrying into all the varied subjects which he treats the spirit of the pitying Saviour of the world. His works are richly tinged with the blood of his own almost life; he speaks to us not *professionally* but *humanly*, and ever beneath the insight of the

poet, and the penetration of the philosopher, we trace the beating of a great, loving heart. The sacredness of individual, human life; the solemnity of the living, acting present as the foundation and the germ of the far-reaching future; the passing strength of the body; the powers of the mind; the susceptibilities of the heart; the sanctity of the will; the inestimable value of honest work, however lowly or even mean it may appear: the inseparableness of privilege from service, and the identification of the blessings of life with its duties; the glory of freedom, and the strength of freedom's battle; the cheapness of the purest, truest happiness: the fixed relation of art to truth and to reality; the joy which nature gives to all who love her; the beauty of purity, and the shame of the unclean; the blessedness of the righteous, and the curse which cleaves to wrong-doing, whether individual or national; how God gives His grace to the humble, His love to the obedient, His favor to the faithful and His spirit to those who seek it and do His commands; these are the themes of which John Ruskin treats, adorning everything he touches. Like all truly great men, he has his detractors, and there are some in whom the vision is dim, because the life is mean, who condemn his high teachings as mere matters of sentiment and poetic fancy, but these we will dismiss in his own noble words where he says:—"Because I have passed my life in almsgiving, not in fortune-hunting; because I have labored always for the honor of others, not my own; and have chosen rather to make men look to Turner and Luini, than to form or exhibit the skill of my own hand; because I have lowered my rents and assured the comfortable lives of my poor tenants, instead of taking from them all I could force for the roofs they needed; because I love a wood walk better than a London street, and would rather watch a sea-gull fly than shoot it, and rather hear a thrush sing than eat it; finally, because I never disobeyed my mother, and because I have honored all women with solemn worship, and have been kind to the unthankful and the evil; therefore the hacks of English art and literature wag their heads at me, and the poor wretch who pawns the dirty linen of his soul daily for a bottle of sour wine and a cigar talks of the effeminate sentimentality of Ruskin."—*Queries*.

EUROPEAN WAR EXPENDITURES.—The London *Spectator* says:—

"There seems to be no limit to the expenditure on war. Europe will spend in this year and the two following at least £16,000,000 upon the new rifle, and now the French Minister of Marine has introduced a bill demanding £6,000,000, which will probably be doubled, for the complete reorganization of the French fleet. He does not believe, it appears, in great ironclads, and desires swifter and smaller vessels. It should be observed, too, that all this outlay in preparation for war does not make war itself any cheaper. General Skobelev is reported to have said that the Tartar conquerors did not raise loans; but as a matter of fact, modern nations begin war with huge borrowings. Even Russia issues quantities of paper, which is nothing better than a forced loan, subscribed

by every peasant and trader in the country. The Republics spend as much as the despots; and our own mixed monarchy—which is so free alike from self-will and turbulence—spends more than anybody, the total at home and in India being equal to the creation of a new national debt every twenty-five years. And though the world is supposed to be growing wiser every day, there is not the slightest prospect of any reduction, or of the establishment of any international tribunal strong enough to compel obedience to its decrees. The only tribunal at this moment is Prince Bismarck; and he refuses to act."

ON "SECOND SIGHT."—"It was a very wet afternoon," writes Andrew Lang, in *Longman's Magazine*, "and I was walking along in conversation with a charming old Highlander. He carried my rod and creel (empty), but his conversation was as good as any one is likely to find anywhere. He spoke of Montrose's wars, and was not on the side of the Argyles. He spoke of the *Taishlaragh* (I think he called it) or second sight. 'Every man sees three sights in his lifetime they say,' he remarked, and confessed that he had not even seen one 'sight' yet. 'But there is a man at Fort William who sees everything that is going to happen.' I suggested that this gentleman might make a rapid fortune if he would turn his inspired gaze on the British turf, but at that moment we noticed a great brown smoke hanging in the wet air. It was an eviction. The 'sight' was not of the supernatural kind which the gillie spoke of, but it was fit to make a mark on the memory. Beyond the river there was a high, wooded hill, all blue in the rain. Against this the smoke arose white, and in the midst of the clear red flame the black gables of the burning cottage stood out clear. There were some sappy, green bunches of trees by the gable; on the grass near the roadside a woman was trying to cover her property—chairs, table, and an old delf dinner service, all very decent furniture. The old gillie was very much excited, and full of anger and pity. 'The pony saw it,' he said, 'this is what the pony saw.' He referred to a misdemeanor of our pony, which had shied violently as we drove down the road in the morning. To me it seemed that the horse was alarmed by a big sheep which had bounced up under its nose, but my friend credited the pony with the *Taishlaragh*. 'The beasts see things we can't see,' he told me. This gift is very interesting, but it would not comfort me to have my neck broken by a prophetic quadruped, because a farmer I did not know was going to be evicted. The case of the farmer, if it was correctly reported, seemed to illustrate the Titanic Celtic temper very well. He had not paid a penny of rent for four years. The rent may have been high, but he surely might have paid some of it. Yet, though he had economized in rent, he was unable to pay his other creditors, and his stock and cattle had been sold up. An Englishman would have perhaps thought it well to leave a farm which he could not make profitable, when he had money and stock. But the Celtic tenant simply declined to leave, in spite of many requests and warnings. The burning of his house, it was said, was an example of *trop de sollicite* on the part of the messenger

at arms, who exceeded his instructions. It was certainly a miserable and ill-advised action. But, as we slowly climbed the hill, and saw the smoke clinging to the valley, and saw the blackened beams of an old family home, we seemed to discern the differences between our race and the Celtic peoples. We have lost the old poetical beliefs, the *Taishlaragh* and the rest of it. No English beater nor under-keeper (except Kingsley's poet of gamekeeping life) could have talked as that old gillie talked, an uneducated man, to whom English was a foreign tongue, half learned. History was tradition to him, a living oral legend. But we can recognize the nature and pressure of facts, without which sad knowledge society would revert into barbarism in a fortnight."

GOOD LITERATURE IN CANADA.—Mr. G. Mercer Adam thus writes in the *Toronto, Canada, Week*:—

"Carlyle has told us, with his usual imprecision, that 'books, like men's souls, are divided into sheep and goats;' and accepting the dictum it behooves those who would keep themselves unspotted from the world to know and choose their company. Within the allotted span of life, it is given to no man to know everything. Even the omnivorous reader, not compelled to be economical of time, would be hard put to it to separate a tithe of the literature of the day into the diverse folds of the sheep and the goats. In these days it is not the fault of publishers if the present generation is not omniscient. Good books were never more cheap or abundant. A modest sum nowadays would buy almost the whole realm of English literature. One may purchase Bunyan's immortal allegory for a penny, all of Shakespeare's plays for sixpence; while a set of Ruskin, which not long ago was in England held at five hundred dollars, may be bought on this side for as many cents. The wave of cheap literature, which for many years past has flung its rich wreckage on the shores of this continent, and swept up its waterways with fertilizing power, has now crossed the Atlantic, and is beating with marked impress on the white cliffs of Albion. There, to-day, thanks to the enterprise of the publishers and the limitations of copyright, a few pence will buy the most treasured of English classics. The sale of these popular editions on this side is, we learn, unhappily limited. This, we dare say, is owing partly to the fact that the 'standard authors,' till now, in the main, high-priced in England, have long been accessible to all classes of readers in this country. But is not the limited sale accounted for by the aggressions of contemporary authors—chiefly sensational novelists—whose productions have all but swamped those of the older writers, and the reading of which has in some measure perverted the taste necessary for their enjoyment? Nevertheless, the sale on this side of the Atlantic is not small of the works of what are termed 'our best authors;' and though the newspaper and the illustrated periodical are the chief reading of the masses, a large and ever-increasing constituency seeks to be familiar with the masterpieces of the language which have long been our instruction and our light."

ROMANES VERSUS DARWIN.

AN EPISODE IN THE HISTORY OF THE EVOLUTION THEORY.

[IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.]

I believe that the alleged "inutility of specific characters," claimed by Mr. Romanes as one of the foundations of his new theory, has no other foundation than our extreme ignorance, in the great majority of cases, of the habits and life-histories of the several allied species, the use of whose minute but often numerous differential characters we are therefore unable to comprehend.

(2.) *Swamping Effects of Intercrossing.*—Mr. Darwin's remarks on this subject are as follows:—

"Most animals and plants keep to their proper homes, and do not needlessly wander about. We see this with migratory birds, which almost always return to the same spot. Consequently, each newly formed variety would generally be at first local, as seems to be the common rule with varieties in a state of nature; so that similarly modified individuals would soon exist in a small body together, and would often breed together. If the new variety were successful in its battle for life, it would slowly spread from a central district, competing with and conquering the unchanged individuals on the margin of an ever-increasing circle."

After quoting this passage, Mr. Romanes objects that a very large assumption is made when the newly formed variety is spoken of as represented by similarly modified individuals—the assumption, namely, "that the same variation occurs simultaneously in a number of individuals inhabiting the same area;" and he adds, "Of course, if this assumption were granted there would be an end of the present difficulty;" and then he goes on to give "reasons" why such simultaneous variations are not likely to occur. But that which Mr. Romanes regards as "a very large assumption" is, I maintain, a very general fact, and, at the present time, one of the best-established facts in natural history. A brief summary of these facts is given in my *Island Life*, and I possess in MSS. a considerable collection of additional facts, showing that simultaneous variation is a general phenomenon among the best-known species of animals and plants. Unfortunately, very few naturalists pay at-

tention to individual variations. They are usually satisfied with describing typical or mean specimens, sometimes noting the amount of variation of size they have met with, but hardly ever taking the trouble to compare and measure scores or hundreds of specimens of the same sex and age, and collected in the same locality, so as to furnish us with direct evidence of the general amount and kind of variation that occurs in nature. One American naturalist, however, has done this; and to Mr. J. A. Allen we owe a debt of gratitude for having furnished us, in his *Mammals and Winter Birds of Florida*, with a complete demonstration of individual and simultaneous variability by a series of minute comparisons and measurements of a large number of common North American birds. We have no longer any occasion to reason as to what kind or amount of variation is probable, since we have accurate knowledge of what it is. The following is a brief summary of Mr. Allen's facts.

After comparing and measuring from twenty to sixty or more specimens of each of a great number of species, not only as to their general size, but also as regards every external part and organ capable of being measured, he says:—"The facts of the case show that a variation of from 15 to 20 per cent. in general size, and an equal degree of variation in the relative size of different parts, may be ordinarily expected among specimens of the same species and sex, taken at the same locality." He then goes on to show that each part varies to a considerable extent independently of the other parts. The wing and tail, for example, besides varying in length, vary in the proportionate length of each feather, which causes their outline to vary considerably in shape. The bill varies in length, width, depth, and curvature. The tarsus varies in length, as does each toe separately and independently; and all this not to a minute degree, not "infinitesimally," as usually stated, but to an amount that can be easily seen without any measurement, as it averages one-sixth of the whole mean length; and not unfrequently reaches one-fourth.

In order to ascertain the amount of inde-

pendent variability of the different parts, I constructed a series of diagrams from Mr. Allen's tables of measurements, so as to show, by the amount and direction of the curvatures of lines, the variability of each part in a number of specimens of the same species. The comparative lengths of the wing, tail, bill, tarsus and each of the toes were thus shown for, say, twenty specimens of the same bird; and it was most interesting to note how independent is the variation of each part, so that we may choose either a long wing with a short tail, or the reverse, or both long or both short; a long bill or a short bill with a long leg, or again the reverse; and so with every external character there seems to be no fixed correlation (though a tendency to it is in some cases shown), but each part appears to vary independently of all the rest.

Mr. Allen also gives full details as to the variation of color and marking, showing that these are not less striking than those of size and proportions; but the most important thing for us in regard to the question we are discussing is the amount of simultaneous variation of the same kind that is constantly occurring. To determine this I formed diagrams, in which each individual was represented by a spot placed on a horizontal line at a point determined by its actual dimensions. It would have been antecedently expected that the great bulk of the spots would be crowded together about a point representing the mean dimensions of the species, but this was by no means the case. Often the central point was not at all crowded with dots, but they were grouped with rough uniformity for a considerable distance on each side of the center, with a few isolated at greater distances representing the extremes of variation. Hence a species could usually be divided into two portions, with a considerable number of specimens in each showing divergence from the mean condition—the very “simultaneous variation” which Mr. Romanes regards as “a very large assumption.” And this result appears more or less prominently whatever characters are compared, so that whether we require modification of wing or tail, of beak, leg, or toes, we *always* find a considerable

number, say from ten to twenty per cent. of the whole, varying simultaneously, and to a considerable amount, on either side of the mean value.

Now, we must remember that these results have been obtained from the comparison of from twenty to sixty specimens only, usually collected at one time and place, while nature deals with millions and hundreds of millions of each species, reproduced afresh every few years, with probabilities of variation far beyond those which occur in the very restricted range of one observer. We must also remember that at least 90 or 95 per cent. of the offspring produced each year are weeded out by natural selection (because birds live *many* years and produce many young *each* year), so that, during any change of conditions necessitating readjustment to the environment, an ample supply of “simultaneously favorable variations” would occur calculated to bring about that readjustment. And since we have every reason to believe (as I have shown in the preceding section) that the slight specific differences of which these variations are the initial steps are in most cases utilitarian in character, we may feel sure that all useful variations, occurring so frequently, would be preserved and rapidly increased without any danger from the swamping effects of intercrossing.”

Having now shown that two of the “great obstructions in the road of natural selection” set forth by Mr. Romanes do not in fact exist at all, we are in a position to consider the effect of the undoubtedly real and important difficulty of the difference between species and varieties in the matter of fertility when intercrossed.

(8.) *Sterility between Species.*—In discussing this question Mr. Romanes assumes that it is almost a universal rule for natural species to be more or less infertile with each other, while domesticated varieties, on the other hand, are almost always perfectly fertile, and sometimes exceptionally so. Supposing this to be a fair statement of the facts, he very naturally objects to Mr. Darwin's explanation of them—that species have been subjected to uniform conditions for long periods—as quite

inadequate, urging the great "antecedent improbability, that in all these millions and millions of cases the reproductive system should happen to have been affected in this peculiar way, by the mere negative condition of uniformity;" and further, "that, at the time when a variety is first forming, this condition of prolonged exposure to uniform conditions must necessarily be absent as regards that variety: yet this is just the time when we must suppose that the infertility with the parent form arose."

Now let us see whether there is any reason for believing that species which are very closely allied, that is, which have recently been specialized the one from the other or both from a common ancestor, as well as those natural varieties which may be classed as incipient species, agree in being always infertile with each other or in producing infertile offspring. It is important to remark that hybridizers usually experiment with very distinct species, and often with distinct genera, and even such crosses as these not unfrequently produce offspring; while in the cases of close allies being quite fertile the conclusion is arrived at that they are really the same species. Dean Herbert's experiments are most instructive in this respect, since they show that in a considerable number of large genera hybrids are perfectly fertile, and not unfrequently more fertile than the parents, while in many cases they produce quite fertile offspring; and he concludes, "that the sterility or fertility of the offspring does not depend upon original diversity of stock; and that, if two species are to be united in a scientific arrangement on account of a fertile issue, the botanist must give up his specific distinctions generally, and entrench himself within genera." He showed that many very distinct species of *crinum*, *hippeastrum*, *gladiolus*, *pelargonium*, *calceolaria*, and many other genera were quite fertile when crossed, and often produced offspring which could be propagated indefinitely and have thus formed valuable garden flowers; while other species, more alike externally, either could not be crossed at all or produced offspring which were sterile; and he thence concludes, "that the fertility of the

hybrid or mixed offspring depends more upon the constitutional than the closer botanical affinities of the parents."

The popular ideas as to the sterility of hybrids are derived from crosses between certain domestic animals by no means closely allied, such as the horse and ass, the canary and goldfinch, or the domestic fowl and the pheasant. To arrive at the common ancestor of either of these pairs we should probably have to go back far into the tertiary period and trace their diverging progeny through many successive distinct species, so that there is no fair comparison between such crosses and those between domestic varieties, which, however different externally, have all originated with a few thousand years. Really close species which have probably originated by one remove from a common ancestor have never yet been crossed in large numbers and for several generations, under approximately natural conditions, so as to afford any reliable data. The mere fact that not only animals of distinct genera, but even those classed in distinct families—as the pheasant and the black grouse—sometimes produce hybrid offspring in a state of nature, is itself an argument against there being any constant infertility between the most closely allied species, since if that were the case we should expect the infertility to increase steadily with remoteness of descent till when we came to family distinctions absolute sterility should be invariable.

I quite agree with Mr. Romanes that on this point experiments are required, and some of those which he has suggested at the conclusion of his paper are well fitted to test the question whether infertility is a cause or a consequence of specific distinction or merely a correlative phenomenon. The most direct and easy experiments would be those with plants. We possess a considerable number of native plants which by one school of botanists are classed as species, while by another school they are considered to be only subspecies in process of segregation from a parent form. It would be tolerably easy to determine whether these pairs of allied forms present any definite amount of infertility, which they

should do in almost every case to support Mr. Romanes' theory. We have, however, first to consider whether, even if such general infertility exists, it can possibly have been brought about in the way he suggests.

The Theory of Physiological Selection.—While fully admitting that variations in fertility are highly probable, and also that there is evidence to show that individual varieties occur which, while infertile with some members of the same species are fertile with others, it yet seems to be quite impossible that such variations should produce the results claimed for them by Mr. Romanes. He says, "If the variation be such that the reproductive system, while showing some degree of sterility with the parent form, continues to be fertile within the limits of the varietal form, in this case the variation would neither be swamped by intercrossing, nor would it die out on account of sterility. On the contrary, the variation would be perpetuated with more certainty than could a variation of any other kind. For in virtue of increased sterility with the parent form, the variation would not be exposed to extinction by intercrossing; while in virtue of continued fertility within the varietal form the variation would perpetuate itself by heredity, just as in the case of variations generally when not reabsorbed by intercrossing." He then goes on to show how, by these means, a species becomes divided into two portions, each free to develop independent histories without mutual intercrossing.

This statement, with the results deduced from it, sounds feasible when not closely examined; but it really slurs over insuperable difficulties, and when viewed in the light of the known facts of variation and natural selection it will be seen that the supposed results could not follow. Mr. Romanes speaks of this physiological variation as if it were a simple instead of a highly complex form of variation, and as if it might occur sporadically within the limits of a species like some change of color or modification of form. In order to test this and ascertain what would really happen, we must follow the variety step by step under varied conditions. Let us

then suppose that in a large species some one individual is produced that is infertile with the bulk of the species, but fertile with some few individuals of the opposite sex who happen to be what may be termed the physiological complements of the first-named individual. But it will evidently be in the highest degree improbable that these complementary pairs should accidentally meet, as, by the hypothesis, there is no external common character distinguishing them from the rest of the species, and if all are sterile with other than their "complements" then all are doomed to almost certain extinction. Now let us suppose that, not one only, but a dozen or a score or even a hundred of such physiological varieties occur at the same time scattered throughout the area occupied by the species, and that each one has some few complementary mates with whom alone it will be fertile. In this case the chances against the right pairs meeting will be almost as great as before, unless we make the assumption that the individuals which vary in the direction of sterility with the bulk of the species all agree in being fertile with any one of the same set of individuals of the opposite sex. This, however, seems to me so highly improbable an assumption that we cannot possibly accept it without direct and cogent proof, since the fact that the different physiological varieties arose in different parts of the area, from distinct parents, and under slightly different conditions, renders it almost certain that each one would require for its complement an individual which would not be the complement of any other. This difficulty is so great that I cannot conceive the possibility of such physiological variations arising sporadically at several distinct points within the area of species.

There is, however, one other way—and it seems to me the only possible way—in which such varieties could arise. The entire offspring of a single pair might, conceivably, be so constituted as to be fertile *inter se* while sterile with all the rest of the species, and, if they kept together, might form the nucleus of a "physiological variety." But there would evidently be enormous odds against them.

For it must be remembered that the weeding-out by the struggle for existence is so terribly severe that only in very rare cases can more than one or two offspring of the same parents arrive at maturity and when this rare event happens it will be essential that they comprise at least one pair of opposite sexes. Then this pair, or pair and a half, after all the chances and changes of early life, after enduring the fierce struggle for existence for several months or for a year, and after each of them has escaped countless perils, and has been driven hither and thither by the need of food, by the inclemency of the seasons, or by the pursuit of enemies, must nevertheless, just at the right time, come together—or become extinct. It must be remembered, too, that there is nothing whatever but chance to bring them together; for there is, by the assumption, no difference of form, or color, or habit, or instinct, nothing but the one fact—which they themselves cannot possibly know—that unless they happen to meet and pair *their* particular race will be doomed to extinction. Surely a phenomenon so widespread as the existence of some degree of sterility between species cannot possibly have originated in a mode of variation, which, whenever it occurs, is almost certain to die out immediately.

I have now shown, by considering carefully the results of the variations suggested by Mr. Romanes, that they could not possibly produce the effects he attributes to them. Yet he has arrived at a diametrically opposite conclusion; for he claims as the special feature of these variations that "they cannot escape the preserving agency of physiological selection. Hence, even if it be granted that the variation which affects the reproductive system in this particular way is a variation of comparatively rare occurrence, still, as it must always be preserved whenever it does occur, its influence in the manufacture of specific types must be cumulative, and, therefore, in the course of geological time probably immense." This most extraordinary statement, which I have just shown to be the very opposite of what would really happen, seems to me to have been reached by ignoring altogether the cardinal fact of the tremendous

struggle for existence, and the survival in each generation of only a small percentage of the "fittest." Mr. Romanes' argument almost everywhere tacitly assumes that his "physiological variations" are the fittest, and that *they* always survive! With such an assumption it would not be difficult to prove *any* theory of the origin of species.

My readers may now reasonably ask whether, having rejected Mr. Romanes' solution of the problem of the general sterility of species as opposed to the equally general fertility of varieties, I have myself any suggestion to make as to how the admitted difficulty may be overcome. I have already stated that some of the more important data for a complete solution are wanting, owing to the very imperfect character of hybridization experiments from this point of view; but the reconsideration of the whole question to which I have been led by Mr. Romanes' paper (and for which therefore I am much indebted to him) has cleared up some difficulties in my own mind, and has resulted in a provisional explanation which seems to me to be in harmony with most of the facts. This I will now endeavor to explain.

Mr. Darwin, in his invaluable work on *Animals and Plants under Domestication*, has collected a body of curious facts proving a remarkable correlation between physiological peculiarities and color, both in plants and animals, the bearing of which on this question he appears to have himself overlooked. Dealing first with general physiological correlations, we have the following facts. In Holland *red*-colored hyacinths were injured by frost more than plants of any other color; *purple* plums are affected by a disease from which green or yellow-fruited kinds are free; in Mauritius *white* sugar-canes suffer from disease so severely that they have been largely given up for red canes, which do not suffer; in France a very fine *white* onion was found to be especially liable to fungus; in Malaga *green* grapes had the vine disease severely, while red and black sorts did not suffer at all.

Analogous facts in animals are that *white* terriers suffer most from distemper; *white* or white-spotted horses are poisoned by eating

mildewed vetches, which did not injure brown or black horses; in the Tarentino black sheep are kept because *white* sheep are poisoned by eating the *Hypericum crispum* which abounds there; in Virginia black pigs alone are kept, because they alone are not injured by the poisonous paint-root; *white* chickens are found to be most subject to the gapes; while in France the *yellow*-cocooned silkworms have fungus disease much more than the white-cocooned varieties.

Here we have a very remarkable series of cases showing that the whole constitution of animals and plants is often profoundly modified in correlation with changes of color, while no such constitutional changes have been observed to accompany such modifications of form and structure as are usually met with in varieties or allied species. We are taught by these facts that color is an important character, physiologically; and as we know it to be so frequently modified for protective or other utilitarian purposes, we can see what a powerful selective agency it may become, especially as we may be sure that numbers of less obtrusive correlations than those which seriously affect health and life must have remained unnoticed.

But in the same work Mr. Darwin furnishes us with another set of correlations, in which infertility or complete sterility is directly correlated with diversity of color. The red and the yellow varieties of maize were found by Gärtner to be almost completely sterile when crossed, the yellow and the white varieties of mullein will not cross, although many distinct species, if both yellow or both white, are perfectly fertile when crossed; the differently colored varieties of the hollyhock are raised by nurserymen in rows close together and never hybridize, each sort keeping distinct, although they are visited by bees; and, lastly the blue and the red pimpinels, considered by most botanists to be the same species since they present no differences of form or structure, are yet completely sterile when crossed.

Among animals no experiments have been made to show how color affects the sterility of crosses, but there is ample evidence that the

same result is brought about by the disinclination of differently colored races to pair together. In Paraguay and in Circassia it has been noticed that feral horses of the same color and size usually breed together; in the Farøe Islands the black and the white sheep keep in separate flocks; in the Forest of Dean and in the New Forest dark and pale herds of deer do not mingle together; while pigeon-fanciers agree that if pigeons were allowed freedom of choice they would pair with their own sort exclusively.

Many of the facts here summarized rest upon the testimony of more than one good observer, while in several cases they were confirmed by Mr. Darwin's own observations; and they certainly demonstrate the great importance of color, both as a physiological selective agency in certain localities, and as correlated with varied constitutional differences, with disinclination to pair together in animals, and with actual mutual sterility in plants. But it is a matter of common knowledge to naturalists that differences of color or markings form the very commonest of the distinctive characters between closely allied species, while they also frequently characterize the varieties of the same species. From a utilitarian standpoint color is, as I have shown, one of the most important of specific characters, serving in infinitely varied ways the several purposes of concealment, of warning, and of recognition; and, therefore, a difference of color is almost sure to arise whenever, by natural selection, a species is becoming adapted to any change in its environment.

Now taking into consideration the remarkable facts above enumerated, it is surely a not improbable supposition that change of color is usually accompanied by some amount of sterility, and of disinclination to pair in the case of animals; and that it thus furnishes the required starting-point of that physiological distinction which becomes more marked when, by successive variations and adaptations, the original varieties of one parent form have become changed into distinct and well-marked species. The extreme generality of color as a specific distinction, is in perfect accord with

the generality of some amount of sterility between distinct species; and we thus have a *cera causa* coextensive with the effect produced.

In conclusion, I do not deny that varieties which exhibit no other distinctive character than sterility with the bulk of the parent species may arise, but I claim to have shown that such varieties are at an immense disadvantage, and could hardly by any possibility be preserved and increased till they were required to form the nucleus of a new species. On the other hand, I have shown that sterility or infertility is actually, in many cases, correlated with color-variations, while this very character of color-variation is the most frequent mark of closely-allied species or sub-species. It is, therefore, by means of a study of this class of facts that I believe the true solution of the problem of the sterility of hybrids will be discovered.—ALFRED R. WALLACE, in *The Fortnightly Review*.

DISEASE IN FICTION.

Two successful workers in the art of fiction have written articles endeavoring to explain to the public what they understand to be the mysteries of their art. Both admit that individuality must play a large part, but from this common starting-point they diverge. Mr. Walter Besant dwells on the importance of keeping note-book records of passing events, and seems to say that these must furnish the material to be worked in here or there as required. Mr. Henry James appears to take a broader view to allow a wider field for the play of imagination, regarding every item of fact as a germ which is to go through a process of evolution in the author's mind, not necessarily following any law of progressive or retrograde metamorphosis, but simply becoming stamped with the impress of the working brain through which it has passed. Both principles are useful; both have been employed, consciously or unconsciously, by both authors, but the first method only is truly applicable to many instances made use

of by novelists, and this is seen most strikingly if we consider the medical machinery so frequently introduced to clear the stage of superfluous characters or to take the place of a plot.

Both our writers dwell on the importance of drawing from the life, of making every fact play its part in the development of story or character. We are reminded how often a novelist has to teach some lesson to an indolent, apathetic public. Scientific text-books are rarely pleasant reading, and so do not enter the sphere of the great majority. The works of Arabella Buckley, Grant Allen, Huxley, and others spread knowledge; but, however attractively arranged, the scope of the popular scientific article seldom travels beyond some simple questions of biology; it does not embrace, or but rarely embraces, any facts of disease. Here, then, where the popular scientific writer stops, the novelist steps in as the public instructor. If his novel extends over any great length of time, characters must pass out of it; and that this weeding out should be effected in the most interesting way, the author should draw from experience, or from actual knowledge of no uncertain character. He may perhaps be fortunate enough not to have personal reminiscences to supply his wants, or have been too ill to remember enough of his symptoms and surroundings to turn them into copy, or he may feel that there is something inartistic, trivial, ridiculous, in giving to a light ailment, such as a bilious headache, its true position as a cause affecting the future of the puppets of his play. Should he of necessity have drawn his knowledge of pathology from medical works, certain broad ideas will be found to have guided him in his selection, these ideas evidently arising partly from the way in which special diseases seem to attract attention, partly from the limits imposed by good taste:

The illness introduced must have some striking character, something remarkable in the mode of onset or termination, and the symptoms must not be repulsive. The practical value of a real disease to a novelist depends very largely on the presence or absence of symptoms calculated to produce a

shiver of disgust. We can tolerate paralysis from accidents in the hunting-field or from overstrain of business worry, but we do not relish in fiction any accident involving amputation. Dickens deprived Joe Willett of an arm in battle; but, in spite of the eloquence of its fellow, every one sympathizes with poor willful Dolly Varden for having to be content with the remnant. In the same way public feeling requires a peculiar sense of fitness to be observed in the deaths chosen by novelists. A hero may be allowed to die in great agonies from accidental injuries, but he must not be made to suffer prolonged medical pain; his body may be racked with fever or ague, but these will be transient in a novel, so we care not; but such not, he cannot be permitted to have any gross lesion like cirrhosis, Bright's disease, or carcinoma—these involve structural changes suggestive of museum specimens, and cannot be tolerated. He may act as a host for microbes, but the hero must go no further.

With these limitations the medical path of a conscientious novelist is by no means an easy one. Sometimes he finds it convenient to clear the ground rapidly, and then is hard pressed to call up a suitable disease which shall have been lurking about without any sign until the right moment: the various forms of heart-disease, aneurism, and apoplexy have thus all been drawn in. When it is desirable to give time for death-bed repentances or revelations, or when it is wished to tinge and alter the whole life and character by some slower form of disease, the difficulty becomes extreme, and the novelist requires careful study or guidance. He feels that precision and accuracy are of as much importance in this as in the legal terms of a will or contract. It is not necessary to name the disease referred to, still less to give all its details; but it must be a real disease in the author's mind; it must not be an imaginary conglomeration of vague symptoms.

The school represented by Harrison Ainsworth and G. P. R. James evaded study and criticism by adopting a rough-and-ready method. Their characters are frequently afflicted with a peculiar instability of life and death, a tendency to "rolling corpses on the

plain," and thus dispensing with surgical aid. In more recent times we can almost trace the growth of knowledge in the pages of fiction. Every disease when first discovered has its picturesque aspect, but the progress of science gradually robs it of this, and destroys its artistic value. Typhus and typhoid were once favorites, but now the widespread knowledge of their causes, and the great increase of attention bestowed on sanitary matters, make it almost impossible for them to be utilized. We all know too much about them; they are deprived of all romance; an indulgent public cannot be expected to be sympathetic when feeling that, because the drainage was imperfect or the water impure, the hero or heroine is consigned to the grave prepared by the author for the favored few allowed to rest. When we remember too that, medically, typhus is almost synonymous with filth and famine, it is easy to see that it is now practically useless, in spite of the glorious convenience of rapid onset and rapid decline, separated by a period of high fever and delirium—a period valuable to the novelist for involuntary revelations. The same is true of consumption; once a favorite, it is now being neglected. The glittering eye, the hectic flush, the uncertainty of its lingering course, have been depicted again and again; but a wider knowledge has led to the universal recognition of such prosaic facts as its hereditary character, and its destruction of lung-tissue, and all the symptoms are so well known at present that the subject is painful, if not actually of no value.

Injuries to the head, allowing the surgeon's instruments to make a very inferior person a valuable member of society, have frequently been turned to account. Spinal injuries, too, have long found favor with authors. The disease technically known as paraplegia gives abundant facilities for confining the most truculent hero or villain to his bed, and has the advantage of leaving him with an unclouded intellect to go through a salutary process of forgiveness or repentance. It can be brought on the scene in a moment, and it often affords an opportunity of describing a hunting-field, a race, or any other piece of

brisk movement by which to lead up effectively to the contrast of the strong man humbled—a most valuable piece of light and shade, of which, for instance, the author of *Guy Livingstone* has availed himself.

These simpler diseases and injuries have now almost come to the limit of their employment, and new topics must be found. The search for material is endless, and when seriously undertaken with a full sense of responsibility, it keeps pace with the progress of science. No new disease passes unnoticed; wonderful symptoms and wonderful cures are equally laid under contribution. Aphasia, a disease of comparatively recent separation from its associates, has already been worked into the *Golden Butterfly*, the sudden onset and bizarre alteration of the mental atmosphere rendering it, for the present, a peculiarly suitable subject. Even the modern treatment of baths and waters for rheumatism and gout has led to the scenes in some novels being laid at fashionable resorts: witness the excellent picture of Aix and of the type of many of its invalids, drawn so faithfully by Mrs. Oliphant in her new novel *Madam*. Forensic medicine forms a valuable storehouse of material; already we have gone through the detection of crime by such technical details as the recognition of an assassin's instrument by the examination of a wound, the estimation of the precise position of the person firing a pistol, as in the *Leavenworth Case*, and the whole question of homicide or suicide. It has supplied an almost dangerous knowledge of poisons and their actions, sometimes following the suggestions afforded by actual crime, or, as in Bret Harte's *Miss*, introducing a reference to a particular poison (aconite), before the enormity which subsequently rendered it notorious. All this store of wealth is readily at hand in the reports of *causes célèbres* in the daily press, or is to be had from ten minutes' reading of any medico-legal book.

The attitude of different novelists with regard to medical matters varies in the most remarkable way; the study may be conscientiously prosecuted, and we then get perhaps a painful but true picture of some particular

illness, not including every detail; but enough to make a fair addition to the facts and interests of the book. It may be briefly sketched, or a master-hand may deal with it tolerably fully, and even call to his aid a chronic disease and make it run through two or three volumes. Sometimes, on the other hand, such an account is given as might have been gathered from the chatter of the sick-room, the gossip of the nurses and neighbors, and this is replete with errors of etiology, diagnosis, and even symptoms. It may be of interest to show by a few examples the application of these statements. Charles Kingsley, whose object in his novels was to preach sanitation, should be placed at the head of the list of those who have vividly depicted well-known diseases. In his *Two Years Ago* he gives at least three accurate studies of morbid phenomena. His account of a cholera epidemic is well worthy of being placed as an appendix to a chapter on this disease in any medical text-book. Delirium tremens is also drawn with the hand of a master, although not with the full repugnance and significance which we find in Zola's *Assommoir*, or in the *Scenes of Clerical Life*, while his careful study of the gradual development of suicidal mania reads like a clinical record of an anecdotal character.

Next to Kingsley, and indeed treading closely in his steps in this particular groove, comes George Eliot, with the truly marvelous picture of catalepsy in *Silas Marner*. As in the preceding case with cholera, so here we would venture to say that any study of nervous diseases would be incomplete if this were not included.

Thackeray is sure to be always popular with medical men; he understands them, he sympathizes with them, he speaks genially of their work and liberality; he was evidently on the best of terms with some practitioner whom he impressed into his service as that most excellent, gruffly good-humored Dr. Goodenough, and he very justly puts into his hands most of the well-merited invective and sarcasm which he launches against the petty pretences of a fashionable quack. On medical matters, although he uses his knowledge

sparingly, Thackeray knows precisely what he is talking about, and he knows, too, what to tell and what to omit. His death-bed scenes are always truthful without repulsiveness; the deaths of Colonel Newcome and of General Baynes of course owe their interest less to the actual diseases concerned than to the attendant circumstances, but in both there is nothing unnatural to vex a medical mind. We can follow the symptoms easily, and yet the pathos of the deaths is too great to allow the most fastidious of the laity to be offended by any details. One of the most interesting "cases" medically is the illness of Arthur Pendennis in his rooms in the Temple. There can be no doubt that this is intended for typhoid fever. The facts given us are briefly the following:—An illness of a week or so before total incapacity for work; "one night he went to bed ill, and the next day awoke worse;" "his exertions to complete his work rendered his fever greater;" then a gradual increase of fever for two days and we come to Captain Costigan's visit, the patient being "in a very fevered state," yet greatly pleased to see him, his pulse beating very fiercely, his face haggard and hot, his eyes bloodshot and gloomy. Matters are protracted for a week, and then he is delirious and is bled, and two days later the selfish old Major and the mother and Laura are summoned to town. Antiphlogistic remedies are employed, and the lapse of time is left doubtful, but spoken of later as a few weeks, until we are informed that the fever had left the young man, or "only returned at intervals of feeble intermittence;" reference is made to the recovery of his wandering senses, to his lean shrunken hands, his hollow eyes and voice, and then our hero "sank into a fine sleep, which lasted for about sixteen hours, at the end of which period he awoke, calling out that he was very hungry." After about ten days of convalescence in chambers, the patient is moved out of town, and later taken abroad. In all this there can be no reason for hesitation in arriving at a diagnosis; the onset is too gradual, the duration too long for typhus; and, moreover, Thackeray is too fine an artist to allow his reader to form a mental

picture of the hero spotted like the pard. We may question Dr. Goodenough's treatment of blisters, bleeding, and antiphlogistics, which would have been more suitable for a case of pneumonia, but the hunger is too true a touch to be mistaken, as all who have had typhoid fever would at once realize.

Compared with this careful study the death of Mrs. Pendennis appears medically feeble. It is strictly analogous to a similar death from heart disease in the *Sea Queen* of Clark Russell. In both we have a short period of intense mental anxiety followed by a time of rest and peace from which the fatal termination rouses us with an unpleasant shock, but the details are meager, and the effect produced is purely that attending any sudden catastrophe. Thackeray's chronic invalids, Miss Crawley, Jos Sedley, Major Pendennis and others, are all stamped with that assiduous care for their own health, that selfish disregard for others, which so often results from the concentration of the mind on the physical condition of the individual; he tells us plainly when they have been over-eating or indulging in too much punch; he does not spare them, he holds them up to ridicule and scorn. Thus in all his dealings with medical topics we feel he is treading on sure ground, and that he never forgets that as an artist it is impossible for him to write in a loose way, as though it did not matter what diseases his characters die of, provided only that they die. He makes us believe fully in his work; all removed from his pages pass out naturally; for though he may not trouble to tell us of the disease, in one way or another he has led up to the death, so that little surprise is excited.

At the risk of treading in well worn paths, it is natural to turn from Thackeray to Dickens, and the change is not gratifying. He can scarcely be civil about doctors, he appears to have had some grudge against the medical profession, which he worked off by installments whenever his pages required mention of a doctor; exceptions, perhaps, being made in favor of the shadowy Allan Woodcourt, and of that meek and mild Mr. Phillip who superintended David Copperfield's entrance into the world, and who endured Miss

Betsy Trotwood's wrath. Otherwise, from Ben Allen and Bob Sawyer onward, he has waged pitiless warfare. With this unfortunate bias, this moral twist, he cannot be expected to trouble himself with medical lore; he did not believe in it sufficiently to appreciate the importance of being correct, and as a consequence we find that the lines become more hazy and indefinite, the deaths and cures more incomprehensible. When disease of a chronic form is introduced, however, Dickens may mostly be trusted, especially when the character is influenced by it. The demoralizing effect of one class of sick-room work is drawn from the life by him in the immortal Mrs. Gamp—the mind of a woman originally grasping and of a low type getting thoroughly subordinated to professional aims. On her particular topic she is as never-ending and troublesome as any fanatic when once started on his hobby, and yet the picture is faithfully drawn, its truth arrests attention, and even if a little shocked, we cannot but be amused with her rebuke to poor Pecksniff for terrifying the neighborhood. The various forms of mental aberration appear to have been a favorite study with this novelist. Mr. Dick stands out clearly with his simplicity, his childishness, his times of being lifted out of himself, his hopeless confusion and entanglement with his memorial and the head of Charles I. Mr. F.'s aunt is another instance, with her malevolent gaze, her strange antipathies, her extraordinary, startling, disjointed ejaculations; Barnaby Rudge, with his love for his raven, for flowers, for wandering from place to place, and with the innocence with which he gets drawn into the Gordon riots; Harold Skimpole, with his inability and craftiness; Miss Flite, with her birds and flowers; Mrs. Nickleby's lover, with his shower of cucumbers—these and many more show the strange fascination of the grotesque aspect of mental derangement, and in this particular line our author is inimitable, though Stockton's amiable lunatics in *Rudder Grange* are, perhaps, the nearest approach to these familiar creations.

Dickens is not so easy to follow at all times, even when the symptoms appear to be given in full detail. In the *Old Curiosity*

Shop we have a fair example of difficulty. These are the facts connected with the illness of Dick Swiveller. First the predisposing cause, "the spiritual excitement of the last fortnight working upon a system affected in no slight degree by the spirituous excitement of some years, proved a little too much for him." This might serve as a prelude for an attack of delirium tremens, but the symptoms of this disease will not harmonize with what follows: "That very night Mr. Richard was seized with an alarming illness, and in twenty-four hours was stricken with a raging fever." Then come "tossing to and fro," "fierce thirst," "rambling," "dull eternal weariness," "weary wanderings of his mind," "wasting and consuming inch by inch," "a deep sleep, and he awoke with a sensation of most blissful rest." Then we learn from the Marchioness that he has been ill "three weeks to-morrow," that his hands and forehead are now quite cool, and he is fed with a great basin of weak tea and some toast. The next day Dick was "perfectly ravenous," but is still kept on toast and tea, and later in the morning he takes "two oranges and a little jelly." Some pages further on we are told of Mr. Swiveller recovering very slowly from his illness. Now for summing up. Clearly not delirium tremens, not pneumonia—the illness is too long—not any of the commoner eruptive fevers, for the same reason; but either typhus or typhoid, or both hopelessly jumbled together. The onset belongs to typhus, the duration to typhoid; the wanderings would do for either, so would wasting delirium and protracted convalescence. The two oranges were injudicious, to say the least, for typhoid, but they were given, as is commonly the case, by a well-meaning friend. Yet we hear of no relapse, no return of the fever, and the conclusion to be arrived at is that Dickens, perhaps unconsciously, had mixed up the two diseases, merely intent on producing a quaint, humorous picture, in which he has undoubtedly succeeded.

Of all the victims of this novelist, perhaps the most puzzling cases occur among the legion of children destroyed by him. The school-master's little pupil, in the *Old Curio-*

ity *Shop*, would, in a modern novel, have died from tubercular meningitis, caused by educational pressure. He is allowed to be delirious at one time but, instead of expiring in a state of coma and collapse, he enjoys the privilege accorded to most of Dickens' pets, the power of reviving to a strange brightness, to make touching and improving death-bed utterances, separated by the briefest possible interval from the final termination. Little Nell, we presume, dies of consumption, hastened by exposure, and the same ending is probably a safe guess for Little Dombey, as well as for the poor chivied outcast Jo, who had recently had smallpox; but in all these cases we cannot help thinking that the author was not in the least disposed to be hampered by any scientific accuracy; the time had come for the slaughter of the innocents, and accordingly he snuffed them out without troubling himself about certificates of death. They died for sentimental purposes, and it seems almost like sacrilege to inquire into their symptoms too closely.

Anthony Trollope, as Mr. Henry James has said, did not believe sufficiently in the vitality of his characters even for art; hence it is not surprising to find disease conspicuous by its absence in most of his novels. His men and women were too genteel to suffer from illness; they had not reached the stage when it is right to have some fashionable complaint. Charles Reade does not make medicine play an important part, generally contenting himself with mere passing references, not entering into symptoms in any detail; thus, when he kills with spinal injury, he just mentions the paralysis of motion and sensation, and gives a fatal prognosis; when a character dies with plague she is filled with forebodings of the possibility of ghastly changes in her appearance after death. With his omnivorous reading he amassed in his commonplace book curiosities of any striking nature; we are not startled, then, at finding him giving a careful description of the mode of applying the wet-pack; but it is startling to find it used for a case of jaundice.

Some of the modern novelists bestow care on medical detail. Clark Russell's *Sea Queen*

treats a broken leg with skill sufficient to avoid shortening or other deformity, but we are not told quite enough about the accident to make us certain that the case was not what is termed technically an impacted fracture, which would considerably diminish the marvel. Yellow fever is drawn into the same book to account for a vessel in sound condition wandering on the ocean without a crew. In Christie Murray's *Val Strange* occurs a good picture of paralysis following severe anxiety and overwork; the premonitory symptoms and the slow restoration, with enfeeblement of intellect being well portrayed. Henry James makes use of Roman fever to kill his wayward heroine Daisy Miller; and in the *Madonna of the Future* brain fever is just indicated with similar skillful touches.

Other writers slip along carelessly in a vague way, appearing to mean something or nothing, medically, according to the knowledge of the reader. The illness and death of Mr. Dimmesdale, in the *Scarlet Letter*, would be very difficult to explain on a scientific basis. Robbed of all its glamour of sorrow, and looked at seriously, we feel the need of a new nomenclature, a new classification of disease to include a group which might be headed "Killed by an acute attack of conscience." Hawthorne has failed scientifically, but we cannot help admitting that he has "exquisitely failed." The ending is evidently intended to be dramatic rather than truthful; it is almost impossible not to feel that the man could get up and die again—every gesture, every word, every gasp being so studied, and the full stop coming with such admirable precision at the right time. Howells gives us an instance of loose writing in the fever of Don Ippolito in the *Foregone Conclusion*. It is impossible to be certain of its nature—typhus, typhoid, meningitis, pneumonia, or acute rheumatism—we feel it is all one to the author; he does not wish to give us a clinical record of the case any more than he does of the illness of the Pythoness of the *Undiscovered Country*. This last might well be acute rheumatism, especially when taken in conjunction with the illness of her father, attributed to an obscure affection of the heart;

but he leaves it an open question, not filling in the picture with the same firm touch which he uses with the weakness and fainting fits, the general sleepiness and apathy of Mrs. Vervain of the *Foregone Conclusion*. This is an accurate study of disease; the others are but vague sketches with blurred outlines.

When all scientific men chafe and beat against that dead wall which separates the known from the unknown, and are ever striving to break down the boundary, or, by changing its position, to annex part of the realm beyond, it is hardly to be wondered at that the novelist, who regards science as material for copy, should refuse to be bound by the same limits of knowledge, that he should occasionally make his characters a new order of beings, governed by laws untaught by medicine, and capable of recovering from diseases commonly regarded as incurable; or even that he should evolve from his inner consciousness new diseases or new mysterious combinations of nervous symptoms. Frequently we find that, starting from the boundary line, the novelist goes on to explain phenomena incapable of explanation, allowing his fancy free play, taking up the thread where science has left it for the present, and endeavoring to assume the part of a prophet, foretelling the cures, the marvels which may perhaps be looming in a nebulous form in the distance. To enjoy books of this nature we must be content to accept them as true, to set aside our knowledge and understanding for a while, and allow ourselves to be carried away from the landmarks of prosaic fact by the current of plausible reasoning and assertion in which we are involved. Such books are beyond the reach of serious medical criticism, which would lead us to apply to them a rude, unpleasant monosyllabic term which has already caused mischief enough in the world. Provided however that we do not inquire too closely into probabilities, they may be read with the same keen interest which is excited by books of travel over virgin soils, or descriptions of the habits of newly-discovered races or animals—an interest akin to that with which we have devoured the *Arabian Nights* or *Gulliver's Travels*. It must be

granted that we are not seeking facts by which to guide our lives, that we do not wish to trammel our author with historical precision, that we read his book only for the amusement or amazement it affords.

Called Back probably largely owed its phenomenal popularity to the skill with which the impossible was demonstrated as fact. The author seized upon and made his own a large number of subjects of current controversy. He gave us what professed to be a truthful version of experiences akin to thought-reading, mental states of consciousness being declared to be interchangeable by the mere contact of the hands, and brain-waves passing from one individual to another; we get curious deductions concerning localization and inhibition of nerve force, or, to speak less technically, we are asked to believe that, after a sudden shock, memory can be lost entirely until a recurrence of the shock brings it back again, calling to mind the man and the quickset hedge of our youth, a repetition of the same course of treatment producing diametrically opposite results, as in the last act of *Martha* and some other operas. Through the whole book the secret of success may be traced to a combination of causes, foremost among them being a judicious pandering to popular weakness, to credulity, to the love for the marvelous, and even to Russophobia. "An author must believe his own story," says Mr. Besant, but the author of *Called Back* was surely too clever for that. This mode of utilizing current ideas, of touching upon strings which are already vibrating, determines to a large extent the success or failure of novels of this description. *Paul Vargas*, a sketch by the same hand, merely excited ridicule; the secret of perpetual life is too much out of date to interest; the illness of the hero of too mysterious a nature to delude into belief.

It is curious to find that many novelists who, as a rule, are to be commended for the fidelity of their medical data, seem sometimes weary of this world which they know, and cross the boundary line into the unknown land of the imaginative or ignorant. They seek relaxation by change of style of workmanship, just as an artist occasionally draws

caricatures; or perhaps they intend to point a moral from these airy flights, preaching contentment by awful examples. That weirdly unpleasant *Lifted Veil* of George Eliot's is a typical instance of this class professing to be the autobiography of a man conscious of the precise date and hour of his doom, and of all the attendant circumstances, capable of reading the unspoken thoughts of those about him, showing in their full horror the result of the possession of powers for which many have longed in a vague way. It matters little that symptoms of a true disease, angina pectoris, should herald the death, when all those preceding are exaggerations and fictions. So too with the *Ten Years' Tenant* of Besant and Rice, the possible discomforts and shifts arising from the possession of immunity from death by disease form the mainspring of a story in which the leading character is supposed to live through over two and a half centuries.

While medical men puzzle and theorize over the limits to be assigned to the influence of heredity, the novelist is not troubled by more doubts than those of the monthly nurse, whose confidence is so great in the matter of maternal impressions. The modes of thought, the vicious habits, the same likes and dislikes, have often been drawn, but the oddest of all developments of this subject is the curious background it affords Wendell Holmes in the fate of Elsie Venner, whose snakelike propensities are in this way accounted for by a doctor in this book.

In like way it would be amusing, were it not for the grain of truth which lies hidden like a sting, to note how often novelists shift responsibility for strange statements to the shoulders of medical men. Ouida, in one of the *Bimbi* stories, makes a doctor speak of a case as meningitis, and after gloomy prognostications she cures it with the bark of a long-lost dog. Dickens also, having stumbled across the notion of destruction by spontaneous combustion, proceeded to quote authorities without estimating their scientific value. A reference to Taylor's *Medical Jurisprudence* will at once set this matter in its true light.

Further we find novelists gravely predicting

the future of medicine. An American writer in *Dr. Heidenhoff's Process* recently started with three separate ideas—the doctrine of inhibition, the localization of motor and sensory areas in the brain, the assumption of similar localization of memory. With these materials he proceeded to development of an imaginative nature in the form of a dream following closely after a talk on mental physiology, a dose of morphia, and a dry book on electricity—a dream occupying a large portion of the book—we are lead to believe with the author that it will be possible in the future to "Throw physic to the dogs," and to answer in the affirmative Macbeth's questions:—

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain?

In fact, in this dream a lady goes through this process of mental obliteration, and is totally relieved of all inconvenient recollections of some unpleasant episodes in her life; indeed, the working of our future is represented as being as easy as that of an automatic printing machine: name the memory you wish to dispose of, place the electrodes over one particular spot of the brain, press the knobs, a local area of nerve-cells neatly circumscribed becomes sterilized, and the patient goes on his way rejoicing.

But, setting aside such trifling, the bonds linking together science and fiction are already strong. Science owes to our novelists much of its interest, much of its publicity. The scientist slowly and laboriously hammers out some new discovery, some recognition of the individuality of a certain group of symptoms which had been previously lost in the crowd; wearied with his work he too often launches this discovery with all the ugliness of technicality hanging around it like a convict's dress, betokening the hard labor through which it has passed; and then some good Samaritan of a novelist turns out of his way to take pity on it, to lavish care upon it, to clothe it anew, to attract to it the attention of the public, and thus to save it from death from neglect. It is introduced into good society, and it thrives, and perhaps becomes a leading topic of conversation for a short time.

But if the scientist has reason to be grateful, so also has the novelist. New facts have been given to him, new marvels to dilate upon and make his own; he has been supplied with new modes of escape from the web of intricacies with which he has entangled his characters, and thus the advantage is mutual. For the continuance of this good-fellowship there is reason to be hopeful. Medical science has never perhaps been more active than at the present time. The new diseases and the new methods of treatment which have not been utilized in novels are already forming a portentous crowd clamoring for recognition in story. Neurasthenia, and its cure by the Weir Mitchell process of massage, has not, to my knowledge, yet been drawn in, although the marvelous cures of bedridden individuals would seem to furnish scope for an enterprising worker. The antiseptic process also has its picturesque side; the saving of life and limb on the battlefield, as furnished by the medical records of the last Egyptian campaign, gives ample opportunity for surprises of the most telling character.

The recognition of hitherto unrealized disease by means of the ophthalmoscope, and the prognostic value of the signs, might also be described. Locomotor ataxy has already played a part in an Agnostic dialogue in a contemporary, but there is yet room for its further development in the pages of fiction. Metallo-therapy is too much discredited now to find favor, but the prophylactic action of copper against cholera was until recently sufficiently unproven to allow of its being swept into the vortex of fiction, for the instruction of those who do not follow the medical journals assiduously.

It is impossible to lay down rules or to point out *all* the lines which might be followed. The aim of this article is to show from the past what has been worthily accomplished, what has been recklessly undertaken, as well as the mistakes of those attempting to foretell the future of medicine, in the hope that, while affording interest to the public, it may also help novelists, who, with the Materialist of a recent poet—

Would learn with the boldest to think,
Would grapple with things that perplex,
Would stand on the verge and the brink
Where the seen and the unseen are met.

—NESTOR TIRARD, M. D., in *The Nineteenth Century*.

THE MOUJIKS AND THE RUSSIAN DEMOCRACY.

When, about a score of years before the emancipation, the Russian democrats for the first time came in close contact with the peasants, with the view of knowing better their down-trodden brothers, they were amazed by their discoveries. The *moujiks* proved to be an entirely different race from what pitying people among their "elder brothers" expected them to be. Far from being degraded and brutalized by slavery, the peasants, united in their semi-patriarchal, semi-republican village communes, exhibited a great share of self respect, and even capacity to stand boldly by their rights when the whole of the commune was concerned. Diffident in their dealings with strangers, they showed a remarkable truthfulness and frankness in their dealings among themselves, and a sense of duty and loyalty and unselfish devotion to their little communes, which contrasted strikingly with the shameful corruption and depravity of the official classes. They had not the slightest notion of the progress made by the sciences, and believed that the earth rested on three whales, swimming on the river called "ocean;" but in their traditional morality they showed sometimes such a deep humanity and wisdom as struck with wonder and admiration their educated observers.

These democrats of the first hour, men of great talent and enormous erudition, such as Yakushkin, Dal, Kireevsky, in propagating among the bulk of the reading public the results of their long years of study, laid the base of that democratic feeling which has not died out in Russia. Since that time the momentous rush of the educated people "among the peasants," and the study of the various sides of peasant life, has gone on con-

stantly increasing. No country possesses such a literature on the subject as Russia; but the tone of the writers of these latter times—men of the same stamp as Yakushkin and Kireevsky—is no longer one of unmixed admiration. Whether you embark on the sea of statistical and ethnographical lore collected for posterity by the untiring zeal of the late Orloff and his followers, or whether you are deep in admiration of the artistic sketches of peasant life drawn by Uspensky, or whether you are perusing the works of no less trustworthy though less gifted essayists of the same school, such as Zlatovratsky and Zassodimsky, you will invariably come to recognize a great breaking up of the traditional groundwork of the social and moral life of our peasantry. Something harsh, cruel, cynically egotistical, is worming itself into the hearts of the Russian agricultural population, where formerly all was simplicity, peace, and goodwill unto men. Thus the gray-bearded grandfathers are not alone in modern Russia in lamenting the good old times. Some of our young and popular writers are, strangely enough, striking the same wailing chords. It is evident that in the terrible strait through which our people are passing, not only their material condition but their souls have suffered grave injuries.

Yet not all is lamenting about by-gones in the tidings which reach us from our villages. The good produced by the progress of culture is, in spite of its drawbacks, according to our modest opinion, full compensation for the impairing of the almost unconscious virtues of the old patriarchal period. Freed from the yoke of serfdom and put before the tribunals on equal footing with other citizens, their former masters included, the peasants, too, are beginning to feel themselves citizens. A new generation, which has not known slavery, has had time to grow up. Their aspiration after independence has not as yet directed itself against political despotism, save in isolated cases; but in the meantime it has almost triumphed in the struggle against the more intimate and trying domestic despotism of the *bolshak*, the head of the household. A very important and thoroughgoing change

has taken place in the family relations of the great Russian rural population. The children, as soon as they are grown up and have married, won't submit any more to the *bolshak's* whimsical rule. They rebel, and if imposed upon, separate and found new households, where they become masters of their acts. These separations have grown so frequent that the number of independent households in the period of 1858-1881 has increased from thirty-two per cent. to seventy-one per cent. of the whole provincial population. It is worth noticing that the rebellion among the educated classes began also in the circle of domestic life, before stepping into the larger one of political action.

Elementary education, however hampered and obstructed by the Government, is spreading among the rural classes. In 1868, of a hundred recruits of peasant origin, there were only eight who could read and write. In 1882 the proportion of literate people among the same number was twenty. This is little compared with what might have been done, but it is a great success if we remember the hindrances the peasant has had to overcome. Reading, which a score of years ago was an exclusive attribute of the superior classes, is spreading now among the moujiks. Popular literature of all kinds has received an unheard of development in the last ten or fifteen years. Popular books bear dozens of republications, and are selling by scores of thousands of copies.

Religion is the language in which the human spirit is lisping its first conceptions and giving vent to its first aspirations. The awakening of the popular intelligence and moral consciousness has found its expression in dozens of new religious sects, a remarkable and suggestive phenomena of modern popular life in Russia. Differing entirely from the old ritualistic sectarianism, which was more of a rebellion against ecclesiastical arrangements than against orthodoxy, these new sects of rationalistic and Protestant type have acquired in about ten or twelve years hundreds of thousands, millions, of proselytes. This movement of thought both by its exaltations and the general tendency of its doctrines can

be compared with the great Protestant movement of the sixteenth century. The only difference consists in its being confined in Russia exclusively to the rural and working class, without being in the least shared by the educated people. The sources of religious enthusiasm are dried up, we think forever, in the Russian intellectual classes, their enthusiasm and exaltation having found quite another channel. For nobody can take in earnest the few drawing-room attempts at founding some new creed, of which we hear now and then of late. But it is beyond doubt that the genuine and earnest development of religious thoughts and feelings, which we are witnessing among our masses, will play an important part in our people's near future.

In whatever direction we look, everything proves that under the apparent calm there is a great movement in the minds of our rural masses. The great social and political crisis, through which Russia is passing, is not confined to the upper classes alone. The process of demolition, slower but vaster, is going on among the rural masses too. All is tottering there—orthodoxy, custom, traditional forms of life. The European public takes notice only of the upper part of that crisis, that which is going on among the educated, because of its dramatic manifestations; but the crisis among our rural masses, wrought by the combined efforts of civilization on the one hand and of economical ruin on the other, is no less real and certainly no less interesting and worth studying than the former.

In what does this crisis consist. How far and in what direction have gone the changes in the social and ethical ideals, the traditional morality and the character of the moujik, the tiller and guardian of our native land? It would seem presumption to answer, or even to attempt to answer, in the space of a few pages such questions in reference to an enormous rural population like the Russian. We hasten, therefore, to mention one thing which renders such an attempt—partial at least—justifiable. A Russian moujik presents of course as many varieties as there are tribes and regions in the vast empire. There is a wide difference between the eminently socia-

ble, open-hearted Great Russian peasant, brisk in mind and speech, quick in attachment and in forgetfulness, and the dreamy and reserved Ruthenian; or between the practical, extremely versatile and independent Siberian, who never knew slavery, and the timid Beloruss ("White Russian") who has borne three yokes. But through all the varieties of types, tribes, and past history the millions of our rural population present a remarkable uniformity in those higher general, ethical, and social conceptions which the educated draw from social and political sciences, and the uneducated from their traditions, which are the depositories of the collective wisdom of past generations.

This seemingly strange uniformity of our peasants' moral physiognomy is to be accounted for by two causes: the perfect identity of our people's daily occupation, which is almost exclusively pure husbandry, and the great similitude of those peculiar self-governing associations, village communes, in which the whole of our rural population, without distinction of tribe or place, have lived from time immemorial. No occupation is fitter to develop a morally as well as physically healthy race than husbandry. We mean the genuine husbandry, where the tiller of the soil is at the same time its owner. We need not dwell on the proofs. Poets, historians, and philosophers alike have done their best to bring home to us, corrupted children of the towns, the charms of the simple virtues of the populations of stanch ploughmen.

In Russia, until the "economic progress," of the last twenty-five years turned twenty millions of our peasants into landless proletarians, they were all landowners. Even the scourge of serfdom could not depose them from that dignity. The serfs, who tilled gratuitously the manorial land, had each of them pieces of freehold land which they cultivated on their own account. Nominally it was the property of the landlords. But so strong was tradition and custom that the landlords themselves had almost forgotten that they had a right to it. So much so, that Professor Engelhardt (*Letters from a Village*) tells us that many of the former seignors

learned only from the Act of Emancipation of 1861 that the land on which the peasants were sitting, was also their property. Gleb Uspensky, in discussing the causes of the wonderful preservation of the purity of the moral character of the Russian people through such a terrible ordeal as the three centuries of slavery, which passed over without grafting in it any vice of the slave, finds no other explanation than this: the peasant was never separated from the furrow, from the all-absorbing cares and the poetry of agricultural work.

Our peasants could, however, do something more than individually preserve themselves. They could give a more lasting assertion and definition to their collective dispositions and aspirations. A Russian village has never been a mere aggregation of individuals, but a very intimate association, having much work and life in common. These associations are called *Mirs* among the Great and White Russians, *Hromadas* among the Ruthenians. Up to the present time the laws allow them a considerable amount of self-government. They are free to manage in common all their economical concerns. The land, if they hold it as common property—which is the case everywhere save in the Ruthenian provinces—the forests, the fisheries, renting of public-houses standing on their territory, etc., they distribute among themselves as they choose, the taxes falling to the share of the commune according to the Government tables. They elect the rural executive administration—*Starost* and *Starshinas*—who are (nominally at least) under their permanent control. A very important privilege too: they, the village communes composing the *Volost*, in general meeting assembled, elect the ten judges of the *Volost*. All these must be peasants, members of some village commune. The peasants' tribunal's jurisdiction is very extensive; all the civil, and a good many criminal offences (save the capital ones), in which one of the parties, at least, is a peasant of the district, are amenable to this tribunal. The peasants sitting as judges are not bound to abide in their verdicts by the official code of law. They administer justice according to the customary laws and traditions of the local peasantry.

The records of these tribunals, published by an official commission, afford us at once an insight into the peasants' original notions as to juridical questions. We pass over the verdicts illustrating the popular idea as to land tenure, which is more or less known. We will rather try to elicit the other side of the question: the peasants' views on movable property, the right of bequest, of inheritance, and their civil code in general, which presents some curious and unexpected peculiarities. The fact which strikes us in it, is that among the peasants where the patriarchal principle is as yet so strong and the ties of blood are held so sacred, kinship gives no right to property. The only rightful claim to it is given by work alone. Whenever the two come into conflict it is to the right of labor that the popular conscience gives the preference. The father cannot disinherit one son or diminish his share for the benefit of his favorite. Notwithstanding the religious respect in which the last will of a dying man is held, both the *Mir* and the tribunal will annul it at the complaint of the wronged young man, if the latter is known to be a good and diligent worker. The fathers themselves know this well. Whenever they attempt to prejudice in their wills one of the children, they always adduce as motive that he has been a sluggard or a spendthrift who has already dissipated his share. The favorite, on the other hand, is mentioned as "having worked hard for the family." Kinship has no influence whatever in the distribution and proportioning of shares at any division of property. It is determined by the quantity of work each has given to the family. A brother who has lived and worked with the family for a longer time will receive more, no matter whether he is the elder or the younger. He will be excluded from the inheritance altogether if he has been living somewhere else and has not contributed in some way to the common expenses. The same principle is observed in settling the differences between the other grades of kinsfolk. The cases of sons-in-law, step-sons, and adopted children, are very characteristic. If they have remained a sufficient time—ten or more years—with the family they receive,

though strangers, all the rights of legitimate children, while the legitimate son is excluded if he has not taken part in the common work. This is in flagrant contradiction with the civil code of Russia as well as of other European countries. The same contradiction is observable in the question of women's rights. The Russian law entitles women—legitimate wives and daughters—to one fourteenth only of the family inheritance. The peasants' customary law requires no such limitation. The women are in all respects dealt with like the men. They share in the property in proportion to their share in the work. The sisters, as a rule, do not inherit from the brothers, because in marrying they go to another family, and take with them as dowry the reward of their domestic work. But a spinster sister, or a widow who returns to live with her brothers, will always receive or obtain from the tribunal her share. The right to inheritance being founded on work alone, no distinction is made by the peasants' customary law between legitimate wives and concubines. It is interesting to note that the husband, too, inherits the wife's property (if she has brought him any) only when they have lived together sufficiently long—above ten years; otherwise the deceased wife's property is returned to her parents.

The principle ruling the order of inheritance is to be detected as the basis for the verdicts in all sorts of litigation. Labor is always recognized as giving an indefeasible right to property. According to common jurisprudence, if one man has sown the field belonging to another—especially if he has done it knowingly—the court of justice will certainly deny the offender any right to the eventual product. Our peasants are as strict observers of boundaries, when once traced, as any agricultural folk. But labor has its inprescriptible rights. The customary law prescribes a remuneration for the work executed in both of the above mentioned cases—in the case of unintentional as well as in the case of premeditated violation of property. Only, in the first instance, the offender, who retains all the product, is simply compelled to pay to the owner the rent of the piece of land he has

sown, according to current prices, with some additional trifling present; while in the case of a violation made knowingly, the product is left to the owner of the land, who is bound, nevertheless, to return to the offender the seed, and to pay him the hired laborers' wages for the work he has done. If a peasant has cut wood in a forest belonging to another peasant, the tribunal settles the matter in a similar way. In all these cases the common law would have been wholly against the offender, the abstract right of property reigning supreme.

In the vast practice of the many thousands of peasants' tribunals, there are certainly instances of verdicts being given on other principles than this, or contrary to any principle whatever. Remembering the very numerous influences to which the modern village is subjected in these critical times, it would have been surprising if it were otherwise. Moreover, the peasants' tribunal has by its side the *pisar*, the communal clerk, a stranger to the village and its customs. This important person is the champion and propagator of the official views and of the official code. His influence on the decisions of the peasants' courts is considerable, as is well known. The rarity of the exceptions, however, makes the rule the more salient.

The peasants have applied their collective intelligence not to material questions alone or within the domain apportioned to them by law. The *Mir* recognizes no restraint to its autonomy. In the conception of the peasants themselves, the *Mir*'s authority embraces, indeed, all domains and branches of peasant life. Unless the police and the local officers are at hand to prevent what is considered an abuse of power, the peasants' *Mir* is always likely to exceed its competency. Here is a curious illustration. In the autumn of 1884, according to the *Russian Courier* of the 12th November, 1884, a peasants' *Mir* in the district of Radomysl had to pronounce upon the following delicate petition: one of their fellow-villagers, Theodor P., whose wife ran away from him several years before, and was living as housemaid in some private house, wanted to marry another woman from a

neighboring village. He accordingly asked the Mir to accept his bride as a female member of their commune. Having heard and discussed this original demand, the Mir passed unanimously the following resolution: "Taking into consideration that the peasant Theodor P., living for several years without his legitimate wife by the fault of the latter, is now in great need of a woman(!), his marriage with the former wife is dissolved. In accordance with which, after being thrice questioned by the elder (mayor) of our village as to whether we permit to Theodor P. to receive in his house as wife the peasant woman N—, we give our full consent. And if, moreover, Theodor P. shall have children by his second wife, we recognize them as legitimate and as heirs to their father's property, the freehold and the communal land included." This resolution, duly put on the paper and signed by all the householders, and by the elder of the village, was delivered as certificate of legitimacy to the happy couple, no one suspecting that the Mir had overstepped its power.

In the old time, as late as the sixteenth century, it was the Mir who elected the parson (as the sectarian villages are doing nowadays), the bishops only imposing hands on the Mir's nominees. The orthodox peasants have quite forgotten that historical right of theirs; but the natural right of the Mir allows it to deal even with subjects referring to religion.

The conversion to sectarianism of whole villages in lump is of very common occurrence in the history of modern sects. A sectarian apostle comes to a village and makes a few converts. For a time they zealously preach their doctrines to their fellow-villagers. Then when they consider the harvest ripe, they bring the matter before the Mir, and often that assembly, after discussing the question, passes a resolution in favor of the acceptance of the new creed. The whole village turns "shaloput" or "evangelical," changing creeds as small states did in the Reformation time. To a Russian peasant it seems the most natural thing that the Mir should do this whenever it chooses. In my wanderings among the peasants, I remember having met

near Riazan with a peasant who amused me much by telling how they succeeded in putting a check on the cupidity and extortion of the *pop* of their village. "When we could not bear it we assembled and said to him, 'Take care, *batka* (father); if you won't be reasonable, we, all the Mir, will give up orthodoxy altogether, and will elect a *pop* from among ourselves.'" And the *pop* then became "tender as silk," for he knew his flock would not hesitate in putting their resolve into effect.

The Mir is indeed a microcosm, a small world of its own. The people living in it have to exert their judgment on everything, on the moral side of man's life as on the material, shaping it so as to afford to their small associations as much peace and happiness as is possible in their very arduous circumstances.

Were these uneducated people able to achieve anything in the high domain of public morality? Yes! they were, though what they did cannot be registered in volumes like the verdicts of their tribunals. They have maintained through centuries and improved the old Russian principle of governing without oppression; the settling of all public questions by unanimity of vote, never by majority, is a wise rule, for a body of people living on such close terms. This system, however, could be rendered practicable with all sorts of people only by a high development of the sentiments of justice, equanimity, and conciliation. They made the devotion of the individual to the Mir the keynote of morals. They learned to exercise it in petty everyday concessions and services to the Mir. They raised it to the sublimity of heroism in the acts of self-sacrifice for the good of the Mir, examples of which are so frequent among our peasantry. To "suffer for the Mir," to be put in chains and thrown in prison as the Mir's *khodok* or messenger, "sent to the Tzar" with the Mir's grievances; to be beaten, exiled to Siberia or to the mines for having stood up boldly for the Mir's rights against some powerful oppressor, that is the form of heroism to which an enthusiastic peasant aspires, and which the people extol.

The orthodox church has no hold over the

souls of the masses. The *pop* or priest is but an official of the bureaucracy and depredator of the commune. But the high ethics of Christianity, the appeal to brotherly love, to forgiveness, to self-sacrifice for the good of others, have always found an echo in our people's hearts. "The type of a saint as conceived by our peasants," says Uspensky, "is not that of an anchorite, timidly secluded from the world, lest some part of the treasury he is accumulating in heaven might get damaged. Our popular saint is a man of the Mir, a man of practical piety, a teacher and benefactor of the people." In Athanasieff's collection of popular legends we find an illustration of this idea. Two saints—St. Cassian and St. Nicolas—have come before the face of the Lord.

"What hast thou seen on the earth?" asks the Lord of St. Cassian, who first approached. "I have seen a moujik foundering with his car in a marsh by the way-side."

"Why hast thou not helped him?" "Because I was coming into Thy presence, and was afraid of spoiling my bright clothes."

The turn of St. Nicolas comes, who approaches with his dress all besmeared.

"Why comest thou so dirty into my presence?" asks the Lord. "Because I was following St. Cassian, and seeing the moujik of whom he just spoke, I have helped him out of the marsh."

"Well," said the Lord, "because thou, Cassian, hast cared so much about thy dress and so little about thy brother, I will give thee thy name's day only once in four years. And to thee, Nicolas, for having acted as thou didst, I will give four name's days each year."

That is why St. Cassian's Day falls on the 29th of February, in leap year, and St. Nicolas has a name's day each quarter. Such is the peasants' interpretation of Christian morality. And is it not suggestive that the greatest novelist of our time, and a man of such vast intelligence as Count Leo Tolstoi, in making his attempt to found a purely ethical religion, formulates his views by referring the educated classes to the Gospel as it is understood by the moujik?

Since we do not in the least presume to sketch anything like a full picture of our people's moral physiognomy we shall stop here. Our sole object has been to show that

our peasantry on the whole, as it came to political life and freedom after centuries of internal growth, present a race with highly developed social instincts and many elements promising further progress; and that the feelings of deep respect, sometimes of enthusiastic admiration, which the Russian democrats have for the peasantry, are not devoid of foundation. These feelings may often have been exaggerated, especially of old, when the two classes came for the first time into close contact. But excess of idealization and sentimentality have become matter of history. They were destroyed by the rough touch of reality; and the mighty figure of the hero of the plough has not lost by being stripped of tinsel. Hewn in unpolished stone, he looks better than when robed in marble. The charm of his force, dauntless courage, and endurance is strengthened by the thrilling voice of pity for the overwhelming, the indescribable sufferings of this childlike giant. A passion for Equality and Fraternity is and will ever be the strongest, we may say the only strong social feeling in Russia. It is by no means the privilege of "Nihilists," or advanced parties of any kind; it is shared by the enormous majority of our educated class.

Man is a sociable being. He yearns to attach himself to something vaster than a family, having a longer existence than his immediate surroundings. The feeling in which this yearning finds its commonest and easiest expression is patriotism, embracing the whole of the nation, the state and the people being blended into one. For us Russians, no such blending is possible. The crimes, the cruelties, equaled only by the folly, of those who are representing Russia as a state, are there to prevent it. Who, being a Russian and an honest man, can help blushing at the shameless doings of the Russian Government in Bulgaria? Who can help feeling the warmest sympathy with the courageous little people defending its freedom against a new tyranny? Quoting the words of a few scribes who are always at the beck of the Government, provided they are allowed to practice their trade, while their betters are silenced, the English press has inflicted on Russian society at large

the cruel insult of assuming that it is hostile to Bulgarian independence, that it shares the Emperor's personal hatred of Prince Alexander, and desires a military occupation. Why? Are the Russians such a mean people? How can doings, feelings, words, which seem base and disgusting to ordinary educated men of any nationality, English, or French, or German, be thought fair and praiseworthy by an ordinary educated Russian? Why should a Russian wish Bulgarian liberty to be trampled down by a Kaulbars? Is it to enable hundreds of generals like Kaulbars, just as brutal and foolish as he is, to strengthen their position at home? One need not be a Socialist to dislike a Kaulbars' rule.

No Russian can ever wish godspeed to the Government of his country. And yet we Russians are most ardent patriots. We have no attachment to our birthplace or any particular locality. But we love our people, our race as intensely and organically as the Jews. And we are almost as incapable of getting thoroughly acclimatized to any other nation. In describing Russia's real and not fictitious glories, in speaking when in an expansive mood about his country's probable future and the service she is likely to render to mankind, a Russian can startle a *Chauviniste* of the *grande nation*. Yes, we are certainly patriotic. Only our patriotism runs entirely toward the realization of the democratic ideal. The idea of country is embodied for us not in our state but in our people, in the moujiks and in those various elements which make the moujiks' cause their own. Our hopes, our devotion, our love, and that irresistible idealism which stimulates to great labor, all that constitutes the essence of patriotism, with us is democratic.—STEPNIAK, in *The Fortnightly Review*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

HARVARD COLLEGE.—On November 8th Harvard College commemorated its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary. Mr. James Russell Lowell delivered an appreciative address, which is printed at length in *The Atlantic Monthly*. He said:—

"The chief service, as it was the chief office, of the college during its early years was to maintain and hand down the traditions of how excellent a thing learning was, even if the teaching were not always adequate by way of illustration. And yet, so far as that teaching went, it was wise in this, that it gave the pupils some tincture of letters as distinguished from mere scholarship. It aimed to teach them the classic authors—that is, the few great ones; and to teach them in such a way as to enable the pupil to assimilate somewhat of their thought, sentiment and style, rather than to master the minuter niceties of the language in which they wrote. It struck for their matter, as Montaigne advised, who would have men taught to love virtue in stead of learning to decline *virtus*. It set more store by the marrow than by the bone that encased it. It made language, as it should be, a ladder to literature, and not literature a ladder to language. How many a boy has hated, and rightly hated, Homer and Horace, the pedagogues and grammarians, who would have loved Homer and Horace, the poets, had he been allowed to make their acquaintance. The old method of instruction had the prime merit of enabling its pupils to conceive that there is neither ancient nor modern on the narrow shelves of what is truly literature. We owe a great debt to the Germans, no one is more indebted to them than I, but is there not danger of misleading us into pedantry? . . . Education, we are often told, is a drawing-out of the faculties. May they not be drawn too thin? I am not undervaluing philology or accuracy of scholarship. Both are excellent and admirable in their places. But philology is less beautiful to me than philosophy as Milton understood the word, and mere accuracy is to truth as a plaster-cast to the marble statue; it gives the facts, but not their meaning. If I must choose, I had rather a young man should be intimate with the genius of the Greek dramatic poets than the meters of their choruses, though I should be glad to have him on easy terms with both.

"For more than 300 years, in its discipline and courses of study, the college followed mainly the lines traced by its founders. The influence of its first half century did more than any other, perhaps more than all others, to make New England what it is. During the 140 years preceding our war of independence it had supplied the schools of the greater part of New England with teachers. What was even more important, it had sent to every parish in Massachusetts one man—the clergyman—with a certain amount of scholarship, a belief in culture, and generally pretty sure to bring with him or to gather a considerable collection of books, by no means wholly theological. Simple and godly men were they, the truest modern antitypes of Chaucer's good parson, receiving much, sometimes all, of their scanty salary in kind, and eking it out by the drudgery of a cross-grained farm where the soil seems all backbone. If there was no regular practitioner, they practiced without fee a grandmotherly sort of medicine, probably not much more harmful (*O, dura mesorum vita*), than the heroic treatment of the day. They contrived to save enough to send their

sons through college, to portion their daughters, decently trained in English literature of the more serious kind, and perfect in the duties of household and dairy, and to make modest provisions for the widow if they should leave one.

"With all this they gave their two sermons every Sunday of the year and of a measure that would seem ruinously liberal to these less stalwart days when scarce ten parsons together could lift the stones of Diomed, which they hurled at Satan with the easy precision of life-long practice. And if they turned their barrel of discourses at the end of the Horatian ninth year, which of their parishioners was the wiser for it? Their one great holiday was 'Commencement,' which they punctually attended. They shared the many toils and the rare festivals, the joys and the sorrows of their townsmen, as bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh, for all were of one blood and of one faith. They dwelt on the same brotherly level with them as men, yet set apart from and above them by their sacred office. Preaching the most terrible of doctrines, as most of them did, they were humane and cheerful men, and when they came down from the pulpit, seemed to have been merely twisting their 'cast-iron logic' of despair, as Coleridge said of Donne, 'into true-love knots.' Men of authority, wise in council, independent—for their settlement was a life tenure—they were living lessons of piety, industry, frugality and temperance, and, with the magistrates, were a recognized aristocracy. Surely never was an aristocracy so simple, so harmless, so exemplary, and so fit to rule. I remember a few lingering survivors of them in my early boyhood, relics of a serious but not sullen past, of a community for which, in civic virtue, intelligence and general efficacy, I seek a parallel in vain.

"I know too well the deductions to be made. It was a community without charm, or with a homely charm at best, and the life it led was visited by no muse, even in dream. But it was the staff out of which fortunate ancestors are made, and twenty-five years ago their sons showed in no diminished measure the qualities of the breed. In every household some brave boy was saying to his mother, as Iphigenia to hers: 'Thou borest me for all the Greeks, not for thyself alone.' This hall commemorates them, but their story is written in headstones all over the land they saved."

A REMINISCENCE OF A. T. STEWART.—The Rev. John Miller writes, in *The Independent* :—

"In June, 1870, I handed the card of a distinguished lady to Mr. Brown, the floor-manager at Broadway and Ninth street, and asked to see Mr. A. T. Stewart. He had not arrived; and Mr. Brown, putting the card in his pocket, advised me to spend the interval in inspecting the different floors, and that he would tell me when Mr. Stewart came in. Some hours after, I saw a man entering from the street, tall, grave, exceedingly neat in his dress, pale and with light complexion and hair, who, by his quick glance and keen, intent look into every part of the place, I made up my mind was the great merchant. He greeted me most cordially

when I introduced myself and mentioned the card in his manager's pocket. And when I told him that the lady, who was often at his store, had advised me to see it, but that I had preferred to see the store-keeper, he laughed and told me that he was designed for my profession; that what Greek and Latin he knew was for that purpose; that his early manhood had no other end in view; but that an old uncle had told him that a "call" was necessary, and had described it in such a way that he recognized no such thing, and felt driven to the choice of the humbler and less interesting work of a professional school-teacher. This it was that brought him to the States. His merchant's life was an afterthought. And not from him at the time, but from another merchant, I learned how this came. He had a small pittance above his expense. He lent it to a passenger. That young man, whom he had known in Ireland, was to be a merchant. Stewart's loan of 75 dollars helped to set him up. And, in a small shop of the city of that day, he found that he was about to fail, and persuaded his young comrade to quit his school-teaching and take the shop, as the only means of making sure his money. It was in this way, so my friend told me, that Stewart made the discovery of his gift as a born merchant."

CASTE IN CHURCHES.—A National Council of the Congregational Churches was held at Chicago, October 12, at which the Rev. Dr. Pentecost, of Brooklyn, N. Y., read an elaborate paper on "The Relation of the Congregational Churches to the Work of Evangelization." One paragraph of this address is the following :—

"We must break the caste which prevails in our churches, especially in the larger and wealthier ones. There are churches in our large cities in which there can scarcely be found a single workingman or woman. There is literally no place for the poor in them. They have first been moved away from the proximity of the poor, and so entirely parceled out to the well-to-do and the rich that there is no place for the poor within their palaces. We are a democratic country, where the rich and poor are supposed to stand on the same footing of equality as to citizenship; but the equality of the poor citizen of the heavenly country with the rich is only recognized in theory or in Heaven itself. In political assemblies the wealthy merchant and the poor laboring man stand or sit side by side and participate in the matter of interest to which their attention has been called. But in the house of God, the caste that obtains on account of riches and social position prevents the artisan and workingman from feeling free to come. In this respect the division between the classes is sharper with us than in the monarchical and aristocratic countries of Europe; and these divisions are sharper to-day, and the gulf that divides deeper than ever before. The Church has gone after the rich, to neglect of the poor, and thus we have lost our hold on the workingman and the poor in general. Unless we take prompt measures to recover our hold upon them, they will be permanently alienated from the Church, if they are not so already, so far as the present generation is concerned. We must win them back. The mis-

sion chapel which we occasionally build for the poor whom we have left (to go in pursuit of the rich), and which we fling to them as a spiritual charity, much as the old Barons used to fling the bones of their feasts to the dogs under their tables, does not meet the emergency. For the most part, mission chapels are resented by the working people, especially by workmen. If it is answered that the churches are open to all and that there are hundreds of them where the poor would be welcome, we reply that this is not the case in the larger and leading churches in our cities; and these give the impression of the whole spirit of the Church to the poor. If it is argued that it is the poor themselves who indulge in a diffidence, and give way to a false pride which prevents them from coming to the churches where their wealthy, well-to-do brethren worship, and the best preachers are to be heard, and that it is not the rich who will not welcome them, we reply that the facts are against such a theory. The artisan, the workman, and the poor will come to hear the Gospel gladly when the conditions are such that they may come. They are not opposed to the Gospel; the quarrel of the workman is not against Christianity, but against the church which gives him the cold shoulder."

STREET NUISANCES IN LONDON.—Mr. Charles Hervey, in *London Society*, enumerates several species of individuals belonging to this general order of humanity, the counterparts of whom are by no means strangers to us, although they are for the most part importations from the other side of the Atlantic:—

"Street prowlers of the male sex may be classed in two distinct categories, the pertinacious and the quietly respectful. To the former belong the hulking young fellow with a bunch of groundsel in his hand, by way of protest against being 'run in' by an over-officious 'bobby'; and the seedy individual who sidles mysteriously up to you with the request that you will 'spare a copper for a poor man,' keeping pace with you for a hundred yards or so, and bestowing flatters uncomplimentary epithets on your hardheartedness in the event of a refusal. The latter class includes the apparently bewildered 'stranger in London,' who stops you to ask the nearest way to Putney or Barnet, as the case may be, and the decently-dressed but apocryphal mechanic, who has either just come out of a hospital or solicits your influence with the authorities to get into one. Then there is the portly Frenchman, who may be met with any day in the vicinity of Charing Cross, and who has been wounded at Gravelotte or taken prisoner at Sedan; and the old crone, a fixture in Garrick street from four to seven in the afternoon, who levies black mail on every well-dressed pedestrian, and only wants the crutch to sit for the portrait of the malevolent hag issuing nightly from the chest of the merchant Abudah; nor must the pseudo-cabman out of work be forgotten, whom you never saw before in your life, but who distinctly remembers having 'dressed' your honor many and many a time, and modestly suggests that the loan of half-a-crown would quite set him up again. I have lost sight for the last year or two of the little Frenchwoman, whose ostensible motive in addressing people was to inquire the

way to Finsbury Circus, and who, if imprudently encouraged, favored them with a tale of woe as long as the catalogue of Leporello. As, however, her assumed ignorance of metropolitan topography has already inspired more than one not altogether sympathetic allusion in the public prints, it is possible that she may have deemed it advisable to drop Finsbury Circus, and adopt some other less hazardous method of 'spoiling the Egyptians.'"

GOLDSMITH'S "TALL CLIFF."—Mr. John Scott thus writes in the *London Academy*:—

"Goldsmith's lines in *The Deserted Village* have been much admired:

"As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

"In an edition of Goldsmith's poems, dated, I think, 1876, this note is appended to the passage in question: 'The description here introduced, and the manner in which it is employed, have been described as constituting, perhaps, the sublimest simile that English poetry can boast.' Glancing lately at Gautier's *Les Grotesques*, I came across an ode addressed by Chapelain to Richelieu, the conclusion of which is as follows:

"Dans un paisible mouvement
Tu t'élèves au firmament

Et laisses contre toi murmurer cette terre;
Ainsi le haut Olympe, à son pied sablonneux,
Laisse fumer la foudre et gronder le tonnerre,
Et garde son sommet tranquille et lumineux.

"Well may Gautier say, *Cette chute est d'une grande beauté*. How strange that our well-loved poet should owe his finest simile to a man who wrecked his position as the foremost *littérateur* of France by the publication of an epic, *La Pucelle*, to which he had given the labors of thirty years!"

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.—In a letter written to a friend a few weeks before his death, Mr. Cooke says:—"I still write stories for such periodicals as are inclined to accept romance, but whether any more of my work in that field will appear in book form is uncertain. Mr. Howells and the other realists have crowded me out of popular regard as a novelist, and have brought the kind of fiction I write into general disfavor. I do not complain of that, for they are right. They see, as I do, that fiction should faithfully reflect life, and they obey the law, while I cannot. I was born too soon, and am now too old [he had reached the age of fifty-six] to learn my trade anew. But in literature, as in everything else, advance should be the law, and he who stands still has no right to complain if he is left behind. Besides, the fires of ambition are burnt out of me, and I am serenely happy. My wheat fields are green as I look out from the porch of The Briars, the corn rustles in the wind, and the great trees give me shade upon the lawn. My three children are growing up in such nurture and admonition as their race has always deemed fit, and I am not only content, but very happy and much too lazy to entertain any other feeling toward my victors than one of warm friendship and sincere approval."

THE USE OF HIGHER EDUCATION TO WOMEN.*

All of us who are here are probably familiar with the routine of a student's life. We know, either from our own experience or from watching it in others, the sort of discipline it affords—the patience, the daily and hourly repeated effort, the tenacity of purpose, without which success cannot be ensured. We have either felt ourselves or have seen in others the anxious anticipation of the inevitable examination, the delights of success, the anguish of failure—success that only leads to fresh efforts, and failure that leads, let us hope, to a cheery determination to try again. All this series of events and emotions makes a student's life a very a happy one; there is no dullness in it, there is always an immediate definite object in view to work for; there is a reason on each day and almost on every hour of each day of work which calls out the strength of developing faculties and powers, and this is a source of happiness in itself and proves its own reward. But this state of feeling cannot last forever. However eager the student may be in her work, the time will almost surely come when the question will force itself upon the mind: "What is the good of all this, when the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake, engrossingly delightful as it once was, fails to satisfy?" The subject is a very familiar one; it has been portrayed in Goethe's *Faust*; it is traced in the words of St. Paul, "If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal."

It is one of those old-world problems that

* This paper was originally delivered as an Address to the Students of Bedford College. The author (born in 1847) was in 1867 married to Mr. Edgar Fawcett, the famous blind professor at Cambridge, Member of Parliament, who became Postmaster-General in 1880. Mrs. Fawcett has been the associate of her husband in all his literary and political labors, and in conjunction with him put forth, in 1872, a volume of essays on political and economical subjects. She is also the author of several separate works. She has taken an active part in advocating the extension of parliamentary suffrage to women who fulfill the qualifications of property and residence required of the male elector.—ED. L.R. M.A.

are always new, and are continually receiving fresh embodiment. And I think, if I am not mistaken, there are evidences of its being felt among the girl students of to-day as keenly as it has been felt by their brothers in times gone by. I have noticed at Cambridge, at University College and at other educational centers where girls' debating societies exist, that they trouble themselves a good deal about the supposed effect on the character of women of higher education. There is hardly a women's college at which it has not been seriously debated whether or not higher education tends to make women selfish. We laugh when the subject is presented to us in this form; but it really is, I cannot help thinking, a healthy symptom that girls, even in the midst of the engrossing excitements of student life, do not take for granted that the acquisition of knowledge is the be-all and end-all of life. They are looking out to see which way the road tends that they are upon, and will approve or condemn it according as its ultimate goal is or is not a worthy object of pursuit. The question expands itself into another and a wider one. "What are the really worthy objects of life?" If that question can be answered, then all secondary things, such as learning, health and wealth, fall naturally into their right positions and proportions; they are blessings indeed, and are rightly valued as such; but their value is to be measured by the degree to which they help one in the pursuit of the real object of one's life; they can never take the place of that object.

Dr. Withers Moore, at a recent meeting of the British Medical Association, has lately made an endeavor to popularize the old fallacy that the only proper object in life for women is to become wives and mothers. This object certainly has the recommendation of being attainable with moderate ease; but, after all, it cannot be considered satisfactory as an object in itself. Jezebel was a wife and a mother, so was Lucrezia Borgia. Rather should we look back to an older teacher than Dr. Withers Moore, whom I have already cited, and ask whether that charity or love which St. Paul speaks of is not, in the vari-

ous embodiments given to it by individual character, the thing which every one of us should endeavor to aim at. We have been so long accustomed to the words that there is danger of their losing some of their significance; but when we think of their inner meaning—love to our fellow-men and women, self sacrifice and devotion as a necessary consequence of that love—the vagueness disappears, and we see before us a definite task, so to order our lives that others, who live with us, and will live after us, may have their chances of living happily increased by our work in the world. This has been the life's work of every great man and woman whom the world has produced; and every one, great and small, may each according to her own capacity pursue the same high end.

To women especially it seems to me that at the present time it is easy to make this object in life very definite and practical. Carlyle spoke, in his rather exaggerated way, in one of his early letters, of his wife's work in life being to lift up the lives of women to a higher level:—"I tell her many times," he writes, "there is much for her to do, if she were trained to it; her whole sex to deliver from the bondage of frivolity, dollhood and imbecility into the freedom of valor and womanhood." There is, perhaps, not much chance of lifting people up if you proceed on the assumption that they are sunk in dollhood and imbecility. An imbecile doll will never make a valiant woman. But, making allowance for the characteristic over-dose of contemptuousness, is there not enough life's work before every young woman at the present moment in the task of building up the self-respect of women, of clearing away the artificial obstructions to the development of the faculties of their minds, of giving them the blessings of civil liberty, and bringing about a more generous view of their rights and duties?

If we leave out the vain and misleading contempt from Carlyle's sentence we may lessen its literary force, but we add, I think, to its practical value. May we not in this form regard it as a message to the young women of the present day? "I tell you many times there is much for you to do if you are

trained to it; your whole sex to lift up into the freedom of valor and womanhood." Those of you who have the will to take this as your life's work, may, if you choose, get the training for it, in part at least, from your student life. You will learn that nothing can be done without patient and unwearied endeavor; you will learn the value of taking pains, the value of accuracy, and the necessity for patience in waiting for any definite tangible result. You will know that there is no royal road to the things you are striving for, but that everything worth gaining must be gained by humble, laborious, self-denying effort, daily and hourly repeated.

Voltaire, speaking of Montesquieu, said that "Humanity had lost its title-deeds, and he had recovered them." The title-deeds of half the human race have yet to be engrossed; the task of writing them will, I hope, be the life's work of many among the rising generation of women. Look what an infinite number of branches of work the task presents. There must be some one part of it to suit almost every capacity. The greatest progress we can at present show is in the field of education; but the women who benefit by higher education are numbered by hundreds where they ought to be numbered by thousands. Mrs. Lynn Linton, in a recent article, appears to judge of the value of education too exclusively by its pecuniary results, and assumes that the money spent on a girl's college training is thrown away if it does not result in an increase in her power of earning money. There are people who will always take this view of education. It is not a very high one. In many respects it is an essentially false one; but do not let us waste our strength in getting angry about it. We will not of course, in our own minds, for an instant, yield to the notion that the value of education is to be tested by its results in *£ s. d.*—that, to cite Mrs. Lynn Linton again, money spent on a girl's education is "of no avail" if she marries. I cannot refrain from quoting here what Hood has said about his own self-education among his books:—

"Infirm health and a natural love of reading," he wrote, "threw me into the society of poets, philose-

phers and sages, to me good angels and ministers of grace. From these silent instructors, who often do more than fathers, and always more than godfathers, for our temporal and spiritual interests: from these mild monitors, delightful associates, I learned something of the Divine and more of the human religion. They were my interpreters in the House Beautiful of God, and my guides among the Delectable Mountains. These reformed my prejudices, chastened my passions, tempered my heart, purified my taste, elevated my mind, and directed my aspirations. . . . Those bright Intelligences called my mental world out of darkness and gave it two great lights—hope and memory—the past for a moon, the future for a sun."

Glib nonsense about "the ultimate uselessness" of education to a married woman sinks to its proper level by contrast with this utterance from a generous and pure-minded nature.

The objection to women's education on the economical ground might, however, be usefully met by opening a greater variety of well-paid professional careers to women. It might also be in some degree met by lessening the cost of women's higher education in the same way as the cost of men's higher education has been lessened, by annual grants made by Parliament. At present there is no public recognition in the shape of a grant from the exchequer, or in any other form, of the national importance of higher education for women. One only of our great universities has opened its degrees to women. Two women, the other day at Cambridge, were a first class by themselves in the modern languages *trifos*, no men sharing the honor with them; but while the men, who were second and third class, are admitted to the honor of a degree, the women, who were first class, are still excluded.

In the matter of medical education much has been done, but much yet remains to do. It is true that there is a medical school for women in London, and that the degrees in medicine of the University of London have been thrown open to them. But look round at the godly array of the London hospitals, and the immense advantages for study and practice which they afford to medical students who do not happen to be women. In nearly all of them women are jealously excluded, and in none more rigorously than in those

which are specially devoted to the diseases of women and children.

Then, if we look at the industrial position of women, we see much that needs redress. We all heard last winter, through the report of the Mansion House Committee, of the very low wages earned by seamstresses in the East of London, of women earning, for instance, 5*s*. 4*d*. a dozen for making lawn-tennis aprons, elaborately frilled; and more recently it was stated at the British Association, in a paper read by Mr. Westgarth, that the ordinary wages of a seamstress in East London were only 6*s*. a week. If this is true, it is not easy to exaggerate the terrible misery which it implies, nor the degradation both to body and soul. The direction in which the remedy should be sought is in opening a larger number of employments to women, in paying greater attention to their industrial training, and in developing the principles of coöperation, both as regards production and consumption. At present, however, we are content to think we have scored a victory, not when we have opened a fresh avenue of employment for women but when we have been able to prevent the Government of the day closing an industry against them. The pit-brow women, to the number of something like 5,000, were last summer only saved by the skin of their teeth from having their daily bread taken from them by a Liberal Government. Women have now been employed for many years in large numbers, and with marked success, in various branches of the Postal Service. They make excellent civil servants, and their salaries are only about one third of what is paid to men who do the same work. The posts are competed for with painful eagerness. On a recent occasion, when 145 additional women were needed, 2,500 candidates presented themselves. Yet, notwithstanding the success of the Post Office experiment, and the saving which the employment of women would cause to the public, no movement has ever been made to open other branches of the public service to them.

I do not wish to introduce here anything that savors of disputed political questions; but I think it is rather a curious commentary on

the doctrine of Dr. Withers Moore that the end and aim of every woman's existence is to be a wife and a mother, that the legal position of the wife and mother is still so far from what it ought to be. The ideal is that the wife is the friend and sympathizing companion of her husband, the watchful and tender guardian of her children; but the law recognizes no equality in the relationship between husband and wife, and gives the mother absolutely no rights to the guardianship and protection of her children during her husband's life. If a husband happens to be a mechanical genius, and wishes to try the efficacy of his newly invented flying machine on the person of his little boy of eight years old, the mother has no more power in law than any stranger in the street to prevent the father from carrying out his dangerous whim.

If we look abroad to the position of our fellow-subjects the women of India, we shall find much work for women to do in helping them up to a higher social and legal status. Over a great part of India the barbarous custom of infant marriage is sanctioned by the law and practiced by the people. Little girls of five and six years of age are thus married, sometimes to lads only a little older than themselves, and sometimes to men old enough to be their grandfathers. A case of this kind has lately been before the Bombay courts. The girl in the interval between the marriage ceremony and the time when she was expected to live with her husband had been well educated; the husband had been allowed to grow up entirely without education. He has been described in the *Times* as little better than a coolie, ignorant and uncultivated. When her husband claimed her she refused to recognize the marriage as valid; her case has been heard before three courts, one of which has given judgment in her favor, and two against her. She has one more appeal, on the success of which the whole of her future hangs. She writes pathetically to an English lady: "As things are standing now, there is very little hope of my success. It is very hard indeed for me to suffer here in India, where nearly all the native peoples are against the rights of women. Is it not strange

that our law-givers should grant privileges to men to marry any number of wives, at a time when they will not allow women to get only separation on proper grounds?" Who can picture the misery that lies before this poor woman if her final appeal is unsuccessful? She will be bound for life to a man who claims her as a slave, and between whom and herself the strongest personal repugnance must exist. I could dwell at much greater length on other very melancholy features of the lot of Indian women; the one I have cited is merely a specimen of many others. It is sometimes said that the philanthropy of the English people, especially of English ladies, is never called into genuine activity unless the people on whose behalf it is invoked are black—that the inhabitants of Boorioboolagha can win sympathy and succor where the inhabitants of Whitechapel would find us as hard as flints. If this sarcasm has any root of truth in it, those who plead in vain for the rights of women in England will plead with greater success the cause of poor Indian women, the victims of laws and customs of singular hardship and cruelty.*

I have mentioned many particulars in which law and custom are unjust to women; but I hope I have not done so in a spirit of bitterness. In the evolution of society the position of women has changed, and is changing. The laws and customs we most complain of are survivals from a state of society which has passed away. But the necessary change cannot be made without patient laborious effort and self-devotion. It is this task of improving the lot of women, both as regards law and custom, so as to bring it into accord with the needs of the present time, that I invite you to devote yourselves to. If you will take this for your aim in life, all your student life

*A special correspondent of the *Times*, referring lately to infant marriage and the treatment of child-widows in India, has said that these "are two of the most cruel of the old-world practices which ever afflicted and insulted womanhood." The same paper, commenting on this, doubts whether the abolition of suttee and the suppression of female infanticide has not decreased rather than increased the sum of Hindoo happiness and morality. A speedy death has been exchanged for a life of torture or of shame.—*Times*, October 14, 1886.

and all your home life, even down to most trivial details, will receive a new meaning and a higher value. You will be relieved at once from the pettiness of personal ambition. All your successes will be consecrated to the cause you have devoted yourselves to. You will value what you acquire in the way of learning or of strength of purpose chiefly because it is a good preparation for the work you have undertaken. To almost every one in the course of her life comes, in some form or another, the message which came to Baruch—"Seekest thou great things for thyself. Seek them not." How happy and blessed are they to whom this message is not borne by the whirlwind of personal misfortune or by the downfall of personal ambition, but who, from the very outset of life, have deliberately chosen the better path of devoting themselves to objects which are not personal, but which aim at lifting up and making fuller and happier the lives of others; who, like Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior"—

"With a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,
Plays in the many games of life that one
Where what he most doth value must be won."

Those of you who have already in silent resolution devoted yourselves to the task I have endeavored to indicate, will know quite well what I mean when I speak of the interest which it imparts even to trifles. The cause you are working for will be, by your immediate surroundings, judged of in your persons. "I suppose they are geniuses; at least, they have holes in their pinafores," wrote a little girl once of a family with whom she was sent to stay. You must never (metaphorically) have holes in your pinafores; and above all, while seeking to enlarge the interests of women's lives, and to a certain extent to change the type of the ideal woman, let us be very careful to "Hold fast that which is good" in the old ideal of womanhood. Do not let pity and gentleness, purity and compassion, be ousted from their throne. They are not inconsistent with courage and determination. Let your ideal be, in Carlyle's words—"The freedom and valor of womanhood." Indeed, strength is never so strong

as when it is united with gentleness and purity. The poet laureate has taught us this in the words of Sir Galahad:—

"My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."

One sometimes, I am sorry to say, hears of women joining shooting parties, watching a *battue*, and even stalking deer. Leave the slaughter of animals for amusement to those who have been condemned to it by tradition and education. Imitate many virtues as much as you like; there will never be too much courage, honor and diligence in the world. But avoid all foolish imitations of men in mere externals, and worse than foolish imitations of men, in what is least to be admired in them. And next, if you would truly serve the women's cause, appreciate at their high value all the duties that from time immemorial have always, in our own country at least, been regarded as women's special work—the direction of the household, the care of the young and the sick. Let all that falls to your lot in these directions be done zealously, conscientiously and well. The days are happily over when it was supposed that if a woman had learned mathematics she would not love her children, or that if she could read Greek she would not be able to distinguish between packthread and silk. It is true that Mrs. Lynn Linton says that women, who, in few years, will speak as voters to their fellow-electors, will be indifferent to their children's ailments. I have not heard that this result of women's suffrage has been noticed, after six years' experience of it, in the Isle of Man. "There's a deal of human nature in man"—and in woman, too—and a mother's love is not such a weak and precarious growth as Mrs. Lynn Linton has apparently imagined it to be. It is time that it was understood that in these matters we intend to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds—to keep up all the best of our old interests and occupations, although we have the opportunity of acquiring new ones.

While you are students, concentrate yourselves in profiting to the full by the discipline of the student's life. Continued, patient,

unwearied effort is what a student learns if she really learns anything. But I think there is no necessity to impress this; my experience of girl students is that there is no danger of their not applying themselves; the danger is all the other way, in the direction of over-work. Like high-mettled horses, they need the curb rather than the spur. Over-work is a real snare and danger at the present time, and nothing gives the enemy so much occasion to blaspheme as a case of breakdown from overwork. The students who really wish, more than for any personal success, to help the women's cause, must anxiously avoid overwork; they must pay due attention to the claims of health, they must rest and play and amuse themselves as well as work with a will while they are at their work. I know how easy it is to talk, and have excellent intentions, and lay down exemplary rules (especially for the guidance of some one else), and how hard it is in practice to take exactly the right course between the too much and the too little. But health, though not a necessary condition of good work in the world—as witness the splendid work done by permanent invalids such as Charles Darwin and Florence Nightingale—yet is an enormous advantage to one who means to work. To throw away this advantage by a foolish disregard of the rest and recreation every student requires is a wanton waste, which I hope none among you will be guilty of.

As to the question how and in what definite practical way the work of lifting up the lot of women is to be approached, that is a problem to which there is no ready-made answer to suit all applicants. Each one must find the answer to it herself, and be guided in the search for it by her own special circumstances, opportunities and duties. Quiet work in a private circle often has as high a value as efforts of a more pretentious nature. I think opportunities to serve always come to those who earnestly seek them. If you can do nothing more, you can testify the faith and hope that is in you. But do not be discouraged if no sphere of active work immediately presents itself. "Those also serve who only stand and wait." But do not "stand and

wait" when you see work that you can do or an effort that you can make. Remember that it was not till after his blindness that Milton learned to stand and wait, and that it was during this period of so-called standing and waiting he accomplished the greatest work of his life. Remember, too, how he consoled himself for his blindness by the thought that he had lost his sight "overplied in Liberty's defence, my noble task." Is it not an inspiring thought that this same "noble task," in another field of it, may be ours; that, however humbly and imperfectly, we may work for the same cause that he worked for? For all efforts to free the human spirit from the bondage of superstition and ignorance are nothing else than a continuation of the great struggle for civil and religious liberty which has marked the course of English history. If we would be worthy of our name and race, we must carry on the great traditions that have been handed down to us from the past.—MILLICENT GARRETT FAWCETT, in *The Contemporary Review*.

HENRY D. THOREAU.

"Mr. Thoreau dined with us. He is a singular character—a young man with much of wild, original nature still remaining in him; and so far as he is sophisticated, it is in a way and method of his own. He is as ugly as sin, long-nosed, queer-mouthed, and with uncouth and somewhat rustic, though courteous, manners, corresponding very well with such an exterior. But his ugliness is of an honest and agreeable fashion, and becomes him much better than beauty."

This extract from Nathaniel Hawthorne's Diary in 1842 describes Thoreau as he appeared, three years before his retirement to Walden, to one who was scarcely likely to do full justice to a genius so widely dissimilar to his own. The gifted inhabitant of the Old Manse, whose recent experiences at Brook Farm had led him to look with suspicion on all that savored of enthusiasm for social reform, and to view everything from a purely literary and artistic standpoint, could scarcely be expected to appreciate very warmly the character of a young enthusiast who had de-

clared open war against custom and society and was preaching a crusade against every sort of luxury and self-indulgence. Still less could the ordinary American citizen understand that novel gospel which bid him dispense with most of those things which he had been brought up to regard as the necessary comforts of life. Accordingly we are not surprised to find that Thoreau's doctrines obtained but little recognition during his lifetime; he was regarded with profound respect by a few select friends, Emerson among the number; but to the many he appeared merely eccentric and quixotic, his sojourn at Walden gaining him the reputation of a hermit and misanthrope. Even now, nearly a quarter of a century after his death, he is not known as he deserves to be either in America or this country; most readers ignore or misunderstand him; and it is left to a small but increasing number of admirers to do justice to one of the most remarkable and original characters that America has yet produced. Thoreau was preëminently the apostle of "plain living and high thinking;" and to those who are indifferent to this doctrine he must ever appeal in vain; on the other hand, those who have realized the blessings of a simple and healthful life can never feel sufficient gratitude or admiration for such a book as *Walden*, which is rightly regarded as the masterpiece of Thoreau's genius.

One of the causes that have contributed to the general lack of interest in Thoreau's writings is the want of a good memoir of his life. Emerson's account of him is excellent as far as it goes, but it is very short and cursory; while the other lives, though each is not without some merit of its own, are hardly satisfactory enough to become really popular.

He was born in 1817 in Concord, Massachusetts, his father being a manufacturer of lead pencils in that place. He was educated at Harvard College, and after leaving the university taught for a short time in a private school, but soon becoming weary of the educational profession he devoted himself to his father's trade till he had completely mastered it in all its details. Then, finding that the true aim and object of his ambition was to

live a simple, natural, open-air life, he became, as he himself has humorously recorded, "self-appointed inspector of snow-storms and rain-storms," and gave himself up to that intimate communion with nature from which he seemed to derive all his intellectual strength. In 1845 he built himself a hut on the shores of Walden Pond, a short distance from Concord, and there lived for over two years. After this sojourn in the woods he returned to Concord, and the quiet tenor of his life was afterward only interrupted by occasional visits to the Maine Woods, Canada, Cape Cod, and other places of interest, of which journeys he has left an account in his books. He died in 1862 from a disease of the lungs, the result of a severe cold taken through unwise exposure in winter. His best known works are *Walden*, the *Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*, *Anti-Slavery and Reform Papers*, and the *Diaries*.

It has been remarked by some critics, who take an unfavorable view of Thoreau's philosophy, that his life was strikingly devoid of those wide experiences and opportunities of studying mankind, which alone can justify an individual in arraigning, as Thoreau did, the whole system of modern society. It should be remembered, however, that he possessed that keen native wisdom and practical insight, which, combined with fearless self-inspection, are often a better form of education than the more approved methods. Like all other enthusiasts, Thoreau sometimes taught a half-truth rather than a whole one; but that does not alter the fact that his teaching was true as far as it went. In his life-protest against the luxury and self-indulgence which he saw everywhere around him, he no doubt occasionally over-stated his own case, and ignored some objections which might reasonably have been raised against his doctrines; but in the main his conclusions are generally sound and unimpeachable. Self-taught, time-saving, and laconic, he struck by a sort of unerring instinct at the very root of the question which he chanced to be discussing, not pausing to weigh objections, or allowing any difficulties to divert him from his aim. We may now proceed to consider the chief features of his philosophy.

Thoreau has been called a Stoic; and there is undoubtedly much in his philosophy that is akin to the spirit of ancient Stoicism. With him, as with Epictetus, conformity to nature is the basis of his teaching, and he has been finely called by Emerson the "Bachelor of Nature," a term which might well have been applied to many of the old Greek and Roman Stoics. It is a remarkable fact that there is rarely any mention of love in his writings, but friendship, as with the Stoics, is a common theme, this subject being treated of at considerable length in the *Week*. His main point of similarity, however, to the Stoic philosophers is to be found in his ceaseless protest against all kinds of luxury and superfluous comforts. Like Socrates, he could truly say, on seeing the abundance of other people's possessions, "How many things are there that I do not desire!" and every page of *Walden* bears testimony to the sincerity of this feeling. The keynote of the book is the sentiment expressed in Goldsmith's words, "Man wants but little here below," with the difference that Thoreau did not merely *talk* of Arcadian simplicity, in the manner that was so common with literary men a century ago, but carried his theories into practical effect. When asked at table what dish he preferred, he answered "the nearest," and he was surprised at the anxiety which people usually manifest to have new and unpatched clothes rather than a sound conscience. In short, his utterances on this subject of superfluous comforts were such as would have made Dr. Samuel Johnson's hair stand on end with amazement and indignation had they been promulgated on one of the many occasions when the Doctor used to demonstrate to his audience the beneficial results of luxury, in the full confidence that he was teaching a great economic truth! Freedom from artificial wants, and a life in harmony with nature, are again and again insisted upon by Thoreau as the basis of all true happiness; and these he certainly pursued with unflinching consistency through his own singular career. In this sense he was a true Stoic philosopher. But there are also important differences. Thoreau was free from that coldness of heart which was too often a character-

istic of the Stoics of old, and was animated by a far wider and nobler spirit of humanity. He had been influenced far too deeply by the teaching of Channing, Emerson, and the transcendental school, to permit of his being classed as a mere cynic or misanthrope.

"Simplify, simplify," was the cry that was forever on Thoreau's lips, in his life-protest against the increasing luxury and extravagance and hypocrisy of the age. The lesson taught us by *Walden* is that there are two ways of becoming rich; one—the method usually adopted—by conforming to the conventional laws of society, and amassing sufficient money to enable one to purchase all the "comforts" of which men think they have need; the other—a simpler and more expeditious process—by limiting one's desires to those things which are really necessary; in Thoreau's own words, "A man is rich in proportion to the number of things which he can afford to let alone." Every one may add to his own riches, and may lessen his own labor, and that of others, in the treadmill of competitive existence, by the simple expedient of living less artificially. Thoreau discovered by his own experiment, that by working about six weeks in the year, he could meet all the expenses of living, and have free for study the whole of his winters as well as most of his summers—a discovery which may throw considerable light on the solution of certain social problems in our own country. Even if we allow an ample margin for the peculiarity of his case, and the favorable conditions under which he made his experiment, the conclusion seems to be unavoidable that the burden of labor which falls on the majority of the human race is not only very unfairly distributed, but in itself unnecessarily heavy.

Thoreau cannot be called a Socialist; he was rather an Individualist of the most uncompromising type. One of his most striking characteristics was his strong contempt for the orthodox social virtues of "charity" and "philanthropy," which lead men—so he thought—to attempt a cheap method of improving their fellow-creatures without any real sacrifice or reform on their own side. In no part of *Walden* is the writing more vigor-

ous and trenchant than when Thoreau is discussing the "philanthropic enterprises" in which some of his fellow townsmen reproachfully invited him to join. "Doing good," he declares, is one of the professions that are full; and if he knew for a certainty that a man was coming to his house with the design of doing him good, he should run for his life, for he would rather suffer evil the natural way. So too with charity:

"It may be that he who bestows the largest amount of time and money on the needy, is doing the utmost by his mode of life to produce that misery which he strives in vain to relieve. Some show their kindness to the poor by employing them in their kitchens. Would they not be kinder if they employed themselves there?"

Many are his strictures on the monstrous ugliness of recent American architecture, and his meditations on the sacred delight of a man building his own dwelling, as he himself did at Walden, and lingering lovingly over foundation, doors, windows, hearth, and every other detail. When he considers how flimsily modern houses are in general built, paid for or not paid for, as the case may be, he expresses his wonder that "the floor does not give way under the visitor while he is admiring the gewgaws upon the mantelpiece, and let him through to the cellar, to some solid and honest, though earthy, foundation."

Like Ruskin, Thoreau declines to yield homage to the supremacy of the nineteenth century, even on the score of such boasted modern inventions as the Telegraph and Post Office, for he insists that he only received one or two letters in all his life that were worth the postage, and that the Telegraph cannot greatly benefit those who, it may be, have nothing important to communicate. For newspapers also, and all the trivialities of newspaper gossip, he had a profound contempt, caring nothing to read of men robbed or murdered, houses blown up, vessels wrecked, or cows run over on the railroad, because he could discover nothing memorable in this. Even books were not always found to be desirable: there being times when he "could not afford to sacrifice the bloom of the present moment to any work." In like

manner Thoreau was in no way interested in the ordinary conversation of "society;" for, as he characteristically observes, "a goose is a goose still, dress it as you will." The author of *Fors Clavigera* has there put it on record that he could never contemplate a visit to a country which has no castles; if however he had visited America during Thoreau's lifetime, I think he might have found a compensation even for this great disadvantage. At any rate, he might have met one kindred spirit across the Atlantic, one man who cared so little for party politics that he never voted, and who, amid all the hurry and fluster of his enterprising country men, preferred traveling on foot to being jerked along on a railroad.

Of his detestation of the system of slavery I shall have occasion to speak farther on. But Thoreau went much farther than this; his humanity was shown not only in his relations to men, but also in his dealings with the lower animals. Emerson tells us that, though a naturalist, Thoreau used neither trap nor gun—a fact which must have been independently noticed by all readers of *Walden* or the diaries. It was his habit to eat no flesh; though with characteristic frankness he confesses to having once slaughtered and devoured a woodchuck which ravaged his bean-field. He laughs at the farmer who tells him it is not possible to live on vegetable food alone, walking at that very time behind the oxen, "which, with vegetable-made bones, jerk him and his lumbering plough along in spite of every obstacle." Yet at the same time, it must be admitted that he was not a consistent vegetarian, for we find constant mention of his fishing in Walden Pond, and his dinner was sometimes composed of "a mess of fish." This apparent contradiction in Thoreau's dietetic philosophy is explained in that chapter of *Walden* which is headed "Higher Laws," where we find the fullest statement of his views on the humanitarian question. He begins by remarking that he finds in himself two instincts—one toward a higher and more spiritual life; the other, the hunting-instinct, toward a primitive and savage state. He reverences both of these instincts, being of opinion that there is "a period in the history of individuals, or

the race, when the hunters are the best men." It is natural, he thinks, that boys and youths should wish to shoulder a fowling-piece and betake themselves to the woods; but (and here is the essence of Thoreau's teaching on this subject) "at last, if he has the seeds of a better life in him, he distinguishes his proper objects, as a poet or naturalist it may be, and leaves the gun and fish-pole behind." Thoreau himself had sold his gun long before his sojourn at Walden, and though he did not feel the same scruple about fishing, he nevertheless confesses that he could not fish "without falling off a little in self-respect." This leads him to dwell on the whole question of food, and he states his own opinion as being very strongly in favor of a purely vegetarian diet as being at once more cleanly, more economical, and more moral than the usual system of flesh-food. "Whatever my own practice may be," he adds, "I have no doubt that it is a part of the destiny of the human race, in its gradual improvement, to leave off eating animals, as surely as the savage tribes have left off eating each other when they came in contact with the more civilized."

The last point connected with Thoreau's teaching on which it will be necessary to enter, is the subject of politics. And here one might be tempted to state briefly, and once for all, that Thoreau had nothing to do with politics; and thus follow the example of that writer on natural history, who, after heading a chapter with the words "Concerning the Snakes of Iceland," proceeded to remark: "There are no snakes in Iceland." But though Thoreau was no politician in the ordinary use of the word, and never voted in his life, yet, in another sense, he took a good deal of interest in American state-affairs, especially during the latter years of his life, and left several pamphlets and lectures of the highest possible merit. In his essay on "Civil Disobedience," he gives expression to that strong feeling of individualism which caused him to resent the meddling and muddling propensities, as they seemed to him, of American government, as seen in the Mexican war abroad, and slavery at home. "Must the citizen," he asks, "resign his conscience to the legislator?" In one way he

felt he could make a vigorous protest, and that was on the occasion when he confronted the Government in the person of its tax-collector. He refused to pay the poll-tax, and was on this account once put into prison, the true place, as he says, for a just man, "under a Government that imprisons any unjustly." His own account of his incarceration, and the night he spent in prison, may be found, told in his best and most incisive style, in this same essay on "Civil Disobedience." The two main causes of this withdrawal of his allegiance to the state were, as I have already said, the aggressive war waged on Mexico and the maintenance of slavery in Massachusetts; he did not care "to trace the course of his dollar," paid in-taxes to the state, "till it buys a man, or a musket to shoot one with." On the subject of slavery he was strongly and profoundly moved. No more powerful and eloquent indictment of the iniquities of that unholy traffic was ever published than in his three papers on "Slavery in Massachusetts," "A Plea for Captain John Brown," and "The Last Days of John Brown." Those who have hitherto imagined Thoreau to have been a mere recluse, interesting only as a hermit in an age when hermits are somewhat out of date, will be obliged to reconsider their opinion, if they take into consideration these splendid essays, so full of sound common-sense, trenchant satire, and noble enthusiasm for humanity.

But it is time now to bid farewell to Thoreau in his character of philosopher and moralist, and to view him awhile in another light. He has been well called by William Ellery Channing the "Poet-Naturalist;" for to the ordinary qualifications of the naturalist—patience, watchfulness, and precision—he added in a rare degree the genius and inspiration of the poet. He may be described as standing midway between old Gilbert White of Selborne, the naturalist *par excellence*, and Michelet, the impassioned writer of that wonderful book *L'Oiseau*. He had all that amazing knowledge of the country, its Fauna and Flora, which characterized Gilbert White, his familiarity with every bird, beast, insect, fish, reptile, and plant, being something little less miracu-

lous to the ordinary unobservant townsman. Very suggestive of Selborne, too, was that pocket-diary of Thoreau's, in which were entered the names of all the native Concord plants, and the date of the day on which each would bloom. "His power of observation," Emerson tells us, "seemed to indicate additional senses." On the other hand, he equaled Michelet—and it is scarcely possible to give him greater praise than this—in that still higher creative power, which can draw from a scientific fact of natural history a poetical thought or image to be applied to the life of man. As Michelet could see in the heron the type of fallen grandeur, the dispossessed monarch still haunting the scenes of his former glory; or in the woodpecker the sturdy solitary workman of the forest, neither gay nor sad in mood, but happy in the performance of his ceaseless task; so Thoreau delighted in idealizing and moralizing on the facts which he noted in his daily rambles by forest, river, or pond. He sees the pincushion galls on the young white oaks in early summer, the most beautiful object of the woods, though but a disease and excrescence, "beautiful scarlet sins, they may be." "Through our temptations," he adds, "ay, and our falls, our virtues appear."

Countless instances of this kind of thought could be picked out from his diaries and the pages of *Walden*; in fact, Thoreau has been blamed, and not altogether without reason, for carrying this moralizing tendency to excess—a fault which he perhaps acquired through the influence of the Transcendental movement. In love of birds he certainly yielded no whit to Michelet himself; and he is never weary of recording his encounters with the bob-o'-links, cat-birds, whip-poor-wills, chickadees, and numerous other species. His paper on the "Natural History of Massachusetts" gives a short and pithy summary of his experiences in this subject; but he had usually a strange dislike of writing detached memoirs, preferring to let the whole subject rest undivided in his mind. His studies as naturalist were too much a part of his whole character to be kept separate from the rest, and must therefore be sought for throughout the whole

body of his works. This intense love of woodcraft, together with his taste for all Indian lore, and all hunting adventure, give a wild and racy charm to Thoreau's books which often reminds one of Defoe and other early writers.

On the subject of fishing not even Izaak Walton himself could write as Thoreau has done, though one is somewhat reminded of the father of the "gentle craft" in reading passages such as the following: "Who knows what admirable virtue of fishes may be below low-water mark, bearing up against a hard destiny? Thou shalt ere long have thy way up all the rivers, if I am not mistaken. Yea, even thy dull watery dream shall be more than realized. Keep a stiff fin then, and stem all the tides thou mayst meet." Still more wonderful are the descriptions of the weird and mysterious characteristics of fishing—the cork that goes dancing down the stream when suddenly "emerges this fabulous inhabitant of another element, a thing heard of but not seen, as if it were the creation of an eddy, a true product of the running stream," or, still more memorable, the midnight fishing on Walden Pond when the angler, anchored in forty feet of water, "communicated with a long flaxen line with mysterious nocturnal fishes" below, now and then feeling a vibration along the line "indicative of some life prowling about its extremity, some dull uncertain blundering purpose."

If Thoreau could thus sympathize with the mysteries of fish-life, we are the better able to believe what his biographers more than once tell us, that fishes often swam into his hand and would allow him to lift them out of the water, to the unspeakable amazement of his companions in the boat. His influence over animals seems indeed to have been little less than miraculous, and recalls many of the legends of the anchorites in the Middle Ages and of St. Francis d'Assisi. As Kingsley has pointed out in his *Hermits*, the power of attracting wild animals was doubtless in large measure due to the hermits' habit of sitting motionless for hours, and their perfect freedom from anger or excitement, so that there is nothing absurd or improbable in such stories as those of the swallows sitting and singing on

the knees of St. Guthlac, or the robin building its nest in St. Karilef's hood. Much the same is recorded of Thoreau's habitual patience and immobility. Emerson tells us that "he knew how to sit immovable, a part of the rock he rested on, until the bird, the reptile, the fish, which had retired from him, should come back and resume its habits, nay, moved by curiosity, should come to him and watch him." Of all such stories of strange sympathy between men and the lower animals none are so beautiful as those recorded in the life of St. Francis; but certainly Thoreau may claim the honor of having approached nearest in modern times to that sense of perfect brotherhood and sympathy with all innocent creatures. There is a singular resemblance between the legend of the tench which followed the boat in which St. Francis was praying and some of the anecdotes told about Thoreau.

Thoreau's retirement to Walden has naturally led many people to consider him as a sort of modern hermit, and the attraction he exercised over the inhabitants of the woods and waters was only one of many points of resemblance. There was the same recognition of the universal brotherhood of men, the same scorn of the selfish luxury and childish amusements of society, and the same impatience of the farce which men call "politics," the same desire of self-concentration and undisturbed thought. Thoreau also possessed, in a marked degree, that power of suddenly and strongly influencing those who conversed with him, which was so characteristic of the hermits. Young men who visited him were often converted in a moment to the belief "that this was the man they were in search of, the man of men, who could tell them all they should do." But it would be a grievous wrong to Thoreau to allow this comparison, a just one up to a certain point, to be drawn out beyond its fair limits. He was something more than a solitary. He had higher aims than the anchorites of old. He went to the woods, as he himself has told us, because he wished "to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life." So far he was like the hermit of the East. But it was only a two-years' sojourn, not a life-visit that he

made to Walden; his object was not merely to retire, but to fit himself for a more perfect life. He left the woods "for as good reason as he went there," feeling that he had several more lives to live, and could not spare more time for that one. Even while he lived at Walden he visited his family and friends at Concord every two or three days; indeed, one of his biographers asserts that he "bivouacked" at Walden rather than actually lived there, though this is hardly the impression conveyed by Thoreau himself or other authorities.

Very different also was Thoreau in his complete freedom from the morbid asceticism and unhealthy habit of body which too often distinguished the hermits. His frugality was deliberate and rational, based on the belief that the truest health and happiness must be sought in wise and unvarying moderation; but there was no trace of any unreasoning asceticism; his object being to vivify, not mortify, the flesh. His nature was essentially simple and vigorous; he records in his diary that he thought bathing one of the necessaries of life, and wonders what kind of religion could be that of a certain New England farmer, who told him he had not had a bath for fifteen years. Now we read of St. Antony—and the same is told of most other hermits—that he never washed his body with water, and could not endure even to wet his feet; dirtiness therefore must be considered a *sine qua non* in the character of a true hermit, and this would entirely disqualify Thoreau for being ranked in that class. It is at once pleasanter and more correct, if we must make any comparisons at all, to compare him to the philosopher Epictetus, who lived in the vicinity of Rome in a little hut which had not so much as a door, his only attendant being an old servant-maid, and his property consisting of little more than an earthen lamp. Thoreau had the advantage over the Stoic in having no servant-maid at Walden; but as he indulged himself in a door, we may fairly set one luxury against the other, and the two philosophers may be classed on the whole as equally praiseworthy examples of a consistent simplicity and hardihood.

Thoreau's diaries afford much delightful reading, and give us a good insight into his character and mode of life. They abound in notes of his observations on Natural History, with here and there some poetical thought or moral reflection attached; sometimes there is an account of a voyage up the Assabet River, or a walking tour to Monadnock, or some other neighboring mountain.

Thoreau's poems are certainly the least successful part of his work. They were published in various American magazines, and he is fond of interpolating parts of them in his books. But it must be confessed that though Thoreau had a truly poetical mind, and though he may justly be styled the "Poet-Naturalist," he had not that power of expression in verse which is a necessary attribute of the true poet. Prose-poet let us call him, as we call De Quincey or Ruskin, or Hawthorne; but poet in the ordinary sense he was not. He was a clear-headed, fearless thinker, whose force of native shrewdness and penetration led him to test the value of all that is regarded as indispensable in artificial life, and to reject much of it as unsound; he was gifted also with an enthusiastic love of nature, and with literary powers, which, if not of a wide and extensive range, were peculiarly appropriate—in an almost unqualified degree—to the performance of that life-duty which he set before him as his ideal. He was in the truest sense an original writer; his work is absolutely unique.

Walden alone is sufficient to win him a place among the immortals, for it is incomparable alike in matter and in style, and deserves to be a sacred book in the library of every cultured and thoughtful man. Never was there written a book more simple, more manly, more beautiful, more pure; it is, as Thoreau himself describes the pond from which it derives its name, "a gem of the first water which Concord wears in her coronet." Concord is indeed rich in literary associations and reminiscences of great men. Emerson—Hawthorne—Thoreau; these are mighty names, a trinity of illustrious writers, almost sufficient in themselves to represent a national literature. It is not the least of Thoreau's honors

that he has won a place in this literary brotherhood; but perhaps his greatest claim to immortality will be found in the fact that there is a natural affinity and fellowship between his genius and that of Walt Whitman, the great poet-prophet of the large-hearted democracy that is to be.

We see in Walt Whitman the very incarnation of all that is free, healthy, natural, sincere. A leviathan among modern writers, he proclaims with titanic and oceanic strength the advent of the golden age of Liberty and Nature. He proclaims; but he will not pause to teach or rebuke; he leaves it to others to explain by what means this glorious democracy, this "love of comrades" may be realized, and contents himself with a mighty and irresistible expression of the fact. Thoreau, though less catholic and sanguine in tone, but rather an iconoclast, a prophet of warning and remonstrance, and, as such, narrower and intenser in scope, nevertheless shares to the full all Walt Whitman's enthusiasm for hardihood and sincerity. He sets himself to apply this same new doctrine of simplicity to the facts of everyday life, and by his practice and example teaches *how* the individual may realize that freedom of which the poet sings. While America produces such writers as these, there seems nothing exaggerated or improbable in the most sanguine forecast of the great future that awaits American literature, a future to which Thoreau, himself American to the backbone, looked forward with earnest and trustful anticipation.

"If the heavens of America," he says, "appear infinitely higher, and the stars brighter, I trust that these facts are symbolical of the height to which the philosophy, and poetry, and religion of her inhabitants may one day soar. At length, perchance, the immaterial heaven will appear as much higher to the American mind, and the intimations that star it as much brighter."

Certain it is that of all philosophers, whether in the old world or the new, few have read the mysteries of this immaterial heaven and its starry intimations more truthfully and faithfully than Thoreau.—H. S. SALT, in *Temple Bar*.

LADY BOOK-LOVERS.

The biographer of Mrs. Aphra Behn refutes the vulgar error that "a Dutchman cannot love." Whether or not a lady can love books is a question that may not be so readily settled. M. Ernest Quentin Bauchart has just contributed to the discussion of this problem by publishing a bibliography, in two quarto volumes, of books which have been in the libraries of famous beauties of old, queens and princesses of France. There can be no doubt that these ladies were possessors of exquisite printed books and manuscripts wonderfully bound, but it remains uncertain whether the owners, as a rule, were bibliophiles; whether their hearts were with their treasures. Incredible as it may seem to us now, literature was highly respected in the past, and was even fashionable. Poets were in favor at court, and fashion decided that the great must possess books, and not only books, but books produced in the utmost perfection of art, and bound with all the skill at the disposal of Clovis Eve, and Padeloup, and Duseuil. Therefore, as fashion gave her commands, we cannot hastily affirm that the ladies who obeyed were really book-lovers. In our more polite age, fashion has decreed that ladies shall smoke, and bet, and romp, but it would be premature to assert that all ladies who do their duty in these matters are born romps, or have an unaffected liking for cigarettes. History, however, maintains that many of the renowned dames whose books are now the most treasured of literary relics were actually inclined to study as well as to pleasure, like Marguerite de Valois and the Comtesse de Verrue, and even Madame de Pompadour. Probably books and arts were more to this lady's liking than the diversions by which she beguiled the tedium of Louis XV.; and many a time she would rather have been quiet with the plays and novels than engaged in conscientiously-conducted but distasteful revels.

Like a true Frenchman, M. Bauchart has only written about French lady book-lovers, or about women who, like Mary Stuart, were more than half French. Nor would it be

easy for an English author to name, outside the ranks of crowned heads, like Elizabeth, any Englishwomen of distinction who had a passion for the material side of literature, for binding, and first editions, and large paper and engravings in early "states." The practical sex, when studious, is like the same sex when fond of equestrian exercise. "A lady says, 'My heyes, he's an 'orse, and he must go,'" according to Leech's groom. In the same way, a studious girl or matron says, "This is a book," and reads it, if read she does, without caring about the date, or the state, or the publisher's name, or even very often about the author's. I remember, before the publication of a novel now celebrated, seeing a privately-printed vellum-bound copy of it on large paper in the hands of a literary lady. She was holding it over the fire, and had already made the vellum covers curl wide open like the shells of an afflicted oyster. When I asked what the volume was, she explained that "It is a book which a poor man has written, and he's had it printed to see whether some one won't be kind enough to publish it." I ventured, perhaps pedantically, to point out that the poor man could not be so very poor, or he would not have made so costly an experiment on Dutch paper. But the lady said she did not know how that might be, and she went on toasting the experiment.

In all this there is a fine contempt for everything but the spiritual aspect of literature; there is an aversion to the mere coquetry and display of morocco and red letters, and the toys which amuse the minds of men.

Where ladies have caught "the Bibliomania," I fancy they have taken this pretty fever from the other sex. But it must be owned that the books they have possessed, being rarer and more romantic, are even more highly prized by amateurs than examples from the libraries of Grolier, and Longepierre, and d'Hoym. M. Bauchart's book is a complete guide to the collector of these expensive relics. He begins his dream of fair women who have owned books with the pearl of the Valois, Marguerite d'Angoulême, the sister of Francis I. The remains of her library are

chiefly devotional manuscripts. Indeed, it is to be noted that all these ladies, however frivolous, possessed the most devout and pious books, and whole collections of prayers copied out by the pen, and decorated with miniatures. Marguerite's library was bound in morocco, stamped with a crowned *M* in interlaced sown with daisies, or, at least, with conventional flowers which may have been meant for daisies. If one could choose, perhaps the most desirable of the specimens extant is *Le Premier Livre du Prince des Poètes, Homère*, in Salel's translation. For this translation Ronsard writes a prologue, addressed to the *manes* of Salel, in which he complains that he is ridiculed for his poetry. He draws a characteristic picture of Homer and Salel in Elysium, among the learned lovers—

"qui parmi les fleurs devisent
Au giron de leur dame."

Marguerite's manuscript copy of the First Book of the *Iliad* is a small quarto, adorned with daisies, fleurs-de-lis, and the crowned *M*. It is in the Duc d'Aumale's collection at Chantilly. The books of Diane de Poitiers are more numerous and more famous. When first a widow she stamped her volumes with a laurel springing from a tomb, and the motto *Sola vivit in illo*. But when she consoled herself with Henri II. she suppressed the tomb, and made the motto meaningless. Her crescent shone not only on her books, but on the palace walls of France, in the Louvre, Fontainebleau, and Anet and her initial *D*. is inextricably interlaced with the *H*. of her royal lover. Indeed, Henri added the *D* to his own cipher, and this must have been so embarrassing for his wife Catherine, that people have good-naturedly tried to read the curves of the *D*'s as *C*'s. The *D*'s, and the crescents, and the bows of his Diana are impressed even on the covers of Henri's Book of Hours. Catherine's own cipher is a double *C* enlaced with an *H*, or double *K*'s (Katherine) combined in the same manner. These, unlike the *D. H.* are surmounted with a crown—the one advantage which the wife possessed over the favorite. Among Diana's books are vari-

ous treatises on medicines and on surgery, and plenty of poetry and Italian novels. Among the books exhibited at the British Museum in glass cases is Diana's copy of Bembo's *History of Venice*. An American collector, Mr. Barlow, of New York, is happy enough to possess her *Singularitez de la France Antarctique* (Antwerp, 1558).

Catherine de Medicis got a splendid library on very easy terms: she stole them. The Marshal Strozzi, dying in the French service, left a noble collection, on which Catherine laid her hands. Brantôme says that Strozzi's son often expressed to him a candid opinion about this transaction. What with her own collection and what with the marshal's, Catherine possessed about four thousand volumes. On her death they were in peril of being seized by her creditors, but her almoner carried them to his own house, and De Thou had them placed in the royal library. Unluckily it was thought wiser to strip the books of the coats with Catherine's compromising device, lest her creditors should single them out, and take them away in their pockets. Hence, books with her arms and cipher are exceedingly rare. At the sale of the collections of the Duchesse de Berry, a Book of Hours of Catherine's was sold for £2,400.

Mary Stuart of Scotland was one of the lady book-lovers whose taste was more than a mere following of the fashion. Some of her books, like one of Marie Antoinette's, were the companions of her captivity, and still bear the sad complaints which she entrusted to these last friends of fallen royalty. Her notebook, in which she wrote her Latin prose exercises when a girl, yet survives, bound in red morocco, with the arms of France. In a *Book of Hours*, now the property of the Czar, may be partly deciphered the quatrains which she composed in her sorrowful times, but many of them are mutilated by the binder's shears. The Queen used the volume as a kind of album; it contains the signatures of the "Countess of Schrewsbury" (as M. Bauchart has it), of Walsingham, of the Earl of Sussex, and of Charles Howard, Earl of Nottingham. There is also the signature, "Your most unfortunate—Arabella Seymour;" and "Fr. Ba-

con." This remarkable manuscript was purchased in Paris, during the Revolution, by Peter Dubrowsky, who carried it to Russia. Another *Book of Hours* of the Queen's bears this inscription, in a sixteenth-century hand: "Ce sont les Heures de Marie Setuart Renne. Marguerite de Blacuod de Rosay." In De Blacuod it is not very easy to recognize "Blackwood." Marguerite was probably the daughter of Adam Blackwood, who wrote a volume on Mary Stuart's sufferings (1587).

The famous Marguerite de Valois, the wife of Henri IV., had certainly a noble library, and many beautifully bound books stamped with daisies are attributed to her collection. They bear the motto, *Expectata non eludet*, which appears to refer, first to the daisy ("Margarita"), which is punctual in the spring, or rather is "the constellated flower that never sets," and next, to the lady, who will "keep tryst." But is the lady Marguerite de Valois? Though the books have been sold at very high prices as relics of the leman of La Mole, it seems impossible to demonstrate that they were ever on her shelves, or that they were bound by Clovis Eve from her own design. "No mention is made of them in any contemporary document, and the judicious are reduced to conjectures." Yet they form a most important collection, systematically bound, science and philosophy in citron morocco, the poets in green, and history and theology in red. In any case it is absurd to explain *Expectata non eludet* as a reference to the lily of the royal arms, which appears on the center of the daisy-pied volumes. The motto, in that case, would run, *Expectata (lilia) non eludent*. As it stands, the feminine adjective, *expectata*, in the singular, must apply either to the lady who owned the volumes, or to the "Margarita," her emblem, or to both. Yet the ungrammatical rendering is that which M. Bauchart suggests. Many of the books—Marguerite's or not—were sold at prices over £100 in London, in 1883 and 1884. The Macrobius, and Theocritus, and Homer are in the Oracherod collection at the British Museum. The Ronsard (Paris, Buon. 1507) went for £480 at the Beckford sale. These prices will, probably, never be reached again.

If Anne of Austria, the mother of Louis XIV., was a bibliophile, she may be suspected of acting on the motive, "Love me, love my books." About her affection for Cardinal Mazarin there seems to be no doubt: the Cardinal had a famous library, and his royal friend probably imitated his tastes. In her time, and on her volumes, the originality and taste of the skilled binder, Le Gascon, begin to declare themselves. The fashionable passion for lace, to which La Fontaine made such sacrifices, affected the art of book decorations, and Le Gascon's beautiful patterns of gold points and dots are copies of the productions of Venice. The Queen-Mother's books include many devotional treatises, for, whatever other fashions might come and go, piety was always constant before the Revolution. Anne of Austria seems to be particularly fond of the lives and works of Saint Theresa, and Saint François de Sales, and John of the Cross. But she was not unread in the old French poets, such as Coquillart; she condescended to Ariosto; she had that dubious character, Théophile de Viaud, beautifully bound; she owned the Rabelais of 1558; and, what is particularly interesting, M. De Lignerolles possesses her copy of "*L'Ecole des Femmes*, Comédie par J. B. P. Molière. Paris: Guillaume de Luynes, 1668." In 12mo, red morocco, gilt edges, and the Queen's arms on the covers. This relic is especially valuable when we remember that *L'Ecole des Femmes* and Arnolphe's sermon to Agnès, and his comic threats of future punishment, first made envy take the form of religious persecution. The devout Queen-Mother was often appealed to by the enemies of Molière, yet Anne of Austria had not only seen his comedy, but possessed this beautiful example of the first edition. M. Paul Lacroix supposes that this copy was offered to the Queen-Mother by Molière himself. The frontispiece (Arnolphe preaching to Agnès) is thought to be a portrait of Molière, but in the reproduction in M. Louis Lacour's edition it is not easy to see any resemblance. Apparently Anne did not share the views, even in her later years, of the converted Prince de Conti, for several comedies and nov-

els remain stamped with her arms and device.

The learned Marquise de Rambouillet, the parent of all the *Précieuses*, must have owned a good library, but nothing is chronicled save her celebrated book of prayers and meditations, written out and decorated by Jarry. It is bound in red morocco, *doublé* with green, and covered with V's in gold. The Marquise composed the prayers for her own use, and Jarry was so much struck with their beauty that he asked leave to introduce them into the *Book of Hours* which he had to copy, "for the prayers are often so silly," said he, "that I am ashamed to write them out." The daughter of the Marquise, the fair Julie, heroine of that "long courting" by M. de Montausier, survives in those records as the possessor of *La Guirlande de Julie*, the manuscript book of poems by eminent hands. But this manuscript seems to have been all she library of Julie; therein she could constantly read of her own perfections. To be sure she had also *L'Histoire de Gustave Adolphe*, a hero for whom, like Major Dugald Dalgetty, she cherished a supreme devotion. In the *Guirlande* Chapelain's verses turn on the pleasing fancy that the Protestant Lion of the North, changed into a flower (like Paul Limayrac in M. Banville's ode), requests Julie to take pity on his forlorn estate:—

"Sois pitoyable à ma langueur;
Et si je n'ay place en ton cœur
Que je l'aye au moins sur ta teste."

These verses were reckoned consummate. The *Guirlande* is still, with happier fate than attends most books, in the hands of the successors of the Duc and Duchesse de Montausier.

Like Julie, Madame de Maintenon was a *précieuse*, but she never had time to form a regular library. Her books, however, were bound by Duseuil, a binder immortal in the verse of Pope; or it might be more correct to say that Madame de Maintenon's own books are seldom distinguishable from those of her favorite foundation, St. Cyr. The most interesting is a copy of the first edition of *Ether*, in quarto (1689), bound in red morocco, and bearing, in Racine's hand, "*A Mad-*

ame la Marquise de Maintenon, offert avec respect,—RACINE." Doubtless Racine had the book bound before he presented it. "People are discontented," writes his son Louis, "if you offer them a book in a simple marbled paper cover." I could wish that this worthy custom were restored, for the sake of the art of binding, and also because amateur poets would be more chary of their presentation copies. It is, no doubt, wise to turn these gifts with their sides against the inner walls of bookcases, to be bulwarks against the damp, but the trouble of acknowledging worthless presents from strangers is considerable. Another interesting example of Madame de Maintenon's collection is Dacier's *Remarques Critiques sur les Œuvres d'Horace*, bearing the arms of Louis XIV., but with his wife's signature on the fly-leaf (1681).

Of Madame de Montespan, ousted from the royal arms by Madame de Maintenon, who "married into the family where she had been governess," there survives one bookish relic of interest. This is *Œuvres Diverses par un auteur de sept ans*, in quarto, red morocco, printed on vellum and with the arms of the mother of the little Duc du Maine (1678): when Madame de Maintenon was still playing mother to the children of the king and of Madame de Montespan, she printed these "works" of her eldest pupil.

These ladies were only bibliophiles by accident, and were devoted, in the first place, to pleasure, piety, or ambition. With the Comtesse de Verrue, whose epitaph will be found on an earlier page, we come to a genuine and even fanatical collector. Madame de Verrue (1670-1736) got every kind of diversion out of life, and when she ceased to be young and fair, she turned to the joys of "shopping." In early years, *pleine de cœur, elle le donna sans comptes*. In later life, she purchased, or obtained on credit, everything that caught her fancy, also *sans comptes*. "My aunt," says the Duc de Luynes, "was always buying, and never balked her fancy." Pictures, books, coins, jewels, engravings, gems (over 8,000), tapestries, and furniture were all alike precious to Madame de Verrue. Her snuff-boxes defied computation; she had them in gold, in

tortoise-shell, in porcelain, in lacquer, and in jasper, and she enjoyed the delicate fragrance of sixty different sorts of snuff. Without applauding the smoking of cigarettes in drawing rooms, we may admit that it is less repulsive than steady applications to tobacco in Madame de Verrue's favorite manner.

The countess had a noble library, for old tastes survived in her commodious heart, and new tastes she anticipated. She possessed *The Romance of the Rose*, and *Villon*, in editions of Galliot du Pré (1529-1533) undeterred by the satire of Boileau. She had examples of the *Pleiade*, though they were not admired in France till 1830. She was also in the most modern fashions of to-day, for she had the beautiful quarto of La Fontaine's *Contes*, and Boucher's illustrated *Molière* (large paper). And, what I envy her more, she had Perrault's *Fairy Tales*, in blue morocco—the blue rose of the folk-lore who is also a book-hunter. It must also be confessed that Madame de Verrue had a large number of books such as are usually kept under lock and key, and which her heirs did not care to expose at the sale of her library. Once I myself (*moi chétif*) owned a novel in blue morocco, which had been in the collection of Madame de Verrue. In her old age this exemplary woman invented a peculiarly comfortable arm-chair, which, like her novels, was covered with citron and violet morocco; the nails were of silver. If Madame de Verrue has met the Baroness Bernstein, their conversation in the Elysian Fields must be of the most gallant and interesting description.

Another literary lady of pleasure, Madame de Pompadour, can only be spoken of with modified approval. Her great fault was that she did not check the decadence of taste and sense in the art of bookbinding. In her time came in the habit of binding books (if binding it can be called) with flat backs, without the nerves and sinews that are of the very essence of book-covers. Without these no binding can be permanent, none can secure the lasting existence of a volume. It is very deeply to be deplored by that by far the most accomplished living English artist in bookbinding has reverted to this old and most dangerous

heresy. The most original and graceful tooling is of much less real value than permanence, and a book bound with a flat back, without *nerfs*, might almost as well not be bound at all. The practice was the herald of the French and may open the way for the English Revolution. Of what avail were the ingenious mosaics of Derome to stem the tide of change, when the books whose sides they adorned were not really bound at all? Madame de Pompadour's books were of all sorts, from the inevitable works of devotions to devotions of another sort, and the *Hours of Erycina Ridentis*. One of her treasures had singular fortunes, a copy of *Daphnis and Chloe*, with the Regent's illustrations, and those of Cochin and Eisen (Paris, quarto, 1757, red morocco). The covers are adorned with billing and cooing doves, with the arrows of Eros, with burning hearts, and sheep and shepherds. Eighteen years ago this volume was bought for ten francs in a village in Hungary. A bookseller gave £8 for it in Paris. M. Bauchart paid for it £150, and as it has left his shelves, probably he too made no bad bargain. Madame de Pompadour's *Apology for Herodotus* (La Haye, 1735) has also its legend. It belonged to M. Paillet, who coveted a glorified copy of the *Pâtissier François*, in M. Bauchart's collection. M. Paillet swapped it, with a number of others, for the *Pâtissier*:—

"J'avais L'Apologie
Pour Hérodote, en reliure ancienne, amour
De livre provenant de chez la Pompadour;
Il me le soutira!"

Of Marie Antoinette, with whom our lady book-lovers of the old régime must close, there survive many books. She had a library in the Tuileries, as well as at le petit Trianon. Of all her great and varied collections, none is now so valued as her little book of prayers, which was her consolation in the worst of all her evil days, in the Temple, and the Conciergerie. The book is *Offices de la Divine Providence* (Paris, 1757, green morocco). On the fly-leaf the Queen wrote, some hours before her death these touching lines:—"Ce 16 Octobre, à 4 h. $\frac{1}{2}$ du matin. Mon Dieu! ayez pitié de moi! Mes yeux n'ont plus de larmes

pour prier pour vous, mes pauvres enfants. Adieu, adieu!—MARIE ANTOINETTE." There can be no sadder relic of a greater sorrow, and the last consolation of the queen did not escape the French popular genius for cruelty and insult. The arms on the covers of the prayer-book have been cut out by some fanatic of Equality and Fraternity.—ANDREW LANG, in *The Fortnightly Review*.

MUSICAL EDUCATION.

As a more general interest is manifested for the study of music, and as the number of students who devote themselves entirely to this art becomes greater year by year, it becomes a question of ever-increasing importance how most logically to reduce to their simplest and at the same time most effective form the laws which govern musical education.

There are certain fundamental principles of education that hold true to whatever study we apply them; and, if these prove capable of being arranged and carried out more systematically in one case, the same will hold true in all others. First of all, it is necessary to know that education progresses most logically and rapidly when all things pertaining thereto have been simplified as much as possible. Those who have struggled with a text-book written in ambiguous language know how great an amount of mental energy would have been saved had the author possessed the faculty of writing his mother-tongue with clearness and simplicity. The same conditions and results are applicable to verbal instruction. If perspicuity is wanting in explanation, the student's perplexity increases proportionally.

In the study of music, very many apply themselves for a time, that they may learn something to teach; yet but very few think of learning how to teach it when once they have possessed it themselves. There is much time wasted, and at the expense of both student and instructor, by reason of the fact that the latter having but one "method" to

use, must necessarily thrust that into the brain of every one who comes under his care; and, though a few may do fairly well under the treatment they receive, the majority not only tire of their work, but become thoroughly disgusted with it. Now, to take the case of the education of children as an illustration, we find that, the more interesting their studies are made, the more readily and thoroughly do they learn. They are active when their work has a charm for them and inactive when it proves dull and uninteresting. Fellenburg has written, "Experience has taught me that indolence in young persons is so directly opposite to their natural disposition to activity, that unless it is the consequence of bad education, it almost invariably is connected with some constitutional defect." The attractiveness of a study makes it easier and more pleasurable, not only to children, but to every one.

From this, then, we draw what the first qualification of a teacher should be. He should know that no one learns well until there is something in common between that one's mind and the nature of the study upon which he is engaged. It is the forcible thrusting of foreign subjects into the mind that retards true education. One must be prepared by degrees for what he is about to receive. Text-books, for example—even the very best—prove too much for the majority when verbal explanation cannot be obtained. A conversation on the text with one who thoroughly understands it should precede the pupil's study of the subject in the book. If or not this method of procedure is philosophical is proved when we think that no book or any part of one proves of any great use to us until there is something in common between our knowledge already possessed and that contained in it. And not until this condition of things is brought about can any great benefit result from the continuous use of a manual. Some do not read works on qualitative analysis because they know nothing of chemistry, nor works on the quality of Latin accent because they know nothing of the language—that is, because there is nothing in common between what is contained in these

works and what they already know; yet pupils are expected to master chapter after chapter of matter in books more or less scientific, and they get no explanation unless they ask for one. It is true that excessive explanation of every new difficulty proves as pernicious to one's thorough comprehension of a subject as the other extreme proves perplexing. The faculty of guiding students through their studies cannot be acquired too well. They must be led to make as many discoveries as they can. The conditions having been placed before them, they must be allowed to draw their own inferences. Then they are not imitators, but intelligent and successful discoverers.

As a necessary part of all instrumental study, students of music are supposed to master a certain amount of theory as a voucher for their thoroughness; and the slight attention usually paid to this study, while the other receives tenfold consideration, leads one to inquire the reason. Theory of music usually is supposed by the pupil to be something indefinite, uninteresting to study, and capable of yielding little return for the time spent upon it. When such a pupil falls into the hands of an instructor who deems it his duty to correct exercises, and who regards the book as containing all the necessary information requisite to one's advancement, it soon happens that the uncommunicative teacher and the unmanageable book produce confusion in the mind of the young theorist. He manifests his inability to understand the subject, and what is generally the result? Another obscurely written manual is thrust into his hands; and, having deepened his perplexity, the result is taken at once as a reason for its continuance. Text-books are indispensable, it is true; but I venture to say that no page of one should be given to a pupil for study until he has previously been made familiar with its most obscure details. Perplexity arises from continued misconception or the inability to understand. Then should the first lesson in harmony be without primary reference to books? or should the teacher say, "Go home, and learn the first chapter of Richter?" It is another version of the old

story of making pupils master the grammatical rules of a foreign language before they know a dozen words to which they may be applied. There are too many teachers like the Swedish schoolmaster, who regularly fell asleep while his fifty pupils droned out their reading lesson, and who always awoke in time to say, "Take another one."

All branches of education merge more or less into others. "Each kind of knowledge presupposes many necessary things learned in other sciences, and known beforehand." To perform well upon a musical instrument requires, not only technique, but an understanding of musical form, of harmonic construction, and of the elements of musical expression. It would be difficult indeed to draw the line at any point as a limit to what a teacher's qualification should be. It should be in his power to trace out a line of study for his pupil of such nature that, after his student-days, he can carry on, with understanding and ability, that most important part of all education—self-culture.

A musician who deserves to be called a true artist and instructor, should possess the ability to do in music just what his prototype does in literature. Reading—the *bête noir* of so many musicians—should be an act so natural that he does it with no apparent thought. Reproducing what he reads—if he be an executive artist—should be by a process of articulation as perfect as that which results in speech. He should at once grasp the general meaning of the author; its grammatical construction should at once be perceived, and be comprehended so quickly that all concentration of thought may be upon the inner meaning of the work. After a consideration of the mechanical structure of a work comes that of the thought-content; and, when a performer's ability is unequal to the former, his interpretation is faulty as regards both. One should be able to draw conclusions from musical works just as we do from literary productions: to analyze them, and mentally to compare them with the writings of another author.

He is not well educated who struggles over words of which he knows not the meaning, content to hear them, and too idle to search

out the full extent of their power. He is no scholar who learns, at the cost of much time and money, to repeat four or five selections from literary works, written in a language of which he knows not enough to enable him to think in it, or read it, or to judge of its beauty as it is crystalized into masterpieces. Yet this is what the average performer is. He can give a version of a work on condition that at least half of his attention may be given to the mechanical, technical part, a considerable part to reading, and a little to the meaning of the author.

Self-education provides us with the only knowledge that really belongs to us. Johann Sebastian Bach said that "no one should learn to play who could not think musically." Let us take as an illustration the education acquired by the average music student of today. If he plays, he is rarely a virtuoso. If a theoretical course has been taken, he dares venture no opinion save that of his books. If he should be deprived of all but what his own thought has given him, he would be without sufficient means for professional identification. What is creditable in the pupil is unworthy of one who would be an educational leader. Music is many-sided, and he who desires to become intelligently educated in this art can only learn from experience how much of its many phases he must know. Education must have a quantity: a trifle too much or too little of one thing may corrupt the whole compound. Specialists must follow one method in learning, and those desirous of general enlightenment must take others; but the former, as educators, must not fail to know how to explain in detail such things as appear trivial to them, nor must the latter be so intellectually nomadic as to possess nothing that can be systematized. A definite purpose, and a conscientious fulfillment of it, will make the true scholar.—THOMAS TAPPER, JR., in *The Folio*.

MOLMEN AND MOLLAND.

Speaking of the late survivals of shifting ownership in arable land, Mr. Elton remarks:

"The arable in the common fields of a manor near London was formerly described as *terra lottabilis*; and there are traces in several parts of the country of the tenancies called *mal-manni* and *molemen*, and of fields called *molland*, which must have some connection with the Dutch *malen* or partible arable lauds, distributed until lately among the *maalmannen* by lot." Documents in the nature of inquisitions and customals, which become so very numerous and instructive from the thirteenth century onward, sometimes mention a species of tenure called "molland." Tenants called "molmen" occur even more often, and almost always in some opposition to the peasantry holding by customary services on one hand, to the free tenants on the other. In an inquisition of 5 Edw. I for the manor of Hallingbury, Essex, we have first *libere tenentes*. Then come "molmen."

The fact of "molmen" being classified as a kind of intermediate class between free and customary tenants makes it improbable, at first sight, that the characteristic point in their position should be one connected not with difference of rank in society and relation to the lord, but with a peculiarity in the occupation of the arable. The constitution of their services makes it more than probable, on the other hand, that we have to do with men holding in villenage and sharing some of the incidents of servile tenure, and at the same time paying rent instead of rendering services. The few customary obligations which are still hanging on to them do not alter their main position, as they would not have altered that of tenants absolutely free. What is a matter of inference here can be made out with certitude in other instances. To begin with, the characteristic part of the terms under discussion, *mal* or *mol*, is often found standing by itself in the meaning of "rent." The cartulary of Christ Church, Canterbury, in the British Museum always gives the rents under the two chief heads of *Gafol* or *Gable* and *Mal*. Another document, the *Black Book* of St. Augustine, the early part of which was compiled about 1261, goes to explain the last of these terms: *De quolibet sulling* (ploughland) 20 *solidos de mala ad*

quatuor terminos quos antecessores nostri dederunt pro omnibus iniustis et incausacionibus (sic) *quos vobis ore plenius exponemus.* There can be no doubt as to the meaning; *mala* means rent paid in commutation of services and servile customs, and in this way it is certainly a counterpart of *gafol* paid as an independent rent in addition to services. *Mal* meant "rent" in Anglo-Saxon. *Mail-man* is a farmer. Compare the term "Blackmail." From various documents we see how the mere fact of commuting the services, although it did not legally amount to an enfranchisement of the holding, gave the molmen a position which distinguished them from mere villains, and necessitated express action on the part of the lord in order to hold down their pretensions. This clue is important because it explains the uncertain way in which molmen are treated in our sources as to *status*.

It is well known that Borough English was very widely held in mediæval England to imply servile occupation of land, and the privilege enjoyed by molmen in the case shows that the class was actually rising above the general condition of villenage, the economical peculiarities of its position affording a stepping-stone, as it were, toward the improvement of its legal *status*. A most interesting attempt at an accurate classification of this and other kinds of tenantry is presented by an inquisition of 10 Edward I., preserved at the Record Office. The following subdivisions are enumerated there:

Liberi tenentes per cartam.
Liberi tenentes qui vocantur fresokemen.
Sokemanni qui vocantur molmen.
Customarii qui vocantur werkmen.
Consuetudinarii tenentes 4 acras terre.
Consuetudinarii tenentes 2 acras terre.

The difference between molmen and workmen lies, of course, in the fact that the first pay rent and the second do week work. But, what is more, the tenure of the molmen appears distinguished not only by the nature of its services, but also by its certainty, which is, after all, the one discriminating feature in the division of tenures as to freedom and servility. The denomination of sokemen could not be applied to the class if it had not acquired that certainty of tenure and service.

The fluctuation in the legal standing of the class is perhaps the most striking feature in its history. We can see how the commutation of services for money rents was leading gradually, without any perceptible action of the common law, to the enfranchisement of a tenure and the liberation of a class. I need hardly call attention to the analogy between that process, and the well-known course of development of copyhold tenure generally; here, as there, ultimate legal results were obtained by the slow inroad of custom into the dominion of the law. And it would not be right to say, that the history of molmen tenantry is too insignificant and special a fact to compare with the all-important recognition of copyholds as defensible at law. "Molmen" is only one name for a very widely spread and important class of mediæval tenantry. We find the same people under the name of "gavelmen" because the original distinction of *gafol* and *mal* gets blurred very soon. We find them still more frequently as *censuarii*, and as to these last the same fluctuations could be traced which we have been following out in respect of "molmen." The treatment of these matters must be left, however, for another occasion.—PAUL YINOGRADOFF, in *The English Historical Review*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

MORE CARLYLE LETTERS.—Mr. William Wallace, in the *London Academy*, thus speaks of the two volumes of the *Early Letters of Thomas Carlyle*, edited by Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard College:—

"The spirit in which Prof. Norton speaks of Carlyle, and—this is much more important—in which he allows Carlyle to speak for himself, is the most notable thing in connection with the two interesting volumes he has just published. It encourages the hope that, in future, the Carlyle controversy will be conducted with something like amenity. It is evident that Prof. Norton holds a brief for certain of Carlyle's relatives against Mr. Froude. But he does not abuse Mr. Froude; and if he adheres to the diabolic view of the motives which led to the publication of the Carlyle biographical literature in its existing form, he does not obtrude it. Prof. Norton, in fact, scores against Mr. Froude, because he uses better, and applies more thoroughly, Mr. Froude's own biographical methods. Mr. Froude's intention, when he started on his large

(rather than great) enterprise, was to produce a realistic biography. Carlyle's life was to be a study in the moral nude. He himself wished to be painted, warts and all; thus, and thus only, would Mr. Froude paint him. He would have accomplished his design to the satisfaction of experts in biographical portraiture had he printed accurately, and at length, all the letters and journals of Carlyle he could lay his hands on, with the necessary links of unimpassioned, uncritical narrative. Mr. Froude has failed—in so far as he has failed at all—in not having stuck to his original purpose. He has allowed Mr. Froude, the literary artist, dogmatist in ethics and pessimist, to interfere with and spoil the work of Mr. Froude the biographer. He has insisted on trying his draperies on his naked Samson Agonistes, on making frequent appearances as the Greek chorus, on saying every third page that Mr. or Mrs. Carlyle 'should' have done this, that, or the other thing. Last and worst, he has interpreted the injunction about 'warts and all' as 'warts above all.' Prof. Norton amplifies and corrects Mr. Froude; he does not demolish or refute him. He prints accurately what Mr. Froude printed inaccurately. He prints many things that Mr. Froude omitted to print, and ought to have printed. Inclined to take an optimistic view of Carlyle, Prof. Norton publishes letters exhibiting him in his more cheerful moods. Whoever regards Carlyle as a man of many ailments and weaknesses, great mainly in virtue of his literary genius and achievements, heroic solely on account of the continuity and independence of his moral life, will not alter his views on reading Prof. Norton's two volumes. His Carlyle from 1814 to 1836 is still Mr. Froude's, with, perhaps, his hat not so hard pressed on his brow and his teeth not set so grimly. The perfectly new matter in these volumes consists largely of letters by Carlyle to three college friends—Johnstone, Mitchell, and Murray; and in consequence full of camaraderie, which always wears the appearance at least of jollity. They abound in good and kindly advice, and illustrate Carlyle's enormous appetite for miscellaneous reading. There is not much gall and bitterness in them, mainly because up to the date of his marriage Carlyle had not seen much of society."

FROUDE AND CARLYLE.—In the London *Spectator* we read:—

"Mr. Froude writes to Tuesday's [Nov. 2] *Times*, in reply to the criticisms of Mr. Charles Elliot Norton on the way he has discharged his task of writing Carlyle's biography, that he never desired the duty, that he accepted it on Carlyle's urgent solicitations, and that he was intrusted by Carlyle with full discretion, all Carlyle's former conditions having been expressly withdrawn for the purpose of leaving his discretion unfettered. He further declares that the errors in transcribing the *Reminiscences* were due partly to Carlyle's small, difficult handwriting (in old age), and that he was in haste to return the MSS. to Carlyle's niece (Mrs. Alexander Carlyle), to whom they belonged, and that therefore she was bound, in courtesy, to have informed him of the errors made, especially, as she was herself receiving the profits of this book as a gift

from myself.' In Thursday's *Times*, Mrs. Alexander Carlyle replies that she was in no hurry for the MSS., and never pressed for them; she peremptorily denies that she has received the profits of the *Reminiscences* 'as a gift from Mr. Froude,' and this, she says, she can prove by producing her lawyer's statement. She maintains that the blunders are as numerous in Carlyle's *Life*—and in that period when he wrote a hand pronounced by Mr. Froude 'beautiful' and 'exceptionally excellent,'—as in the *Reminiscences*; and that even in a quotation from *Sartor Resartus* 'there are in the first eight lines over twenty deviations from the printed text.' These are not statements which it is easy to reconcile."

CHEWING COCA LEAVES.—It has long been known that the people of the mountain regions of Peru are accustomed to chew the dried leaves of the *Erythroxylon coca*, a small tree or shrub, a native of the lofty Andean region, and that under its influence they perform great physical labor with a very small amount of food. *Cocaine*, an alkaloid of the coca, has within a few years been introduced into medical practice. The best professional authorities are not fully agreed as to its therapeutic value. There seems, however, to be no question that, like morphine, it is a very powerful drug, and should be administered only under competent medical direction. As to the use of the leaves themselves, the judgment of Markham that "coca is the least injurious, and the most soothing and invigorating of all the narcotics used by man," is quite generally accepted by the best authorities. Sir Robert Christison, an eminent Scottish physician (born in 1797, died in 1882), was accustomed to try upon himself the effects of medicinal agents. In his *Memoirs*, just published, are given some accounts of his personal experiments with the use of coca. In his seventy-eighth year he made the ascent of Ben Vouloch, one of the loftiest Scottish mountains, and he thus writes in his journal:—

"I reached the top very tired. Determination alone carried me up the last six hundred feet. As soon as I arrived, I began to chew coca leaves, and consumed ninety grains during the half-hour spent on the summit and the first half-hour of the descent. When I started for the descent, the sense of fatigue was entirely gone. I went straight down without a stop in one hour and a quarter to the road, not much tired—able to walk comfortably a mile and a half to meet the carriage. Although my limbs felt rather heavy to move, I seemed not to care for this. . . . The chewing of coca removes extreme fatigue and prevents it. Hunger and thirst are suspended; but eventually appetite and digestion are unaffected. . . . It has no effect upon the mental faculties, so far as my own trials and other observations go, except liberating them from the dullness and drowsiness which follow great bodily fatigue."

DUTIES OF MOTHERHOOD.—"Dr. J. C. Winters, of New York," says *Science*, "in a paper read before the Academy of Medicine, condemned the practice, now so common among society women, of employing waitresses instead of themselves performing the duties of

a mother. He proves most satisfactorily that the practice is not only demoralizing, but actually increases the mortality among infants, and is often the channel through which diseases of a most loathsome nature are contracted. The lives of nine-tenths of the wet-nursed children are purchased at the expense of the lives of other children. The practice, therefore, of placing children to dry-nurse, either in families or institutions, in order that the mother may go as wet-nurse, he regards as iniquitous. He sums up his argument in the following language: 'We usually select a hireling to perform the mother's most sacred duty; one who occupies the lowest place in the social scale, and in whom there is an absence of moral qualities; usually one who has been, in some degree at least, a prostitute; one who can forsake her own child, and take a stranger's to her breast; one who can witness the gradual starvation and death of her own child, and who may be a double murderer by poisoning her foster-child with opiates or alcohol. If, after being nourished from such a fountain, our child is perverse, froward, insolent, and has no regard for truth, who is accountable? Is not the mother, who deprived him of her own pure, untainted breast, and who purchased for him instead a polluted and debauched stream?'—It is lamentable that a system so pernicious and injurious to the best interests of society should be tolerated, and even encouraged, by the most eminent and honorable members of the medical profession. Dr. Winters deserves the thanks of all right-minded persons for the able and convincing manner in which he puts his arguments, and it is to be hoped, that, attention having been thus directed to what may be regarded as a great and growing evil, this practice which he so justly condemns may be, to some degree at least, mitigated and lessened."

THE BRAZILIANS.—"They have," says Mr. James W. Wells, in his recent book, *Three Thousand Miles through Brazil*, "no ambition, no 'go' in them, no will or desire for anything but to sleep away their days and pass their nights in singing, dancing, and revelry. . . . Inhabitants of any country like these of Boqueirao are as useless as if they did not exist. They have nothing to sell or means for purchase. Their little labor is expended in raising a few vegetables, fishing, and building a poor hut, barely sufficient to accommodate them. It is never repaired; and when the rain comes in in one part of the roof the hammock is removed to another corner, until, finally, when the hut decays and collapses in spite of props, another is built alongside it. The women make the few cotton garments of the men, that, like the huts, are never repaired, and are worn until the rags will no longer hold together. Yet, withal, they are the most independent of all peoples, proud of their right to do nothing, and they do it most effectually."

MR. SWINBURNE ON THE "QUARTERLY REVIEW."—The London *Quarterly Review*, of which Gifford, and Southey, and Croker were once the shining lights, has not the honor of standing high in the esteem of Mr.

Algernon Charles Swinburne, who thus concludes a critical paper in *The Athenæum* :—

"I shall not recall any reader's attention to the effete and obsolete subject of their strictures on Keats and Shelley, on Lord Tennyson or Miss Brontë, Charles Dickens or Charles Kingsley: one instance of native scholarship, one example of critical foresight, shall suffice me for the time. In a review of Scott's *Antiquary* they described the common language of the English and the Scottish Border as 'a dark dialect of Anglified Erse.' The veriest cockney on the present staff of the *Review* can hardly need to be told that it would not be more inaccurately described as a dark dialect of Frenchified Hebrew. A generation later, while commending the poetic promise of Mr. Monckton Milnes, they foretold for him a day when he would look back from his seat on Parnassus, with equal amusement and regret, upon the foolish young days in which he had burnt incense before 'such baby idols as Mr. John Keats and Mr. Alfred Tennyson.' As it was in the beginning with the *Quarterly Review*, so is it now, and so may we feel confident that it will be to the end of its existence. But even this periodical has its province and its office in the world of letters. For the gossip of gastronomy and the babble of the backstairs we shall not refer to it in vain. Those who list may learn of it the art of dining, or the secrets of historic holes and corners; but outside the inner circle of its contributors and subscribers no mortal who does not desire to be clothed with ridicule as with a garment will appeal on any question of literature to the authority of the *Quarterly Review*."

WANTED: A KING FOR BULGARIA.—"The *Great Sobranje*"—so says the London *Spectator*—"having held a secret meeting on the 9th of November, during which, it is understood, the claims of Prince Alexander were strongly pressed, met again on the 10th, and by acclamation elected Prince Waldemar of Denmark, brother of the Princess of Wales, of the Czarina, and of the King of Greece, to the vacant throne. Information was at once forwarded to Prince Waldemar at Canuce; but while expressing his thanks, he referred the Regents to his father, who, it is understood, will in his name decline. The election would not be acceptable to the Czar, who wants an instrument at Sofia, or to the King of Greece, who fears he may have to fight Bulgaria for his share of Macedonia. Immediately after the election, the Russian Court was asked to name its candidate, and indicated Nicholas of Mingrelia, a mediatised Prince of the Caucasus, sprung from a family of great antiquity, but at present only a large proprietor in Mingrelia. He is thirty-six years of age, was bred in Russia, and is not supposed to possess special mental qualifications. It is doubtful if he will be accepted by the Sobranje, which wishes for a European Prince, and not for an Asiatic noble; but even if he is, the Czar will demand, it is said, a 'restoration of legality'—that is, the resignation of the Regency, and a restoration of the Sobranje under a Russian Commissary.

LONGFELLOW.

I.

Two American boys, who have since achieved the highest distinction in literature, graduated with the class of 1825 from Bowdoin College. It was natural that they should gravitate toward the intellectual center of New England, and live near Emerson, with whom their names are associated as peers and friends.

These three men, Longfellow, Hawthorne, and Emerson, are all of them of pure New England blood and training, and are the highest product thus far attained by the American civilization. They honor American citizenship no less than American letters, for they were all men of unimpeachable private characters, and we can gladly respect as well as admire them. They showed that delicate sensibilities, refined intellectual culture, devotion to art, and passionate interest in the supernatural, are entirely consistent with a scrupulous and minute performance of the ordinary duties of life, to which genius sometimes thinks itself superior. None of them slaved for money. They did not regard it, as so many Englishmen of letters have done, as something necessary to social distinction, nor, on the other hand, as something which in their exceptional cases was to be attained by any but the ordinary commercial qualities of frugality and industry; but all of them were methodical, accurate, and competent men of affairs, and from the pecuniary point of view, more than ordinarily successful.

Imagine the hopeless failures Shelley or Coleridge would have been, as foreign consuls, or college professors, or popular lecturers. The fact that a duty was to be performed called into play in their minds marvelous ingenuity in avoiding it. The practicable adaptability of Americans is shown not to be incongruous with high ideals held and lived up to; and we can rightly honor our good, true, and steadfast men of letters that they illustrated a national quality on the grand stage. They paid their debts, and lived within their incomes, and provided for their families, in the most prosaic way; and "did their day's work," as

steadily as the most benighted Philistine, whether the work was providing manna for the children of light, or the drudgery of some regular vocation. They required no sinecures, nor ready-made laureatehips, but took care of themselves and wove their own crowns. Living in the transcendental world as entirely as Shelley, they were as much masters of the real world as Dr. Johnson. This reconciliation of the ideal and the every-day world, this lack of mental awkwardness in practical duties, may be a modern characteristic—a result of the rapid interchange of ideas, and the numberless varying impulses of modern life—but if we cannot claim it broadly as a characteristic of American scholars, it certainly is a trait of the three of whom we have spoken.

In the history of English literature Longfellow must stand as an American, for the reason that he is a personality. Imitation is one thing, absorbing and giving out is another, though the ideas absorbed are reproduced in the product. Longfellow was essentially a man of culture, and literary culture, in his day—much more than it does in ours—meant trans-Atlantic culture; but Longfellow always had a manner, not a very forcible nor pronounced manner, perhaps, in his early days, but still always a graceful, felicitous manner of his own—part of the constitution of his mind. No one can travel in England without receiving many impressions which become part of his mental resources. Many consciously endeavor to reproduce peculiarities of logical movement, or of diction, or even of bearing which have struck them as admirable in our trans-Atlantic cousins, but the imitation is the result of effort, and will betray itself. Some, indeed, after long striving are able to imitate the English vowel pronunciation, and even some of the English croaking sounds, so well, that if we are not paying attention we may not notice that their articulation is second-hand. Like the Ancient Mariner they, "pass like night from land to land," they "have strange power of speech," only, they do not "hold us by their glittering eye" but by their obscure "a's" and "e's." And some Americans, too, have acquired the English literary

manner. But this does not make it the less true that the English literary manner is one thing, and the American literary manner another.

As I said before, the moral standards are substantially the same in the two countries. We agree as to the weightier matters of the law, but the conventional standards are different. The language is the same, but the use of words is not exactly the same. In conversing with an Englishman it is soon forced on our notice that he has attached to all abstract words a meaning slightly different from that which we have been accustomed to receive. The words "home," "family," "gentleman," "lady," have not exactly the same content and association on both sides of the Atlantic, to say nothing of the more broad and general words, the meaning of which depends on our conception of duty.

Did time allow, I think it could be shown that Longfellow is an American poet in essential spirit and in diction, and especially that he holds in their American meaning all those conventional conceptions which are distinctively national, such conceptions, for instance, as are attached to the words "citizen," "family-bond," "marriage relation," and the like, in the using of which the prevalent social usages and laws are unconsciously referred to by the mind.

Perhaps one of the most evident marks of the American spirit is our peculiar attitude toward the past. We are apt to regard it as a vanishing ideal, a type out of vital relation to us. Between us and the past there has been a great gulf fixed, but there has been no break in the continuity of English development. Their present is a modified past, and as far as it is embodied in usages, institutions, and traditions, they are helpless before it. They regard many relics of medieval thought as part of the established and necessary order of things. We are apt to regard such ideas a little whimsically, but always through the imaginative medium. It is the future that we regard with seriousness. Dr. Holmes bears much the same relation to Boston that Charles Lamb did to London, but the American, when speaking of old Boston, falls naturally into

quite a different tone from that which the Englishman adopts when speaking of old London. The humor of Holmes is tinged with whimsicality; the whimsicality of Lamb with respect and regret, as for something in the order of nature—something quite above and beyond human contrivance, and not in the order of development.

If then we may assume, roughly, that one mark of the American spirit is a slightly sentimental regard for the past—a regard characterized not so much by reverence as by critical interest, tinged slightly, too, by a feeling of superiority—I think that we can claim Longfellow to have been an American poet, though by nature he was by far more kindly reverent of antiquity than critical of its shortcomings. It is not so much treating American subjects, as criticising life by the American criterion, that marks an American writer. Longfellow was born just as the plant of native literature began to assume a life of its own. When he died the plant was firmly rooted, and the spirit of nationality had received in the War of the Rebellion definiteness, coherence, and fervor. Margaret Fuller complained that he was an exotic, a foreigner; that he gathered flowers from all lands, but no wild flowers from American soil. He lived after the period which was formative of character, and in the period when a literary tone was developing. He developed with it. He aided in developing it. If *Outre-Mer* is a reflection of continental culture, his poems on slavery—even granting that they were inspired by Sumner's personality—are informed by the very ground-feeling of American patriotism.

It has been frequently said that Longfellow was not original in the highest sense, that he sometimes took the honey other bees had stored up, and did not gather it from the flowers himself. Edgar Poe, who did a good deal of what passed for critical writing forty years ago, stated and reiterated this charge in a venomous tone that would not be tolerated in modern journalism. Margaret Fuller, who was as far superior to Poe in critical insight as in justice and scope of mind, called him a "Dandy Pindar," and objected to him, as I said before, on the ground that he was an

exotic, and a reflection of trans-Atlantic culture. At that period there was a passionate desire to throw off dependence on foreign masters, which we have to a great extent outgrown, though we still hear from time to time frantic calls for the "great American novel," or for the "great American poem," which shall cut loose from all traditions of the past, disdain the models evolved in the effete civilization of Europe, and be altogether "new," and "grand," and "fresh," and "strong," and "penetrating," and "strenuous."

But now most people feel that national temper is of slow evolution; that many heterogeneous elements must be fused and blended here; that we, too, must have a past, and that the spirit of our past must be taken up and transmuted, before a new type is realized in a new art and a new literature. We can see that Longfellow was essentially a scholar—a receiver of impressions from books—that he was like an Æolian harp, blown upon by many winds, so that his music was in many regards necessarily a melodious echo of what was "whispered by world-wandering winds." And we can see, too, that he came into American literary life just as it was passing from the germ to the plant, and that every year he became more distinctive. Thus, the rather timid prose of *Hyperion* might have been written by an Englishman, by Bulwer for instance, if Bulwer had had the graceful and easy touch of the young American; but "The Building of the Ship," though a distinct imitation of Schiller's "Song of the Bell," is nevertheless a national song, and no Englishman could have written "The Song of Hiawatha," unless he had taken to pieces the web of his mind and woven it over again in a trans-Atlantic loom. It would be an interesting task to trace, did time allow, through the entire cycle of Longfellow's work, the growth of American feeling; to show how, as the national spirit became more assured and more dignified in the nation at large, it became, as reflected in his pages, broader and more distinctive. I feel sure from a rapid re-reading that this progress to a higher national ground can be traced in his verse. His was a nature of genial, quiet, healthy growth. From the

beginning he possessed the perfectly graceful touch of the artist, and the gradual evolution that took place in his inner spirit was in the direction of broad and democratic sympathies. It could not well have been otherwise, when Emerson was leading the thought of New England.

It is Emerson, I think, who says that poems should be judged by their effects—by the mood they induce in us. The greatest elevate, strengthen, encourage to resolution and to effort; those on a lower artistic plane amuse, the worst either deaden, or corrupt. The mood Longfellow induces in us, at least through his domestic and personal poems, where he gives out the most of himself—such poems, for instance, as "Excelsior," "The Psalm of Life," "Resignation," and others, where the theme is a reflection on life, a call to duty, or an exhortation to conduct—seems to me to be a normal and healthy one, though not a very vigorous nor positive one. The spirit of these poems is rather dreamy, but not languid, indeed rather restful than languid, but still, slightly that of romantic reverie, and slightly out of sound relation to life. Let us go on peacefully—let us do our duty as it comes to us, looking on the past with resignation, to the future with equanimity. There are so many tender, beautiful things in life, even grief, when subdued by time, becomes a gentle, pathetic feeling. Hamlet's solemn question, "To be or not to be?" never rises like a specter in his imagination. He never echoes the hopeless sadness of Shelley's:—

"We look before and after,
And sigh for what is not,
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught,
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
thought."

Nor is there a note like the profound world-weariness of Macbeth:—

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death."

Longfellow's poetry lies in the light of the sun. It deals with every-day relations. If

there is a "root of bitterness in life, which no change of circumstances, and no improvement in the outward condition can eradicate," our American poet knew it not. But poetry which does not meddle with the great mysteries has its important functions in spiritual education, for our daily duties meet us every day. It carries pleasure and consolation to ordinary mortals, and its gentle pathos lend itself to personal application in the simple joys and private sorrows of the work-a-day world. It may be that poetry of this order lacks the universal element, that it is written for the present generation, and is in its nature ephemeral—a powerful formative and creative agency in its day, but not a great wakening light for all time. For poetry, and, indeed, all imaginative expression, is beyond all question an occult power in forming the character of the young, the more effective that it works most in that type of character which from enthusiasm and activity is most apt, later in life, to react effectively on other more prosaic characters. For many years the Book of Job, the pastoral of Ruth, the Psalms of David, and the heroic history of the chosen people, were the only poetry which had any contact with the mind of New England. This was the poetry of war and of spiritual striving, of the Divine covenant and the conflict with the heathen. Its tone entered into the Puritan soul, and went far to give it that vigor and toughness, that intellectual arrogance and spiritual pride, which if robbing life of much of its sweetness and grace, yet gave it qualities of endurance and reality, of reliance on something outside of itself, which were the necessary outfit of men who should build in the wilderness the foundation of a nation on the germinal institutions of the old Teutonic freedom, stripped of the fungoid accretions of royalty and feudalism. But there are in warmth, color, brightness, grace, and harmony, elements of beauty and joy which are lacking in Puritan thought, and it is not a little significant that the first great poet from this stock in America should be marked by the grace, and tenderness, and sense of rest, which are the highest and last outcome of the conflict of the spirit.

Let us look at Longfellow very cursorily and hastily, as a technical artist—a verse builder. One of the first things that strikes us is that his rhymes are always perfect. He never, like Mrs. Browning, makes "freer" rhyme to "we are," or "thinks he" to "Gallilee," or "dark sea" to "hurriedly," or "achieve" to "negative;" but his rhymes are true chords. The latest theory of verse—Mr. Sidney Lanier's—is, in substance, that the lines are divided into bars, and so grouped that those of equal temporal value recur in fixed numerical positions; that a pause can take the place of a syllable; that the accent lengthens the time necessary to the utterance of a syllable, whether it be the usual pronunciation accent, or the logical accent commonly called emphasis; that every sentence has a rhythm of its own connected with the meaning it conveys. His principles seem to be correctly based in the science of sound, and the nature of spoken discourse, and the last seems to be illustrated in many of Longfellow's lines. For if we examine his poems, we find that in many of them the mechanical rhythm is neglected. Many of them will not scan in the technical sense. There are redundant lines and short lines, but the harmony which results from artistically formed clauses is never wanting. There is the same melody in them that there is in the highest forms of prose—in Hawthorne's prose, for instance. "A Psalm of Life" scans perfectly, so does "Excelsior," and many others are perfect in this superficial quality. But many of his best—the one beginning, "The day is done, and the darkness Falls from the wings of night," for example, do not. The first line in this consists of eight syllables divided naturally into what are usually called an amphibrach, a dactyl, and a spondee. The corresponding line of another verse, "Read from some humbler poet," is made up of seven syllables only, and the first line of the last verse, "And the night shall be filled with music," contains nine syllables. According to the old system, these lines would not be technically correct. But when they are read with the natural expression, we find that every line occupies the same time; and that there is a harmony in them much deeper and

more pleasing than any depending on mere mechanical regularity. The melody of the clauses is subtly related to the movement of the thought, and to the sentiment or feeling. This spontaneous freedom of music is a point in which I am inclined to think Longfellow is superior to Whittier, who, as I remember, is always rigorously correct. But ability to relate the inner movement of verse to the meaning is one of the high poetic powers. Swinburne's poetry consists of melodious collocations of words, which cannot be read grammatically, or if they are, the music is gone. Even of Shelley it is said that he "accomplished the miracle of making words divested of their meaning, the substance of an ethereal harmony." It may be doubted whether this is a miracle worth the working, for music has its own sphere, and when one of the arts intrudes on the province of another, the result is apt to be confused and confusing. A song, however, which is primarily intended for musical utterance, may rightly have the metric framework independent of the grammatical construction. In Tennyson's beautiful "Bugle song," the rhythm of the first line—

"The splendor falls on castle walls,"

necessitates the separation of the prepositional phrase from the verb, a divorce which is contrary to the genius of English speech, unless the modification is more important than the action, which it certainly is not in the above instance.

Shakespeare, in his later manner, is the great exemplar of the interwoven harmony of sound and sense, this ethereal rhetoric—or rather, this conversational music. To take a familiar example, notice again how these words of Horatio are in the highest degree both natural and poetic diction. The thought runs over the line and seems to advance and recede to meet it. No off-hand discourse could sound more spontaneous—no balanced lines could be half so musical:—

"So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yond' high eastern hill.
Break we our watch up; and by my advice
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my soul,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him."

Prospero's address to Miranda, when he unfolds to her the history of his life, is another beautiful instance of this inter-dependence between rhythm and conveyed thought, worth more than all the declamatory "tirades" of French tragedy put together.—CHARLES F. JOHNSON, in *Three Americans and Three Englishmen*.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE SITUATION IN THE EAST.

Who can foretell what will result from a situation so a complicated and so grave as that which we see in the Balkan Peninsula? It is always perilous to play the part of prophet in matters of foreign policy, especially when the final decision must proceed from an autocrat who lives apart from the world, and who can with a single word set in motion at his own will a million of soldiers. *A propos* of the impossibility of foreseeing events, Prince Bismarck, in one of those long evenings at Versailles during the siege of Paris, told a story Herr Busch has reported for us in his curious which book, *Bismarck und seine Leute*. At the moment when the quarrel between Prussia and Switzerland about Neuchâtel seemed likely to lead to war, Bismarck, who was then Prussian representative at the Diet at Frankfort, called on Rothschild and instructed him to sell some stock which he thought would fall if the war broke out. "They are good securites," said Rothschild; "it is a mistake to sell them." "I know what I know" answered Bismarck: "sell." As we know, the Emperor Napoleon intervened, and the question was amicably settled; Bismarck, who thought himself so well informed, sold his stock, and lost on the bargain. "It is the only financial speculation I ever made," he added; "I was a diplomatist, not more stupid than other diplomatists; I thought I was admirably informed, and yet my forecast was entirely contradicted by the event."

So I will not try to predict what the near future may have in store for us. The only task that can be attempted is to disentangle the interests of the different States which in-

volved in this Eastern imbroglio. First, let us take the Bulgarians. I think I may assert that the good things which I said of them in my book on the Balkan Peninsula have been entirely justified by their conduct in the face of the stern and terrible trials through which they have just passed. Taken at unawares by a detestable piece of treachery, worthy only of the brigands who infest Macedonia, they rallied round the Prince who had been their leader, and proved their affection and gratitude to him by unmistakable signs. Left to themselves by the forced departure of their Sovereign, they met the intrigues, the threats, and the violence of the Russian agents with firmness, dignity, and prudence. In spite of all the efforts of General Kaulbars to provoke disturbance, order has been maintained down to this moment. The Regency, in strict obedience to the Constitution, has issued orders for elections to the National Assembly, and has replied to the unjustifiable demands and accusations of Russia by notes as dignified as they were unanswerable. We may well hope that the whole Bulgarian people, and especially the officers, will have dignity and patriotism enough to resist all foreign interference and rally to the Government which legitimately represents their country. Both the people and the army showed so much courage and devotion in repelling the Servian invasion that it is reasonable to expect from them similar heroism in opposing any Russian columns which may seek to occupy Bulgaria in the teeth alike of treaty rights and of international law. No doubt they must be beaten in the end. But the Russian troops would have to go by sea; their commissariat would not be an easy matter; and the Bulgarian army might, by purely defensive movements and guerilla warfare, keep up its resistance long enough for some Power to come to its relief. Let us hope that we may be spared the spectacle of this fratricidal struggle.

The policy of Russia has been as clumsy as it possibly could be, and in its later stage it has become absolutely odious. It is to Russia that Roumania, Servia, and Bulgaria are indebted for their freedom; and yet Russia, by

her haughty and violent proceedings, has brought it about that all these young States, which owe to her their very existence, have become hostile to her. From 1830 to 1840 Russia acted in Servia precisely as she is acting in Bulgaria to-day, and with the same result. Having forced from Turkey the concession of the semi-independence of Servia, she tried to govern the country according to her own liking, by means of the Ministry and the Prince. The Russian consul gave his orders and the Government had only to obey. But the Servians got tired of being the mere instruments of the foreigner, and opposition soon sprang up, which Russia tried to overcome by all possible methods—by gaining over influential senators to her side, stirring up popular movements, and even compelling the Prince to abdicate and quit Bulgaria. Nothing came of it: the national sentiment proved quite unmanageable. Servia escaped from Russian influence, and in spite of the fact that the recent aggrandizement of the Principality is due to the generous devotion of the Russian volunteers and soldiers who shed their blood in the valley of the Timok, it is not to St. Petersburg that Prince Milan looks for his instructions.

In the Russian interventor in Bulgarian affairs we see the same inconsistency and the same lack of foresight. Having given to the Bulgarian people their freedom and provided them with a constitution as liberal as that of Belgium, and more democratic, presently she finds that they prefer to use their newly acquired liberty for the purpose of governing themselves according to their own wishes and needs, and not for the purpose of obeying the commands of the Czar. Forthwith she urges the Prince to a *coup-d'état*, which was effected on the 27th of May, 1881, scarcely two years after the Constitution of Tirnova was promulgated, and before its working could possibly be judged of. The Prince demanded of the Extraordinary Assembly full powers for seven years, and also the right of proposing a revision of the Constitution. The Russian General, Ehrenroott, who was made Minister, managed by means of gendarmes and special commissioners to suppress completely all

electoral freedom. The Liberals, hunted like wild beasts, abstained from the polls. The Consul-General of Russia announced the approval of the Czar. Nevertheless, some Liberal deputies were elected; among others, M. Balabanoff was returned for Sofia. They were excluded by the President of the Legislative Assembly, the *Sobranje*. The régime which followed was a reproduction of that of December 2 in France—a real despotism hidden under a slight varnish of constitutionalism.

It is a fact very honorable to the Bulgarian character that the superior officials headed the remonstrance, just as was the case in Hesse, at the time of Hassenpflug. Thus, at Sofia, fifty-five of the higher employés, including the President of the Court of Accounts and almost all the heads of Ministerial Departments, members of the Court of Appeal, and Municipal Councilors, signed a petition to the Council of State asking for guarantees against the arbitrary power of the Government. This act of patriotic courage cannot be too much admired.

To insure the success of the Ministerial candidates at the coming elections it was necessary to call in the General. The Czar saw that the situation had become very embarrassing, and he sent two very able officers—Generals Kaulbars and Soboleff. The elections again controlled by the military, were everywhere favorable to the Conservatives, the Liberals being compelled to keep away. But Natchovitch, Grecoff, and the Prince himself, soon began a secret contest against the Russian Generals. I have heard many piquant details on this subject. At the Prince's dinners the Generals came with their aides-de-camp, without waiting for invitations, and at the soirées the Prince pretended not to see them. He was irritated by his Russian Ministers, who considered him as under their protection. They acted like masters, and tried to manage everything in their own way. The Conservative Ministers endeavored to force them to retreat by exciting opposition against them in the Chamber. It was intimated from St. Petersburg that the mission of Generals Soboleff and Kaulbars would not be com-

pleted until MM. Natchovitch and Grecoff had retired.

Much exasperated, these two Ministers pursued the struggle with more bitterness than ever; they even went so far as to join with the Liberals in their effort to compel the Russian Generals to leave the country, while the Prince steadfastly refused to receive the latter. Russia, finding that she had made a mistake in favoring the reaction, ordered M. Yonine, the Russian Consul, to compel the Prince to reestablish the Constitution of Tirnova (August) 1883. The Conservatives, seeing that there was no hope of success, did everything to obtain the support of the Liberals. M. Zankoff, but lately proscribed, became the master of the situation. He accepted the power offered to him by Prince Alexander on condition that the Constitution should be obeyed. The Russian Generals, Kaulbars and Soboleff, being left without support, sent in their resignation and left Sofia. The Conservatives, who had brought them, openly rejoiced over their departure, while the Radicals showed them the warmest sympathy.

Russia, evicted, manifested her displeasure by recalling two of the Prince's aides-de-camp, without even giving him notice. Deeply wounded, the Prince sent back all the Russian officers of his suite, and recalled the thirty-one Bulgarian officers who were studying in Russia. This was open hostility. M. Balabanoff, the best man to fairly represent Bulgaria, was sent as a delegate to the Czar. He was well received at St. Petersburg, and peace was made. The Emperor recalled Kaulbars, and it was decided that for the future Russian officers in Bulgaria should give their attention exclusively to military matters. To sum up, the result obtained was important. Bulgaria, like Western Roumelia, had definitely escaped from the guardianship of Russia.

Nevertheless, when I visited Bulgaria three years ago the feeling of gratitude toward "Le Czar Libérateur" was still very strong. In the cottages, in the *hans*, in all the public buildings, the portrait of the Emperor hung side by side with that of Prince Alexander.

and generally in the more important place. But the attitude taken by Russia upon the question of the union of Bulgaria and Roumelia has estranged all hearts from her. It fills one with surprise and melancholy to see* with what asperity the Russian Ambassador, at the Conference of Constantinople, opposed the union of the two Bulgarias, a measure unanimously desired by the people, justified by historical, ethnical, geographical and commercial considerations, and admitted in principle from the very outset by Count Kálnoky. Russia alone, to her disgrace, urged Turkey to send troops to occupy Roumelia, at the risk of renewing the Bulgarian atrocities—a step so extreme that it shocked all the Powers, even Turkey herself. Whence came this opposition to a manifestation of the popular will, aiming at the establishment, in part, of that very Bulgaria which Russia had herself mapped out in the Treaty of San Stefano, and had at one moment been prepared to defend even at the risk of a general war. It was an attitude so contrary to the traditional policy of Russia, that the Russians at Philippopolis at first, and before they had received their instructions, showed themselves favorable to the union movement.

The apologists of Russia—and, among them, Madame de Novikoff, one of her most convinced and most eloquent apologists—plead that the Czar was bound to act as he did, lest he should appear in the eyes of Europe as an accomplice in a revolution contrary both to the Treaty of Berlin and to the views which he had recently expressed to his Imperial allies. But it appears from the Blue-Book† that Count Kálnoky told Sir A. Paget that the Czar was as much taken by surprise by the course of events at Philippopolis as Prince Alexander himself. So that there was no need for the Czar to urge the Turks to re-occupy Roumelia in order to prove that he had not favored or excited the Roumelian movement, which indeed no well-informed person suspected him of. The truth is, that he was influenced by two feelings, both egotistic, and not easily to be justified. In the

first place, he was profoundly vexed with Prince Alexander because he neither would nor could play the part of a Russian proconsul, yielding passive obedience to the General sent to him from St. Petersburg. Secondly, he was beginning to understand that Great Bulgaria, recognized by Europe, supported at last even by the Porte, and now sure of future prosperity and freedom, would certainly escape from the exclusive influence of Russia.

In giving way to these narrow jealousies, the Czar was taking up a policy even less adroit than before. He proved, in contradiction to all the fine speeches of the Moscow Slavophiles about their brethren in the Peninsula, that what Russia had had in view was only to constitute a group of vassal principalities, and not to foster the enfranchisement and autonomous development of the Serbs and Bulgarians. He admitted, by implication, that in creating the "Great Bulgaria" of the Treaty of San Stefano he had made an enormous blunder, and shown the most palpable want of foresight; for clearly that Bulgaria, being much more powerful, and possessing in a much higher degree the elements of prosperity, would have offered a far more prompt and vigorous resistance to the encroachments of Russia than the Bulgaria of the Treaty of Berlin. And lastly, what was more important, he aroused against himself the patriotic feeling of the Bulgarians, and provoked the distrust of Servia, Roumania, and all the Slav peoples of the Peninsula, by showing them that the true object of Russia was simply to subject them to her irresistible will, pending the moment when she should think fit to annex them.

And now what shall I say of recent events; of the conspiracy of Sofia, openly paid for by Russia: of the banishment of the young Prince whose courage and skill were the admiration of Europe; above all, of the mission of General Kaulbars, disputing with the crowd at public meetings, urging the military men and officials to rise against the lawful government of their country, stirring up troops of peasants in order to invalidate the elections on the pretext of disturbances and

* Blue-Book, Turkey; No. 1, 1886.

† September 22, 1885; 8-12.

riots, and returning from his fruitless tour, everywhere bowed out and avoided? No words can adequately depict the series of foolish proceedings of this tragi-comedy, in which the hateful and the ridiculous dispute the supremacy. The next result is that Russia has united against her all parties in Europe—the friends of freedom, because she infringes the liberties of a peaceful, sensible, and industrious people who have won the esteem of every one; the Conservatives, because she has been fomenting insurrections and pronunciamientos; and the partisans of law, because she has taken under her protection the authors of the kidnaping affair at Sofia, men much more guilty than the Russian Nihilists, who, though they resort to abominable methods, are at least striving, at the peril of their own lives, to emancipate their country, while the conspirators who made a night raid on Prince Alexander not only broke their military oath, but betrayed their country for a foreign bribe. Bulgaria has had the splendid advantage, such as also fell to the fortune of Belgium, of having a prince at one with his people, who had led them to victory, and was then in a position to found a national dynasty. In order to satisfy a contemptible spite, Russia has destroyed this element of peace and pledge of a happy future, and so far as in her lies, has left this young state which she herself created, a prey to the unknown, to anarchy, and, it may be, to a crisis which may endanger its very existence.

What will Russia do now? Who can foretell the decree of a ruler ignorant, unintelligent, ill-informed, as we can only too well see, and rendered almost imbecile by the voluntary imprisonment to which he is condemned by the incessant conspiracies of his subjects, who are driven to despair by his outrageous severity? The most sensible thing to do would obviously be to draw from General Kaulbars' mission the sound conclusion that the Bulgarians mean to govern themselves, and not to obey orders from St. Petersburg, and to accept this fact, which every one can see. If she is determined to impose her will, she must dispatch the Cossacks—a step which might have the gravest

consequences. Is she sure that Berlin, which maintains so absolute a reserve, would consent? Would not the Russian army of occupation, which must cross the Black Sea, find its communications cut by the Turkish fleet and the English iron-clads? Would it not very soon come into contact with "the Austro-Hungarian sentinel, mounting guard over the Balkans," of whom Lord Salisbury, and, still more recently, Lord Randolph Churchill, has spoken? Besides, the position of Russia in Bulgaria, deprived of the right of sending supplies through Roumania, would be very difficult. She would have to reckon from the outset with the passionate hostility of the country occupied. The Bulgarians, like the Servians, have the instinct of liberty and independence, and it will be long before they are willing to be led like serfs.

Let us consider what would be the probable attitude of the Powers in presence of such an event. There has been much talk lately about the understanding which seemed to be established between Turkey and Russia. The Porte, conscious of the dangers which threaten it on every side, refuses to offend any Power, and will take no step without the concurrence of the States which were parties to the Treaty of Berlin; but it would probably resist a Russian occupation if assured of sufficient support, and for two reasons—first, for fear of losing a province which was on the way to become an ally, as Prince Alexander had proposed; and next, because Russia, well planted at Philipopolis, would be practically master of Constantinople. I do not believe that any promise of *baksheesh* would bring the Sultan voluntarily to submit to such a solution.

As to Austria-Hungary, her policy has been already explained in M. Tisza's remarkable speech to the Hungarian Parliament. She covets no extension of territory in the Balkan Peninsula; she cannot allow any other Power to exercise preponderating influence there; she favors the autonomy of the young states which have so recently sprung up, and would willingly see them federated. This attitude is apparently hostile to the entry of the Russians into Bulgaria. One would have thought

that an agreement might have been come to between the two empires which dispute the hegemony of the Balkan peninsula, the one taking the west, as far as Salonica, and the other the east, as far as Constantinople. But I fancy that the Hungarians, who are very clear-sighted, would never consent to such a partition. For first, it would immeasurably increase the Slav element in the dual empire; and secondly, the position of Austria at Salonica would be untenable with Russia at Constantinople, Great Bulgaria on one flank and Montenegro on the other. Austria cannot extend her occupation from Bosnia and Novi Bazar to the Egean, unless Russia remains within her present frontiers. One of the most eminent of Russian military writers, General Fédéeff, has said that the road from Moscow to Constantinople lay through Vienna; and he was right. Austria must be reduced to impotence before she could allow the Russians to establish themselves permanently on the shores of the Bosphorus.

And, England, what would she do? You are better able to judge than I. But it seems to me that she would support Austria, because it is for her interest to do so. At least that is what Lord Randolph Churchill said very lately; but was he speaking of moral support or of the effective support of the British fleet? I think that England would be drawn into active hostilities, because it would be better worth her while to fight Russia in company with allies on the Continent and on the Black Sea, than to have to attack the Muscovite Colossus alone in the deserts of Central Asia, or the valleys of Afghanistan, as she was ready to do the other day under the Gladstone Cabinet. It has lately been maintained that England might look on a Russian occupation of Constantinople without regret or fear, and even with satisfaction. It is an illusion or a dream. It is the same question as that of Egypt. If England could give up her interest in India, turn her attention to her internal development, and resolve to allow the Suez Canal to pass into the hands of France or Russia, that would be a complete scheme, and would best make for the happiness of the English people. But as in the present state

of opinion this policy, however desirable on economic grounds, has not the slightest chance of acceptance, the Government, of whatever complexion, will be compelled to defend the passage from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea.

The Russians at Constantinople would be masters of the Suez Canal, for having the Black Sea all to themselves and the Bosphorus for a base of operations they could dispatch to Egypt by land such an army as the English could not stop. If therefore England can find allies, she will prevent the Russians from occupying Bulgaria in permanence, and this is the more probable that Liberal opinion is unanimous in favor of the Bulgarians, and of the idea of a Balkan Federation, which Mr. Gladstone has always put forward.

Italy would probably incline to the cause of the liberty of peoples, defended by England and Austria; but no one would, I imagine, expect any military action from her. There remains to be questioned the formidable Sphinx of Berlin. Every one acknowledges that the final decision depends on him. If he decidedly opposes the occupation of Bulgaria, it will not take place; for unless at least the Czar has lost all power of forecast, he will not go so far as to risk the quadruple alliance of Turkey, Austria, Germany and England. Some say Bismarck will not veto the occupation, because he does not want war. But, on the contrary, would not his veto be peace? And if he does not forbid, it is not because a conflict between Russia and Austria would not be disagreeable to him? Three years ago, when I traveled along the banks of the Danube and through the Balkan Peninsula, every one thought that this terrible duel was about to come off because Prince Bismarck desired it.

I will not venture to solve this awful enigma; but we call to mind some remarks of the great Chancellor on this subject, which afford matter for reflection. In June, 1888, Prince Bismarck, in the Prussian Parliament, addressing one of the heads of the Liberal opposition, spoke as follows:—

“The honorable deputy Richter is for economy in the budget, and so am I; but in what departments

shall we economize? No doubt he refers to the military expenditure; it is only there that reduction is possible. But does not Herr Richter know that Germany is a *pole* toward which all the bayonets in Europe may point? Does he forget that ever since 1875 I have not paused for one moment in my efforts to prevent the formation of a triple alliance against us. Be sure of this, that on the day which shall see us weak and disarmed that alliance will be made."

It was to prevent that triple alliance that Prince Bismarck, in 1879, entered into the very closest relations with Austria. The Austrian alliance is the pivot of his policy. He is threatened by the ever possible alliance of France and Russia. "Such an alliance," he once said, "is so natural that we may consider it as already in existence." When, in 1870, Bishop Strossmayer asked of the Russian ambassador at Vienna that the Czar should come to the relief of France, he was answered: "It would be an act of folly on our part. We shall now have an ally on whom we can always reckon in case of need." May not Bismarck, knowing himself menaced both from East and West, think it wise to rid himself of one of his two enemies, while he is still sure of having Austria with him; or rather, may he not be very willing to see a struggle between Russia and Austria, in which he might, by supporting his ally, reduce one of his enemies to impotence for a long time to come? He may, perhaps, think the moment opportune. Germany has still with her Moltke and the other military leaders who fought the campaign of 1870; she has at her head the Iron Chancellor himself, the ablest politician of his age; while France has no general of reputation and no great strategist. It is certain that in 1875 Bismarck wanted—and if necessary, by force—to prevent the French from reconstituting their army and their defences, and as he was hindered from doing so by the Emperor of Russia and Gortchakoff he must have thought of weakening that obstacle. The Eastern Question, by rendering the rivalry of Russia and Austria more acute, may some day furnish him with the means of accomplishing his object.

The Austro-German alliance rests upon common interests so obvious, that we may believe Count Taaffe's recent declaration that it re-

mains unshaken. Austria, supported by Germany, is in truth mistress of the East. She only can speak the decisive word. Her influence in Servia is supreme. Bosnia and Herzegovina, under the skillful administration of Baron Kallay, are on the way to become completely assimilated to her. By protecting Bulgarian autonomy, and supporting, under the plea of the rights of nationalities, the idea of a Balkan Federation, she will, thanks to the inexplicable mistakes of Russia, see the whole peninsula turn toward her, and accept her commercial and economic supremacy. There is no disguising the fact that since she has been able to dispose of the sword of Germany, she has grown from a weak and threatened Power into arbiter of European politics. Germany, on her side, finds in the support of Austria security, and the certainty of being able to face both the East and the West at once. We may therefore conclude, that if Austria thinks she ought at one stroke to prevent Russia from occupying Bulgaria, and so being, by railway, at the very gates of Constantinople, Germany will support her. Prince Bismarck has often said that the German Empire has no direct interests in the East; and one can see from Blue-Books (Turkey, I. and II.) that he comes to no decision without consulting Austria; but he has an overwhelming interest in holding the friendship of Austria, and this will determine his true position.

● If the Czar, carried away by his anger, his resentments, and his embarrassments, should take the plunge, and brave the hostility of Austria, could he count on the support of France? Who will dare to say yes? No doubt the idea of the "Revanche" has not faded out of the French mind. On the contrary, it has been gaining strength for some time past. To satisfy one's self of this it is only necessary to read the French newspapers, or to note that a writer so cautious as M. Cherbuliez closes his recent article* on Bulgarian affairs with the following words:—"France has no course to propose, but is it her duty to hold off from those who would speak with her, and can she prevent people from knowing where she

* *Revue des Deux Mondes*, October 1, 1886.

lives?" We must believe that France would choose her own time, and that she would not mingle in the fray, unless she saw Germany obliged to carry off a portion of her army to the East to cover the flank of Austria. Whatever may be said, France has at her disposal very formidable military forces, animated by an ardent patriotism and an insatiable thirst for vengeance; her territory and her capital are now surrounded by a ring of detached forts and entrenched camps, so well planted that an invasion like that of 1870 has become impossible. But, on the other hand, she has no generalissimo who would, from the first start, be universally accepted—an indispensable condition of successful warfare in an epoch like ours, when the engagements of the first fortnight decide the campaign; and besides it would be very difficult for the French to get past the enormous fortifications of Strasbourg and Metz into the interior of Germany. They would therefore be obliged to invade by the valley of the Meuse, and endeavor to turn Cologne—a very dangerous plan of attack, according to the strategic authorities. Would these obvious difficulties be enough to prevent her from seizing the opportunity apparently offered by a war between Germany and Russia? At all events there would be for the French people a moment of cruel anxiety and perhaps of irresistible impulse.

Happily, at the moment at which I pen the concluding lines of this article, the danger which seemed imminent tends to recede. The Czar seems to be coming to understand that the road he was taking leads to disaster. We may hope that a very clear and marked understanding between England, Germany and Austria will always avail to stop him; and if this strange and mysterious journey of Lord Randolph Churchill has contributed to that end, the friends of humanity will owe him their best thanks.

I am not unaware that the English Liberals are very loth to see their country deeply involved—and especially by means of alliances—in the complications of continental politics. But circumstances may arise in which this may be the best way of preserving peace. If England were to decide to defend only her

own shores, and to leave the rest of her Empire to the attacks of her rivals, she would rightly pursue a policy of absolute isolation. But if it be necessary to keep in view the moment when she may be compelled to appeal to arms, whether to defend Constantinople or India, would it not be worth her while to escape so terrible a necessity, even at the price of continental alliances, provided that they had for their object the rights and liberties of nations, and the maintenance of international law? It is not enough to desire and to resolve on peace, we must also make up our minds to do all that is needful to secure it.—EMILE DE LAVELEYE, in *The Contemporary Review*

SOCIALISM AND LANDED PROP- ERTY.

The discussion of natural rights is one from which, as a mere empirical utilitarian, I should prefer to stand aloof. But when it is asserted that the prevalent semi-socialistic movement implies at once a revolt from orthodox political economy, and a rejection of Kant's and Mr. Spencer's fundamental political principle, that the coercive action of government should simply aim at securing equal freedom to all, I feel impelled to suggest a very different interpretation of the movement. I think that it may be more truly conceived as an attempt to realize natural justice as taught by Mr. Spencer, under the established conditions of society, with as much conformity as possible to the teachings of orthodox English* political economy. For what, according to Mr. Spencer, is the foundation of the right of property? It rests on the natural right of a man to the free exercise of his faculties, and therefore to the results of his labor; but this can clearly give no right to exclude others from the use of the bounties of Nature; hence the obvious inference is that the price which—as Ricardo and his disciples

* I say "English" because Bastiat and other continental writers have partly, I think, been led to reject the Ricardian theory of rent by their desire to avoid the obvious inference that the payment of rent was opposed to natural justice.

teach—is increasingly paid, as society progresses, for the use of the “natural and original powers of the soil,” must belong, by natural right, to the human community as a whole; it can only be through usurpation that it has fallen into the hands of private individuals. Mr. Spencer himself, in his *Social Statics*, has drawn this conclusion in the most emphatic terms. That “equity does not admit property in land;” that “the right of mankind at large to the earth’s surface is still valid, all deeds, customs, and laws notwithstanding;” that “the right of private possession of the soil is no right at all;” that “no amount of labor bestowed by an individual upon a part of the earth’s surface can nullify the title of society to that part;” that, finally, “to deprive others of their rights to the use of the earth is a crime inferior only in wickedness to the crime of taking away their lives or personal liberties;”—these conclusions are enforced by Mr. Spencer with an emphasis that makes Mr. Henry George appear a plagiarist. Perhaps it will be replied that this argument only affects land: that it doubtless leads us to confiscate land “with as little injury to the landed class as may be”—giving them, I suppose, the same sort of compensation that was given to slave-owners when we abolished slavery—but it cannot justify taxation of capitalists.

But a little reflection will show that this distinction between owners of land and owners of other property cannot be maintained. In the first place, on Mr. Spencer’s principles, the rights of both classes to the actual things they now legally own are equally invalid. For, obviously, the original and indefeasible right of all men to the free exercise of their faculties on their material environment must—if valid at all—extend to the whole of the environment; property in the raw material of movables must be as much a usurpation as property in land. As Mr. Spencer says, “the reasoning used to prove that no amount of labor bestowed by an individual upon a part of the earth’s surface can nullify the title of society to that part,” might be similarly employed to show that no one can, “by the labor he expends in catching or gathering,” super-

sede “the just claims of other men” to “the thing caught or gathered.” If it be replied that technically this is true, but that substantially the value of what the capitalist owns is derived from labor, whereas the value of what the landlord owns is largely not so derived, the answer is that this can only affect the respective claims of the two classes to receive compensation when the rest of the community enforce their indefeasible rights to the free use of their material environment; and that, in fact, these different claims have now got inextricably mixed up by the complicated series of exchanges between land and movables that has taken place since the original appropriation of the former. To quote Mr. Spencer again, “most of our present landowners are men who have, either mediately or immediately, given for their estates equivalents of honestly earned wealth”—at least as honestly earned as any other wealth—so that if they are to be expropriated in order to restore the free use of the land to the human race, the loss entailed on them must be equitably distributed among all other owners of wealth.

But is the expropriation of landlords a measure economically sound? We turn to the orthodox economists, who answer, almost unanimously,* that it is not; that, not to speak of the financial difficulty of arranging compensation, the business of owning and letting land is, on various grounds, not adapted for governmental management; and that a decidedly greater quantum of utility is likely to be obtained from the land, under the stimulus given by complete ownership, than could be obtained under a system of leasehold tenure. What then is to be done? The only way that is left of reconciling the Spencerian doctrine of natural right with the teachings of orthodox political economy, seems to be just that “doctrine of ransom” which the semi-socialists have more or less explicitly put forward. Let the rich, landowners and capitalists alike, keep their property, but let them ransom the flaw in their titles by com-

* J. S. Mill is, so far as I know, the only important exception; and his orthodoxy on questions of this kind is somewhat dubious.

pensating the other human beings residing in their country for that free use of their material environment which has been withdrawn from them; only let this compensation be given in such a way as not to impair the mainsprings of energetic and self-helpful industry. We cannot restore to the poor their original share in the spontaneous bounties of Nature; but we can give them instead a fuller share than they could acquire unaided of the more communicable advantages of social progress, and a fairer start in the inevitable race for the less communicable advantages; and "reparative justice" demands that we should give them this much.

That it is not an easy matter to manage this compensation with due regard to the interests of all concerned, I readily grant; and also that the details of the legislation which this semi-socialistic movement has prompted, and is prompting, are often justly open to criticism, both from the point of view of Mr. Spencer and from that of orthodox economists; but, when these authorities combine to attack its general drift, it seems worth while to point out how deeply their combined doctrines are concerned in its parentage.

At this point the reader may perhaps wonder where I find the real indisputable opposition, between orthodox political economy and the prevalent movement in our legislation. The most obvious example of it is to be found in the kind of governmental interference, against which the request for *laissez faire* was originally directed, and which is perhaps more appropriately called "paternal" than "socialistic" legislation which aims at regulating the business arrangements of any industrial class, not on account of any apprehended conflict between the private interests, properly understood, of the persons concerned, and the public interest, but on account of their supposed incapacity to take due care of their own business interests. The most noteworthy recent instance of this in England is the interference in contracts between (English) agricultural tenants and their landlords in respect of "compensation for improvements;" since no attempt, so far as I know, was made by those who urged this interference to show

that the properly understood interests of landlords and tenants combined would not lead them to arrange for such treatment of the land as was under their existing circumstances economically best.

A more important species of unorthodox legislation consists of measures that attempt to determine directly, by some method other than free competition, the share of the appropriated product of industry allotted to some particular industrial class. The old legal restrictions on interest, old and new popular demands for "fair" wages, recent Irish legislation to secure "fair" rents, all come under this head. Any such legislation is an attempt to introduce into a social order constructed on a competitive basis a fundamentally incompatible principle; the attempt in most cases fails from its inevitable incompleteness, and where it succeeds, its success inevitably removes or weakens the normal motives to industry and thrift. You can make it illegal for a man to pay more than a certain price for the use of money, but you cannot thus secure him the use of the money he wants at the legal rate; so that, if his wants are urgent, he will pay the usurer more than he would otherwise have done to compensate him for the risk of the unlawful loan. Similarly, you can make it illegal to employ a man under a certain rate of wages, but you cannot secure his employment at that rate, unless the community will undertake to provide for an indefinite number of claimants work remunerated at more than its market value; in which case its action will tend to remove, to a continually increasing extent, the ordinary motives to vigorous and efficient labor. So again, you can insure that a tenant does not pay the full competition rent to his landlord, but—unless you prohibit the sale of the rights that you have thus given him in the produce of the land—you cannot insure that his successor in title shall not pay the full competitive price for the use of the land in rent *plus* interest on the cost of the tenant-right; and, in any case, if you try by a "fair rent" to secure to the tenant a share of produce on which he can "live and thrive," you inevitably deprive him of the ordinary motives—both

attractive and deterrent—prompting to energetic self-help and self-improvement. I do not say dogmatically that no measures of this kind ought ever, under any circumstances, to be adopted, but merely that a heavy burden of proof is thrown on any one who advocates them, by the valid objections of orthodox political economy; and that, in the arguments used in support of recent legislation of this kind, this burden does not appear to me to have been adequately taken up.—**PROF. HENRY SIDGWICK**, in *The Contemporary Review*.

WATER OR WINE.

Running water has always possessed a charm for the minds of men second to no other influence in out-door life. All through the old literatures, from the brooks of the Bible to the resplendent fountains of Horace, we hear the bubbling of the transparent streams and feel the coolness and freshness of their currents. Whether we walk by the Jordan, or rest by the dreamy "source of some sacred stream," we never miss the distinct and individual fascination—the melodious mystery of the rippling element, so abundant and yet so precious; the tinted, water-worn pebbles, the white sand, the flashing minnows, the kingfisher!

The poets, those glorious loungers by the brooks, long ago surprised the rhythmic secret of running water; but they have never been able to imprison in their lyrics that under throb, that liquid counterpoint which palpitates in every brook and rivulet from Texas to Turkestan. Anacreon caught the gurgle of wine, and set in exquisite phrasing the sensuous, luring delights of the mocker glowing red in the glass, and Keats, the restless, longing boy, has cried out.

"Oh for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushing Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim
And purple-stained mouth."

But the artless, healthy soul would have thought of the bubbling spring, with the fragrant mint growing around it. I remem-

ber one, where the peppermint and cress and calamus formed the frame for a pool, clearer and sweeter than that of Bandusia; and a gourd was the beaker, at whose brim the beaded bubbles winked. One who drank there felt the coolness slowly steal throughout his frame, and it was as if Nature had poured her freshness through his veins. If wine is a mocker, water is a consoler. If your nerves are tired, there is no medicine so good as the sound of a pure, swiftly-flowing brook. The restorative effect comes of the lulling, soothing ripple-music. Insomnia is impossible where this stream-bubbling can be heard. The sweetest sleep that ever came to tired eyelids may be had by hanging your hammock (some sultry summer night) directly above a noisy rapid of some pure brook, or by the sea. I remember many a night of delicious slumber on the cool, dry sand of a Floridian coast-island. The swash and boom of the Atlantic comes with the thought. The sweetest flowers and the most luxuriant plants grow where water is; they seem to revel in the moisture the coolness, the music and the pervading freshness. All the four-footed animals and the birds congregate at times near the springs and brooks, or slip shyly down to the still pools to bathe. The shade is more refreshing and the sunshine is more antiseptic in the little dells where the influence of the restless water currents fills all the air. What flagon with its mysterious philter can stay the very soul thirst like a jug of water from the hill-side spring! Comfort me with a draught from the "moss-covered bucket." Even a picture of an old well-sweep is cooling and satisfying, almost.

But a bath in running water! Have you watched a fish in a crystal-clear current, his head up stream, working his fins just enough to keep him stationary? What comfort is suggested! Every pore of one's skin, every ultimate particle of one's nerve-tissue, every fiber of one's frame, clamors for the luxury that the fish enjoys. See that wading-bird, a heron or a sand-piper; how the sense of coolness must steal up those still-like legs and ripple out to the tip of every feather! Who doesn't like to wade. I should almost doubt

the honesty of him whose feet did not itch to feel the touch of flowing water.

I once found a brown thrush's nest on a branch swinging about three feet above the surface of a noisy spring stream. I heard the male bird sing hard by, and then I knew where he had found those wonderful liquid notes. If evolution is a truth to its farthest limit, then we can trace the birds back to the fishes, and we might well imagine that bird-song is the hereditary memory of running water.

If a stream runs through a desert it is accompanied by a shining line of green plants and we see wisps of birds following its wavering way. When the glaciers retreated from the temperate zone our rivers were the first immigration lines of plants and animals. True, the warm Gulf Stream enticed a fringe of green far up the Atlantic coast; but it was the Mississippi River that drew from its mouth to its source a great army of vegetation which afterward spread over all the great valley and out across the highlands. Next to sunlight and heat, water is the greatest life-giving force in Nature. Whenever sunlight and water meet there is luxuriant, gushing life. Water is joy; drouth is sorrow and death. Life is a fever without the cooling sip, the soothing draught from the well. What is the use of stimulants, when, with most of us, the mere friction of life's current in our veins is burning us up? Abstinence from every artificial strain is commanded by Nature, and the command is implicitly obeyed by all her subjects save man. A fountain of the rarest old wine would never tempt my thrush, my mockingbird or my gay, green heron. Water, the soother, the quencher of fire, the controller of passion, is their drink. There is a profound physiological meaning in this trite fact. The wild things do not know as much as we do about the good of this, or the evil of that; but they never break old Nature's laws. What is the meaning? It is equipoise—steadfastness—hereditary habit. Looking into the far future and remembering how this hereditary habit is created, we may well draw the conclusion, and to-day begin laying the foundation for the steadfast char-

acter of future generations. Shall dumb nature, working blindly, do more than human nature, working in the full flood of intelligence and of Christian enlightenment? For countless ages the bird and the beast have kept faith with Nature; and who finds a wild bird with consumption or a wild beast with Bright's disease? There is nothing visionary in such a question. From my earliest boyhood I have been a persistent, tireless roamer in the wild woods, a student by field and flood, and I never yet have found a sick wild thing, save those sick from wounds, nor have I ever found a dead wild thing which appeared to have died of disease or old age. This is significant, in view of man's terrible lot. No one need rush to the extreme of the thought; but why may we not sensibly and safely infer enough to argue as follows: For years unnumbered the wild things have strictly followed the plain rules of Nature. As they have developed their habits have developed, so that a bird, for instance, and its life-habit are the results of parallel and just natural forces. Man and his habits might have been as justly balanced for perfect physical and moral sanity, if he had never transgressed. But transgression is already becoming a hereditament—I mean physical transgression—and who does not see long dark lines running down into the far future marking the ways of weakness, disease, suffering and crime, through countless generations?

Man has not been upon earth as long as the other animals have. We cannot say, and I think science forbids us to say, that man has yet had time to develop any steadfast human life-habit. But in the great future habit will crystalize and become permanently hereditary. It appears to me that one of the highest offices of Christianity is to influence through the ages this crystalization of human habit. Man, the last and noblest of God's creations, will, perhaps, some time in the awful future, reach a fixed stature, when (in no dimly figurative sense) his drink will be either water or wine. Nature, even human nature, is in God's hand, and we must trust that, as he has led his older creatures to steadfastness in the simplest and safest habit of life, he will

lead our younger and more precious race of beings safely into the highest state of moral and physical equilibrium. The water of life is a phrase balancing well between the meanings of science and the meanings of religion. There is no substitute for water anywhere in the economy of Nature, and its cleansing and soothing properties might well pass over into literature along with the word and typify the highest and purest influence that affects human life.

If we could but view ourselves as the fountains of generations running perhaps millions of years into the future, and then rationally consider the enormous responsibility we assume when we adulterate the fountains, we should shudder that on our account a clear stream is rendered muddy and bitter to flow so far.

What a brook, bordered by green willows, winding away through the great plain of the future, is a hereditary happiness! Robust health and steadfast qualities, based on sanity, purity, and simplicity! A clear stream of generations after generations, slowly but surely assuming the type-form of the race!

Perhaps, after all, the universal delight in running water shown by mankind is but a manifestation of the great under-thought, the natural, spontaneous impulse toward the proper steadfast habit of life, the life of purity.—
MAURICE THOMPSON, in *The Independent*.

PRISONERS AS WITNESSES.

One of the measures which came to nothing in the last Parliament, and which it may be hoped will be passed by the present one, was Lord Bramwell's Bill for making accused persons competent witnesses in criminal cases. Something may now be added from actual experience to what is already familiar in theory to all persons who care about such discussions. I refer to the practical working of the statutes which have, in some particular cases, made prisoners competent witnesses. The most important of the statutes is the Criminal Law Amendment Act of 1865, which

renders persons accused of various offences against women competent, though not compellable witnesses.

I have gained much experience on this matter since the Criminal Law Amendment Act came into force in the autumn of last year. Since that time I have tried a great many cases in which prisoners were competent witnesses. In most of these cases, though not in all, they were called, and I have thus had the opportunity of seeing how the system works in actual practice. My experience has confirmed and strengthened the opinion upon the subject which I have held for many years, that the examination of prisoners as witnesses, or at least their competency, is favorable in the highest degree to the administration of justice; that the value of a prisoner's evidence varies according to the circumstances of each particular case as much as the evidence of any other class of witnesses does; and that therefore it is as unwise to exclude the evidence of prisoners as it would be to exclude the evidence of any other class of persons arbitrarily chosen.

No theory on which the evidence of prisoners ought to be excluded can be suggested which does not really come to this: that the probability that a prisoner will speak the truth is so much diminished by his interest in the result of the trial that it is not worth while to hear what he has to say. I do not think that any one ever held this theory completely in the crude form in which I have stated it, for so stated it involves the monstrous result that no prisoner ought to be allowed, even if he is undefended, to tell his own story to the jury, but that all prisoners ought to be confined to remarking upon the evidence given for or against them. This appears to me to reduce the theory to an absurdity. It may, however, be worth while to dwell a little upon the reasons why the theory is absurd. It is, in the first place, obvious that it assumes the prisoner's guilt, for if the truth is in his favor, the prisoner's interest is to speak the truth as fully and exactly as he can, and it is therefore probable that he will do his best so to speak it. This remark, if followed out, explains the whole matter.

It is waste of time to try to lay down general rules as to the weight of evidence and the credit of witnesses. What really has to be determined is the probability that this or that statement is true; and this task cannot be undertaken unless and until the statement is made. No doubt the interest which a witness has in the result of the inquiry must always be entitled to consideration as bearing upon the probability of different parts of his statement. No doubt also it may in particular cases be not only a leading but a decisive consideration. In such cases due allowance can be made, and the evidence given may be thrown out of account; but the importance of this depends on time, place, and circumstance, and varies from case to case and statement to statement. Interest, in other words, ought in reason to be treated as an objection to the credit of a witness and not to his competence.

The principal object of this paper is to show by illustrations taken from actual experience that the value of the evidence given by prisoners is exactly like the value of the evidence given by other witnesses, and that though their interest in the result must always be taken into account, and is in many cases so important as to destroy altogether the value of their evidence, there are also many cases in which it is of great and even of decisive importance. These matters are most easily understood by illustrations, and I will accordingly proceed to attempt to prove what I have said by references to actual cases which have been tried before me, and which are so chosen as to illustrate the different degrees of importance which may attach to the evidence of accused persons.

I am sorry to be obliged to take most of my illustrations from cases of sexual crime; but this cannot be helped, because most of the cases in which prisoners are by law competent to testify have arisen under the Criminal Law Amendment Act. It is not, however, necessary for my purpose to enter into any details of an offensive character. I will begin with cases which appear to me to illustrate the doctrine that the evidence of prisoners may often be unimportant.

A man was indicted under the Criminal

Law Amendment Act for the seduction of a girl under sixteen. About the facts there was no dispute, but the prisoner was defended on the ground that he believed the girl to be of the age of seventeen. She admitted that she had told him she was seventeen. His counsel said that he should not call the prisoner. He would of course say, if he were called, that he believed the girl, but as this would be merely his own statement as to his own state of mind it would add nothing to the case. His evidence would thus be superfluous. The jury acquitted the prisoner, seeing no reason to doubt that the girl had made the statement, and probably regarding her appearance as such that the prisoner might naturally believe the statement made by her to be true. In this case the prisoner's evidence was sure to be given if asked for, whether it was true or false, and was therefore worthless.

This case is a typical one, and suggests a general principle which may be illustrated in many ways as to the value of the evidence of prisoners and of interested witnesses. It is, that the evidence of a deeply interested witness, given on the side which his interest would incline him to give it, is of no value when the circumstances are such that he cannot be contradicted on the subject-matter of his evidence. This principle is of very general application, and reaches its height when the matter to which the prisoner testifies is a fact passing in his own mind, such as knowledge, belief, intention, or good faith. Did you in good faith believe the girl's statement that she was seventeen and not sixteen? Did you, when at twelve o'clock at night you bought for a small price from a man whom you did not know, and who concealed his face, a quantity of government stores of which he gave no account, know that they were stolen? Did you, when you fired a pistol straight at an enemy and wounded him, intend to do him grievous bodily harm?—are questions which it is idle to ask, because they are sure to be answered in one way, and because no reasonable person would be affected in his judgment on the subject by the answer.

Bare reluctance to commit perjury is shown

by daily experience to be far too feeble a motive to counteract any strong interest in doing so. No doubt honorable men in common life feel as if it would be morally impossible for them to tell a willful lie on a solemn occasion like a trial in a court of justice, whether upon oath or not, and many men would no doubt undergo great loss and inconvenience rather than do so; but this reluctance, I feel convinced, proceeds much more than they suppose from the fear of being contradicted and found out. There are temptations under which almost every one would lie, and in the face of which no man's word ought to be taken. The fact that the most respectable, most pious, and most virtuous of men denied upon oath that he had committed some disgraceful act, especially if the admission that he had done so would involve not only perjury, but a shameful breach of confidence, would weigh little with me in considering the question of his guilt. His character would, or might, weigh heavily in his favor, but his oath would to my mind hardly add to it perceptibly. Voltaire asked long ago whose life would be safe if even a virtuous man was able to kill him by a mere wish; and the case is the same with regard to perjury. Unite a strong temptation to lie with a strong interest in lying and security from discovery, and it is all but morally certain that the lie will follow.

I will give a few more instances of the way in which this principle works, and I may observe that it affords a rule by which it is often possible to test the justice of the complaint, often used as a topic of grievance by counsel, that the prisoner's mouth is closed.

A woman was tried for murder under the following circumstances. She lived as servant to an old farmer on one of the most barren, out-of-the-way moors in England, near the place at which the five northern counties closely approach each other. The only other inmate of the house was a young man, the farmer's son. The old man and the servant were sitting together one evening when the young man came in, and said he had been at the nearest village and seen some one there, about whom he laughed at the girl. The

farmer did not know what his son referred to, nor was there any evidence on the subject. The son left the room. The girl also left soon afterward, and returned after a short absence. The son did not return, and after waiting for him a considerable time the father went to bed, leaving the girl sitting up. A point to which some importance was afterward attached was that the dogs remained quiet all night, which, it was suggested, went to show that no stranger approached the house. In the morning the girl called the old man down and told him that on going out to see after the cows she had noticed blood on the walls of the cowhouse, which had trickled down from chinks in the floor of a room above it, used as a sort of workshop. In this room was found the dead body of the young man. He had been killed by several terrible blows from a stone-breaker's hammer kept in the room, which was found lying near him; and the position of the body and the hammer made it clear that he must have been stooping down lacing his boots when some one armed with the hammer, striking him from behind, knocked him down with a terrible blow in the face, and afterward dispatched him by breaking his skull. There were various other circumstances in the case, but these were the most important of them. Some which appeared to throw suspicion on the girl were rendered doubtful by the fact that the old man, on whose testimony they depended, completely contradicted at the trial the evidence he had given about them before the magistrates, excusing himself by saying that he was so agitated and broken down by the murder of his son that he could not depend on his memory. The girl was acquitted, and, as I thought, properly, as the whole matter was left in mystery. That she had an opportunity of committing the crime was clearly proved; there was some evidence, though not enough to exclude a reasonable doubt on the subject, to show that no one else could have committed it. Nothing in any way resembling a motive for the crime was proved, or even suggested, and the matter was thus left incomplete.

If this matter had been investigated accord-

ing to the French system, the girl would have been put in solitary confinement and examined in private for weeks or months as to every incident of her life, in order to discover, if possible, circumstances which would show a motive for the crime which would have been imputed to her, and to sift to the utmost a number of minute circumstances in the case which I have passed over because they were imperfectly ascertained. It is impossible to say what the result might have been, and it is not worth while to consider it, as no one would propose the introduction of this mode of inquiry into this country. The point here to be noticed is that, if she had been a competent witness according to English law, her evidence—assuming her innocence—could have done her no good, nor if she were guilty would it have exposed her to much risk, unless she had gone out of the way to tell lies in her own favor, as a guilty person very probably might. Suppose her innocent—all she could have had to say would have been that she knew nothing about the man's death; that she left the room to look after the cows or for some other purpose; that while absent she neither saw nor heard anything suspicious; that, after sitting up in vain for the man's return, she went out again to the cows and found the blood, and so the body. If her guilt is assumed, she would be able to tell the same story, as there was no one to contradict her and nothing of importance to explain. Her evidence, therefore, would have been in the particular circumstances of the case wholly unimportant.

This no doubt is speculation upon what would have happened had the law been some years since what it is now proposed to make it. I will give an instance of the same kind under the Criminal Law Amendment Act. A man was tried for an attempt to ravish, which was undoubtedly committed by some one. His guilt was positively sworn to by the girl herself, and by two if not three other witnesses who were near. His defence was an alibi. He said he was at dinner at his mother's house at the time when the offence was committed. He called a number of witnesses in support of his story, who had seen him at

different times on his way there, at the house, and on his way back. The persons in the house gave evidence as to the time during which he stayed there. His own evidence accordingly added only this fact, that between the time when he was last seen going toward his mother's house and the time when he arrived there, he was not engaged in committing the crime, but in walking along the road. On a close inquiry into times and places, it turned out that all that was necessary for him to say, on the supposition of his guilt, was to alter the time of his arrival at his mother's by a very few minutes. Any accused person who was not prepared to admit his guilt would go as far as that in the direction of perjury.

Further illustrations may be found in the case of almost all offences committed at night. "When you say I was committing burglary or night-poaching I was in fact at home and asleep in bed, and both my wife and I are prepared to swear to it now that the law has opened our mouths." If the law were altered, I should expect such defences to be set up in almost every case of the kind; but I should hope juries would be slow to acquit in consequence of it if the evidence for the prosecution were, independently of it, enough to warrant a conviction.

Though the evidence of an accused person on a point in which he is interested and cannot be contradicted ought to be regarded as worthless in the way of proving his innocence, the absence of such evidence may, under particular circumstances, go far to prove his guilt; for it is a fact, and a very strange one, that criminals will now and then shrink from denying the commission of crimes from the actual commission of which they have not shrunk. The working of the Criminal Law Amendment Act has furnished very curious illustrations of this.

A girl swore that her master committed an offence upon her in his shop, and that immediately afterward he suggested to a friend who came into the shop that he should do the same. The friend persuaded the girl (so she said) to go with him to his house to get some grapes, and, when he got there, committed the same offence. That the girl had gone to

her master's shop, that his friend had come in and had persuaded her to go to his house to get grapes, was clearly proved; but the commission of the two offences rested upon her testimony, which was in itself open to many objections, showing, to say the least, great inaccuracy and confusion as to time and place, and being in several particulars intrinsically improbable. If the master's friend had sworn to his innocence and had said that all that passed between him and the girl was that he took her to his house and gave her some grapes, and that the rest of her story was false, I think he would have been acquitted, but he refused to be called as a witness. The jury convicted him, I suppose, considering it incredible that a man falsely accused of such an odious crime should not deny it upon his oath when he had the opportunity. The girl's master did give evidence. He swore that the girl's story was totally false as regarded his having committed the crime. The girl, he said, had been sent to his shop (which was some distance from his house) on an errand, and had, after a short interval and some joking with his friend who came in, left it in the friend's company. The jury acquitted him, being greatly dissatisfied with the girl's evidence. This was a very singular case. It clearly shows that in the class of cases under consideration accused persons will, if the law is altered, have to swear to their innocence, unless the facts of the case are undisputed, or else be taken, and not unjustly, to have confessed their guilt.

No doubt there are cases in which silence does not admit guilt. A number of men were indicted for a rape; their defence was consent, of which there was strong evidence in the prosecutrix's own story. Two of them gave evidence, but the second of the two made such a pitiable exhibition of himself, especially in answering questions asked of him by the jury, that the rest preferred to keep silence. They were all acquitted, but this was because their evidence could not have materially varied the facts, while their silence was under the circumstances not surprising and not inconsistent with the defence set up. All that their silence admitted was that they

had been concerned in a disgraceful transaction.

Cases sometimes occur in which the evidence of a prisoner is useless because it is out of his power to give the only evidence which would be of use to him.

A man was tried for murder. He had spent the greater part of the day before the murder with the murdered man, and was seen in his company late at night near the place where his dead body was discovered next morning. In the course of the morning after the discovery of the murder the prisoner exhibited to several people the murdered man's watch, and finally sold it to a companion, who kept it for some time, and minutely described it at the trial. Hearing of the murder, and fearing he might get into trouble about the watch, the purchaser gave it back to the prisoner. The prisoner did not produce it at the trial, and neither gave nor suggested any account of it. This the jury regarded as being inconsistent with any other supposition than that he did not produce it because it had belonged to the murdered man, and so would, if produced, have procured his conviction. It is obvious that in this case the prisoner's evidence would have been useless, unless he had been able to produce or account for the watch. As the charge against him was murder, he was not a competent witness; but a very similar case under the Criminal Law Amendment Act occurred very lately.

A man was indicted for a rape. The question was as to the identity of the prisoner, as to which the account of the prosecutrix was highly unsatisfactory, or at least very doubtful. The prisoner was a soldier. The prosecutrix saw him with other men at the barracks soon after the crime. She hesitated as to his identity, and even denied it at one time, though at the trial she spoke to it with the utmost confidence, giving reasons for her previous mistakes. On this evidence, had it stood alone, the man must have been acquitted. The woman had, however, been robbed of a purse containing three or four coins, which she specified—one being a half sovereign, kept in a small compartment of the purse with a separate clasp. It was proved

that immediately after the commission of the offence the prisoner was at a public-house, in which he saw an amber mouthpiece for cigars. He bought it from the landlord after some talk, in the course of which he displayed a purse exactly corresponding to the description of her purse given by the prosecutrix, not only in its shape, color, and material, but in the coin it contained, and the way they were distributed in it. The prisoner said nothing of the purse, and did not produce it. This caused his conviction. He was not called as a witness, and there would have been no use in calling him if he had not been able to produce a purse like the one seen by the publican but different from the one stolen from the prosecutrix. This was an instructive case in another way. If it had not been for the purse, the prisoner would probably have been acquitted on account of the weakness of the evidence of the prosecutrix, and his evidence would have been immaterial even if hers had been stronger. He was unquestionably near the place at the time of the crime, and had not more than perhaps a quarter of an hour to account for. If he had sworn that he was lounging about the streets (as he had been just before) for this quarter of an hour, and did not commit the crime, his evidence would, for reasons already given, have made no difference.

It may seem to be paradoxical to say so, but it is nevertheless true that the class of accused persons who will get least advantage from having their mouths opened are those who are entirely innocent of and unconnected with the crime of which they are charged—people who have nothing to conceal and nothing to explain. The only way in which the most innocent man can prove his innocence of a crime, of which he knows nothing whatever, is by proving (as by an alibi) that it was physically impossible that he should commit the crime; this in many cases he would be able to do only by his own uncorroborated assertion. "I was sitting quietly writing letters in my library at the time when you say I was committing a crime" would in many cases be all a man could say, and of such a statement he might have no corrobora-

tion whatever, and he might well have the means of leaving the room undiscovered.

If, however, there is a possibility of corroboration, the fact that a man can supply, so to speak, the threads on which the corroborating facts are strung may be of the greatest importance. A man was tried for a rape. His defence was an alibi. He gave a complete account of the way in which he passed the whole period during which the crime was being committed, and was corroborated as to several of the incidents which he said had happened during the interval. He had been at work making a bridge over a ditch; he came from thence to a corner of a field, where he heard some children, returning from a school feast use language for which he reprobated them. He went to his lodgings and remained there writing a letter for a considerable time, and finally he went to a club to which he belonged at a public-house some short way off. He was corroborated on each of these points. One man had lent him tools for his work and had seen him employed there. The children to whom he had spoken described where he was standing, what he said, and what gave occasion for his reproof. Several little incidents were proved about his writing his letter and leaving it to be posted, and his arriving at his club, and so on. No doubt these facts might have been independently proved, and they might have had the same effect as they had in fact, but nothing could have given the effect of the ease, vivacity and spirit with which he told his story, his entire absence of embarrassment, and the confidence with which he dealt with all the different questions put to him.

It must never be forgotten in connection with this subject that there are differences between people who tell the truth and people who lie, which it is not easy to specify, but which are none the less marked and real. I have known cases in which a jury has acquitted merely upon hearing an accused person tell his tale, and in which I felt perfectly confident they were right.

A girl, between thirteen and sixteen, prosecuted a hawkers for an offence against her under the act of 1885. He had no counsel,

and he did not much cross-examine her, but he gave his own account of the matter in a way which led the jury to stop the case and declare that they did not believe a word of the girl's story. Theoretically, the two stories were no more than an affirmation on the one side and a contradiction on the other. The girl affirmed that the man had committed the offence and that he had, when charged by her and her mother, admitted it; and the mother corroborated her daughter as to the last assertion. The man denied the offence, and said (and in this his wife confirmed him) that when the girl came to his house he threatened to kick her out and prosecute her. More particularly, the girl declared that on a particular day and at a particular place the man called her into the house and committed the offence. The man gave a minute description of where he was and what he was doing on the day in question, of his having met the girl and scolded or, as he called it, "chastised" her for some fault, and of her behavior to him on the occasion. It would not be easy even by entering into minute details to give all the reasons for my opinion, but I do not think that any one who heard this man give his evidence could have doubted its entire truth. He was a grave, elderly man, with no kind of special talent, and with a slight impediment or imperfection in his speech; but all that he said had upon it the mark of honesty and sincerity; and the details which he gave—through, having no legal advice, he was not prepared to prove them by independent evidence—were in themselves some guarantee of his truthfulness. It is little less than a monstrous denial of justice that a man so situated, should be deprived of the opportunity of telling the truth in his own behalf under every sanction for his truthfulness that can be devised; and I think that nothing but the forced, almost inveterate habit could blind us to the fact—JUSTICE J. F. STEPHEN, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

CURRENT THOUGHT.

NEEDS OF OUR NAVY.—Admiral David D. Porter has remitted to the Secretary of the Navy an elaborate Re-

port, embodying numerous suggestions for promoting the efficiency of our navy. Among these suggestions is the following:—

"We require for the Navy the following classes of vessels, which will at least enable us to show that we have a system, even if our ships do not equal in speed those of foreign Powers: The first class should be represented by a vessel not less than 6,000 or more than 7,000 tons, able to make for a few hours a speed of 19½ knots. The second class should be a vessel of not less than 4,500 or more than 5,000 tons, able to make for a few hours a speed of 19 knots. Vessels of this class should serve as flagships on foreign stations. The third class should be a vessel of 3,000 tons, able to make for a few hours a speed of 18 knots. It may seem to those who have not closely studied the question that the amount of speed I have estimated is preposterous. It has been asserted that the speed of eighteen and a half knots attained by foreign ships of war on their trial trips over a measured mile is never equaled after the vessels are put in commission. To this I must reply that such speed is familiar to the transatlantic racers, which attain it on every voyage. It is not probable that any war vessel in the world could overtake one of these vessels.

THANKSGIVING DAY.—Charles Dudley Warner thus writes in the *Independent*:—

"Thanksgiving Day has become a much larger affair than it used to be. It is a national holiday now. But it has lost some of its characteristics in being spread over so large a surface. I suppose that the younger States and the Southern States, in accepting it, will never find in it the flavor it had a quarter of a century ago in New England. It is a more superficial day than it used to be. It is idle to regret this. Education itself has become necessarily more superficial in becoming general. I am writing these lines in the far South, and although we shall have turkey on November 25th, and probably many of the forms of the New England holiday, I know that the turkey, however easily it may be carved, will not have the tender associations of the holiday turkeys of my boyhood.

"Still, to me one of the chief reasons for thanksgiving in the year of grace 1866 is that it is a Southern as well as a Northern holiday. Then will go up all over this broad South fervent thanksgiving that in the fall of slavery we have a united country. I do not suppose that public thanks will be given for the War, or any contrition expressed at the share the South had in it; but I do know that in no part of the Union are the people, as a mass, more loyal; nowhere have they greater anticipations of our destiny as one people; and I do know that all thoughtful people South unite with all thoughtful people North in rejoicing that the frightful specters of disunion and slavery have been removed from our path. It is not only that industry and thrift have sprung up all over the South, but that a virile manhood responds to the call of our national future.

"Great problems of labor and education are yet to be worked out; time is required to marshal the new forces; no man can by his own wisdom lay out a plan.

that shall meet all the difficulties; but I am astonished, in all the cities I have visited, at the educational life and the advance in the education of both races. When I compare it with the educational experience of Colonial New England in regard to its quality and quantity, I see how much more responsive is intellectual life in these days than in pre-revolutionary times. Considering all the past, it is simply a marvel what the Southern States have accomplished, unaided, in the matter of education since the reconstruction; and I do not believe that in all our marshaling of things to be thankful for at this festival there is a greater one than this.

"The education of the Negro is that which excites most interest, but the establishment of graded schools of a high order in all the towns and their general excellence is as marked a feature of the New South. In most of the cities these schools rank with any but the exceptionally best in the North. To the problem of Negro education there are two sides. The danger has already been developed of educating girls and boys out of any inclination to do work for a living, and in many places this tendency is now being counteracted by the establishment of schools to teach special trades and industries."

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT AND PLANT GROWTH.—Mr. Chas. E. Putnam, of Davenport, Iowa, writes to *Science*: "The following item, which first appeared in *The Democrat* of this city, has a substantial basis of fact:—

"The light from an electric-lamp tower in Davenport, Iowa, falls full upon a flower-garden about one hundred feet away; and during the past summer the owner has observed that lilies which have usually bloomed only in the day have opened in the night, and that morning-glories have unclosed their blossoms as soon as the electric light fell on them."

"The 'Jehney' system of electric lighting was introduced into this city early this past spring, and across the street from the residence of Mr. Henry W. Kerker is situated one of its towers. This tower is 125 feet high, and contains five arc lights, each of 2,000 candle-power. During the past summer, Mr. Kerker's attention was attracted to the singular effect these lights produced upon some day-lilies blooming in his garden. These flowers closed as night came on, but, as soon as the electric lamps were started up, they re-opened, and while the lights were in operation continued in full bloom. As the street is about 80 feet wide, the lights were distant some 300 feet from the flowers. Other similar observations here are reported, but, as they are less accurately verified, I pass them for the present without special mention."

PARADISE RE-FOUND.—An English physician, Dr. J. Wills, has just put forth a book entitled *Persia as It Is*, according to which, that country—after a little fixing-up—will be a perfect Paradise. One respect in which there is room for improvement is that "In Persia, the great hot-bed of lies and intrigue, the man who does not lie is indeed a phenomenon." But, says Dr. Wills:

"Things in Persia do not change, they only decay;

and Persia and the Persians are to-day what they were in the time of Morier, sixty years ago. The population has grown thinner from misgovernment and the great famine, but Southern Persia remains what it was, an arid desert, waiting only irrigation to become fertile; while Northern Persia is a land unsurpassed in climate, richness of produce, and general capacity for happiness. The air is always dry, but always pleasant; the land will yield everything—from wheat to pineapples—in the same place; and so plentiful is food, both for man and beast, that Persia may be described as 'the Paradise of the poor man.' . . .

Here is a playground almost untrodden by the tourist's foot. a land where hotels are not—or where, at any rate, there is but one; a land where the Eastern caravanserai opens its hospitable doors to every man, rich or poor; a land where one can travel *en prince*, or 'pad the hoof,' and live decently on ninepence a day; a country to all intents and purposes the Far East, yet touching Europe, a country interesting to the botanist and naturalist, for its verdant soil teems with animal life, its streams are full of fish innocent of the arts of the angler; a country of magnificent forests, abounding with game, large and small—pheasants, partridges, wild duck, snipe, bears, wild sheep, antelope, panthers, tigers—eye, and lions; a country where a servicable horse is to be had for a £10 note, and where feed never exceeds sixpence a day. As for climate, perfection. In Persia the traveler may go royally with a string of mules, tents, horses, and even carriages if he will, with his cooks and kitchen and every kind of comfort. He may march less ambitiously, taking his chairs and bedding, his brace of servants, his cook and groom, for about thirty shillings a day, and ride his own horse into the bargain. Or he may post with or without a servant and a guide, tearing along at the rate of eight miles an hour, including stoppages, for twopence-halfpenny a mile each horse, and a couple of shillings for food per diem. Or he may even make a walking tour of it, marching his twenty or twenty-eight miles a day with a caravan; when, if he be economical, his expenses will be covered by twopence a day. He may cross Persia to the Persian Gulf on mule-back in a month for £3 10s. mule hire, or for half that sum if he has a friend who will ride and tie. The Anglo-Indian in search of 'change' may ride post across Persia from Bushire, in the Gulf, to Enzelli, on the Caspian, in nine to ten days, if he be a determined rider, at a cost of some £11 for one horse; if he takes a guide, then about £30."

RUSKIN'S MODE OF COMPOSING.—Mr. Ruskin, in his *Autobiography*, thus describes his own method of literary working:—"My literary work was always done as quietly and methodically as a piece of tapestry. I knew exactly what I had got to say, put the words firmly in their places like so many stitches, hemmed the edges of chapters round with what seemed to me graceful flourishes, touched them finally with my cunningest points of color, and read the work to papa and mamma at breakfast next morning, as a girl shows her sampler."

LONGFELLOW.

II.

There can be no doubt that the power, possessed by Longfellow in so eminent a degree, of making the melody dependent on the thought, is a far higher poetic power than the rhyme and metre power, for these last are in a sense physical gifts, and lie in the ear, or in counting on the fingers; but the deeper harmony comes from a deeper source, and must lie in the spiritual nature of the poet. It is an Elizabethan quality as opposed to an Augustan quality. Pope, for instance, is Augustan. His lines are tied up in little bundles saved off to exact length. He has one measured tone for all emotions, and consequently is forced to confine himself to a narrow range of feeling.

Very closely connected with this quality of Longfellow's is his constructive power. As has been said of Hawthorne, he had not only the artist's love of beauty, but the artist's sense of structure. His shorter poems embody and round off a conception—they are structural wholes, with a beginning, and a middle, and a close, and a flow and continuity. We find no patch-work ornaments sewed on loosely, but each sentence harmonizing and fitting, and having a vital relation to the theme. It is true we do not find any of the strong dynamic phrases which lie like un-hewn blocks of stone, half covered up in Browning's verbiage, or scattered few and far between in the dreary waste of Wordsworth's blank verse. Longfellow's blocks are neat and polished, and fitted accurately to their places. His poetic structures do not have the impressiveness of a rock-hewn Egyptian temple—vague, vast, suggestive of unregulated power, and of an imperial will and domination; nor the oriental magnificence of the house of Solomon, with the multiform human activities of a great metropolis in its outer courts, and its guarded central shrine holding the ark of the covenant; nor have they the cheerful, open-air serenity and severe outlines of a Grecian temple; still less, the scope and elevating power of the great Gothic minsters, where grotesque ornamentation and reaches of

gloomy space express the devotion of a moody and earnest race, a race whose animalism and aspirations were as close together, and in as sharp contrast, as their oriel windows, and the gargoyles and demons sculptured above them.

Longfellow's poems are like wayside chapels, carefully built by pious hands, finished without and within—the floor, a carefully fitted mosaic, the walls, garished with precious stones and votive pictures, and tablets to the dead who sleep in peace, the whole radiant with the indwelling of a gentle spirit of rest, the spirit of Christ, the Healer and Consoler, not of Christ, the Accuser and Judge. And Longfellow's longer narrative poems march steadily. The story in them unfolds naturally. *Evangeline* is as interesting as a novel. Try it on those acute, unbiased critics, the children. It fascinates them, for there is just description enough to make a back-ground, and then the incidents follow naturally, and cumulate—each succeeding picture adding to the effect, brought in at just the right time and dwelt on just long enough, with fine, unconscious art. Observe what a patch-work most stories are; how the chapters are semi-detached incidents, perhaps not even complete in themselves, certainly not integral parts of the action; and how the tone of the style and the interest drops instead of rising as the end is neared. Observe, too, how tired one becomes in reading such stories; how difficult it is to hold one's attention throughout. This defect in modern stories comes, no doubt in part, from the fact that they are written in serial form, and paid for by the page, so that there is no time for them to form organically in the artist's mind. We must have our fresh eggs for breakfast every morning, and cannot allow to our domestic fowls any period for incubation. But, whatever the reason, if you will notice the difference in the effect on the reader made by a well and ill-told story, you will acknowledge that *Evangeline* is well told.

I do not say that Longfellow had the firm grasp on a story as a whole, and on its obscure interpretations, that Hawthorne had; but, certainly, when Hawthorne gave Long-

fellow the plot of *Evangeline*, saying he did not care to use it, it fell into hands capable of handling it. The master-necromancer might have plunged the figures into a profounder gloom, some deeper mystic symbolism might have beckoned from the shadow; the sorrow might have been more bitter, and the despair more hopeless, but the art which made a unity of the story could not have been more spontaneous and natural. It is this naturalness of story-telling which makes *The Vicar of Wakefield* so attractive. Morris is sometimes referred to as a great story-teller, but it seems to me that there is no story in *The Earthly Paradise* that is developed so naturally as the simple story of *Evangeline*.

Longfellow's best claim to literary power rests, I think, on *Hiawatha*. This poem lent itself easily to parody—in fact was a direct invitation to ridicule of a cheap kind—but I think it a poem of a very high order. I have time to call your attention to but one or two points of its excellence.

In the first place, we must notice the great intrinsic difficulty of the task. It was an attempt to realize in verse a mythical theory of the universe, as it arose in the mind of a crude, childish race. All modern thought must be kept out of the rendition. This Longfellow has done, except in one or two instances.

In the next place, the myths in question are those of a race in no way akin to us, a race much more akin to the Japanese and Chinese than to the Indo Germans. It is not difficult for us to imagine the frame of mind which produced the Scandinavian myths. The grim humor, the firm grasp of the ethical element, the underlying melancholy, the pervading feeling of the majesty of the sea, the delight in personal conflict, which are basic elements in the poetry and mythology of the great northern race whose blood flows in our veins but slightly diluted, find their response and counterpart in the modern man. Even the myths of India appeal to something native in us. They are the attempt of a related race to express in concrete form some answer to the great questions, Whence? and Whither?—from what origin sprang man, and the pleasant earth, and the limitless sea?—who are the mas-

ters of this singular phantasmagoria? We feel—dimly it may be—but we feel in some measure, the same impelling forces that tormented our most distant forefathers: at least we can by sympathy imagine how they felt. But Chinese mythology, with its dragons swallowing the sun, and its fantastic array of monsters, grotesque and malignant, but not purposive, appears to us to lack earnestness and consecutiveness. Indeed, it is not naturally that we recognize any elements of beauty in Chinese art—their sense of form is so much weaker than ours, their sense of color so much more developed. In the same way, the myths of the North American Indians are foreign to us. To make them the basis of a work of art is a much more difficult task than to take up and embody a Grecian myth. Southey found matter in the Arabian myths much more tractable; but compare *The Curse of Kehama*, or Moore's *Oriental Legends*, or Kingsley's *Andromeda*, to *Hiawatha*. Longfellow has made a far finer poem out of much less promising material. He has done it because he possessed far higher imaginative power.

It would be interesting to quote the original stories in Schoolcraft, and examine just how Longfellow has transmuted them. Indian scholars say he has made mistakes in translating words, but all who have any historic sense agree that he has given the Indian spirit. For he has taken the stories into his mind and given them out again, not merely re-told them, but re-created them. He has done exactly what an Indian would have done, had there been born among the Ojibways a man who summed up in himself the race-feeling, and had the power to give it out again in artistic form. He has made himself, for the time being the Ojibway Homer. Is there another instance of a modern poet who could have done this? Goethe perhaps could have done it, but Goethe would have been more subjective, would have put more of the nineteenth century between the lines. Tennyson has infused more of modern life into any ten lines of the *Idyll of the King* than Longfellow has put into the whole of *Hiawatha*. I admit that there are lines where modern sentiment intrudes, but they are rare, and the entire feel-

ing and motive of the poem is antique, elemental—that of an infant, inarticulate race. The atmosphere of the Celtic myths as reproduced in Tennyson's *Idyls of the King*, is not exactly modern, though we cannot help thinking that Lancelot and Guinevere and Arthur would not be much out of place in modern English society. There is, at least, a great deal of the conventional knight and lady about them, and a suggestion of modernness throughout all the treatment.

Now, there is very little that is melodramatic in *Hiawatha*. Longfellow took a set of legends whose inner spirit was essentially foreign to the American mind. He has given them an independent treatment, and realized a primitive state of mind and an embryonic society, removed from us, not only in time, but in sphere of existence. To have done this implies a great imaginative and artistic achievement. How immeasurably superior is his conception of savage life to Cooper's! The superiority lies not so much in the formal presentation of the scenery, actors, and the like,—a comparatively simple matter—but in the apprehension of the inner life of the savage man, in which Cooper is ridiculously sentimental, conventional, and untrue. Whatever dignity and impressiveness there is in Longfellow's poem is strictly an Indian dignity, and is not purchased by attributing to the savage the reflective and self-conscious qualities of a civilized race.

Mr. Palfrey seems to think that the Indian myths were entirely destitute of any moral or poetic content, that they were poor, confused, jejune. Thus they might appear to the unimaginative mind, but it is impossible that any genuine mythology should be really so. For myths are really embryonic theology, history, science, and poetry. Every race gives birth to this strange, mystic product, which becomes the raw material for successive generations of artists. The body of Greek, and Latin, and Scandinavian mythology, the heroic myths of "Charlemagne and his Paladins," of "Arthur and his Knights," the religious "Myths of the Middle Ages," are all of them very significant outcomes of the race-imagination. The great body of local tradition is hardly less so. No

poet of great name is independent of these. Mythical history is the field-ground of the epic, which constitutes in weight and dignity, if not in bulk, three-quarters of imaginative literature. Longfellow had the eye for the true value of the Indian myths, and the poetic instinct to recast them in harmony with their essential spirit.

A second but minor point is, that Longfellow has realized perfectly the tone of the Northwestern Lake Country. The forest he describes is the Northern forest. The moon is the Northern moon—the cold moon of Lake Superior. It is almost impossible to believe that he had not been there, so truly does he reproduce the impression made by that vast and cheerless region. Some early familiarity with the forest of Maine must have aided him in embodying the sentiment of a kindred landscape. In his descriptions of the lake there is no hint of the majesty and haunting mystery of the ocean. He instinctively felt the difference in the impressions made on us by the Atlantic, and by a great inland sea. And, again, the Indian's relation to the wild things—to the heron, the crow, the squirrel, the wild goose—is truly conveyed. Instead of the humorous tenderness of the Teutonic mind toward the brute creation, we have a sense of personal acquaintance with a fellow denizen of the woods. Over all is a suggestion of patient waiting, of vast reaches of forest, of the limited, apathetic life of the little, isolated Indian village, with its dumb fragment of a race doomed to extinction; whose evolution has reached its possibilities, and droops in its downward curve.

Our modern language is so full of associations from our modern life and culture, such words as "home," "country," "people," "hearth-fire," have a meaning in our minds so much fuller than that which they have in the minds of an undeveloped and stationary race, of a race profoundly foreign to all our aspirations and ambitions, that none but a great imaginative artist can re-create the aspect of nature and the "social milieu" which was their environment, as Longfellow has done.

A third striking point in Longfellow's handling of these Indian myths is the boldness

with which he passes from the mystical character of his hero to his heroic character. In some of the legends Hiawatha is thought of as a demigod, in others, as a human hero. An inferior literary artist would have endeavored to harmonize these conceptions, would have made Hiawatha less mythological at first, and more idealized in the later cantos. He would have striven for unity of conception. But these very incongruities are an essential characteristic of the Indian mind, which lacks definiteness of apprehension of the line between the natural and the supernatural, in fact of any moral or mental lines. Their mental operations are essentially lawless and unregulated. A disregard for the unity of character which would have been shocking to the Greek mind, is, therefore, native to the races which have less sense of artistic balance. The human character of Hiawatha is a beautiful conception; original, no doubt, with Longfellow, in its detail, though a careful study of the original myths would be necessary to determine how far he is indebted to them for the hints they give. The sickness and death of Minnehaha is conceived and told in a strain of the purest pathos, as far removed from realism as from sentimentality. The wintry scene, the steadfast, dull endurance of the Indian, and the deadly enemies of the race—Famine and Fever—so powerfully personified, compose a striking picture, embodying a strictly original treatment of the old themes, suffering and death:—

"O the long and dreary Winter!
O the cold and cruel Winter!
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker,
Froze the ice on lake and river,
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper,
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow and drifted
Through the forest, round the village. . .

O the famine and the fever!
O the wasting of the famine!
O the blasting of the fever!
O the wailing of the children!
O the anguish of the women!

All the earth was sick and famished,
Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them.

Into Hiawatha's wigwam
Came two other guests, as silent
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,
Waisted not to be invited,
Did not parley at the doorway,
Sat there without word of welcome
In the seat of Laughing Water;
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow
At the face of Laughing Water.
And the foremost said: 'Behold me!
I am Famine, Bukadawin!'
And the other said, 'Behold me!
I am Fever, Ahkasewin!'

Forth into the empty forest
Rushed the maddened Hiawatha;
In his heart was deadly sorrow,
On his face a stony firmness;
On his brow the sweat of anguish
Started, but it froze and fell not. . . .

'Gitche Manito, the mighty!'
Cried he with his face uplifted
In that bitter hour of anguish,
'Give your children food, O Father!
Give us food or we must perish!
Give me food for Minnehaha,
For my dying Minnehaha!'

Through the far-resounding forest,
Through the forest vast and vacant
Rang that cry of desolation;
But there came no other answer
Than the echo of his crying,
Than the echo of the woodlands,—
'Minnehaha! Minnehaha!'

Over snow-field, waste and pathless,
Under snow-encumbered branches,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing,
'Wahonowin! Wahonowin!
Would that I had perished for you,
Would that I were dead as you are.
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!'

And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying cold and dead before him.

Then he sat down cold and speechless
On the bed of Minnehaha,
At the feet of Laughing Water,
At those willing feet, that never
More would lightly run to meet him,
Never more would lightly follow."

With this brief and unsatisfying extract, and these brief and imperfect hints, I must dismiss, for the present, the consideration of the great American poem.

The idea of force and power is not usually associated with that of graceful felicity. It is

for this reason, I think, that young men sometimes feel, unconsciously, perhaps, that Longfellow was too conventionally correct to be a trustworthy ethical guide, just as they sometimes shrink from a thoroughly cultured and elegant person as from one not quite sincere. And, too, the immense amount of sentimental laudation with which the press was flooded after his death, gave some of us a distaste for him. He pleased so many people that it was a mark of superiority to be indifferent to his artistic merit. It was felt that he must be a sort of glorified Mrs. Hemans—a person who had never been subject to temptation, and whose relation to some of the great facts of life must, of necessity, be artificial. Such a feeling is essentially wrong, and unworthy a scholar. The scholar's pride and exclusiveness is the most hateful of all forms of pride; far more so than the pride of money, which is simply fantastic and harmless; in fact, too pitiable to be irritating. What we need in America is the instincts of the people in the heart of the scholar; and till a man feels some portion of such sympathy he cannot be said to be educated. On the contrary he is repressed. Longfellow had some of this quality, and he was certainly very much more than a correct and graceful person, both as an artist and as a thinker. Art, whether poetic, plastic, or pictorial, is now in many regards so essentially realistic and heathen, so unmoral, not to say immoral, that we must be grateful for an artist to whom it was ideal, and informed with the gentle spirit of Christian brotherhood.

The main characteristic of Longfellow is not so much grace as balance. There is nothing forced, or exaggerated, or outré about him. Thus, his verge, his dress, his manner of life, his appearance, were all in perfect harmony. All were decorous and graceful; no loose ends, no angles, no Berserker rages, no profound discontent, no rebellion against usage, nothing startling, yet nothing affected. His orderly life, his lovely home, his charming group of daughters, his gentle, reflective intellect, are all in keeping. He illustrates the great power of sweetness and serenity, and of harmony between the soul and its environ-

ment. There are many questions he never asks, many doubts that torment the sons of men that never trouble him. He looks on the bright side of life, or, if he casts a glance into the darker shadows; he soon turns his eye away, as from something he cannot understand, the enlightenment of which he is content to leave with God. Are not many who called Longfellow superficial and shallow, forced, after vain years of rebellion and despair, on to the same ground?

Certainly Longfellow is an optimist, but as little of an Epicurean as of a Stoic, for the philosophy of Epicurus was at best a sublimated materialism, and the philosophy of Zeno naturally degenerates into a superb indifference, though both produced some noble characters, representing as high types as unaided humanity can show. And if we do miss in our poet the highest note, the trumpet-call to duty, or the pathetic minor of despair, we must remember that the great orchestra is made up of instruments of different sympathetic qualities, and that no one can echo the entire range of the heavenly harmony.

On returning from Longfellow's funeral Mr. Emerson said, "That gentleman we buried to-day was a sweet and gentle soul, but I cannot recall his name." On the clouds that were settling on that radiant intelligence, the pure light of Longfellow's personality remained, a luminous image, distinct in the gathering darkness. He had forgotten the years of converse and mutual cheer that had made the name of Henry Longfellow a household word to him, but fading memory retained the impression of a sweet and gentle soul—his spiritual brother, younger, but more tender, more human. If the clouds of oblivion which precede national dissolution ever roll between America and the past, we will always be able to recall Longfellow's name, for he was not only a "sweet, gentle soul," but a true poet, and the world does not forget the names of its poets. For, to quote Mr. Emerson's words called out by another death:—

"Whatever is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent."

—CHARLES F. JOHNSON, in *Three Americans and Three Englishmen*.

THE HUMORS OF KERRY.

I have on a former occasion given specimens of the quaint wording of petitions for medical assistance or pecuniary aid. Here is a literal transcription of a document lying before me as I write, which is typical of the literature of rustic supplication:—

"Rev. Sir,—I hope you rember I being talking to you in last Thuesday, about the charitable assistance toward the damage done to me by the lightening. So when your Rev. read the memorial you told me to come in two days time and that you would give me one pound so I came in Sauterday and you were after leaving the day before, so I hope your Rev. arrived home safe. So I will expect from your Rev. that you will send it by post to me, as it was my own fault not to go for it, the day your Rev. told me—as it is as big Charity as was ever done, as it was the will of Providence to leave me in such a need as I am at present, but God spare the gentlemen of the place they have done a great deal for me at Present.—I am your Obedient Servant,
—"

It is hard to say which is the more characteristic feature of the foregoing letter—its inconsequent reasoning or its fatalism.

The allusion to charity reminds me of a curious commentary which is furnished by an Irish expression, upon the text "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth unto the Lord." Not long ago, as I was driving along the Glengarriff road, I was solicited by an old man, well known to tourists, for a contribution to enable him to rebuild his cottage. When I reminded him that he had been making the same request for a good many years, and had nothing to show for the donations entered in his book, he waxed eloquent on his miseries, and wound up by exclaiming that he had *nothing at all but God Almighty in the middle of the road*, meaning the alms of the passer-by. On the last two occasions on which I have taken this road, the old man was not forthcoming; but his place was taken by a number of little barefooted boys and girls, each with a wild flower or pseudo-Killarney fern in his or her hand. While still at a distance from them, I said to my driver, "Children going home from school, I suppose?" on which he replied, "No, sir, but they're hunting the day-car for book-money," which being interpreted means that they were lying in wait for the daily tourist

car which piles between Glengarriff and Killarney, in order to ask the passengers for pennies "to buy a book," for in this ingenious way have they been taught to cover with the plea of a thirst for information what is too often their parents' thirst for whisky.

The most extraordinary demand, however, that has come within the range of my experience was that of a woman who begged for a subsidy to replace the funds expended in "waking" her mother, "for," as she added, "if we did, we waked her too soon, for she came to life again."

From illegitimate I pass to legitimate demands, some of which are often exceedingly diverting. A peculiarly comic effect is produced in some of them by the use of a certain condensed form of speech, exactly similar to that called of grammarians "brachyology." Instances of this figure are supplied by the cobbler's bill—"For soling and heeling *Master Charles*:" better still by the charge—I forget of how much—"for wetting the mather and turning up *Miss Kitty*." The accompanying document shows that even a Kerry butcher is capable of a fine epistolary style: "Mrs.—, Please to have me paid for the killing of ten sheep at the moderate charge of 6d. each, which is equal to 5 shillings. And I'll feel much pleasure in remaining your ever-faithful servant, Timothy McGilkycuddy."

It is a peculiarity of the Irish peasant that he has a way of irresistibly-tickling your sense of the ridiculous just at the very moment when you are most anxious to exhibit your sympathy. Our boatman, who lost his brother a few years back, was giving me some account of the latter's last illness, in which he sorely tried my gravity by saying, "He had an airy fit, yer honor, and then, saving your presence, he was very sick in his shtomach." What an "airy fit" exactly means, I have not been able to discover; but I have ascertained that it is a mysterious seizure, akin to a "fairy-stroke," which has set some of us wondering whether "airy" might not possibly be the same as "eerie." Against this must be set the fact that I can think of no other instance where *e* is pronounced in this fashion. But the belief in fairies is deeply-rooted in the Kerry peas-

entry, as every resident knows, and manifests itself in a strong disinclination to discuss the subject, or to visit lonely spots. We have often thought what a perfectly effectual means of stopping orchard-robbing could be devised by hanging up an Æolian harp, but somehow never carried out the design. In some of these statements of their ailments by the peasantry, the picturesque element resides in a single word. A woman came to our door this summer, and, on being interrogated, explained as follows: "I'm a poor lame crayture, and I've lost the footing from under me." More forcible was the declaration made quite recently to our neighbor opposite, by an applicant for help: "I had three children, yer honor; but, by gannies, the chincough pined wan of them!"

While I am talking of ailments and comments thereon, I cannot refrain from giving an anecdote from another part of the country, but which is well authenticated. A landlord noted for his bulk of person was lying seriously ill, and one of his tenants, who came to inquire after "the masther," was informed that he was being kept up by the occasional administration of teaspoonfuls of brandy. Whereon he rejoined somewhat contemptuously: "*Tayspoons* is it? And what good would a tayspoon be, straying about in such a wilderness of a man?" The Irish peasant, though apt to be long winded at times, is capable on occasion of summarizing the situation in singularly terse fashion. A landlord showed me lately a letter he had received from a former tenant, now in Australia, in which there occurred the following passage: "There are more men idle in Sydney than there is in T— flock, *looking for work and praying God not to get it*, but loafing around from one public-house to another." Again the expression made use of by a Kerry gamekeeper to describe the ascent of a steep green slope—namely, that "*one was a lin' grass all the way*"—has always struck me as a singularly vivid picture of the relative positions of climber and hill-side.

But a fondness for fine words and expansion is more frequently observable than the epigrammatic vein illustrated above. One of our laborers, who afterward became a most effi-

cient member of the London police, went over to Italy to join the Pope's brigade in 1860, and on his return presented my father with the diary he had kept during his absence. I have this literary effort in my possession, and will extract from it one sentence: "We visited St. Peter's Church, and I can't presume the idea of giving an adumbration of its beauty."

Of Irish "bulls" I have not encountered any good specimen of late. The story of the priest who prays weekly "for the mainland of Valentia and all the adjacent British isles" is, I suspect, apocryphal.

Finally, let me wind up my letter with an anecdote of an incident which occurred at a fire in Dublin. My brother, who was among the spectators, heard from time to time a voice as of a woman wandering about among the crowd, and crying aloud in pitiful accents, "Och! Mrs. McCormick, Mrs. McCormick!" At last the wanderer discovered the object of her search, and as it happened to be in his immediate neighborhood, he listened with great attention for the urgent communication she had to make. His feelings, therefore, may well be imagined when he heard the good lady exclaim, "Och! glory be to God, Mrs. McCormick, we shall all be burnt in our beds this night!"—*The Spectator*.

PRISONERS AS WITNESSES.

II.

It ought not, however, to be forgotten that the opening of the mouths of prisoners opens a way to falsehood as well as to truth, and sometimes to falsehood which it is difficult at the moment to unmask. I have known cases in which—as it appeared to me—failures of justice have occurred because the prisoner, either from artfulness or from mere blundering, kept back till the last moment some more or less specious topic of defence, and brought it out at last when it was too late to test the matter properly.

Three soldiers were tried for a rape, which no doubt was committed. The evidence against perhaps the most prominent of them

was that he had a bugle upon which he repeatedly blew while the crime was being committed, the whole party being probably more or less in liquor. He swore positively, and with many piteous appeals, that he was not only innocent, but that it was physically impossible for him to blow upon a bugle because he had lost his front teeth, which loss he exhibited to the jury. Several persons in court, and one of the jurymen, professed to be acquainted with playing on the bugle, and one of them swore to his conviction that it was in fact physically impossible that the prisoner should play. The jury, upon this, acquitted all the three prisoners, thinking, no doubt, that a failure in the identification of one of the three greatly shook the evidence against the other two. I was afterward informed that the bugle was actually taken from the man on his return to the barracks shortly after the offence. Whether I was rightly informed I cannot, of course, say; but the prisoner undoubtedly by keeping his defence back to the last moment and then bringing it unexpectedly before the jury got an advantage which he assuredly ought not to have had.

This trick of keeping back a defence is one of the most dangerous to public justice which could be played by persons accused of crime. I have known many cases of it, and I think it is well worthy of consideration whether, before their committal, prisoners ought not to be examined before the magistrates, and whether a power of adjournment might not be intrusted to judges when such points are raised, in order that they might be properly dealt with.

It would be of little use or interest to multiply these stories. It is enough to say that they show clearly, in respect at all events of one particular class of crimes, that the evidence of an accused person resembles that of any other witness in all essential respects—that is to say, its value varies from case to case according to circumstances. In the case of a man, truthful, resolute, with a good memory and adequate power of expression, it is great, and may, under circumstances, be decisive. In other cases it is of less impor-

tance; in many instances it is practically of no more use than a bare plea of not guilty; and this, I think, is more than enough to show that it ought never to be excluded, but in all cases be taken for whatever it may be worth.

I have already observed upon the circumstance that the numerous exceptions to the general rule of law which have now been introduced into it make the law an absurdity. It is impossible to justify both the rule and the exception. But this is not the only observation which arises upon the present state of the law. Another is, that the class of crimes as to which the most important exception to the rule which incapacitates prisoners as witnesses is made is far from being the one in which that rule is most likely to be mischievous. In regard of offences of an indecent character there is, as a rule, a plain well-marked question of fact. Were certain things done or not, and was the prisoner the man who did them? But in respect of crimes against property this is not the case. Such offences are often complicated transactions, full of details, of which different views may be taken and different accounts given, on the special nature of which depends the question of guilt or innocence. A case of theft, false pretences, embezzlement, or fraudulent bankruptcy will often turn upon matters in which it is of the utmost importance that the prisoner should be examined and cross-examined.

I remember a case in which a prisoner was tried for embezzlement. He was defended by counsel, and was convicted. When called upon to say why he should not be sentenced, he gave an account of the transaction which his counsel had never suggested, but which, on questioning the witnesses who had testified against him, appeared to be, to say the very least, so highly probable, that the jury desired to withdraw their verdict, and instead to return a verdict of not guilty, which was done. This was an illustrative case, and one of considerable interest. It shows both the strong and the weak sides of the proposed change in the law. It shows its strong side, because it gives an instance in which a man was enabled by telling his own story to escape from what

would presumably have been an unjust conviction. It shows, or rather suggests, its weakness, because it shows how great an opportunity the examination of prisoners might afford for artfully contrived frauds and evasions of justice. Each of these observations requires some development.

To take the strong side first. It must always be borne in mind that the business of prosecuting and defending prisoners, though in some respects the most important branch of legal business, is the least important of all if it is measured in money, and that it is in many cases in the hands of the lowest class of solicitors and the least experienced class of barristers. A great criminal trial, in which the prisoner has plenty of money, and in which the prosecution is conducted by the Treasury, is susceptible of little improvement, but the case with the common run of criminal business is totally different. If the prisoner is not defended at all, he may, and often does, fall into every kind of mistake. He may have a good defence, and not know how to avail himself of it. He may be shy and ill-instructed, and not put it forward at the proper time. He is probably not aware of his rights in respect to the calling of witnesses, and may therefore not be prepared with them at his trial. If, on the other hand, he is defended, he is in all probability in the hands of a solicitor of the lowest class, to whom he and his friends probably give some very small sum, say £2 or £3. The solicitor gets from the clerk to the magistrates a copy of the depositions, puts on the back of them a sheet of paper indorsed "Brief for the prisoner, Mr. —, one guinea," pays some junior counsel £1 2s. 6d., and tells him that the nature of the case appears from the depositions. The counsel does as well as he can upon his materials, repeating with more or less energy and ingenuity the commonplaces appropriate to the occasion, and making the most of whatever he may have been able to obtain by cross-examination. The result is, that if the case of a pauper client presents any intricacy or requires any special attention, it is very apt to be mismanaged and misunderstood. I have no doubt that in the case of embarrassment to

which I have referred, something like this had happened. The prisoner's counsel was a busy and able man, he had obviously no instructions which deserved the name, and I suppose knew nothing about the case beyond what the depositions told him and what the prisoner could tell him in a few hurried unintelligible whispers from the dock, and so he exposed his client to an imminent risk of conviction.

From dangers of this sort prisoners would be effectually protected by being made competent witnesses. They would be sure, at all events, of telling their own stories, and if the judge was competent and patient, of having them understood.

In order to appreciate the importance of this it is necessary to bear in mind the fact that it is often exceedingly difficult to understand prisoners, and to appreciate the real nature of what they have to say, and also that it is quite essential to justice that they should be understood, and lastly that far the easiest and safest way of doing this is by questioning them. A prisoner, generally speaking, is an ignorant, uneducated man, dreadfully frightened, very much confused, and almost always under the impression that the judge and jury know as much about his case as he does himself, and are able at once to appreciate whatever he says about it, although what he has to say consists mainly of imperfect allusions which he does not explain.

I remember a case in which five or six men were tried for wounding A. with various intents, also for wounding B. with various intents, also for being armed by night in search of game. The defence of some of them was that two parties of poachers set out at night together in company; that at a certain point they separated, one having a white dog with them and the other what they called a red dog; that after they separated the party with the white dog met the keepers and police, and committed the different offences with which all were charged, whereas the party with the red dog had nothing to do with them. The men were tried three separate times on the three charges I have mentioned. It was only by degrees that they succeeded in making their defence intelligible. At the first trial

the only hint given of it was by one of the red dog party who asked one of the witnesses the color of the dog he said he had seen with the men whom he identified. The witness said it was white. "That's a — lie," said the prisoner, "it were red." Not a word was said to explain in any way the meaning of the question or the importance of the answer.

It requires a good deal both of patience and experience to understand and disentangle the stories which the prisoners often set up. At an assize held a few months ago, a good many of the prisoners took it into their heads to write their defences, and to ask that they might be read to the jury. They were strange compositions, but it was usually possible, though difficult, not only to extract from them an intelligible defence, but to examine the witnesses by the help of it in such a way as to test its truth. One prisoner I remember, who was charged with theft, made bitter complaints, by way of an irregular cross-examination, about his wife, his sister, and several other person. In his mouth these complaints and reproaches were wholly unintelligible, thanks to the combined effects of ignorance, confusion, fear, and anger; but I found it possible by giving him hints, which I must own were questions in all but form, to find out what he really meant, which was that the charge against him was a false one, got up from base motives, and founded upon the misrepresentation of innocent actions. The jury thought the defence important enough to justify his acquittal. If he could have been called as a witness, the matter would have been arranged much more clearly and satisfactorily.

In cases of this kind I have no doubt that it would be in the highest degree conducive to justice to make prisoners competent witnesses; but it must not be forgotten that prisoners are not always needy or ignorant. They are in many cases thoroughly well aware of their position and are well provided with money and with the professional assistance which money will procure. It certainly is to be feared that in such a case a prisoner would be so well advised as to his position, and as to the strong and weak points of his case, that

he would be able in the witness-box to lie with skill and effect. I think that this, especially in capital cases, would be dangerous to the interests of justice. It may be supposed that legal advisers would be too honorable to devise lies for their clients to tell, and I feel no doubt that honorable men would not say openly and crudely, "You must, in order to save your life, swear this or that." I do not believe he would do so, but I have no doubt that in the course of the preparation of the case the client would be made full aware of its weak as well as its strong points. He would be told where his danger lay. He would be asked to give explanations on this point and that, he would be asked whether such and such persons might not be able to testify on such and such point and he would in practice require no more.

It must also be remembered that people do not in real life repose absolute confidence in their legal advisers, nor are they pressed to do so. As a rule they put before their advisers as good an account of what has happened as circumstances permit, and leave it to the lawyers to put the matter into shape. The best proof of this is to be found in the evidence given by the parties in civil actions. In nearly every civil action the parties contradict each other, more or less, generally on the vital parts of the case. But I think it would be unjust to throw the blame on the solicitors or on the counsel, though no doubt the evidence given is a good deal influenced by the light which the parties get from their legal advisers as to their legal position, and the bearing upon it of particular facts if established. In cases where life, liberty, and character were at stake, I have no doubt contradictions would become more pointed, and the provision of false or misleading evidence more artful and complete. I have, in short, little doubt that, if prisoners were made competent witnesses, there would be a considerable increase in perjury. The same thing was predicted as a natural consequence of the admission of the evidence of parties in civil actions, and I have no doubt that the prophecy has been fulfilled.

Few actions are, in my experience, tried in the Superior Courts of England and Wales in which there is not a good deal of rash and false swearing, and in a large proportion there is willful perjury—that is to say, false evidence which cannot be accounted for either by rashness or prejudice or bad memory. I do not suppose, however, that any one would wish to reimpose the old restrictions upon evidence which made the parties to a suit incompetent as witnesses. After all, courts of justice only show the national veracity as it is; they do not make it what it is. False evidence of every kind might at once be put an end to absolutely by shutting up the courts; but if they are to be open, people must take what they get in the way of evidence. I do not think, however, it can be denied that the change suggested would in fact greatly multiply perjury, and it is to be feared that, unless juries could be got to harden their hearts against accused persons and their oaths, wrong acquittals would become even commoner than they are. Jurors are usually ignorant, good-natured men, quite unaccustomed to the administration of justice, and willing to receive any plausible statement consistent with a prisoner's innocence as being enough at least to raise a reasonable doubt on the subject.

If the change in question should be made, it would, I think, be necessary to modify the old doctrine about proving beyond all reasonable doubt the guilt of an accused person, for it would be a matter of moral certainty that whenever a plausible story consistent with innocence could be devised, the prisoner would swear to it and find others to help him.

My experience upon this part of the subject is taken rather from the civil courts than from actual experience in criminal cases, for it is noticeable that in the many scores of cases which I have tried and to which the rule of evidence laid down by the Act of 1885 applies, the accused person has in every case been too poor to be able to make full use of the resources which the act lays open to people who have money and are well advised. If it is true, which I do not believe, that the crimes against which the Criminal Justice Act is

directed are principally committed by rich men, it is also true that only those exceptional cases in which they are committed by the lowest and most brutal ruffians come in a court. I think, however, that the experience of the Divorce Court would confirm what I have said, both as to the necessity of allowing the parties to a suit to be competent witnesses, and as to the practically irresistible nature of the temptation to perjury which their competency provides.

There is one point on which the public naturally feel much anxiety as to the examination of prisoners, and on which I think the experience of trials under the Criminal Law Amendment Act throws great light. Nothing has operated so strongly as the example of France in causing the public to view with distrust and reluctance the proposal to make prisoners competent witnesses. It has been said that nothing which could be gained in the way of additional evidence by the examination of prisoners could compensate for what would be lost by a diminution of dignity in the whole proceeding, and by placing the judge in an attitude of hostility to the prisoner. With this I entirely agree. The enactment in English courts of the kind of scenes which frequently occur in French courts, apparently without exciting any particular complaint, would certainly completely alter the whole character of our administration of justice; but I think that it may be clearly proved by experience that the consequence apprehended would not follow in fact, and it is not difficult to explain the reason why it would not follow.

As to the fact we have already abundant experience. Since the parties to a civil suit were made competent witnesses in 1851, no complaint has been made that they are worse treated than other witnesses. Notoriously, indeed, they are treated in exactly the same way, and those who are familiar with the actual practice of the courts will, I think, agree with me in the opinion that in the course of the present generation the treatment of witnesses has become gentler than it used to be, or, at all events, simpler and more direct. A stronger instance of the way in

which parties to an action are treated, and one which has a closer resemblance to what may be expected in criminal cases than the common run of civil actions, is afforded by the Divorce Court. In no class of cases are equally strong feelings excited, in none is perjury of the most artful kind more common or sturdy and determined; but I do not know that it is alleged (my own experience on the subject is too small to be worth mentioning) that the parties to divorce suits are treated in the witness-box with unfairness or cruelty. Certainly no imputation of any want of dignity or impartiality has been thrown on the distinguished judges who have presided in that court. If this is so, what reason is there to fear that prisoners should be worse treated in the witness-box than the parties are treated in civil cases or in divorce suits?

In the trials in which accused persons are competent witnesses I have not observed the smallest tendency to such treatment. I should say that prisoners were cross-examined rather too little than too much. In particular I have hardly ever heard a prisoner cross-examined to his credit as to previous convictions.

As to the reasons of this, they are, I think, plain enough to any one who is acquainted with the spirit of the system and the nature of cross-examination. An English criminal trial is from first to last a question between party and party, and the position of the judge is one of real substantial indifference, in which he has neither any interest nor any vanity to gratify by the prisoner's conviction. This interest, such as it is, is always in favor of an acquittal, which frees him from the exercise of a painful and embarrassing discretion, and the only questions which he has occasion to ask, either of the witnesses or of the prisoner, are such as tend to throw light on points in the case which for any reason are left in obscurity. In cases where the prisoner is poor and undefended this is a most important function, which at present is often discharged imperfectly, under great difficulties, or not at all, as I have already sufficiently shown. In cases in which a prisoner is competently defended the judge would as a rule be not only able but willing to sit still and listen, leaving the re-

sponsibility of sifting the facts to those whose natural and proper duty it is to sift them. As for cross-examination by counsel, many false impressions prevail. People who take their view on the subject from actual experience are well aware that counsel of any experience never try to prove their case by cross-examination. In respect to prisoners, counsel, in my experience, usually regard their duty as done when they have committed the prisoner to contradicting witnesses not likely either to commit perjury or to be mistaken. I have indeed been greatly struck with the moderation and brevity with which prisoners have usually been cross-examined before me. I think indeed, as I have already said, they have been cross-examined rather too little than too much.

A French criminal trial—and it is from the reports of French trials that English people get the notions unfavorable to the examination of prisoners which commonly prevail—is quite a different process from an English one, and proceeds from entirely different principles. It is in its essence an inquiry into the truth of a charge brought forward and supported by public authority, and the duty of the judge is rather to inquire than to direct and moderate. His examination of the prisoner is directed to this object, and the result, no doubt, is to produce scenes much at variance with what our notions, founded as they are upon principles and on practice of an entirely different kind approve. It is no part of my present purpose to compare the two systems, or to criticise either of them. It is enough to say that there is no danger that a change in the procedure of the English system, made in exact conformity not only with its principles, but with the practice already established and in use in a large and important class of cases, should introduce among us what strike us as the defects of a system founded upon and administered according to totally different principles.

One point which appears to me of great practical importance in the matter of the evidence of prisoners is that provision should be made for their being examined as witnesses before they are committed, as well as at their

trial. There cannot be a greater pledge of truthfulness and good faith. It is a common form for solicitors to advise their clients, when asked before their committal whether they wish to say anything, to answer, "I reserve my defence." How far this may be a convenient course in the case of a guilty person I do not say, but in the case of an innocent person who has a true and substantial defence to rely upon it is a great advantage to be able to say, "This defence of mine is not an after-thought, it is what I have said all along. It is what I gave my accusers notice of as soon as I had an opportunity." An alibi in particular is greatly strengthened if it is set up at once, and that for many reasons. In the first place, such a course gives the prosecution an opportunity of making inquiries and testing the evidence of witnesses. In the second place, the evidence of the witnesses is less open to attack, either on the ground of a failure of memory or on the ground of subsequent contrivance.

It is more difficult to say how this desirable result is to be obtained. One way of doing it would be to make the accused person not merely a competent but a compellable witness at every stage of the inquiry; to authorize the magistrates or the prosecutor before the magistrates to call him as a witness; and to provide that unless he gave evidence at the trial his deposition might be given in evidence. This course would no doubt be effectual, and I do not myself see why it should not be taken. I can understand, however, that there might be a feeling against it. It might be regarded as oppressive, and it might not improbably invest a certain number of police officers with a discretion which they are not fit to exercise. It is not uncommon for officers of the police to act as prosecuting solicitors in some parts of England and Ireland, and it may be well that such an addition to their powers would be objectionable. In matters of this sort the popularity of the law is more important than an increase of its efficiency, unless the increase of its efficiency is very great indeed. It is, however, important to obtain as general as possible a recognition of the fact that to keep back a defence is

a suspicious thing, and that to bring it forward on the first opportunity is the strongest pledge of sincerity and truthfulness that can be given.

One point closely connected with this subject is the propriety of adding to the permanent and general law a provision to the same effect as that one which lately proved so useful in Ireland for the detection and suppression of systematic crime—power, namely, to the police authorities to hold an inquiry upon oath with a view to discover the authors of a crime, although no one may have been charged with it. It was one of the proposals of the Criminal Code Commission of 1876 that such a power should be given, and a clause to that effect was introduced into the Criminal Code which that commission prepared. Upon general grounds I cannot understand the objection to such a measure. The practice exists in most parts of the world, and in England the principle is recognized by one of the oldest of our judicial institutions—the coroner's inquest. Of its utility for the discovery of crime it is necessary only to refer to the case of the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke. It is, of course, possible to lament that discovery, but there can be no question at all as to the means by which it was brought about. With regard to all questions of the reform of the criminal law, whether in regard to the rules of evidence or otherwise, it must never be forgotten that those who fear that the criminal law may be applied to themselves or their friends for political offences of which they do not morally disapprove do not wish to see the efficiency of its administration increased.

For these various reasons I think that the old rule as to the exclusion of persons accused of crime from competency as witnesses ought to be entirely abolished, and that criminal and civil proceedings should so far be put upon the same footing. It would, however, be wrong, in advocating such a measure, not to point out one inevitable consequence. It is a consequence which has already been incurred in respect of all civil proceedings, and which I believe to be nearly inseparable from all improvements in the law. There are in

all legal proceedings two interests which are diametrically opposed to each other, though their opposition is for the most part concealed, because its existence is one of those disagreeable truths which no one likes to admit. They are goodness and cheapness; either object may be attained, but not both. Up to a certain point it is no doubt possible to combine and promote the two objects at once. If you have a system at once inefficient and costly, a system in which fees are imposed at every step for the purpose of providing for useless officials, it is no doubt possible to increase efficiency and economy at the same time by a reduction of establishments and alterations in the law. This state of things did at one time exist to a considerable extent in regard to litigation in England, and it was possible to get the work better done at a less cost by proper alterations, but even at that time reforms usually were found to mean increased expenditure in the long run; and I think that, in regard to the administration of justice, the question in most cases is whether new elaborations are worth the price paid for them. I have a very decided opinion that in civil cases the procedure in the present day is too elaborate, though some recent efforts have been made for its simplification, I hope with success. I do not think this is so with regard to criminal justice. A certain number of criminal trials are still dealt with, not unfairly, not hastily, but without that degree of care to find out the truth which ought to be employed in every case in which liberty and character, and, indeed, a man's whole prospect of leading a respectable, prosperous life, may be at stake, but which an ignorant unadvised man cannot be expected to employ for himself. Many circumstances, some of which I cannot now remember, have produced a conviction in my mind that, if the whole truth were known, it would be found that many crimes are not so simple as they look, and that prisoners might often, if fully examined, bring to light facts which would set their conduct in an unsuspected light. This, I think, would certainly lengthen trials and might tend to complicate them considerably. Unless some means were taken to secure the

taking of the prisoner's evidence fully before the magistrates, it would in all probability lead to the raising of false issues before juries, and make occasional adjournments for the purpose of summoning new witnesses necessary, and thus in various ways give a good deal of trouble to all the parties concerned; but I think it would contribute largely to the fairness of the ultimate result, and this is the main thing to consider.—JUSTICE J. F. STEPHEN, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

WILLIAM BARNES, THE DORSET
POET.

At this time of day, and with the example of the French "Classics" before us, it need not be urged that sustained finish is not the first claim to classical rank; yet sustained finish, in passages at least, is one of the invariable notes of such claim, for absolute and unlabored finish is the natural accompaniment of those full floods of poetic passion which come upon all true poets, at least in moments. In such happy flood-tides the best words will take their best order in the best meters without any sensible effort; but in most poets these outpourings are rare indeed, though a conscientious worker will sometimes conceal their rarity by spending so much time and labor upon the comparatively uninspired context of passages inspired that his whole work will be upon the same level of verbal beauty, and the delighted peruser will find nothing to remind him that easy reading's sometimes d—d hard writing. There have been few poets who have worked with such conscientiousness, and the reward of such work is far off, for "the crowd, incapable of perfectness," are more moved to admiration by the alternation and contrast of good with bad than by that of different kinds of excellence. This disqualification for immediate recognition is equally shared by another and still rarer order of poet—he who is the ideal "classic," he in whose every verse poetic feeling breathes in words of unlabored perfection.

I should hesitate to declare my belief that

William Barnes, the "Dorset Poet," who died on the 7th of October, 1886, belongs to this order did I not know that my belief is shared by judges of authority more established than mine, one of whom—a well-known and grave and cautious speaker and writer—went so far as to say in my hearing, "There has been no such art since Horace." This saying, of course, implies no sort of comparison of the poetry of Barnes with that of Horace. It simply means that in both alike thoughts and feelings are expressed and incidents related and represented with the most dainty perfection; neither does it imply that Barnes is nearly so great a poet as many another whose average display of art has been incomparably less. Burns, for example, who like Barnes, is a poet of the first water, but not of the first magnitude, is perhaps better at his best than the Dorset poet, though greatly inferior to him in evenness of quality; and permanent fame is right in her usual practice of judging a poet by his best, even when there is not much of it, and in rarely admitting quantity as a main factor of her calculation. That which is of the greatest value in every true artist is his style, and that may be conveyed almost as effectively in fifty pages as in five hundred.

The absolute preëminence of style above all other artistic qualities seems not to have been sufficiently perceived or at least insisted upon by critics, and a few words on that subject are therefore proper in a notice of a writer whose individuality, though it may not be so forcible, is more clearly and delicately pronounced than it is in any other poet of our day. That the proper study of mankind is man expresses a truth which Pope had scarcely tenderness and subtlety enough of intellect to feel in its fullness. Some one has better expressed the same thought in the words, "Every soul is a celestial Venus to every other soul." As the human face, the image of the soul, is incomparably the most beautiful object that can be seen by the eyes, the soul itself is the supreme interest and attraction of the intellectual vision; and the variety of this interest and attraction is only limited by the number of those who, in action,

manners, or art, are endowed with the faculty of expressing themselves and their inherent distinction, which, could it be fully displayed, would be found to be absolutely unique in each person. In that shadow of the soul, the face, some glimpse of this fundamental uniqueness is always apparent, no vice or power of custom being enough altogether to quench it. In manners, though singularity is common enough, it is very rarely the clear and expressive outcome of the individual life. When it is so, it constitutes "distinction," as it is well called. In art, in which singularity is also common, this living uniqueness is exceedingly rare indeed, and it is what is, rightly again, called "genius," that is, the manifestation of the inward man himself. It has been said that he alone who has no style has true style. It would be better to say that he who has no manner has the first condition of style. As theologians affirm that all a man can of himself do toward obtaining positive sanctity is a negative avoidance of the hindrances of sin, so style, the sanctity of art, can only appear in the artist whose ways are purged, in the hour at least of effective production, from all mannerism, eccentricities, and selfish obfuscation by the external life. These evils are so strong and the individuality of nearly all men so weak, that there is about as much chance of any particular child turning out to be capable of style in art as there is of his being able to fight the battles of Napoleon or to lead the life of St. Francis. There have been whole nations—of which the American is most notable—which have never attained to the production of a single work of art marked by true style; and in no woman, so far as I know, has this interior uniqueness been able to express itself in any higher way than "distinction" of personal manners.

Now a man's true character or individuality lies, not in his intellect but in his love, not in what he thinks, but what he is. The "light that lighteth every man" is, in every man, the same in kind, though not in degree; he is essentially differentiated from other men by his love. Old writers bore this in mind when they used the words "spirit" and

"genius;" what they called spirit we now call art or talent. "L'esprit est le Dieu des instans, le génie est le Dieu des ages," says Fr. Lebrun. So far are these from being the same that a man may, like Herrick or Blake, be little better than a blank in intellect, yet be full of the dainty perfume of his peculiar love, while a colossus of wit and understanding may be as empty as a tulip of the odor of that sanctity; for a sort of sanctity it really is, always containing as it does some manifest relic of that infantine innocence which nearly all men have trodden under foot, or laughed to death, or otherwise lost touch of, before they were out of their teens. This peculiar faculty, or rather virtue, which alone confers true style upon the poet, is as often as not, nay, more often than not, the grace of those whom even ordinarily clever men look down upon, and justly from their point of view, as "little ones." Little ones they mostly are, but their angels behold the face of their Father, and the words of the least of them is a song of individual love which was never heard before and never will be heard again.

To this primary claim to an abiding place among such minor classics as Herbert, Suckling, Herrick, Burns, and Blake, William Barnes adds that of a sustained perfection of art with which none of them can compare. His language has the continual slight novelty which Aristotle inculcates as proper to true poetic expression, and something much higher than the *curiosa felicitas*, which has been absurdly rendered "curious felicity," but which means the "careful luck" of him who tries many words and has the wit to know when memory, or the necessity of meter or rhyme, has supplied him unexpectedly with those which are perhaps even better than he knew how to desire. The words of Barnes are not the carefully made clothes but the body of his thoughts and feelings. Another still rarer praise of his work is that he never stops in it till he has said all that should be said, and never exceeds that measure by a syllable; and about this art there is not the slightest apparent consciousness either of its abundant fullness or its delicate reticence. He seems, in fact, never to have written except under the

sense of a subject that makes its own form and of feelings which form their own words; that is to say, he is always classic both in form and substance.

Perfect, however, as are the *Poems in the Dorset Dialect*, it would be absurd to call Barnes a poet of the first magnitude or even the second. Every one of the minor classics I have named surpasses him in some point of wit, sweetness, subtility, or force, as he surpasses them in the lovely innocence which breathes from his songs of nature and natural affection. He has written no one poem that time is likely to stamp as of value at all equivalent, for instance, to *Genevieve* or the *Ode on a Grecian Urn*; and such a lyric as Spenser's *Epithalamion*, compared with the best song of Barnes, is as Hera to a wood-nymph.

Barnes's reputation has the great advantage—since he could bear the delay of fame without discouragement—of not having been forced. Poor, contented, unambitious, without anything remarkable in his person or conversation or romantic in his circumstances hidden all his lifetime in a sequestered country parsonage, and having no means, direct or indirect, of affecting the personal hopes or fears of his literary contemporaries, they have left him alone in his humble glory, which was to recite to delighted audiences of farmers and ploughmen and their wives and sweethearts a series of lyrics, idylls, and eclogues, which, being the faultless expression of elementary feelings and preceptions, are good for all but those in whom such feelings and preceptions are extinct.

Concerning Barnes's dialect I may be allowed to quote from a short mortuary notice which I have published elsewhere. "Barnes loved his own dialect and made it the vehicle of his thoughts and feelings, not only because it was his native language, but also because he considered it to be the least corrupted form of English. That he was right, from whatever reason, in using it and no other is abundantly shown by the result of his own departure from his rule. The *Poems of Burns* *Left in Common English* are very common English indeed when compared with his native woodnotes

wild. Many persons allow themselves to be robbed of the delight of reading Barnes's poems by the fancy that it would require serious labor to overcome the difficulty of the dialect. There is no such difficulty. Barnes's dialect does not differ so much from common English as does the dialect in which are written those of Burns's poems, which are most universally read in England. Half-an-hour's reading overcomes all sense of oddity, and, though the poet has provided his readers with a complete glossary of his Dorsetshire words, few persons would find much need of it, for the context commonly interprets the unusual word, or is able to give sufficient pleasure without its interpretation." Barnes obtained for himself a recognized standing as a philologist. "This learning he seems to have acquired not so much for any of the ordinary motives for which a man becomes a scholar as in order to gratify a profound delight in contemplating those obscure echoes and imitations of realities by which language in its infancy is rendered almost pure poetry, and to feel and preserve the magic charm of which is the poet's greatest art when he has to deal with the fully developed tongue."

I should prefer to abstain altogether from giving extracts from the Dorset poems in corroboration of what I said have about them, First, because few of the readers of this paper will have spent the "half hour" which must be spent in getting over the strangeness of the dialect so far as to qualify them for feeling the delicate graces of the poetry written in it; and secondly, because entire idylls or eclogues of considerable length would have to be quoted in order to enable the reader to judge of that living integrity which is the main justification of the foregoing praise. I might quote scores of the "fine things," the little gems of rare perception miraculously worded, which are scattered up and down Barnes's poems, as they are through the pages of many a modern poet. But that would not be to convey to the reader, as the critic's business is, that which is most characteristic. The very best of Barnes's poems are almost as bare of "ornament" and as dependent for effect on their perfection, as a whole, as a

tragedy of Æschylus. There is not the slightest touch of "poetry" in the language itself of the rustics who are the *dramatis personæ* of the eclogues, yet poetry has not much to show which is more exquisite in its way than these unconscious and artless confabulations of carters and milkmaids as reflected in the consciousness and arranged by the art of the poet. A critic cannot be worth much if the expressions with which he delivers his deliberate judgment do not produce a presumption in favor of its general truth sufficient to supersede the necessity for the very imperfect corroboration supplied by the quoting of short pieces or passages which lose nine-tenths of their significance by dislocation. But universal custom requires that the reviewer shall offer at least a petal or two in proof of the flower. Accordingly, the three following little poems are taken almost at random; for it is difficult to select where there is no inequality of merit:—

BLACKWORE MAIDENS.

The primrose in the sheelde do blow,
The cowslip in the zun,
The thyme upon the down do grow,
The clove where streams do run:
An' where do pretty maidens grow
An' blow, but where the tow'r
Do rise among the bricken tuna,
In Blackwore by the Stour?

If you could see their comely gait,
An' pretty felices' smiles,
A-trippen on so light o' waight,
An' steppn off the stiles;
A-gwain to church, as bells do swing
An' ring within the tow'r,
You'd own the pretty maidens' please
Is Blackwore by the Stour.

If you vrom Wimborne took your road,
To Stower or Paladore,
An' all the farmers' houses shew'd
Their daughters at the door;
You'd cry to bachelors at hwoine—
"Here, come: 't'hin an hour
You'll vind ten maidens to your mind,
In Blackwore by the Stour."

An' if you look'd 't'hin their dooz,
To see 'em in their plesce,
A-doen housework up avore
Their smiln mother's felice;
You'd cry—"Why if a man wold wive
An' thrive, 't'houz a dow'r,
Then let en look en out a wive
In Blackwore by the Stour."

As I upon my road did pass
 A school-house back in May,
 There out upon the beaten grass
 Were maidens at their play;
 An' as the pretty souls did dwell
 An' smile, I cried, "The flow'r
 O' beauty, then, is still in bud
 In Blackmore by the Stour."

MILKEN TIME.

'Twer when the busy birds do vlee,
 Wi' sheenèn wings vrom tree to tree,
 To build upon the mossy lim',
 Their hollow nestes' rounded rim;
 The while the sun, a-zinken low,
 Did roll along his evenen bow,
 I come along where wide-horn'd cows,
 'Tthin a nook, a-ecreen'd by boughs,
 Did stan' an' slip the whits-hoop'd palls
 Wi' heisty tufts o' swingèn tails;
 An' there were Jenny Coom a-gone
 Along the path a vew steps on,
 A-beàrèn on her head, upstraigh't,
 Her pall, wi' slowly-ridèn waigh't,
 An' hoops a-sheenèn, lily-white,
 Ageàn the evenèn's slantèn light;
 An' zo I took her pall, an' left
 Her neck a-freed vrom all its heft;
 An' she a-lookèn up an' down,
 Wi' sheèply head an' glossy crown,
 Then took my side, an' kept my peèce
 A-talkèn on wi' smilèn feàce,
 An' zettèn things in sich a light,
 I'd fain ha' heàr'd her talk all night;
 An' when I brought her milk avore
 The geàte, she took it in to door,
 An' if her pall had but allow'd
 Her head to vall, she would ha' bow'd,
 An' still, as 'twer, I had the sight
 Ov her sweet smile droughout the night.

ELLEN BRINE OF ALLENBURN.

Noo soul did hear her lips complain,
 An' she's a-gone vrom all her pain,
 An' others' loss to her is gain
 For she do live in heaven's love;
 Vull many a longsome day an' week
 She bore her allèn, still an' meek;
 A-workèn while her strength held on,
 An' guidèn housework, when 'twer gone.
 Vor Ellen Brine ov Allenburn,
 Oh! there be souls to marn.

The last time I'd a-cast my sight
 Upon her feàce, a fealded white,
 Wer in a zummer's mornèn light
 In hall avore the smwold'rèn vire,
 The while the childern beat the vloor,
 In play, wi' tny shoes they wore,
 An' call'd their mother's eyes to vew
 The feàts their little limbs could do.
 Oh! Ellen Brine ov Allenburn,
 Thy childern now mus' marn.

Then woone, a-stoppèn vrom his peèce,
 Went up, an' on her knee did pleàce
 His hand, a-lookèn in her feàce,
 An' wi' a smilèn mouth so small,
 He zaid, "You promised us to goo
 To Shroton feàir, and teàke us two!"
 She heàrd it wi' her two white ears,
 An' in her eyes there sprung two tears,
 Vor Ellen Brine ov Allenburn
 Did veel that they mus' marn.

September come, wi' Shroton feàir,
 But Ellen Brine wer' never there,
 A heavy heart wer' on the meàre,
 Their father rod his hwoemeward road;
 'Tis true he brought some feàrèn's back,
 Vor them two childern all in black;
 But they had now, wi' playthings new,
 Noo mother vor to shew 'em to,
 Vor Ellen Brine ov Allenburn
 Would never mware return.

I will conclude my statement of the claim of Barnes to be regarded as an English classic by a few words on the likelihood, as it seems to me, of his being one of the last of his sort. Everything in the present state and apparent prospects of civilization is discouraging to the production of classical work. Boys and girls may lisp in numbers because the numbers come, but no true artist in words can do his arduous though joyful work except in the assured hope of having, sooner or later, an audience; and as time goes on this must seem to him a less and less likely reward and complement of his labor.

Barnes's best poems have been before the public for more than forty years; yet what proportion of those who will read this notice have ever held a volume of them in their hands? A hundred or two hundred years ago his general acknowledgment by educated readers would have been immediate. The *Religio Medici* was reprinted eight times in England and translated into most languages of Europe during the lifetime of Sir Thomas Browne, its literary excellence constituting its only attraction, for all "parties" were offended by it. The reading public of England was then less than one-fifth of its present number, making a sale of eight editions thus equivalent to one of eighty editions now. The book having been recognized at the time for what it is, a true classic, has continued to form part of the course of reading expected

in cultivated persons. But had it been published in our own day, would it have sold eighty copies? We read of £5, £20, or even £60 in old times having been given by booksellers to persons of wholly untried fame for the copyrights of works which time has nevertheless stamped as great classics. It seems scarcely credible, but there can be no reasonable doubt of it. Is it that the present indifference and even repugnance to new excellence of the highest order is accounted for by our having more of the old than we know what to do with? Scarcely; for a man of forty, without being at all a man of unlimited leisure, may very well have perused all that remains of the world's literature that is above or up to the mark of Sir Thomas Browne or William Barnes. The few shelves which would hold all the true classics extant might receive as many more of the like as there is any chance that the next two or three centuries could produce, without burdening the select and leisurely scholar with a sense of how much he had to read. Is it not rather that the power to appreciate either the matter or form of genuine art in writing is dying out, even among those who by their education ought to be the zealous upholders and guardians of a high and pure standard? Lawlessness, self-assertion, oddity instead of individuality, and inorganic polish where there should be the breathing completeness of art, are no longer the delight only of the "groundlings." They are also the lure of leaders of literary fashion, of those whose approval used to be the almost certain forerunner of fame, and that foretaste of it without which the soul of the man of genius sickens within him and refuses to exercise its functions.

There appears to be little hope that this is only a transitory declension. It is not a reaction but a decay; and the recuperative force, if there be any in the future, shows no signal of its approach. The peace and joy which are the harvest of a quiet mind, and the conditions—when they are not the inspirations, as they were in Barnes—of true art no longer exist. In America, where it has been well said there is everywhere comfort but no joy, and where popularity, as a clever Ameri-

can lady assured me, lasts a year, and fame ten, we probably have the mirror of our own very near future; and the decline from this present easy-going state of things to the commencement of a series of dark ages, of which no one shall be able to discern the limit, may perhaps be more rapid than most of us imagine. Unpalatable and unacceptable as the suggestion may be, it cannot be denied by persons who are able and willing to look facts in the face that there are already strong indications of a relapse into a long-protracted period of social and political disorganization, so complete that there shall be no means of leisure or even living for a learned class nor any audience for what it has to impart. Such recrudescences of civilization have occurred, and they may occur again, though the prospect may be as incredible to most Europeans at the present moment as it must have been to the lieges of the Eternal City at the height and sudden turning-point of its popular glory and seemingly consolidated order. By Americans the idea would of course be scouted. But American culture and civilization are identical with those of Europe, only they are in many respects the worse and in very few the better for transplantation. Religion, though widespread, is of a vulgarer and less efficient type than among us; art is absolutely non-existent; and the vanity which so loudly claims the paternity of the future is the very worst of prognostics for the fulfilment of that expectation. America is beginning where others have ended, in a widely spread and widely indulged desire for riches and luxury. It is said that the disappearance of some of the finest and most carefully cultivated sorts of fruit trees is owing to the fact that the grafts, from which alone they can be reproduced, will only live and give other grafts during the natural lifetime of the original tree. History seems to indicate that a similar law applies to the grafts of culture and civilization, and that they cannot long survive the failure of the sap in the old trunk.

I had intended to give some personal account of Barnes, but our first living novelist, Mr. Thomas Hardy, who knew him far better than I did, has been beforehand with me.

I will conclude therefore with an extract from a letter which I received for my friend Mr. Goose, written just after leaving the side of the dying classic.

"Hardy and I went on Monday last to Came Rectory, where he lies bedridden. It is curious that he is dying as picturesquely as he lived. We found him in bed in his study, his face turned to the window, where the light came streaming in through flowering plants, his brown books on all sides of him save one, the wall behind him being hung with old green tapestry. He had a scarlet bedgown on, a kind of soft biretta of dark red wool on his head, from which his long white hair escaped on to the pillow; his gray beard grown very long upon his breast; his complexion, which you recollect as richly bronzed, has become blanched by keeping indoors, and is now waxily white where it is not waxily pink; the blue eyes half shut, restless under languid lids; the whole body very restless, rising and falling in bed, by means of a very gorgeous bed-rop, with an action like rowing in a boat. I wish I could paint for you the strange effect of this old, old man, lying in cardinal scarlet in his white bed, the only bright spot in the gloom of all these books. You must think that I make too much of these outer signs, but it seemed to me that this unconsciously theatrical *mise-en-scène* in the solitude of this out-of-the-way rectory was very curious and characteristic."
—COVENTRY PATMORE, in *The Fortnightly Review*.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

On December 17 the poet Whittier enters on his eightieth year. Few men have more fairly earned the world's respect than the militant Quaker poet who was the Tyrtæus of the Abolitionist cause. For many years every action of his life was scrutinized beneath the pitiless limelight of hostile, if not malignant, criticism. Yet no one has even hinted that, throughout the struggle with which his name is associated, Whittier ever showed himself mean in motive, false in purpose, or dishonest in assertion.

His early training and the part which he played in the Anti-Slavery agitation are the distinguishing features of his life, and the most potent influences of his literary career. Dependent for refinement on his own internal resources, living outside the range of European culture and beyond the reach of the transcendental movement, removed from the sound of the conflicts of poetical schools, Whittier had few temptations to imitation; he created a new world for himself; he formed his own style and his own habits of thought. Before he threw himself into the Abolitionist cause, home surroundings were almost the only influences by which he was affected. Whatever may be his position in the world of letters, he has made it for himself; the keenest eye for plagiarisms fails to detect in his mature writings any use of the thoughts of others. Horace Greeley called him the most national of American poets. In a limited sense the judgment is correct. He is American in his choice of subjects, his scenery, his images, his religion, his politics. He is American also in the practical character of his poetry. He sings of no useless ideals; he dreams no impossible dreams in unknown regions; he keeps close to the common affairs and interests of men. He is essentially home-bred; no representative of foreign schools of thought presided over the birth or the growth of his genius.

Whittier was born in 1807 at a lonely farmhouse, three miles north-east of Haverhill, a town in the Merrimac valley in Essex county, Massachusetts. He comes of a Quaker stock. His paternal ancestors settled in the neighborhood in 1638. On his mother's side he has French blood in his veins, for "Greenleaf" is a translation of *Feuillevert*—

"The name the Gallic exile bore,
St. Malo! from thy ancient mart."

As Quakers and Huguenots Whittier's ancestors for generations suffered religious and social persecution. This inheritance of Puritan intolerance still grates on the poet's memory, and explains the bitterness which he sometimes displays toward the grim elders who saw in toleration as grave a crime as heresy.

The old homestead in which he was born still stands—a plain, solidly framed house, built by the first of the Whittier colonists more than two centuries ago. From the front door a wooded grassy bank slopes down to the little brook—

“The music of whose liquid lip
Had been to us companionship,
And, in our lonely life, had grown
To have an almost human tone.”

The house, nestling in the valley, is shut in on all sides by hills; but the oak forest which, in Whittier's youth, “swept unbroken to the northern horizon,” as been partially cleared. The brook, tumbling down from its ravine, and whispering at the garden wall, played an important part in the poet's boyhood. Along its windings he wandered, watching with childish delight the fishing-rod of Uncle Moses; on its banks he knew the haunts of the earliest and latest wild flowers, from the hepatica or the wood anemone “to the yellow bloom of the witch-hazel, burning in the leafless October woods.” It is a country full of quiet beauty, of woods and velvety lawns and round-backed hills, of scenery which is not bold or impressive, but is stored with unobtrusive treasures for the quiet eye of the observant watcher.

In those days of self-sufficing agriculture, food and clothing were produced at home: towns and shops were little needed; visitors were rare, and glimpses of the outside world few and far between. The farthest spot to which he traveled from the secluded farm was the meeting-house at Amesbury, where on First-days he sometimes worshiped. In *Snowbound* he has sketched with mingled grace and vigor portraits of his home circle, and set them against a background of the interior of a New England farmhouse painted with the fidelity of a Teniers. His father, a silent man, who had passed his *Wanderjähre* among the trappers—his mother at her wheel, teaching simple lessons from Bible history, or telling stories of Red Indian perils— dangers brought home to the children by the old garrison-house which stood close to the farm—his aunt, Mercy Hussey,

“The sweetest woman ever fate
Perverse denied a household mate”—

his Uncle Moses, “innocent of books,” but “rich in love of fields and brooks”—his brother Matthew, and his sisters Mary and Elizabeth, made up the little world of human beings in which the poet lived.

Uncle Moses instructed the boy in woodcraft and field lore. Of other schooling he had little. Joshua Coffin, afterward a life-long friend and fellow-soldier in the Abolitionist struggle, taught him his A B C in a smoked and dingy room, which served for a “ragged winter school.” This, with a few weeks under an unnamed “brisk wielder of the birch and rule,” and a term at Madame Chadbonne's, included all the regular instruction which the boy received. Since then he has read widely. Perhaps his occasional display of learning is due to the comparatively recent date of his self-education. The home library was limited. The Bible and Ellwood's *David's* were his only poetical reading; Sewel's *History of the Quakers*, a volume beloved of Charles Lamb, and *Chalkley's Journal*, with a handful of controversial tracts, exhaust the literature of his early boyhood. Instead of books the “barefoot boy,” who ran his mother's errands, or hoed in the corn-fields, or played on the slopes of Job's hill, studied Nature. He underwent an apprenticeship which proved of inestimable value. As he himself writes—

“I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming birds and honey bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Piled the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides.”

The freckles and the tan and the stain of the wild strawberry are still upon his poetry; his verse seems written to the sound of the whetstone on the scythe, or to the rhythmic beat of the flail:

"Such music as the woods and streams
Sang in his ears he sang aloud."

In his fourteenth year a wider world began to open before the boy's expanding consciousness. From the lips of a wandering gaberlunzie he first heard the songs of Burns; from Jonathan Plummer, a traveling pedlar and local poet, he learned the power of rhyme. But the great event of his boyhood, and even of his literary life, was the perusal of Burns' poetry. It opened to him a fresh world; nature wore a different appearance, and contained for the future a deeper meaning. New ideas germinated in his mind; his creative faculty was stirred. "I began," he writes, "to make rhymes myself, and to imagine stories and adventures." In 1826 he caught a glimpse of literary fame. A poem from his pen, probably that on *The Deity*, was printed in the poet's corner of the *Free Press* of Newburyport. Struck by the promise of the verses, Garrison, at that time the editor of the paper, rode out to Whittier's home to urge upon the lad the advantages of a wider education. Mainly by his advice Whittier went, at nineteen years of age, to the Latin School at Haverhill. The legend that he paid for his education by cobbling has been discredited by his most recent biographer. He was then a tall, slight lad, erect in figure, with those dark flashing eyes which still command attention. Two years later he became the editor—in fact, though not in name—of the *Manufacturer*, a Boston paper, written in support of Henry Clay and Protectionist principles. For the next four years he was alternately schoolmaster, farmer, and newspaper editor. But he disliked journalism, and his health could not stand its strain. In 1832 he gave up his connection with the *Hartford Review*, and returned to the plough at Haverhill. From that time forward he has lived at, or near, his old home. When the farmhouse was sold in 1840, Whittier moved with his mother and sisters to Amesbury. His later life has been spent at Danvers, a village close to Amesbury. He has never married.

The only movement which disturbed the even tenor of his quiet life was the anti-

slavery agitation, in which he took so prominent a part. The Quakers were from the first identified with the Abolitionist cause. They set a practical example by liberating their own slaves in the Southern States. Lundy, who with Garrison edited the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*, at Baltimore, was a Quaker; to the same body belonged the first President of the New England Anti-Slavery Society. His Quaker ancestry, his friendship with Garrison, his generous character and ardent temperament, all impelled Whittier to fight the battle of the slaves. The cotton trade was then the chief source of American wealth; any attempts to disturb its existing conditions were viewed with alarm. Southern planters and Northern merchants commanded the press, tuned the pulpits, and hounded on the mob in the track of the Abolitionists. To champion the cause of the slave meant to encounter personal violence, social ostracism, civil persecution, literary martyrdom. But Whittier was not the man to shrink from danger or self-sacrifice when once his sympathies were enlisted. In the first of his *Voices of Freedom* he addresses Garrison—

"My heart hath leaped to answer thine,
And echo back thy words,
As leaps the warrior's at the shine
And flash of kindred swords."

The cause to which he devoted his best years and energies has triumphed; and now America makes him hearty reparation.

"The hooting mob of yesterday, in silent awe return
To gather up the scattered ashes into History's
golden urn."

In 1831 Garrison started the *Liberator* in a small, dingy ink-bespattered office on the third story of the Merchants' Hall at Boston. In that "dark, unfurnished, mean" room, as Lowell has written, "the freedom of a race began." Whittier appeared, even in that "day of small things," as Garrison's resolute supporter. In 1833 he published his pamphlet, *Justice and Expediency*. His second poem on the slave question shows the spirit with which he entered on the conflict. It is addressed to the memory of Charles Storrs,

one of the first victims of the persecution which awaited the Abolitionists :

"Thou hast fallen in thine armor.
Thou servant of the Lord!
With thy last breath crying Onward!
And thy hand upon thy sword."

For many years Whittier poured forth his impassioned lyrics, which throb and beat, beneath the Quaker drab, with the hot blood and vehement spirit of the soldier. On December 4, 1833, a convention assembled at Philadelphia to form the American Anti-Slavery Society. Whittier's thoughts will go back to the gray December morning of the 5th, when he found Garrison drafting the last lines of "the Declaration of Sentiments." "I set," says Whittier, "a higher value on my name as appended to that Declaration than on the title-page of any book. Looking over a life marked by many errors and shortcomings, I rejoice that I have been able to maintain the pledge of that signature, and that in the long intervening years

"My voice, though not the loudest, has been heard
Wherever Freedom raised her cry of pain."

In discussing Whittier's literary position, too much stress cannot be laid upon the two points already emphasized. Two periods may be distinguished in his poetical career. In the first the polemical, in the second the literary, element predominates. No scientific frontier can be drawn between them; but the publication of *Snowbound* in 1866 marks the final line of demarcation. Naturally it is in the first of these two periods that the influence of his early boyhood and of the movement with which he identified himself held most undisputed sway.

Born and bred a Quaker, Whittier possesses the independence, the love of liberty, the simple piety, the moral sincerity which are the birthright of his sect. Like many of the Society of Friends, he combines illiberal principles with liberal practice; narrow in doctrine but broad in sympathy, he has consecrated his life to a noble cause with large-hearted unselfishness. His artistic nature was stunted by the severity of his early training, as well as by his religious fervor. The austere prac-

tical people among whom he was bred attached no value to culture. Their sense of beauty was dwarfed by their perception of moral worth. Whittier is above all things, a moralist, a reformer, a preacher. He uses verse to rouse the hearts of men; but poetry is only a means to an end, it is not an aim in itself. He even apologizes to his sister for the cultivation of his poetical tastes, as though it were wasted energy

"To con, at times, an idle rhyme,
To pluck a flower from childhood's clime,
Or listen, at life's noonday chime,
For the sweet bells of morning!"

Whittier's martial spirit might at first sight seem to contradict the influence of his Quaker training. Friend of peace though he is, the molten stream of his glowing utterances betrays the warlike fire that burned within him. But there is here no inconsistency. The Quakers drew their strength from the English yeomen who formed the backbone of Cromwell's army. While renouncing carnal weapons, they abandoned none of their natural combativeness. The language of their worship teems with military metaphors. As a boy, Whittier's favorite character in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* was Greatheart; his favorite scene the encounter between Christian and Apollyon. Though it was only a wordy war that Whittier waged he manifests that spirit which answered Rupert's trumpets with "Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered!" During the Civil War he is reported to have met a Government official commissioned to inspect the timbers of a Northern cruiser. "Friend," said he, "thou knows that I am a Quaker, and do not believe in ships of war; but, in this case I would advise thee to be very careful that the timber is sound."

From the moment that he heard

"the voice that bids
The dreamer leave his dreams midway
For larger hopes and graver fears,"

poetry became, as he himself said, "simply episodic as something apart from the real object and aim of my life." *Voices of Freedom* bear every mark of strong feeling. Intensity of conviction and the grace of sin-

cerity give his best lyrics a compactness which the quaintness of artistic finish often fails to produce. They are, as Lowell says in the *Fables for Critics*,

"struck off at white heats
When the heart in his breast like a trip-hammer beats."
Even now his appeal to the Bay State stirs
the blood:

"Sons of men who sate in council with their Bibles
round the board,
Answering England's royal missive with a firm 'Thus
saith the Lord,'
Rise again for home and freedom! Set the battle in
array!
What the fathers did of old time, we their sons must
do to-day."

On the other hand, *Voices of Freedom* are bare of ornament, betray, by repetitions and jarring rhymes, signs of rapid composition, often stray into noisy declamation, and carry the habit of pious ejaculation and exhortation to inopportune excess.

The faults of Whittier's early poetry may be summed up in the lack of the Hellenic element, the want of artistic taste. The void was never entirely filled, so enduring was the influence of his early training and of the Abolitionist movement. But in his later and more literary poetry the blemishes are less conspicuous. As his mental horizon widens, the gray atmosphere of his Quaker youth grows brighter. He has read and thought for himself. In the process of his self-culture his early faith seems to have wavered. Perplexed by voices calling from the right and left, his sight dimmed by the impenetrable darkness of life's mystery, he hesitated—

"Like childhood listening for the sound
Of its dropp'd pebbles in the well,
All vainly down the dark profound
His brief-lined plummet fell."

The mental struggle left its trace in many of his poems; but he has won his way back to his old unquestioning trust. In his later poetry the piety, simplicity, and frankness remain; but to these are added a wider sympathy, a more tolerant spirit, a deeper culture, a mel-
lowed taste, and a growing love of poetry as
in art. He retains that power of landscape-

painting which was the inheritance of his childhood. His descriptive poetry is never cold. He paints in fresh bright colors, transfers the living scene to his page, and, without pausing to analyze or philosophize, gives us pictures of Nature at first hand. His poetry is fresh and simple; but it is not deep. He is a genuine story-teller. The want of depth here become a positive advantage. He never mars the vivid directness of his narrative by the intrusion of his own personality. Mystic beauty, dreamy grace, rounded art, lofty imagination, are not his gifts. He would not, if he could, soar into the unreal world of Shelley.

Snowbound is, on the whole, his most finished production. In it his pictures stand out with sharply defined outline against the snow; his background gives emphasis and expression to every feature which he describes. A selection from his poetry has been recently published. It contains *Mogg Megone*, a poem which Whittier himself condemned as a big Red Indian strutting in a Scotch plaid; it does not include any of the "Songs of Labor," such as the *Corn Song*, *The Huskers*, and *The Drovers*, or *Randolph of Roanoke*, *Ichabod*, *Telling the Bees*, *Among the Hills*, *My Soul and I*, *Follen*, *Questions of Life*. Yet, whether as specimens of his poetry or as illustrations of his mental growth, all these deserve to be included in any selection.

Much that is interesting in Whittier's life and writings must necessarily be omitted from so brief a sketch. After all, his life is his most perfect poem. Higher value attaches to his noble services to humanity than to his intellectual efforts, great though they undoubtedly are. "A dreamer born," the chivalrous philanthropist, who

"left the Muse's haunts to turn
The crank of an opinion-mill,
Making his rustic reed of song
A weapon in the war with wrong."

sacrificed literary fame to win the gratitude of a people. The world honors, even while it most regrets, his choice.—R. E. PRYGANSKI,
in *Longman's Magazine*.

FRANÇOIS JOSEPH DUPLEIX.

IN FOUR PARTS—PART I.

The military adventurer has, in all ages, been a prominent figure in India; and history of that country derives much of its interest from the remarkable characters and brilliant achievements of such men, and their commanding influence on the fortunes of a community discordant in race, national sentiment, and religion, weak in political institutions and public spirit, and hence peculiarly liable to revolutions wrought out by the sword. Thus, without citing earlier instances, the Mogul empire was founded, undermined and laid low by three representatives of this class, each well suited to his mission, and all memorable for the wild romance of their exploits. The quick-witted, large-hearted, and enlightened Baber, a conqueror in his boyhood, youthful in spirit to the end, a knight-errant ever, was happily adapted to conciliate his Indian subjects; and to stamp upon the government of his new dominions that bleuded character of energy and tolerance, which it long retained under his descendants, and which contributed so much to its stability. But when the gloomy and persecuting Aurungzib laid his hand heavily on the Hindoos, Sivaji arose as their deliverer and avenger: his subtlety, political ability, skill in irregular warfare, religious zeal, and national spirit, made him irrepressible, and the Hindoo reaction, initiated by him, irresistible. Sapped by the Mahrattas, the tottering empire was prostrated by Nadir Shah. This grim, inflexible, and able soldier, who freed Persia from a foreign yoke only to usurp the throne, enforce a change of religion, play the tyrant, and perpetrate frantic cruelties which cost him his life, was an appropriate instrument for the repetition of Timour's work of destruction; and Nadir's indiscriminate massacre at Delhi recalled the dread memory of "the Scourge of God."

The fortunes of the Anglo-Indian empire have been not less notably affected by the same class of men, though hitherto the general results of their operations have been favorable to it. The enterprise of adventurers

called it into being, precipitated its development, and gave occasion to each great step in its advance. Dupleix's policy forced the Madras government to take up Mahomed Ali's cause; Clive, the "heaven-born general," sustained it; and the relation thus established inevitably ended in the British annexation of the Carnatic. Anaverdy Khan made himself master of the Bengal provinces; and though he refused to quarrel with the English, his fatuous partiality for Surajah Dowlah brought about the crisis which he deprecated. Plassey was the *contre-coup* of the attack on Calcutta. The rise of Hyder, and the close alliance of his house with the French, led eventually to the British conquest of Mysore. De Boigne made Mahadajee Sindia predominant at Delhi, and over a great part of Hindostan, though both he and his patron were careful to keep on good terms with the English. But when another soldier of fortune, Ameer Khan, incited Jeswunt Roa Holkar, an adventurer like himself, to march on Poona, the defeated Peishwa fled to Bombay, and concluded the treaty of Bassein. This Mahadajee's successor, proud of the position won for him by De Boigne, and relying on the powerful army which the Savoyard had organized, thought proper to oppugn; and the triumphant English mulcted him of the so-called north-west provinces. In the ebb tide of British policy, after Wellesley's departure, Ameer Khan prepared the way for new annexations, both by exhibiting in his own licentious proceedings the intolerable evils attending non-intervention, and by stimulating the growth of a yet more debased type of adventurers, the Pindaris, for whose suppression forces were assembled by Lord Hastings. This circumstance hastened the intriguing and suspicious Peishwa's explosion; and his defeat, surrender, and deposition transferred his dominions to the company. In Wellesley's days, an Irish sailor, George Thomas, had made himself independent on the borders of the Indian desert: had played a masterful part in the Cis-Sutlej Sikh country; and had projected the conquest of the Punjab and of Sinde. He was cut off before he could attempt either object; and Runjit Singh

united and disciplined the northern Sikhs, and maintained a dubious faith with the English. But the proud and adventurous spirit which he had strengthened in his army impelled it, on his death, to cross the Sikh Rubicon; and the Punjab soon became British territory. It must be added that one view of the conquest of Sindé would represent Sir Charles Napier as a predetermined military adventurer.

Of the names we have mentioned, some are absolutely unknown, others little more than names, to most Englishmen. But of Dupleix's ambition, vanity, sudden elevation, equally sudden reverses, who has not read in the fascinating pages of Macaulay? Yet, as Mr. Justice Stephen has lately shown, Macaulay is an unsafe guide to truth in Indian history. And there is special ground for distrusting his account of Clive's great rival. His essay was written *à propos* of Sir John Malcolm's *Life of Clive*. But Malcolm contributes no original information on Dupleix and his proceedings. He dispatches in a few lines, in accordance with Orme's narrative, the story of the surrender of Madras, and Dupleix's breach of the capitulation, while he fills twenty-four pages, describing Clive's defence of Arcot, with a quotation from Orme. That writer is evidently both his authority and Macaulay's at this period. But Orme, admirable historian as he is in general, was imperfectly acquainted with Dupleix, and much prejudiced against him. As a personal friend of Clive, who broke his *parole* on the faith of Labourdonnais's version of the occasion and merits of his quarrel with Dupleix, Orme would be inclined to misjudge the French governor-general from the outset; and Dupleix's later conduct did not tend to remove the impression of perfidy, usurped authority, and extreme arrogance thus associated with his name. Hence he became in Orme's eyes, in spite of his ability and perseverance, both odious and contemptible. It must be remembered also that, while Labourdonnais was indefatigable in circulating his own story, Dupleix's lips were sealed by authority, when he undertook to vindicate his career, and press his claims on the French East India Company. Thus he says:

Le sieur Dupleix respecte trop les ordres du ministre et ceux de la compagnie pour oser publier ici ce qu'il lui a été enjoint d'ensevelir dans le plus profond secret, et, quelque intérêt qu'il puisse avoir de justifier une conduite qu'il n'ignore pas que beaucoup de personnes ont condamnée, ce motif, tout puissant qu'il est, cédera toujours à la loi du devoir.

Thus Dupleix continued to be misunderstood and underrated; and Macaulay, by a few vigorous and confident strokes, from an unfavorable portrait produced a caricature of the real man. An anonymous writer in the defunct *National Review* (October, 1862) first, as far as we are aware, explained the true state of the case relative to Madras and its treatment by the rival French officers; and later still Colonel Malleon in his *History of the French in India* has done ample justice to Dupleix. But the interest of the subject is by no means exhausted. Much of Dupleix's voluminous correspondence still awaits publication. A recent French writer, M. Tibulle Hamont, has consulted this, and based upon it a detailed and enthusiastic biography, interspersed with copious extracts from the letters, which throw a new and vivid light on the character and conduct of the brilliant adventurer.

M. Hamont is not free from the *lues Boewelliana*; and we are often quite unable to sympathize with his reflections, or to admit the force of his reasoning and the soundness of his conclusions. But his contribution to the knowledge of his hero's personality seems to us a really valuable one; and with the advantage of this fresh illustration we propose to give a short outline of the critical passages in Dupleix's career, and to attempt to appreciate fairly his character, designs, and achievements. Whatever his faults, he certainly deserves a better fate than to be held up to scorn as a clever, but vain-glorious and detected charlatan.

François Joseph Dupleix was born on the first day of the year 1697, at Landrecies. His father was a farmer-general of taxes, apparently a narrow-minded and austere money-maker, and a stern despot in the family circle, whose constant aim was to make his son a thorough, but a mere, man of business, rigidly proscribing all higher culture, and

especially all scope for the imagination. But the exclusive side of this policy defeated itself. As so often happens in similar cases, the forbidden fruit was eagerly snatched by the boy, who was of a dreamy and enthusiastic temperament; and he soon reveled in the world of ideas, and devoted himself to studies very remote from bookkeeping, including that of music, which throughout his career was his solace, and in some sense his inspirer. He combined with a love of the fine arts a taste for the severer studies of mathematics and fortification. His father was naturally much provoked: *Passé encore pour les mathématiques*, he exclaimed indignantly, *mais la fortification et le reste!* Such perversity required sharp discipline; and in 1715, that is at the age of eighteen, the youth was sent to sea on board of an East-Indiaman. From his voyages he returned with much information, and what the domestic oracle considered sound ideas on trade and maritime affairs.

Being a large shareholder in the French East India Company, the elder Dupleix, in 1720, procured for his son a seat in the Council at Pondicherry, with the then almost nominal and ill-paid, but to Dupleix very suggestive, post of *commissaire des guerres*. Lenoir, the governor of Pondicherry, was a shrewd and kindly man, well versed in Indian politics; he quickly discerned the capacity of the young councilor, and employed him in a manner well adapted to prepare him for his enterprising career. Under Lenoir's tuition, Dupleix explored the archives of the company, and was intrusted with the drafting of dispatches to France and the native powers.

It soon appeared that, whatever his original tastes, his commercial training had not been thrown away. The company's commerce was in a very bad state. The most elementary principles of political economy were ignored by the professed men of business; and it was reserved for the votary of the muses to work out a salutary reform by the application of those principles. The commercial agents, both at Pondicherry and in Europe, were content to purchase Indian goods with French gold, and neglected both the introduction of

western commodities into India, and a similar traffic with the outlying regions of Asia. Hence their operations were comparatively feeble and intermittent, and their profits very small. But the company's servants were not forbidden to trade, on their own account, with the interior of the country. Dupleix availed himself of this opening; obtained much money in return for the European goods in which he speculated; and induced his father to engage in an enterprise that gave him the double satisfaction of receiving a good dividend, and feeling that his son was, on one side of his character at least, a chip of the old block.

For several years Dupleix continued thus to amass wealth, and made comprehensive studies of the political situation; though it may be doubted whether, as M. Hamont asserts, he was already dreaming of the conquest of India; the rather, as no passage is cited in proof of this precocious reverie. In 1780 he was appointed governor of Chandernagore in Bengal. This settlement was in a more dilapidated condition than Pondicherry. But it was a sphere that suited him; and his influence was soon marvelously displayed in the development of its commercial activity. The place was well situated both for internal and foreign traffic; and the example of the new governor's profitable enterprise in purchasing vessels and goods, and pushing them seaward to remote Asiatic ports, and along the great river highways far up the country, stimulated the settlers, whom he freely assisted with his capital, and so effectually, that at the end of ten years French wares supplied many of the great cities of Hindostan, and were even sent up to Thibet; Chandernagore mustered, instead of five, not less than seventy-two ships engaged in the carrying trade with western India, Arabia, and China; and the increasing opulence of the place is said to have been attested by the construction of ten thousand new houses.

In 1741 the governor married a remarkable woman, whose influence on his career was destined to be very great. She was a widow: her father was French, her mother an Indo-Portuguese, and a scion of the historic house

of De Castro. Madame Dupleix was born and educated in India. Her manners are said to have been fascinating: her strength of character and intelligence, her diplomatic tact, and her proficiency in native languages, were notable, and invaluable to her husband, whose political designs, if not suggested, were warmly embraced and actively promoted by her. A mutual and deep devotion, in weal and woe, seemed to have united the brilliant Frenchman and the accomplished Eurasian, not unlike that which existed later between Warren Hastings and *his* foreign wife.

The year of his marriage was also that of Dupleix's appointment as governor of Pondicherry, including the supreme control over the other French possessions, Chandernagore in Bengal, Karikal on the Coromandel, and Mahé on the Malabar coast. He was provided with a council of five members, who appear to have been throughout very submissive to his ascendancy. The company nominated—and could recall—all these officers, though the royal sanction ratified the appointment, and supplemented it with a royal commission, and justice ran in the king's name. The powers of the governor-general were very extensive, but were conveyed in terms perhaps too indefinite. Each of the settlements had its governor and council, who were bound to obey the orders of the ruler of Pondicherry. This is not the occasion for tracing, even in outline, the previous history of the French East India Company. But it may be mentioned that it had already exhibited tendencies strictly analogous to those with which the student of our own company's annals is familiar. The directors limited their aspirations to a large dividend, and were most anxious to "keep a calm sough," and avoid any proceedings which might compromise their proper object, by involving them in local troubles. On the other hand, some of their governors had attained a dim consciousness that while their trade was by no means flourishing, it might prosper more if they secured a stronger footing in the country, and more commanding influence over the natives. Thus M. Dumas had already shown great resolution in resisting and defying

Mahratta dictation. After Law's bubble had burst, the French government, and the French people generally, took little interest in Indian affairs.

Since the fusion of the rival companies in England our countrymen in the east had subsided into quiet traders, and had been much abler and more successful in their calling than their natural enemies the French. This once favorite phrase we use advisedly: for the petty jealousy of the commercial spirit, the close neighborhood of the French and English settlements on the Coromandel coast, the remoteness of the overruling authorities in Europe, and the circumstances that each settlement was fortified, and possessed the nucleus of an army, all tended to aggravate national antipathies, and to provoke collisions, which would have been more frequent but for the surviving respect for the native powers. If the emperor was a phantom, he was still an august phantom, and inspired fear. If the great subahdar of the Dekkan, Nizam ul Mulik, was afar off, he was well known to have long arms. And the nawab of the Carnatic at the time was not only his titular deputy, but had been actually selected and supported by him; and was moreover a man of character and vigor, with large military resources at his disposal. But Dupleix's bold spirit was not to be thus intimidated; and he early resolved to turn the imperial authority to his own account. It must be remembered that the practical dismemberment of the empire was almost complete; that the viceroy of the Dekkan, or India south of the Nerbudda, was virtually an independent sovereign, though the great Mahratta confederacy, of which the Peishwa was becoming the acknowledged head, was his constant and formidable rival; and that Mysore was still a comparatively insignificant state, under Hindoo rule, Hyder Ali being a young adventurer in the service of Nunjiraj, the *dulway* or regent of that kingdom.

Whatever might be his ulterior designs, Dupleix's immediate attention was engrossed by preparation for the impending war between his countrymen and the English, arising out of the disputed Austrian succession. His

first step was characteristic. Knowing too well the feebleness of his military resources, and the precariousness of timely aid from beyond the sea, he sought to strengthen his political position in the eyes of the natives, which might be not less useful in the coming crisis than in the promotion of remoter schemes. His predecessor Dumas had obtained from the emperor, through the Mogul governor of the Carnatic, the title of nawab for himself and his official successors. This title Duplex now assumed with much pomp, impressive to a native mind, ridiculous in the eyes of the French settlers, unaware of the serious object of the ceremony or sceptical of its advantages. He then repaired to Bengal, and there paraded his semi-barbaric grandeur, exchanging visits of state with the native governor of Hooglee, and exciting the same sensations as in the Carnatic. Thus, he flattered himself, he was regularly enrolled in the official hierarchy of the empire. He had, so to speak, taken up his native peirage.

On his return he devoted himself to the reduction of expenditure, the control of the civil functionaries, the increase, organization, and training of his little army, and the completion of the defences of Pondicherry. The chief defect of the works was, that as the citadel commanded the strand, there was no wall or ditch on that side. This deficiency he now supplied; and of this he was very proud, and laid great stress upon it in his *Mémoire*, as he was fully entitled to do; for it was a great and costly undertaking, and he both devised it, superintended its construction, and paid for it out of his own purse. But his labors were rudely interrupted. On 18th September, 1748, he received most discouraging and embarrassing orders from his employers. He was directed to retrench the expenditure by one-half, and to spend no more at present on fortification, although the same dispatch apprised him that war was almost certain. To obey such orders would have been fatal to French interests in India; to transgress them might be perilous to himself. In this cruel dilemma he chose a middle course—as before, at his own cost. He had already done his utmost to retrench ordinary expenditure, and

had paid off most of the debt incurred on military preparation, when Pondicherry had been, a few years before, threatened by the Mahrattas. He now advanced out of his own funds 500,000 livres, one half of which he allotted to the defences, the other half to the freight of two vessels, which he dispatched with a justification of his proceedings, and an urgent petition for a military reinforcement and the aid of a fleet.

After a tedious delay he received a disheartening reply. England and France were now at war; but instead of sending him soldiers, the directors recommended him to conclude a neutrality between the commercial settlements of the hostile nations. In case this should not be feasible, it was added, Labourdonnais, the governor of the Isles of France and of Bourbon, had been ordered to conduct a fleet to Pondicherry. Duplex found, as he feared, that Mr. Morse, the governor of Fort St. George, would not consent to stand neutral: Pondicherry was almost defenceless: a large English fleet was cruising in the eastern seas, and the arrival of Labourdonnais was quite uncertain. In this emergency Duplex's previous policy stood him in good stead. Reminding Anwarodeen, the Nawab of the Carnatic, of the long-standing friendship between the rulers of that province and the French, and of the Mogul dignity conferred upon M. Dumas and his successors, and denouncing Mr. Morse's turbulent disposition, he persuaded the Nawab to forbid an attack on Pondicherry by the English; who were however assured that if the French should become the stronger party a similar check should be placed upon them. Our countrymen as yet stood too much in awe of the Mogul power to disobey such a mandate. Duplex meanwhile had dispatched his single vessel with a pressing request that Labourdonnais would hasten to his relief. That remarkable man made extraordinary exertions to replace the fleet of which he had been deprived. He detained, re-equipped, and armed for naval service every merchant ship that put in at the islands; mustered and trained every available man on the spot; levied an African force; displayed wonderful versatility

in organizing every department of the armament, and in restoring its efficiency when impaired by a hurricane off Madagascar; fought an indecisive action with Admiral Peyton near Negapatam: and, the English fleet next day leaving the coast clear, made the best of his way to Pondicherry.

We now approach a passage in Dupleix's history which has been strangely misrepresented. Our countrymen at the time, piqued at the loss of Madras, blinded by national antipathy and personal prejudice against their ambitious and indomitable antagonist, flattered by the blandishments and misled by the sophistry of Labourdonnais, too readily accepted his statement of the case; even Orme afterward adopted it; and the traditional legend has since been stereotyped in Macaulay's celebrated essay on Clive.

The relations between the two distinguished men were, at first, most cordial. Dupleix's great objects were the defeat of the English fleet, and the capture of Madras. Labourdonnais professed strong sympathy, and stated that without the protection of a fleet Madras must fall easily. Dupleix reinforced his vessels with heavy guns; and by address and liberal gifts induced the nawab to withhold his promised protection from the English, who had solicited it too much as a matter of course, and empty-handed. But Labourdonnais now suggested that, on taking Madras, he should load his fleet with its merchandise, and restore the town to the enemy, on payment of a ransom. Here M. Hamont justly observes: *Cette manière d'envisager la question sentait plus le corsaire que l'homme d'état.* Dupleix naturally objected to this strange proposal, made at a time when England and France were at war, and so soon after the governor of Madras had refused to agree that the commercial settlements in India should remain neutral during the European contest. Without committing himself to a premature opinion as to the destiny of the town, he argued that it would be expedient, at any rate, to raze its fortifications.

From this time Labourdonnais seemed a changed man. Accustomed to command, he could not brook an equal, much less a supe-

rior; and he resented instructions, however gently communicated and reasonably justified. He grew sullen, captious, hesitating. He appeared more inclined to dispute than to act. At length, the English fleet having fled disgracefully before him, he attacked Madras with his usual vigor, and it fell almost without resistance. On leaving Pondicherry, he had again harped on the restitution project, and had been answered decisively. Yet he now agreed to a *conditional* capitulation in that sense: *Si par rachat ou rançon on remet la ville à MM. les Anglais, etc.* Still there was no positive engagement to that effect; though reporting that the capitulation left him free to choose between destroying the town, making it a French colony, or restoring it on ransom, he pronounced in favor of the third course. Dupleix informed him that, to prevent the Nawab yielding to the impotency of the English, he had been obliged to promise that the city should be given up to Anwarodeen, though he apparently intended first to destroy the fortifications. To this promised cession Labourdonnais assented. And the Governor-General in the interim made the victor governor, and sent a council to assist him, which was the usual plan on a new acquisition by the company. But this exercise of supreme authority Labourdonnais vehemently resented, and now announced that he had concluded a treaty for the ransom of the town. It is clear that, apart from the promise to the Nawab, he had no right whatever to do so. Indeed, he virtually admitted this later. But in vain Dupleix argued, entreated, appealed to the better nature of the stubborn and arrogant sailor. He only changed his line of defence, and in impudent disregard of facts declared himself pledged in honor to execute the treaty, in consequence of a promise which he had made at the time of the surrender, and to which he now ascribed his easy victory. He had been silent as to this promise at the time. The tone of his subsequent letters had belied it. It was not embodied in the capitulation. And it was certain that the place had been incapable of holding out. Yet upon this alleged secret compact he now took his stand resolutely,

desperately. How is his conduct to be explained? Whatever his other motives, there is too good ground for suspecting, as was charged against him later in France, but could not be proved, that he had been bought by the English, who preferred afterward to enlarge on Dupleix's Punic faith, rather than to testify against the inveterate enemy of their great foe.

We must pass over the violent scenes that ensued, and have only space to mention that Labourdonnais placed in arrest some of the commissioners sent by Dupleix to vindicate his authority, and the others fled.—SIDNEY J. OWEN, in *The English Historical Review*.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

METAPHOR AS A MODE OF ABSTRACTION.

Metaphor represents a whole stage of thought through which all languages must pass, though its influence cannot be confined within strictly chronological limits, but will assert itself again and again, when favorable circumstances arise.

When treating of Metaphor in my *Lectures on the Science of Language*, I endeavored to establish a distinction between two classes of metaphors, which I called "radical" and "poetical." I meant by a radical metaphor the transference of one and the same root to different objects, as when in Sanskrit both the sun and a hymn of praise are called *arká*, from a root *ark*, to shine, the one in the sense of what shines, the other in the sense of what makes shine, or what blazes forth the glory of a god. When from the root *var*, to cover, the Hindus derived *Var-una* (Οὐρανός), the covering sky and the god of the sky, and likewise *Vri-trá* (Οὐρανός), the covering darkness, the cloud, the enemy of the bright gods; when from a root *prá*, meaning originally to blow, to let forth, was derived *prá-vá-tá*, a storm, but also *prá-tá*, to burn; or from a root *an*, to blow, the Sanskrit *anala*, fire, and *anila*, wind: all this was what I meant by radical metaphor. Perhaps the name was not well

chosen, because it is rather a process of "diaphora," of carrying the root with its concept to this and that object, than a "metaphora," or transference from one object to another; yet, for practical purposes, *metaphora*, applied in this sense, can hardly be misunderstood, and, as guarded by a proper definition, it might well be kept.

But at all events this process is different, and ought to be distinguished from another, namely, the transference of ready-made words from one well-known object to another equally well-known subject, as when poets call the rays of the sun arrows, large waves white horses (*cavalli*), small waves *moutons*, Italian *pecorelle*, or when, as in French, the sky covered with thin white clouds is called *ciel moutonné*, and Virgil says *Lana velleru per cælum feruntur*. Such metaphors I wished to distinguish as "poetical," and for a proper study of comparative mythology the distinction seems to me of considerable importance.

Dr. Brinkmann, in a work of great learning and research, entirely devoted to the subject of metaphor, has found fault with this division; but, so far as I can judge, from a misapprehension of the meaning which I attached to these names of radical and poetical metaphor. He says that I ought to have divided all metaphors into radical and non radical, and into poetical and prosaic. This dichotomous process may be right from a logical point of view, but it would hardly have answered my purpose. I did not take poetical in the sense of metrical, and therefore could not have used prosaic as the complement of poetical. My object was an historical division, and if I had cared for apparent logical accuracy rather than for clearness of expression, I might have divided metaphors into *radical* and *verbal*. By radical metaphors, as I explained, I mean those which determined the application of certain roots to objects apparently so different as sun and hymn of praise, wind and fire, etc. The metaphor in this case affected the root; and it was not only difficult, but impossible, to say in each case whether roots, after having attained a general meaning, had been specialized, or whether a root of special meaning had been

generalized, and thus become applicable to the expression of various concepts. If, instead of calling all the remaining metaphors verbal, I preferred to call them poetical, it was partly because verbal is now generally supposed to exclude nominal, partly because I wanted to imply that these metaphors constituted preëminently the innate poetry of language. These metaphors, the unconscious poetry of language, were originally as much an act of poetical genius performed by a forgotten poet as was any metaphorical expression of Shakspeare or Goethe. But from our point of view there is a difference, and a very important difference, between a metaphor that has been so completely absorbed into the blood of a language as no longer to be felt as a metaphor, and others which we use with a conscious feeling that they are our own work or the work of some one else, and that they require a kind of excuse, or even an interpretation. Aristotle (*Poet.* c. 21) calls such metaphors artificial (*πρωτογενήματα*), as when some poets call the horns "small branches" (*ἐπιρρῆες*), or a priest "one who prays" (*ἀπρηρῆς*).

I confined my observations chiefly to a consideration of metaphors which have become part and parcel of a language, what Dr. Brinkmann would call *incarnate* metaphors, such as when the central spot of the eye is called the *pupil*, the little girl—in Spanish, *la niña de los ojos*; or when a machine for battering is called a battering-ram (*aries*); or another for lifting is called a *crane*. Such metaphors are very numerous. Thus the name of donkey, in German, *Esel*, is used in English as the name of a support for pictures (easel). In Spanish *la borrica del halo*, "the she-donkey of a bundle of clothes," is used to signify a shepherd's wallet. In Greek donkey (*ὄνος*) is used for windlass, the upper millstone, and a distaff. When the Aryans had discovered that the soil, after having been raked up, proved more fertile, and when they had contrived some crude kind of plough, the essential part of which consisted in a piece of wood, stone, or metal that tore open the soil, how were they to call it? Such words as the Sanskrit *go-darana*, earth-cleaver, are late. Ancient languages were shorter and

less analytical. Having watched the propensity of pigs to scratch the soil with their noses, some of the Aryans called the plough the pig, the ploughshare, the pig's snout. Thus Panini tells us that *potram* in Sanskrit meant both a pig and a plough: Halâyudha states that *protham* is the name of the snouts both of plough and pig. Plutarch goes a step further, and asserts that the first idea of a plough came from watching the pig burrowing, and that hence the ploughshare was called *ὄνις*. It is curious that the Latin *porcus*, a ridge between two furrows, is derived from *porcus*; and that the German *Furche* (*furicha*), furrow, is connected with *farah*, boar. In Sanskrit we find *vrika*, the name for *wolf*, used in the sense of plough; but this may be due to a radical metaphor, *vrika* being derived from *vrasak*, to tear. In many languages the living principle within us is called *spirit* (breath); to die is expressed by *with*, to scheme by *to spin*, a doubt by a knot, kind by *warm*, unkind by *cold*, etc.

All this I call *poetical metaphor*, and it interested me as being a most important element in the growth of language. What we generally call metaphors, and what Dr. Brinkmann is chiefly concerned with, are no doubt poetical too, and perhaps, if poetical means what is done by professed poets, even more truly poetical than what I call so. But they belong to a later stratum of language and thought. If I call a man a *lion*, in the sense of dandy; or a *dog*, in the sense of a wretch, these are incarnate metaphors, and their study belongs to the science of language. But if I say "he was like a lion in fight," or "he was a lion in fight," if I call him "Cœur de lion," these are individual metaphors, and their study belongs to rhetoric. It may sometimes be difficult to draw a sharp line between the two, but that is due to the very nature of metaphors. Though all originally the work of individuals, their acceptance and popularity depend on the taste of others; and it is often, therefore, a mere question of time whether they become incorporated in the spoken language or remain outside. Frequently a modern poet does but revive the latent metaphors of language, or furbish them up till they

show once more their original intentions. If we say "to plough the sea," in French, *illonner la mer*, in Italian, *solcare il mare*, in Spanish, *arar la mar*, in Latin, *perarare aquas, sulcare cada carina*, we only repeat the old radical metaphor which gave to the root *ar* the meanings of stirring, ploughing, and rowing. Frequently a modern metaphor fades and hardens so quickly that we forget that it ever was a metaphor. Who thinks of a *steel-pen* as a feather, or of *shares*, when they rise and fall, as portions of capital? Yet these are metaphors of very modern date.

But though for the purposes which I had chiefly in view when treating of the origin of mythology, the division of metaphors into radical and poetical, as explained by myself, seemed most convenient, a more detailed classification of metaphors may be useful for studying some deeper and wider strata in the growth of human thought and language.

The oldest division of metaphors dates from the time of Aristotle.

He takes *μεταφορέ* in a very wide sense, calling by that name every transference of a word, (1) from the genus to the species, as if we say, "to stand" of a ship, instead of "being at anchor;" (2) from the species to the genus, if we say a "thousand," instead of "many;" (3) from one species to another species, if we say *χαλεψ' ἀπὸ ψυχῆν ἀρούρας*, "with the weapon lifting the soul as water with a pitcher from the well," *οἱ τεμῶν ἀτειρέι χαλεψ'*, "cutting with the unyielding weapon," for in both cases the special *ἀρούρειν* and *τεμῶν* are used in the sense of taking away; and (4), according to analogy. Aristotle gives here as an instance "the goblet of Ares;" and he adds, "as the goblet stands to Dionysos in the same relation as the shield to Ares, the former is used for the latter." Another instance is, if we call the evening the old age of the day, or old age the evening of life. It was this last transference, however, that "according to analogy," which in later times monopolized the name of *metaphora*—Berkeley uses analogy as synonymous with metaphor—while *tropus* was used in the more general sense which Aristotle had assigned to *metaphora*. Thus Quintilian, rendering *metaphora* by *trans-*

latio, explains it by *brevis similitudo*, an abridged comparison; and this has remained for centuries the recognized definition of the term. By *similitudo* Quintilian means such expressions as when we say that a man acted like a lion, by *metaphora* when we say more briefly the man is a lion. In addition to these he admits two other kinds of trope, viz., the *synecdoche* and *metonymy*. When we are meant "to understand the many from the one, the whole from the part, the genus from the species, the result from the antecedents, and *vice versa*," that with him is *synecdoche*; when we put one name for another, such as Homer for Homer's poems, that is *metonymy*.

This classification has answered its object very well, particularly as it was intended chiefly for rhetorical purposes. But as we acquire a fuller understanding of certain processes of the mind and language, it often happens that the old classification and the old technical terms prove inadequate and that we have nevertheless to retain them, though in a modified sense. Thus the name of metaphor is certainly objectionable, except when we restrict it to individual poetical metaphors, because it seems to imply a conscious transference of a name from one object to another, both previously known, both previously named. Such transference takes place both in modern and ancient writers, as when, for instance, Gibbon says, "Some seeds of knowledge might be cast upon a fruitful soil!" Such a metaphor is poetical and intentional. This is already less so in a passage quoted by Aristotle in his *Poetics*, when the sun is spoken of as *σπειρών θεοκτίστην φλόγα*, "sowing the divine light!" For, as Aristotle hints himself, the metaphor here is not quite involuntary, because the Greek language had no separate verb to express the act of strewing or scattering the light, and nothing remained but to use *σπείρειν*, to sow.

This is a very important remark, and a closer examination of ancient metaphors teaches us that poverty of language was a very important, nay the most important element in the formation. Language had need of metaphors, had in fact to borrow, because it was too poor, or, as Cicero says, *hæc tran-*

tiones quasi mutationes sunt, cum quod non habetas, aliunde sumas. He distinguishes these metaphors from others, which he calls *paulo audaciores, quæ non inopiam indicant, sed orationi splendoris aliquid arcessunt.*"

When there was no word to express a nascent idea, what could be done but to take the next best? Man was driven to speak metaphorically, whether he liked it or not. It was not because he could not restrain his poetical imagination, but rather because he had to strain it to the very utmost, in order to find expression for the ever-increasing wants of his mind. Suppose man had advanced as far as plaiting or weaving; it would be very natural that, after setting lines to catch birds he should when he had to describe his day's work, be reminded of the words for plaiting or weaving. Weaving would thus take the sense of putting snares, and when a new word was wanted for setting snares—that is, for tricking, cheating, luring, inveigling a person by false words—nothing, again, was more natural than to take a word of a similar import, and to use, for instance, *ὑφαίνειν*, to weave, in the sense of plotting. Thus Homer says, *πυκνὸν δόλον ὑφαίνειν, μῆτιν ὑφαίνειν*, etc., *i. e.* to weave a plot. This metaphor spread very widely, and we may discover it even in our own word *subtle*, Lat. *subtilis*, which comes from *subtexere*, to weave beneath, like *téla* for *texu*.

Metaphor, therefore, ought no longer to be understood as simply the premeditated act of a poet, as a conscious transference of a word from one object to another. This is modern, fanciful, individual metaphor, while the old metaphor was much more frequently a matter of necessity, and in most cases not so much the transference of a word from one concept to another, as the creation or determination of a new concept by means of an old name. A poet who transfers the name of *tear* to the dew has already clear names and concepts both for *tear* and *dew*. But the old framers of language who for the first time used "to weave" in the sense of plotting had before this neither concept nor name for plotting; they created or fixed the new concept and widened the old name at one and the same time.

But though it would be more correct to call ancient metaphors transformations or transitions rather than transferences, it will be necessary to retain the old technical term, only guarding against its etymological meaning being taken for its real definition. After these preliminary remarks, a classification of ancient metaphors will become less difficult.

FUNDAMENTAL METAPHOR.—There is, first of all, a whole class of metaphors which arise from a deep necessity of thought. Of these I have often spoken before, and need not dwell on them now, particularly as they have lately been discussed with great philosophical insight by Professor Noiré in his *Logos*. There was no way of conceiving or naming anything objective except after the similitude of the subjective, or of ourselves. Not only animals must be conceived as acting like ourselves, as pointing, retrieving, rejoicing, grieving, willing, or resisting, but all inanimate objects had to be interpreted in the same way. The sun rises and sets, the moon grows and wanes, the clouds fly, the river runs, the mountains stand, the trees die, the sea smiles. Homer calls even a lance furious (*μαρμύσσα*), and a stone shameless (*ἀναιδέης*.) This fundamental metaphor, however, dates back so far in the growth of our thoughts and words that it is hardly ever felt as a metaphor. It is at the root of all mythology, and had been perceived as such long ago, before the science of comparative mythology was even dreamt of. Thus Reid wrote: "Our first thoughts seem to be that the objects in which we perceive motion have understanding and power as we have. 'Savages,' says the Abbé Raynal, 'wherever they see motion which they cannot account for, there they suppose a soul.' All men may be considered as a savages in this respect, until they are capable of instruction, and using their faculties in a more perfect manner than savages do. The Abbé Raynal's observation is sufficiently confirmed both from fact and from the structure of a languages. Ruder nations do really believe sun, moon, and stars, earth, sea, and air, fountains and lakes, to have understanding and active power. To pay homage to them, and implore their favor, is a kind of idolatry natural to savages. All

languages carry in their structure the marks of their being formed when this belief prevailed." With certain limitations this is quite true, but mythology is but one out of many manifestations in which fundamental metaphor shows itself.

GRAMMATICAL METAPHOR.—There is a second class of metaphors, arising, it would seem, from an imperfection of grammar rather than from any necessity of thought, though on closer examination we should probably find that here, too, language and thought are inseparable. The fact is that certain derivative suffixes have more than one meaning; but this is due in the beginning to an ambiguity both of thought and expression, while afterward this ambiguity, which was at first intended, became traditional and purely formal. Thus we find that in many languages agent and instrument are expressed by the same word, possibly because at first the instrument was conceived as a kind of agent, afterward, however, from a mere habit. A *borer* may mean a man who bores or the instrument which bores. In Greek ἀορίη, lifter, applied to the horses which were not yoked to the carriage, was also applied to a strap; κρατήρ, originally a mixer, was used for a mixing vessel, became afterward the name of any cup-shaped hollow, and lastly the name of the crater of a volcano. Ἐνδύτηρ was used as the name of a garment (πέπλος) to be put on, just as we say in German *ein Ueberzieher*, a great-coat.

Act and result are constantly expressed by the same word, as in *perception* and *intuition*, when used in the sense of what is perceived and seen. This has often become a mere matter of idiom, as when we now use relations for relatives, action for act, nationalities for peoples, even essences for extracts, entities for beings, nay, real existences for subjects. *Substantia*, substance, originally the most abstract of abstract terms, has now become apparently so concrete that Dr. Whewell thought we ought not to speak of imponderable substances, but of imponderable agencies.

Sometimes the name of the instrument is used where the act is implied, as when we say *brain*, or φησίν, *midriff*, for thinking, *heart*

for feeling. Sometimes the name of the instrument is made to convey the effect produced by it, as when the Greek word χαρακτήρ an instrument for graving, is used for the mark produced by it, then for any mark, and lastly for the peculiar nature or character of a man.

The name of the place sometimes expresses the agents located in such places, as when we speak of the Court migrating or the Porte issuing a firman, of Oxford presenting a petition, or of the Church holding a council.

METAPHOR AS THE RESULT OF GENERALIZATION AND ABSTRACTION.—We now proceed to the consideration of what is most commonly called metaphor. I explained this process formerly as "a transference of a name from the object to which it properly belongs to other objects which strike the mind as in some way or other participating in the peculiarities of the first object." This definition has been accepted by Dr. Brinkmann and others, but a repeated consideration of the subject has led me to take a different view of the mental process which produced metaphor in the earliest stages of language and thought.

If the ruler of a country was called a *gubernator*, it was not, I believe, by a straight transference of the concept of steersman to that of a ruler of a state. That may be the process by which a poet speaks of a king as steersman standing at the helm of a vessel tossed by storms. But a simpler process is that by which the mind, after having formed such a word as *gubernator*, steersman, drops one after another the minute points which constitute its intention or comprehension, and thereby retains only the more general concept of a ruler. That process is not necessarily conscious. It is not *aphæresis*, or abstraction, in the usual sense of that word. No one, at least, I believe, has ever caught himself in that process of plucking the feathers out of his concepts. It is rather an *apoptosis*, a falling off, a moulting, or, as Hobbes would have called it, a decay of sense, which leaves behind more and more vague, more and more abstract, more and more general ideas.

When that process had taken place, when

gubernator in the language of sailors and others had dwindled down to a mere director, no actual transference was necessary. *Gubernator* had been so far emptied of its original contents, its intension had shriveled up so much that it was naturally applicable to ever so many persons, provided they acted a leading part in the management of any affairs.

There is, for instance, a great difference between calling a ruler a steersman, a *gubernator*, and calling the same man a column of the state. First of all, the latter simile belongs probably to a much later time, when columns had become not only useful, but also ornamental. Secondly, column would have to dwindle down very much before it could fall into the same wide genus as minister of state. Here, therefore, a real poetical transference seems to have taken place, and when Pope, in his translation of the *Odyssey*, introduces this simile—

"Now from my fond embrace by tempest torn
Our other column of the state is borne,"

we feel at once a change of atmosphere, for Homer would certainly not have spoken of a column of the state, nor would he have represented such a column as torn from his mother's fond embrace by tempest.

If we speak of the *moons* of Jupiter, moon is no longer our measurer of time, but it has faded into a mere satellite, a companion of a planet. It has become a very general name, and, as such, it proved applicable to the satellites of Jupiter or of any other planet. A foot had originally a very full intension. It meant the member of a living body, made of flesh and bone and muscles, with five toes, and used for locomotion. It was meant for a human foot, and implied very soon a certain length. But many of its attributes not being attended to, foot became applicable to the locomotive organs of other animals, of quadrupeds, insects, birds, till at last it lost even the attribute of locomotion, and, as the foot of a table, or the foot of a mountain, signified what is most lifeless and motionless.

And here again we see very clearly how language and thought march hand in hand. It was not that we did not know by what is

called sensuous knowledge the foot of a table, or the foot of a mountain before we gave it a name. The carpenter who made the foot knew it as a piece of wood, as a stick, as properly shaped, whether square or round. But until he conceived it as something supporting the top of a table, as a foot supports the body, he did not know it as a foot, and it is impossible to say which came first, concept or name, in what must have been an almost instantaneous process.

A poet, no doubt, might dispense with this slow process of *aphaerensis* or *apoptosis*; he might not wait for the gradual dropping off of claws and wings and feathers before he called the sun a golden bird. But with the majority of mankind metaphor is mostly produced by the gradual fading of the colors of our percepts, and even by the vanishing of the outlines of their shadows, *i. e.*, of our concepts. This gives us abstract, hence general names, and these general names, without any metaphorical effort, become applicable to a large number of new objects, and are afterward called metaphors.

How quickly language, even in modern times, can generalize, we see in a number of idiomatic and proverbial expressions in which one single case is used to convey wide inferences and very general lessons. The Spanish language is particularly rich in such proverbs and metaphors, and they have been carefully collected by Spanish scholars. The *Dictionary of the Spanish Academy* is well known for its wealth of metaphorical expressions, most of which are carefully and successfully explained. The number of Spanish proverbs is said to amount to no less than twenty-four thousand. Instead of saying, "What service have you rendered me?" the Spaniard says, *Qué hijo me has sacado de pila?* "Which son have you taken for me from the font?" Instead of saying Why? he may say, *Por qué carga de agua?* "For what load of water?" When we say, "Tell this story to another person," he says, "*A otro perro con ese hueso,*" "Go to another dog with that bone." The Spanish language abounds in similar expressions which in one sense may all be called metaphorical, because they are all based on

rapid generalizations of single cases.—MAX MULLER, in *The Fortnightly Review*.

FOUNDLING QUOTATIONS.

Quotations play no small part in conversation and general literature. There are some which we know must inevitably be made under certain circumstances. It is almost impossible, for instance, for the conventional novelist, when he wants to convey to his readers the fact that his heroine's nose is of a particular order—which, formerly, through our lack of invention, we could only describe by a somewhat ungraceful term—to avoid quoting Lord Tennyson's description of the feature as it graced Lynette's fair face—"Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower." We feel sure that it must come; and there is now, happily, no occasion for a young lady in the position of one of Miss Braddon's earlier heroines, when listening to a detailed description of her appearance, to interrupt the speaker, as he is about to mention the characteristics of her nose, with a beseeching, "Please, don't say *pug!*"

And then, does anybody ever expect to read a description of a certain celebrated Scotch ruin, without being told that

"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose a right,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight?"

or to get through an account of the ancient gladiatorial games at Rome without coming across the line,

"Butchered to make a Roman holiday?"

You know, perhaps, what praise Mark Twain took to himself because he did *not* quote this line. "If any man has a right," he says, "to feel proud of himself and satisfied, surely it is I; for I have written about the coliseum, and the gladiators, the martyrs, and the lions, and yet have never used the phrase, 'Butchered to make a Roman holiday.' I am the only free white man of mature age who has accomplished this since Byron originated the expression." This little piece of self-congratulation rather reminds one of the lady who was accused of never being able to write a letter without adding a P.S. At last, she managed

to write one without the usual addition; but when she saw what she had succeeded in doing, she wrote: "P. S.—At last, you see, I have written a letter without a P.S." And so, though Mark Twain managed to steer clear of the hackneyed quotation in the body of his account, he could not help running against it in a P.S.

Then we have all the multitude of Shakspearean quotations which are sure to be heard in their accustomed places, many of which, indeed, have become—to quote again—such "household words," that to very many people they do not appear to be quotations at all, but merely every-day expressions, of the same order as "A fine day" or "A biting wind."

Again, when we read of some cheerful fire-side scene, when the curtains are drawn closely against the winter wind that is roaring round the house, and the logs are crackling and spitting in the grate, and the urn is hissing and steaming upon the table, don't we know that a reference to the "cup which cheers but not inebriates" is certainly coming? This, by the way, is a line that is almost invariably incorrectly quoted, and it is the usual and incorrect form that we have given. We shall leave our readers to turn up the line for themselves, and see what the correct form is, and then, perhaps, the trouble they will thereby have had will serve to impress it upon their minds, and prevent them again quoting it incorrectly.

But it was not with the intention of talking about these well-known and every-day quotations from Tennyson, Scott, Byron, Shakspeare, and Cowper that we thought of writing this paper. We want to talk about a few quotations, quite as well known as those to which we have already alluded, which have been so bandied about that all trace, or nearly all trace, of their original parish and paternity has been lost; and, though they are as familiar to us as the most hackneyed phrases from our best known poets, no one can say with certainty by whom they were first spoken or written.

A good many wagers have been made as to the source of the well-known and much-quoted couplet:—

"He that fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day."

The popular belief is that they are to be found in Butler's *Hudibras*. But the pages of that poem may be turned over and over again, and the lines will not be found in them. We may as well say at once that they cannot be found anywhere in the exact form in which they are usually quoted. The late Mr. James Yeowell, formerly sub-editor of *Notes and Queries*, once thought that he had discovered their author in Oliver Goldsmith, as a couplet, varying very slightly from the form we have given, occurs in *The Art of Poetry on a New Plan*, which was compiled by Newbery—the children's publisher—more than a century ago, and revised and enlarged by Goldsmith. But the lines are to be found in a book that was published some thirteen years before *The Art of Poetry*, namely, Ray's *History of the Rebellion*. There they appear as a quotation, and no hint is given as to the source from which they are taken. Ray gives them as follows :—

"He that fights and runs away,
May turn and fight another day."

Though this is the earliest appearance in print of the exact words, or almost the exact words, in which the quotation is now usually given, it is by no means the earliest appearance of a similar thought. Even as far back as Demosthenes we find it. It appears, too, in Scarron, in his *Virgile Travesti*, if we remember rightly. And now we must confess that the still prevailing belief that the lines occur in *Hudibras* is not entirely without a *raison d'être*, and it is not impossible that Ray may have thought he was quoting Butler, preserving some hazy and indistinct recollection of lines read long ago, and putting their meaning perhaps quite unwittingly and unconsciously, into a new and unauthorized form. This, however, is mere conjecture. The lines, as they appear in *Hudibras* (part iii. canto iii., lines 243, 244), are as follows :—

"For those that fly, may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain."

We may just add that Collet, in his *Relics of Literature*, says that the couplet occurs in a small volume of miscellaneous poems by Sir

John Mennis, written in the reign of Charles II. With this book, however, we are unacquainted, and cannot, therefore, discuss the appearance of the foundling lines in it, or what claims its author may have to be their legitimate parent.

All readers of Tennyson—and who that reads at all is not numbered among them?—know well the opening stanza of *In Memoriam* :—

"I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

These lines contain another quotation of the order we have designated as "Foundling Quotations." Who is the singer, "to one clear harp in divers tones," to whom Lord Tennyson refers? Passages from Seneca and from St. Augustine (Bishop of Hippo) have been suggested as inspiring the poet when he penned the lines; but neither Seneca nor St. Augustine can be said to *sing* "to one clear harp in divers tones." Perhaps the most reasonable hypothesis is that Lord Tennyson had in his mind Longfellow's beautiful poem of *St. Augustine's Ladder*, the opening lines of which are :—

"Saint Augustine! well hast thou said
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!"

and the closing ones :—

"Nor deem the irrevocable Past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain."

The question, however, though Lord Tennyson is still alive, is one that is not likely ever to be clearly solved; for we have very good authority for saying that he has himself quite forgotten of what poet or verses he was thinking when he composed the first stanza of *In Memoriam*.

The equally well-known

"This is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering hap-
pier things,"

in *Locksley Hall*, refers, of course, to the line in *Dante's Inferno*.

The trite "Not lost, but gone before," might alone provide subject-matter for a fairly long essay. Like the other quotations which we are discussing, it can be definitely assigned to no author. The thought can be traced back as far as the time of Antiphanes, a portion of whose eleventh "fragment," Cumberland has translated, fairly literally, as follows:—

"Your lost friends are not dead, but gone before,
Advanced a stage or two upon that road
Which you must travel, in the steps they trod."

Seneca, in his ninety-ninth Epistle, says: *Quem putas periisse, præmissus est* (He whom you think dead has been sent on before); and he also has: *Non amittuntur, sed præmittuntur* (They are not lost, but are sent on before), which corresponds very closely with the popular form of the quotation. Cicero has the remark that "Friends, though absent, are still present;" and it is very probable that it is to this phrase of Cicero that we are really indebted for the modern, "Not lost, but gone before." We may note that Rogers, in his *Human Life*, has, "Not dead, but gone before."

Then there is the somewhat similar, "Though lost to sight, to memory dear," which no one has succeeded in satisfactorily tracing to its original source. It was said, some years ago, that the line was to be found in a poem published in a journal whose name was given as *The Greenwich Magazine*, in 1701, and written by one Ruthven Jenkyns. The words formed the refrain of each stanza of the poem. We give one of them as a sample:—

"Sweetheart, good-bye! the fluttering sail
Is spread to wait me far from thee;
And soon before the far'ring gale
My ship shall bound upon the sea.
Perchance all desolate and forlorn,
These eyes shall miss thee many a year, —
But unforgotten every charm—
Though lost to sight, to memory dear."

Mr. Bartlett, however, in the last edition of his *Dictionary of Quotations*, has demolished this story of Mr. Ruthven Jenkyns; and the line is still unclaimed and fatherless. Probably, as in the case of the last mentioned, "Not lost, but gone before," its germ is to be found in an expression of Cicero.

There is a Latin line familiar to all of us, *Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis* (The times change, and we change with them), which we are frequently hearing and seeing. This is a much-abused line; probably there is none more so; and we do not think we shall be guilty of exaggeration if we say that it is misquoted ten times for every time it is correctly cited. The positions of the *nos* and the *et* are usually interchanged; the result being, of course, a false quantity; for the line is a hexameter. Now, who first wrote this line? The answer must be, as in the cases of all our other "Foundling Quotations," that we do not know. But in this particular instance we may venture to be a little more certain and definite in our remarks concerning its pedigree than we have dared to be in previous ones. There can be little doubt that the line is a corruption of one to be found in the *Delicia Poetarum Germanorum*, among the poems of Matthias Borbonius, who considers it a saying of Lotharius I., who flourished, as the phrase goes, about 830 A.D. We give the correct form of the line in question, and the one which follows it:—

"*Omnia mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis;
Illa vices quasdam res habet, illa suas.*"

There is another foundling Latin line, almost as frequently quoted as the one we have just been discussing, namely, *Quos Deus vult perdere, prius dementat* (Whom the gods would destroy, they first madden). Concerning this there is a note in Mr. Croker's edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, in which it is said to be a translation from a Greek iambic of Euripides, which is quoted; but no such line is to be found among the writings of Euripides. Words, however, expressing the same sentiment are to be found in a fragment of Athenagoras; and it is most likely that the Latin phrase now so commonly quoted is merely a translation from this writer's Greek, though by whom it was first made we cannot say. The same sentiment has been expressed more than once in English poetry.

Dryden, in the third part of *The Hind and the Panther*, has:—

"For those whom God to ruin has designed,
He fits for fate, and fits destroys their mind."

And Butler writes in *Hudibras* :

"Like men condemned to thunder-bolts,
Who, ere the blow, become mere dolts."

Further consideration will probably bring to the reader's mind other examples of these "Foundling Quotations" which have won for themselves an imperishable existence; though their authors, whose names these few-syllabled sentences might have kept alive forever, if they were only linked the one with the other, are now utterly unknown and forgotten. Any one who can succeed in discovering the real authorship of the quotations we have been considering will win for himself the credit of having solved problems which have long and persistently baffled the most curious and diligent research.—*Chambers's Journal*.

SISTERS-IN-LAW.

From time to time during the last five-and-forty years efforts have been made to alter the marriage law of England in the matter of the prohibited degrees. It is not surprising that many persons are tired of the discussion. Rather than listen to any further arguments they will vote for the change which is so persistently demanded, and hope to be troubled with it no more. I wish to point out that the bill advocated by Lord Bramwell in the House of Lords, and more recently in *THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE* will not, if enacted, fulfill their desire. It will be but the beginning of troubles to those whose chief anxiety is to lead a quiet life. It will unsettle the whole law of marriage and decide nothing. Its inherent unreason is a fatal defect.

For my present purpose it is not necessary to enter into the theological argument. It seems, indeed, but yesterday that a theological treatment of the question was generally deprecated. Speakers in Parliament a few years since disclaimed all intention of defending or attacking the law on that side. Nor would any one have expected that the Scriptural controversy should be revived under the auspices of a veteran lawyer who is careful to remind the world that he knows no more

of theology than of astrology. Divine perhaps will remark from their point of view, that their own science is not so easily set aside as lawyers or astrologers suppose. It has an awkward way of reappearing after it has been declared to be dead and buried by general consent. Even when polemics slumber, popular literature has a curious tendency to clothe itself in theological language, and to adapt Scriptural phraseology to its own use. An attentive reader of the Parliamentary debates of the late brief session could not fail to notice that there was hardly one speech of importance in which illustrations from Bible history or adaptations of Scriptural language, did not occur. Men do not so easily unlearn even that which they repudiate, or wholly throw off the authority they have resolved to dethrone. Be this as it may, Lord Bramwell certainly devotes half his article to the theology of which he speaks so lightly. It would be foreign to my immediate purpose to follow him on this track. It is sufficient to reassert the facts that marriage between persons near of kin is prohibited in the Scripture, and that no distinction between relationship by affinity or consanguinity is there to be found.

It is on this last point that the whole subject at present really turns. In England no one openly denies that it is necessary to put some restrictions on the general liberty to contract marriage, even apart from any Scriptural or ecclesiastical rule; or that nearness of relationship between the parties to the proposed marriage constitutes a valid impediment. But what degree of nearness? This is the point in dispute. I am assuming that the idea of nearness includes the notion of *degrees* in nearness; although to hear some persons talk on this subject, one might think that all relationships were the same. As they attach no particular meaning to the words they use, argument with them is impossible. Rational men will allow that all who are related to one another are more nearly or more distantly related: parents more nearly related to children than uncles and aunts to their nephews and nieces. They will hardly deny that kinsfolk related in the same degree must all be equally allowed, or forbidden, to intermarry.

and that permission to marry given to the nearly related, and denied to those more distantly related, would be an arbitrary indulgence to the one, an intolerable wrong to the other. These positions have not been, to my knowledge, disputed in the abstract by any one.

But it is exactly with these positions that the law, in the proposed form, would be in direct conflict. The man would be allowed to marry two or more sisters; the woman forbidden to marry two brothers. Marriage with a wife's sister would be lawful; marriage with her niece absolutely contrary to law. Further, the only reason for prohibiting half the marriages named in the Table of Degrees would cease to exist. Marriage with a wife's near kinswomen is forbidden now *because* they are the wife's kinswomen, and for no other reason. Remove that reason, and they would be forbidden for no reason at all. Could it be expected that the persons subject to these disabilities would contentedly bear them? Once declare it lawful and right for a man to marry a near kinswoman of his wife, and it is inevitable that, if his affections were set on any other of her kinsfolk, he should feel himself the victim of a senseless tyranny, were he not allowed to gratify those affections with the sanction of the law. I am unable to think of any rational answer to the protest which such flagrant inequality would call forth.

Two answers, indeed, have been attempted, but they are mutually destructive. On the one hand, it is said that further relaxations would be so shocking that no one would ask for them; on the other, that as soon as they were asked for, they would be granted without demur. Taking the former line of argument, Lord Bramwell has urged that it is very foolish not to do a right thing because you may be asked thereafter to do a wrong one—forgetting, apparently, that the “wrong” thing would cease to be wrong in Parliamentary and legal eyes in the event of his bill becoming law. The wrong, indeed, would be on the other side. It would be wrong to withhold the permission, which you had granted in one case, from others whose plea for it rested on the same grounds. It

may be right, or it may be wrong, to marry your wife's near kinswoman; it cannot be right and wrong at the same time. It cannot be right to favor a particular case by exceptional treatment, or to draw lots for indulgences among those whose *status* of affinity is the same. It is not a question of being asked, as Lord Bramwell says, to do a wrong thing, but of being asked to do that which your own line of action has compelled you to acknowledge to be right.

It is natural to ask, if this be so, why the bill does not include all the kindred whom the majority of its supporters admit to be within the scope of its principle. An alteration of a very few words would make it consistent with itself and with the arguments used in support of it. What hinders the alteration from being made? The answer to this question has more policy than honesty on its face. Shortly stated it is, “One thing at a time. This is a world of expediency and compromise. We cannot”—say the advocates of the bill—“persuade the great body of our countrymen that it is right to allow all these marriages, but there is a certain sentiment in favor of one of them. Kindly grant a *privilegium* for that one, then we shall have the lever we require for further action; we shall be able to show that the principle has been conceded, and that the rest must follow.” Truly this reasoning assumes a simplicity of character among those to whom it is addressed which can hardly be imputed without some disparagement of their understanding.

“Only just this little bill, this innocent little bill,” they entreat us to pass; then *aside* to their friends and allies, “You shall soon be set at liberty to marry all your wives' relations, if we can only just carry this little bill. Don't mention—for the world—those nieces, and brothers' widows, and all the rest, while we have this bill in hand; but you shall soon see that we have done your business for you, as effectually as if the whole list had been enumerated in our act.” Let it not be thought I am imputing motives to opponents; I am saying only what they have said for themselves wherever it was politic to say it, and I am thinking of cases, not a few, in

which it is the brother's widow on whom the widower's heart is set.

I am very anxious that the lovers of a quiet life, for whose happiness I am much concerned, should open their eyes to the prospect before them. They must expect a long series of demands for successive relaxations of a series of prohibitions of which the foundation will have been already destroyed. Resistance to their demands must needs grow weaker year by year, as the want of any valid argument against them is more plainly seen. But what a prospect! Year after year to have the whole question of marriage and of family life dragged into the arena of parliamentary discussion, with jibe and sneer and vulgar detraction of all sanctions hitherto revered, is surely not an anticipation which any good or wise man can with patience entertain. We stand on the ground of solid principle now; we are entitled at least to ask what principle is to be substituted for it before we sweep it away. To calm lookers on, indeed, it must be little less than marvelous to observe the way in which the law of marriage, with its far-reaching influences on national life, has been at the mercy of chance majorities any time these last twenty years. Half a dozen young men, hastily summoned from a race-course to give a vote in harmony with the known wish of some distinguished personage, have been able to influence divisions on which the welfare of every family in England depended. They may have had as little desire to take a part as they have had opportunity of acquainting themselves with the merits of the question at issue; but the Parliamentary game required their presence, and seemed to place the stakes of victory at their disposal. If any question ever demanded the careful study of skilled jurists and experienced masters of social ethics, it is this question of the Marriage Law. The results of careful study and sound historical knowledge should have been laid before Parliament by men capable of placing the whole question in its true light, with documentary evidence in support of their words. Some such speakers, indeed, have from time to time treated the subject in a worthy manner; but when one recalls

the performances of triflers who have scarcely been at the pains to digest the scraps of information supplied to them—the hurried, ill-balanced debates, and the closure dictated by the approach of the dinner-hour, when the fringe of the question had been scarcely touched—one can but be profoundly thankful that a great disaster has notwithstanding been averted for so many years.

I shall be told that what I have written is beside the point, that no one defends the bill as logical. It claims to be nothing more than a practical proposal to get rid—with or without reason—of a practical evil, arising from the want of a second bedroom in a poor man's house. Far be it from me to extenuate the evils caused by over-crowded dwellings, or to hinder any honest effort to remedy them: they are grave evils indeed. The remedy, however, would hardly seem to lie in an arrangement by which a widower should be encouraged to marry the female who looks after his children as soon as possible after the poor wife's death. This is not always, nor indeed often, her sister, as any one acquainted with the habits of the people can testify. At the sudden death of a young wife the natural person to care for the orphans is the kinswoman who loved her best—her own mother; she takes the little ones to her own house, or stays at their home, until some plan can be devised for their care. Sometimes it is the man's sister in blood, sometimes the sister-in-law, who is the friend in time of need. But in a large proportion of these latter cases, the sister, or sister-in-law, is "out at service," and cannot leave her place without notice, or cannot afford to give it up to discharge a duty in her brother's house, for which he can give her no wages. In other cases the neighbors—and their charity at such times is marvelous—take in one or another of the young children until the darkest days are past. The notion that a working-man's family has its store of sisters living unemployed at home in readiness to help a brother-in-law in his bereavement is a fancy picture, which is exhibited in order to divert attention from the fact that it is quite a different class from which the promoters of this bill are drawn. Not

the laborers, but their employers, signed the notorious Norfolk petition, and for reasons altogether different from those which are connected with the experiences of cottages having but a single room. It must be added that the dwelling-house argument proves too much. It would require the bans of marriage with the successor to be put up as soon as the wife's funeral was past. The case, however, is not quite so lamentable in this respect as the advocates of the bill would have us suppose. To those of us who have often visited poor dwellings it is well known that arrangements which would distress us, if they existed in our own homes, are often quite free from moral suspicion—even in Irish cabins—among those who have been familiar with the occupation of one room by a whole family all their lives. Evils arise, no doubt, from the crowding; but the ruined characters and blasted lives, of which our penitentiaries tell a mournful tale, do not come, for the most part, from one-roomed cottages, but from the contamination of the work-room or of low places of amusement, from domestic service to depraved employers, and the manifold opportunities for corruption which money and leisure supply. Certain it is that neither the act of 1835, nor the agitation which has since grown up, had anything to do with poor men's cottages or poor men's needs.

I have said that the argument, to which I have just referred, proves too much. As much may be said of every argument which has been urged in favor of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. When, for example, the laws of Prussia and other foreign countries are quoted in support of the proposed change, I ask, in reply, whether there is any country in Europe which differs from our own in this respect *only*, that it allows marriages with a wife's sister. After the change of our Marriage Law which this bill, if carried, would effect, we should remain, as we now are, alone. Nor is there any such agreement between the various codes of law in force on the Continent as would give us any hope of sheltering ourselves by further changes behind the authority of some general rule. In this only they agree, that they all go beyond the point at which

the Marriage Law Reform Association proposes, for the moment, to halt. Then we are told that it is our duty to follow our colonies in their legislation on this subject. But why on this subject only? On important economical questions we have not yet shown any disposition to adopt colonial theories or to introduce colonial practice. In the days when slavery was part of the cherished institutions of more than one British colony, so far from holding ourselves bound to conform the laws of England to that example, we devoted millions of our money to the emancipation of the slaves, and compelled the colonies, much as they disliked the change, to accept the legislation which set their bondsmen free. It would, indeed, be an evil day for England when we began to take the pattern of our laws from the medley of crude legislation which a score of inexperienced communities had chanced to enact. Nor should it be forgotten that in the countries inhabited by the majority of her majesty's subjects polygamy is an integral part of the law.

It is not surprising that Lord Bramwell should treat cursorily what he mentions as the "ecclesiastical" objection, or that he somewhat misapprehends its bearing. It is true that most clergymen would think it a grievous wrong to be compelled to solemnize such marriages. Lord Bramwell would give them liberty to refuse. But he fails to see that the Church of England, as a religious society, would be sorely aggrieved if her clergy were even allowed to celebrate in her churches unions which for centuries her courts, her canons, and her Prayer Book have declared to be unlawful. Still the charge in the Marriage Service would remain, bidding the parties to confess any impediment, and solemnly reminding them that "so many as are coupled together otherwise than God's Word doth allow are not joined together by God, neither is their matrimony lawful." Still the table of kindred and affinity would be the only answer given by the Church to those who wish to know what persons, how related, are forbidden in Scripture to marry together. Few will contend that what Scrip-

ture has been held for centuries to forbid, ceases to be forbidden in Scripture because a narrow Parliamentary majority, created, it may be, by the votes of members who deny the authority of the Bible, is of that opinion. The Table of Degrees would still be read on the walls of our churches, placed there as the canon directs. Preachers might still expound the law of God as forbidding such unions even in the presence of those who had contracted them, and parish priests might refuse—as the Bishop of Fredericton has bidden his clergy to refuse—Communion to the offenders. In all this the Church of England would not go beyond the Westminster Confession of Faith (which is the law of Presbyterian Scotland), declaring that—

“Marriage ought not to be within the degrees of consanguinity or affinity forbidden in the Word; nor can such incestuous marriages ever be made lawful by any law of man, or consent of parties, so as these persons may live together as man and wife. The man may not marry any of his wife’s kindred nearer in blood than he may of his own, nor the woman of her husband’s kindred nearer in blood than of her own.”

“Very uncharitable language, whoever uses it,” say the advocates of the bill. “Two thoroughly well-conducted persons,”—so Lord Bramwell describes all pairs of attached brothers and sisters-in-law—ought not to be treated with disrespect. The feeling, which he has more than once expressed, of sympathy with an agreeable and affectionate young couple, of like age and condition in life, apparently formed each other’s happiness, appeals to a universal sentiment. Astrologically they would petition, under his guidance, against the law which forbids their nuptials; and, so pleading, they would enlist—as they have enlisted—in their favor many a friend to whom fathers and councils, theology and law, are equally unknown. But, then, it must be remembered that the same engaging portrait may be painted with a variety of kinsfolk for the sitters; it does not apply to sisters-in-law and brothers alone.

I have admitted that there is a natural sympathy with young persons deeply attached to one another, who are prevented from marrying. But here again, when we try to translate the feeling into solid reason, we find

that the argument proves too much. “The course of true love never did run smooth;” and infinitely various are the obstacles to marriage which youthful affections must be content to endure. The very man who has been declaiming against the table of prohibited degrees, will go home and threaten to turn his son or daughter out of doors if an imprudent courtship is not immediately broken off. And this parental sternness may have its justification too. A thoughtless young couple may be saved from life-long trouble by the unwelcome intervention of wiser and more experienced counselors. Or, on the other hand, that intervention may nip in the bud affections which might have blossomed into happy married life. Either way, however, it is part of the condition of things in which we live that young persons “madly in love,” as the phrase is, must often be disappointed; it is not only widowers in love with their wives’ sisters who have to bear their fate. If it is cruel to debar from marriage those who are sincerely in love, the Court of Chancery has more wanton cruelty to repent of than all the defenders of the Christian law of marriage. Has it never occurred to Lord Bramwell to turn a glance of pity on the sorrows of its wards? The maintenance of the Levitical prohibitions has at least the general good for its object; the hard-hearted guardian has nothing better than the preservation or augmentation of an estate in view. After all, the happiness of the community and the purity of social life must outweigh the particular grievances of which disappointed lovers naturally complain. So it is in many another case familiar to us all. It is a hardship, for instance, to our Jewish fellow-subjects to lose their trade on the Lord’s Day when they have already kept their own Sabbath on the day before. But we could not preserve our national Sunday from the invasion of secular business if we made an exception in their favor; and, for the general advantage, they must bear the loss. We may pity the lovers whose sad case Lord Bramwell deplores; but they have really no right to the special aureole with which he would invest them.

The question is often asked, "May I not marry my sister-in-law?" The real question is, whether I may still have a "sister-in-law" at all. If the law which forbids us to marry is abolished, in what does the relation of sister between us consist? Thenceforward she is no more to her sister's husband than any other female friend. He must be content to see her welcomed by his wife with tenderest affection, caressed by his children with devoted love, but she is nothing to him; sister, either in law or in feeling, she cannot be. His wife's sister, his children's aunt, their best-loved kinswoman, is to be but an acquaintance to him. A sharp line of division is drawn through the midst of the family; the father, with his group of kinsfolk; the mother, with her's—two sets of kindred in one home. It will be hard, no doubt, for those who have entered into the happy confidence of the old relationship to unlearn the lessons of a united home; but new generations as they arise, if the law is changed, must be brought up in a different experience and form a different estimate of family life. I am not suggesting any thoughts of improper attachment in the wife's lifetime. I am only asserting that one who is in no sense a sister, and may possibly become a wife, ceases absolutely to be what a sister-in-law has been, and happily still is, in many an English home.

Some persons make merry with descriptions of the family circle—perhaps because they have never known the pure and happy unity to which they refer. The Scripture expression that man and wife are "one flesh" is to some of them particularly ludicrous. Lord Bramwell, with some endeavor to be serious; would dispose of it by the remark that it is a metaphor, on the apparent assumption that a metaphorical statement is necessarily untrue. I quite admit that metaphors are not freely used in the courts, and that they would be a little out of place in the discussion of a dry point of law. Nor should I look for illustration of the use of metaphor in any case to writings from Lord Bramwell's pen. Nevertheless it would be a strange misconception to make metaphor and fiction synonymous terms. One might say of a celebrated

statesman that his race is run, or that his sun has set; and it would be a reasonable answer to declare that his energies, bodily and mental, are unimpaired, or that he has still a great career in politics before him. But it would be absurd to argue that the statement was untrue because it was clothed in metaphorical language. If marriage be, as some free-thinkers assert, a time-bargain between two persons that they will live together as long as it is mutually convenient for them to do so, it follows that the Scriptural expression, "they two shall be one flesh," is unmeaning. But the truth or falsehood of it does not depend on its metaphorical character. It may well be that an expression has been chosen which, by its very paradoxical character, most strongly expresses the close and indissoluble union which marriage creates, not to add that the expression, as found in the language of the Old Testament Scripture, may exegetically have no metaphorical character; it may be a simple statement that the relationship of married persons is to be as close as that which exists between persons of the same blood, expressed in the plainest way of which the language would admit.

We come back, then—putting aside this unprovoked attack on the moral character of metaphor—to the point which touches the root of the matter. "Ninety-nine out of every hundred advocates of legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister," says one of them, "are in favor of legalizing marriage with wives' nieces and their wives' kinsfolk in general. A man's own nieces are blood relations, but his wife's nieces are not. The reason marriage-law reformers confine themselves to one point at a time is that they believe success can best be obtained in this way." For that very reason, among others, the upholders of the marriage law of England tenaciously defend the position which is the object of immediate attack. They have been fairly warned that all turns on this: its capture means the loss of the fort. Surely it is time for Parliamentary assailants to give up the disingenuous pretence that they have only this one point in view, and to discuss the whole question in a reasonable way. For

my own part—disastrous as the change would be—I had rather see the law altered so as to abolish at once all legal prohibitions of marriage between persons connected by affinity than to have an enactment which would abolish them by implication, and require their legal abolition in detail as opportunity served. The Church would, in that case, have its own opposite principle clearly defined as a basis for consistent action; good people would be saved from the confusion of thought which would betray them into condonation of evil, as though it were a comparatively harmless exception to the general law. It is not immaterial to remember that this was the basis of the act of 1835. That statute drew, for the first time, a partial distinction between the prohibited degrees of consanguinity and affinity. Lord Lyndhurst had not drawn any such distinction in the bill which he introduced. His bill, as he afterward said, had nothing to do with annulling marriages; it had no other end in view than the condition of children, which the existing law left in a unsettled state during their parents' lifetime. In its passage through Parliament the distinction (retrospectively) between consanguinity and affinity was introduced. But neither then nor at any other time, until the tactics of the Marriage Law Reform Association were adopted, was a wife's sister dealt with on any other footing than that on which the whole of the wife's near kinsfolk stood. By the law of England, to use the words of Lord Wensleydale—certainly not one of the "ecclesiastically-given" lawyers whom Lord Bramwell depreciates—the marriage of a widower with his deceased wife's sister was always as illegal and invalid as a marriage with a sister, daughter, or mother was. For the first time, as I have said, by Lord Lyndhurst's act, though not by Lord Lyndhurst's will, a partial distinction between relationship in blood and relationship by marriage was recognized. To that distinction—if ever we are driven to allow any distinction at all—sound reason and good sense require us to adhere.

I am well aware that in what I have written I have laid myself open to Lord Bram-

well's sneer at "priests." I am content to bear this reproach. I believe that the Church of Christ has done more than any power on earth to uphold the sacredness of family life in its pure affections and unity of interests. The members of other religious denominations have not been wanting in zeal for morality, as they understand it. But in respect of marriage they avowedly take a "liberal" view. They would make prohibitions of it as few as possible; they approve of facilities for the dissolution of it which the Church has always refused to allow. The tendency of these "free" views may be illustrated by the existing state of things in North America. In the New England States it has come to pass that 2,000 families are now broken up every year, and 4,000 persons divorced. We conceive it to be our duty to resist those tendencies to the utmost of our power. The Church has spoken by her ministers surely not unnatural exponents of her mind, and their loyalty has often brought upon them bitter hatred and personal loss. But on this question her laity have not been silent. To describe them as "ecclesiastically-given," is but a disagreeable way of saying that they have been on the Church's side. On the other side are ranged a variety of interests and motives which do not see Parliamentary light. A traveler in a railway carriage heard some country folk discussing the Wife's Sister question. One of them mentioned a man who had "married" his stepmother. The father had left her the house and some property. The grown-up son was living in the house and "married" the woman "to keep the property together." The relation quite approved of what the son had done. We, who deprecate even a distant approach to such laxity of morals, ought not to be regarded as hostile to the happiness or the welfare of our country. We believe that we are its true friends. I adopt the concluding sentence of Lord Bramwell's article—with a variation. I trust that a right view will be taken of this important matter, and the law remain unchanged.—JOHN F. MAC-KARNESS, BISHOP OF OXFORD, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

AN AMERICAN SCHOLAR.—Professor J. H. Thayer, of Harvard, has just brought out *A Greek-English Lexicon of the New Testament*, being Grimm's Wilke's *Clavis Novi Testamenti*, revised and enlarged. Concerning this work, and its author, Mr. W. Sanday thus writes in the *London Academy*:—

"This work has been eagerly looked for ever since a few specimen sheets were privately circulated in 1881; and it may be said at once, and with much confidence, that it will not disappoint the expectations that were then formed of it. Just as it was a marked step in advance when, in 1882, the now veteran Willibald Grimm took up and recast Wilke's *Clavis*, so it is not quite so great a step, perhaps, but still a distinct step in advance now that the combined work of Grimm and Wilke has been translated and adapted for American and English readers by Prof. Thayer, who is the successor of the late Dr. Ezra Abbot in the Buckley Professorship of Biblical Criticism and Interpretation at Harvard. It would not have been easy for the mantle of that admirable scholar to fall upon shoulders more worthy to wear it. Prof. Thayer and his predecessor were men of kindred genius. Better examples could not well be chosen of the American aptitude for exact scholarship. It was a somewhat striking, and I will not say a humiliating, fact—for Englishmen and Americans are coming more and more to think of each other as forming one family—that the last edition of Liddell and Scott should go across the Atlantic for its revision. And now the lexicon of New Testament Greek, which we had long hoped might proceed from Oxford—for I believe that I am right in saying that Dr. Scott projected such a work, and was only led to abandon it by ill-health—has also gone to America."

HINDU WORKMEN.—"Mr. Thomas Scott, of Blythè," says *The Pall Mall Gazette*, "who recently superintended the building of two barges at Bhownuggar, in the Bombay Presidency, has furnished his experiences to a reporter. Mr. Scott was the only European workman employed, and had no knowledge of the language, but, with the help of an interpreter, the natives very quickly learned the different parts of the barge. The average number of persons employed was about 250. Sometimes nearly half of those were women, who did exactly the same work as men engaged in laboring. Children of a very tender age were likewise counted among the staff of workpeople. Mechanics received eight annas (an anna would be worth about a 1¼d. in English money) per day; male laborers, four annas; and female laborers, three annas. Their day's work commenced at seven o'clock in the morning, and terminated at sunset, two hours being allowed for dinner at midday, except in the hottest part of the summer, when there was a cessation of labor from eleven in the morning till two in the afternoon. With the exception of the riveters, who were brought from Bombay, the whole of the work was done by the natives. Awkward enough some of the 'hands' were when they commenced their tasks—and it was the less to be wondered at when many of them

had not seen a steamship before—they adapted themselves to the work in an almost incredibly short time, displaying much intelligence, and especially evincing a strong desire to please. The quality of their work, according to the testimony of the State engineer, Mr. R. P. Simms, was 'quite equal to the same class at home;' but, as was to be expected, the people are not capable of turning out the 'quantity,' and Mr. Scott is of opinion that one English mechanic would be worth from three to four native artisans. The time occupied in fitting up the barges was twelve months. As a class, the natives are most temperate in their habits, and during the eighteen months which Mr. Scott was domiciled in the State, he avers he did not see a single individual intoxicated. Vegetarianism is predominant."

THE GREAT PARIS BOOKBINDER.—"There is," says *The Pall Mall Gazette*, "some difference of opinion as to who is the best bookbinder in London. Not so in Paris. If you want a volume bound in the highest style of art the man to go to is M. Cuzin, of the Rue Séguier. Go there and you will find a specimen of a real Parisian workshop. Up three pairs of stairs in a narrow street, very different from the blazing boulevards, where casual spectators think they are seeing Parisian life when they are really assisting at a cosmopolitan orgie held at Paris by the dissolute of all nations and both hemispheres, the door of the flat is in all probability opened to you by the wife of the great binder. Within are cupboards containing the stock of tools, worth perhaps £2,000, which form the necessary plant of an ambitious establishment, and morocco and other leather in every process of treatment, while the master workman himself in basque cap and brown holland blouse is working away at some pet specimen of his art, such as an *édition de luxe* of Moreau's *Monument du Costume*, which he has just completed in blue, with a 'doubleur' (this is the term applied to the elaborated inside faces of the cover) of crimson morocco. Inside and out the whole ornamentation of this sumptuous binding has been carried out leaf by leaf and spray by spray, as the French say *à petits fers*, and you are not surprised to hear that M. Cuzin has sold it an English amateur for fifty napoleons. It only remains to add that M. Cuzin is a self-made man, the son of a tailor in a small town of Central France, who took early to bookbinding, and is now at the head of that handicraft in Paris, and perhaps in the world."

A ONCE FAMOUS NOVELIST.—A few years ago one of the most widely-read English novelists was Mr. J. R. Smith, whose name we do not find in any Biographical Dictionary. Of him *The Saturday Review* says:—

"His province in art was cheap fiction; but in his time he was one of the best read writers in England. He has been dead not many years, and already there is an accretion of legends about his name which promises to develop into a regular myth. Thus it is said, for one thing, that he believed his real strength to lie in serious art, and that he died of grief because he was bound hand and foot to the penny novel. Again, it is told of him that he was the salvation of a certain journal. Its

proprietors were in despair; they had tried Walter Scott, they had tried Alexandre Dumas, they had tried Charles Reade; the public would not buy, and all was going by the board; when J. F. Smith stepped in with a masterpiece of his making, and the consumptive print became the healthiest of its kind. Another romance affirms that he was made a Papal count under circumstances that do him the greatest honor as a practical novelist. 'Twas in the Rome of five-and-twenty years ago; a dignitary of the Church had been seen, in full canonicals, to come forth into open day from an establishment the most disreputable that can be imagined. The Liberal press made much of the event; when J. F. Smith, with such presence of mind as few men of letters can boast, suggested to the proper person that a reward should be offered for the discovery of the impostor who, attired as a cardinal, had been seen to leave, etc., etc. This was done; the Church was saved; and J. F. Smith, like Mr. Chucks, became a foreign nobleman. What is certain is that J. F. Smith was a hard-working man of letters of the type (let us say) of Ponson du Terrail; that, if his English was elaborate and his sentiments a trifle obvious, he had a prodigious fund of invention; and that in his time he amused the toiling millions as much as anybody who has ever worked for them, the poet of *Rocambole* not excepted."

THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY. — "Few organized charities," says *Science*, "are so uniformly successful and so richly deserving as the Children's Aid Society of New York City, of which Mr. Charles L. Brace is the executive officer. In describing the work of the society at the annual meeting of the trustees, Mr. Brace detailed the principles of the society and the results attained by proceeding upon them. The principles were defined as the absolute necessity of treating each youthful criminal or outcast as an individual, and not as one of a crowd; the immense superiority of the home or family over any institution in reformatory and educational influence; the prevention of crime and pauperism by early efforts with children, and the vital importance of breaking up inherited pauperism by putting almshouse children in separate homes; and, most of all, the immense advantage of 'placing out' neglected and orphan children in farmers' families. The records of the city police courts show how these principles work in practice. While in thirty years the city's population has increased from about six hundred and thirty thousand to nearly a million and a half, the number of girls committed for petty larceny has fallen in the same period from over nine hundred to less than two hundred and fifty. In the same time the commitments of female vagrants have decreased from 5,778 to 2,565."

A LONDON FOG.—During the last week of November, London was visited by a fog of very remarkable density, even for London, concerning which the *Saturday Review* thus remarks:—

"As a matter of fact, there is no cure for a London fog, nor even—what, etymologically speaking, would belong to the homœopathic order of treatment—any palliative for it. Artificial light has sometimes been

exhibited with good results; but there are cases, as, for instance, that of last Wednesday afternoon, when it proves almost ineffectual for the production of even the slightest relief. Still there is no reason, unless it be the one above hinted at, why it should not be tried with more promptitude than the local authorities are accustomed to display in many parts of London. Even at the very darkest hours of the late visitation it was generally possible to see a gas-lamp a few feet further off than touching distance, and for vehicles [near] the kerbstone even that is an advantage worth securing. It may be here remarked for the behoof of those lamp-lighters who do not seem to have grasped the fact that it is better to leave the lamps unlighted altogether than to light them at the sides of the street, and to leave the refuges in the middle of the roadway in darkness. Lamp-lighters should be on their guard against that 'idol of the market-place'—a superstitious belief. There is no magic in the word 'refuge.' Under certain conditions the refuge may become a mere obstacle, and at one point at least in London these conditions were temporarily realized. Beyond the mere platitude, however, that the streets of London should be more speedily and generally illuminated on the descent of a fog, it is to be feared that few people have any suggestion to make for the relief of Londoners from a sordid horror which certainly grows worse and worse every year, denser to the eye, and more offensive, there is no use in denying it, to the taste. This last fog has, according to the report of many connoisseurs, been one of a peculiarly full-bodied and high-flavored brand, which one would not so much mind if it were only wholesome instead of disagreeing, as it does, with almost everybody. The nuisance, indeed, is rapidly approaching a point at which, like the suicide it counsels, and sometimes, we fancy, causes, it must be 'put down.' Many plans have been devised for abating the smoke which, mixed with comparatively tolerable river fog, is supposed to constitute the appalling mixture known as 'London particular.' Perhaps the failure to carry them out generally has exasperated the fog-fend; perhaps, on the other hand, conscious that his time is short, he is doing his very foggiest. At any rate, the last week has been in one sense a caution; let us hope that it will prove to have been a caution in another."

LITERATURE AS A MEANS OF LIVELIHOOD.—Among the recently published *Letters of Thomas Carlyle*, edited by Charles Eliot Norton, there is one addressed to his brother, John Carlyle, urging him not to make literature, as such, his business in life, but to stick to the medical profession, for which he had been educated. He writes:—

"I can tell you from experience that it is a sad thing for a man to have his bread to gain in the miscellaneous fashion which circumstances have in some degree forced me into; and I cannot help seeing that with half the expense, and one tenth of the labor which I have incurred, I might at this time have been enjoying the comforts of some solid and fixed establishment in one of the regular departments of exertion, had I been lucky enough to have entered upon any one of them."

FRANÇOIS JOSEPH DUPLEIX.

IN FOUR PARTS—PART II.

The Governor-General was helpless, but his mutinous admiral was ill at ease, and tried to gain a legitimate standpoint by negotiating with his rival for a postponement of the restoration. Dupleix, reduced to extremity, and probably hoping to gain time until the admiral should be obliged to quit the coast, affected readiness to treat on this basis. But, pending the negotiation, a violent hurricane destroyed half of Labourdonnais's ships, and disabled the rest. He was now driven to resort to an audacious diplomatic *coup d'état*. He produced his treaty, asserted that it *had been* assented to at Pondicherry, executed it himself, procured its execution by the English—prisoners of war as they were:—and dispatching it to Dupleix, called upon him to abide by it. He soon after left India forever; and thenceforth maintained that *he* had acted loyally, and Dupleix perfidiously and tyrannically. Such is a bare but exact outline of this memorable quarrel. What Dupleix might have been tempted to do, but for the hurricane, is one thing. What he actually did, namely repudiate an unauthorized treaty, to which he was falsely asserted to have agreed, and the fundamental principle of which he had from the first opposed, is quite another thing. He was by no means scrupulous. But in this case he was certainly far more sinned against than sinning. Much doubt also hangs over the story of his ill-treatment of the English prisoners. Whether he meant originally to fulfill his promise of giving up Madras to the Nawab is doubtful. He perhaps intended, as we have intimated, to dis mantle it, and then transfer it to Anwarodeen. But the dispute with the victor, and the impatience of the native ruler, prevented this. And, as Dupleix had predicted, the long and inevitable delay in the fulfilment of the promise, turned the Nawab into an enemy, and an ally of the English.

The position was now critical in the extreme. The French fleet had disappeared; the English fleet was intact, and threatened to return. The Nawab sent a considerable

force to besiege Madras. To defend that city and Pondicherry only 2,000 Europeans and twice that number of sepoy were available. General despondency prevailed at the seat of government. But Dupleix saw clearly that the case was not hopeless. Some time must elapse before the enemy could muster and combine their armaments for a general attack. By a bold and sudden blow he might paralyze the Nawab, and perhaps force him again to change sides. For this purpose he selected Paradis, a veteran Swiss officer, whose capacity and energy he well knew, and detached him with 200 Europeans and 700 sepoy to attack the camp of Maphuz Khan, the Nawab's general, and eldest son. Meanwhile he still continued to negotiate with Anwarodeen. Epréménil, the governor of Madras, was ordered to remain strictly on the defensive. The besiegers at first confined themselves to a close blockade; but after a while they diverted the river, and intercepted a spring which supplied the place with fresh water. These measures exasperated and alarmed the garrison. Dupleix saw that his hour was come, and insisted on a sortie. Four hundred men, with two field-pieces, sallied from the city, and were charged impetuously by a host of cavalry. But the swift fire of the field-pieces amazed, checked, and at the fourth discharge sent the horsemen to the right-about. The French sustained absolutely no loss. And Maphuz Khan, hearing that Paradis's relieving force was on the march, retired to St. Thomé, and encamped on the south bank of a river, confiding in its protection, and keeping a careless look-out. Dupleix planned an attack on this exposed position, to be made simultaneously by the Swiss and Epréménil. Paradis suddenly appeared on the northern bank of the river; dashed across it, sword in hand, at the head of his men; and before the enemy could do much execution with their slow fire, fell upon them with the bayonet, and drove them before him in headlong flight into St. Thomé. Thence the dense mass of fugitives was quickly dislodged, only to be again assailed by the garrison of Madras: in wild panic they dispersed, and rushed onward toward Arcot.

These complete and startling victories are memorable to all time. They dispelled the awe of native authority, and proclaimed to all the world that the European was the destined successor of the proud Mogul and the fiery Mahratta.

Relieved from immediate anxiety on account of the Nawab, Dupleix next attempted the reduction of Fort St. David. A comparatively strong force was sent against it. But this, in deference to professional jealousy, was commanded by a very inferior officer. M. Bury's failure was as signal as Paradis's success. He posted his men in a walled garden, near the fort, and on the south side of the river. A sudden alarm in the night occasioned a panic; and instead of holding their own in so defensible a position, the troops rushed to the river, and crossed it in the face of the Nawab's arms. But for the field-pieces, which covered the crossing, a rout would have been inevitable, and the loss severe. Bury returned in gloriously to Pondicherry. But the glamour of the late victories was not dispelled by this reverse; and Dupleix's calculations were justified by a successful negotiation with the Nawab, who agreed to make peace, to abandon the English, and to cancel the bargain for the surrender of Madras. His son, Maphuz Khan, visited Pondicherry; was received with great honor, and loaded with presents, which, as the governor explained to his masters, were an excellent political investment. He then planned another assault on Fort St. David, and intrusted it to Paradis. But just as the gallant Swiss had reoccupied the walled garden, and was on the point of attacking, the English fleet was signalled, and he was fain to retreat.

Again the outlook was most gloomy; again the civilians counseled surrender to inevitable fate. But Admiral Griffin confined himself to his own element; and Dupleix, having hastily summoned assistance from the French islands, was cheered by the arrival of some ships, which succeeded in reinforcing Madras with 300 men; but then, from fear of the English fleet, retired hastily. And tidings soon after arrived from Europe which might well appal even the Governor-General's stout heart. The most formidable flotilla which

had ever appeared in the eastern waters was on its way, carrying a strong body of troops, and its commander, Admiral Boscawen, had it in charge to besiege Pondicherry. The directors exhorted their governor to make a good defence, but sent him no help of any kind. He resolved to attack Cuddalore, which lay over against Fort St. David, immediately, hoping, if successful, to impede the landing of the enemy there and to intercept their communication with the fort, or, more probably, to make Cuddalore a base for the capture of the fort itself. But Major Lawrence, who had lately arrived from England as commander of all the company's forces, defeated this movement by a simple stratagem. During the day, and in sight of the French, he removed the guns from Cuddalore, as if intent only on defending Fort St. David. But at nightfall he quietly replaced them; and the assailants were warmly received, and fled back in confusion to Pondicherry. Dupleix met them at the barriers, and was so deeply dejected at the reverse, that for one brief moment he meditated suicide. But a movement of his horse caused him to look up. The sight of the solid ramparts, surmounted by the proud banner of France, reassured him. And he resolved to live, and—if die he must—to die in the defence of his post.

At length the enemy appeared in overwhelming force, but not until the plan of the defence had been well considered and arranged. On the sea side, the town was protected by Dupleix's new wall and by shoal water. A bound hedge of prickly-pear made a bold circuit on the land side; and the advance of the besiegers to the Vaubanized walls was more effectually impeded by a chain of redoubts to the north and west; by Ariancopan, a fort on the south-west, and by an inlet of the sea or river of the same name to the south. Being well provided with artillery, Dupleix hoped to cope with, and even overpower, the enemy's batteries; and by sorties and skirmishes to harass the communications between the fleet and the English army, capture convoys, and obstruct the prosecution of the trenches. Then the monsoon might befriend him.

The admiral was commander-in-chief on land as well as at sea, a fact which must not be forgotten in estimating the result. The river was passed, not without an obstinate contest and serious casualties from the fire of the adjacent fort, a rash assault upon which was repulsed; and much valuable time was lost in besieging and afterward repairing it. It was stoutly defended; but a casual explosion having much reduced the number of the garrison, and spread panic among the survivors, this important position was evacuated. Thus the external line of defence was turned, and the other outworks became almost useless. But the English engineers were thoroughly incapable. By their advice, Boscawen opened his batteries at a distance far too great to be of any avail; and on pushing the trenches nearer, the ground was found to be hopelessly swampy and impracticable. Dupleix ordered a sally. But the state of the ground and other causes retarded the advance; and the English, well prepared, routed the assailants, killing many officers, among them Paradjs. Still, in spite of this serious loss, and the partial demolition of the bastion which Boscawen had chosen as his objective, time went on, and the siege made little progress. The superiority of Dupleix's fire was pronounced; the damage to the bastion was rapidly repaired; and Madame Dupleix's secret relations with our native soldiers are said to have supplied information, which caused much mischief by facilitating attacks on convoys.

Foiled on land, the admiral ordered a general bombardment by the fleet. This lasted for twelve hours consecutively. Orme says that the only casualty it caused was the death of one old woman. The boisterous challenge, being found so ineffective, presently remained unanswered. But landward the French batteries replied vigorously, and overpowered those opposed to them. The monsoon was at hand; the mortality in the English army had been great; the health of the troops was failing; and it was high time for the fleet to seek safer anchorage. This place was too strong to be taken by a *coup de main*. Boscawen therefore suddenly broke up the siege, and retired; leaving to his antagonist the imperisha-

ble honor of having, with a very small force, and by his own engineering skill, baffled the most imposing European armament that had ever been engaged in Indian warfare.

Dupleix's exultation was, of course, great; and he announced his triumph far and wide to the native potentates, receiving in return the florid compliments which the Oriental is ever ready to bestow on such occasions. The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle soon after restored Madras to the English, and, however mortifying in this respect to the French Governor-General, left him free to prosecute his ambitious enterprises among the natives. But it must be remembered that the English set him an example by an armed intervention in Tanjore, which resulted in their acquisition of Devicottah, at the mouth of the Coleroon.

And here it is material to observe that it does not seem very clear when Dupleix first conceived the idea of subjecting the "country powers" to French ascendancy; nor how far he was, in the first instance, prepared to soar even in his dreams of empire. His military and diplomatic success in dealing with Anwarodeen may have emboldened him to consider the Oriental as his convenient tool. His triumph over Boscawen not only elated him at the moment, but would be apt to make him miscalculate the force of English opposition to his designs. Chunda Sahib's overtures so exactly accorded with the train of political associations already raised in the case of Anwarodeen, that the temptation to accept them would be the stronger, especially when they included an offer of alliance with the pretender to the Dekkan subahdary, and thus promised to establish French influence on a legitimate basis over the greater portion of India south of the Nerbudda. He was doubtless much encouraged by the political hesitation of the English; and the more so as he probably did not fully appreciate the grounds of that hesitation, and attributed it too much to fear of his arms, and too little to the conviction that the English directors would be slow to sanction even defensive operations against his latent and insidious attack upon the freedom of English trade, if not on the existence of Englishmen in the country. But when he

proceeded to action, the weak side of his policy, whenever matured, disclosed itself. He had not overrated his influence with the native, but he had underrated the resistance which its exercise was to elicit from the European; and having forced the English, in self-defence, into the service of his Indian opponents, he soon found that, he must battle for life and death with our countrymen, who slowly, but surely, taking their sides, and animated by Clive's spirit, and enlightened by his genius, displayed in the later stages of the contest an energy and determination equal to his own.

The European peace left Dupleix in a favorable position for entering on his great design. He had 2,000 European soldiers, almost double that number of sepoy, artillery in plenty and of good quality, several competent officers, a strongly fortified capital, improved credit, and the high and well-earned fame of his late splendid achievement. And the opportunity which he coveted soon occurred. Chunda Sahib, son-in-law of Anwarodeen's predecessor, had in old days been on good terms with the French, and was personally known to the Governor-General. But he had long languished in a Mahratta prison, whence Dupleix now procured his release, and encouraged him to assert his right to the Carnatic succession. About the same time the great viceroy of the Dekkan, Nizam ul Mulk, died; and Mirzapha Jung, a son of his daughter, claimed, by his grandfather's appointment, to succeed him, in supersession of Nazir Jung, the Nizam's second son, the eldest being permanently employed at Delhi. Mirzapha obtained little support; he was defeated, and fled southward. But Chunda Sahib, an able soldier, an experienced politician, and a man of vigorous character, now made common cause with him. The two pretenders invaded the Carnatic; and, being energetically opposed by the Nawab, preferred a joint request for assistance to the ruler of Pondicherry. Great concessions to the French were offered; and the momentous bargain was soon struck.

The French contingent consisted of 400 Europeans and 1,200 sepoy, with six field-pieces, commanded by Count D'Authueil, a sturdy veteran, but of no great capacity, and

afflicted with the gout. Dupleix announced the step to the directors, justifying it principally on the ground that it was to be recompensed by the cession to the company of Villenore and a district around that town, which would yield a considerable revenue. Chunda Sahib was to furnish provisions, transport, etc., and the troops were to draw pay, as usual, from Pondicherry.

The allied army found Anwarodeen entrenched in a very strong position. The French attacked vehemently, but were repulsed; a second attack, led by D'Authueil in person, also failed, and he was disabled. Bussy, a young officer destined to become very famous, now took the command, and stormed the entrenchments. Anwarodeen was killed, and his army cut up and dispersed. The allies entered Arcot in triumph; and there Mirzapha was proclaimed subahdar of the Dekkan, and appointed Chunda Sahib Nawab of the Carnatic. Then they marched to Pondicherry, where Dupleix gave them a magnificent reception, and spared no pains to impress them by the assumption of viceregal state, and a full muster of his formidable troops.

With military insight he then insisted on the immediate reduction of Trichinopoly and Gingee. The maritime province, besides its intrinsic importance, was an indispensable base for operations in the Dekkan. The late victory had left the Carnatic without a ruler, and, following so soon after the successful defence of Pondicherry, had spread a general terror of the French arms. The English as yet made no sign of opposition to Dupleix's bold game; indeed, they were willing to recognize Chunda Sahib's title. Nazir Jung was hovering above the Ghauts, and his threatened approach made it advisable to lose no time in securing the military occupation of the lower country. Gingee was a very strong fortress in the interior of the Carnatic. Trichinopoly, in the basin of the Cavery, was strongly fortified, and a place of great political importance as a sort of second capital of the Carnatic, and of no less military consequence with a view to assuring the fidelity of Tanjore, and the wilder regions further to the south.

It was also a barrier toward Mysore. Mahomed Ali, a younger son of Anwarodeen, had fled thither, and seemed disposed to make a stand as claimant of the nababship. But fear of the English checked the progress of Mirzapha and Chunda Sahib. Till Boscawen left the coast they dallied at Arcot. Then, having received from Dupleix a *lac* of rupees, 800 French and 800 sepoy, with a siege train, under M. Duquesne, they began their march. But instead of attacking Trichinopoly they entered Tanjore, bent on riving that rich principality. The Rajah was a Mahratta, a collateral descendant of Sivaji; and he cunningly kept them in play for months, until Dupleix's patience was exhausted, and he ordered the French commander to storm the capital. An attack was made on the outworks and upon a gate of the city. Then the Rajah came to terms, and agreed to pay a large contribution. But by tendering obsolete coins, and plate and jewels of questionable value, he contrived to delay the settlement until his object was gained; and the invaders were suddenly appalled by the tidings that Nazir Jung, at the head of an immense army, had entered the Carnatic. The English also had begun, timidly and sparingly, to reinforce Mahomed Ali and the Tanjore prince. The allied chiefs broke up their camp and retreated, baffled, discredited, and dejected, to Pondicherry.

Nazir, of course, espoused Mahomed Ali's cause, and was promptly joined by an English contingent under Major Lawrence, a capable and experienced officer. The Madras government, at this time, certainly acted rather from the instinct of self-preservation than from deliberate policy. Dupleix's insinuation, we may add, that the junction of this contingent was due simply to heavy bribes received by Lawrence and his officers, is gratuitous and absurd. And though he affected to laugh at the impertinence of "two lieutenants declaring war on the king of France," he was fully alive to his dangerous position. The forces of his allies did not exceed 8,000 men; his own small army might be outnumbered by the English; while Nazir's host was estimated at 800,000. But he hoped that fear would restrain the natives, and political con-

siderations the English, from attacking Pondicherry; and he relied on his own diplomatic ability for effecting a compromise, or, if Nazir proved intractable, for circumventing him. Thus he boldly arrayed his troops outside the city, and engaged in negotiation. He seems to have thought that he might induce Nazir to confer the Carnatic on one of his allies and an extensive appanage in the Dekkan on the other. Thus, could he detach Nizam ul Mulk's son from the English, and make him his friend, his own influence would be paramount in southern India.

Meanwhile he advised a night attack, in the hope of terrifying Nazir, and bringing him to reason. D'Autheuil adopted the suggestion: Nazir retreated in alarm and seemed disposed to come to terms; when a large party of French officers, whether from cupidity and disappointment at finding the service more arduous and less lucrative than they had anticipated, or from actual cowardice, suddenly mutinied; in the face of the enemy resigned their commissions, and sneaked off to Pondicherry, where Dupleix met the dastards at the gate and placed them in strict confinement. D'Autheuil was obliged to retreat, and fought his way back, gallantly covered by Chunda Sahib and his cavalry; but Mirzapha in despair threw himself on his uncle's mercy, and contrary to promise was imprisoned and fettered.

This catastrophe for a time prostrated Dupleix. But the strains of his harp are said to have soothed him; and his wife's tidings that Mirzapha was still alive and that his imprisonment was much resented by several of Nazir's principal supporters, roused him to renewed exertion. He resolved to maintain an unflinching attitude, to demand the same terms as before, to recognize Nazir as subahdar, but to insist on his releasing his nephew and making either him or Churda Sahib Nawab of the Carnatic with the appanage of Adoni for the other. And through his agents and in a letter to Nazir, he appealed to every motive that he thought likely to influence the prince; promising, in case the English contingent were dismissed, or retired, to contribute double or even treble the number of French soldiers

for the subahdar's service. The negotiation lingered; then Dupleix broke it off, and ordered another attack on Nazir's camp, who thereupon retreated in unseemly haste to Arcot; and Lawrence, finding him impracticable, led his men back to Fort St. David.

Dupleix employed the respite thus gained partly in secret attempts to undermine the fidelity of Nazir's adherents, partly in bold operations against Mahomed Ali, who was encamped on the banks of the river near Fort St. David. A French force under D'Authueil suddenly occupied the pagoda of Trivadi, which in such hands was equivalent to a strong fortress; and an attempt to recover it made by Mahomed Ali, assisted by the English and a large detachment of Nazir's troops, was repulsed. Then, as before, the English quarreled with their employer, and left him. Dupleix largely reinforced D'Authueil, and ordered him to attack Mahomed Ali's army, which was routed with great slaughter, and with hardly any loss to the French. Nazir took little heed, and amused himself with hunting and less respectable pleasures.—SIDNEY J. OWEN, in *The English Historical Review*.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A WOMAN'S STORY.*

This is a genuine poem. In tenderness, gracefulness, simplicity, and exquisite versification, it would not be easy to find its equal in the poetry of our day. The story runs somewhat thus: Ruth, the woman who tells the story, is left, while a young girl, an orphan, with a still younger brother, Robert, to whom she promises her dying mother to be all that an elder sister could be. The poem opens thus:

I never shall forget the summer day
When mother died. If I but close my eyes
It all comes back to me, as, after dreams,
Remembrance of them haunts our waking hours. . . .

It all comes back to me like yesterday—
That summer hour, across whose sunshine fell
The lonesome shadow of an unmade grave.

* *Brother and Lover: A Woman's Story*. By EMMA E. RAYFORD. Ideal Edition, cloth, 40c.; postage, 5c. New York: John B. Alden, Publisher.

In those long days, when sense of coming loss
Hung like a cloud between me and the world,
And seemed to shut me in, a prisoner there,
Away from those who had no care to vex—
No grief to bear—I used to sit and think
Of what must be.—I saw dear mother's face
Grow thinner, paler, like a sail that fades
In the gray distance, and I knew full well
That she was drifting out upon the tide
That sets toward the Infinite Sea, and soon
Where her dear face made sunshine in the room
The shadow of dread Azrael's wing would fall.
Where was the Heaven she was going to?
So far away that she could no more see
The children she had loved and left behind?
When trouble came to us, could her warm heart—
No less a mother's heart in Heaven than it had been
A mother's heart on earth—know of it all,
And understand our sorrows as of old?
What Heaven was I hardly understood.
For childhood's thoughts are vague ones at the best
About the mysteries of life and death;
But I was sure that Heaven would not be
The Heaven of my fancy if it shut
Our mother and her love away from us.

Mother would often talk with Rob and me
About her going from us. Never once
She spoke of it as dying, for I think
"Going away" has not so sad a sound
As "dying" has, and in that thoughtful love
Which always sought to spare her children pain,
She chose the simple phrase in daily use
Among us when we speak of those who go
Upon a journey. If we think of them
As *gone away, not dead*, we do not feel
That awful sense of loss which death suggests;
We, somehow, do not feel their absence so;
A little time of parting from our friends—
A parting all must know—and then
To be with them again. Sometime, somewhere,
The sundered paths will meet, and love will have
Its own again,—its own forevermore.
But if we think of them as *dead*, we seem
To stand upon the brink of a great gulf
Too wide for us to cross, and feel that they
Are separated from us by a sea
That breaks upon a shore of mystery,
And they are lost to us. At least to me
It always brings such dreary fancies up
To speak of death, or absent friends as dead.
So, when our mother talked with Rob and me
About her going from us, I would feel
That after she was gone, 'twould be as if
Her feet had climbed a long, steep hill, and she
Was on the other side, just out of sight,
But never far away. The thought was sweet
With comfort for a childish heart like mine,
Perplexed by thoughts of what I felt must be,
The mystery that I could not comprehend.

Ruth and her brother grew up into early womanhood and manhood. She says:

No one can know
How much I loved my brother. Upon him
I lavished the affections of my heart,
Giving him all, and keeping nothing back.
With him to love, I felt no need of friends,
And so my friends were few. Now, looking back
Along the stream on which we drifted down
To manhood and to womanhood, one face,
And only one, looks out of memory,
Beside Rob's face, and that one is John Earle's.
It brightens and blends in with all my thoughts
Of childhood's time, as oft a memory
Of melody heard on some happy day
Comes back to haunt us in some after year.

Ruth thus continues her story:

Though to myself

I had not said. In just so many words,
That John Earle was my lover, I had felt
His friendship had a tenderer quality
Than ordinary friendships have. No word
Of his had ever told as much to me,
And yet I knew it. I could feel the truth.
I felt, as any woman will, a thrill
Of pleasure at the thought of being loved
In such a way. When her first lover comes,
A woman's heart is like a bud that feels
The sunshine on its folded leaves—a stir
Of new, strange gladness in its hidden depths—
And then some burst into a sudden bloom
And yield their fragrance to the subtle power
That opens the waiting flower; but I said,
"I have no love to give him in return;
It all belongs to Rob." So I would keep
My heart shut 'gainst the warmth of love's sweet sun.
"We will be friends," I said, "the best of friends,
But nothing more, for fate has willed it so."

Our civil war breaks out. John and Robert
both in enlist in the Union army. Before they
set out, John avows his love for Ruth; but
she answers thus:

"Dear John, best friend I ever had,
Save Robert and my mother, I can give
Friendship for friendship, but the love you seek
I keep for Robbie, and for him alone."
"I ask no love like that," he said, "I want
A different love. You can love me as I
Would have you, Ruth, and love Rob none the less."
"You cannot understand me, John," I said;
"I'm sorry for your sake, so sorry, John,
But what you ask it is not mine to give."
"I will not take an answer now," he said:
"Think over it. Before I go away
I'll ask for your decision."—"It will be
The same," I answered.

This is not a war-story, and of the conflict
no details are given. But after a couple of
years Ruth receives a telegram telling her

that "Robert was killed in battle yesterday."
Soon afterward she learns that John Earle
had been sorely wounded by the side of Robert,
and was lying in the hospital, apparently
very near his end; and that he was continually
calling for "Ruth." She says:

Till I read that,
And felt how near death was, I did not know
How much I loved John Earle; but then I saw
The truth to which my love for Brother Rob
Had made me blind. The love that John had asked
My heart would give him now, but ah! too late
Would come the boon his steadfast heart had craved.
Alas, too late! What need have they who go
Away from us to Heaven, of earthly love?—
The love that would have made a Heaven here
For them and us. "Too late, too late, too late,"
Kept ringing in my ears to torture me
With hopeless longing and with vain regret,
By the monotony of its refrain, "Alas, too late."

She hurries away to the scene of the conflict;
finds John Earle indeed sorely wounded
—his right arm shot off—and to all seeming
very near the end of life. But her presence
does for him more than any medical or surgical
skill could have done. He slowly recovers,
and one still October day he conducts
her to the nameless grave of her brother. He
leaves her there alone for awhile, and then
comes back to the grave.

"Is it too soon?" he asked, and came and stood
Beside me, looking down upon the grave
With thoughtful eyes. "I knew, dear Sister Ruth,
You'd have so much to tell him." "Yes," I said,
"And I have told it,"—smiling through my tears,
At him who stood there with his empty sleeve
Across his breast. How brave, how grand he looked!
"If I were lying here, and to my grave
You came, dear Ruth, what would you have to tell?"
He questioned, looking gravely in my eyes.
"Oh John," I cried, my heart upon my lips,
"I'd tell you that I loved you." Like a flash
Of sudden light, the meaning in my words
Broke in upon him, and with eager eyes
He scanned my face. "O Ruth, what do you mean?"

"Oh, are you blind?" I cried in sweet, swift shame,
"I told you, once, I could not give such love
To you as that you asked for. I was wrong.
Oh, let me be right hand to you, dear John—
I'll take the place of the strong arm you gave
For him whose grave is here. Oh, may I, John?"—
"Ruth, Ruth," he cried, in voice that trembled so
With doubtful joy, the words seemed close to tears,
"Do you say this because you pity me?
For love's sake only would I take the gift
You offer me."

I looked into his face,
 With honest eyes, and answered truthfully.
 "Believe me, John, I say it for love's sake."
 And overhead I heard the pine's low voice
 Telling its troubles to the wandering wind,
 While in the rustling grasses at my feet
 I seemed to hear a voice all jubilant
 With gladness, and I think it was Rob's voice,
 And he was telling me he knew, he knew!
 Ah yes, he knew, and for love's sake was glad,
 As was the bird that from its little nest
 Upon his grave soared singing up the sky,
 To tell the story at the gate of Heaven.

And thus comes to a happy close this "Woman's Story," so gracefully told from beginning to end.—ALFRED H. GUERNSEY.

CHRISTIANITY AS THE ABSOLUTE RELIGION.

Christianity claims to be a Gospel; to offer to men that which answers to their needs; to disclose in a form available for life eternal truths which we are so constituted as to recognize, though we could not of ourselves discover them. Its verification therefore will lie in its essential character; in its fitness to fulfill this work, which is as broad as the world. And it may be worth while, in the presence of much apparent misunderstanding, to endeavor to indicate the points which must be noticed in any fair estimate of its relations to modern thought.

I assume that men are born religious. By this I mean they are so constituted as to seek to place themselves in harmony with the powers without them, and to establish a harmony between the forces which are revealed in their own persons. The effort to obtain this twofold harmony will be directed by many partial interpretations of the phenomena of existence. The results of experience gained during the life of humanity and during the life of the individual present the elements with which religion has to deal in various lights. Children and childlike races have of necessity different conceptions of self and the world and God—the final elements of religion—from those which belong to a maturer age or to a later period of national growth. The

religion which is able to bring peace at one stage of human development may be wholly ineffective at another.

When, therefore, we look for a religion which shall perfectly satisfy the needs of men, we look for one which is essentially fitted for the support of man as man; which is able to follow him through the changing circumstances of personal and social growth, able to bring from itself new resources for new requirements, able to reveal thoughts out of many hearts, and to meet them with answers of wider knowledge. Such a religion must have a vital energy commensurate with all conceivable human progress.

And yet again: the perfect religion must not only have the power of dealing with man and men throughout the whole course of their manifold development; it must have the power of dealing with the complete fullness of life at any moment. It must have the present power of dealing with the problems of our being and of our destiny in relation to thought and to action and to feeling. The Truth which religion embodies must take account of the conditions of existence, and define the way of conduct, and quicken the energy of enterprise. Such Truth is not for speculation only: so far it is the subject of Philosophy. It is not for discipline only: so far it is the subject of Ethics. It is not for embodiment only: so far it is the subject of Art. Religion in its completeness is the harmony of these three, of Philosophy, Ethics, and Art, blended into one by a spiritual force, by a consecration at once personal and absolute. The direction of Philosophy, to express the thought somewhat differently, is theoretic, and its end is the true, as the word is applied to knowledge; the direction of Ethics is practical, and its end is the good; the direction of Art is representative, and its end is the beautiful. Religion includes these several ends, but adds to them that in which they find their consummation, the holy. The holy brings an infinite sanction to that which is otherwise finite and relative. It expresses not only a complete inward peace, but also an essential fellowship with God.

Every religion, even the most primitive,

will exhibit these three aims, these three elements, at least in a rudimentary form: the perfect religion will exhibit them in complete adjustment and efficacy. A perfect religion—a religion which offers a complete satisfaction to the religious wants of man—must (to repeat briefly what has been said) be able to meet the religious wants of the individual, the society, the race, in the complete course of their development and in the manifold intensity of each separate human faculty. This being so, I contend that the faith in Christ, born, crucified, risen, ascended, forms the basis of this perfect religion; that it is able, in virtue of its essential character, to bring peace in view of the problems of life under every variety of circumstance and character—to illuminate, to develop, and to inspire every human faculty. My contention rests upon the recognition of the two marks by which Christianity is distinguished from every other religion. It is absolute and it is historical.

On the one side, Christianity is not confined by any limits of place, or time, or faculty, or object. It reaches to the whole sum of being and to the whole of each separate existence. On the other side, it offers its revelation in facts which are an actual part of human experience, so that the peculiar teaching which it brings as to the nature and relations of God and man and the world is simply the interpretation of events in the life of men and in the life of One who was truly Man. It is not a theory, a splendid guess, but a proclamation of facts. These, I repeat, are its original, its unalterable claims. Christianity is absolute. It claims, as it was set forth by the Apostles, though the grandeur of the claim was soon obscured, to reach all men, all time, all creation; it claims to effect the perfection no less than the redemption of finite being; it claims to bring a perfect unity of humanity without destroying the personality of any one man; it claims to deal with all that is external as well as with all that is internal, with matter as well as with spirit, with the physical universe as well as with the moral universe; it claims to realize a re-creation coextensive with creation; it claims

to present Him who was the Maker of the world as the Heir of all things; it claims to complete the cycle of existence and show how all things come from God and go to God.

Christianity is absolute: it is also historical. It is historical, not simply in the sense in which (for example) Mohammedanism is historical, because the facts connected with the origin and growth of this religion, with the personality and life of the Founder, with the experience and growth of His doctrine can be traced in documents which are adequate to assure belief; but in a far different sense also. It is historical in its antecedents, in its realization, in itself; it is historical as crowning a long period of religious training, which was accomplished under the influence of divine facts; it is historical as brought out in all its fullness from age to age in an outward society by the action of the Spirit of God; but, above all, and most characteristically, it is historical, because the revelation which it brings is of life and in life. The history of Christ is the Gospel in its light and in its power. His teaching is Himself, and nothing apart from Himself; what He is and what He does. The earliest creed—the creed of our baptism—is the affirmation of facts which include all doctrine.

Dogmatic systems may change, and have changed so far as they reflect transitory phases of speculative thought, but the primitive Gospel is unchangeable as it is inexhaustible. There can be no addition to it. It contains in itself all that will be slowly wrought out in thought and deed until the consummation. In this sense, Christianity is the only historical religion. The message which it proclaims is wholly unique. Christ said, *I am*—not I declare, or I lay open, or I point to, but *I am*—the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

At first sight, the two characteristics of Christianity which I have laid down, that it is absolute and that it is historical, appear to be inconsistent. It may seem that a revelation which is not only given under particular conditions of time and place, but also expressed under those conditions, must be limited; that the influence and the meaning

life, however powerful and sympathetic, must grow fainter in the course of centuries, and cannot extend, even if it has the capacity for extending, through all being.

It is a partial and suggestive answer to such objections, that since we have to consider a final revelation given to man, to man as he is in the fullness of his being, such a revelation must come through a true human life; and further, that what is offered to us in a representative life has contact with all life, as the one life is unfolded in its manifold richness; that nothing in the whole realm of Nature can be alien from man, who gathers in himself an epitome of Nature; that nothing, therefore, is incapable of sharing in the consecration and transfiguration by which he is ennobled.

But the complete answer lies in the personality of Him who lived Man among men. *The Word*, we read, *became flesh*. Here lies the secret of the power of that one true life. The Son of man was also Son of God. The Incarnation and the Resurrection reconcile the two characteristics of our faith—they establish the right of Christianity to be called historical, they establish its right to be called absolute.

We are not now concerned with the "evidence" for these transcendent facts, but I may make one remark which is of considerable importance. There cannot possibly be any antecedent objection to them. They are as unique as the universe itself. There is no standard of experience to which we can bring them, and pronounce in virtue of the comparison that they are "preternatural." And it may be added that the antithesis of the finite and the infinite which they combine underlies all thought, all life. The antithesis exists; consciousness witnesses to it; Christianity meets it, announcing the vital union of the two terms as the fundamental Gospel, not as a speculation but as a twofold fact. By the Incarnation it gives permanent reality to human knowledge; by the Resurrection it gives permanent reality to human life.

Thus, the Incarnation and the Resurrection furnish the basis for a religion which is intensely human, and which, at every moment,

introduces the infinite and the unseen into a vital connection with the things of earth—a religion which illuminates the dark clouds that lie over our work, which offers an ideal wherein we can recognize the fulfillment of the destiny of humanity, which supplies an inspiration of power flowing from a divine fellowship—a religion, in other words, which is a complete satisfaction of the religious needs of man.

Let me endeavor to make these statements a little clearer in detail. Men, as we have seen—men, as born for religion—are born for knowing, for feeling, for acting; they need light, they need an ideal, they need power. And (this is my contention) the historic Gospel brings the light, the ideal, the power which they need—the light, the ideal, the power which we ourselves need in this crisis of our trial.

1.—Men need light. No one can look either within or without and fail to see clear marks, not only of imperfection, but of failure. No one can study the pictures which great writers draw of the destiny of humanity, and not feel that the features which he recognizes have been grievously marred. There is a terrible contrast between man's power and man's achievements; there is a terrible contrast between that which (as we are made) we feel must be the purpose of Creation and the facts by which we are encountered. Viewed in themselves, the phenomena which suggest a design of love in the order of the world issue in deeper sorrow. Naturally—and the words have a manifold application—death closes all. There is not, I think, a more impressive image in literature than that in which Dr. Newman describes the first effect of the world upon the man who looks there for tokens of the presence of God. "It is," he says, "as if I looked in a mirror and saw no reflection of my own face." This is the first, the natural effect. But the record of the life of Christ, the thought of the presence of Christ, changes all. Christ, as He lived and lives, justifies our highest hope. He opens depths of vision below the surface of things. He transforms suffering; He shows us the highest aspirations of our being satisfied through a way of

sorrow. He redresses the superficial inequalities of life by revealing its eternal glory. He enables us to understand how, being what we are, every grief and every strain of sensibility can be made in Him contributory to the working out of our common destiny.

Such reflections have a social, and they have also an individual, application. It was, as we read in St. Paul, the good pleasure of God "*to sum up all things in Christ,*" and "*through Him to reconcile all things to Himself.*" This purpose is, in potency, already accomplished in Him. In one sense all is done already; in another sense all has still to be realized. The fact at least of a fellowship of earth and heaven is given us in life; and we can all strive toward the sense of the new unity. Under this broadest aspect, the fact of Redemption carries us back to the fact of Creation, and we are enabled to see how the will of God is wrought out in spite of man's self-assertion.

We may not indeed be able to penetrate very far into these great mysteries. We shrink rightly from confining, by any theory in the terms of our present thoughts, truths which pass into another order. But the vision which we can gain is sufficient to change the whole aspect of life. Let us once feel that the anguish of creation is indeed the travail-pain of a new birth, as Scripture teaches, and we shall be strengthened to bear and to wait. And, as I said, these larger sorrows—sorrows which form a heavy burden to many of us—find a counterpart in the single soul. And here again light is thrown upon the discipline of personal suffering through the work of Christ. That reveals to us the love from which it flows, and the perfection to which it is able to minister. Again, we may not be able to see far into the application of these lessons; but it becomes intelligible that if the virtue of Christ's life and death was made available for man through suffering—if it was through suffering that He fulfilled the destiny of man fallen—the appropriation of that which He has gained may be carried into effect through the same law. The mystery of the forgiveness of sins is fulfilled, and we can bear cheerfully the temporal consequences of

sin. In both respects, in regard to personal sufferings and to social sufferings, it is enough to remember that He who was the "Man of sorrows," He who "*was a propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the whole world,*" first revealed the Fatherhood of God.

2.—These considerations which I can only indicate in the faintest outline, prove our first point. We need light, as conscious of failure in ourselves, sensible of failure around us; and Christianity takes the fullest account of this great gloom and illuminates it. But in the next place, as men—as men in our essential constitution, and not only as fallen men—we need an ideal which may move us to effort. Now here, up to a certain point, there is no difference of opinion.

It is generally agreed that the type of character presented to us in the Gospels is the highest which we can fashion. The Person of the Lord meets us at every point in our strivings, and discloses something to call out in us loftier endeavor. In Him we discover in the most complete harmony all the excellences which are divided not unequally between man, and woman. In Him we can recognize the gift which has been intrusted to each one of us severally, used in its true relation to the other endowments of humanity. He enters into the fullness of life, and makes known the value of each detail of life. And what He is for us, He is for all men, and for all time. There is nothing in the ideal which He offers which belongs to any particular age, or class, or nation. He stands above all and unites all. That which was local or transitory in the circumstances under which He lived, in the controversies of rival sects, in the struggles of patriotism, in the isolation of religious pride, leave no color in His character. All that is abiding, all that is human, is there without admixture, in that eternal energy which man's heart can recognize in its time of trial.

So it is that the Person of the Lord satisfies the requirement of growth which belongs to the religious nature of man. Our sense of His perfections grows with our own moral advance. We see more of His beauty as our

power of vision is disciplined and purified. The slow unfolding of life enables us to discern new meaning in His presence. In His humanity is included whatever belongs to the consummation of the individual and of the race, not only in one stage but in all stages of progress, not only in regard to some endowments but in regard to the whole inheritance of our nature enlarged by the most vigorous use while the world lasts. We, in our weakness and littleness, confine our thoughts from generation to generation, now to this fragment of His fullness and now to that; but it is, I believe, true without exception in every realm of man's activity, true in action, true in literature, true in art, that the works which receive the most lasting homage of the soul are those which are most Christian, and that it is in each the Christian element, the element which answers to the fact of the Incarnation, to the fellowship of God with man as an accomplished reality of the present order, which attracts and holds our reverence. In the essence of things it cannot be otherwise. Our infirmity alone enfeebles the effect of the truth which we have to embody.

3.—“Our infirmity.” Here again the historic Gospel comes to our aid. We need light, and, as we have seen, it makes a sun to rise upon our darkness. We need an ideal and it lifts up before us a Person in whom, under every variety of circumstance, we recognize the likeness for which we were created. But we also need power. It is true that we instinctively acknowledge the ideal in Christ as that which interprets perfectly our own aspirations. No accumulation of failures can destroy the sense of our destiny. But alone, in ourselves, as we look back sadly, we confess that we have no new resource of strength for the future, as we have no ability to undo the past. The loftiest souls apart from Christ recognize that they were made for an end which “naturally” is unattainable. They do homage (for example) to a purity which they personally dishonor. This need brings into prominence the supreme characteristic of the faith. Christ meets the acknowledgment of individual helplessness with the offer of fellowship. He reveals union with Himself, union with

God, and union with man in Him, as the spring of power, and the inspiration of effort. The knowledge which flows from the vision of the world as He has disclosed it is not simply for speculation; the glory of the image of man which He shows is not for contemplative admiration. Both are intensely practical. Both tend directly to kindle and support love in and through Him; and love, which is the transfiguration of pain, is also strength for action and motive for action.

In this way believing in Christ—believing in Christ, and not merely believing Christ—brings into exercise the deepest human feelings. It has been excellently laid down by one who was not of us, that “the solution of the problem of essence, of the questions, Whence? What? and Whither? must be in a life and not in a book.” For the solution which is to sway life must have been already shown in its sovereign efficacy. And more than this, it must have been shown to have potentially a universal and not only a singular application. And this is exactly what the Gospel brings home to us. He who said, “I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world; again I leave the world, and go to the Father,” illuminated the words by actions which made known the divine origin and the divine destiny of man. The Son of man did not separate Himself from those whom He was not ashamed to call brethren. He bade, and bids, them find in His humanity—His “flesh and blood”—the support of their own humanity. In His life, for our sakes, the heavenly interpreted the earthly. He called out, and He still calls out in us, as we dwell upon the records of the Gospel, the response of that which is indeed kindred to Himself, of that which becomes one with Himself. The sympathy which is thus awakened by Christ makes known to the soul its latent capacities. Again and again our own experience startles us with unexpected welcomes to the highest thoughts and claims. Even in ordinary life contact with nobler natures arouses the feeling of unused power, and quickens the consciousness of responsibility. And when union with the Son of man, the Son of God, is the basis of our re-

ligion, all these natural influences produce the highest conceivable effect. We each draw from fellowship with the perfect life that which our little life requires for its sustenance and growth.

Such considerations enable us to understand a little better than we commonly do those two words of St. Paul, "*in Christ*," which form an implicit creed. We come to see that they correspond with the fact of a larger life to which our lives are contributory, a life which reaches potentially to all redeemed beings, a life which takes into itself all that is harmonious with its character, and conveys of its infinite wealth to each fragment included in its organization.

The revelation which places us in direct connection with unfailling power supplies us also with a sovereign motive. When we accept such a revelation, the same instinct which constrains us to labor for ourselves constrains us to labor for others. To labor for others is, we then see in literal truth, to labor for ourselves. The separate consciousness of the individual parts of the body of Christ does not modify their inter-dependence, but gives a new meaning to the social destination of work. There is, we know, no pain which the devotion of love is unable to transfigure; and it is this devotion which the Christian conception of humanity and nature is essentially fitted to stir and to deepen. Not by accident, not by a remote or precarious deduction, but directly, in its simplest announcement, the Gospel proclaims that we are members one of another, and that all creation waits for the manifestation of the sons of God. And it is obvious that this belief in the solidarity of life, if once we could give it vivid distinctness, is able—perhaps is alone able—to deal with the evils which spring from selfishness. It enables us to estimate rightly the burden of poverty and the heavier burden of wealth, when we take account of the conditions under which the one life is fulfilled in many parts. It quickens that keen sense of responsibility to God which best regulates the use of large means; and it quickens that conviction of Divine fellowship which brings dignity even to indigence. And meanwhile it delivers us from

the bondage of material standards, when it makes known all that is of the earth as that through which the spiritual is brought within our reach.

If now I have succeeded in any degree in marking clearly the lines of thought which I have wished to trace, we shall see that the capacity of Christianity to illuminate, to guide, to inspire, belongs to its very nature; that we cannot hold our Faith without finding in it light to dispel the heaviest clouds of life, an ideal to keep before us the divine purpose of creation, power to support us in our strivings to fulfill God's will; that when it fails us in theory or in deed, we have so far limited or misunderstood or misused it. In other words we shall see that Christianity is the perfect religion. It gives stability and energy to thought, and feeling, and action. Nothing can be without its scope, but to all things transitory it adds the element of the infinite. It supplies the foundation of perfect freedom in absolute self-devotion. It ennobles dependence as the corrective of social fellowship. It presents the total aspect of being not as a conflict but as a unity. Politicians aim at "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," but we have a surer and wider principle for our guidance, that the happiness of the whole is the happiness of all.

But it will be said that the theoretic claims of Christianity are paralleled by the claims of other religions; that they are disproved by the crimes of Christians. I notice the objections only to point out that they do, in fact, if fairly examined, confirm my position with overwhelming force. If it could be shown that the vital force of any other great religion was alien from Christianity; if it could be shown that the crimes of Christians arose from that which is of the essence of their Faith, then the objections would be weighty; but if, on the other hand it is obvious that the religions of the world each touched the hearts of men by a power of order or devotion, of sympathy with nature or of surrender to a supreme King, then each pre-Christian religion becomes a witness to the Faith which combines these manifold powers in a final unity; if it is obvious that the excesses of Christian men

and Christian States are in defiance of the message of the Incarnation, then they only prove that the approach to the ideal is slow and that it rises above attainment to condemn and to encourage. So it is that the gathered experience of men bears testimony to the truth of Christianity, both when it records anticipations and when it records corruptions of its teaching. In the one case it shows the Gospel as satisfying the cravings of men, and in the other as judging their self-will and selfishness.

And at the same time the wide, frank questionings of history which lead to these results, the attempt, however imperfect, to bring our Faith into actual contact with the most varied facts of life, reveals its breadth and grandeur and vitality. We are all tempted to limit our conception of its efficacy by our personal requirements. We forget that it is directed not only to the redemption of man as fallen, but to the consummation of man as created. It requires a serious effort to look beyond ourselves, our nature, our age, and recognize how it meets wants which we have not felt, how it disciplines powers with which we are not endowed, how it supplements our offerings by the fruits of other service. The effort is difficult, but it brings for its reward a calm assurance which is as firm as the far-reaching foundation of human experience on which it rests.

So it may well be that some of the lines of thought which I have endeavored to indicate—only to indicate—may be strange; but I know that they are worth following. I know that they are able to bring home to us with irresistible force the conviction that Christianity has a message for us; that the Holy Spirit is speaking to us with a voice which we can interpret; that the currents of action and thought by which we are swayed can be so guided as to generate a divine light; that the conceptions of the dependence of man upon man, and of man upon nature, of a fundamental unity, underlying the progress of phenomena, which are taking place about us, illuminate mysteries of apostolic teaching; that the theology which expresses the temporal apprehension of the facts of revelation advances still, as it has advanced from the

first, with the accumulated movement of all ancillary sciences.

Such convictions restore to us the position and the spirit of conquerors—the only position, the only spirit which befit our Faith. We are, we must be, as believers in Christ, in the presence of a living, that is, of a speaking God. Nothing, indeed, can be added to the facts of the Gospel, but all history and all nature is the commentary upon them. And the loftiest conceptions of human destiny and human duty cannot but be quickened and raised by the message which reaches through the finite to the infinite, through time to eternity: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. . . . And the Word became flesh, and tabernacled among us." Our imaginations are dull and undisciplined. We can hardly for a brief moment strive to realize what this Historic Gospel means. Yet even so in the still silence it makes itself felt. Then we confess that nothing beautiful, or true, or good, which lies within the range of human powers, can be outside its hallowing influence; that it calls for an expression in doctrine, and in conduct, and in worship which exercises the utmost gifts of reason, and will, and feeling; that it restores to man the divine fellowship which has been interrupted by sin; that it discloses the importance of the present through which the interpretation of the eternal comes to us; that it confirms the value of the individual by revealing his relation to a whole of limitless majesty; that it offers a sovereign motive for seeking the help of unflinching might; that it asks, guides, sustains the ministry of all life, and the ministry of every life; and, therefore, that it is a complete satisfaction of the religious needs of men.—B. F. WESTCOTT, in *The Contemporary Review*.

BUYING NIAGARA.

I have been asked to write the history of the movement to preserve Niagara, and I gladly comply, believing that all students of politics and the actions of public opinion on

measures will find in the movement which has led to the purchase of Niagara Falls by the State of New York another instance of the power of mere *sentiment* among men. The machinery of government in the United States is rarely used to procure a result belonging so entirely to the realm of elevated sentiment; and yet it is only by appeals to a legislative body that any help can be obtained for such purposes from the State. An occasional appropriation for a statue or some other work of art is about the limit to which a Legislature will go, unless the object is distinctly of an educational character and has a very practical side to it. But away down deep in the Anglo-Saxon breast is always to be found the element of sentiment; stronger perhaps because so deeply hidden, and capable too of great results and great sacrifices when once aroused. The trouble is to arouse it, and this, in the practical, active life of the great Republic, is a matter of difficulty; certainly it requires time and patience to do it.

Nowhere in the world is private generosity for public purposes greater than in the United States, and it was not an impossibility to imagine that the preservation of Niagara might have been secured by the contributions of private individuals; yet the evident propriety of the work to be done being carried out by the state, prevented even the consideration of the former method. Besides, it was thought by those who had the matter in charge that an appeal to the sentiment, to the patriotism and pride of the people would not be in vain, and on that principle the battle was fought and the victory won. Never before had an attempt to use the machinery of government on so large a scale for such a purpose been tried; but the very magnitude and grandeur of the sentiment, so to speak, would, it was thought, have an attraction for our people, who have an inborn interest for anything great or large; and, moreover, there was from the very beginning no sordid element to degrade or modify the ideal set before the public by the laborers in the movement. Time has justified our faith: the work has been accomplished; and the million and a half which the State of New York has given for

this purpose is not regretted by even the small part of its citizens who originally opposed the appropriation. On the contrary, the pride of the people is universal in the fact that they themselves have made the Falls of Niagara free to all mankind for all time to come. But to secure all this it was first necessary to obtain an expression of public opinion, and that not a doubtful one: and this is the way we went about it, for we never doubted for a moment that, this expression once obtained, success would follow as a matter of course.

About eight or nine years ago attention was called to the condition of affairs at Niagara, but not until 1879 did the matter take any public form. During that year the Governor of New York, as the result of an interview had with the Governor-General of Canada, sent a message to the Legislature of the state regarding the abuses existing at the Falls. The result of this message was a resolution by the Legislature directing the Commissioners of the State Survey to inquire, consider, and report regarding the matter. Such a report was duly made, and in the following year the movement received additional stimulus by the presentation of a notable memorial to the Governor of New York and the Governor-General of Canada, asking that immediate steps be taken to preserve the scenery at the Falls. The first bill to secure these results was also at this time introduced into the Legislature of New York, but did not pass. A second bill was brought in the next year, but met with the same fate.

In 1888, however, another effort was made, and an act was finally passed. To secure its passage an association was formed called the Niagara Falls Association, which had for its object "to promote legislation and other measures for the restoration and preservation of the natural scenery at Niagara Falls, in accordance with the plan proposed by the Commissioners of the State Survey in their special report on the subject." It was through this society that the expression of public opinion was obtained. The first move made was to secure the support of the press; and right willingly and steadfastly was this support given to the very end. Indeed, it was through

fear of this mighty engine of a free people that more than one legislator gave his vote for the bill, and the writer recollects a fellow-member of the Legislature telling him he had voted for the measure solely because he was afraid "the newspapers would hammer the life out of him if he voted t'other way."

Strong opposition to the bill came from certain quarters, and in some of the agricultural counties of the state the fear of additional taxation to meet the cost of the proposed Reservation induced the members from those counties to oppose the bill. No opposition was made to the bill *per se*, though there were members who considered the whole thing a bit of sentimental nonsense got up by a lot of rich people in the large cities. In many cases, however, these gentlemen were undeceived by their constituents, whom they found on inquiry to favor the proposition and to be very much more alive to the advantage and benefit to the state to be derived from the scheme than the aforesaid legislators dreamed of. Another difficulty to be overcome was the indifference on the part of the members, and the trouble always attendant on any effort to obtain the active support for a measure "without any politics in it," or which lacks the interest which attaches to legislation in the interests of corporations. Finally, however, the measure came out of committee in the Lower House, and, after a debate of some length, passed and went to the Senate. The margin, however, was a narrow one, the vote in the Assembly being barely enough. Sixty-five affirmative votes were required, and the measure received but sixty-seven in a possible hundred and twenty-eight.

Altogether this first engagement was the hardest, and promised to be more difficult to win than any of the subsequent combats of the campaign. Public sentiment had not yet declared itself so emphatically as it did later on, and there were at this time honest opponents to the bill who carried many votes with them by the arguments that the state might become involved by such legislation for an unknown, and perhaps enormous amount, and that the measure was merely the entering wedge or a great and lasting extravagance.

Enemies of the scheme made use of the word "park," commonly applied at the beginning of the movement, to show that all manner of costly public works were contemplated at Niagara. Goat Island was to be covered with statues and fountains, roads and paths laid out, bridges built, and summer-houses and other buildings erected, a mass of useless officials employed, and the Falls converted into a sort of State Cremorne. In the Senate the passage of the bill was delayed for some time by the committee having the bill in charge failing to report it, and matters began to look serious, when the assistance of a certain well-known political leader was sought, and through his influence the bill was at once reported and presently passed.

This leader was the last person whom many would have thought willing to give it any help, and yet not only at this time but afterward no one gave us more important support or more entirely sympathized with our efforts, and this, too, purely from a great love for nature inherent in the man—from, in fact, a mere sentiment, added perhaps to the sound common sense for which he is recognized by those who know him. As was generally expected, the Governor of the State, Grover Cleveland—now President of the United States—at once signed the bill, and appointed the commissioners who were to carry its provisions into effect. These were, that the commissioners should select the lands at the Falls which in their opinion would carry out the plan of restoring the scenery at Niagara and renewing the charm and beauty of the spot so marred and defaced by the erection of unsightly buildings, etc. A selection was accordingly made of some 106 acres, including Goat Island and the adjacent smaller islands, what is known as Prospect Park, and a strip of land on the mainland; the result being that a Reservation complete in itself, and embracing all the American side of the Falls, was secured.

In compliance with the terms of the act the commissioners then proceeded to have said lands condemned by due process of law and, when this was completed, made their report to the state, and had a bill introduced

into the Legislature of 1885 appropriating the sum needed to pay for the Reservation. The success so far had been in every way gratifying to the friends of the measure; but, as we all saw, the greatest difficulty lay in finally securing the money to complete the work, and with this knowledge every effort was made to impress upon the Legislature the propriety of voting the needed amount.

When this matter was first agitated, our opponents, as has been already stated, took the ground that the cost of the proposed Reservation would be very large, and that the commissioners, who were given unlimited powers in the way of the amount of property to be taken, might involve the state in a great expense, and that the scheme would cost anything from five to twenty millions. It added much to the strength of our position then, to learn that the total cost of the Reservation proposed came to something under a million and a half of dollars, or just about what we had originally given as the probable cost. As an offset, however, to this advantage, the majority of the Legislature of 1885 was Republican, and, in the face of the coming election for Governor of the State, the politicians of that party were loth to increase the amount of appropriations for the year, believing the people might hold them responsible for any resulting additional taxation.

The attempt to make Niagara free to every one, rich and poor alike, was thoroughly democratic, and consequently many of the leaders in the Democratic party had given the scheme a very cordial support from the start, a Democratic Governor having first called the attention of the Legislature to the matter, and another Democratic Governor having signed the bill appointing the commissioners. Besides, the then Governor was also a Democrat, and should he in like manner approve of the bill appropriating the money to secure the Reservation, the people might conclude that it was to the Democratic party in the state that they were indebted for what a large majority were in favor of and eagerly wished to see consummated. Altogether the prospect for securing the money was not brilliant, and, to add to our doubts of obtaining it, the appro-

priations for the year were certain to be unusually large, owing to sudden imperative events in another direction—namely, for the maintenance of the state prisons. Indeed, one of our warmest friends and also one of the most prominent men in the Republican party, a man wielding great influence, wrote to the author of this article early in the session that, after a careful survey of the ground, he had little hopes of any success. Some of us, however, still believed that public sentiment, if its expression in a unmistakable way could be brought out, would force the Legislature to vote the money, and to that end the Niagara Falls Association and its friends bent all their endeavors. As before, we started with the press on our side, and with but few exceptions every newspaper in the state continued to give us its help and support.

The unanimity of the press had its effect; and when, besides, members began to receive petition after petition from their constituents asking that the bill be passed, matters began to have a different look. Together with the men who, though belonging to one or the other of the great political parties, act independently on measures of general interest, the Legislature always contains many members who are merely the representatives of certain leaders in different parts of the state, and there are also other members who are generally willing to act in compliance with the wishes of some great corporation. The change to be made at Niagara promised to greatly increase the travel to that point, and so it was easy to secure the influence of the great railroad corporations of the state, and through them the votes of certain members. The political leaders who had helped in the passage of the first bill again gave us their support, and it was of the most valuable and positive sort. Finally the appropriation was duly voted in the Assembly, or Lower House, with but trifling opposition. When, however, the bill reached the Senate there were found to be powerful obstacles to its further progress, and an evident desire to smother the matter and "kill it" in a quiet way, as by this time public opinion had become so entirely aroused, and had begun to express itself so emphatically,

that but few politicians, however much opposed to the bill, dared to openly face it "or go on the record" against it. This attempt to smother and delay the measure was defeated by the friends of the bill exposing in the open Senate what was being done by its enemies, and so calling down upon these latter the thunders of the press and the indignation of their respective constituencies. Such a pressure was brought to bear that the bill came out of committee, and then passed the Senate with only some four votes recorded against it. Indeed, many senators who had in previous years discountenanced all attempts to preserve Niagara, and ridiculed and opposed the scheme, now gave their votes for the appropriation to redeem and save it.

To reach, however, this result a compromise had to be accepted, so far as concerned the manner of raising the money to be used for the payment of the Reservation, an arrangement which later on placed the bill in a position of great danger. It would have been better to vote the entire sum outright; but the Senate were unwilling to do this for an amount exceeding, say, a third of the total, and directed the balance to be paid from the proceeds of bonds to be issued by the state. Even under the state constitution bonds are only to be issued for some extraordinary purpose, and such issue is limited to one million, or just the amount directed by the Niagara bill to be raised this way. The change made by the Senate was promptly agreed to by the House, the latter acting throughout with great favor to the bill.

Mention has already been made of the flood of petitions which poured into Albany. Besides the petitions there came to every member of both Houses private letters written by half a dozen of the most influential citizens of both parties residing in the different Assembly and Senatorial districts, and these letters were obtained by circulars sent out by the Niagara Falls Association asking the individuals to whom the circulars were addressed to write such letters. Thousands of such circulars were distributed; and the association had also a gentleman acting as their agent, who for two winters went through the different

counties of the state and personally visited the editors of newspapers and other influential citizens residing therein, explaining the proposed legislation, and asking for their influence and help. Numbers of the clergy of all denominations worked actively for us, and great was the help and assistance which came from the women of the state: the vote of more than one member of the Legislature was secured by the influence of his wife or children.

Another sort of opposition came from a few of the landowners at Niagara, who were not over-willing to have their property taken by the state, as, incident to the use of the water-power they were enabled to carry on a lucrative manufacturing business, and they well knew that for such water-power the state would not pay anything. It is true that this did not deter them from making claims of this sort, when the lands were condemned, of millions of dollars, which, however, were all thrown out by the arbitrators, as, luckily, these water-rights had never been granted or ceded by the state, the original owner of the lands, and from whom all the titles to the property came. The opposition of these property-owners in the first stages of the enterprise was very active, and led to a clause being inserted in the original act limiting the time in which the state was to pay for the property condemned. This limit expired on the 1st of May, 1885, and had the bill appropriating the money not been signed by the governor by that date the whole matter would have fallen to the ground, and the movement to preserve Niagara received a setback which might perhaps have forever prevented its success. It was with the knowledge of this fact that our enemies in the Senate tried to delay action on the bill, and they so far succeeded that the bill went to the governor at, so to speak, the last hour.

Great indeed, then, was the anxiety of all concerned when the governor, to whom the Legislature sent the bill only ten days before the expiration of the limit of time referred to, did not immediately sign it. Allusion has already been made to a compromise in regard to the manner of raising the money. Governor Hill, who had succeeded Governor Cleveland

had grave doubts as to the propriety of the issue of bonds spoken of, and it was only at the last moment that he concluded that for the purpose intended there was no conflict with the meaning of the constitution, and signed the bill just as the limit of time was about expiring. Pending the governor's decision, some of the ablest and most distinguished lawyers of the state presented opinions in favor of the bill, and personally waited on the governor to argue the propriety of his making the measure a law.

An incident which occurred at this time will show how greatly every one was interested in the measure, and how strong the sentiment had become in its favor. One of the foremost members of the bar had been asked by the governor what his opinion was as to the constitutionality of an issue of bonds except for public defence or such like emergency, but without making any reference to the Niagara bill. In reply, the lawyer told the governor that he had grave doubts of the constitutionality of any such legislation; but learning a few days later what the bill was the governor had reference to, he went immediately to the latter and strongly urged him to sign the act, on the ground that the money was for an extraordinary purpose, and intended for the benefit of the entire people; in fact, the propriety of such an issue of bonds as was proposed was recognized in the character of the purpose for which the proceeds of the issue were to be used.

At the last moment the bill was signed, and perhaps no executive act was ever received in the state with more complete and unanimous approval. Its passage secured for all time, not only for its own citizens, but for the nation and the world at large, the preservation of the greatest natural object of its kind, the Falls of Niagara. It had come to pass that the enjoyment of this wonderful gift of nature had been greatly impaired by the rapid progress of disfigurements—indeed, its speedy destruction was threatened, and the state did not step in a moment too soon in order to retain this great possession for the ever-constant pleasure and delight of its people. The petition of the people addressed

to their representatives asked that Niagara be made forever free, and that its beauties be made accessible to rich and poor alike.

In spite of many obstacles this had at last been done, and solely through the power of sentiment. The love of nature and of the beautiful, patriotism and pride in retaining unimpaired this great wonder of the universe, had prevailed over indifference and self-interest. It is true that the constitution if the state forbids the appropriation of public money for any but public uses; but it was to be seen whether the meaning of the words "public uses" was to be decided in a broad or a narrow sense, and whether the indulgence of a great and sublime sentiment was to be denied the people, as it were, by themselves. Under the administration of an enlightened despot, the arts may flourish, and all that belongs to the sentiment of beauty be preserved and fostered, without trouble or difficulty. But amid a free people the success of such a movement as has resulted in the preservation of the Falls of Niagara could only be brought about by an all-prevailing sentiment, touching all classes of society, a sentiment sure to carry all before it when once roused, and which voices to its servants orders which they never dare to disobey. But a short period was necessary for the transfer to the state of the property at the Falls previously selected by the commissioners, and on the 15th of July, 1885, the Reservation was formally opened to the public by appropriate ceremonies, and the great cataract declared free forever to all mankind.

The commissioners immediately proceeded to the removal of the many unsightly buildings, etc., which have so long disfigured the surroundings of the Falls. Already nearly all of such eye-sores have disappeared, and the change made far exceeds expectations. Those who went to Niagara but a year ago, were they to go again to-day would hardly recognize the place so far as the American side is concerned. The change has extended to the municipal affairs of Niagara village, where a most complete reform has taken place, and which will be sensibly felt by any traveler visiting there now and having occasion to

have to do with one of its far-famed hackmen and cab-drivers. The freedom of the Falls and the removal of all charges have greatly increased the number of visitors, the number last season being many times greater than ever before. With all this great concourse of people arrests are hardly ever made, and, without any police deserving of such a name, the commissioners readily guard the Reservation and preserve the public peace. The success of our efforts has had its effects on our Canadian neighbors; and the time is not distant when both sides of the Falls will have been secured from any possible injury in the future. The province of Ontario, which shares with New York the possession of the great cataract, has already through its commissioners proceeded to make a Reservation like ours. The lands have been selected and condemned, and it will not be long before both sides of the Niagara River are, as they should be, public domain, and thus the work of saving Niagara, and preserving forever its great charm and beauty, will be realized in all its completeness.—J. HAMPDEN ROBB, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

SUPPRESSING A MOB.

I propose to consider the best means of coping with a riotous mob, which often means an embryo revolution, and, at all events, is certain if not repressed at once, to effect terrible loss of life and property. Under any circumstance a riot not promptly arrested is apt to bring the law into contempt. The ordinary instruments for dealing with a disturbance are the police. Should the task prove to be beyond the power the aid of the military is invoked, and if matters threaten to be very serious law-abiding citizens are sworn in as special constables. Between the three we possess in England ample means to maintain or restore order; but unfortunately there is no system, no code of tactics, by which these instruments can be used to the best advantage. Indeed we set to work in what may be termed a very crude manner, merely directly opposing brute force to brute force, instead of

using the means at the disposal of the authorities with the skill which is the outcome of reflection, common-sense, and experience. However capable the direction of the operations of the troops of order or disorder, skill cannot to any great extent be displayed unless the troops themselves are properly organized, disciplined, and accustomed to combined action. This fact in itself gives authority an immense advantage, for the army of disorder is so wanting in the qualifications above referred to, that it is capable only of moving in huge unwieldy masses, and quite incapable of manoeuvring. It has, it is true, in its favor the weight of numbers, and the momentum caused by the foremost ranks being pressed irresistibly forward by the large majority in the rear, who either are ignorant of the danger awaiting them or are protected from its consequences. A mob in short is *pushed* on rather than drawn or led on, and provided those in the rear feel or fancy themselves safe, the courage or cowardice of those at the head of the column is a matter of comparatively little importance. We have, however, always acted as if such were not the fact, and our only notion of stopping, driving back, or dispersing a mob consists in making a bull-like rush at its head.

I venture to suggest that the principles of military tactics are as applicable in a contest with a mob as in a pitched battle with a foreign army. I also submit that a mob possessing little cohesion, no organization or discipline, and slight confidence in its extemporized leaders, and having, moreover, a sense of wrong-doing, is especially liable to moral influences, and consequently to panic. The above considerations form the basis of the following outline scheme.

A mob is either *stationary*, with the exception that small portions make occasional brief rushes against the police, or *on the march*, with a view to reach the appointed scene of operations, or attacking either the police or another body of civilians. Let us deal with each case separately:

The *stationary* mob is generally occupied in listening to speeches, or making a demonstration, or attacking or plundering a house,

or blocking a street. No matter, however, what its object may be, the same means, or almost the same means, should be employed to deal with it. I of course assume that the authorities consider it necessary to disperse the mob. Generally speaking it will be found more easy to prevent the assembly than secure the dispersal of a crowd. The best way to prevent the gathering of the latter is to keep every one moving; also on the dispersal of a crowd, its constituents parts must be kept on the move and in as many directions as possible. To disperse a stationary crowd a direct attack by the police, or even by the troops, with an attempt to reach the core of the meeting, such as the platform, is not as a rule advisable. The superior weight of the mob in such a case has to be overcome by the free use of bâtons or arms, and the police or soldiers are likely to be surrounded. If the front ranks of the mob are by a sudden rush of the police forced back, or should a panic caused by fear of soldiers arise, many foolish but innocent spectators are exposed to the danger of being thrown down and trampled to death. At all events, the contest should be begun by shredding off as it were corners and the outermost ranks of the mob, and this process should be carried on quietly at several spots simultaneously. If possible, by a combination of moral and physical force, a group of the mob should be got to move away from the crowd; the probability is that many will follow without knowing why, simply from the sheep-like instinct which men display when assembled in any number. When the crowd has been thinned from the outside, and is beginning to sway about somewhat, the police, forming a long triangle with short base, might endeavor to insinuate their way in firmly, but without more violence or noise than is necessary, and disintegrate the crowd. An endeavor to penetrate to the center and to arrest the speakers should not be made till the last moment. In fact the harangues of the speakers and the applause of their immediate surrounders favor the action of the police by drawing away attention from the latter. As for the arrest of the speakers, that can easily be accomplished when the crowd

has been broken up. To attempt it earlier would only be to concentrate and give cohesion to the mob.

When the mob is merely blocking a street to prevent say the passage of the general public, the troops, or a procession, etc., there is generally only one front, *i. e.*, the mob are looking in one direction for the arrival of those whom it is desired to stop. In that case no effort should be made to directly drive back the mob, for the reasons which we have already given. The front should be watched and its attention attracted by a portion of the police, but the real efforts should be made by two or three strong detachments shredding off successively men in the rear and on the flanks. When that process has gone on for some little time, bodies of police may boldly attempt to make several lanes simultaneously in the mob from one flank to the other, and thus disintegrate it. Deprived of solid support in the rear, the men in front will probably lose heart, and be easily driven away or arrested. It must be remembered that the people on the outskirts and rear of a crowd are often only influenced by curiosity, and almost always are the least determined members of the mob.

In the case of a mob attacking a house, the proceedings of the police must be somewhat modified. Delay under such circumstances is dangerous, and energetic measures must be adopted. I would advise that the bulk of the police available should be formed into a solid column with a front of four, and should with a cheer charge the flank of the foremost row of the assailants, using truncheons freely; at the same time a smaller body should attack the flank of the rearmost rows.

I have a great belief in the efficacy of fire-engines against a mob. Wet clothes damp ardor; few men are brave when cold and wet; and this fact is so well-known that a certain French politician living in Paris during a period of excitement was in the habit as soon as he rose of locking out of window, and if he found that it was raining would exclaim with a sigh of relief, "No revolution to-day." We also learn that when Louis Philippe was replacing Napoleon's statue on the column in

the Place Vendome, the Napoleonists assembled continually in excited crowds around the pedestal. The crowds were, however, soon dispersed by copious streams of water being pumped on them. The material effect of a stream of water projected from a fire-engine through a hose is considerable. No man can stand against it. Besides, on the principle that the mishaps of others afford human beings a certain amount of satisfaction, the members of a crowd are sure to laugh at seeing their companions wetted, and a crowd which begins to laugh, ceases to be dangerous. I would therefore suggest that whenever a serious disturbance is anticipated a few fire-engines should be placed at the disposal of the police.

I will now deal with the case of a mob on the march. Hitherto the method of proceeding is to oppose a direct resistance to the head. This is a mistake, for the force at the disposal of the authorities is generally, nay, almost always inferior in numbers to the mob. I would recommend a plan very different from the above. The great point is to first of all disintegrate the mob, *i. e.*, break it up into small parties. Most of the system of tactics suggested for dealing with a stationary mob is also applicable in this case. As to details, the head of the moving mob should be observed and hindered by a portion of the police, but the latter should not attempt to stop the head of the procession by main force. It is easier to turn off, than to stop, the mob. Hence endeavors should be made occasionally to divert its head down a side-street, and when a certain number have gone by to allow the bulk to proceed in the original direction. If this process be repeated several times the mob will be broken up into manageable fragments. It may be said that it is no easy thing to divert a living stream, but by suddenly charging or threatening to charge the head of the column and simultaneously opening a way by a cross street close at hand and getting a few of the mob to take the new direction, the object may be effected, for a crowd is always ready to follow an example.

A good plan is for the police to have a few roughs in their pay and employ them to set

the example required. These broken-off fragments of the mob can when they have gone a short way be disposed of very easily by a few policemen assisted if necessary by special constables. Of course this diversion would be of little avail if the detached fragments were allowed to retrace their steps and rejoin the principal body; but an essential part of my plan is to occupy with troops, police, or special constables all the entrances from cross streets into the line of route. By so doing the authorities have it in their power at any moment to attack the mob in flank and cut the column into slices. The great point is to pare off the column from the rear, and this can best be done by successively making at intervals a rush across the street and chopping off the tail, turning it if possible off the main line of route. It cannot be too much borne in mind that the strength of a mob consists in the mass, generally without resolution or fixed purpose, which pushes on the leaders, who from fear of personal consequences would often be glad to stop or go back if the pressure would allow them to do so. The brains are in the head and the physical force in the body of the column. The thinner the latter, *i. e.*, the narrower its front, the more easily is it dealt with.

It is therefore a good plan to keep bodies of police (or troops—preferably cavalry) moving backward and forward along the pavement or the sides of the roadway. These bodies of troops should not attempt to stop the progress of the mob, but merely to shoulder them off as much as possible toward the center of the street. They at the same time protect the houses. The bodies of troops or police occupying the entrance of the cross streets serve, in addition to the uses mentioned above, to prevent the reinforcing of the mob by people coming down these streets. The rear of the mob should be followed, both in order to arrest or send away persons by degrees and to prevent any accession of numbers from behind. A cord or rope stretched across the street about eight or ten inches above the ground will be found useful, for if the mob are moving rapidly many persons will stumble over or be pushed over it, and these

who follow will fall over those who are in front.

It often happens, especially in Ireland, that a body of police is besieged in a house. In such a case a good way to assist direct defence is for a portion of the garrison—if it be possible, and they can be spared—to slip out unperceived, and making a circuit to charge with a rush and a shout the rear or flank—the latter in preference—of the assailants. A mob is especially liable to panic, and half-a-dozen policemen unexpectedly appearing will suggest the arrival of a force ten times as large.

I now come to the question of the employment of troops. The Duke of Wellington, in the Chartist demonstration in London in 1848, thought it wise to keep his force at hand but out of sight. It seems to me that the great captain was right, and that the troops should not be shown till it is intended that they should act. It cannot be wise to allow the mob time to familiarize themselves with the sight of the military and to count their numbers. On the contrary, a great moral effect is produced by the sudden appearance of the military, especially if it be known that they are brought to the spot, not to be stoned and insulted, but to act with effect if the mob do not immediately give way. I do not advocate hasty or extreme violence, but I do emphatically urge in the interests alike of humanity and order that in the case of a riot the troops are for use and not for show. They should never be broken up into small numbers, and when warning is given that force will be used if the people do not disperse within a given time—and that time should be short—no further delay should take place. If, however, the mob be not very aggressive and desperate, a charge by infantry with unfixed bayonets will frequently suffice; for a thrust in the pit of the stomach with the muzzle of a rifle is by no mean agreeable, neither can it be said that a blow with the butt of a rifle on the shins is a pleasant salute.

If more than this be needed then the effect of fire should be tried. I venture, however, with all respect for the regulations, to submit that if matters are so bad that firing is needed

at all, it should be such as to produce a terrifying impression on the mob; if it fall short of that it is apt to irritate instead of cowering. Consequently I would suggest that not fewer than twelve men should fire at first, and that if the crowd do not then at once flee a second volley by an equal body of men should promptly follow. The object being to disable and frighten rather than to slay, the troops should fire from a kneeling position and aim at the shin. Moreover, by this means the danger of the bullets ranging far and striking either the most innocent members of the mob, *i. e.*, those in rear, or peaceful persons a mile off, will be avoided. Buck shot are, however, preferable to bullets. If it can be managed there should be a fire on the flank as well as on the front of the crowd. As soon as the mob begin to turn, they should be followed up rapidly, but steadily, with fixed bayonets, so as to give no opportunity of rallying, and to keep up the terror. In some cases, especially in open ground, a charge of cavalry is more humane than, and equally as effective as, the action of infantry. The charge should be made in line, with supports on each flank, at a fast trot, or at most a canter. The troopers should rely as much as possible on the action of their horses, and the edge not the point of the sword should be used. The former is more terrifying and inflicts uglier-looking wounds, and yet is less likely to prove fatal than the latter. If possible, the troopers should aim at the arms and legs of the mob, though, if the latter resist viciously, a few cuts across the face are desirable.

Artillery should only be used as a last resource, and then case-shot should be employed; but when it comes to cannon the riot has developed into an attempt at revolution, and the only object of the military commanders should be at any cost to stamp out resistance. In such a case as that it may be assumed that the houses adjoining the troops will be occupied by the insurrectionists, and then the tactics should be such as those employed when a garrison which has been driven from the ramparts continues its resistance in the streets. For example, detachments accompanied by sappers should break into a

building and force their way from house to house till they get in rear of the enemy, shell and hand-grenades being thrown down the chimneys or through any other openings in order to dislodge the occupants of a house. If this house-to-house fighting requires too much time, or for any other reason is unadvisable, an artillery or rifle fire should be delivered down the center of the street, while on each side, close to the walls, should march a body of soldiers in single file, firing at any who may show themselves at the windows on the opposite side.

My object, however, is not so much to write on the best means of dealing with revolution, but to show how, in my opinion, a riot can be prevented from becoming one. As I have said above, this object may be accomplished without much bodily injury to any one concerned, by the adoption of a simple system of tactics, if the disturbance is in its earlier stages dealt with firmly. In the case of the police, I have gone into those tactics minutely. In the case of the military I have treated the subject more generally. Whether, however, police or military be employed, the main principles are the same. In conclusion, I would again impress upon my readers that, if the actors in a disorderly drama are thought to be not merely mischievous but really vicious, then calculated, methodical, and controlled severity will prove in the long run the truest humanity.—LIEUT.-COL. W. W. KNOWLTONS, in *The Fortnightly Review*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO MAGAZINES.—Apropos of a paper by Mr. George William Curtis, in *Harper's Magazine*, the London *Saturday Review* says:—

"The editor of *Harper's* has put the case into Mr. Curtis's hands, and his reply may be commended to disappointed authors. Looking over the usual contributors—the editor finds that most of them first made their mark in the New York magazines; and, as they were unknown when they began there, it follows that unknown people do have a chance. But the New York magazines are not the best places, it is admitted, for writers of pure literature to make their first appearance in. These periodicals are full of 'specialists' articles, essays on topics as remote from literature as boot-blackening, or shipbuilding, or sewing-machine-making, by writers who are practical, not literary, men. The public likes this sort of thing. For example,

the *Century* gives a vast proportion of its space to accounts of battles in the Civil War, and pictures of dead bodies. All this space, and all that is occupied by descriptions of button-hook factories and patent torpedoes, is closed against the literary adventurer. He cannot get in there, the public does not want him there; for his work, even if it were good (which it generally is not), there is no demand.

"The editor now, having 'barred' a large region of his space, takes a look at the volunteer MSS. from Boston and Tarrytown, and the round world at large. No two men could read the produce of a single mail in twenty-four hours, so devouring is the literary activity of our race. The editor gives them just as much attention as is necessary in order that he may determine with respect to each contribution whether it lies within the scope of his magazine, whether it meets the essential requirements as to style and treatment, and, finally, whether he can make room for it without displacing some more desirable article.' The subject alone ruins the chance of half the volunteer contributions. The magazine does not crave for an essay on 'The Birthplace of Mungo Park,' or 'My Experiences as Collector at Bogleywoollah,' or 'The Philosophy of the Self-contained,' or 'Infanticide in Upper Burmah,' or 'The Poetry of Panthelam,' or 'The Hieroglyphic Inscriptions of Palenque.' All these are capital topics—to write on; but the public does not want them, and the editor does not want them, so where is the use of wasting time over them? There remains a huge bundle of MSS. which the subject does not essentially bar. 'George Washington's First Breaches,' 'The Young School Marm,' 'The Battle of Cow's Lick,' 'The Asiatics: a Novel'—all these may be regarded as feasible titles, if the style and treatment are good enough. But 'a partial reading' shows that they are not good enough, and 'George Washington' and the 'Young School Marm' and the rest go forth upon the backward way. There remain only a few MSS., and the editor finds, to his real regret, that he must forego the pleasure' of accepting them. Perhaps, on the whole, if even good contributions cannot be accepted, it would be better to decline to be the bailes (involuntary) of volunteer authors. The editor ends by agreeing with a Bostonian malcontent that the outsider has but a slender chance. But he does not see how the outsider is to better his position, except by writing better than the usual contributors. The contributor will probably answer, in his heart, that editors have a professional bias, which prevents them from seeing that he does write better.

"There the matter stands as far as America is concerned. The literary 'output' there seems to be quite enormous. In England, at least, most editors search the day's post earnestly, ever hoping to find some new contributor, over whom, if he is in any good enough, there is more joy than over a wilderness of old contributors. But the new man seldom comes; and, when he has sent in a good piece of work, it is averred that he almost never follows it by another. He seems to blossom just once; and his efforts are, too frequently, quite abortive. This is an old phenomenon, of which we can devise no satisfactory explanation. The man has got his chance, an excellent chance, and he nine times out of ten makes nothing of the opportunity."

SCIENCE AND MORALS.

In spite of long and, perhaps, not unjustifiable hesitation, I begin to think that there must be something in telepathy. For evidence, which I may not disregard, is furnished by the November number of the *Fortnightly Review*, that, among the hitherto undiscovered endowments of the human species, there may be a power even more wonderful than the mystic faculty by which the esoterically Buddhist sage "upon the furthest mountain in Cathay" reads the inmost thoughts of a dweller within the homely circuit of the London postal district. Great indeed is the insight of such a seer; but how much greater is his who combines the feat of reading, not merely the thoughts of which the thinker is aware, but those of which he knows nothing; who sees him unconsciously drawing the conclusions which he repudiates, and supporting the doctrines which he detests. To reflect upon the confusion which the working of such a power as this may introduce into one's ideas of personality and responsibility is perilous—madness lies that way. But truth is truth, and I am almost fain to believe in this magical divisibility of the non-existent when the only alternative is the supposition that the writer of the article on "Materialism and Morality," in spite of his manifest ability and honesty, has pledged himself, so far as I am concerned, to what, if I may trust my own knowledge of my own thoughts, must be called a multitude of errors of the first magnitude.

I so much admire Mr. Lilly's outspokenness, I am so completely satisfied of the uprightness of his intentions, that it is repugnant to me to quarrel with anything he may say; and sympathize so warmly with his manly scorn of the vileness of much that passes under the name of literature in these times, that I would willingly be silent under this by no means unkindly exposition of his theory of my own tenets, if I thought that such personal abnegation would serve the interest of the cause we both have at heart. But I cannot think so. My creed may be an ill-favored thing, but it is mine own, as Touchstone says of his

lady-love; and I have so high an opinion of the solid virtues of the object of my affections that I cannot calmly see her personated by a wench who is much uglier and has no virtue worth speaking of. I hope I should be ready to stand by a falling cause if I had ever adopted it; but suffering for a falling cause, which one has done one's best to bring to the ground, is a kind of martyrdom for which I have no taste. In my opinion, the philosophical theory which Mr. Lilly attributes to me—but which I have over and over again disclaimed—is untenable and destined to extinction; and I not unreasonably demur to being counted among its defenders.

After the manner of a mediæval disputant, Mr. Lilly posts up three theses, which, as he conceives, embody the chief heresies propagated by the late Professor Clifford, Mr. Herbert Spencer, and myself. He says that we agree "(1) in putting aside, as unverifiable, everything which the senses cannot verify; (2) everything beyond the bounds of physical science; (3) everything which cannot be brought into a laboratory and dealt with chemically."

My lamented young friend Clifford is out of reach of our little controversies, but his works speak for him, and those who run may read a refutation of Mr. Lilly's assertions in them. Mr. Herbert Spencer hitherto, has shown no lack either of ability or of inclination to speak for himself; and it would be a superfluity, not to say an impertinence, on my part to take up the cudgels for him. But, for myself, if my knowledge of my own consciousness may be assumed to be adequate (and I make not the least pretension to acquaintance with what goes on in my *Unbewusstseins*), I may be permitted to observe that the first proposition appears to me to be not true; that the second is in the same case; and that, if there be gradations in untruthness, the third is so monstrously untrue that it hovers on the verge of absurdity, even if it does not actually flounder in that logical limbo. Thus, to all three theses, I reply in appropriate fashion, *Nego*—I say No; and I proceed to state the grounds of that negation.

Let me begin with the first assertion, that I

"put aside, as unverifiable, everything which the senses cannot verify." Can such a statement as this be seriously made in respect of any human being? But I am not appointed apologist for mankind in general; and confining my observations to myself, I beg leave to point out that, at this present moment, I entertain an unshakable conviction that Mr. Lilly is the victim of a patent and enormous misunderstanding, and that I have not the slightest intention of putting that conviction aside because I cannot "verify" it either by touch, or taste, or smell, or hearing, or sight, which (in the absence of any trace of telepathic faculty) make up the totality of my senses.

If there is anything in the world which I do firmly believe in, it is the universal validity of the law of causation; but that universality cannot be proved by any amount of experience, let alone that which comes to us through the senses. And, when an effort of volition changes the current of my thoughts, or when an idea calls up another associated idea, I have not the slightest doubt that the process to which the first of the phenomena, in each case, is due stands in the relation of cause to the second. Yet the attempt to verify this belief by sensation would be sheer lunacy. Now I am quite sure that Mr. Lilly does not doubt my sanity; and the only alternative seems to be the admission that his first proposition is erroneous.

The second thesis charges me with putting aside "as unverifiable" "everything beyond the bounds of physical science." Again, I say No. Nobody, I imagine, will credit me with a desire to limit the empire of physical science, but I really feel bound to confess that a great many very familiar and, at the same time, extremely important phenomena lie quite beyond its legitimate limits. I cannot conceive, for example, how the phenomena of consciousness, as such and apart from the physical process by which they are called into existence, are to be brought within the bounds of physical science. Take the simplest possible example, the feeling of redness. Physical science tells us that it commonly arises as a consequence of molecular changes

propagated from the eye to a certain part of the substance of the brain, when vibrations of the luminiferous ether of a certain character fall upon the retina. Let us suppose the process of physical analysis pushed so far that one could view the last link of this chain of molecules, watch their movements as if they were billiard balls, weigh them, measure them, and know all that is physically knowable about them. Well, even in that case, we should be just as far from being able to include the resulting phenomenon of consciousness, the feeling of redness, within the bounds of physical science, as we are at present. It would remain as unlike the phenomena we know under the names of matter and motion as it is now. If there is any plain truth upon which I have made it my business to insist over and over again it is this—and whether it is a truth or not, my insistence upon it leaves not a shadow of justification for Mr. Lilly's assertion.

But I ask in this case also, how is it conceivable that any man, in possession of all his natural faculties, should hold such an opinion? I do not suppose that I am exceptionally endowed because I have all my life enjoyed a keen perception of the beauty offered us by nature and by art. Now physical science may and probably will, some day, enable our posterity to set forth the exact physical concomitants and conditions of the strange rapture of beauty. But, if ever that day arrives, the rapture will remain, just as it is now, outside and beyond the physical world; and, even in the mental world, something super-added to mere sensation. I do not wish to crow unduly over my humble cousin the orang, but in the æsthetic province, as in that of the intellect, I am afraid he is nowhere. I doubt not he would detect a fruit amid a wilderness of leaves where I could see nothing; but I am tolerably confident that he has never been awestruck, as I have been, by the dim religious gloom, as of a temple devoted to the earth gods, of the tropical forest which he inhabits. Yet I doubt not that our poor long-armed and short-legged friend, as he sits meditatively munching his durian fruit, has something behind that sad Socratic fever of his,

which is utterly "beyond the bounds of physical science." Physical science may know all about his clutching the fruit and munching it and digesting it, and how the physical titillation of his palate is transmitted to some microscopic cells of the gray matter of his brain. But the feelings of sweetness and of satisfaction which, for a moment, hang out their signal lights in his melancholy eyes, are as utterly outside the bounds of physics as is the "fine frenzy" of a human rhapsodist.

Does Mr. Lilly really believe that, putting me aside, there is any man with the feeling of music in him who disbelieves in the reality of the delight which he derives from it, because that delight lies outside the bounds of physical science, not less than outside the region of the mere sense of hearing? But, it may be, that he includes music, painting, and sculpture under the head of physical science, and in that case I can only regret I am unable to follow him in his ennoblement of my favorite pursuits.

The third thesis runs that I put aside as "unverifiable" "everything which cannot be brought into a laboratory and dealt with chemically;" and, once more, I say No. This wondrous allegation is no novelty. But I marvel to find that a writer of Mr. Lilly's intelligence and good faith is willing to father such a wastrel. If I am to deal with the thing seriously, I find myself met by one of the two horns of a dilemma. Either some meaning, as unknown to usage as to the dictionaries, attaches to "laboratory" and "chemical," or the proposition is (what am I to say in my sore need for a gentle and yet appropriate word?)—well—unhistorical.

Does Mr. Lilly suppose that I put aside as "unverifiable" all the truths of mathematics, of philology, of history? And, if I do not, will he have the great goodness to say how the binomial theorem is to be dealt with "chemically," even in the best appointed "laboratory;" or where the balances and crucibles are kept by which the various theories of the nature of the Basque language may be tested; or what reagents will extract the truth from any given History of Rome, and leave the errors behind as a residual calx?

The whole thing perplexes me much; and I am sure there must be an explanation which will leave Mr. Lilly's reputation for common sense and fair dealing untouched. Can it be—I put this forward quite tentatively—that Mr. Lilly is the victim of a confusion, common enough among thoughtless people, and into which he has fallen unawares? Obviously, it is one thing to say that the logical methods of physical science are of universal applicability, and quite another to affirm that all subjects of thought lie in the province of physical science. I have often declared my conviction that there is only one method by which intellectual truth can be reached, whether the subject-matter of investigation belongs to the world of physics or to the world of consciousness; and one of the arguments in favor of the use of physical science as an instrument of education which I have oftenest used is that, in my opinion, it exercises young minds in the appreciation of inductive evidence better than any other study. But while I repeat my conviction that the physical sciences probably furnish the best and most easily appreciable illustrations of the one and indivisible mode of ascertaining truth by the use of reason, I beg leave to add that I have never thought of suggesting that other branches of knowledge may not afford the same discipline; and assuredly I have never given the slightest ground for the attribution to me of the ridiculous contention that there is nothing true outside the bounds of physical science.

So much for the three theses which Mr. Lilly has nailed on to a page of *The Fortnightly Review*. I think I have shown that the first is inaccurate, that the second is inaccurate, and that the third is inaccurate; and that these three inaccuracies constitute one prodigious, though I doubt not unintentional misrepresentation. If Mr. Lilly and I were dialectic gladiators, fighting under the eye of an editorial lanista, for the delectation of the public, my best tactics would now be to leave the field of battle. For the question whether I do, or do not, hold certain opinions is a matter of fact, with regard to which my evidence is likely to be regarded as conclusive—at least until such time as the telepathy of the

unconscious is more generally recognized. However, some other assertions are made by Mr. Lilly, which more or less involve matters of opinion whereof the rights and wrongs are less easily settled, but in respect of which he seems to me to err quite as seriously as about the topics we have been hitherto discussing. And the importance of these subjects leads me to venture upon saying something about them, even though I am thereby compelled to leave the safe ground of personal knowledge.

Mr. Lilly says that with whatever "rhetorical ornaments I may gild my teaching," it is "Materialism." Let me observe, in passing, that rhetorical ornament is not in my way, and that gilding refined gold would, to my mind, be less objectionable than varnishing the fair face of truth with that pestilent cosmetic, rhetoric. If I believed that I had any claim to the title of "Materialist," as that term is understood in the language of philosophy and not in that of abuse, I should not attempt to hide it by any sort of gilding. I have not found reason to care much for hard names in the course of the last thirty years, and I am too old to develop a new sensitiveness. But, to repeat what I have more than once taken pains to say in the most unadorned of plain language, I repudiate, as philosophical error, the doctrine of Materialism as I understand it, just as I repudiate the doctrine of Spiritualism as Mr. Lilly presents it, and my reason for thus doing is, in both cases, the same; namely, that, whatever their differences, Materialists and Spiritualists agree in making very positive assertions about matters of which I am certain I know nothing, and about which I believe they are, in truth, just as ignorant. And further, that, even when their assertions are confined to topics which lie within the range of my faculties, they often appear to me to be in the wrong. And there is yet another reason for objecting to be identified with either of these sects; and that is that each is extremely fond of attributing to the other, by way of reproach, conclusions which are the property of neither, though they infallibly flow from the logical development of the first principles of both.

I understand the main tenet of Materialism

to be that there is nothing in the universe but matter and force, and that all the phenomena of nature are explicable by deduction from the properties assignable to these primitive factors. That great champion of Materialism whom Mr. Lilly appears to consider to be an authority in physical science, Dr. Büchner, embodies this article of faith on his title-page. *Kraft und Stoff*—Force and Matter—are paraded as the Alpha and Omega of existence. This I apprehend is the fundamental article of the faith materialistic; and whosoever does not hold it is condemned by the more zealous of the persuasion to the Inferno appointed for fools or hypocrites. But all this I heartily disbelieve; and at the risk of being charged with wearisome repetition of an old story I will briefly give my reasons for persisting in my infidelity. In the first place, as I have already hinted, it seems to me pretty plain that there is a third thing in the universe, to wit, Consciousness, which, in the hardness of my heart or head, I cannot see to be matter or force, or any conceivable modification of either, however intimately the manifestation of the phenomena of consciousness may be connected with the phenomena known as matter and force. In the second place the arguments used by Descartes and Berkeley to show that our certain knowledge does not extend beyond our states of consciousness, appear to me to be as irrefragable now as they did when I first became acquainted with them some half-century ago. All the materialistic writers I know of who have tried to bite that file have simply broken their teeth. But, if this is true, our one certainty is the existence of the mental world, and that of *Kraft und Stoff* falls into the rank of, at best, a highly probable hypothesis.

Thirdly, when I was a mere boy, with a perverse tendency to think when I ought to have been playing, my mind was greatly exercised by this formidable problem. What would become of things if they lost their qualities? As the qualities had no objective existence and the thing without qualities was nothing, the solid world seemed whittled away—to my great horror. As I grew older, and learned to use the terms Matter and Force, the

boyish problem was revived, *mutato nomine*. On the one hand, the notion of matter without force seemed to resolve the world into a set of geometrical ghosts, too dead even to jabber. On the other hand, Boscovich's hypothesis, by which matter was resolved into centers of force, was very attractive. But when one tried to think it out, what in the world became of force considered as an objective entity? Force, even the most materialistic of philosophers will agree with the most idealistic, is nothing but a name for the cause of motion. And if, with Boscovich, I resolved things into centers of force, then matter vanished altogether and left immaterial entities in its place. One might as well frankly accept Idealism and have done with it.

I must make a confession, even if it be humiliating. I have never been able to form the slightest conception of those "forces" which the Materialists talk about, as if they had samples of them many years in bottle. They tell me that matter consists of atoms, which are separated by mere space devoid of contents; and that, through this void, radiate the attractive and repulsive forces whereby the atoms affect one another. If anybody can clearly conceive the nature of these things which not only exist in nothingness, but pull and push there with great vigor, I envy him for the possession of an intellect of larger grasp, not only than mine, but than that of Leibnitz or of Newton. To me the *chimera, bombinans in vacuo quia comedit securitas intentiones* of the schoolmen, is a familiar and domestic creature compared with such "forces." Besides, by the hypothesis, the forces are not matter; and thus all that is of any particular consequence in the world turns out to be not matter on the Materialist's own showing. Let it not be supposed that I am casting a doubt upon the propriety of the employment of the terms "atom" and "force," as they stand among the working hypotheses of physical science. A; formulæ which can be applied, with perfect precision and great convenience, in the interpretation of nature, their value is incalculable; but, as real entities, having an objective existence, an indivisible particle which nevertheless occupies space, is

surely inconceivable; and with respect to the operation of that atom, where it is not, by the aid of a "force" resident in nothingness, I am as little able to imagine it as I fancy any one else is.

Unless and until anybody will resolve all these doubts and difficulties for me, I think I have a right to hold aloof from Materialism. As to Spiritualism, it lands me in greater difficulties when I want to get change for its notes-of-hand in the solid coin of reality. For the assumed substantial entity, Spirit, which is supposed to underlie the phenomena of consciousness, as matter underlies those of physical nature, leaves not even a geometrical ghost when these phenomena are abstracted. And, even if we suppose the existence of such an entity apart from qualities—that is to say, a bare existence—for mind, how does anybody know that it differs from that other entity, apart from qualities, which is the supposed substratum of matter? Spiritualism, is, after all, little better than Materialism turned upside down. And if I try to think of the "spirit" which a man, by this hypothesis, carries about under his hat, as something devoid of relation to space, and as something indivisible even in thought, while it is, at the same time supposed to be in that place and to be possessed of half-a-dozen different faculties, I confess I get quite lost.

As I have said elsewhere, if I were forced to choose between Materialism and Idealism, I should elect for the latter; and I certainly would have nothing to do with the effete mythology of Spiritualism. But I am not aware that I am under any compulsion to choose either the one or the other. I have always entertained a strong suspicion that the sage who maintained that man is the measure of the universe was sadly in the wrong, and age and experience have not weakened that conviction. In following these lines of speculation I am reminded of the quarter deck walks of my youth. In taking that form of exercise, you may perambulate through all points of the compass with perfect safety, so long as you keep within certain limits: forget those limits, in your ardor, and mere smothering and spluttering, if not worse, awaits you. I

stick by the deck and throw a life-buoy now and then to the struggling folk who have gone overboard; and all I get for my humanity is the abuse of all whenever they leave off abusing one another.

Tolerably early in life, I discovered that one of the unpardonable sins, in the eyes of most people, is for a man to presume to go about unlabelled. The world regards such a person as the police do an unmuzzled dog, not under proper control. I could find no label that would suit me, so, in my desire to range myself and be respectable, I invented one; and, as the chief thing I was sure of was that I did not know a great many things that the —ists and the —ites about me professed to be familiar with, I called myself an Agnostic. Surely no denomination could be more modest or more appropriate; and I cannot imagine why I should be every now and then haled out of my refuge and declared sometimes to be a Materialist, sometimes an Atheist, sometimes a Positivist; and sometimes, alas and alack, a cowardly or reactionary Obscurantist.

I trust that I have, at last, made my case clear, and that, henceforth, I shall be allowed to rest in peace—at least, after a further explanation or two, which Mr. Lilly proves to me may be necessary. It has been seen that my excellent critic has original ideas respecting the meaning of the words "laboratory" and "chemical;" and, as it appears to me, his definition of "Materialist" is quite as much peculiar to himself. For, unless I misunderstand him, and I have taken pains not to do so, he puts me down as a Materialist (over and above the grounds which I have shown to have no foundation); firstly, because I have said that consciousness is a function of the brain; and, secondly, because I hold by determinism. With respect to the first point, I am not aware that there is any one who doubts that, in the proper physiological sense of the word Function, consciousness, in certain forms at any rate, is a cerebral function. In physiology we call function that effect, or series of effects, which results from the activity of an organ. Thus, it is the function of muscle to give rise to motion; and the

muscle gives rise to motion when the nerve which supplies it is stimulated. If one of the nerve-bundles in a man's arm is laid bare and a stimulus is applied to certain of the nervous filaments, the result will be production of motion in that arm. If others are stimulated, the result will be production of the state of consciousness called pain. Now, if I trace these last nerve-filaments, I find them to be ultimately connected with part of the substance of the brain, just as the others turn out to be connected with muscular substance. If the production of motion, in the one case, is properly said to be the function of the muscular substance, why is the production of a state of consciousness, in the other case, not to be called a function of the cerebral substance? Once upon a time, it is true, it was supposed that a certain "animal spirit" resided in muscle and was the real active agent. But we have done with that wholly superfluous fiction so far as the muscular organs are concerned. Why are we to retain a corresponding fiction for the nervous organs?

If it is replied that no physiologist, however spiritual his leanings, dreams of supposing that simple sensations require a "spirit" for their production, then I must point out that we are all agreed that consciousness is a function of matter, and that particular tenet must be given up as a mark of Materialism. Any further argument will turn upon the question, not whether consciousness is a function of the brain, but whether all forms of consciousness are so. Again, I hold it would be quite correct to say that material changes are the causes of psychical phenomena (and, as a consequence, that the organs in which these changes take place have the production of such phenomena for their function), even if the spiritualistic hypothesis had any foundation. For nobody hesitates to say that an event *A* is the cause of an event *Z*, even if there are as many intermediate terms, known and unknown, in the chain of causation as there are letters between *A* and *Z*. The man who pulls the trigger of a loaded pistol placed close to another's head certainly is the cause of that other's death, though, in strictness, he "causes" nothing but the movement of the finger upon

the trigger. And, in like manner, the molecular change which is brought about in a certain portion of the cerebral substance by the stimulation of a remote part of the body would be properly said to be the cause of the consequent feeling, whatever unknown terms were interposed between the physical agent and the actual psychical product. Therefore, unless Materialism has the monopoly of the rights of language, I see nothing materialistic in the phraseology which I have employed.

The only remaining justification which Mr. Lilly offers for dubbing me a Materialist, *malgré moi*, is out of a passage which he quotes, in which I say that the progress of science means the extension of the province of what we call Matter and Force, and the concomitant gradual banishment from all regions of human thought of what we call Spirit and Spontaneity. I hold that opinion now, if anything, more firmly than I did when I gave utterance to it a score of years ago, for it has been justified by subsequent events. But what that opinion has to do with Materialism I fail to discover. In my judgment, it is consistent with the thoroughgoing Idealism, and the grounds of that judgment are really very plain and simple.

The growth of science—not merely of physical science, but of all science—means the demonstration of order and natural causation among phenomena which had not previously been brought under those conceptions. Nobody who is acquainted with the progress of scientific thinking in every department of human knowledge, in the course of the last two centuries will be disposed to deny that immense provinces have been added to the realm of science; or to doubt, that the next two centuries will be witnesses of a vastly greater annexation. More particularly in the region of the physiology of the nervous system, it is justifiable to conclude from the progress that has been made in analyzing the relations between material and physical phenomena, that vast further advances will be made; and that, sooner or later, all the so-called spontaneous operations of the mind will have, not only their relations to one another, but their relations to physical phenom-

ena, connected in natural series of causes and effects, strictly defined. In other words, while, at present, we know only the nearer moiety of the chain of causes and effects, by which the phenomena we call material give rise to those which we call mental; hereafter, we shall get to the further end of the series.

In my innocence, I have been in the habit of supposing that this is merely a statement of facts, and that the good Bishop Berkeley, if he were alive, would find such facts fit into his system without the least difficulty. That Mr. Lilly should play into the hands of his foes, by declaring that unmistakable facts make for them, is an exemplification of ways that are dark, quite unintelligible to me. Surely Mr. Lilly does not hold that the disbelief in spontaneity—which term, if it has any meaning at all, means uncaused action—is a mark of the beast Materialism? If so, he must be prepared to tackle many of the Cartesians (if not Descartes himself), Spinoza and Leibnitz among the philosophers, Augustine, Thomas Aquinas, Calvin and his followers, among theologians, as Materialists—and that surely is a sufficient *reductio ad absurdum* of such a classification.

The truth is that Mr. Lilly forgets a very important fact, which, however, must be patent to every one who has paid attention to the history of human thought; and that fact is, that every one of the speculative difficulties which beset Kant's three problems, the existence of a Deity, the freedom of the will, and immortality, existed ages before anything that can be called physical science, and would continue to exist if modern physical science were swept away. All that physical science has done has been to make, as it were, visible and tangible some difficulties that formerly were more hard of apprehension. Moreover, these difficulties exist just as much on the hypothesis of Idealism as on that of Materialism.

The student of nature who starts from the axiom of the universality of the law of causation cannot refuse to admit an eternal Existence; if he admits the conservation of Energy, he cannot deny the possibility of an eternal Energy; if he admits the existence of imma-

terial phenomena in the form of consciousness, he must admit the possibility, at any rate, of an eternal series of such phenomena; and, if his studies have not been barren of the best fruit of the investigation of nature, he will have enough sense to see that when Spinoza says, "*Per Deum intelligo ens absolute infinitum, hoc est substantiam constantem infinitis attributis*," the God so conceived is one that only a very great fool would deny, even in his heart. Physical science is as little Atheistic as it is Materialistic.

So with respect to Immortality. As physical science states this problem, it seems to stand thus: Is there any means of knowing whether the series of states of consciousness, which has been casually associated for three-score years and ten with the arrangement and movements of innumerable millions of successively different material molecules, can be continued, in like association, with some substance which has not the properties of "matter and force?" As Kant said, on a like occasion, if anybody can answer that question, he is just the man I want to see. If he says that consciousness cannot exist except in relation of cause and effect with certain organic molecules, I must ask how he knows that; and if he says it can, I must put the same question. And I am afraid that, like jesting Pilate, I shall not think it worth while (having but little time before me) to wait for an answer.

Lastly, with respect to the old riddle of the Freedom of the Will. In the only sense in which the word freedom is intelligible to me—that is to say, the absence of any restraint upon doing what one likes within certain limits—physical science certainly gives no more ground for doubting it than the common sense of mankind does. And if physical science, in strengthening our belief in the universality of causation and abolishing chance as an absurdity, leads to the conclusions of determinism, it does no more than follow the track of consistent and logical thinkers in philosophy and in theology before it existed or was thought of. Whoever accepts the universality of the law of causation as a dogma of philosophy, denies the existence of

uncaused phenomena. And the essence of that which is improperly called the free-will doctrine is that occasionally, at any rate, human volition is self-caused, that is to say, not caused at all; for to cause one's self one must have anteceded one's self—which is, to say the least of it, difficult to imagine.

Whoever accepts the existence of an omniscient Deity as a dogma of theology affirms that the order of things is fixed from eternity to eternity; for the foreknowledge of an occurrence means that the occurrence will certainly happen; and the certainty of an event happening is what is meant by its being fixed or fated.

Whoever asserts the existence of an omnipotent Deity, and that he made and sustains all things, and is the *causa causarum*, cannot, without a contradiction in terms, assert that there is any cause independent of him; and it is a mere subterfuge to assert that the cause of all things can "permit" one of these things to be an independent cause.

Whoever asserts the combination of omniscience and omnipotence as attributes of the Deity, does implicitly assert predestination.

For he who knowingly makes a thing and places it in circumstances the operation of which on that thing he is perfectly acquainted with, does predestine that thing to whatever fate may befall it.

Thus, to come, at last, to the really important part of all this discussion, if the belief in a God is essential to morality, physical science offers no obstacle thereto; if the belief in immortality is essential to morality, physical science has no more to say against the probability of that doctrine than the most ordinary experience has, and it effectually closes the mouths of those who pretend to refute it by objections deduced from merely physical data. Finally, if the belief in the uncausedness of volition is essential to morality, the student of physical science has no more to say against that absurdity than the logical philosopher or theologian. Physical science, I repeat, did not invent Determinism, and the deterministic doctrine would stand on just as firm a foundation as it does if there were no physical science. Let any one who doubts this read Jonathan

Edwards, whose demonstrations are derived wholly from philosophy and theology.

Thus, when Mr. Lilly goes about proclaiming "Woe to this wicked city," and denouncing physical science as the evil genius of modern days—mother of materialism, and fatalism, and all sorts of other condemnable isms—I venture to beg him to lay the blame on the right shoulders; or, at least, to put in the dock, along with Science, those sinful sisters of hers, Philosophy and Theology, who being so much older, should have known better than the poor Cinderella of the schools and universities over which they have so long dominated. No doubt modern society is diseased enough; but then it does not differ from older civilizations in that respect. Societies of men are fermenting masses, and as beer has what the Germans call *Oberhefe* and *Unterhefe*, so every society that has existed has had its scum at the top and its dregs at the bottom; and I doubt if any of the "ages of faith" had less scum or less dregs, or even showed a proportionally greater quantity of sound wholesome stuff in the vat. I think it would puzzle any one to adduce convincing evidence that, at any period of the world's history, there was a more widespread sense of social duty, or a greater sense of justice, or of the obligation of mutual help, than in this England of ours. Ah! but, says Mr. Lilly, these are all products of our Christian inheritance; when Christian dogmas vanish virtue will disappear too, and the ancestral ape and tiger will have full play. But there are a good many people who think it obvious that Christianity also inherited a good deal from Paganism and from Judaism, and that, if the Stoics and the Jews revoked their bequest, the moral property of Christianity would realize very little. And if Morality has survived the stripping off of several sets of clothes which have been found to fit badly, why should it not be able to get on very well in the light and handy garments which Science is ready to provide?

But this by the way. If the diseases of society consist in the weakness of its faith in the existence of the God of the theologians, in a future state, and in uncaused volitions,

the indication, as the doctors say, is to suppress Theology and Philosophy, whose bickerings about things of which they know nothing have been the prime cause and continual sustenance of that evil scepticism which is the Nemesis of meddling with the unknowable.

Cinderella is modestly conscious of her ignorance of these high matters. She lights the fire, sweeps the house, and provides the dinner; and is rewarded by being told that she is a base creature, devoted to low and material interests. But, in her garret, she has fairy visions out of the ken of the pair of shrews who are quarreling downstairs. She sees the order which pervades the seeming disorder of the world; the great drama of evolution, with its full share of pity and terror, but also with abundant goodness and beauty, unrolls itself before her eyes; and she learns, in her heart of hearts, the lesson, that the foundation of morality is to have done, once and for all, with lying; to give up pretending to believe that for which there is no evidence, and repeating unintelligible propositions about things beyond the possibilities of knowledge. She knows that the safety of morality lies neither in the adoption of this or that philosophical speculation, or this or that theological creed, but in a real and living belief in that fixed order of nature which sends social disorganization upon the track of immorality, as surely as it sends physical disease after physical trespasses. And of that firm and lively faith it is her high mission to be the priestess.—T. H. HUXLEY, in *The Fortnightly Review*.

FRANÇOIS JOSEPH DUPLEIX.

IN FOUR PARTS—PART III.

Circumstances now favored the move which Dupleix had long contemplated, the acquisition of Gingee. Bussy spontaneously submitted to him a plan of attack, which was approved, and its execution intrusted to the projector. From the plain shot up a massive eminence, on which was the *pettah*, or town, its walls following the irregularities of the hill. The summit broke into three peaks, each sur-

mounted by a separate citadel. The whole was strongly garrisoned, well supplied with artillery, and well provisioned, and was believed by the natives to be impregnable. But Bussy knew his business, and was no carpet knight. The wreck of Mahomed Ali's army had here found refuge, and thus sheltered might have baffled the young commander. But, with incredible folly, these already beaten troops were led out to battle in the plain below; were, of course, again routed, and pursued up the hill; and the victors nearly succeeded in entering the town along with them. One of the gates was blown open; and after an obstinate contest in the streets, the town was won toward nightfall. No time was lost in assailing the citadels. Bussy formed his men in three columns, himself leading the attack on the principal work; and, in spite of the acclivity, of the strong defences, and of a murderous fire, before sunrise the French flag waved over the three crests of Gingee the impregnable.

D'Authueil had come up to Bussy's support in the crisis of the battle, and Dupleix urged him to advance at once on Arcot, where Nazir, loitering away his time in pleasure, quarrelling with his nobles, becoming every day more unpopular, and amazed at the rapid operations of the French, offered a tempting prey. But the monsoon was raging in its full fury; the country was almost impassable; D'Authueil was old, gouty, and unenterprising; and he halted, deaf to Dupleix's reiterated appeals—*de faire l'impossible, et d'aller de l'avant*. Neither yet knew that Nazir was already seeking an accommodation. He betrayed his fears by demanding a suspension of arms, and of D'Authueil's march on Arcot. This Dupleix refused, and insisted haughtily on his previous terms. But D'Authueil's halt lulled the envoys and their master into fatal security, and encouraged them to protract the negotiation.

Meanwhile the disaffected nawabs of Canoul, Cudapah and Savanore instigated the French governor to order an attack on the subahdar's camp, promising to cooperate, and, if necessary, to secure his person. All they asked for themselves was a French flag, the hoisting of

which would prevent a collision between their own troops and the assailants. Dupleix readily complied; gave the flag, and confided his intention to D'Authueil and to La Touche, who was to command the party. Nazir became more and more uneasy and undecided. He meditated retreating to the Dekkan, but was deterred by the disaffected nobles. At last he sent to accept Dupleix's terms. But in the interval La Touche had been ordered to advance. The French attacked; the traitors drew off their forces, and ranged them apart: Nazir, slowly convinced that he had stooped in vain to conciliate an implacable adversary, strove as vainly to check the progress of the assailants. In the bitterness of his heart he rode up to and reviled the Nawab of Canoul, who replied by sending a bullet through his heart. Mirzapha, who had been ordered for execution at the beginning of the affray, was liberated by the conspirators, proclaimed subahdar, and paraded in state, preceded by the ghastly trophy of his uncle's head exalted on a pole. Bussy met him fresh from the battlefield, and typified too plainly the alien influence to which he owed his sudden deliverance and precarious elevation.

Elated by the success of his policy, Dupleix prepared to take full advantage of this abrupt revolution. His first care was to make arrangements for enthroning Mirzapha at Pondicherry, with every circumstance that could give luster to the occasion, and significance to his own weight in the political scale. A vast and gorgeous tent was erected, within which were placed two chairs of state (or "thrones" as M. Hamont calls them), one for Mirzapha, the other for the Viceroy and Governor-General. Mirzapha first entered the tent and seated himself, encircled by the Dekkan nobles in all their finery. Dupleix advanced to the rendezvous in an imposing procession. He did homage to Mirzapha, and, tendering the customary *nuzzur*, was installed by him on the vacant chair of state. Then the native grandees in turn saluted and presented tokens of reverence to the viceroy of the king of France and Mogul Nawab by imperial appointment. Dupleix was invested with the *chelat*—a splendid robe of state, once the gift

of the great emperor Aurungzib to Mirzapha's ancestor—together with a turban, a sash, a sword, shield, and dagger; and he paraded throughout the day in these emblematical appendages of oriental dignity. His gratefully formally declared him nawab of all India south of the Kistna; bestowed on him a pompous name, indicative of valor and assured victory; raised him to the rank of a commander of 7,000 horsemen; and added the more substantial donations of the town and territory of Valdore, to be held by him and his descendants, and of a large annuity to himself, and another of equal value to his wife. The subahdar more-over decreed that the money of Pondicherry should have exclusive currency in southern India; acknowledged the sovereignty of the French company over Masulipatam and Yanoon; and enlarged their territory at Karikal. He is said also to have formally announced that all petitions to himself should be thenceforth preferred through Dupleix.

Such a scene and such treatment may well have turned the Frenchman's head, and exposed him to the half incredulous, half admiring ridicule of his lively countrymen, and to the serious envy and bitter taunts of his crest-fallen English rivals. But, vain as he may have been, he knew too well the precarious character of his exaltation, the serious difficulties that lay before him in the way of consolidating his equivocal and hybrid dominion, and securing the solid acquisitions which accompanied the grant of empty titles, and the foppish adornments in which he masqueraded. And though he played his part with becoming gravity as a native potentate, his next move was dictated by sober policy. Professing his deep gratitude for the ample favors conferred on him, he disclaimed all wish to become a personal Indian ruler: he had but obeyed the orders of the emperor in suppressing rebellion, and maintaining the cause of the rightful subahdar. But in this good work Chunda Sahib had been equally faithful and zealous. Let him, therefore, retain the prize that was his due, and which he had contemplated when he cemented the alliance between Mirzapha and the French. Let him be confirmed in the Nawabship of the Carnatic. The proposal was

adopted. Chunda Sahib's effective assistance in defending the province was secured; while the ingenious Frenchman prudently retained the title of sub-vice-roy of India south of the Kistna, which gave him formal supremacy over Chunda and might on occasion be usefully employed in diplomatic disputes with the English. Lastly, to confirm and perpetuate the impression produced by the incidents of this great day, he ordered a triumphal column to be erected on the site of Nazir Jung's overthrow. And around it was to arise a city whose name was to commemorate the same event, and his capital share in it.

In the midst of his triumph, Dupleix realized that he must pay a perilous price for the maintenance of his influence with the subahdar. Mirzapha was anxious to return to the Dekkan; and he urgently requested that a body of French troops might escort him, and continue in his service. This request was quite in accordance with Dupleix's general policy; but in his actual circumstances it was premature. The small number of his European soldiers, and especially of officers, and the danger of diminishing them while Mahomed Ali was still master of Trichinopoly, and the attitude of the English uncertain, were very serious considerations. And it was too likely that those who had already been adverse to his intervention in native disputes, would strongly disapprove of this remote diversion of troops intended to guard the French possessions on the coast. Thus the difficulties that he raised do not seem to have been simply effected. But Mirzapha's lavish promises were very seductive, and Mahomed Ali determined him by offering to surrender Trichinopoly, if he should be allowed to retain his father's treasures, and receive an appanage in the Dekkan. He reported the transaction to the directors with a request for a strong reinforcement, and the intimation that both the native rulers were to pay the troops while in their service.

Bussy was appointed to attend Mirzapha with 300 French soldiers, including ten officers, 2,000 sepoy and Caffres, and a battery of artillery. Dupleix was much affected at their departure. His anxiety was increased by the

consciousness that Mirzapha was already in a critical position. The three nawabs who had conspired against Nazir were so exorbitant in their demands on the gratitude of his successor, that he was equally unable and unwilling to satisfy them. The favors lavished on Dupleix made them still more dissatisfied; and though at the center of French power they had confined themselves to complaints, at a distance these might ripen into violent acts. This misgiving was soon realized: As the army traversed Cudapah, the territory of one of the malcontents, they created a commotion, in which they were worsted and slain. But at the close of the contest Mirzapha was shot down. Thus, what Dupleix had gained in a moment by the murder of Nazir, was as suddenly, and by the same savage agency, imperiled by the slaughter of Mirzapha. But he now profited by his skillful selection of instruments. Bussy and his Brahmin adviser procured the provisional exaltation of Salabat Jung, a younger brother of Nazir, and who was in the camp, Mirzapha's infant son being rejected as ineligible at such a crisis. Dupleix highly approved of an arrangement which promised so well for the maintenance of his influence in the upper country. The new subahdar was acknowledged by all parties; and his first act was to confirm and extend the benefactions granted by his predecessor to the French. The army resumed its march; and Bussy and his contingent prosecuted an adventurous and glorious career, which lies beyond our immediate scope. But we may mention that it did not terminate, nor French ascendancy cease in the Dekkan, until Lally hastily recalled Bussy to the Carnatic; and Forde, detached by Clive from Bengal, routed the French at Peddapore, stormed Masulipatam, and conquered the northern Circars.

Hitherto Dupleix's policy seemed justified by its results. He had humbled the English and exalted the French by the capture of Madras, and the successful defence of Pondicherry. He had dispelled the awe of native armaments, and with a handful of men had asserted the resistless superiority of European skill and discipline over Asiatic numbers. The English, dazzled by the splendor of his

achievements, disheartened at their own poor performance in the rapid drama, mistrustful of Mahomed Ali, and knowing the aversion of the directors to the perils and expenses of war, seemed little inclined to dispute the progress of their bold rival. Still Trichinopoly was not surrendered.

Mahomed Ali's overtures had been a mere expedient for gaining time. He had now, by lavish promises, secured the assistance of the Mysore regent, of a Mahratta force, and of the English; and he flatly refused to evacuate Trichinopoly. Its siege was first undertaken by D'Authueil; but an attack of gout interrupted his construction of batteries, and disabled him so completely that Dupleix recalled him and in an evil hour gave the command to Law, a nephew of the great speculator. By a curious coincidence, the timidity of the nephew was destined to prove as fatal to French ambition in Asia, as the uncle's audacity had proved to her financial affairs in Europe. The younger Law was by no means destitute of assurance; he was voluble and plausible at Pondicherry; he had shown himself brave in the defence of the fort of Ariancofan; but he was utterly unfit for a separate and critical command. In such a position he was oppressed with the sense of responsibility; and from first to last his desponding temper and hesitating conduct went far to bring about the ensuing catastrophe. His first dispatch must have given Dupleix a painful shock. He described the place as too strong to be taken by a *coup de main*; he dwelt on the difficulties of a regular siege, and the loss of life that must attend the final assault, and recommended a close blockade as the easiest and safest plan. Dupleix thought otherwise; but he was at the time prostrated by the death of his brother, his one devoted champion against the libels of Labourdonnais, and the growing disfavor with which his policy was regarded in France. Thus, against his better judgment, he yielded to Law's importunity, and consented to the blockade.

From this moment Fortune seemed to have deserted her spoiled child. Hitherto the generalship had been on his side. Now this was reversed. Clive suddenly appeared on the

scene; created a powerful diversion by taking and heroically defending Arcot, the capital of the Carnatic; assumed the offensive in turn, and defeated his besiegers in a bloody battle; and on their retreat to Gingee prepared to relieve Trichinopoly. Dupleix sought to gain time for the operation of the blockade by threatening Madras, and amusing Clive with marches, and countermarches. But the "heaven-born general" was not to be thus dallied with innocuously. He overtook the French army at Covrepauk, and inflicted on it another terrible defeat. He then hurried off to expedite a convoy for the relief of the beleaguered city, demolishing on his way Dupleix's vaunting column. The spell of French invincibility was broken; the military reputation of the English was established; an able general, at the head of a victorious army, was marching to the critical point; the covering army, which ought to have disputed his advance, was dissipated; and to crown all, Law chose this appropriate moment for requesting leave to revisit Pondicherry, on account of his wife's approaching confinement. Dupleix refused, and rebuked him sharply. He ought to have superseded him, but was at a loss for a fit man to replace him; and he hoped, by positive and minute orders, to keep the malingeringer up to his work.

To intercept the convoy was of the utmost importance; and Law's greatly superior force ought to have made this a comparatively easy task, considering the long train of cumbrous wagons, slow oxen, and timid coolies, the distance to be traversed, and the natural obstacles on the way. He had 900 Europeans, 2,000 sepoys, and Chunda Sahib's army, computed at 20,000. These Dupleix reinforced with every available man from the garrison of Gingee. The English had only 400 Europeans and 900 sepoys. Law was ordered to leave 300 French and two-thirds of Chunda's multitude before the place, and with the rest to meet the convoy as far in advance as possible. After promising compliance, he veered round, enlarged on the danger of a Mahratta inroad; suggested a march into Mysore to counteract it and finally proposed to withdraw his whole army into the island. Dupleix, amazed and indignant, in a biting dispatch insisted that the

last hopeful project should be submitted to a council of war, confident that the general voice of the officers would condemn it. Thus he concluded: *Laissez l'avenir venir et Ballardji-Rao [i. e., the Peishwa]. Ne songez qu'au présent; tachez de vous persuader de l'importance de détruire le convoi; laissez moi le soin du reste.* And announcing that the English army had left Cuddalore, he repeated his prophetic warning: *Il est de votre honneur de détruire le secours. Tout dépend de ce coup. Ne négligez rien pour réussir.* But Law seemed fascinated by Clive's terrible audacity, energy, and skill, now all the more formidable because they were combined with Lawrence's experience, and respectable though less original military talents. While he should have been marching, he was still arguing; and Dupleix's crushing replies die away in a wail of indignant despondence. *Je vous avertis de tout; qu'en arrivera-t-il? Dieu le sait. J'y suis résigné, et ce que j'apprendrai ne me surprendra plus. Il sera pourtant difficile de persuader en France que trente mille hommes en aient laissé passer deux mille, embarrassés d'un charroi et d'un transport effroyables.*

Thus Lawrence, who had now taken the chief command, neared Coiladdy unopposed. Thence he was fired upon with some loss and more confusion; and a bold sally from the fort, supported by an advance from the French lines, must have been perilous, if not fatal, to his immediate object. But Law recalled the garrison of Coiladdy, and, fearing a sally from the city, posted his army so awkwardly that Lawrence succeeded in turning it. By a resolute onslaught during this flank march Law might have defeated the English, or at least taken or destroyed a large part of the stores and provisions. But he hesitated too long; and when he did advance he was daunted by a sortie of the garrison, and after an idle cannonade fell back. Meanwhile the convoy had pursued its way on the unexposed flank of the English column, and was triumphantly welcomed in the city.

This decisive failure completed the prostration of the Scotchman's spirit. Dupleix's Cassandra warnings must have rung in his ears like the knell of his fortune and honor as

a soldier. Taking counsel of his fears—and not, as Dupleix had expressly ordered, of his officers—he gave the word for an immediate retreat into the island. This decision was vigorously, but fruitlessly, combated by Chunda Sahib. And it was carried out in indecent and prodigal haste. A large part of the vast stores of provisions which had been laid in was sacrificed, together with much of the baggage. Chunda Sahib gloomily followed. The French occupied the pagoda of Jumbakishua: of their allies some went into Seringham; others settled themselves along the bank of the Coleroon.

Dupleix described his heart as "bleeding" at these tidings, which at first he refused to believe. When convinced, he resolved, too late, to supersede the craven general. *Je ne veux plus être prophète, j'ai trop averti en vain. Il faut retirer le commandement à cet homme.* He earnestly appealed to the infirm but gallant D'Authueil to undertake the arduous, perhaps desperate, task of saving the army and its honor. And D'Authueil, like Coote in similar circumstances, responded to the call of duty. In announcing to Law his recall, Dupleix added the cutting gibe: *Je suis persuadé que cet arrangement va faire plaisir à madame votre femme, qui ne désire que le moment de vous tenir dans ses bras.*

Meanwhile Clive had proposed a plan which could hardly fail to bring the contest to a rapid and decisive issue. His aim was to isolate the enemy in their exposed situation; and thus, as at Syracuse, to turn the besiegers into the besieged. One division of the army was to guard the city, and threaten Law from the south; another was to push across the rivers, intercept his communication with Pondicherry, and operate against any reinforcement which Dupleix might be able to provide. Though he proposed that the two divisions should remain within a forced march of each other, Clive's project was, considering the disparity of numbers, a characteristically bold one; as Orme says. "This was risking the whole to save the whole." Lawrence assented, and gave the command of the detachment to Clive himself. He soon occupied Semiaveram, seven miles north of the Cole

eroon. Dupleix insisted that he should be immediately assailed and dislodged. But Law, already in want of provisions, threw away his last chance of profiting by his superior numbers, and of securing the junction of D'Authueil, who might still have rescued him. Nor was this all. He had already engrossed and paralyzed almost all the soldiers of the French army. He now opened a correspondence with the enemy, still more deeply depressed his troops, and their allies, and excited suspicion of treasonable intentions. Dupleix authorized D'Authueil, in the last extremity, to conclude peace, which was to be made formally between Chunda Sahib and Mahomed Ali. *La situation, he added, où l'avidité de Law a mis nos affaires me font penser que c'est le seul parti qui nous reste.* Thus he seems to have suspected that Law, like his uncle, was making his own game at the expense of his adopted country. Though this imputation may be dismissed, it was less ridiculous than a wild project which the governor-general broached of liberating the army by bribing Lawrence.

D'Authueil's force, including the garrison of Volcondah, which he picked up on his way, amounted only to 120 Europeans, 500 sepoys, and four guns, with a large convoy. He sent a letter, in duplicate, to announce his approach, and request Law to detach to his support. One copy of the letter was safely received; but the other Clive intercepted, and thereupon advanced against D'Authueil, who retreated hastily. Law sent a feeble party to Semiaveram in Clive's absence, but on his unexpected return he overpowered it; and, after more fighting and the capture of the convoy at Utatoor, he fell upon D'Authueil at Volcondah and compelled him to surrender.

Before this happened the monsoon had burst, and increased the difficulty of crossing the swelling rivers. But while Chunda Sahib's army, as his fortune declined, dwindled away apace, and many of his followers joined the English, Lawrence made his way into the island: threw up an entrenchment across it from north to south; and the Tanjore troops being posted to the east, and the Mysoreans to the west, of the city, while Clive's division

lined the north bank of the Coleroon, the toils were effectually thrown round the late besiegers. Dupleix still maintained that famine would be no excuse for surrender, and urged Law to fight his way to Karikal, which he thought practicable, as the flooded river would prevent the junction of the English divisions. As it was, Law showed no disposition to make the desperate effort, but, on 13th June, 1752, tamely capitulated; and with him 35 officers, 785 Europeans, 2,000 sepoy, and 41 guns were captured. Chunda Sahib gave himself up to Monacjee, the Tanjorine general, who put him to death.

Dupleix's position might now well appear desperate; to make peace at once, or to recall Bussy and employ him in a supreme effort to capture Trichinopoly, seemed the only alternative open to him. Yet he chose neither, but preferred to try a third plan, for which there was certainly much to be said, but which involved the proverbial danger of a middle course, and proved in the end most unfortunate.

He despaired of obtaining tolerable terms from an enemy flushed with such a victory. He calculated that political caution would restrain the English from an immediate attack on the French capital, and he did not fear such an attack if made by native forces only. He had also reason to believe that the victors were on the eve of a quarrel among themselves, which he might turn to his advantage. Reinforcements from France were due; and they arrived opportunely. Clive's health too was impaired, and he returned to Europe. To him the English had mainly owed their success, and without him they would be much less formidable. Moreover, Dupleix hoped to form a league between the Subaldar and the Peishwa, who had lately been at war; to bring down the united forces of the Dekkan on Mysore, so as to compel the regent of that state to espouse the French cause; and then to make this great confederation available for reducing Trichinopoly, overpowering the English and Mahomed Ali, and restoring his own ascendancy in the Carnatic. Whatever force there might be in some of these reasons for persevering in the contest, the scheme of native co-

operation from the Dekkan, the magnitude and comprehensiveness of which excite M. Hamout's glowing admiration, required too much time to give it effect: it was also too complicated; it ignored too much the jealous and vindictive position of the Poona Mahratas; and it was promptly thwarted by one of the Nizam's ministers, who stirred up a mutiny in his army, which prevented its taking the field, and was the prelude of other serious and engrossing disturbances.—SIDNEY J. OWEN, in *The English Historical Review*.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE STORY OF DANTE'S "DIVINE COMEDY."*

I.

THE UNIVERSALITY OF THE POEM.

The most important point in the study of Dante's *Divine Comedy* is to see its meaning, as applicable to our own individual lives, here and now. For, like all the greatest works of art, the poem is universal in its application. It does not exist for a time, but for all time. Its teachings are as practical to the coming twentieth century as they were to the mediæval age when Dante wrote. Its lessons find their echo in the experience of every thinking man and woman, and contain an inspiration and a warning for the whole western world. It is the poem of the universal life of mankind, in the light of the Christian revelation.

Dante was a Roman Catholic, but his *Divine Comedy* cannot be read into Roman

* The substance of these pages was first printed in the form of letters to the *Boston Transcript* and the *Springfield Republican*, written from the Concord School of Philosophy, in the summer of 1886. For much of the material I am directly indebted to a course of lectures given at the School by Professor William T. Harris. I have also drawn from a conversation given by Mr. Thomas Davidson on the first canto of the *Paradiso*, and, indirectly, from all previous students of Dante. The special motive of the work is to tell the story of *The Divine Comedy* in such a simple way that "he that runs may read," and, at the same time, to help all seekers for truth to see the great truth which Dante saw, and to walk through life in the light of its revelation.—H. R. S.

Catholicism. Among the most patent facts of the history of the Middle Ages, are the corrupt results of an ascendant Romanism and the courageous, even defiant attitude of Dante toward these evils. Religion and morality were divorced; the people were kept in a condition of ignorance and slavery, by a priesthood whom monasticism had rendered gross and licentious; and, while the *word* in the ritual exalted Mary, the *deed*, both of churchman and layman, degraded that half of humanity to which Mary belongs, thereby setting the seal of damnation upon both Church and State.

Against this divorce of religion and morality, of the word and the deed, Dante rebelled. Indeed, had the halcyon days of Roman Catholicism been the halcyon days of the world, when, as the Roman Catholic claims, "religion was not separated from morality" in the conduct of men, there had been no need of a Dante at all. His is not the "waywardness of the child who will return to his allegiance," but the protest of the man against hypocrisy and corruption. Dante was the Protestant before Luther, whose protest, with his, shall endure.

The *Divine Comedy* is not a sectarian but a universal, not a Roman Catholic but a Christian poem. Dante transcends the bounds of the narrow limit set him by the historic Church of his time, and, with an insight into the truth of Christianity, becomes the great genius of that time, the exponent and also the prophet of its highest ideals. He saw that "God is to be mediated through reason, not reason through God." And if he did not enforce the further truth, it is at least clear to the nineteenth century, that if reason cannot be mediated through God, far less can it be mediated through any alleged minister or representative of God, whether Priest or Pope or Church.

Reconciling theoretical free-will with practical obedience to the command of a body or sect, or man, is a difficulty from which the modern world is freed by the example and teaching of Martin Luther. "Rules for passing through life," prescribed by one individuality for another, deny all personal freedom,

and therefore all intelligence, in that other. It makes no difference whether the prescription be made by one man or by a body of men. Roman Catholicism is not the affirmation, but the denial of freedom; and if Dante taught the one he could not have taught the other.

That the poet did teach the freedom of man to turn to good or to evil as he may choose, is clear. The return of the deed upon the doer, in just retribution for his free act, is his central theme. Man, created in the image of God, is free to realize in himself that image, to make himself like or unlike his Maker just as he chooses. By remaining in his sin he makes his own "Inferno;" by repenting and desiring to be good, he makes his own "Purgatorio;" by coming into union with God he makes his own "Paradiso." His will determines his condition. He may go to heaven or to hell as he chooses and when he chooses.

This teaching of *freedom*, as the divine inheritance of man, is the best instance of the poem's universality. It lifts it above the restrictions of time or place or sect. Another illustration is the placing of both the living and the dead, and of mythological as well as historical characters, all together in the poem. Dante is not painting a picture of what shall happen to men, but of what is happening to them. He does not mean his work to present solely a view of life after death, but a view of eternal life, past, present, and future, with no reference to physical death. It is man living here and now, among us and with us, and man spiritual, not man physical, that he shows us.

Sin is death and the only death, here or hereafter, and the sinner is the true and only dead man. Punishments for sin are not necessarily deferred until after so-called death; though they may be, and will be if not met here. They are inevitable here or hereafter; for the deed returns upon the doer; what he does is meted out to him in return.

It is man's whole existence in the immortal life—this world and the world to come, one and inseparable—that we see in Dante. It is not life under the form of Time, but under the form of Eternity. It is not the transient

existence which ends or changes when the body dies, but the eternal life of the spirit, ever one and the same, and depending upon man's choice whether it be a separation from, or a progression toward, the divine.

II.

THE CHRISTIAN INSIGHT.

Dante rises above all preceding poets in that he sees, and then realizes in his symbolism, the doctrine of individual responsibility. Virgil, the poet who next preceded him, holds the doctrine of Metempsychosis, or the transference of the soul, after death, into other bodies: a theory which, when logically carried out, destroys man's freedom, because it presupposes the loss of memory, and therefore of responsibility. Were there no responsibility, the soul would be the victim of fate. The higher insight of Dante was into that principle of perfect freedom which lays stress upon the determining power of man as a being who, once conscious, does not lose his consciousness, and which builds up the idea of personal free-will, the possession of which makes man responsible to a personal God.

The *Divine Comedy* is distinctively the poem of the Christian religion. That is, it is inspired by that insight into the nature of God which is the groundwork of Christianity, and which is opposed to the oriental conception. The eastern nations regard the absolute being as a formless, indefinite, unconscious entity from which man is separated by reason of his individuality, or self-consciousness. His individuality, or form, he must lose in returning to the Absolute; because it is formless, it is his source, of its nature he must partake, and to it he must return. The return to formlessness is nothing less than annihilation. Buddhism, Brahmanism, Neoplatonism, Gnosticism and modern Theosophy are all phases of this conception. The Greek philosophers Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, with the Jewish prophets, first possessed the higher insight that God, instead of being a principle without form and void, is the very essence of all form. Instead of being undetermined he is self-determined, and instead of being unconscious he is self-conscious. He is pure form, or reason; he is

self-conditioned; and he is also creative, or self-revealing.

The Christian idea of a creative principle includes and transcends the Greek idea of absolute reason, the Jewish idea of a holy personality, and the Roman practical application of this conception in volition or act, and sees a revealed self-conscious divine-human God, or Christ, who creates beings with personality like himself. This supreme insight into the nature of God is the standing point of Christianity.

As God is form and self-consciousness, reason and will, so, potentially, are men; that is, they are when they have realized their higher or real selves by conquering their lower or unreal selves. They are able, by their own freedom, to make themselves over into his likeness, and are immortal by virtue of his divine-human nature, which unites him to them and them to him. And when they return to him as to their source, they do not lose consciousness and individuality, but attain it to its fullest. They are not annihilated, but immortal, and immortal, too, as conscious, thinking, growing beings. This is the distinctive point of difference between the Orient and the Occident. The Christian God, who knows and loves his children, and helps them to a self-realization which shall be attained in their union with him through their own reason and will, is Dante's God. God is forever creating beings like himself, who in turn, are free, even against himself. Their free will brings its own reward, moreover; for the free will of all society reacts against the deed of the individual free agent, and brings him the return of his deed either in suffering or in joy. Thereby he learns what hell or heaven is, and that he is really free only when he comes into union with God, through a long, upward struggle with his sins. These are the beings of whom Dante writes; and they are the beings of all time, past as well as present, now as well as hereafter, viewed in the light of the Christian insight, which Dante possessed to a transcendent degree.

The truth is therefore revealed that, however limited Dante was by the local spirit of his time, he yet, perhaps only half consciously,

seized the meaning of all life in its universal aspect, and transcending his own sect and his own nationality, became the exponent of the best and fullest light of all ages. As the early Christian fathers preached Christ far more nearly than has ever been done since—and to their teaching religion is now returning—so Dante preached and pictured Christianity, in its essentials of a revealed God, a free manhood, and an immortal self-conscious existence, far more nearly than did the narrow sect which ruled his time. He "buildd better than he knew." He seized the meaning of life. He understood the soul of man, which everywhere, past, present and future, is the same. He saw the truth of the Christian revelation. He mourned the corruption of the times, brought about through the wrong exercise of free will in priest and lord and people. And he meant, by picturing the horrors of sin and the happiness of virtue, to influence men to turn from their evil ways, to bring their wills into union with God's will, and thus to realize their freedom.

III.

THE POETIC METHOD.

The philosophic mind, or reason (as distinguished from sense-perception and from reflection) sees the unity or uniting principle which underlies all the objects and relations of the world. In other words, philosophy perceives universal truths. If the philosopher is also the poet, he will express these universal truths by means of trope and metaphor, presenting laws and consequences in allegorical personification. Poetry is thus the supreme example of the philosophic insight. By means of the myth, or symbol, the poet furnishes a solution of the world's problems, and makes things and events the means of spiritual expression. Poetry is eyes to the blind, ears to the deaf, and intuition to all. Being the highest expression of philosophic thought, the poem can never deny, but must always affirm truth. Negation or agnosticism can be put into verse, but such verse is not poetry.

The poet sees that there is a rational cause in Nature identical with the rational cause in himself; in other words, that everything is the

outcome of a reasoning and intelligent First Principle, which is the Totality in which all things are included. This is his key. He is himself conscious of this truth in the highest degree. He recognizes the fact that the existence of nature and of man necessarily presupposes the existence of a God in whom both nature and man live and move.

Every one has this knowledge in more or less degree. In its lowest form, it appears in the delight of the savage in repetition, as for instance, in the continual repeating of one note which is his idea of beautiful music. The repetition symbolizes to him (of course unconsciously) the principle of *return to itself* (or *causer and caused* in one) which is the distinctive characteristic of the First Cause, or God. The succession of day and night, the revolution of the stars and the return of the seasons, illustrate the same idea. Being identified in his mind with this principle of return to itself which so delights him, these phenomena make him conclude that they themselves are this principle (which really they only symbolize) and are therefore gods. Hence arises the worship of the sun and of natural objects. The underlying truth, latent in the mind itself, originates the myth. The sun-myth, as well as other myths, is not a mere arbitrary setting up of an object as a god; but is the outcome and expression of this truth (the necessary existence of a First Cause) common to all minds in all ages, and only differing in that it is less or more consciously recognized.

The *Divine Comedy* is a "myth" or symbolizing, from beginning to end; and to get the beauty and the lesson from it, one must look at it in this light. Dante seizes a special instance of a special sin, and with one stroke paints the manifold consequences of that sin, as they would appear if concentrated and intensified into one momentary effect. The special instance of the punishment of a special sin in a special man or woman, stands for all like instances of the same sin and its effect in any human being of any time. The general truth that universal man brings his deed upon himself by his own free act is symbolized in the special illustration, the real meaning being veiled in figures and personifications.

The greatest personification is that of sin itself, which appears as Lucifer or Dis, the rebellious archangel who in his fall from heaven, tunnels the earth to its center and thereby makes hell. In the same mighty fall, he pushes the earth upward on the other side and makes the Mountain of Purgatory, causing, says Dante, the great preponderance of land in the northern over the southern hemisphere.

The Minotaur, which guards the circle of violence in the Inferno, is put there as the symbol of that blood-revenge which destroys itself by its own violence. This fabled monster lived in the midst of a labyrinth whose avenues led ever and ever into one another in an endless process of bewilderment. He is therefore a fitting guardian of the violent, whose crimes defeat their own end, every crime making a new complication and involving the criminal in a labyrinth from which there is no way out.

Minos, who was a just ruler of Crete, is made the dispenser of justice to the souls as they arrive at the Inferno. They lay open their lives before him, and he indicates to which circle they shall go, by winding his tail about him as many times as the number of the circle. This indicates that the sinner's own bestiality (symbolized by the tail) determines his place in hell.

The Centaurs, who were marauders, are employed to inflict punishment on the violent. They shoot their arrows at every doomed soul which dares to rise out of the sea of blood higher than its crimes will admit. The Harpies in the suicidal woods represent those moods and forebodings which defile the present with evil anticipations of the future.

Geryon, upon whose back Dante and Virgil descend into the eighth circle of hell (where are punished the crimes which envy incites) is the symbolization of fraud. His face is mild and gentle as if he were to be trusted, but he has a reptile's body, the paws of a beast and a scorpion's tail—fit symbol of hypocrisy, which with fair face wins the faith of men, and then abuses their confidence. Cerberus, who guards the round of gluttony, represents greed in its concentration.

These are only a few of the manifold in-

stances of Dante's power of symbolizing, in living forms, the thoughts and deeds of men. The mythology of the Purgatorio is much milder than that of the Inferno, and the great contrast between the two enhances the effect of each. The symbolism of the Inferno is that of fate in its most terrible retribution, while that of the Purgatorio represents the process of the realization of freedom through the overcoming of sin. In the Paradiso the mythus is expressive of triumph and joy in the final union with God.

IV.

THE THREE DIVISIONS OF THE POEM.

Man's actual self being his ideal self, his self united to God through the conquering of all his tendencies which separate him from God, it follows that the realization of his actual self comes about through the expurgation of sin. In the end, selfishness is overcome, and the individual, by sacrificing himself wholly to the uplifting of his fellow beings, becomes at one with the spirit of the Christ. The attitude of the free human person toward his sins is therefore the index to his spiritual condition; and the key to the movement of the *Divine Comedy* is the antithesis of selfishness to that perfect unselfishness which leads to a union of all society in one universal brotherhood.

The poem is divided into three parts, each one dealing with a certain spiritual condition of the soul consequent upon its attitude toward sin. The Inferno treats of sin indulged in, the Purgatorio of sin repented of, and the Paradiso of sin overcome.

Dante has a profound insight, not only into the nature of the particular sin and its appropriate consequences, but also into the effect of the sin upon others than the sinner, and the reaction of the freedom of these others upon the individual. He sees that society can do much for the individual in return for his little mite, and that just in proportion as that mite is material or spiritual will its return be a small or an infinite amount. It is when he is "in the mid-journey" of his life, that he has this insight; and as the specialist sees and describes

a whole species from the sight of a little specimen, so Dante knows the history of all humanity by little symptoms and examples, seeing in the deed its presuppositions and its consequences. He makes Virgil say that he (Dante) must help his country by depicting the sins of Florence in the guise of poesy, since he is prevented by his exile from helping her by means of politics. So with Virgil, (who represents science, or earthly wisdom) as his guide, he descends into Hell, mounts the hill of Purgatory and ascends into Paradise, that all mankind may know and see with him the horror of the first, the necessity of the second, and the bliss of the third.

All these conditions of the soul, Hell, as well as Purgatory and Paradise, are created by and are the manifestation of that Divine love which will not allow man to be annihilated, even though he descend to the lowest depths of hell. God's hand is under the sinner everywhere, leaving him free to rise or fall as he will, but, by reason of his participation in His nature, forbidding his extinction into formlessness or naught. "If I descend into hell Thou art there," upholding me, waiting for my return, but never compelling it. I may stay in hell if I will, and as long as I will; but God, in his divine mercy, will not allow me to be annihilated, for he knows that one day I shall "arise and go to my Father."

The condition of the soul in the Inferno is that of complete selfishness. The capacity for growth is not exercised, and the freedom of the will is used against one's fellow-men. The inmates of Hell are immersed in their sins and do not see that it is their own deed that makes the pain of their condition. They put the blame upon society and consider themselves ill-used because society punishes them, since as they think, "they have done nothing to deserve it." They "look out for number one" and get all they can out of their fellow-men. They do not see that their pain is the result of their own freedom and that they can, if they will, exert that freedom to conquer their selfishness and thereby get rid of their sin. When they do reach this standing point, they come to Purgatory. Here all ills are a means

of purification, and the soul welcomes pain as a means of reform.—HARRIETTE R. SUATTUCK.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

SCOTLAND'S PEASANT POETESS.

The land dowered with such scenery as that which encompasses the green holms of Yarrow, the Braes of Doon, or the shining shallows of the "clear, winding Devon"—hallowed as these spots are by the glow of history or the glamour of romance—cannot fail to produce, at intervals, souls of the deepest poetic vision, who—

"Will murmur to the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own."

Every student of literature knows of those deathless ballads in Border Minstrelsy, of which the Yarrow alone furnishes many a theme; that Yarrow whose pensive murmuring has mingled for ages with the bleating on the hills and the curlew's call from the lonely moorland, and whose braes have so often witnessed scenes of love and death in the days of foray and family feud. "Habbie's Howe," close by Roslyn and the classic Hawthornden, is all worthy of Allan Ramsay's charming pastoral, *The Gentle Shepherd*, and no one doubts but the pensive Yarrow and the ineffable repose around St. Mary's Loch had much to do in the way of inspiring the Etrick Shepherd in the creation of his exquisite elfin-ballad, *Kiltmeny*.

Nor has Scotland been wanting in women who have been highly dowered with the gift of song. Joanna Baillie, born in Bothwell Manse, Jean Elliot, and Lady Nairne can all claim an honorable position among our poets; but there is one woman, a humble peasant and yet one of Nature's truest ladies, who occupies a unique position among Scottish bards, and that woman is Janet Hamilton, the peasant poetess of Langloan.

This remarkable woman was born in the parish of Shotts, Lanarkshire, in October, 1795. This most pensive and sober of all the months of the year, when the woods have put on their russet hues, and when Nature is fall

ing into her winter sleep, was ever Janet's favorite month. To its ruddy sunsets, its pensive calm, and its quiet gloamings she devoted many of her finest poems, and in that month, a few years ago, she was laid with her fathers, in Old Monkland churchyard, in a spot compassed by many a martyr's grave. She herself, through her maternal ancestors, was connected with the children of the Covenant, being the fifth in descent from John Whitelaw of Monkland, who was executed at the Old Tolbooth of Edinburgh, 1683, four years after the battle of Bothwell Bridge, in which he had taken part.

Janet was the daughter of a poor shoemaker, and had the luckless hap of being ushered into an atmosphere of "chill penury." Albeit hers was an heroic spirit, and from her earliest years she learned to realize the stern duties devolving on human existence. We cannot do better than give an account of her early years in her own words. They are taken from one of her prose sketches—*A Scottish Village Sixty Years Ago*. And here it might be said that, for a self-educated peasant woman, utterly ignorant of the rules of grammar, her prose shows even more marvelous power than her verse. The sketch in question could be placed honorably on the same shelf with Christopher North's *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*.

When about twelve years of age she began to shape her thoughts in rhyme, and when she had reached her eighteenth year she was the author of some twenty pieces in verse, mostly of a religious nature. The cares incidental to rearing a family, however, soon precluded all chances of having much spare time to devote to the Muses, and she informed the writer, on one of the many visits to her which it was his privilege to make, that after the birth of her third child she did not indite a line till she had reached her fifty-fourth year, when she commenced writing for Cassell's *Working Man's Friend*. All her life long she had never received a lesson in penmanship. Through indomitable perseverance, however, she invented a species of calligraphy of her own, a struggling imitation of printing types. When it is said that Janet Hamilton

wrote the MS. of two large volumes of poems and essays in this hieroglyphic style with her own hand, it will be seen that she was a woman of no ordinary kind as to energy of will and strength of character. For many years before her death she was stricken with total blindness. When this affliction was fully developed, her memory, always good, became strengthened to a marvelous degree; and many a time, when we entered her humble home, we found her, like Hannah, with her lips moving yet uttering no word. When this action was playfully referred to she would answer, with a smile of unspeakable peace on her sweet face, that she was only "stringing some verses thegither." If asked, she would repeat the verses as she sat in her arm-chair by the kitchen fireside, all the while absorbed in the creations of her fancy, and gently swaying in that motion which we associate with mental abstraction either of joy or grief.

Her third and last volume was entirely written by her son to her dictation; for complete darkness had now closed around her, and henceforth she was never more to see those flashing streams, purple moorlands, and sweet wild flowers which she loved so fondly. There was a touching pathos in the quiet atmosphere of content and love in that humble home. It consisted of only two apartments, a "but and ben," as it is termed by the low and Scottish peasants. A single glance would show that there was love there, and peace, and the fear of God. James, her son, was unwearied in his attention to his mother; Marian, or "Mirren," as she was called in the broad vernacular, was doing the household work with a spontaneous cheerfulness, and old John, her gudeman, now over eighty years—"His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare"—looked at her with the quenchless beam of love in his eyes—a love that had been undimmed through fifty-nine years of married life—and yet with a strange reverence, as if he were all unworthy of such a blessed gift. Supposing she had been a duchess, an empress, or the Queen of Sheba, she could not have got more honor than was given her by that affectionate household.

We never heard a voice so rich in tone and

so perfect in modulation as was that of Janet Hamilton. Her ear was perfect, and she could detect the slightest flaw or want of taste in composition. On one occasion she repeated the whole of Gray's *Elegy*, as if to herself. The cadences were faultless and rose and fell like music. When she had finished she said, as it were in a reverie, "Yes, that's poetry!" We asked her, on the occasion of one of our last visits to her, if she would do us the favor of repeating to us any of her latest poems. She at once repeated a poem—*A Lay of the Loch an' the Muirlan'*—three verses of which we subjoin, and which the reader will admit to be an exquisite bit of word-painting.

"A lanely loch, a muirlan' broom,
A warl' o' whins and heather,
Whaur aft, when life was young, I strayed
The berries blae to gather.
Sae bonnie bloomed the gowden broom,
Sae green the feathery bracken,
And rosy brier dear to my een,
Ere licht had them forsaken.

"How saftly, calmly, sweetly fell
That dewy slimmer gloaming
When I slang the lanely loch
To muse and dream gaed roaming.
The star o' love her lamp had lit,
The sun's last rays were glancin'
Oot owre the wee, wee curlin' waves,
Like water spunkies dancin'."

"The wild duck stayed her paidlin' feet
To nestle mang the rashes,
The loupin' braise and perch fell back
Wi' mony plouts and plashea.
And there, deep anchored in the loch,
The water lilies floatin',
Like pearly skiffs to bear the crews
When fairies tak' to boatin'."

Here again is an extract from a poem of a different order:—

OUR OLD CHURCHYARD.

- "Lone field of graves! our churchyard old and hoar!
Trenched deep, and sown by death with mortal
grain;
Decayed, and dead it lies—not evermore!
All, all shall live, shall rise to life again! . . .
- "With lingering step, in solemn, musing mood,
I pass within the time-worn lichen'd walls;
A softened awe steals o'er me as I brood
On scenes and forms that memory still recalls. . . .
- "Now on a broad and lettered stone I sit,
The gloaming shadows have begun to fall;
Old forms and faces round me seem to sit—
They come and go at brooding fancy's call. . . .

"Lone field of graves, farewell! old churchyard hoar!
I go, but must and will return again!
I come, but may not go as heretofore;
Till Time and Death shall die, with thee remain!"

As her gloaming of life began to darken, a memorial in her favor was sent to Lord Beaconsfield, then Mr. Disraeli. It was signed by such men of influence and worth as the late Lord Belhaven, Major Hamilton of Dalzell, who was recently raised to the peerage, Colonel Buchanan of Drumpellier, Sir James Campbell of Stracathro, the late Sheriff Henry Glassford Bell, himself a poet of no mean order, and many others. The late Sir William Stirling-Maxwell presented the memorial. The result was the reception of a most dainty letter of sympathy and appreciation—one of those letters which Lord Beaconsfield could write so well—together with an annual grant of £50, for Janet, out of the Royal Bounty Fund.

But the blind singer of Langloan was not to enjoy long the gift of her sovereign lady. Already the windows had been long darkened and the almond-tree was now in full flourish and the grasshopper had become a burden. Her flesh and her heart were beginning to faint and to fail; but her faith burned all the brighter every step she took nearer the Borderland, and she could say with quenchless trust that God was the strength of her heart and her portion forever. There is an unspeakable pathos in one of the last poems she ever wrote:—

"The star o' memory lights the past;
But there's a licht abune,
To cheer the darkness o' a life
That maun be endit soon;
And aft I think the gowden morn,
The purple gloamin' fa',
Will shine as bricht, and fa' as saft,
When I hae gane awa'."

The dear old peasant-singer, a peasant born, but refined in feeling and heart as any lady who ever trod royal palace or ducal hall, had not long to wait. She did not enjoy the royal bounty more than one short year. Amid the sweet calm of a pensive October day—the month she loved so well—she passed away

"To where beyond these voices there is peace."

—ALEXANDER LAMONT, in *The Sunday Magazine*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

MISSIONARY WORK IN ETHNOLOGY AND LINGUISTICS.—
Upon this subject we read in *Science* that—

“The debt which the sciences of Ethnology and Linguistics owe to missionary labors has never been adequately acknowledged. The latest recognition of its value, though instructive, is still imperfect. Dr. R. N. Cust, in his monograph, *Language as illustrated, by Bible Translations*” (1883), gives a classified list of versions, arranged according to the various families of languages, from which it appears that, since the establishment of the British and Foreign Bible Society, in 1803, the missionaries of that Society and of similar associations in Great Britain, the United States, and other Protestant countries, have translated the Bible or portions of into no less than 290 languages and dialects. Of these, 49 belong to Europe, 101 to Asia, 60 to Africa, 38 to America, and 41 to Oceanica. Adding the older versions (some of which have been republished under missionary revision), we have a total of 324 translations in the catalogue of Dr. Cust. This, however, by no means exhausts the list. His plan excludes reference to the Roman-Catholic versions, which are numerous—if not of the whole Bible, at least of portions of it. Eliot’s Indian Bible, though mentioned (not quite accurately) in the text of the monograph, does not appear in the list. Nor is any thing said of the vast number of Grammars, Dictionaries, and Vocabulary, or the versions of Catechisms and similar works—in many more languages than are included in his list—which we owe to these zealous laborers, of almost every Christian denomination. Dr. Cust’s memoir will, however, be a most useful manual of reference for philologists. It is to be hoped that he will supplement it by an additional list, comprising these other missionary publications, which will be helpful to students. Prof. Max Müller has shown that the foundation of the science of comparative philology was laid in the great work of the Jesuit missionary Hervas, in his *Catalogue of Languages*, in six volumes, published in Spanish in 1800, and derived mainly from the results of missionary researches. The distinguished professor himself, and the other eminent philologists of our day—a list which includes such names as F. Müller, Gerland, Latham, Farrar, Sayce, Hovelacque, Charencey, Whitney, Brinton, Trumbull, and many hardly less noted—who have reared upon this basis such a noble superstructure, will be the first to admit that their work owes its extent and value chiefly to the materials supplied by the later efforts of these enlightened and indefatigable toilers.”

SCHOOLBOYS AND THEIR TAILORS.—English schoolboys, who happen to be blessed with wealthy fathers, have, as with us, a propensity for running up sartorial bills, which “the Governor” is expected to liquidate; an expectation which is sometimes balked. One instance of this kind is thus commented upon in *The Saturday Review*:—

“The want of pence, so observable in other walks of life, does not seem to be much felt at present by those who disport themselves under Henry’s holy shade.

The interesting little tailor’s bill which Mr. Justice Hawkins and a common jury recently enjoyed the privilege of investigating, confirms the view expressed by another learned judge that public-school boys have not degenerated. Owen G. Williams and H. J. Williams would not have been unworthy products of the great dress age—the age which produced *Pelham*, or *the Adventures of a Gentleman*. One of these youths, if we may use a word of which tailors are peculiarly fond, has achieved the distinction of running up a bill of 93*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.* for his apparel within the space of twelve months, and has exhibited the more commonplace quality of being unable to pay. Yet Owen Williams’s father, with a liberality proving him to merit the progeny with which he is blessed, told both his boys he would give them ‘each a hundred a year to dress upon,’ besides paying their traveling expenses, and letting them have ‘a small sum for pocket-money.’ The sum of 493 (for the 6*s.* 6*d.* may be consigned to the destination of Mr. Mantalini’s halfpenny) was made up, wholly or partially, of “about thirteen coats, an overcoat, and a dressing-gown, in addition to sixteen waistcoats, eleven pair of trousers, three pairs of knickerbockers, one pair of hunting-breeches, and two items of cash of one pound.” If this is Williams major’s ordinary outfit at the edge of seventeen, he should live to be the delight of tailors, if only he acquires the trick or habit of solvency. He may, of course, liquidate this account in the future, or he may maintain, when he comes of age, that knickerbockers are not necessities of life. The question in the case of Smith and another *v.* Williams was whether General Williams, having given his son a hundred a year for clothes, can be made to pay about a hundred more for the same purpose. When a similar application was made to the Duke of Wellington, the duke replied, in what Miss Broughton might call ‘good nervous English,’ as follows:—F. M. the Duke of Wellington begs to inform Messrs. Jones that he is ‘neither the Marquis of Douro nor a debt collector.’ The jury appear to have taken this view of the position of General Williams, since they found a verdict for the defendant.”

MR. RUSKIN AT HOME.—Mr. Ruskin is now engaged in writing his *Autobiography* in serial form. In a recent number he thus speaks of his estate at Denmark Hill, when it came into his hands upon the death of his father, some forty years ago:—

“I have round me here at Denmark Hill seven acres of leasehold ground. I pay £50 a year ground rent, and £250 a year in wages to my gardeners; besides expenses in fuel for hothouses and the like. And for this sum of £300 odd a year I have some peas and strawberries in summer, some camellias and azaleas in winter, and good cream, and a quiet place to walk in, all the year round. Of the strawberries, cream, and peas, I eat more than is good for me, sometimes, of course, obliging my friends with a superfluous pottle or pint. The camellias and azaleas stand in the ante-room of my library; and everybody says, when they come in, ‘How pretty!’ and my young lady friends have leave to gather what they like to put in their hair

when they are going to balls. Meantime, outside of my fenced seven acres numbers of people are starving; many more dying of too much gin; and many of their children dying of too little milk."

THE EHRENBREITSTEIN OF INDIA.—The Rev. Doctor John F. Hurst thus writes in *The Independent*, of the renowned city of Gwalior:—

"Gwalior is the most interesting city in India, or in the world, as an illustration of the ancient Jain worship and architecture. It lies at a distance from all the regular railway lines. The most convenient point for a visit is Agra, from which a slow and poorly managed branch road, of sixty miles in length, goes almost to the base of the great acropolis. On that lofty height the palaces and temples of Gwalior stand in all the eloquence of sculptured stone. Out of the level plain there rises abruptly this vast hill of about two miles long and an average width of about a quarter of a mile. On one side the red sandstone cliffs are almost perpendicular. The surface of the great hill has been scarped in the long-gone ages, to make it the shapely pedestal of palace, and temple, and tomb. No large city ever shone here in the early sunlight. Only the royal, priestly, and military classes might live on this great height. The city of Gwalior lay below, just under the shadow of the beetling cliffs.

"The natives are a curious folk. Dirt prevails on every hand. The people, seeing I was a stranger, and from the conquering West, were not very civil, and were little disposed to answer questions. I secured a guide, however, and began to climb the hill. No warden stands at the old gateway. The massive entrance is now as free as the very air. But one can see that the place had been carefully guarded in the gray old times. Whatever might be the force, it does not seem possible that these great gates could ever have been battered down. Yet the hour did come when even they yielded to British pressure. One gate, however, did not satisfy the sense of Mogul security. Should one be forced open, there must be still another beyond, with its bronzed keepers, to keep back the intrusive force. But should this yield, what then? Further along there was still another, and another, to the number of six in all—to guard the approach to august king, and fabulous treasure, and awful temple. I had never seen any parallel in India to this wonderful position. In addition to what nature had done, the lords of this great rock had shaved it, and grooved it, and perforated it to such an extent that it seemed to be a very part of the firm earth. It is India's Ehrenbreitstein. In the elder days the ascent was by steps, cut in stone, with horizontal spaces between the flights. But in later times these have been removed, so that the ascent is now by an inclined plane.

"I was amazed at one feature of this ascent. There are altars, and in one case a temple, hewn out of the solid stone. In the temple are altars and images carved with great care, and grown old and worn by the long roll and grinding of the wasting ages. The entrance to some of them is easy enough, only

the deflection of a few steps from the main road being needed to reach their curious portals. But less easy is your way to others. You turn off from your general road and follow little grooves in the side of the rocky hill, and cross shaky and labyrinthine foot-bridges, and by and by get to the curious excavations where people worshipped in ages long since gone. Each one of these cave-altars has its sacred associations, its special deity to guard it, and its long and marvelous history. There are colossal carvings along the side of the rock, some of single figures and others of groups, but all of hardly a later date than a thousand years ago. All are curious remnants of the Jain faith.

"When the climb to the top of the hill is nearly finished, the broad road by which one has come brings him directly up to the portal of a vast palace. You enter the curiously carved vestibule, and find yourself within the precincts of what must have been one of the most magnificent palaces of ancient India. This, however, is only one of six palaces. Their majestic and richly ornamented walls once adorned a good part of the whole plain of the acropolis. This lofty hill, with its foundations of firm rock, was too commanding and secure for one palace. Successive dynasties saw in it the best place in all their realm for a throne, and here they lived, and reared their families, and down this worn way they marched to foreign wars; and some, yes, many, came never back again."

THE ALEUTES.—Mr. Henry W. Elliott, in his work *Alaska and the Seal Islands*, thus speaks of the natives of the Aleutian Islands:—

"Look at those two Aleutes under the shelter of that high bluff by the beach. You see them launch a *bidarka*, seat themselves within, and lash their *kannlayka* firmly over the rims to the manholes. And now observe them boldly strike out beyond the protection of that cliff and plunge into the very vortex of that fearful sea, and scudding, like an arrow from the bow, before the wind, they disappear almost like a flash and a dream in our eyes. These men have, by some intuition, arrived at the understanding that the storm will last but a few hours longer, and they know that some ten or twenty, or even thirty miles away lies a series of islets and rocks a-wash, out upon which the long-continued fury of this gale has driven a number of sea-otters that have been so sorely annoyed by the battle of the elements as to crawl there above the wash of the surf. So our two hunters have resolved to scud down on the tail of this howling gale, run in between the breakers to the leeward of this rocky islet, and sneak from that direction over the land and across to the windward coast, so as to silently and surely creep up to the victims. . . . If these hardy men had deviated a paddle's length from their true course, they would have been swept on and out into a vast marine waste, and to certain death from exhaustion. They knew it perfectly when they ventured, yet at no time could they have seen ahead clearly, or behind them, farther than a thousand yards!"

THE STORY OF DANTE'S "DIVINE COMEDY."

V.

THE PURGATORIO AND THE INFERNO.

The Purgatorio differs from the Inferno in that it contains and is based upon *repentance*. Repentance is the dividing line. Those who have repented are glad of their punishment, which is punishment only in the reformatory, or kindly sense. They joyfully endure their period of purgation in order to free themselves from sin. Those, on the contrary, who have not repented, who do not recognize their awful state, who are selfish themselves and see only selfishness in others, are in the Inferno. But the discovery and comprehension of unselfishness in another leads them out of this hopeless condition. It makes them see that they themselves are in Hell. As soon as they see that they are in Hell they will begin to realize their infernal condition and will wish, and therefore strive, to escape from it. They are then in Hell no longer, but in Purgatory.

Crime, or the overt act, is punished in Hell, while sin, or the condition of soul from which the overt act arises is overcome and removed in Purgatory. And all the crimes which Dante punishes in his Inferno are the outcome of the sins or inclinations toward crimes from which he purifies in his Purgatorio.*

VI.

THE SEVEN SINS AND THEIR CHILDREN.

Each group of crimes, with each of the seven capital sins, of which these crimes are

* Crime is the province of the State, sin, of the Church. The state takes cognizance of the overt act, but has nothing to do with the inclination toward that act. It returns the criminal's deeds upon him by penalties of the law. Or, strictly speaking, it *ought* to do this, for as yet it has only imperfectly mastered the science of penalty, and by quibbles of law or insufficient and inappropriate punishments the guilty too often escape justice. Crime *can*, however, be measured, and its measure meted out to it in return. The Church, on the contrary, deals with the condition of mind, and takes cognizance of repentance, with which the State should have nothing to do; for repentance of a *crime* cannot atone for that crime. Sin, however, is alienation of the heart from God, and can be atoned for by

the children, is the result of a misunderstanding of the true nature of love as the divine self-sacrifice of the higher for the sake of the lower. Some are the results of love excessive, others of love defective, and others of love perverted.

The seven capital sins are Pride, Envy, Anger, Sloth, Avarice, Gluttony and Incontinence, the first three being the effects of love perverted, the last three of love excessive, and sloth, or lukewarmness, resulting from love defective. Dante considers this the order of heinousness. The northern nations, with their calmer temperament and their ideal of the sacredness of the family, and of the rights of the children, would with justice insist that the seventh sin be placed higher in the scale.

The worst sins are those which are spiritually worst; that is, which symbolize selfishness, or isolation from others, in the greatest degree. Pride is freewill exercised to fullest selfishness. It is complete isolation. The proud man wants nothing that his fellow has. He is perfectly satisfied with himself, and will do nothing for and receive nothing from mankind. This sin is purged by the carrying of heavy weights, which bow the back; while examples of humility and of pride brought low are painted on the rocks of this circle of Purgatory, and the angels sing a paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer, or prayer of humility. The proud souls are glad of their burden since it is the means of their reform. This is true of all the other souls in Purgatory.

The crimes, or children of pride, are pictured in the lowest depth of the Inferno by

repentance. To deal with this is the proper province of the Church. The State takes the *deed* just as it stands, measures it and returns its crime upon it in legal punishment. The church regards the *intent* which cannot be measured, and which can only be atoned for by repentance and purification. The trouble in the time of Dante was that the Church usurped the province of the State. It dealt with crimes as well as sins, and forgave the deed itself on profession of repentance. The consequence was that crime flourished. Good deeds cannot atone for bad ones, nor one virtue absolve another vice. The sincere amendment of life can atone for sin, and, in the case of crime (since this affects society as well as self), only the return of the deed upon the doer in adequate and suitable penalty can satisfy the ends of justice.

the traitors, who are enveloped in the icy lake of Cocytus, were Lucifer, chief of traitors and king of the proud, dwells and reigns, with Judas as his chief attendant.

The next sin is Envy, and the expurgation of envy is by means of an iron thread sewing together the eyes of the sinner. Envy differs from and arises above pride, in that it does want something of its fellows. But it is a terrible sin, because it wishes evil to them in return. It wants to take away good from another. Its eyes are blinded. It does not see that only in the good of others can it attain its own good.

The criminals whose deeds are the children of Envy are punished by various terrible torments. They are in "a place stone-built throughout, called Malebolgé," of a livid hue, as Envy is. They are as follows: Seducers, who are scourged by demons; Flatterers, immersed in filth; Simonists fixed in circular holes, head downward, their feet burned with flickering flames; Soothsayers and Sorcerers, who, having tried to pry into the future, now are compelled to walk with their faces twisted so that their tresses fall over their bosoms, walking backward in order to see; Barterers and Peculators, plunged in a lake of boiling pitch and guarded by, demons, who thrust those down those that try to rise; Hypocrites, "a painted people" pacing up and down under the pressure of gilded cloaks with leaden linings; Thieves, persecuted by serpents and transformed into the likeness of their creeping selves, by a process before which the imagination stands appalled; Evil Counselors, in the torment of spiral flames, which have become so at one with them that the flame is even the instrument of speech; Schismatics and Heretics, with limbs torn off and bodies mangled, one, who has disrupted the family, carrying his head in his hand; finally, Alchemists, Forgers and Counterfeiters, afflicted with grievous diseases and loathsome sores.

Next to Envy comes Anger, purged by a thick smoke, through which Dante himself passes in company with the other repentant souls. And when we look into the Inferno for the acts produced by this parent sin, we

find the violent plunged in a river of blood; either suicides changed into trees, not allowed to have their bodies again at the resurrection, because they have destroyed these bodies by self-murder; and the violent against God, or blasphemers, under a slow shower of liquid fire. Fraud and usury are also punished here. These three sins—pride, envy and anger, with their attendant crimes, are the results of love misapplied, or turned from its proper channel. They are self-love instead of love of God, and of humanity, as the manifestation of God. Anger is less than the other two because they strike at institutions—at the church, the state and the home, while anger affects individuals only. The fourth sin is Lukewarmness, or tardiness in doing good and in following the right. This is love defective, and we see it purged by the possession of an eager desire to go forward; zeal keeps these souls rapidly in progress, unresting in their desire to show their anxiety to serve God.

Love excessive produces Avarice, Gluttony, and Incontinence. Each punishment is the symbol of the sinful condition of the particular soul which receives it. Each sin, each crime, receives its appropriate penalty in the shape of the return of the deed upon the doer in order that the doer shall be able to rise out of his sin.

VII.

ETERNAL PUNISHMENT.

Dante gives no literal assurance that a soul, when once in the Inferno, can get out of it into the Purgatorio. He rather intimates the contrary, as his sect—and, indeed, ecclesiasticism generally—has taught. But taking the poem in its universal application we may, with the certainty of observation, assert that the soul may and does issue from Hell and go through Purgatory into Heaven. Looking at it in this light, with death as an incident and not as a dead wall beyond which there is no hope, we draw a wonderful lesson of faith and of joy. Hell then becomes a state wherein the sinner is punished, because his fellow-men return upon him, in justice, his own deed, and because God in his love allows him

to be free and to exercise his freedom even to the utmost wickedness, waiting till he shall turn, and then standing ready in his grace to help him to rise. The inscription over the gate of Hell which proclaims "All hope abandon, ye that enter here," is then translated as meaning that while ye are in Hell there is no hope for you, but not necessarily that ye cannot ever get out of Hell and into Hope again. This is the light of reason and of revelation. That Dante did not himself, in spite of his theology, have an inkling of this truth is extremely improbable, when we consider the wonderful insights he did possess, insights which have been possessed by very few in the centuries that have followed him.

Reason, and the freedom of the will, deny eternal punishment. The insight into the nature of God as a personality revealed to man in the Christ, who leaves man free to rise or fall, forbids the limiting of the freedom of any special individual by a period of time. If man is free he must be free by nature, and if free by nature he must be free after the death of the body as well as before, and if not as free to turn and be good *then* as *now* he is not free at all. To limit freedom is to deny it. If man has free will, he is as free to return to God in repentance as to depart from him in sin. And to limit the return from sin to any time, whether it be the hour of death or any other hour, is to deny man's freedom. The freedom of the will would be a farce if it last but threescore years and ten. A being who is allowed to sin voluntarily *forever* and is not allowed *after a certain time* to repent and return to his God, cannot by any stretch of the imagination be called a creature of free-will. To be free at all he must be free eternally. The dogma of eternal punishment is illogical and untenable unless one denies the freedom of the will.

The word "eternal" may be translated "spiritual" rather than "everlasting," and in this sense, as Miss Peabody suggests, the term "eternal punishment" is eminently true, since God's chastenings are "spiritual."

It is undeniably true that Hell is everlasting and punishment everlasting, for as creation is everlasting, sin and therefore penalty

must also be; but that any individual soul shall forever stay in Hell, that he shall, because of the incident of death, be deprived of the blessing of repentance and the consequent chance for reform, is to deny God's justice and his everlasting love. We have no good authority in revelation, much less in reason (which must be our final test) for any such conception. Man is in Hell so long as he sins; when he repents he enters the state of reform or expurgation, and this will be *when he wills*.

VIII

PARADISE AND BEATRICE.

Before Dante enters the gate of Purgatory he must ascend three stairs, the white representing confession, the purple, scored with figures of the cross, symbolizing contrition or crucifixion of self, and the scarlet representing absolution by means of love. The angel marks his forehead with seven *P's*, each of which stands for a sin (*peccata*) that he must purge away. He passes through the seven circles of the Purgatorio. At the end of each circle a *P* is brushed away from his forehead, until having passed through the fiery flames which purify from incontinence, he is free from sin. When it has become as easy for him to be good "as to float down river in a boat," the height of Purgatory is attained. Here he finds the earthly Paradise and is granted the vision of Beatrice descending in the chariot of the Church. He then drinks of the waters of Lethe, whereby he loses the remembrance of sin, and of the waters of "Eunoë," which enable him to remember only the good; and, girded with the rush of humility and crowned lord of himself, he passes from Purgatory to Paradise with Beatrice as his guide.

The splendors of this triumphal Paradise, with its spheres wherein dwell the spirits of the blessed, and its culmination in the vision of God in his threefold nature, cannot be confined within any words of description. It is a vision of beauty and joy and of that love which upholds the world, and to which the human soul, when freed from sin, shall finally attain. Its inmates are members of

the Invisible Church, the Communion of Saints, "Love, at whose word the sun and planets move," sways "every will and wish," mutual unselfishness reigns and man beholds his God.

In the nine spheres of Dante's heavenly system dwell the blessed spirits, living in this sphere or in that according to the special characteristic of their piety. All are in bliss, for "every part of Heaven is Paradise." The system was adopted from that of Dionysius the Areopagite; and as in Dante's time the earth was supposed to be the center of the universe, the nine spheres are represented as revolving around the earth, each one further and further away from earth and so nearer and nearer to God.

The light or love of God penetrates the whole universe and is the same everywhere. But it is reflected, here more and there less according to the capability of the recipient. God is the one Independent Essence; he is Cause of himself, and therefore causer and caused in one. All else is dependent upon Him. His divine light—that Intelligence which is Wisdom, Power, and Love in one—is reflected down to all that is inferior to him; each inferior reflecting to its inferior, as a mirror reflects the light thrown upon it. The light which penetrates and is always the same, is essence; the light which reflects, is being. And in so far as the individual wills, does he receive more or less being. In the Paradiso, the most light is reflected, and the soul reaches most nearly the Divine Essence—the Absolute Wisdom, Love, and Power.

In the highest of Dante's nine spheres, is sempiternal quiet, the peace which has had no beginning, and shall have no end. Desire, and therefore motion, or restlessness, has ceased, for the sphere touches God at every point, and is absolutely content. It contains everything within itself, because it is at one with God. Motion is but the result of the unsatisfied desire to reach God. As the eight lower spheres touch Him only at certain points instead of at all points, they are unsatisfied; and so, in order that each point shall touch Him as much and as often as possible, the spheres revolve with the utmost rapidity,

each part breathless in its loving desire to reach again its satisfaction in the union with God.

Love in the object moved, acting toward the immovable Creator of that object, causes motion. Thus only can the immovable create movability. "To be loved requires no act." God seen from without is the infinite Beauty, Truth and Goodness who inspires love or motion toward himself. Thus the spheres revolve eternally.

This explanation of the origin of spherical motion, beautifully symbolizes the restlessness of the soul in its failure to reach God, as compared with its peace when united to Him. And since He is the perfection of self-activity, the peace born of the union with Him is not the peace of inanition, but the peace of the realized activity of the spirit in its effort for the good of the whole, as compared with the unrest of its separation from God in selfishness.

The central figure of the Paradiso is Beatrice. The beautiful child and maiden whom Dante loved as a boy, he apotheosizes as the goddess of Divine Love and wisdom. From the time when she sees his trouble in the mid-journey of life, and sends Virgil to his assistance, all through his journeying Beatrice is the goal toward which he strives. Before he begins his journey, Virgil, after promising to be his guide through the realm of the "mournful shades" and that of those who "in fire contented" remain, says to him—

"But wouldst thou mount to where the blessed dwell,
A soul more worthy shall conduct thy flight;
Her care shall guide thee when I bid farewell."

When he delays or faints on his journey, Virgil reminds him or her whom he shall see, and spurs his desire to go onward and upward, until finally, purified by the flames which cleanse the incontinent, so hot that he would fain plunge himself into boiling glass to cool himself, he comes to the summit of Purgatory and finds Beatrice, clad in the colors of hope, ready to be his guide through Paradise.

The sun is at the equinox, or point where "four circles and three crosses meet." It is Springtime in the southern hemisphere.

Dante stands at the summit of Purgatory in the Earthly Paradise. He is ready for the Heavenly Paradise, for he has realized the four cardinal virtues, Prudence, Temperance, Fortitude, and Justice; and the three celestial virtues, Faith, Hope and Charity, or brotherly love—the four circles and three crosses have met in him.*

Beatrice, standing above Dante, turns her head a little to the left and fixes her eyes upon the sun's full light. "So never eagle fixed his steadfast gaze." Dante fixing his eyes on hers, endures the light as reflected from her eyes and rises with her to heaven.

As they go from sphere to sphere, Beatrice glows ever brighter and brighter with the divine light, and her eyes glow ever more and more in their intensity. It is only by their increased shining that Dante knows that he has ascended from one sphere to another. Sometimes he can hardly endure their light, and once even she is obliged to turn her eyes away lest their brilliancy shall overpower him. By this reflected light he rises. The central sun of righteousness is reflected so that the human eye can bear its rays, and the human soul rise by its light. The womanly principle of divine wisdom draws mankind upward and the Beatrice of Dante is the pre-

cursor of the *ewig weibliche* of Goethe's *Faust*. Beatrice shows that she is womanly in the highest sense, for she is strong and self-determined, as well as sweet and pure. Her words are full of wisdom, and in her sacrifice for Dante's upraising she does not forget to show him wherein he has failed in his duty to her, and consequently to himself. She is merciful, for she is just. She is loving, for she is steadfast in her devotion to the highest ideal, both for herself and for him. I would fain turn aside for a moment to lay one flower on the grave of Dante's wife—she who bore and reared his seven children and through whose carefulness his manuscript of the *Divina Commedia* was preserved from oblivion. Gemma Donati is not in Dante's "Paradiso," probable because she was his wife, and chivalry forbade. Women and men of a better age who are beginning to see that love is the ideal of marriage, and marriage the ideal of love, may well spend a moment of sympathy with Gemma and her sisters of the middle ages, whose domination by masculine ideas and priest-made laws has kept the world from receiving the light which the feminine can impart. Christianity has still to see the central truth of Christ's incarnation—God revealed by means of the womanly.

IX.

CONCLUSION.

Remembering the universal light in which the poem is to be read, applicable to to-day as well as to all past and future time, we see that each one of us has or may have, his Hell, his Purgatory, and his Paradise, here and now. There are souls in all of these three states, living right around us; souls who are in a Hell as deep and terrible as are any of the denizens of Dante's *Inferno*, and souls who have reached the consciousness of sin and the bliss of forgiveness and union with God.

Furthermore, although the poet could not, in consistency with his method, so portray it, the same soul may be in all three states at once, having realized his best self in one particular, while purifying himself in another, and yet unawakened in a third. For instance,

The four Cardinal Virtues belong to humanity before as well as since the Christian era; but in the three Celestial Virtues there is special reference to the Christian insight into the nature of God as the Divine Human revealed in Christ. Faith is not blind, unthinking acceptance of another's verdict, but that insight of the mind into the nature of God which sees him as personal, self-active, self-determining or creating, and self-revealing. It is the "evidence of things not seen." From this insight follows the conception of the world of human beings as the creation of a self-revealing God, in an infinite progress of personalities, who ascend eternally into union with him. Hope does not see this insight clearly, but knows that it is without seeing it. Hope looks forward with confidence to a time when it knows it shall see it. Brotherly love combines faith and hope by living what they see and believe. It is, therefore, "the greatest of these," since it does what faith and hope have revealed. That is, charity manifests in its own deed the nature of the God it believes in. By stooping down to those less enlightened, and therefore less moral, than itself it draws them upward, just as God, by revealing himself through the Christ, Jesus of Nazareth, has stooped down to all struggling sinful beings and helped them to arise.

a man may be in Paradise by reason of generosity, in Purgatory from his struggle against incontinence, and in Hell from intemperance; or, he may be in the Hell of the traitor, the Purgatory of avarice and the Heaven of self-control over the passions.

Effort should therefore be made to help every human being to see that outside of himself there is no essential Evil: that his temptations are within and to be overcome from within; that his deed, whether good or evil, is returned upon him inexorably, through the justice of the infinite Love in whom he has his being; and that to avert the consequences of his own free choice would be to annul his freedom, and thus destroy at once all rational conception of either God or man, who essentially are One.—HARRIETTE R. SHATTUCK.

FRANÇOIS JOSEPH DUPELIX.

IN FOUR PARTS—PART IV.

We have not space to follow the course of the renewed war, which was equally notable for the hard fighting of the Europeans on both sides; for the steadfastness and wariness of Dalton, the commander in Trichinopoly, which again became the chief bone of contention; for the activity of Lawrence in relieving the beleaguered city, and his skill in defeating with his small army the vast hosts of the assailants; and, above all, for the indefatigable efforts of Duplex to supply the means of carrying on the obstinate contest, and to repair, by his judicious and detailed instructions, the conspicuous want of capacity among his officers.

The diplomacy of Duplex, or rather that of his wife, detached the Mysorean and Morari Rao from Mahomed Ali and the English; and securing them as allies, reestablished the blockade of the city. But as he was never able to take it, and the wasting war involved him and the company deeper and deeper in embarrassment and increased the exasperation of the English against him, there seemed less and less hope that he could escape condemnation for persisting in designs which, however plausible in their origin, were opposed by the

stern logic of facts. Thus he did at last consent to treat, but, even then, in no temper of practical compromise. He still insisted on the recognition by his adversaries of the authority which had been delegated to him by successive subahdars; and supported his pretensions by alleged charters from them, and from the emperor, which the English loudly asserted to be forgeries. This charge was vehemently repudiated at the time by the French negotiator. But thus no common basis could be established; and hostilities were resumed. The end, however, was at hand. In this last transaction Duplex seems to have been almost judicially blind; for relating the conference to Bussy, he writes: *Tout ce que nous avons présenté, firmans, paravanas, et autres pièces, tout avait été forgé par nous.* This is a melancholy revelation, though not more so than Clive's shamelessly fraudulent treatment of Omichund.

The storm that had long been brewing in France was now to burst on Duplex's devoted head. The Governor-General must, indeed, have been well aware that he stood on very slippery ground; that powerful influences were banded together against him; that the surrender of the French army at Trichinopoly had gone far to eclipse the luster of earlier achievements; and that his subsequent failure to reduce that city was an unanswerable argument against his policy. The company resented the suspension of their trade, and the absorption of their funds in war expenses. The ministers were anxious to conciliate England, and feared that the Carnatic struggle might provoke a European war. Public opinion was adverse to schemes which seemed at once visionary and inglorious in their results. La-bourdonnais was indefatigable in fanning the flame of indignation against his rival; and Duplex's champion, D'Autheuil, whom he had sent home to explain and defend his course, was so injudicious in his advocacy, that M. Hamont says of him roundly: *Son ambassade fut plus nuisible qu'utile aux intérêts de Duplex.*

Thus negotiations were entered into with England, and a convention was concluded, whereby commissioners were to be appointed

for reconciling the two Companies, and preventing the recurrence of war between them while their respective nations should be at peace. And it was agreed that both Duplex and Saunders should be recalled. To estimate this point rightly, we must look back at Duplex's conduct, and remember his characteristic disposition. Did he act wisely in taking up Chunda Sahib's cause. If so—and this proceeding had been condoned by the directors—was he wise in prosecuting the war against Mahomed Ali and the English after the loss of his army and the death of his candidate? His reasons for doing so we have stated. But they did not satisfy his employers or the king's ministers; and as the continuation of the contest seemed to them to open an indefinite vista of expense and peril without any corresponding advantage, his recall appeared to them essential. For could he be trusted not only to effect, but to abide by, a real pacification? Would it not have been found too late, that, taking occasion from some new and plausible opening for adventure he had resumed the attempt to redevelop his "system?"

But whatever may be thought as to the necessity of his removal, there can be only one opinion of the way in which it was effected, and of the French commissioner's conduct toward him. It would seem that the Government and the Company were seriously afraid that one who had so long ruled as a master might refuse to relinquish his authority without a struggle. Godeheu was accordingly provided with 2,000 soldiers, a force that, if sent sooner and properly officered, might have brought the long contest to a triumphant issue. And an order signed by the king empowered Godeheu to arrest the Governor-General, guard him securely, and send him home a prisoner on the first vessel that should sail for France. This mandate was absolute. But a second order dispensed with its execution in case Duplex should submit quietly; though it added, that if Godeheu judged it necessary to arrest him, Madame Duplex and her daughter were to share the same fate, and were to have no communication with him. Meanwhile the dispatches of the directors, and Godeheu's own

letters, were so worded as to excite no surmise of the real drift of the commission. So completely was Duplex deceived, that he wrote thus: *N'allez pas regarder cette résolution de la compagnie comme une marque de son ingratitude à mon égard. Je la regarde, au contraire, comme un service essentiel qu'elle me rend, et surtout à avoir fait le choix ce Godeheu, qui est le plus cher de mes amis.*

On arriving in the river the commissioner sent another unctuous and cunningly reticent letter, declining, however, Duplex's proffered hospitality. He disembarked surrounded by guards and other military display. The Governor-General met him on the bank, and offered him his hand. Godeheu bowed stiffly, and presented a letter from himself for Duplex's perusal. This, amid many polite phrases, and still suppressing the occasion, and misrepresenting the character of the measure, abruptly revealed the fact of the Governor-General's recall, and that of his family, to France. *L'intention du roi*, said this glozing epistle, *n'est que de mettre la compagnie à portée de vos lumières.* Before Duplex could recover from his astonishment, or ask any question, Godeheu produced the royal mandate revoking the Governor-General's commission, and a second, demanding a detailed report on the company's affairs. Duplex calmly perused these documents but it was observed that he grew pale. Declaring his readiness to obey the king's commands, he requested to be favored with any other of which Godeheu might be the bearer. Then with one long-drawn sigh, and a fixed and contemptuous gaze at his false friend, he silently awaited the issue of this strange scene. Godeheu desired him to summon the Council. The news spread fast, and a crowd beset the precincts of the council chamber. Godeheu ordered his guards to disperse it. Then seating himself, and motioning Duplex to sit beside him, he solemnly recited his instructions amid profound silence. Duplex showed great self-restraint, but his hands at times twitched convulsively. With bowed head he listened attentively, and at the close he rose, and with extended arms exclaimed, *Vive le roi!* The cry was taken up, and he quitted

the council chamber, and poured forth to Bussy the bitterness of his soul.

The following evening Godeheu assumed command as governor. But his moral authority was impaired by the subterfuge which he had practiced, and by the pitiful contrast which he presented to the brilliant and undaunted ruler who had so long defied the storms of fate, and whose attitude of dignified resignation might imply tacit rebuke, but offered no excuse for violence. The new governor complained that Dupleix talked of returning in the course of two years. But as he had himself, by his misrepresentation, suggested this hope, so he now determined to frustrate it. He sought eagerly, but vainly, to ruin Dupleix's personal character by eliciting against him charges of pecuniary corruption; and regretted that, to facilitate this noble end, the order of arrest had not been left absolute. *C'était le moyen de découvrir tout, et de me mettre en état d'agir avec fruit.* In default of this expedient he imprisoned Papiapoule, the agent who managed the assignments on the Carnatic districts, mortgaged to Dupleix for the liquidation of his large *personal* advances to the native princes. This tyrannical act not producing any incriminating revelations, he misappropriated the assignments to the use of the Company; refused, on the absurd plea of their intricacy, to sanction the auditing and passing of the Governor-General's accounts which showed a balance against the company of a quarter of a million sterling; and even prevented the cashing of a large bill which they had made payable to Dupleix. Thus this false and cruel man reduced his old benefactor and recently alleged intimate friend to beggary and worse; for Dupleix's influence had induced many friends and admirers to intrust him with large sums for the public service, which he thus lost the means of repaying, and for which he was sued on his return to France. Nor would Godeheu advance him money on the Company's account and on the security of his claims; though he privately lent him a small sum, which the ex-governor-general was constrained to accept for immediate necessities.

The commissioner's political adjustment is beyond our present province. But we may

remark generally, that although later orders from France preserved the Dekkan connection, the tendency of his other arrangements was to sacrifice the interests of his countrymen, and to give England a decided preponderance on the eastern coast. Thus he aggravated the unfavorable conditions under which Lally contended with us a few years later, and may be said to have prepared the way for the downfall of the French power in India.

The melancholy close of Dupleix's story may be told very briefly. He embarked amid the cordial and publicly expressed sympathy of the settlement. His arrival in France was greeted with popular enthusiasm; at first he was well received by the ministers; and the Pompadour made much of his wife. He even began to hope that he might be reinstated. But the pacification once accomplished, he was frowned upon by the court, slighted by the ministry, harassed by creditors, insulted by officers formerly under his authority, and who had conceived grudges against him, and exposed to popular ridicule as a political charlatan. But worst of all was his treatment by his old employers. He could obtain no adjudication of his claims on the Company. In vain he memorialized, earnestly, luminously, convincingly. He was answered, and replied with indisputable cogency. The literary controversy was prolonged, but without effect. Godeheu's maneuver had encouraged and enabled the directors to evade a judicial settlement of his demands. And they were never settled.

The death of Madame Dupleix in November, 1758, left her husband unspeakably desolate. And though two years later he remarried, apparently happily, his second wife had little fortune, and he became more and more impoverished, though he still made gallant effort to relieve friends who had been involved in his ruin. He was at last threatened with an execution on his poor effects, and expulsion from his humble retreat. In a state of extreme exhaustion, he composed a last and piteous summary of his services, his wrongs, and his forlorn condition; and three days ^{after} ^{ward} he expired, on November 10, 1760, ^{at} ^{Paris} ^{France}, having survived the final triumph of the ^{English}.

in the great duel which he had first provoked. That Dupleix was not only a remarkable, but a really great man, is the general impression conveyed by an attentive study of his history. The originality, boldness and magnitude of his political conceptions; his versatile ability, displayed alike in its application to commerce, politics, and war; his inexhaustible fertility of resource; his high moral courage; his indomitable energy and perseverance; his munificent devotion of an ample fortune to the public service; the marvels which he wrought with inadequate means and unpromising instruments; the unhesitating confidence which he inspired both in Europeans and natives, and which was exemplified in the continuous acquiescence of his council in his adventurous policy; the admiration which he extorted from his enemies; the enthusiastic sympathy which he kindled not only in the young and chivalrous Bussy, but in the aged and gout-stricken D'Autheuil; the precautions which were adopted by the French authorities and their sycophantic agent to trepan and coerce him into the surrender of his authority; his loyal and unconditional submission to the adverse verdict, though it cast him down from the pinnacle of power under the feet of one of the meanest and most worthless of men; and his dignified demeanor after his resignation:—all these tokens bespeak the presence of a king of men.

He has been taxed with inordinate vanity. The charge, if not unfounded, seems to be at least much exaggerated, and mainly the result of misapprehension, national antipathy, personal prejudice, and studied misrepresentation. "Vain" was, nay is, one of the stock epithets too readily applied by sober Englishmen to their more mercurial and self-asserting neighbors; and it was, of course, liberally bestowed on one who pushed himself into such sudden and invidious eminence, and for a while bestrode the Indian world like a Colossus. And his policy of impressing the oriental imagination by a dramatic display of dignity as the French king's viceroy; by making much of the title of nawab to which he had succeeded, and parading the new honors and decorations received from his Mogul patron; and by trumpeting his successes far and wide, and graving

in the living stone his triumph over Nazir Jung—all these devices naturally caused him to be regarded as a man of an unbounded stomach. This estimate was confirmed by his conduct in the later stages of the Carnatic contest. Orme mentions how, while Chunda Sahib was his tool, he provoked the English by setting up French flags round their territory, as if to warn them off from crossing *his* frontier. *Valeat quantum!* But is not British sensitiveness here as evident as French vanity? When, however, after Chunda Sahib's fall, Dupleix still refused to recognize Mahomed Ali, affected to give a title to Mortiz Ali, and at last produced a grant of the nawabship from the Subahdar to himself the monstrous assumption was most readily accounted for by the plausible theory, that the once lucky and now desperate adventurer was the dupe of his own extravagant conceit, which goaded him on to persevere in playing at kingship instead of "seeing things as they were," making peace and settling down to his proper business as the manager of a commercial concern. And Labourdonnais's aspersions fell in with this view of his rival's besotted egotism.

In spite of all this, we believe the charge to be substantially untrue, or at least unproved. To analyze correctly the mixed motives of human action, and to assign to each motive its relative strength, is never easy. But it is especially difficult when personal ambition and public views are intertwined; when the individual is the prime mover, and throughout the ruling agent, upon whose influence and reputation the success of an original and critical policy is staked; and when accordingly the exaltation of the man is essential to the execution of his designs. That Dupleix was public-spirited in his aims, that he was zealously devoted to the interests of the Company as he understood them, to the service of the king though that king was Louis XV., and to the glory and aggrandizement of his countrymen however little they understood him, we cannot doubt. How far personal considerations and feelings influenced him; how far his achievements and his barbaric honors stimulated his vanity, as they no doubt flattered his self-esteem; how far his personal claim to the

munud was put forward not only for public ends, but gratify a half-orientalized craving for high rank and swelling title—must remain uncertain.

Again, he has been sneered at as a physical coward; and Macaulay was not ashamed to repeat the silly sneer. That he did not lead armies in the field, is true enough: his business lay elsewhere. But a single incident which occurred during the siege of Pondicherry will be enough to clear up this point. Coming upon a group of soldiers, who were cowering before a shell that had just lighted among them, he approached, but too late to prevent the explosion, which, however, only covered him with dust and smoke. Turning to the men, he remarked coolly, *Vous voyez bien, enfante, que cela ne fait pas de mal.*

If the mature Governor-General did not, like the young factor Clive, turn soldier outright, his military capacity was shown in several ways. He was a great war minister. His promptitude, assiduity, and skill in making the most of his scanty resources and poor material, in organizing and equipping the various departments of the army, in improving the discipline and tone of the wretched recruits sent out from France, in raising and training sepoy corps, in pushing on his troops to the scene of action, employing them as effectively as circumstances permitted, and keeping them true, latterly, to a losing cause, will appear the more notable the more his story is studied in detail. Again, he was no mean master of the operations of war, both as a strategist and as a tactician. His insight was clear and comprehensive; his suggestions were generally apposite; his warnings too often prophetic. He insisted, from the first, on the extreme importance of reducing Trichinopoly and Gingee, and of the folly and danger of the Tanjore diversion. He consented most reluctantly, and against his judgment, to the first blockade of Trichinopoly; and at every stage of that fatal enterprise we have seen how well he understood the requirements of the position, and strove by wise orders to check each approach to the catastrophe. In the course of the second blockade he ordered an escalade in the night, which very nearly succeeded. After

Law's surrender, he was never strong enough to besiege the city in form. Though in his last campaigns he was overmatched throughout, his sagacious advice was most serviceable. He recommended that pitched battles in the open should be avoided; that the spade should be used more than the sword; that good positions, which he carefully selected and pointed out, should be occupied, and strongly entrenched with earthworks. And thus he was able to restore the confidence and supplement the scanty numbers of his own army to repulse with loss and disgrace to the English a formidable demonstration against Gingee, and to keep Lawrence himself at bay and inactive, until he was forced to hurry off to the relief of Trichinopoly, which was again on the verge of surrender for want of provisions.

Once more, Dupleix's defence of Pondicherry against Boscawen exhibits his military ability in yet another light. The plan of that defence was his own, the fruit (as we have already said) of his early devotion to the study of fortification; after Paradis's death he was entirely his own engineer: his zeal and confidence sustained the spirits, his skill directed the efforts, of the besieged; and with every allowance for the awkwardness of the besiegers the result seems to entitle him to a respectable place among military commanders.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon his proficiency in the diplomatic department of generalship, in which he was assisted by his wife, and which enabled him to rescue Pondicherry, to augment his small army with hosts of native allies, and after Chunda Sahib's death to detach the Mysoreans and Mahrattas from Mahomed Ali and the English, and with their aid to reestablish the blockade of Trichinopoly. Thus, under the most serious and accumulating disadvantages, he continued to fight on, with varying fortune, unable to conquer, but still unconquered, until he fell, not by the arms of his antagonists in India, but by the arts of his opponents in France, the dextrous contrivance of the English negotiators, and the crushing dead-weight of a calamity which he had done all in his power to prevent, but of which he was doomed to pay the bitter penalty.

Dupleix was not only a great man; but in many respects a great statesman. His ruling idea of establishing European ascendancy, in India, by a combination of martial enterprise and subsidiary relations with native rulers, and based partly on direct titular and territorial acquisitions from the Mogul or his deputies, partly on the indirect influence of the resources of western civilization, operating steadily as a sapping and transforming force on the disintegrated and discordant elements of native society, may, at the present day, seem obvious and almost commonplace. But not the less because experience has since proved that it was a practicable one, was it an original, subtle, and bold conception at the time. That Dupleix, so lightly equipped at the opening of his march, so grudgingly supported from his remote French base, so stoutly obstructed by the English, made such progress on the road to empire, and to the last guarded Pondicherry and Gingee intact, maintained the blockade of the second capital of the Carnatic, kept Bussy at Aurungabad, and thereby retained his influence over the subahdar, his reputation in the Dekkan as mayor of the palace, and his hold of the French possessions in the Circars, is surely enough to establish his pretensions to statesmanship, judging even by the vulgar test of accomplished results.

How much further he might have proceeded, had his heroic exertions been better sustained by his countrymen, and less stubbornly opposed by the British, may seem an idle question; yet in suggesting it we have, it appears to us, touched the blot that derogates from his fame as a practical and far-seeing statesman. He had a brilliant imagination, consummate dexterity, untiring energy, an indomitable will; but he seems to have lacked, as a politician, what, paradoxically enough, he so often displayed as a general—sobriety of judgment, the capacity or inclination to count the cost of his great undertaking before he entered on it, and again when, instead of making peace, he persevered in it, regardless of the warnings of experience. He knew that he owed his appointment to the improvement which he had effected in the Company's condition by a long course of peaceful enterprise.

He knew that the directors were so much averse to military expenditure that, on the eve of war with England, they prescribed the most rigid economy in that respect, instead of sending reinforcements, and constrained him to fortify Pondicherry at his own cost. He knew that Madras had been reduced not by a regular armament from Europe, but by a non-descript force extemporized at the Isle of France; that Pondicherry had been preserved, first by an appeal to the Nawab, afterward by the clumsiness of the besiegers, and his own careful husbanding of a comparatively small army. This great success, and the subsequent hesitation of the English, might indeed tempt him to underrate them, and the danger of their interference with his designs. Still he knew well what Englishmen had been in the past, and might again show themselves—to his peril. He also knew well the intensity and sensitiveness of their commercial jealousy, the precariousness of native alliances, the uncertainties of war, the certainty that his policy of intervention, if tolerated by his employers for a while in a single case and in the full tide of startling success, would be disapproved as a general scheme, and in the case that had already occurred would be liable to condemnation on the first reverse, and to faint support in the interval. After Clive's rise and Lawrence's return to India, there could be no mistake as to the seriousness and potency of the English opposition. Law's disaster, so great in itself, so ominous in every way, was sure to be regarded as the fatal outcome of Dupleix's temerity. Whether, had he recalled Bussy to the Carnatic, and through him even succeeded in storming Trichinopoly, he could have recovered his ground, and concluded a favorable peace, seems doubtful; and not less so, whether the authorities in France would, after such a disaster, have allowed time for working out such a programme.

But Dupleix did not recall Bussy. The collapse in the Carnatic made him cling all the more tenaciously to the Dekkan. His "system" was at stake. The death of Chunda Sahib was an additional reason for adhering to the subahdar. The political legitimacy of Dupleix's attitude as a belligerent now de-

pended entirely on Salabat Jung's sanction. He hoped also to receive material support from him, which was prevented by circumstances upon which we must not now enter, but which Dupleix ought to have taken into account. Yet without Bussy's help, without a single able officer, practically almost without an army of his own, and in desperate dependence on doubtful and treacherous native alliances, he neglected to make peace and thereby committed himself anew to a most precarious contest, which if not promptly and successfully ended, he must have been well aware, would in one way or another be his undoing. Such is hardly the conduct of a practical statesman. And, on the whole, the old estimate of Dupliex, as a brilliant visionary, does not seem to be far from the truth; not, however, because he dreamed of what was impracticable in itself, but because he refused to discern the signs of the times, and to recognize the fact that what he coveted was, in his actual circumstances, beyond his reach. And we, who have since settled down in the promised land of his aspirations, ought to be the first to admit the great qualities, to speak gently of the defects, and to commiserate the misfortunes of the prophet, who impelled us to enter in and possess it.—SIDNEY J. OWEN, in *The English Historical Review*.

[CONCLUDED.]

"WONDERFUL WALKER."

If I may judge by the number of circulars I find in my letter-box, there are a great many societies for augmenting the incomes of the clergy, and I am often called upon to be peculiarly sympathetic with distressed rectors whose livings are under £200 a year—nay, I read only quite lately in my *Pall Mall Gazette* that the distress among the clergy is such that second-hand clothes are but too welcome. As a contribution to the subject, I should like to tell the story of an exemplary clergyman who was rector of one parish for sixty-seven years, whose living was under the value of £20, who educated and placed in the world eight children, and left behind him, not only a memory honored through all the country side, but

£2,000 in hard cash. It is very certain that my model parson never asked for charity for himself from any living soul, nor ever dreamed of wearing anybody's cast-off clothes. He is known all over the Lake country as "Wonderful Walker," but in his own particular vale the peasants speak of him simply as "The Wonderful." I have long wanted to explore his native vale, and this autumn, St. Luke having been very gracious and sent us a most delightful "little summer," I reflected that out of gratitude to his so generous saintship, one day at least should be spent in a pleasant devotionall manner. I determined therefore to make a pilgrimage to the "Wonderful's" grave.

This simple little Mecca is Seathwaite, in the Duddon valley. If there is any word signifying something far smaller than either village or hamlet, Seathwaite is that: it is practically a church and a few scattered farms lying in the lap of the hills. My way there was by little Langdale Tarn, the only lake Mr. Pryn says "that he is ashamed of;" and indeed even under the glamour of a glorious October day it looked very mean and ill-conditioned; then over Wrynose Pass down into Cockley Beck Bottom. This valley is the picture of desolation; one farmhouse breaks the long sweep of stony fell, a shabby little stream jerks itself down a rocky channel, the whole valley is treeless, flowerless and birdless. But the change out of this into the Duddon valley is inspiring: the stream plucks up heart and begins to conduct itself properly, feeling that it is not every little river that has thirty-four Wordsworthian sonnets written about it; gradually the stones become rocks, the rocks boulders, the sweep of the lower hills grows noble, and the outline of the mountains becomes rugged and grand. And, above all, one has a feeling of supreme peace and seclusion—an assurance that one is at last out of the world of railways, telegrams, jerry builders, and school boards. It is, indeed, a Valley of Avillion, where, it is true, rain falls some what freely and winds blow, but which is

Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns

For the first ten miles of my walk I only

met one man. I found him to be a serious, taciturn creature, square jawed and wide browed, pausing long before he answered a question. Three miles from Cockley Beck Farm brought me to Seathwaite, and here one is in the heart of the lovely valley. It is a dale within a valley; on every side except the south the circling hills close round you, and down through the midst of it the river leaps and rushes in a series of lovely falls. Seathwaite Church stands close to the stream; but, alas! the old church has given place to a new one. A dozen years ago the very church in which "The Wonderful" ministered was still standing, and would have stood there still if an excellent Seathwaite dame had had her own way; she told me with a sigh, "Parsons are so proud nowadays, so they pulled down t'ould church and put oop the new one." The present building is of the usual genteel Early English type. Under an old yew tree in a corner of the quiet little graveyard. "Wonderful Walker" sleeps his long sleep; the plain blue slab rests on two crumbling brick supports. It is simply inscribed to the memory of the Rev. Robert Walker, aged ninety-three; his wife, also aged ninety-three; and their eldest daughter Elizabeth, aged eighty-one.

And now to tell you something of the man who lies beneath that stone. He was born within half a mile from his last home in a humble little cottage in Seathwaite he ministered in this valley for sixty-seven years, and here he died: he was born in 1709 and died in 1802. During sixty-seven years he governed his parish with an entirely healthy and absolutely autocratic rule. "The Wonderful" was a well-read theologian and an exceedingly exact and loyal Churchman; above all things he had the gift and wisdom to bring religion into touch with conduct, and to enforce in the field what he preached in the pulpit. He was an ideal bishop or overseer of his flock, not only instructing his people in spiritual matters, but directing their material lives and exercising a noble masterhood over both souls and bodies. In a valley where every man, woman, and child had to work hard for a living, he led the way in all manual labor. Rising every morning between three and four o'clock he

ploughed and planted, he tended his own flock, spun his own flax and wool, and made his own shoes. In his person he combined law, physic, and divinity, with admirable magisterial function added; he prepared all his people's wills and bonds, and when they were ill he physicked them, and that with good effect, if one may judge by the average length of Seathwaite lives. He educated all his own children and started them in the world, sending one of the boys to college—educating them, too, in so solid and admirably tenacious a way that all lived honorable lives, handing down the Walker traditions almost to the present day. So excellent was the discipline of the parish, that in all the length and breadth of it there was not a single Dissenter, and no title war ever ruffled the peace of the valley. The matter of tithes, by the way, was adjusted in a very simple and picturesque manner. When the villagers were getting in their hay or corn, "The Wonderful" took a sheet into the field and filling it with as much of the crop as it would carry, he would place it on his back and contentedly walk home. As regards clothes, he was certainly a law unto himself, when at home he wore a coarse blue frock and checked shirt, a leather strap for a stock, and coarse apron and wooden clogs, but for all this no bishop in full vestments ever seems to have inspired more absolute reverence and awe. In two ways "The Wonderful" anticipated certain recent reforms. For about eight hours every day, except Saturday, he was occupied in teaching the children of his parish, giving them sound education free of charge. I think it is Mr. Ruskin who has desired that every village should have a holy church at one end and a holy tavern at the other, with a holy tapster, if it may be, dispensing honest beer. Here, again, "The Wonderful" was just one hundred years in advance of his time. He kept the village inn, selling an excellent home-brewed ale that was meat and drink to his people; not only did he preach temperance and sobriety in the pulpit, but he enforced it in the village beershop. To this day they tell a story of a thirsty wayfarer ordering a pint of ale on a hot day, and finding it so excellent he called for a second, whereupon Mr. Walker

made answer, "My friend, go thy way, I know, if thou dost not, when thou hast had enough." He exercised a generous hospitality, literally feeding his flock, the long homely table being spread every Sunday with simple fare for the refreshment of parishioners who came from a long distance. His wife was worthy of her husband, seconding all his efforts and sweetening and softening his rough life in unflinching love and tenderness. The records of her death and funeral are full of a lovely pathos. She was borne to her grave by three of her daughters and one granddaughter. "The Wonderful" was then more than ninety years old and well-nigh blind, but he insisted on lending his aid, and feeling about took hold of a napkin tied to the coffin, and so, as far as might be, helping to bear the body, he entered the church.

I have not space to tell of his wide practical knowledge of plants, stones, and fossils, and of his exact observation of stars, winds, and clouds, his clear healthy soul seems always to have been in touch with nature. Preferment was offered to him, for his bishop knew the value of the man, but he put it on one side lest he should "be suspected of cupidity." He loved his own valley too well to leave it, and there he remained till the end came, very peacefully, in 1802. Every night before he went to bed he examined the heavens, and meditated for a little space in the open air; the very night he died he did so, and spoke of the exceeding brightness of the moon; when they went to him next morning he had journeyed to that city that

Needeth no sun nor moon to lighten it,
Nor any stars.

—ALBERT FLEMING, in *The Pall Mall Gazette*

MOHAMMEDANISM IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

For some time past the subject of the civilization of Africa has been a favorite one with all classes. Each European country has vied with the others in attempting ostensibly to open it up for the special benefit of the in-

habitants. The methods adopted sometimes appear strange, and we are apt to become suspicious when we find beneath a veneer of cotton a large amount of rum and gin, and civilization forced on the notice of the negro with sword and gun. It may perhaps not be without a certain amount of interest to inquire if there are any other agencies—apart from the European—at work pursuing the noble aim of elevating the negro to a higher level of humanity. It will, I suppose, seem passing strange to many when I point to Mohammedanism as one of these agencies engaged in this great task.

Since the appearance of Mohammed the religion which he founded has been a favorite subject of attack and misrepresentation. First looked upon as a form of idolatry, it was, later on, described as a mass of blasphemous imposture, and only within the last few years have a few sympathetic and impartial students of the Koran dared to point out the genuine veins of gold which ramify through the system, and, risking the *odium theologicum*, to hold up its author as a hero. Even yet, to the great mass of the people, Mohammedanism is merely thought of in a vague sort of way as something connected with polygamy, as the inspiring source of the slave trade, as the cause of all the evils which prevail in North Africa, Asia Minor, and Turkey, and as in some way or other a curse and a blight to whatever country falls under its influence.

It is not my business to point out here how Mohammedanism, in being thus depicted, is treated with injustice; but I may be permitted to remind the reader that the man who said that "the worst of men is the seller of men," and who declared that nothing was more pleasing to God than the emancipation of slaves, could never have in any way encouraged or sanctioned the slave trade. To argue that a religion is responsible for all the vile acts of its professors is monstrous in the extreme. Yet that is exactly what we are continually doing with regard to Mohammedanism. We forget that the Mohammedan might turn the tables on us with a vengeance, and lay our brutal slave trade of the past at the door of Christianity, as well as our incessant

wars and all the crying evils of the gin trade in the present. And has he not as good a right to say that these are the necessary outcome of Christianity as we have to say that the slave trade and other evils are produced and encouraged by Islam? We are not, however, called upon to discuss these questions nor am I the man fitted to do it. I propose to direct attention to the civilizing and elevating influence which this so much vilified religion is exercising in the heart of Africa and to the transformation it is effecting in the whole political and social condition of inner Africa north of the equator.

During the three expeditions which I conducted in East Central Africa I saw nothing to suggest Mohammedanism as a civilizing power. Whatever living force might be in the religion remained latent. The Arabs or their descendants in those parts were not propagandists. There were no missionaries to preach Islam, and the natives of Muscat were content that their slaves should conform to a certain extent to the forms of the religion. They left the East African tribes, who indeed, in their gross darkness, were evidently content to remain in happy ignorance. Their inaptitude for civilization was strikingly shown in the strange fact that five hundred years of contact with semi-civilized people had left them without the faintest reflection of the higher traits which characterized their neighbors—not a single good seed during all these years had struck root and flourished. This seemed to me a very remarkable fact, and the only conclusion I could then come to was, that the negro was so hopelessly ossified in his degraded state as to be next to unimprovable, by moral suasion at least—a view somewhat strengthened on seeing the martyred lives of missionaries and the great treasure thrown away in endeavors to reach them through the divine teaching of Christ. That these latter practically failed to attain their noble ends I did not wonder at when I saw how the missionaries attempted the impracticable—expecting to do in a generation the work of centuries, and to instil the most beautiful, sublime, and delicate conceptions of religion into undeveloped brains. The

more I saw of East Central Africa the more I tended to take a despondent view of the future improbability of the negro, simply because I could not see how he was to be got at in such a way as to touch the depths of his soul, and light some spark which would give him new life. So far as I could judge, I had not as yet seen more than a semblance of something better—a sort of veneer of Christianity, which made a good show and looked satisfactory only when described in a Missionary Magazine.

It was not till last year that I was destined to be converted from this scepticism about the negro, and to begin to see infinite possibilities lying latent, encased in his low thick cranium. My conversion took place in West Central Africa. It was not, however, brought about by the sight of the thriving community of Sierra Leone or that of Lagos, though both were encouraging. Neither was it brought about by seeing the civilizing influence of European trade, of which we sometimes hear so much; for, as I have stated elsewhere, "for every African who is influenced for good by Christianity a thousand are driven into deeper degradation by the gin trade." Four hundred years of contact with Europeans have only succeeded, along the greater part of the coast, in raising a taste for gin, rum, gunpowder and guns. The extent of the intercourse between a village and the European merchant is only too often gauged by the size of its pyramid of gin bottles. It is a painful fact to admit, but there is no shirking the naked reality, that in West Africa our influence for evil enormously counterbalances any little good we have produced by our contact with the African. The sight of the small headway Christianity was making, and the aptitude in the negro to adopt all that was evil in the white man, only deepened the impression I had acquired in East Africa.

My conversion from this pessimistic view took place when passing up the Niger, through the degraded cannibals who inhabit its lower reaches. I reached the Central Sudan, and the sights and scenes I there witnessed burst upon me like a revelation. I found myself in the heart of Africa, among undoubted ne-

groes; out how different from the unwashed, unclad barbarians it had hitherto been my lot to meet in my travels in Africa! I could hardly believe I was not dreaming when I looked around me and found large well built cities, many of them containing 10,000 to 30,000 inhabitants. The people themselves, picturesque and voluminously dressed, moved about with that self-possessed sober dignity which bespeaks the man who has a proper respect for himself. I saw on all sides the signs of an industrious community, differentiated into numerous crafts, evidence sufficient to show how far advanced they were on the road to civilization. I heard the rattle, the tinkle, and the musical clang of workers in iron, in brass, and in copper. I could see cloth being made in one place, and dyed, or sewn into gowns or other articles of dress, in other places. In the markets, crowded with eager thousands, I could see how varied were the wants of these negro people, how manifold the productions of their industry, and how keen their business instincts. Almost more remarkable than anything else, no native beer or spirits, nor European gin and rum, found place in their markets. Clearly there were no buyers, and therefore no sellers. Outside the towns, again no forest covered the land; the density of the population and its numerous requirements had made the virgin forest a thing of the past, and its place was taken by various cereals, by cotton and indigo, and other vegetable productions which minister to the inner and outer man.

What could have produced this great change?—for that a change had occurred could not be doubted. Certainly, contact with Europeans had had nothing to do with it. The character of the industries, the style of art, indicated a certain amount of Moorish influence, giving them the direction which they had assumed. How had the first great steps been taken? No Moors or Arabs were to be seen among the people. No such races held the reins of government, and by their powerful influence caused the introduction of new arts and industries. Evidently, whatever had been done had been done through the free aspirations of the negroes toward higher things.

I was not left long in ignorance of the agency which had thus transformed numerous tribes of savages into semi-civilized nations, ruled by powerful sultans who administered justice of a high order (for Africa), and rendered life and property safe. That agency was almost exclusively Mohammedanism. I say *almost*, because there were in reality a few secondary causes at work, which tended to elevate the negro, apart from the religious. One of these causes—the one of chief importance—was the physical conditions which prevailed over a great part of the Central Sudan.

Mohammedanism it was, without a doubt, which had breathed this fresh vigorous life into these negroes. It was Mohammedanism which supplied the living tie which bound a hundred alien tribes together—tribes which without it were deadly foes. The Koran supplied the new code of laws. Islam had swept away fetishism, with all its degrading rites, and replaced it with a new watchword—a watchword of a truly spiritual sort. No longer did the naked savage throw himself before stocks and stones, or lay offerings before serpents or lizards; but as a well-clothed and reverent worshiper he bent before that "One God" whose greatness and compassionateness he continually acknowledged. How impressive it was to me, when I wandered in these lands, to hear the negro population called to the duties of the day by the summons to prayer at the first streak of dawn; sung out in the musical stentorian notes of the negro muezzin, it echoed and retched throughout the sleeping city. "God is most great. Come to prayers! Prayer is better than sleep!" was the burden of the call: and even as the thrilling notes still lingered in dying cadence, and the gray dawn but faintly illumined the houses of the town, doors were heard to open, and devout Muslims—such as submit themselves to and have faith in God—appeared. Some would go through their morning duties in the courtyards of their compounds, and others, more devout, would wend their way to the mosque, where, looking in the direction of Mecca, and with faces humbled to the dust, they would acknowledge

their utter dependence on God. At other times I could see these negroes, during the thirsty march, in the dusty field, or while engaged in ordinary industrial occupations, stop for a moment in their several employments, and seeking out one of the numerous places marked off by stones which did duty as mosques wear for a time their thoughts from the sordid cares of this world, and fix them on the things which are above mere sense.

In these Sudanese towns not only did I find mosques, but the importance of studying religion at the fountain-head had made education necessary, and hence in every quarter of the town were to be found schools of the usual Eastern type, where the rising generation learned at one and the same time the articles of their faith and the Arabic language. The desire for education was very general, and a village without several men who could read or write Arabic was a rarity. In the larger towns, such as Sokoto, Wurnu, and Gandu, there were to be found men who, not content with the education they could get at home, had found their way through manifold dangers and toils to the great Mohammedan university, El-Azhar, in Cairo, to complete their studies.

A volume might be written in describing the various modes in which Mohammedanism has affected the negro and civilized him; but I have said enough to draw attention to the incontestable fact that Islam is a powerful agency for good in Central Africa. It may be remarked that in the Central Sudan the Muslim is not fanatical. The negro has not the intense nature of the Arabs and kindred people, and is consequently inclined to live and let live on easier terms than his co-religionist in the Egyptian Sudan. Like all Eastern and African races, the Sudanese is a polygamist, but his free and sociable nature has not permitted the seclusion of his wives in harems, nor does he consider it necessary that they should be veiled. They occupy probably a better position in the Central Sudan than in any other country where polygamy is the rule.

The extent of country over which Islam holds sway is coterminous with that great con-

tinental zone called the Sudan, which extends from the Nile to the Atlantic, and from the Sahara to within between four degrees and six degrees of the equator. Along the Atlantic seaboard there are still some pagan spots, but Mohammedanism is slowly but surely bearing down on them—establishing itself by moral suasion if it can; but if not, then, in the name of God, with fire and sword and all the dread accompaniments of war. But not only is it proselytizing among the heathen; it has its missionaries in Sierra Leone and Lagos. It has there thrown down its gage to Christianity for the possession of the natives, and reports speak of it spreading rapidly, and recruiting its ranks from the Christian community to no small extent. If that is so—and I have no reason to doubt it—there must be something terribly wrong in the *method* of teaching Christianity. To me, as one having the interests of Christianity deeply at heart, it has always appeared as if the system adopted was radically unsuited to the people. Meanwhile I cannot help saying, better a good Muslim than a skin-deep Christian—a mere jackdaw tricked out in peacock's feathers.

In reaching the sphere of European influence, Mohammedanism not only throws down its gage to Christianity, it also declares war upon our chief contribution of West Africa—the gin trade. While we support anti-slavery societies, and spend great sums in sending missionaries to the heathen, it is very strange that we are absolutely indifferent to the shameful character of this traffic. We are ever ready to raise shouts of horror if a case of maltreatment of slaves occurs, and we will not see that we at this moment are conducting a trade which is in many respects a greater evil than the slave trade. That word, "European trade," as spoken of on our platforms, is complacently regarded as synonymous with civilization; it is supposed to imply well-dressed negroes as its necessary outcome, and the introduction of all the enlightened amenities of European life. It *ought* to mean that to some extent; but, as I have seen it in many parts of West Africa, it has largely meant the driving down of the negro into a tenfold deeper slough of moral depravity. And we

—we Christians—leave it to the despised Mohammedans, those professors of a "false religion," to attack this traffic and attempt to stem the tide of degradation, to sweep it away utterly if possible, as they have already done fetishism and cannibalism over enormous areas. If this is its mission, then, in default of something better, let Islam continue its progress through Africa! It will be the vanguard of civilization. Whatever may be said about many aspects of Mohammedanism, it at least contains as much of good as the undeveloped brains of the negro can well assimilate; and so long as good is being done in genuine reality, why should we not heartily welcome it, even though it is accomplished through a religion we ourselves do not accept.

I had proposed to myself to enter into the questions, why Mohammedanism has been so successful in Africa? and why Christianity, in comparison with it, has done so little? I had further proposed to ask whether our missionaries could not derive some hints and lessons from the Mohammedans, and so be better able to enter into the field against heathendom?

These three questions cannot be adequately answered here. I may, however, be permitted to express my opinion in the briefest manner. The success of Mohammedanism has been largely due to the fact that it has asked of the negro apparently so little, and yet that little is so much, for in it lie the germs of a great revolution. The message is brought by men like themselves; its acceptance does not necessarily change any of their habits. Everything is within the range of the negro's comprehension—a very terrible One God, who sits in judgment, and a very real heaven and hell. Belief in these and in God's messenger, and attention to a few practical duties—prayer, almsgiving, etc.—are all the requirements. To state the matter in another way, it is because of its very harshness, of its great inferiority, as compared with Christianity, that it has succeeded.

On the other hand, Christianity has done so little because it has tried to do too much. Missionaries have proceeded almost invariably on the assumption that it is necessary to present the doctrinal system of the Christian

Church in its entirety. They have forgotten that minds can only assimilate subtle or beautiful truths in proportion to their development. The ideas of the Christian world at large are in many respects not the same today as they were six centuries ago, or even one century ago. We have taken eighteen centuries to become the Christians we are, although through the ages the Bible remained the same; and now we think that in a generation we can graft our conceptions of Christianity on the low brains of the negro. The idea is not in accord with common sense. We present to him intangible and transcendental aspects of religion. We stupify him with unthinkable dogmas about the Trinity and kindred topics. With all this we think there ought to be a Pentecostal awakening—that the inherent virtue of the Word should produce a miracle, and when the miracle does not appear we groan over the hardness of heart and the ascendancy of the devil in the negro, when in reality the fault is in ourselves and in our methods of procedure. We must be simple in our creed, or rather in our presentation of the Gospel. We must find out what aspects of Christianity the negro can comprehend and can assimilate, as well as what will attract and impress him. From the Mohammedan missionary we might get hints as to the line this simplification should take. Better sow one good seed which will grow and fructify and permeate the life of the negro, than a thousand which will fail to strike root, but remain sterile on the surface.

In thus recognizing a good element in the spread of Mohammedanism, and in venturing to hint at desirable improvements in the methods of our own missionary propaganda, very probably I shall lay myself open to various forms of misconception on the part of those who recognize but the agency of the Evil One in good works which are not done in the orthodox manner. In any case, I shall be satisfied if, by indicating that some good can come out of Islam, I have shown that some Christians may take hints from our vastly more successful rival in the work of civilizing Africa, and thus be able to present a purer, a nobler, a more inspiring religion to

the negro, which will satisfy his inner cravings for some light in his dark surroundings. For the negro, with all his intellectual deficiencies, is naturally a very religious individual. In a hundred ways he shows how much he feels the necessity of depending on something else than himself. In his helplessness he gropes aimlessly about after an explanation of his surroundings, and finds but slight consolation in fetishism and spirit-worship. The rapid spread of Islam proves beyond a doubt that there is nothing to hinder the Christian faith from making far more extensive conquests, if we would only meet the negro with weapons properly selected from the Christian armory. We must also be content to let generations of wise education develop the capacities which as yet are in the most rudimentary condition and not expect to work miracles. And, most important of all, let us get up a missionary agency for Christian Europe which shall preach the doctrine of no more gin trade, no more gunpowder and guns, for the African. Then, when we have set our own house in order, we shall be able to go with clearer conscience to the heathen, and with brighter prospects of success.—**JOSEPH THOMSON**, in *The Contemporary Review*.

WHAT IS A SPOOK?

Divers communications from persons of both sexes and of various callings have been received at the office of this journal, the substance of which may be summarized in the question wherewith these lines are headed. It is obvious that any one who could furnish a complete answer would be superior in wisdom and knowledge not only to Solomon, but also to the most stupendous adept whose existence the Theosophists pretend to imagine. Nevertheless it is possible that a few words of general indication may not be without their use.

Philologically, of course, there is no difficulty about the matter. The Greek word ψυχή is familiar to many people who do not

know Greek, and the ingenious theory has been put forward that the Germans thought well to adopt it into their language, and, having a well-grounded dislike to beginning a word with *ps*, they simply transposed the consonants. Moreover, they slightly specialized the meaning, as constantly happens when a word is borrowed by one language from another. Thus ψυχή, soul, or spirit, became *Spuk*, spirit, apparition, or ghost. Finally, the inhabitants of the Western States of America, in order to prove the cosmopolitan liberality which is one of their proudest boasts, learnt the word from their German fellow-citizens, and again slightly altered the spelling in order to preserve the sound; so that Spook, the daughter of *Spuk* and grand-daughter of ψυχή, became and was and still is a recognized word wherever the English language is spoken, and the normal and orthodox generic word for ghosts and things ghostly throughout a great part of the American continent.

The interrogation, "What is a spook?" requires for its full and proper answer a declaration as to what a spook is. That, as already indicated, will probably not be given within a measurable time. But some information on the subject, stating affirmatively what is a spook, is available for all, and can perhaps be set forth with peculiar advantage by those who have watched with kindly interest the recent outburst of spookical activity. Suppose, then, to begin with a simple instance, that you see somebody who isn't there. What you see is a spook. The person whom you see where he isn't may be dead or alive, and may be in the next room or on the other side of the world, but what you see is a spook all the same. Nor does it matter how he came. He may be a stranger, in Eastern attire, and may begin to twaddle about planes, chelas, gurus, adepts, and Higher Selves, and offer to "materialize" some article of trifling pecuniary value. In that case he is the astral principle of somebody, probably a Mahatma, whose bodily principle—which means his body—is lying motionless in a trance at some distant spot. But he is still a spook. Or, again, he may be somebody whom you know perfectly well and to whom you owe money, and who is at that

very moment having his throat cut in a cannibal island. He is a spook too. The one is occult, the other is telepathed, but for practical purposes there is no difference between them. The apparition of a person who has been dead for some time is equally a spook, and that, whether he or she wears the mortal semblance of Julius Cæsar, or of the Sieur who came over with Conqueror, begat your great-grandfather, and was finally beheaded for murder, or of the only woman you ever loved. He is not occult, and he is not telepathed—at least not in the ordinary way—but some day Messrs. Myers and Gurney will publish a book containing statutory declarations and scientific comment about him, and then we shall know more than we do at present. But that will not make him more or less a spook.

It is common knowledge that a great many spooks invert the proverbial duty of little girls, and are heard and not seen. Information delivered from Spookical Research shows clearly that they are sometimes felt, suggests that they have been smelt, and leads the professors of that branch of learning to express a guarded hope that some day they may be tasted. The invisible, audible spook presents some difficulties of his own in the way of definition. A man hears a sound which is not made—*e. g.* the sound of human song where no human larynx is singing. Does he hear a sound being made by a spook, or is the sound he hears itself a spook? The question is one of Spookical Research. For the layman it is enough to know that in either case the listener may accurately and according to the common use of language be said to "hear a spook." Dogs, carriages, balls of fire, musical chords, drum-beats, and raps on the furniture may also be spooks. It is hard to recognize a rap as a spook, because so many thousands of raps are not spooks at all, but are produced in the ordinary way by mechanical appliances. Still it is probable that some sorts of raps, especially on windows at the dead of night, may be spooks. But of course a sheet and turnip, or a smudge of phosphorus on the wall, are not spooks. Whatever else your spook is or is not, he must be genuine.—*The Saturday Review.*

MR. PUNCH'S CHRONICLES OF THE YEAR 1860.

In 1860 Mr. Gladstone is Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Palmerston Cabinet. Italy is successful in her struggle for freedom under Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel. The Emperor Napoleon desires that Italy should obtain peace and that the French troops should be able to quit Rome without compromising the security of the Pope. This is illustrated in *Mr. Punch's* cartoon (October 13) of "The Friend in Need," where Louis Napoleon is saying to the Pope "There, cut away quietly and leave me your keys. Keep up your spirits and I'll look after your little temporal matters." The legend here confuses the spiritual and temporal powers, but later on (October 1, 1870) it will be seen that *Mr. Punch* had clearly mastered the distinction when he depicts the Pope as surrendering the temporal power to King Victor Emmanuel, while he retains the spiritual power which the latter has no authority to touch. This exactly illustrated the attitude of Pius IX. toward the King of Italy between whom there was popularly supposed to exist a strong personal affection.

The great volunteer review of June 23d, 1860, is recorded by *Mr. Punch* in a cartoon representing the Queen in a sort of huntress's uniform resting her rifle on *Mr. Punch's* head, which is surmounted by a volunteer cap. At what Her Majesty is taking aim is not mentioned, but this is an unimportant detail, as the Queen's aim must always be the welfare of her subjects. Leech in his sketches of his review shows that crinolines were still in vogue, that the policeman's uniform still consisted of the high chimney-pot hat and tail coat, and that schoolboys were wearing a sort of Spanish toreador's cap, which soon developed into a kind of "pork-pie hat." The summer had evidently been a wintry one, as *Mr. Punch* in a cartoon (drawn by John Leech), dated July 14th, 1860, shows the joy of Britannia on welcoming the "Long-lost Sun" to her shores, where all "the corn had been spoiling—to say nothing of the strawberries."

In the Royal Academy list the names of Pickersgill, Hunt, Richmond, Morris, and G. D. Leslie are honorably mentioned. Mr. Whistler's talents are recognized; indeed *Mr. Punch's* critic says that his picture of "At the Piano," No. 598, "shows genius." Also the water-color portraits by Mr. Moore come in for a word of praise from "Jack Easel," who tells us how he passed through the "Condemned Cell," by which he means "the room devoted to rejected contributions." He describes what he sees there. Do the rejected ones nowadays lie in the condemned cell till late in July? Is there not an exhibition of the Great Unhung?

A half-page picture by Mr. Tenniel shows John Bull in a fearful temper at having to pay £4,000,000 for the expenses of the Chinese War. This delayed the reduction of the paper duty. A cartoon represents John Bright as a Quakeress throwing a torn census paper in the face of Mother Established Church. The victory remained with the Dissenters.

The Berkely peerage case occupied legal attention. It was heard before Lords Redesdaie, Brougham, Kingsdown, and others. The Chancellor sums up the sitting with these words: "We have made very good progress to-day and we must not hurry. Admiral Berkely has been for sixty years and more without a peerage, so he can wait a little longer and we can't."

Volunteer movement in full force. Volunteers been bivouacking in the park, and "Master cleaning that there dratted rifle in the kitchening," is drawn by Mr. Charles Keene. The Spanish cap for young men in country suits has come into fashion; also turndown collars. This summer a new ride in Kensington Gardens is opened. It is a great boon to equestrians and is protested against by the stupid "Westry." What a pity this ride is not revived and two or three more shady ones made, after the manner of the avenues in the Bois de Boulogne.

Sir Colin Campbell returns from India, and *Punch* in full volunteer uniform at the head of a regiment, in which we recognize such other distinguished volunteers as Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston, salutes "the

conquering hero." "Spiritualism" and "spirit-rapping" are coming to the front again and are trenchantly satirized. The late Mr. Medium Home gets a severe rapping. *Mr. Punch* points out the need for reform in bankruptcy proceedings.

John Bull determines to spend some money in his dockyards and arsenals, meaning thereby no offence of course to anybody, least of all to Louis Napoleon, who is armed to the teeth. This is in a cartoon for August 4th. The return of the Irish Papal Volunteers is celebrated in a couple of verses, from which it would appear that the expedition had not been a conspicuous success. The Emperor's remarkably frank letter to Count de Persigny does not obtain much credence from *Mr. Punch*, who represents His Majesty as the wolf in sheep's clothing, and Mr. John Bull replies—

"What *has* been *may* recur. Should a Brummagem
Cesar

Try a dash at John Bull, after conqu'ring the
Gauls,

I intend he shall find the achievement a teaser,
What with Armstrongs, long Enfields, and stout
wooden walls."

The expenses of projecting the Suez Canal are noted by *Mr. Punch*, who keeps an eye on M. de Lesseps. A cartoon represents "The Two Sick Men," the Pope and the Turk, with Napoleon as the physician who has done no good to the former with his doses of steel, and is now giving the latter his "gruel."

About this time *Mr. Punch* takes Lord Shaftesbury and others to task for their bigotry in depriving one Mr. Turnbull, a Roman Catholic, of the office of Calenderer of Foreign Papers in the State Paper Office. This gentleman was especially fitted for the post and did some excellent work, but the persecution to which he was subjected by the ultra-Protestant party hastened his death. "This," says *Mr. Punch* indignantly, "is altogether a most inexplicable case of Protestant terror, and he summons Lord Shaftesbury to call at his office and explain. The Sage of Fleet Street highly praises the conduct of two clergymen of the name of Hayles, of Llanely, who inter two hundred and thirty bodies of persons lost in the *Royal Charter*, and proposes

a testimonial for the Reverend "Robin Redbreast" brothers.

August 25th, Lord Palmerston, in a cartoon as a valet, tells the gamekeepers "it's no use their waiting, as their masters won't be up for a long time." A protracted session.

The Prince of Wales is in Canada, and *Mr. Punch* protests against H. R. H. being pestered by advertising tradesmen. Spiritualism is ridiculed in the letterpress, and in pictures by John Leech. The Ministerial Government dinner takes place at the end of August, and Lord John Russell on the balcony of the "Trafalgar" complains of the size of the white bait, whereupon Lord Palmerston replies, "Oh yes, you would make it so late this season." Mr. Spurgeon is mentioned, and is supposed to write a letter in *verse* recounting what he had seen on the Continent.

Everybody in September has gone out of town; Pam and Johnny Russell are packing up, and the "social" cuts, *i. e.*, half-page and quarter-page pictures, are all about holidays, traveling, fishing, and shooting. Mr. Briggs goes to the Highlands and crosses a park in which somebody's favorite bisons are kept.

The next cartoon is about the harvest, and Mr. Charles Keene represents a solitary swell left in town chatting with a crossing-sweeper. The swell in question is a member of the Rag (he calls it "Wag:" this affectation was as much "the thing to do" as it was when Bulwer Lytton wrote *Money*) and wears weeping whiskers, cutaway coat, low shoes, and balloon trousers. To Charles Keen, on tour in the provinces, *Mr. Punch* devotes a chaffy paragraph. This actor has not been noticed for some time in *Mr. Punch's* pages.

Spurgeon, the Pope, Cardinal Wiseman, Mr. Babbage (of calculating fame, and much disturbed by organ-grinders), spirit-rapping, Garibaldi, all come in for paragraphs, and the last mentioned is represented in one cartoon as driving the saints of the Roman Calendar out of Italy and in another as sympathetically suggesting to the Pope that he should exchange his tiara for the cap of liberty. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," says Shakespeare, and—it is capable of arithmetical demonstration—the head that

wears a triple crown must be trebly uneasy. The Prince of Wales is now in America, and presently *Mr. Punch* has some letters about his progress in the United States, and a cartoon entitled "The Next Dance," in which H. R. H. is represented as being introduced to pretty Cousin Columbia as a partner.

In October, there is an amusing article on "The Registration Court." It is a dramatic dialogue, evidently *à propos* of a generally haphazard manner of conducting business on the part of revising barristers. Nearly all the cartoons just now are occupied with foreign politics, in which the Pope, Italy, Victor Emmanuel, King of Naples, Garibaldi, and the Emperor of Austria play conspicuous parts.

Leech has a very funny sketch, a half-page, of Brighton at this time of year. Israelitish "gents" are on the parade wearing velvet coats, big trousers, and "pork-pie hats." The ladies—one of decidedly Jewish type—appear in enormous crinolines, pork-pie hats, and their hair in nets. In another part of the same number there is a short paragraph announcing, under the title of "New Jewry," that "Baron Rothschild is stated to be arranging for the purchase of Palestine, with a view to the restoration of the Jews. Rents at Brighton are expected to go down two-thirds." In this respect alone Brighton has not much changed in the last twenty years: it is still *Jerusalem-super-mare*.

Mr. Punch chaffs Dr. Cumming in a friendly way in consequence of the latter having alluded to something the "celebrated satirist" has written about his having prophesied the end of the world in 1887 and then taken a lease of a house for twenty-one years. This year a Home for Dogs was started at Islington, and *Mr. Punch* punningly suggests that a more appropriate site for it would have been Kenilworth.

Mr. Punch's nautical poet now sings that the hearts of oak and wooden walls have come to an end, and that henceforth "Ribs of steel are our ships, Engineers are our men," and then he goes on—

"We're steady, boys, steady,

But always unready:

—We've just let the French get before us again."

The "latest Parisian folly—the spoon-shaped bonnet," is immortalized in a sketch by John Leech.

November 30. One of Mr. Punch's poets writes some verses about "The Drag on the Treasury Coach," which "Bill Gladstone" had been driving.

"John Bull has good pluck and firm faith in his luck,
And likes a bold rate of progression;
It's hard to make *him* shy, but that son of Nimshi,
Bill Gladstone, did *that* all last session."

And so John Bull, jumping down—

"Amazed that he'd not had a tumble—
Says he, 'Next time *you* drive, anre as I am alive,
I'll send a safe guard in the rumble.'"

And in consequence "Pam" puts up "Fred Peel," bidding him—

"To the drag have an eye, and remember us, boy,
You're put there to keep William in order."

Mr. Rarey, the horse-tamer, attracts the notice of the Sage of Fleet Street. The Emperors of Austria and Russia and the King of Prussia hold a conference at Warsaw, and Mr. Punch records their probable dialogue. The sentimental ballad becomes a nuisance, and Punch proposes some simple songs instead of "Will you love me then as now?" and "I'm sitting, on the stile, Mary," which were at this time rather too popular.

Notable is the reappearance of Prince Albert in the cartoon for November 10. He is bald-headed, wears stock and turn-down collars, tightly-buttoned frock coat very much taken in at the waist and tightly-strapped trousers. It is on the occasion of the return from America of the Prince of Wales, who, dressed as a Yankee, is seated in a chair with his legs on the mantelpiece (on which is a glass of sherry cobbler with straws and ice in it), and while he whittles a stick and smokes a cigar says to his father, "Now sir-ree, if you'll liquor up and settle down, I'll tell you all about my travels." This picture is by Leech.

A poem on the burial of Lord Dundonald, in Westminster Abbey, November 18. This is the final verse:—

"Ashes to ashes! Lay the hero down;
No nobler heart o'er knew the bitter lot
To be misjudged, maligned, accused, forgot;
Twine martyr's palm among his victor's crown."

The Convention between China and the allied Powers having been signed in October, Lord Elgin insists on the terms being strictly adhered to by the Chinese Emperor. This is shown by the cartoon, November 24, entitled "New Elgia Marbles." The volunteer movement was very much to the front about this time, and Mr. Charles Keene was perpetually sketching amusing incidents in volunteer drill.

A small theater inside Her Majesty's Theater was opened, called *The Bijou*. Here Madame Doche performed. It was very badly ventilated, and Mr. Punch justly complained. Fechter was playing *Ruy Blas* at the Princess's, and the Sage of Fleet Street was much delighted with the performance. He alludes at this time to his favorite paper, *The Musical World* (it was then being edited by "Jimmy" Davison, musical critic of the *Times*), and he suggests, *à propos* of a promenade at Baden-Baden having been christened *L'Avenue Meyerbeer*, that in London we ought to have a "Balfe Square, a Wallace Crescent, a Macfarren Avenue, and a Clara Novello Park." By the way, when there recently arose a difficulty about naming the new space between the Criterion and the Pavilion, it is a pity that this hint of Mr. Punch's was not again brought forward and acted upon.

Mr. Punch advises the Southwark electors to take Mr. Layard as their Parliamentary representative. In the same number his cartoon represents "The Eldest Son of the Church" as Prince Henry tying on the Papal tiara, while the Pope is just waking up and looking on in horrified astonishment. Mr. Punch asks, "Why can the Emperor of the French never be Pope?" and replies, "Because it is impossible that three crowns can ever make one Napoleon."

Mr. Punch's cartoon of "A Friendly Visit," shows the Empress of the French taking tea with the Queen. Her Imperial Majesty arrived in England in the most informal manner, went to Scotland, visited the Queen at Windsor, and returned home very much the better for her trip.

The "spoon bonnet" becomes fashionable here, and two little boys salute its appearance with "Oh, if 'ere ain't a gal been and put on a dustman's 'at." *Mr. Punch*, for the worst conundrum, gives as a prize Martin Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy*, bound in extra calf. This says much for the popularity of the book.

Passports for British subjects were abolished (December 16) in France, and the last cartoon of the year depicts Louis Napoleon giving John Bull the latch key, so that he can "come and go as he likes."—F. C. BURNAND and ARTHUR A'BECKETT, in *The Fortnightly Review*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

THE WORLD'S TALLEST STATUE.—For several months New York has plumed itself on possessing the tallest statue by all odds that the world has ever had. The famous statue of Apollo at Rhodes—styled *par excellence* "the Colossus"—was some 105 feet high, while Bartholdi's "Liberty" is 151 feet. We believe that there is no authentic record of any other statue, in ancient or modern times—for we put no faith in the story of a marble statue of Nero 120 feet high, erected in Rome—the height of which exceeds 73 feet. But now we are told that there exists a statue which overtops the "Liberty" of Bartholdi by half as many feet as that overtops the "Apollo" of Chares. In *Science*, for December 31, 1886, we read:—

"The English do not propose to permit the statue of "Liberty" in New York harbor to rank as the biggest on record, without a contest. The *Illustrated London News* comes forward with a description of the colossal statues of Bamian, together with measurements and illustrations. Travelers, oriental and occidental, have spoken of these statues from time to time, but accurate measurements of them were first made by the surveyors who were attached to the Afghan Boundary Commission. Bamian, where these statues are, is on the road from Cabul to Balkh, where it crosses the Paropamisus range. The elevation is about 8,500 feet above sea-level. There are five statues, three of them, including the largest, being in niches, the figures being formed of the rock within the niche. Captain Talbot of the Boundary Commission, using a theodolite, found the tallest statue to be 173 feet high, whereas the statue of Liberty is only 151½ feet high. Since "Liberty" is on a pedestal, however, the statue of Bamian must rank below her, unless the English propose to count its 8,500 feet elevation above sea-level as a pedestal. The Bamian statues seem to be Buddhist idols of great antiquity, and the natives have a variety of legends concerning them."

WEATHER PREDICTIONS.—In *Science* we read the following:—

"A full account of the Union Pacific Railroad weather-service has been furnished to the newspapers in the West by Lieutenant Powell of the Signal Service, who is in charge of the new enterprise, and now engaged in bringing it into shape for practical work. There will be 83 stations in all. It is proposed to issue predictions twice a day, announcing the expected weather changes from 24 to 48 hours beforehand. This will give the railroad officials ample time before the trains start in the afternoon and morning to make any changes which the predicted weather may necessitate. The predictions will be couched in specific language, and not in meaningless general terms. For instance: one indication will predict in a certain division cold weather with snow, the wind being from the north and blowing at the rate of 30 miles an hour, followed by warmer weather, the wind changing to a southerly direction. Study of the road will determine where the worst snow-drifts most frequently occur, and from this it will be possible to tell pretty nearly where snow blockades are liable to form. An accurate and comprehensive weather-service will enable the Union Pacific to save thousands of dollars every week to its patrons. If storms can be accurately predicted beforehand, the stockmen can withhold their shipments and allow cattle to be sent through without danger of perishing by being caught in blockades or blizzards. One prominent cattleman recently said that such a system of predictions, if accurate, would be the means of saving him \$50,000 every year. The practical working of this service will be watched with much interest by railroad men in all parts of the country."

SIR THOMAS FRANCIS WADE, D. L.—This profound scholar, born about 1820, has had much to do with Chinese concerns for a half century. Those who have not mastered his great work, *Tais Era Chi*, a "Progressive Course" in Chinese, know much less of the language of the Flowery Kingdom than they might have known. Sir Thomas Francis Wade has recently presented to the Library of Cambridge University a valuable collection of Chinese books. He was thereupon honored with the degree of Doctor of Letters. Upon this occasion, Doctor Sandys, the "Public Orator" delivered (Dec. 9, 1886), the following laudatory address; for the like of which one will look in vain in the extant writings of Cicero:—

"Salutamus deinceps virum insignem qui inventam armis, aetatem mediam litteris, annos maturos Academicæ, vitam vero totam patriæ dedicavit. Salutamus legatum illustrem, cuius fidei et tutelæ Imperii Britannici causa, in extrema Orientis ora, inter Seras illos remotos, auspiciis optimis olim tradita est. Salutamus denique virum doctissimum, qui bibliothecam nostram beneficio auxit singulari, sapientie orientalis divitiis, quas cura infans per tot annos congesterat, Academicæ nostræ in perpetuum donatis. Tanti vero muneris et auctor et interpres et custos Academicam nostram omniam plurimos in annos exornet; quique orientem prope solem ætatis prioris in luce patriæ nomen illustris reddidit, idem inter Academicæ nostræ occidentalis umbras, vesperescente leniter vitæ die hospes honoratus diutissime superest.

Ἰσθὸρ θεὸς πρὶν ἑλαμνες εἶπος πατριδὶ φέγγος,
λάμψ' Ἀκαδημίας ἰσπερος ἡμετέρας."

GOETHE AND PHILOSOPHY.

THE "old quarrel of poets and philosophers," of which Plato speaks, is as far off from reconciliation as ever, and in one point of view we cannot wish it to be reconciled. It is far from desirable that poetry should ever become "a criticism of life," except in the sense in which beauty is always a criticism upon ugliness, or a good man upon a bad one; and it is quite as undesirable that philosophy should relax any of its efforts to produce such a criticism, or, in other words, to set the deeper meaning of things against their superficial appearances. Each does best service by remaining within its own limits and keeping to its own ways of action. Yet there is undoubtedly a point—and that, indeed, the highest point in both—in which they come into close relations with each other. Hence, at least in the case of the greatest poets, we are driven by a kind of necessity to ask what was their philosophy. A few words on the general relations of poetry and philosophy may make it easier to express what in this point of view we have to say about Goethe.

The poet, like the philosopher, is a seeker for truth, and we may even say for the same kind of truth. He may not, indeed, like the philosopher, separate the idea or principle from the immediate reality of things, but he must be so eager and passionate in his realism as to get at the ideal in it and through it. He must grasp the world of sense so firmly that it ceases to sting. If he remolds the immediate facts of the world of experience, it must be by means of forces which are working in it as well as in himself, and which his own plastic genius only brings to clearer manifestation. In some few cases, this poetic process of "widening" nature without going beyond it," as

Schiller expresses it, has been so successful that it becomes almost a futile curiosity to ask what were the materials which the poet has used, or the bare facts for which he has substituted his creations. The kernel has been so completely extracted that we are not concerned about the husk. If we could learn the circumstances of the Trojan War as a contemporary historian might chronicle them, we should not know nearly so much of the inner movement and development of the Greek spirit as Homer has told us; though we should probably find that Homer's story is nowhere a mere copy of the facts, but that it stands to them in somewhat the same relations in which the *Sorrows of Werther* stands to the accidents of Goethe's life in Welzlar, and the suicide of Jerusalem. The facts are changed, and a new world constructed out of the old by the shaping imagination of the poet, but the change is such that it seems to have taken place in the factory of Nature herself. The forces that work underground, and hide themselves from us beneath the appearances of human life, have, by the silent elaboration of poetic genius, forced their way to the surface, and transformed the appearances themselves. Hence the new creation has all the colors of life, and almost shares the so-called facts of every day by the sturdy force and reality of its presence. Thus before Shakespeare's characters most ordinary human beings seem like the shadows of the dead in Homer. It is not that in these dramas a different life is set before us from that which men everywhere lead, but the passions and characters which, in conflict with each other and with circumstance, gradually work out their destiny, are in the poet's mind put into a kind of forcing-house, and made with rapid evolution to show their inner law and tendency in immediate results.

It is indeed only the greatest poets who are capable of thus making themselves, as it were, into organs by which nature reaches a further development. In all but the greatest we find a mixture of such creative reconstruction with what we can only call manufacture. The failing force of vision obliges them to hold together by mechanical means the elements which do not round themselves into an organic whole. And even to the greatest poets it is not granted to have a complete and continuous vision. Hence, except in the case of short "swallow-flights of song," which can be produced in one lyric burst of feeling, works of *pure* poetic art must be the result of much patient waiting and watching for the spirit; they cannot be perfected without much self-restraint and critical rejection of every element which is not quite genuine. "That which limits us, the common or vulgar," and which by its presence at once turns poetry into prose, cannot be excluded except by a self-abnegation as great as that by which the scientific man puts aside subjective pre-suppositions and "anticipations of nature." For poetic truth does not lie on the surface any more than scientific truth. The *kinds* of truth are indeed widely different. The aim of the man of science is to distinguish the threads of necessity that bind together the most disparate phenomena, and in pursuit of these he seems, to one who looks at the immediate result, to be explaining away all the life and unity of the world and putting everywhere mechanism for organism, even in the organic itself. On the other hand, the poet ignores or endeavors to get beyond the external mechanism of the world; he is ever seeking and finding life even among the dead. But only one who regards the abstractions of science as the ultimate truth of things, can take this process to be a mere play of subjective

fancy, or can suppose that any great poetic creation is produced by an imagination which merely follows its own dreams and does not bend to any objective law. It is even harder for the poet to eliminate from his work all that is not living, than for the scientific man to set aside the phantoms of life, the final causes, which disturbed the prose of science. In both cases the individual has to put himself aside and let nature speak; but the poet listens for another voice, a "still small voice," which comes from a further depth. The extreme rarity of poetic works of a high order, in spite of the comparatively frequent appearance of a measure of poetic genius, shows how many and difficult are the conditions which must be satisfied in their production.

The poet, like the philosopher, is in search of a deeper truth in things than that which is the object of science. He seeks, as has been said, the unity and life which is hidden in the mechanism of the universe, and he who seeks truth in any form must be prepared for self-abnegating effort. Yet we must not forget another characteristic of poetry by which it is separated at once from science and philosophy—viz., its spontaneous and even unconscious character. After all, the effort of the poet is to provide a free channel for a power that works in him like a natural force. Wordsworth's criticism of Goethe's poetry, that it was not inevitable enough (a criticism which is singularly wide of the mark in regard to the best of Goethe's work), is an apt expression of this truth. Creative imagination is a power which is neither lawless, nor yet, strictly speaking, under law; it is a power which, as Kant said, *makes* laws. It carries us with free steps into a region in which we leave behind and forget the laws of nature; yet, as soon as we begin to look round us and to reflect on our new environment, we see

that it could not have been otherwise. The world has not been turned upside down, but widened by the addition of a new province which is in perfect continuity with it. But this feat of "widening nature without going beyond it," has its special subjective conditions. It cannot be achieved by one in whom the division of man's higher and lower nature has produced the sense of an irreconcilable breach between the two, or in whose eyes their unity has been reduced to a mere ideal. Poetic genius must live in fruition, not in aspiration—must be at peace and not at war with the world; it must be able to see good in the heart of evil, it must grasp as attained what others see only as a distant hope. The poet cannot be one who has had to trample upon his natural life in order to make room for moral freedom, or one who has lost the vividness of the sensuous present in order to grasp at an idea. He must remain at one with himself as in happy childhood, and maintain an unbroken life in spite of all fightings within and contradictions without. For if he does not, a false note will get into his song; it will become a wail for a lost past, a complaint against time and fortune, or an aspiration after the unattainable instead of an echo of the divine word that "all is good."

Art must, therefore, in a sense, be joyous; if it is not to fall beneath its idea, it must at least return in its final note to joy. If it admits the tragic contrasts of life, it must not lose itself in them; it must carry us beyond "fear and terror," even if it has to carry us through them. It must not leave us victims of such passions without a reconciling atonement, which makes us accept the event, not merely as an inevitable fate, but as an issue in which the dramatic evolution of character has brought about *its own* destiny. Thus, even when it goes beyond the first and

simplest theme of poetic imagination, and ceases to be an expression of man's joy in the response of nature to the demands of his spirit, it must restore the broken harmony by giving us, even in the utmost tragic catastrophe, the sense of the realization of a law in which we are more deeply interested than even in the sorrows and joys of the individual. If, on the contrary, a poem throws us back upon ourselves, jarred and untuned as by a consciousness of inexplicable accident or meaningless sorrow, or if it leaves us strained with a vacant longing for we know not what, we may safely say that we have been cheated by a false semblance of art, or at best by an art which willfully seeks to destroy the sources of its own power. For contradiction, division, external limitation are the prose of life; and art is art, poetry is poetry, only as it disentangles, unites, and reconciles, giving us, if not the open vision, at least the presentment or "Ahnung" of the unity which is beneath and beyond it.

In a sense, then, we may admit that poetic art is merely ideal. It must be ideal just because it holds so closely to the *immediate* reality or sensuous presence of its objects, even while it lifts them beyond those limits and conditions which are attached to the things of sense. It cannot, therefore, even in tragedy, go fairly down into the region of conflict and limitation, which, as I have said, is the domain of prose. It shrinks from the abstractions and divisions of science, as fatal to that immediate unity and life which it cannot surrender. Hence its "old quarrel" with philosophy. Philosophy is, *in the end*, at one with poetry. It might even be said that *ultimately* it is nothing more than an attempt to prove that which poetry assumes as given, or to enable us by reflection to recognize as the universal principle of

reality that ideal which poetry exhibits to us in special creations. Yet the essential differences of method make it difficult for two such disparate activities to come to any understanding with each other. Plato, in whom the perfect union of these two forms of spiritual life was most nearly realized, is also the writer who most strongly insists on their essential opposition. In truth they may be said to start in opposite directions, and only to coincide in their final goal. For philosophy, whatever ultimately it may do to point toward unity, is obliged to begin by carrying abstraction and division to a further extent than even science. If it aims at a final synthesis, it is on the basis of an unsparring analysis; if it seeks to find a living unity in the world, it is not by restoring the immediate life, which science destroys that it may dissect the dead body. Rather its business is to complete the scientific disintegration that, through death, it may reach a higher life. It is essential to philosophy to separate the spiritual from the natural, the higher life from the lower life, the subject from the object, the universal from the particular, the ideal from the real. Thus it carries us deep into the region of abstraction and division, of contradiction and controversy, and if it also can be said to carry us beyond that region, yet in this respect its work is never complete, and the answer it gives in one age requires to be, if not essentially changed, yet deepened and widened and translated into a new language with the changing experiences of another age. Thus the element of pure theory must always be a dangerous, and may even be a fatal, element to the poet; for it severs that which it is his peculiar function to keep united, and even where it reunites, it has to accomplish its synthesis in a region of thought in which the sensuous forms of poetry can hardly breathe and live.

These general considerations may serve as an introduction to a few remarks on Goethe's attitude toward philosophy and its influence on his intellectual development. Goethe owed much to particular philosophers; we can often trace in his work indications of the study of Plato, and still more of Spinoza. Nor could he at any time withdraw himself from the influence of the great contemporaneous movement of idealistic thought, to which his own mental development moved in parallel lines, and on which it frequently reacted. But toward philosophy in general he preserved throughout his life a self-defensive attitude—a sort of armed neutrality. While he welcomed suggestions from it which were kindred with his own way of thinking, and even willingly appropriated many of its results, he always tried to keep his mind from being influenced by its methods and processes. He shrank from it, at first by a kind of instinct, and afterward with a distinct conviction, that any nearer approach would be dangerous to that intuitive process of imagination which was the source of his own strength.

Such reserve and self-limitation was very characteristic of Goethe; for, notwithstanding his many-sidedness, no one ever realized more distinctly the necessity of keeping within his own province. That each one must know himself in the sense of knowing his work, and must refuse to allow himself to be drawn away from it to interests and pursuits which lie beyond the range of his faculty, was for him the first maxim of self-culture. His obedience to it has often subjected him to serious moral charges, on the ground that his pursuit of self-culture involved a narrow self-absorption and a selfish indifference to the interests of his nation or of humanity. Such a view might appeal to expressions like the following

in a letter to Lavater: "The passion to lift the pyramid of my being, the basis of which is assigned and established for me, as high as possible into the air, outweighs everything else, and permits me scarcely for one moment to forget it." But we must interpret an exaggerated phrase like this by Goethe's often-expressed conviction that we necessarily become bunglers and meddlers when we interfere with that which lies beyond the "orbit fixed for our existence by eternal laws." Activity that does not advance our own self-culture will, he holds, be useful to no other man. For him, as for Plato, all the virtues were summed up in each one doing his own business and avoiding to interfere with that which is the business of others. On this principle we can, at least, partly explain what gave so much offence to the patriotism of his countrymen—his attitude during the war of liberation. In the *Awaking of Epimenides*, a poem which was written after the victory over Napoleon, and in which he expresses a kind of penitence for his silence during the national struggle, he suggests the excuse that the part he was called by his nature to play was, not to share in the war, but to prepare for the higher civilization that should arise after the war was ended. Epimenides, who represents Goethe, is made to say: "I am ashamed of the hours of rest; it would have been a gain to suffer with you; for the pain you have borne makes you greater than I." But the answer of the priest is: "Blame not the will of the gods that thou hast gained many a year; they have kept thee in quietness so that thy feeling may be pure (*dass du rein empfinden kannst*). And so thou art in harmony with the future days to which history offers our pain and sorrow, our endeavor and our courage."

It was a similar feeling that made

Goethe generally keep philosophy, as it were, at arm's length, while at the same time he recognized the points of contact which it offered to him. In a letter to Jacobi he says:—

"You can easily imagine my attitude to philosophy. When it lays itself out for division I cannot get on with it; indeed I may say that it has occasionally done me harm by disturbing me in my natural course. But when it unites, or rather, when it elevates and confirms our original feeling as though we were one with Nature, and elevates it into a peaceful intuition that under its external *συναγωγία* and *διαπαισις* a divine life is present to us, even if we are not permitted to lead such a life ourselves—then it is welcome to me, and you may reckon upon my sympathy."

From this we may explain the charm which he found in the one philosophical work from the influence of which he never tried to withdraw himself—the *Ethics of Spinoza*. That strange book, in which the soul of poetry is clothed in the body of geometry, took hold of Goethe at an early period, so soon as he had begun to emerge out of the "storm and stress" of his youth; and through all his subsequent life he continued to refresh and strengthen himself with its doctrine of all-embracing unity and disinterested love. The extreme antagonism of Spinoza's methods of thinking and expression to his own contributed to the attraction. He saw in Spinoza his intellectual complement, whom he could enjoy without being in any way tempted to go beyond himself.

"His all-reconciling peace contrasted with my all agitating endeavor; his intellectual method was the opposite counterpart of my poetic way of feeling and expressing myself; and even the inflexible regularity of his logical procedure, which might be considered ill-adapted to moral subjects, made me his most passionate scholar and his devoted adherent. Mind and heart, understanding and sense were drawn together with an inevitable elective affinity, and this at the same time produced an intimate union between individuals of the most different type."

Goethe never attempted to master the Spinozistic philosophy as a system; he tells us, indeed, that he never even read the *Ethics* through at one time. But he kept reading *in it*, as people read in the Bible, to get strength and inspiration, and to confirm himself in those principles that gradually had become almost identified with his consciousness of himself. No other philosophy ever came so close to him: though his early association with Herder brought him indirectly under many philosophic influences, and in particular we often find him using the ideas and language of Leibnitz. To the Critical philosophy, in which the subject seemed to be set against the object and the ideal separated from the real, he at first felt an instinctive repulsion. But at a later time, intercourse with Schiller, who professed himself a Kantian but who tried to soften Kant's sharp contrast between the moral and the natural, did something to remove his objections. And the *Critique of Judgment*, in which Kant himself undertakes the same task of mediation between freedom and nature, was a book almost entirely to his mind. He detected the way in which Kant, especially in this final development of his philosophy, points ("as by a side gesture") beyond the limitations which he seems to fix for the intelligence of man, and with a curious turning of the tables, he claimed Kant's account of the "intuitive understanding" as a fit description of the true synthetic method for the discovery of Nature's laws which he had himself followed. On the other hand, he was repelled by the one-sided Idealism of Fichte, who exaggerated that aspect of the critical philosophy with which he was least in sympathy, and he seldom speaks of "the great Ego of Ossmanstadt" without a shade of irony. There is even a trace of malicious satisfaction in the way in which

he relates how Fichte had his windows broken by the students of Jena: "not the most pleasant way of becoming convinced of the existence of a non-ego." The further development of the ideas of the *Critique of Judgment*, by which Schelling brought Idealism, so to speak, into a line with Spinozism, excited his eager interest, and he even speaks of the advance of philosophy as having helped him to reconcile himself to many things that had repelled him at an earlier time, and especially as having considerably changed his view of Christianity. Still, on the whole, except in the case of Spinoza, his attitude to philosophy is that of an outsider who accepts its help when it seems to support his own way of thinking, but disregards it when it does not. And his ultimate view of it seems to be that indicated by the (somewhat ambiguous) aphorism, that "man is not born to solve the problem of the universe, but to find out wherein it consists."

What has just been said may be taken as a summary of Goethe's relations to philosophy. Such a summary, however, can tell us very little about Goethe, unless we are able to bring it into definite relation with the different stages of his intellectual history. In this article we can only attempt to indicate one or two turning-points in that history, and especially to show how it was that, at one of these turning-points, the philosophy of Spinoza gained so great a power over him, and how at a later time it combined itself with other influences to produce that distinctive cast of thought which we trace in all his later works.

The first question we are naturally led to ask about an original genius like Goethe, who has done so much to change the main current of European thought, is as to his relation to the past. Against what had he to revolt—from what had he to free himself, in order

to open the way for the new life that was in him? And on the other side, with what already acting forces could he ally himself? Born in the middle of the eighteenth century, he awakened to intellectual life between a lifeless orthodoxy and an external enlightenment which was gradually undermining it, but at the same time reducing itself to a platitude. Looking beyond his own country to France, which had then all the prestige of culture, he found an artificial and aristocratic literature which repelled his youthful sympathies, and a scepticism which stopping short in its development and allying itself with the rising mathematical and physical sciences, was on the way to produce a mechanical theory of the universe. He had soon got by heart the negative lesson of Voltaire, and, like Faust, he found that, while it freed him from all his superstitions, it at the same time made the world empty and barren to him. And the mechanical philosophy which presented itself in the *Système de la Nature*, as the positive substitute for his lost faith, could not but fill a poet's soul with pious horror. In Goethe's autobiography, though written many years after, we can still see the vehemence of his revolt against a theory which "reduced that which appears higher than nature, or rather as the higher nature in nature itself, to aimless and formless matter and motion."

"It appeared to us," he declared, "so gray, so Cimmerian, and so dead that we shuddered at it as at a ghost. We thought it the very quintessence of old age. All was said to be necessary, and therefore, no God. Why, we ask, should not a necessity for God find place among other necessities? We confessed, indeed, that we could not withdraw ourselves from the necessary influences of day and night, of the seasons, of the climatic changes, of physical and animal conditions; yet we felt something within us that appeared arbitrarily to assert itself against all these; and again something which sought to counterpoise such

arbitrariness and to restore the equilibrium of life."

On the other hand, the ordinary teleological theology, with its external world architect and externally determined designs, could not seem to Goethe any more satisfactory than the mechanical philosophy. It had indeed the same fault as that philosophy; for it, too, substituted an external composition of parts for inner life and development. He had put such theology away from him almost in his boyhood, and he could not return to it. Then as always, he was ready to shoot Voltairian shafts of wit at a doctrine of final causes which made any accidental result of the existence of an object into its end. In this state of mind, the fiery appeals of Rousseau to Nature, as a power within man which is self-justified against every constraint forced upon him from without, could not but produce the greatest effect on Goethe. All his discontent with an unproductive orthodoxy, and all his distaste for a disintegrating scepticism, combined to make him accept a creed which promised freedom to all the forces of his being. Rousseau seemed to vindicate the claims of everything that had life, and to war only with the dead; and a susceptible poetic nature, doubting of itself, was only too willing to be reassured by him as to the rightness of its own impulses. The vagueness of this gospel of nature was for a time hidden from Goethe by the very intensity of the poetic impulse within him which responded vividly to every impression from without. "See, my friend," he writes in an early letter, "what is the beginning and end of all writing, but the reproduction of the world around me by the inner world, which seizes upon everything, binds it together, new creates it, kneads it, and sets it out again in its own form and manner." The rush of youthful inspiration seemed

to need no guide, and it spent its force in every direction from which excitement came with what Goethe afterward called "a divine wantonness." The calm pages of the *Dichtung und Wahrheit* preserve only a feeble image of the fervor and passion which is shown in the letters and poems of this time of "storm and stress." From some of the worst dangers of such a time, Goethe was saved by the genuineness of his poetic impulse. But such a living at random, with all sails set and no hand on the helm, could not long be possible even to genius. In his case it resulted in a crisis of sensibility, the image of which is preserved for us in the *Sorrows of Werther*, a work in which he at once expressed the passions and illusions of his youth, and freed himself from them.

"Nature" is the obvious rallying cry of a new generation striving to free itself from the weight of the ideas and institutions of an earlier time. Such a cry may often be the expression of a very artificial and sophisticated state of mind, which, beginning in the desire to throw off that which is really oppressive, ends in a fretful revolt against the most necessary conditions of human life. The vague impulse of youth which refuses to limit itself or give up its "natural right to all things," the vain demand of the heart to find an outward world which corresponds to its wants, the rebellion of passion against the destiny which refuses it an immediate satisfaction, the hatred of the untamed spirit for everything of the nature of convention and rule—each and all of these feelings readily disguise themselves under the name of a desire to return to nature. But in truth such a longing can least of all be satisfied with the simple rustic and domestic life which it seems to admire. When it cries out—"O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint!"—it

forgets that knowledge would be fatal to such bliss. The self-absorbed, self-conscious spirit, preying upon itself in its isolating individualism, is least of all capable of that simple union with others for which it pines, of that contentment with natural pleasures which it loves to express. Rude nature would terrify it most of all, if it could once fairly come in contact with her. The discontent of the sentimentalist with the world is merely a way of expressing what is really the inner self-contradiction of his own state. The exaggerated image of self stands between him and the world, and gives rise to an infinite craving which spurns every finite satisfaction. His joy is, in the language of Goethe, a fruit which is "corrupted ere it is broken from the tree."

This strange emotional disease which vexes the modern world has had its literary representatives in most European nations, who have expressed it with national and individual modifications. From Rousseau, whose whole individuality and character was absorbed by it, it received its first and most complete expression. In this country, Byron combined it with the fervor of an active temperament, and draped it in a somewhat theatrical costume. Goethe, in his *Werther*, gave to it a purer rendering, combining it with the domestic sentiment and reflective self-analysis of his nation. But, while Rousseau and even Byron were permanent victims of the self-contradictory state of feeling which they expressed, Goethe, in his *Werther*, found a true æsthetic deliverance from it. He cured himself, so to speak, by painting his disease. He exorcised the specter that barred his way to a higher life by forcing it to stand to be painted. *Werther* was his demonstration to himself of the emptiness and unworthiness of a state of mind whose only legitimate end was suicide. This, indeed, was not under-

stood at the time. Goethe was haunted through life by the "*viel beweinter Schatten*"—by a constant demand for sympathy from those whose malady he had so perfectly described and who expected to find in him a fellow-sufferer. But for him, the writing of the book was the beginning of recovery. In his Autobiography, he complains of those who sought a direct moral lesson in a work of art, and who imagined that *Werther* was intended to justify the sentimentality and the suicide of the hero. For himself, however, it had a lesson, the reverse of that which lies on the surface of it—the lesson that rebellion against the conditions of human life is not only futile, but irrational. In these limiting conditions, he is never weary of preaching, lies the way to freedom. "From the law that binds all men, he only can be freed who overcomes himself." How far this lesson was revealed to Goethe in the mere rebound from Wertherism, and how far he owed it to any external teaching, we cannot now disentangle. It is sufficient to say that he seemed to himself to find it in the pages of Spinoza. Goethe's "apprenticeship," to use his own metaphor, was ended when Spinoza took in his inner life that place which had hitherto been filled by Rousseau. The passage in the *Dichtung und Wahrheit* in which this is expressed is familiar, but it is necessary to quote it here once more:—

"Our physical as well as our social life, morality, custom, knowledge of the world, philosophy, religion—yea, many an accidental occurrence—all tell us that we must *renounce*. So much is there which belongs to our inmost being, which we cannot develop and form outwardly; so much that we need from without to the completion of our being is withdrawn from us: and, again, so much is forced on us which is both alien and burdensome. We are deprived of that which is toilsomely won, of that which is granted by kindly powers, and are we can see the meaning of it, we find ourselves compelled to give up our personality,

first by fragments, and then completely. In such cases it is usual to pay no attention to one who makes faces at the sacrifice exacted of him; rather, the bitterer the cup, the sweeter must be one's bearing, in order that the unconcerned spectator may not be annoyed by a grimace.

"To solve this hard problem, Nature has furnished man with a rich provision of force, activity, and toughness. But what most often comes to his help is his unconquerable levity. By this he becomes capable of renouncing particular things at each moment if he can only grasp at something new in the next. Thus unconsciously we are constantly renewing our whole lives. We put one passion in place of another; business, inclinations, amusements, hobbies, we prove them all one after another, only to cry out that 'all is vanity.' No one is shocked at this false, nay, blasphemous, speech; nay, every one thinks that in uttering it he has said something wise and unanswerable. Only a few men there are who anticipate such unbearable feelings, and in order to escape from all partial renunciations, perform one all-embracing act of renunciation. These are the men who convince themselves of the existence of the eternal, of the necessary, of universal law, and who seek to form conceptions which cannot fail them, yea, which are not disturbed, but rather confirmed, by the contemplation of that which passes away. But as there is something superhuman in this attitude of mind, such persons are commonly held to be inhuman, without God and aliens to the world, and it is much if men refrain from decorating them with horns and claws."

"Renunciation once for all in view of the Eternal." It was this lesson that made Goethe feel an "atmosphere of peace breathe upon him" whenever he opened his Spinoza. Much may be said in some respects against Goethe's moral attitude, but there is one point in which it is scarcely possible to praise it too much. No one ever acted more faithfully on the resolve to make the best of circumstances, and to put behind him with resolute cheerfulness the "blasphemous speech that all is vanity." It is easy in one way to make too much of one's own life, but it is not easy to make enough of it in Goethe's sense of living in the present,

and drawing all the good out of it. Where men do not live from hand to mouth, nor are the victims of one narrow interest, their self-occupation is often a dreaming about the past and the future, which isolates them from other men and from the world. "They are always losing to-day, because there has been a yesterday, and because to-morrow is coming." "They little suspect what an inaccessible stronghold that man possesses who is always in earnest with himself and the things around him." To be "always in earnest" with little things as well as great, with the minutest facts presented to his observation as with the most important issues of life, to throw the whole force of his being into a court masque (when that was the requirement of the hour) as into a great poem or a scientific discovery; to be, in short, always intent upon the "nearest duty," was Goethe's practical philosophy. With this was combined a resolute abstinence from complaint, or even from thought about what is not given by nature and for tune, and an eager and thankful acceptance of what is so given. In one way, this "old heathen," as he calls himself, is genuinely pious; he is always acknowledging his advantages and opportunities, and almost never speaking of hindrances; and he seems constantly to bear with him a simple-hearted confidence in the goodness and justice of the Power which has brought him just what it has brought, and refused just what it has refused. He belongs to the order of which he speaks in the second part of *Wilhelm Meister*, the order of those who "cheerfully renounce" whatever is not granted to them, and who come back through a kind of stoicism to an optimism which begins on a higher level. With this is connected an ungrudging spirit in the recognition of the excellences of others, and an unenvious readiness to further

every one in his own way. It was this pliant strength, and the faith on which it rests, that attracted to Goethe the admiration and almost worship of a man so different as Carlyle, who, in all superficial interests, was at an opposite pole of thought and temperament.

Goethe's "storm and stress" period—the period of "unconditioned effort to break through all limitations," as he calls it—was ended with *Werther*, and with it began a movement toward limit and measure, which culminated at the period of his Italian journey. If in this new phase of thought Nature was still worshiped, it was no longer regarded as a power that reveals itself at once in the immediate appearances of the outward world, or the immediate impulses of the human spirit. It was now the *natura naturans* of Spinoza—i. e., as Goethe conceived it, a plastic organizing force which works secretly in the outward and especially in the organic world, and which in human life reveals itself most fully as the ideal principle of art. Clinging, as an artist, to the external, Goethe now sees that the truth of nature does not lie immediately on the surface, but in a unity which can be grasped only by a penetrative insight. Demanding, as a poet, that the ideal should not be separated from the sensuous, he is now conscious that the poetic truth of the passions shows itself, not in their immediate expression, but only when their conflict leads to their "purification," and so reveals a higher principle. Hence, though, even more decidedly than at an earlier time, he rejects the Christian faith, which he regards as breaking the sacred bond of Nature and Spirit, and setting the one against the other, it is an idealized materialism which he opposes to it. What he fears and abhors in religion and in philosophy is the idea of "a godless nature and an unnatural God," a mechanical world order and an

external world-architect or world-governor who "lets the world swing round his finger." "It befits him to move the world from within, to cherish nature in Himself, and Himself in nature, so that what lives and moves and is in Him never forgets his force or his spirit." He is filled with the thought of a power which manifests itself in the facts of nature, though only to an eye which can penetrate through the apparent chaos to the point where it may be seen as a cosmos. The great modern ideas of organism and development have taken hold upon him, and he regards the artistic faculty as simply the highest expression of the shaping principle which works underground in nature. His fundamental ideas might be summed up in the pregnant words of Shakespeare, that

"Nature is made better by no man,
but nature makes that mean: so o'er the art,
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes."

He had come, he tells us, "to regard his own indwelling poetic power as simply and entirely nature," and as with him "every idea rapidly changed itself into an image," he sought to express his religious attitude by a new rendering of the old myth of Prometheus. He too, like Prometheus, had a consciousness of "the god within him" which made him independent of the gods above; for his poetic faculty seemed to him something higher than his individual will and impulses—something that might claim kindred with the productive force of nature itself.

Such a view of things we may call in a special sense Hellenic, since it was in ancient Greece that the higher spiritual interests of man seemed most directly to connect themselves with the gifts of nature. The Greeks were led by an almost unconscious impulse to idealize the natural without ever break-

ing with it or opposing the spiritual to it. Thus they showed themselves artists not only in art, but in life, and escaped the painful division of the modern mind.

"The modern," writes Goethe, "can scarcely bend his thoughts upon any object without throwing himself into the infinite, in order finally, if things go well with him, to return to a limited point; but the ancients, without traversing any such circuitous path felt all their individual requirements satisfied within the limits of the beautiful world. Wherefore are their poets and historians the wonder of those who understand, the despair of those who would imitate them, but because the *dramatis personæ* whom they had to set on the stage took so deep an interest in their own immediate selves, in the narrow sphere of their Fatherland, in the course of their own lives and that of their fellow citizens—because, in short, with all their heart and soul they threw themselves upon the present? Hence it could not be difficult for writers who were filled with a kindred spirit to make such a present eternal. What actually happened had for them that magic value which we are scarcely able to attach to anything but that which is thought and felt. They clung so closely to what is nearest, what is truest and most real, that even their fancy pictures have bone and marrow. Man and what is human were most highly prized, and all man's inward and outward relations to the world were exhibited as powerfully as they were apprehended. For not yet were thought and feeling dismembered by abstraction; not yet had that scarcely remediable division been produced in the sound nature of man."

These words bear the impress of the change by which Goethe passed from what is usually called the romantic to the classic school of art. From his earliest years indeed he had felt the charm of Greek art and poetry; but the productions of his youth were animated by another spirit. *Gotz von Berlichingen*, his first important dramatic work, was one of the earliest expressions of that passion for mediæval ideals which afterward went so far in Germany and other countries; and his first essay on art was an enthusiastic tribute to the glories of Strasburg Ca-

thedral. Most of the poetic works attempted or sketched out in this period, such as *The Wandering Jew* and the first outline of *Faust*, show the same bent of mind; and in *Werther* the endless lament of modern sentimentalism over the separation of the real from the ideal reached its *ne plus ultra* of expression. But with this work Goethe, as we have seen, made a return upon himself, and almost violently rejected from him the ideas and methods of romanticism. He became the sworn enemy of all formless and chaotic productions, and insisted with growing emphasis upon the necessity of form and measure. It is a superficial indication of this that he began to versify his dramatic works, even those that had at first been composed in prose, and in many cases to select classic subjects and use classic meters. The same change showed itself in other contemporaneous writers, as, for example, in Schiller, whose *Götter Griechenlands* is an expression of that admiration for the repose and harmony of the antique, which was awakened in him in the reaction against the untamed violence of *The Robbers*. But it is characteristic that while Schiller expresses this feeling as a longing for something unattainable—something that has once for all been taken from men by the progress of human thought and can never be perfectly recovered—Goethe has no such word of despair. For him the ideal is there before us in nature for our eyes to see, if they can only look deep enough, and it is working in the poet's mind now, as in Greece, to reproduce itself in art. His dawning friendship with Schiller was disturbed when the latter began to insist upon the Kantian doctrine, that no experience can ever be adequate to an idea. Goethe reflected, however, that if Schiller held that to be an idea which he expressed as experience, there must

be some mediating link between them. "I told him that I was glad to think that I had ideas without knowing it, and that I could even see them with my eyes."

This last expression has immediate reference to Goethe's scientific views, especially in relation to the Metamorphosis of Plants. This, like all his contributions to biology, was inspired by the idea that there is a unity of principle in all life, and that it develops toward diversity by continuous modification of a single form. This idea led him to regard all plants as variations on a single type, and all the parts of each plant as correlative modifications of one simple form by which it has been adapted to various functions. The same principle guided him to the discovery of the traces in man of the intermaxillary bone, the absence of which had been supposed to distinguish the structure of man from that of the apes, and also made him one of the first to maintain that all parts of the skull are modified vertebrae. Thus, in spite of his being in a technical sense an amateur in science, Goethe grasped the idea of development, and used it to throw light upon the animal kingdom, when as yet few or none of the professed biologists had reached such a point of view. Nor did he regard these biological studies as a something distinct from his poetic work. On the contrary, he conceived them to be a necessary complement or continuation of that work, and he complained of the imperfect insight of some of his friends, who thought that he was wasting time upon scientific studies that might have been better spent in poetic creation, and who did not detect how this interest "sprang out of his inmost being." And when an eminent naturalist complimented him on his objective thinking"—i. e., on his power of giving himself up to the sensuous impression

of objects in such a way as to extract their secret—he did not hesitate to claim for himself in the same sense the power of being objective in poetry (*Gegenständliche Dichtung*):—

“Certain great motives, legends, ancient traditions so deeply impressed themselves upon my mind, that I kept them living and active within me for thirty or forty years. To me it appeared the most beautiful of possessions to see such worthy images renewed in my imagination, in which they were, indeed, continually transformed, yet without being altered, till at last they were raised to a purer form and a more definite expression.”

These words well express the manner of Goethe's poetic production. It was not his way, as it was the way of Schiller, to concentrate his thoughts upon a subject, and force his genius into action. Rather he watched the creations as they grew within him, and used his conscious intelligence only to defend the work from all incongruous elements. Such “objective poetry” cannot be an easy matter even for the greatest of poets. As it takes much metaphysic to keep free from metaphysic, so it requires no little critical and reflective power in the poet to purge out the dross of prose from his work, and especially to free its pure intuitive unity from the artifices and mechanism of reflection. Above all it requires a certain stubborn faith in the “whispers of the lonely muse when the whole world seems adverse,” a resolute maintenance of the consciousness of poetic harmony in the face of all the discords of life, which is hard for the poet, just in proportion as the very condition of his existence is his susceptibility to impression. And for the modern poet this is harder than for the ancient, because the movement of history has brought with it new problems and causes of division. The greater the conflict of man's nature with itself and with circumstance, the more difficult has become the artist's

task of making music out of the jarring forces in and around him, and preventing their confusion and conflict from mingling with his song.

In a passage already quoted, as in many others, Goethe expresses his sense of the effort which the modern requires to make in order to place and keep himself at a point of view which the Greek took up almost by instinct. And it is indeed this effort itself, and the consciousness of it, which prevents Goethe from ever being wholly Greek. Even in those of his works that are most filled with the spirit of antiquity, he is obliged to pay this tribute to the time. He is not a Greek because in order to reach the “peace and purity of the antique,” he has to conquer an antagonism which for the Greek did not exist. This feeling is expressed half-humorously in his account of a conversation with Schiller, who regarded the Fall as a desirable event, because only by it could man rise above his animal innocence; while Goethe maintained that such a break in the continuity of development was a disaster. In the same spirit he sometimes spoke of the Reformation as a violent crisis which delayed the progress of civilization, and condemned the Revolutionary struggle of his own day as a disturbance to peaceful culture. “I hate all violent overturns, because in them men lose as much as they gain. All that is violent and precipitate displeases me, because it is not conformable to nature. In politics, as in nature, the true method is to wait.” Struggle, warfare, revolution is to him the negative and the barren; and even patriotism, with its exaltation of one nation at the expense of another, is a doubtful virtue. “How could I take up arms without hate?” he cries. “National hate is a particular hate; it is in a lower region that it is most energetic and ardent; but there is a height at which

it vanishes, when one is, so to speak, above nationalities, and one feels the happiness and misery of a neighboring people as his own." This idea of all negation, controversy, and conflict as something essentially evil is embodied in his wonderful creation of Mephistopheles, the disintegrating spirit who is continually warring against life and energy, but who is tolerated by the divine power, because man is so fond of "unconditioned peace," and requires to be fretted and provoked into activity. Even so much toleration as this, however, is for God and not for man, who is called to "hate the devil and him only," to withdraw himself from all that is negative, violent and destructive, and to devote all his life to that which is positive and productive, and who thus only can hope for a final deliverance from the base companion who is allowed in this world to haunt him.

"Gerettet ist das edle Glied
Der Geisterwelt vom Bösen:
Wer immer strebend sich bemüht
Den können wir erlösen."

It is here, perhaps, that we find the limitations of the genius of Goethe, limitations which were closely connected with the sources of his strength. As to the artist the immediate sensuous form of reality is indispensable, so Goethe was jealous of any influence that tends to mar or destroy it. Division, pain, and evil appeared to him too great a price to pay even for the highest good, and, in the spirit of his master Spinoza, he was inclined to deny that such a price was necessary. He demanded that the highest should be attained without a breach with nature, and merely by continuing her work upon a higher platform. Hence he was repelled from history as he was repelled from politics, by the violence of the struggles, the depth of the divisions, and the greatness of the sacrifices with which the progress of man is pur-

chased. Hence also he could not accept the Christian idea of life. It is true, as we have seen, that he was inspired with the great moral idea of renunciation, but his interpretation of it is somewhat different from the Christian interpretation. He does not exactly bid us die to self that we may live; he bids us renounce all that nature and fortune refuse us, in the confidence that if we keep working on to the end "nature will be obliged to give us another form of existence when that which we have can no longer contain our spirit." The difference may seem almost verbal, and it is easy to see that by a slight change of tone the one lesson may be made to pass into the other. Nay, we may even say that such a change of tone is perceptible in some of the later works of Goethe himself. But in the first instance, the variation of expression concealed a real difference of spirit. It showed that Goethe feared and shrank from what has been called "the earnestness, the pain, the patience and the labor of the negative," through which the Christian spirit reaches a higher affirmative; that he could not reconcile himself to a war with nature even as the way to a higher reconciliation.

This difference between the Goethean and the Christian idea of life showed itself in the most marked way in Goethe after his Italian journey. At that time he was so imbued with the naturalistic spirit of antiquity that he regarded the productions of mediæval art as for the most part monstrosities, or at least as eccentricities that were not to be copied. He even felt and occasionally expressed a violent repulsion toward the symbols of Christian worship, and took pleasure in proclaiming himself a "heathen." At a later period the bitterness of this antagonism disappeared. As his exclusive Hellenism was gradually modified by advancing

years he became ready to admit the value and even the supreme moral importance of Christian ideas. "It is altogether strange to me," he writes to Jacobi, in reference to the dramatist Werner, "that I, an old heathen, should see the Cross planted in my own ground, and hear Christ's blood and wounds poetically preached, without its offending me. We owe this to the higher point of view to which philosophy has raised us." His "truly Julian hate to Christianity and so-called Christians," he declared on one occasion, with a touch of humor, had softened itself with years, so that little was wanting to make him say with the Ethiopian eunuch in the Acts, "What doth hinder me to be baptized!" And in the *Wanderjahre*, he makes a broad distinction between the "ethnic religions" and the religion which teaches "reverence for that which is beneath us," recognizing in the latter the highest of all religions. He adds, however, that it must not be understood to exclude the other two religions—the religion of reverence for that which is above us, and the religion of reverence for equals. The overseer of his ideal educational institution, when asked which religion he accepts, has to answer: "*Alle drei*"—each and all of the three religions that have divided man's allegiance in the past.

In truth Goethe's quarrel with Christianity was due to two causes which were at first closely connected, but which are capable of being separated. In the first place, as has been suggested above, it was due to his viewing Christianity as a religion of the other world, a religion whose God was not the principle of all life in nature and man, but an external creator and governor. In the second place, it was due to the prominence of the ascetic or negative element in Christianity, and to the divorce of the natural and spiritual

which is connected therewith. Now the first of these objections rested on a mental characteristic which Goethe could scarcely have surrendered without ceasing to be Goethe, the born enemy of all that is transcendent, all that carries us into a region beyond the possibility of human experience. It was the vocation of Goethe's life to teach that what in this sense cannot be brought within our reach, is as good as nothing for us. His objection to Christianity on this ground, therefore, could be removed only in so far as he was led by the philosophical movement of his time to attach greater importance to the Christian idea of the unity of the divine and the human, and to regard the purely supernatural element as an accident.

On the other hand, Goethe's objection to Christianity as a negative and ascetic religion became greatly modified when, in later years, the Greek conception of life ceased to be all-sufficient for him. Ultimately, as we have seen, he came to admit the necessity of a religion of reverence for that which is beneath us—a religion which could see the divine even in that which in its immediate aspect is "repulsive, hateful, and evil." But that which is "repulsive, hateful, and evil" cannot by any gradual transition be elevated and refined to goodness. If the divine is to be revealed in it, it can only be by the negation of that which at first it seems to be. The Christian idea of self-realization through self-sacrifice is the necessary outcome of the religion of reverence for that which is beneath us. Hence we do not wonder to find Goethe in the same connection treating the "Sanctuary of Sorrow," in which the sufferings and death of Christ are represented, as the innermost sanctuary of religion. Into this sanctuary, however, he avoids taking us. He is, one might say, theoretically reconciled with Chris-

tianity, but something still repels him from it. He waits, to use the imagery of his *Märchen*, till the narrow fisherman's hut shall become the altar in a new temple of humanity. The form in which Christianity is commonly presented as a religion of supernaturalism and other-worldliness continues to keep him alienated from that which in its moral essence he recognizes as the highest.

Perhaps we may best sum up what has to be said of Goethe by calling him the most modern of the moderns, the high priest of a culture which, in its position to mediævalism, is carried back toward the literature of the Greeks, "the most human and humane of literatures, the literature of those who were most at home in the world." It was characteristic of the mediæval mind to seek for that which is highest in that which is furthest removed from man, that which can least be brought within the range of human experience. The divine power on which it depended for the elevation of man, was conceived as acting upon him from without, as upon a lifeless and inert material. The asceticism, the supernaturalism, the divided life of the Middle Ages, were only the natural result of such conceptions. On the other hand, the whole movement of civilization from the time of the revival of learning has been a war against such ways of thinking. The modern spirit, like the spirit of antiquity, is obliged, by its most essential intellectual instincts, to cling to that which is present, to that which is immediately evidenced to us in inner and outer experience. It holds to fact and reality against that which is merely ideal, and it can recognize the ideal only when it presents itself as the deeper fact.

In all this the modern spirit withdraws itself from the Middle Ages, and claims kindred with antiquity.

Yet it is impossible any longer to regard the modern movement of thought as merely a return to the light of ancient culture out the "Dark Ages." The long mediæval struggle of humanity for deliverance from itself cannot be regarded as simply a contest with specters of its own raising, but must be taken as an essential stage in the progress of human thought. If the endeavor to crush nature under the dominion of spirit was in a sense irrational and fruitless, seeing that it is only in nature that spirit can be revealed, yet that endeavor has forever made impossible the easy reconciliation of the two with which the ancients were satisfied. A mere return to antiquity must produce, as it always produced, a culture which falls below that of antiquity both in fullness and depth. For the ancient civilization was not impoverished, as such a revival of it must be, by ignoring problems which had not yet been opened up. As Goethe found his idea of Iphigenia most fully realized in a Christian saint, so we may say that the perfect form of Greek art cannot be again reproduced except by a spirit which has passed through the Christian "Sanctuary of Sorrows." On the other hand, if the moderns can return to the ideals of the Middle Ages, it is on a higher level, at which such ideals no longer come into conflict with the naturalistic spirit of antiquity. In like manner the secular scientific impulse, which, in the last century, was working toward an altogether mechanical and external explanation of the world, begins, with Goethe himself, to bring back in a higher sense, under the names of organism and development, that explanation of the world by final causes, which in a lower sense it has rejected. And the vain attempts still made to explain spirit by nature are rapidly teaching us to revive the truth which underlay the

mediæval supernaturalism, that in the last resort nature is only to be explained by spirit. Perhaps it may be found that no one has done more to prepare the way for such a reunion of ancient and mediæval ideas than our great modern poet and prophet of the religion of nature, Goethe.—EDWARD CAIRD, in *The Contemporary Review*.

NOVA SCOTIA'S CRY FOR HOME RULE.

Having spent much time in Nova Scotia, I am often asked— Why does that province wish to sever connection with the Dominion, and what means her cry of "Repeal and Reciprocity?" Why the inhabitants of the Acadian peninsula want repeal of the union with Canada and reciprocity with the United States and other countries, I propose in the following article to show.

When Nova Scotia, in 1867, entered the Confederation her debt amounted to some \$8,000,000 or 9,000,000. To-day her share of the rapidly increasing Dominion debt, which during the last eighteen years has advanced from \$96,000,000 to 281,000,000, is fully \$28,000,000 (Ottawa says \$40,000,000), a burden far too heavy for her altered circumstances. And to-day the Dominion's annual expenditure, which at the time of Confederation was \$13,000,000, and in the last year of Liberal Government (1878) \$23,000,000, has, to the dismay of Canada's wisest statesmen, already reached \$35,000,000, and ere the close of the present year is expected to touch \$38,000,000. Of this charge Nova Scotia pay a tenth, if not a seventh, and of her contribution a large portion is spent outside her borders and in ways which benefit her not at all. "Previous to the Union," her Premier, Mr. Fielding, tells us, "Nova

Scotia had the lowest tariff, and was in the best financial condition of any of the provinces." To-day she has the highest tariff, since she pays some three dollars more on every hundred dollars' worth of imported dutiable goods than her fellow provinces, and is, the same high authority assures us, in the worst financial condition. The reason is not far to seek. Not only does she, with the most liberal hand, subscribe to fill the common treasury, but for her own needs she gets back the smallest proportional share, the allowance meted out to the seven principal provinces being somewhat as follows:—

| | Per Head. |
|--------------------------------|---------------|
| Ontario | \$1.49½ |
| New Brunswick | 1.50 to 1.95 |
| Prince Edward Island | 1.65 |
| Quebec | 2.10½ |
| Manitoba | 7.50 |
| British Columbia | 20.00 |
| Nova Scotia | 0.98 to 1.18½ |

While on the subject of monetary payments, it would scarcely be out of place to instance another grievance. When the International Fisheries Commission, which sat at Halifax in 1877, paid the Ottawa Tory Government, in November 1878, the five-and-a-half million dollars indemnity for the injury sustained by the fishermen of the Dominion, Nova Scotia, which had suffered most, received no share. Newfoundland was more fortunate. She was outside the Confederation; thus there was no excuse for withholding her portion. As the "grand old island" (to quote Captain Kennedy) keeps an attentive eye on the doings of her near neighbors, she is likely to remain outside.

The improvements, such as they are, made in Nova Scotia by the Ottawa Government, Mr. Fraser, a member of the local Parliament, assures us, are not paid for out of the taxes levied in the province, but are charged to the National Debt. It is to be hoped

improvements are of a lasting and beneficial character, so that the prospect of getting out of debt again may be less desperate than in the case of sundry other undertakings. For instance, the *Halifax Chronicle*, of June 11, tells us that \$500,000 have been spent in establishing a sugar refinery at Richmond, a suburb of Halifax, "every cent of which is lost;" also that \$350,000 have been sunk in a cotton-mill hard by which is probably worth ten cents in the dollar, and has never yet paid a dividend. To keep life in these and other bantling industries, the Ottawa Government imposes pretty stiff duties on imported sugar and cotton, whether to commemorate the throwing away of the \$850,000 and other enormous sums on similar undertakings elsewhere, or to give cause for a new reading (by substitution of the word Protectionists) of a sneering old proverb anent the wisdom of our ancestors, I know not.

Among other efforts, some colonists, foolishly relying on that spirit of private enterprise which it seems to be the paternal mission of Protection to thwart, once sought to rival Crosse and Blackwell by setting up a pickle factory. The vegetables were cheap and plentiful enough, but the duty on imported glass bottles was sufficient to cause the infant industry to die that premature death to which most of the infant industries seem doomed whose misfortune it is to be Protection's foster-children.

Let us examine awhile this matter of Protection, which has so much to do with Nova Scotia's discontent, and see whether it be true, as some of our friends so confidently and at times so flippantly assure us, that the doctrines taught by Cobden, Bright, and others are all wrong, and that we had much better return to that halcyon period when commerce lived in shackles and cheap bread was not. Abler pens than

mine have exhausted the subject as regards Europe and the United States; therefore I will chiefly confine myself, because I can speak as an eye-witness, to the question as it affects the Acadian peninsula. And it may not a little astonish "fair traders" to learn that the condition to which Nova Scotia is reduced is that which all sound political economists would expect, that she is indeed an existing "awful example," some 2,500 miles away, of the hideous folly of reverting to Protectionist principles. Her taxation is swollen some 150 per cent., and the tariff, being purposely framed to bar out foreign trade as much as possible, does her serious injury; albeit Protectionists on her side of the Atlantic labor with a zeal worthy a better cause (though fruitlessly, I am glad to say, for Acadians are not "mostly fools") to make her people believe that an imported article which formerly came in free, or with only a 10 per cent. duty charged, is no dearer now when a 25 to 35 per cent. duty is paid. And, as the last report of the Halifax Chamber of Commerce declares, Protection presses especially hard upon a "people who are chiefly fishermen, agriculturists, miners, and farmers." "Repeal," says the *Chronicle* of May 12, "would mean closer trade relations with all our natural markets," to wit, New England, the West Indies, and other places, with which, says another writer, "the province is bound together socially, commercially, and geographically." These trade relations, so far from being cultivated, are, as I will still further show, distinctly discouraged. And one effect of this unduly heavy taxation, unequal distribution of its proceeds, and enforced isolation is to cause more favored provinces to flourish at Nova Scotia's expense.

I spoke just now of altered circumstances. Let us glance at these. To

do so is not to wander from the subject of Protection, as will at once appear. Halifax's two miles or so of fine wharves are doing far less business than of yore, and have so decreased in value that, as the Attorney-General, Mr. Longley, says, those "which once could not be purchased for \$50,000 now will not sell for \$20,000." One wharf, the *Chronicle* tells us, which fifteen years ago sold for \$40,000, was bought in last year by one of the banks for \$22,000. Another was sold some years since at \$25,000, and a few weeks ago was bought in for less than half that sum. Meanwhile the polo ground, which occupies an excellent situation on that high tableland which in better times will form part of the city's centre, was sold some years ago for \$16,000 and recently bought for \$7,000. Shops, too, may be had at far less price than their cost of erection could they but meet with purchasers, and altogether between 300 and 400 houses in the once prosperous capital are for sale. Many families are without their grown-up sons, who are driven to seek a livelihood in other lands; and, owing to the constant exodus, the population, which between 1861 and 1874 increased over 17 per cent., is acknowledged, even by those who would fain shut their eyes to tell-tale statistics, to have grown during the succeeding decade at a much slower rate. If Nova Scotia be as prosperous as some would have us believe, how is it that every year thousands of her youth of both sexes and all conditions leave her shores? The exodus is sometimes, apparently for political reasons, denied, though the inhabitants of the province are well aware not only of its existence but of its magnitude. There are, the Attorney-General tells us, more Nova Scotians in Boston than in Halifax.

Yet between the natural allies is raised the protective barrier. A Nova

Scotian Q. C., Mr. Thomson, shows that the Assessment Rolls of many districts have steadily decreased, those of four leading counties, representing the four leading industries of coal mining, farming, ship-building, and lumbering, which in 1868 amounted to a little below 11½ million dollars, having fallen in 1884 to less than 8½ millions. Every way the province suffers.

Were return made to the 10 per cent. ante-Confederation tariff, and were the taxes raised in Nova Scotia spent in Nova Scotia, there would, says a veteran member of the Provincial Liberal Government, Mr. Morrison, be money enough to "build every projected railway, make our road and bridge service efficient, and still have a large surplus for other purposes." As it is, railway enterprise halts, and roads and bridges are falling out of repair. Meanwhile, Nova Scotia is forced to consume Canadian flour, and to pay 60 cents in conveyance on the same amount thereof, as, before Confederation, she paid 10 cents to the nearer United States. In exchange for this dearer flour, distant Canada is supposed to buy Nova Scotian coal. Needless to say, distant Canada finds it as a rule more convenient to draw her "black diamonds" from neighboring Pennsylvania. That Ontario at least should do so is inevitable. Her natural markets are not the maritime provinces, but the states of New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Michigan. Those of Manitoba and the North-west are Dakota, Minnesota, and Michigan; while those of British Columbia are Idaho, Washington Territory, Oregon, and coalless California. When the trade relations between these states and provinces are hindered, the injury is mutual. But the provinces suffer most, for, when protecting themselves against the outside world, the United States were too wise to al-

low any individual state to protect itself against any other individual state. Thus they have an enormous country, compact of shape, and possessed of almost every variety of climate and of products, enjoying absolute Free Trade within its wide borders. It is as if international Free Trade prevailed throughout Europe, to the exclusion only of other continents. This most telling fact, however, the advocates of Protection over here, when exhorting us to let our small group of islands follow America's example and bar out the rest of the world, seem entirely to overlook. The Dominion, although it, too, has Free Trade within its borders, differs from the United States in being a long, straggling string of provinces, designed by nature rather to be gathered into three or four groups, and possessing too little variety of climate and products to justify imitation of her great neighbor's somewhat unsuccessful attempt at independence of other nations. The United States by Free Trade with other countries would enjoy greatly increased prosperity. So also would Canada prosper were she but to throw open her ports and gates. In the case of Nova Scotia, Protection is nothing less than a curse. Visitors to Canada—the tourists, I mean, who take a month's or six weeks' run across to the Dominion, are introduced to one set of people, make a mental note (for later use) of their opinions, give a hurried look round, and then return home to add yet another to the list of valuable books upon foreign countries and the colonies—are often invited to admire the progress the upper provinces have made, and are gravely assured that "Protection has done much for Canada." Much to make or much to mar? It is not the marring, however, which is implied. Of the making, how much has been done by individual energy, and in spite of Protection, and how much

by the forced contributions of other provinces?

Protection, being as mischievous as it is foolish, has, wherever introduced, given rise to smuggling Nova Scotia, like Prince Edward Island, nowhere touches the United States frontier. Therefore she has not one quarter of the splendid chance for smuggling, and consequent cheaper sale of, and larger profit on, dutiable articles of Cousin Jonathan's manufacture, which the more favorably situated provinces take, it is rumored, such frequent opportunities to enjoy. Which fact doubtless adds to her embarrassment. And the longer she is bound against her will and against her interests in this unnatural bondage the more desperate becomes her condition. "Wait till the West is more settled!" cry the Protectionists. "Wait till the Canadian Pacific Railway gets into full running order! See how Nova Scotia's trade will flourish then, and how the West will deal with her!" Vain dream! Have Federationists ever realized the fact that by rail Montreal (Que.) is 859 miles from Halifax? If Ontario, which is yet further, is too remote to trade much with Nova Scotia, are the very much more distant North-west and British Columbia likely to do so? If there were no other impediment, there would still be the one item, in this huge straggling country, of cost of transport. No! it is impossible to create artificial trade or artificial markets. The oft-derided plan of "making people virtuous by Act of Parliament" is not one whit more absurd.

After what I have said of the tariff, I trust that Nova Scotia's cry for Reciprocity may not sound amiss in British Free Trade ears. To us, it is a word retrogressive of meaning, synonymous with Retaliation. To a country severely suffering from Protection's blighting influence, Reciprocity, on the

contrary, appears distinctly progressive, tends toward trade freedom, and has a sense identical with our term Commercial Treaty. Reciprocity with the United States to Nova Scotia would mean trade-resuscitation. The experiment has already been tried; and reference to statistics of the past will show with what success. The Reciprocity Treaty, which lasted fourteen years, came into operation in 1854. The previous year—English currency was then in use—the exports of Nova Scotia were a trifle below £280,000. The succeeding year, 1855, they were over £481,000. The imports were in 1853 nearly £416,000; in 1855, over £780,000. At the time of Confederation (1867) the province was importing \$14,000,000 worth of goods. She now imports \$8,000,000 worth. During these fourteen prosperous years the Halifax Assessment Roll advanced from about 10½ million dollars to 17¼ millions, since which time it has steadily declined. No wonder the Attorney-General, when speaking of those years, should say, "The period then was one of the golden days in the history of Nova Scotia, when fortunes were accumulated, farms increased in value, and prosperity abounded." Is it, then, surprising that the provincials, with that crowning sorrow born of remembrance of happier things, should be resolutely striving to bring them back?

Those who think the Repeal cry in Nova Scotia is indicative of disloyalty make a great mistake. The question is being agitated in reasonable and dignified language. Indeed, the Repeal speeches in the Provincial Parliament have been at once so moderate in tone and sound in argument, that they might well command admiration in our own House. They are ably supplemented by a flood of correspondence in the *Halifax Chronicle* and elsewhere. Thus it is clear there is no deteriora-

tion in the race which two years before the mother country passed a measure of Catholic Emancipation. Nor is humor wanting to give pleasing variety to the discussion, as is made manifest when Mr. Mack, M.P.P., reminds the house that, as that man is considered a patriot who makes two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before, those who were instrumental in achieving Confederation must have been especially patriotic, since grass is now abundant—in the city streets. The Halifax Chamber of Commerce maintains that those are "cruel and unjust laws" which restrict trade between "natural customers," and truly says that commercial "relations between British Colonies should be free." "There are," says Mr. Roche, M.P.P., "no more loyal people within the wide compass of the British Empire than the Repeal party of Nova Scotia." Elsewhere he reminds his fellow-provincials that Nova Scotia was true when Canada was in rebellion.

Let us not, then, grudge our sympathy to our fellow-subjects, the more so as we too have had not a few struggles for freedom, political and commercial, and seem likely to have more. Nova Scotians, moreover, can claim an illustrious parentage which it might be churlish to leave out of account. It is not so much their Anglo-Scandinavian or French descent I have in mind, as that nearer ancestry, the "United Empire Loyalists," who, a century ago, gave up everything rather than live in the revolted American colonies under a new and alien flag, and whose story—seldom, I fear, read here, where the stuff which is called history treats far oftener of dynasties and wars, than of heroes and heroines who renounce home, employment, wealth, kindred, and friends for conscience' sake—is one as affecting as it is worthy of admiration. These were the people who settled the

then wilderness of Ontario, and sought refuge in the West Indies, New Brunswick, and elsewhere, very many coming to Nova Scotia, where their justly proud descendants keep green their honored memory, and do it special reverence on St. George's Day. Even in the present struggle these ancestors are not forgotten, as Mr. Weeks, M.P.P., showed when he said, "Descended from race who sacrificed their estates and shed their blood for that which they then considered the sacred cause of British connection, I would be the last to lightly regard or easily discard the sentiment of loyalty to the crown of England which every true Englishman should feel."

Things cannot last long as they are. The instinct of self-preservation teaches revolt against them. The better to realize the situation, let us imagine ourselves in Nova Scotia's place. Suppose this straggling Europe to be united like the Dominion with little local governments everywhere, but with an all-controlling and very despotic central power situated hundreds of miles away—say at Vienna. Suppose that by-and-by the Viennese decided, in the imaginary interests of Austro-Hungary, to adopt a rigorous system of Protection, and to impose it upon the rest of Europe. Suppose the inhabitants of the British Isles, on account of their superior wealth and energy, to be specially selected for taxation for the benefit of Austro-Hungary and adjacent countries. Suppose them to become aware of their consequent impoverishment, to feel its injustice, and to strive, year after year, constantly and vainly, to convince Vienna of the unsoundness of her economic views, and, still more, of the sacred right of each individual member

of the European community to control its own affairs, political and commercial. And, finally, suppose them, conscious at last that the choice lay between gradual ruin and timely secession, to prefer the latter alternative, and to try to reach it by peaceable and legitimate means. They would only be taking the course followed by Nova Scotia now. Should we not, looking on, say, from the neighboring continents of Asia or Africa, think they were justified in so doing? Should we not indeed despise them were they indifferent to their country's decay, and did they not make every reasonable effort to free her and themselves from what had grown to be an intolerable bondage?

The grievance of the Nova Scotians, then, being so genuine, and their spirit so constitutional, the case surely merits a patient hearing. It is important, too, to recollect that their demand comes not from *clique* or from a single nationality. Those of British birth or extraction, the many descendants of the French Acadians immortalized by Longfellow, the Germans of Lunenburg, and others who are dwelling together in this fair land in amity, and gradually fusing to make a stock as good as any in America, alike protest, and in no uncertain voice, against the existing state of things. How much in earnest these people are—spite of sundry sneering assertions that the agitation is all talk, means nothing serious, and is a mere vote-catching trick—is abundantly proved by the fact that, at the Provincial Parliamentary General Election on the 15th of June last, of 38 candidates, 31 were returned (many with large majorities) pledged to Repeal and Reciprocity.—MRS. E. C. FELLOWS, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

CONFORMITY TO TYPE.

A CHAPTER FROM HENRY DRUMMOND'S
"NATURAL LAW IN THE SPIRITUAL
WORLD."

If a botanist be asked the difference between an oak, a plum-tree and a lichen, he will declare that they are separated from one another by the broadest line known to classification. Without taking into account the outward differences of size and form, the variety of flower and fruit, the peculiarities of leaf and branch, he sees even in their general architecture types of structure as distinct as Norman, Gothic and Egyptian. But if the first young germs of these three plants are placed before him and he is called upon to define the difference, he finds it impossible. He cannot even say which is which. Examined under the highest powers of the microscope they yield no clue. Analyzed by the chemist with all the appliances of his laboratory they keep their secret.

The same experiment can be tried with the embryos of animals. Take the ovule of the worm, the eagle, the elephant, and of man himself. Let the most skilled observer apply the most searching tests to distinguish one from the other and he will fail. But there is something more surprising still. Compare next the two sets of germs, the vegetable and the animal. And there is still no shade of difference. Oak and palm, worm and man all start in life together. No matter into what strangely different forms they may afterward develop, no matter whether they are to live on sea or land, creep or fly, swim or walk, think or vegetate, in the embryo as it first meets the eye of Science they are indistinguishable. The apple which fell in Newton's garden, Newton's dog Diamond, and Newton himself, began life at the same point.

If we analyze this material point at which all life starts, we shall find it to consist of a clear structureless jelly-like substance resembling albumen or white of egg. It is made of Carbon, Hydrogen, Oxygen and Nitrogen. Its name is protoplasm. And it is not only the structural unit with which all living bodies start in life, but with which they are subsequently built up. "Protoplasm," says Huxley, "simple or nucleated, is the formal basis of all life. It is the clay of the Potter." "Beast and fowl, reptile and fish, mollusk, worm and polype are all composed of structural units of the same character, namely, masses of protoplasm with a nucleus."

What then determines the difference between different animals? What makes one little speck of protoplasm grow into Newton's dog Diamond, and another, exactly the same, into Newton himself? It is a mysterious something which has entered into this protoplasm. No eye can see it. No science can define it. There is a different something for Newton's dog and a different something for Newton; so that though both use the same matter they build it up in these widely different ways. Protoplasm being the clay, this something is the Potter. And as there is only one clay and yet all these curious forms are developed out of it, it follows necessarily that the difference lies in the potters. There must in short be as many potters as there are forms. There is the potter who segments the worm, and the potter who builds up the form of the dog, and the potter who moulds the man. To understand unmistakably that it is really the potter who does the work, let us follow for a moment a description of the process by a trained eye-witness. The observer is Mr. Huxley. Through the tube of his microscope he is watching the development, out of a speck of protoplasm,

of one of the commonest animals: "Strange possibilities," he says, "lie dormant in that semi-fluid globule. Let a moderate supply of warmth reach its watery cradle and the plastic matter undergoes changes so rapid and yet so steady and purposelike in their succession that one can only compare them to those operated by a skilled modeler upon a formless lump of clay. As with an invisible trowel the mass is divided and subdivided into smaller and smaller portions, until it is reduced to an aggregation of granules not too large to build withal the finest fabrics of the nascent organism. And, then, it is as if a delicate finger traced out the line to be occupied by the spinal column, and moulded the contour of the body; pinching up the head at one end, the tail at the other, and fashioning flank and limb into due proportions in so artistic a way, that, after watching the process hour by hour, one is almost involuntarily possessed by the notion, that some more subtle aid to vision than an achromatic would show the hidden artist, with his plan before him, striving with skillful manipulation to perfect his work."

Besides the fact, so luminously brought out here, that the artist is distinct from the "semi-fluid globule" of protoplasm in which he works, there is this other essential point to notice, that in all his "skillful manipulation" the artist is not working at random, but according to law. He has "his plan before him." In the zoological laboratory of Nature it is not as in a workshop where a skilled artisan can turn his hand to anything—where the same potter one day moulds a dog, the next a bird, and the next a man. In Nature one potter is set apart to make each. It is a more complete system of division of labor. One artist makes all the dogs, another makes all the birds, a third makes all the men. Moreover,

each artist confines himself exclusively to working out his own plan. He appears to have his own plan somehow stamped upon himself, and his work is rigidly to reproduce himself.

The Scientific Law by which this takes place is the Law of Conformity to Type. It is contained, to a large extent, in the ordinary Law of Inheritance; or it may be considered as simply another way of stating what Darwin calls the Laws of Unity of Type. Darwin defines it thus: "By Unity of Type is meant that fundamental agreement in structure which we see in organic beings of the same class, and which is quite independent of their habits of life." According to this law every living thing that comes into the world is compelled to stamp upon its offspring the image of itself. The dog, according to its type, produces a dog; the bird a bird.

The artist who operates upon matter in this subtle way and carries out this law is Life. There are a great many different kinds of Life. If one might give the broader meaning to the words of the apostle: "All life is not the same life. There is one kind of life of men, another life of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds." There is the Life, or the Artist, or the Potter who segments the worm, the potter who forms the dog, the potter who moulds the man.

What goes on then in the animal kingdom is this—the Bird-Life seizes upon the bird-germ and builds it up into a bird, the image of itself. The Reptile Life seizes upon another germinal speck, assimilates surrounding matter, and fashions it into a reptile. The Reptile-Life thus simply makes an incarnation of itself. The visible bird is simply an incarnation of the invisible Bird-Life.

Now we are nearing the point where the spiritual analogy appears. It is a

very wonderful analogy, so wonderful that one almost hesitates to put it into words. Yet Nature is reverent; and it is her voice to which we listen. These lower phenomena of life, she says, are but an allegory. There is another kind of Life of which Science as yet has taken little cognizance. It obeys the same laws. It builds up an organism into its own form. It is the Christ-life. As the Bird-Life builds up a bird, the image of itself, so the Christ-Life builds up a Christ, the image of Himself in the inward nature of man. When a man becomes a Christian the natural process is this: The living Christ enters into his soul. Development begins. The quickening Life seizes upon the soul, assimilates surrounding elements, and begins to fashion it. According to the great Law of Conformity to Type this fashioning takes a specific form. It is that of the Artist who fashions. And all through Life this wonderful, mystical, glorious, yet perfectly definite process, goes on "until Christ be formed" in it.

The Christian Life is not a vague effort after righteousness—an ill-defined pointless struggle for an ill-defined pointless end. Religion is no disheveled mass of aspiration, prayer, and faith. There is no more mystery in Religion as to its processes than in Biology. There is much mystery in Biology. We know all but nothing of Life yet, nothing of development. There is the same mystery in the spiritual Life. But the great lines are the same, as decided, as luminous; and the laws of natural and spiritual are the same, as unerring, as simple. Will everything else in the natural world unfold its order, and yield to Science more and more a vision of harmony, and Religion, which should complement and perfect all, remain a chaos? From the standpoint of Revelation no truth is more obscure than Conformity to

Type. If Science can furnish a companion phenomena from an every-day process of the natural life, it may at least throw this most mystical doctrine of Christianity into thinkable form. Is there any fallacy in speaking of the Embryology of the New Life? Is the analogy invalid? Are there not vital processes in the Spiritual as well as in the Natural world? The Bird being an incarnation of the Bird-Life, may not the Christian be a spiritual incarnation of the Christ-Life? And is here not a real justification in the processes of the New Birth for such a parallel?

Let us appeal to the record of these processes.

In what terms does the New Testament describe them? The answer is sufficiently striking. It uses everywhere the language of Biology. It is impossible that the New Testament writers should have been familiar with these biological facts. It is impossible that their views of this great truth should have been as clear as Science can make them now. But they had no alternative. There was no other way of expressing this truth. It was a biological question. So they struck out unhesitatingly into the new fields of words, and, with an originality which commands both reverence and surprise, stated their truth with such light, or darkness, as they had. They did not mean to be scientific, only to be accurate, and their fearless accuracy has made them scientific.

What could be more original, for instance, than the apostle's reiteration that the Christian was a new creature, a new man, a babe? Or that this new man was "begotten of God," God's workmanship? And what could be a more accurate expression of the law of Conformity to Type than this: "Put on the new man, which is renewed in knowledge after the image of Him that created him?" Or this, "We are

changed into the same image from glory to glory?" And elsewhere we are expressly told by the same writer that this Conformity is the end and goal of the Christian life. To work this Type in us is the whole purpose of God for man. "Whom He did foreknow He also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son."

One must confess that the originality of this entire New Testament conception is most startling. Even for the nineteenth century it is the most startling. But when one remembers that such an idea took form in the first, he cannot fail to be impressed with a deepening wonder at the system which begat and cherished it. Men seek the origin of Christianity among philosophies of that age. Scholars contrast it still with these philosophies, and scheme to fit it in to those of later growth. Has it never occurred to them how much more it is than a philosophy, that it includes a science, a Biology pure and simple? As well might naturalists contrast zoology with chemistry, or seek to incorporate geology with botany—the living with the dead—as try to explain the spiritual life in terms of mind alone. When will it be seen that the characteristic of the Christian Religion is its Life, that a true theology must begin with a Biology? Theology is the Science of God. Why will men treat God as inorganic?

If this analogy is capable of being worked out, we should expect answers to at least three questions.

First: What corresponds to the protoplasm in the spiritual sphere?

Second: What is the Life, the Hidden Artist who fashions it?

Third: What do we know of the process and the plan?

First: the Protoplasm.

We should be forsaking the lines of nature were we to imagine for a moment

that the new creature was to be found out of nothing. *Ex nihilo nihil*—nothing can be made out of nothing. Matter is uncreatable and indestructible; Nature and man can only form and transform. Hence when a new animal is made, no new clay is made. Life merely enters into already existing matter, assimilates more of the same sort and re-builds it. The spiritual Artist works in the same way. He must have a peculiar kind of protoplasm, a basis of life, and that must be already existing.

Now we find this in the materials of character with which the natural man is previously provided. Mind and character, the will and the affections, the moral nature—these form the bases of spiritual life. To look in this direction for the protoplasm of the spiritual life is consistent with all analogy. The lowest or mineral world mainly supplies the material—and this is true even for insectivorous species—for the vegetable kingdom. The vegetable supplies the material for the animal. Next in turn, the animal furnishes material for the mental, and lastly the mental for the spiritual. Each member of the series is complete only when the steps below it are complete; the highest demands all. It is not necessary for the immediate purpose to go so far into the psychology either of the new creature or of the old as to define more clearly what these moral bases are. It is enough to discover that in this womb the new creature is to be born, fashioned out of the mental and moral parts, substance, or essence of the natural man. The only thing to be insisted upon is that in the natural man this mental and moral substance or basis is spiritually lifeless. However active the intellectual or moral life may be, from the point of view of this other Life it is dead. That which is flesh is flesh. It wants, that is to say, the

kind of Life which constitutes the difference between the Christian and the not-a-Christian. It has not yet been "born of the Spirit."

To show further that this protoplasm possesses the necessary properties of a normal protoplasm it will be necessary to examine in passing what these properties are. They are two in number, the capacity for life and plasticity. Consider first the capacity for life. It is not enough to find an adequate supply of material. That must be of the right kind. For all kinds of matter have not the power to be the vehicle of life—all kinds of matter are not even fitted to be the vehicle of electricity. What peculiarity there is in Carbon, Hydrogen, Oxygen, and Nitrogen, when combined in a certain way, to receive life, we cannot tell. We only know that life is always associated in Nature with this particular physical basis and never with any other. But we are not in the same darkness with regard to the moral protoplasm. When we look at this complex combination which we have predicted as the basis of spiritual life, we do find something which gives it a peculiar qualification for being the protoplasm of the Christ-Life. We discover one strong reason at least, not only why this kind of life should be associated with this kind of protoplasm, but why it should never be associated with other kinds which seem to resemble it—why, for instance, this spiritual life should not be engrafted upon the intelligence of a dog or the instincts of an ant.

The protoplasm in man has a something in addition to its instincts or its habits. It has a capacity for God. In this capacity for God lies its receptivity; it is the very protoplasm that was necessary. The chamber is not only ready to receive the new Life, but the Guest is expected, and, till He comes, is missed. Till then the soul longs and

yearns, wastes and pines, waving its tentacles piteously in the empty air, feeling after God if so be that it may find Him. This is not peculiar to the Protoplasm of the Christian's soul. In every land and in every age there have been altars to the Known or Unknown God. It is now agreed as a mere question of anthropology that the universal language of the human soul has always been "I perish with hunger." This is what fits it for Christ. There is a grandeur in this cry from the depths which makes its very unhappiness sublime.

The other quality we are to look for in the soul is mouldableness, plasticity. Conformity demands conformability. Now plasticity is not only a marked characteristic of all forms of life, but in a special sense of the highest forms. It increases steadily as we rise in the scale. The inorganic world, to begin with, is rigid. A crystal of silica dissolved and redissolved a thousand times will never assume any other form than the hexagonal. The plant next, though plastic in its elements, is comparatively insusceptible of change. The very fixity of its sphere, the imprisonment for life in a single spot of earth, is the symbol of a certain degradation. The animal in all parts is mobile, sensitive, free; the highest animal, man, is the most mobile, the most at leisure from routine, the most impressionable, the most open for change. And when we reach the mind and soul, this mobility is found in its most developed form. Whether we regard its susceptibility to impressions, its lightning-like response even to influences the most impalpable and subtle, its power of instantaneous adjustment, or whether we regard the delicacy and variety of its moods, or its vast powers of growth, we are forced to recognize in this the most perfect capacity for change. This marvelous plasticity of mind contains at once

the possibility and prophecy of its transformation. The soul, in a word, is made to be *converted*.

Second, The Life.

The main reason for giving the Life, the agent of this change, a separate treatment, is to emphasize the distinction between it and the natural man on the one hand, and the spiritual man on the other. The natural man is its basis, the spiritual man is its product, the Life itself is something different. Just as in an organism we have these three things—formative matter, formed matter, and the forming principle or life; so in the soul we have the old nature, the renewed nature, and the transforming Life.

This being made evident, little remains here to be added. No man has ever seen this Life. It cannot be analyzed, or weighed, or traced in its essential nature. But this is just what we expected. This invisibility is the same property which we found to be peculiar to the natural life. We saw no life in the first embryos, in oak, in palm, or in bird. In the adult it likewise escapes us. We shall not wonder if we cannot see it in the Christian. We shall not expect to see it. *A fortiori* we shall not expect to see it, for we are further removed from the coarser matter—moving now among ethereal and spiritual things. It is because it conforms to the law of this analogy so well that men, not seeing it, have denied its being. Is it hopeless to point out that one of the most recognizable characteristics of life is its unrecognizableness, and that the very token of its spiritual nature lies in its being beyond the grossness of our eyes? We do not pretend that Science can define this Life to be Christ. It has no definition to give even of its own life, much less of this. But there are converging lines which point, at least, in the direction that it is Christ. There

was One whom history acknowledges to have been the Truth. One of His claims was this, "I am the Life." According to the doctrine of Biogenesis, life can only come from life. It was His additional claim that His function in the world was to give men Life. "I am come that ye might have Life, and that ye might have it more abundantly." This could not refer to the natural life, for men had that already. He that hath the Son hath another Life. "Know ye not your own selves how that Jesus Christ is in you."

Again, there are men whose characters assume a strange resemblance to Him who was the Life. When we see the bird-character appear in an organism we assume that the Bird-Life has been there at work. And when we behold Conformity to Type in a Christian, and know moreover that the type-organization can be produced by the type-life alone does this not lend support to the hypothesis that the Type-Life also has been here at work? If every effect demands a cause, what other cause is there for the Christian? When we have a cause, and an adequate cause, and no other adequate cause: when we have the express statement of that Cause that he is that cause, what more is possible? Let not Science, knowing nothing of its own life, go further than to say it knows nothing of this Life. We shall not dissent from its silence. But till it tells us what it is, we wait for evidence that it is not this.

Third, the Process.

It is impossible to enter at length into any details of the great miracle by which this protoplasm is to be conformed to the Image of the Son. We enter that province now only so far as this Law of Conformity compels us. Nor is it so much the nature of the process we have to consider as its general direction and results. We are

dealing with a question of morphology rather than of physiology.

It must occur to one on reaching this point, that a new element here comes in which compels us, for the moment, to part company with zoology. That element is the conscious power of choice. The animal in following the type is blind. It does not only follow the type involuntarily and compulsorily, but does not know that it is following it. We might certainly have been made to conform to the Type in the higher sphere with no more knowledge or power of choice than animals or automata. But then we should not have been men. It is a possible case, but not possible to the kind of protoplasm with which men are furnished. Owing to the peculiar characteristics of this protoplasm an additional and exceptional provision is essential.

The first demand is that being conscious and having this power of choice, the mind should have an adequate knowledge of what it is to choose. Some revelation of the Type, that is to say, is necessary. And as that revelation can only come from the Type, we must look there for it.

We are confronted at once with the Incarnation. There we find how the Christ-Life has clothed Himself with matter, taken literal flesh, and dwelt among us. The Incarnation is the Life revealing the Type. Men are long since agreed that this is the end of the Incarnation—the revealing of God. But why should God be revealed? Why, indeed, but for man? Why but that “beholding as in a glass the glory of the only begotten we should be changed into the same image?”

To meet the power of choice, however, something more was necessary than the mere revelation of the Type—it was necessary that the Type should be the highest conceivable Type. In other words, the Type must be an

Ideal. For all true human growth, effort, and achievement, an ideal is acknowledged to be indispensable. And all men accordingly whose lives are based on principle, have set themselves an ideal, more or less perfect. It is this which first reflects the will from what is base, and turns the wayward life to what is holy. So much is true as mere philosophy. But philosophy failed to present men with their ideal. It has never been suggested that Christianity has failed. Believers and unbelievers have been compelled to acknowledge that Christianity holds up to the world the missing Type, the Perfect Man.

The recognition of the Ideal is the first step in the direction of Conformity. But let it be clearly observed that it is but a step. There is no vital connection between merely seeing the Ideal and being conformed to it. Thousands admire Christ, who never become Christians.

But the great question still remains, How is the Christian to be conformed to the Type, or as we should now say, dealing with consciousness, to the Ideal? The mere knowledge of the Ideal is no more than a motive. How is the process to be practically accomplished? Who is to do it? Where, when, how? This is the test question of Christianity. It is here that all theories of Christianity, all attempts to explain it on natural principles, all reductions of it to philosophy, inevitably break down. It is here that all imitations of Christianity perish. It is here, also, that personal religion finds its most fatal obstacle. Men are all quite clear about the Ideal. We are all convinced of the duty of mankind regarding it. But how to secure that willing men shall attain it—that is the problem of religion. It is the failure to understand the dynamics of Christianity that has most seriously and most piti-

fully hindered its growth both in the individual and in the race.

From the standpoint of biology this practical difficulty vanishes in a moment. It is probably the very simplicity of the law regarding it that has made men stumble. For nothing is so invisible to most men as transparency. The law here is the same biological law that exists in the natural world. For centuries men have striven to find out ways and means to conform themselves to this type. Impressive motives have been pictured, the proper circumstances arranged, the direction of effort defined, and men have toiled, struggled, and agonized to conform themselves to the Image of the Son. Can the protoplasm *conform itself* to its type? Can the embryo *fashion itself*? Is Conformity to Type produced by the matter *or by the life*, by the protoplasm or by the Type? Is organization the cause of life or the effect of it? It is the effect of it. Conformity to Type, therefore, is secured by the type. Christ makes the Christian.

Men need only reflect on the automatic processes of their natural body to discover that this is the universal law of Life. What does any man consciously do, for instance, in the matter of breathing? What part does he take in circulating the blood, in keeping up the rhythm of his heart? What control has he over growth? What man by taking thought can add a cubit to his stature? What part voluntarily does man take in secretion, in digestion, in the reflex actions? In point of fact is he not after all the veriest automaton, every organ of his body given him, every function arranged for him, brain and nerve, thought and sensation, will and conscience, all provided for him ready made? And yet he turns upon his soul and wishes to organize that himself! O preposterous and vain man, thou who couldst not make a

finger-nail of thy body, thinkest thou to fashion this wonderful, mysterious, subtle soul of thine after the ineffable Image? Wilt thou ever permit thyself to be conformed to the Image of the Son? Wilt thou, who canst not add a cubit to thy stature, submit to be raised by the Type-Life within thee to the perfect stature of Christ?

This is a humbling conclusion. And therefore men will resent it. Men will still experiment "by works of righteousness which they have done" to earn the Ideal life. The doctrine of Human Inability, as the Church calls it, has always been objectionable to men who do not know themselves. The doctrine itself, perhaps, has been partly to blame. While it has been often affirmed in such language as rightly to humble men, it has also been stated and cast in their teeth with words which could only insult them. Merely to assert dogmatically that man has no power to move hand or foot to help himself toward Christ, carries no real conviction. The weight of human authority is always powerless, and ought to be, where the intelligence is denied a rationale. In the light of modern science when men seek a reason for every thought of God or man, this old doctrine with its severe and almost inhuman aspect—till rightly understood—must presently have succumbed. But to the biologist it cannot die. It stands to him on the solid ground of Nature. It has a reason in the laws of life which must resuscitate it and give it another lease of years. Bird-Life makes the Bird. Christ-Life makes the Christian. No man by taking thought can add a cubit to his stature.

So much for the scientific evidence. Here is the corresponding statement of the truth from Scripture. Observe the passive voice in these sentences: "begotten of God;" "The new man which is renewed in knowledge after

the Image of Him that created him;" or this, "We are changed into the same Image;" or this, "Predestinate to be conformed to the Image of his Son;" or again, "Until Christ be formed in you;" or "Except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God;" "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he cannot enter the Kingdom of God." There is one outstanding verse which seems at first sight on the other side: "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling;" but as one reads on he finds, as if the writer dreaded the very misconception, the complement, "For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure."

It will be noticed in these passages, and in others which might be named, that the process of transformation is referred indifferently to the agency of each Person of the Trinity in turn. We are not concerned to take up this question of detail. It is sufficient that the transformation is wrought. Theologians, however, distinguish thus: the indirect agent is Christ, the direct influence is the Holy Spirit. In other words, Christ by his Spirit renews the souls of men.

Is man, then, out of the arena altogether? Is he mere clay in the hands of the potter, a machine, a tool, an automaton? Yes and No. If he were a tool he would not be a man. If he were a man he would have something to do. One need not seek to balance what God does here, and what man does. But we shall attain to a sufficient measure of truth on a most delicate problem if we make a final appeal to the natural life. We find that in maintaining this natural life Nature has a share and man has a share. By far the larger part is done for us—the breathing, the secreting, the circulating of the blood, the building up of the organism. And although the part

which man plays is a minor part, yet, strange to say, it is not less essential to the well being, and even to the being, of the whole. For instance, man has to take food. He has nothing to do with it after he has once taken it, for the moment it passes his lips it is taken in hand by reflex actions and handed on from one organ to another, his control over it, in the natural course of things, being completely lost. But the initial act was his. And without that nothing could have been done. Now whether there be an exact analogy between the voluntary and involuntary function in the body, and the corresponding processes in the soul, we do not at present inquire. But this will indicate, at least, that man has his own part to play. Let him choose Life; let him daily nourish his soul; let him forever starve the old life: let him abide continuously as a living branch in the Vine, and the True-Vine Life will flow into his soul, assimilating, renewing, conforming to Type, till Christ, pledged by His own law, be formed in him.

We have been dealing with Christianity at its most mystical point. Mark here once more its absolute naturalness. The pursuit of the Type is just what all Nature is engaged in. Plant and insect, fish and reptile, bird and mammal—these in their several spheres are striving after the Type. To prevent its extinction, to ennoble it, to people earth and sea and sky with it; this is the meaning of the Struggle for Life. And this is our life—to pursue the Type, to populate the world with it.

Our religion is not all a mistake. We are not visionaries. We are not "unpractical," as men pronounce us, when we worship. To try to follow Christ is not to be "righteous overmuch." True men are not rhapsodizing when they preach; nor do those

waste their lives who waste themselves in striving to extend the Kingdom of God on earth. This is what life is for. The Christian in his life-aim is in strict line with Nature. What men call his supernatural is quite natural.

Mark well also the splendor of this idea of salvation. It is not merely final "safety," to be forgiven sin, to evade the curse. It is not, vaguely, "to get to heaven." It is to be conformed to the Image of the Son. It is for these poor elements to attain to the Supreme Beauty. The organizing Life being Eternal, so must this Beauty be immortal. Its progress toward the Immaculate is already guaranteed. And more than all there is here fulfilled the sublimest of all prophecies; not Beauty alone but Unity is secured by the Type—Unity of man and man, God and man, God and Christ and man till "all shall be one."

Could Science in its most brilliant anticipations for the future of its highest organism ever have foreshadowed a development like this? Now that the revelation is made to it, it surely recognizes it as the missing point in Evolution, the climax to which all Creation tends. Hitherto Evolution had no future. It was a pillar with marvelous carving, growing richer and finer toward the top, but without a capital; a pyramid, the vast base buried in the inorganic, towering higher and higher, tier above tier, life above life, mind above mind, ever more perfect in its workmanship, more noble in its symmetry, and yet withal so much the more mysterious in its aspiration. The most curious eye, following it upward, saw nothing. The cloud fell and covered it. Just what men wanted to see was hid. The work of the ages had no apex. But the work begun by Nature is finished by the Supernatural—as we are wont to call the higher natural. And as the

veil is lifted by Christianity it strikes men dumb with wonder. For the goal of Evolution is Jesus Christ.

The Christian life is the only life that will ever be completed. Apart from Christ the life of man is a broken pillar, the race of men an unfinished pyramid. One by one in sight of Eternity all human Ideals fall short, one by one before the open grave all human hopes dissolve. The Laureate sees a moment's light in Nature's jealousy for the Type; but that too vanishes.

"'So careful of the type?' but no
From scarp'd cliff and quarried stone
She cried, 'A thousand types are gone;
I care for nothing, all shall go.'"

All shall go? No, one Type remains. "Whom He did foreknow He also did predestinate to be conformed to the Image of His Son." And "when Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory."

THE LOWER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

We have all read an admirable treatise from the hand of a gifted penwoman, slashing at all our hopes, and attempting to destroy the very fabric of the movement for the Higher Education of Women. And wherefore? Because—we gather from her argument—it means loss of money, time, and, above all things, strength. A highly educated woman, we are told, is incapacitated for her natural functions. She is a woman destroyed, a man not made. All her finer and more valuable attributes are blurred. She is unsatisfying as a companion, worthless as a wife, incapable as a mother. A girl's physical strength can never carry her bravely through the arduous struggle for honors, degrees, and professorships, and

land her safely at the other side. Mental success must be obtained at the loss of physical powers. A girl is weaker, physically, mentally, morally, than a man; therefore she must take the lowest seat.

Of course the actual facts as to the relative numbers of boys and girls who fail from over-pressure in brainwork have been already erroneously stated by a man, and ably proved to be so by a woman. That part of the argument is finished. Our attention is now obtrusively drawn to a lower field. We would fain have passed over the ignoble theme, but we are called upon to face the facts of the disastrous system of education which has till lately prevailed. We are told a woman's highest aim is to be a good animal. Undoubtedly to be a good animal is one of the requisites of successful living. But is it life altogether? Without infringing on man's royal prerogative, have women not a right to live—to live as beings answerable for their all? Our opponent says, and others have said before her, "There is one sphere for woman's thought and work and action." But when we come to inquire what it is, it appears that the one sphere is that of wife, mother, and household drudge. Perhaps these Professors of the Lower System of Education know of some sphere for women's souls. If so, their discreet silence is to be commended. We might have supposed that the domestic sphere did not include all the thought of which even a woman is capable. But no; there is a sharp line drawn; so far can they advance, but here they must stop. "No further," say the new King Canutes. We ask: is this compatible with human nature? Is there any point at which humanity can stand still, intellectually, socially, mentally, morally? No; we progress or retrograde. Toward what shall we move? is the only question.

Now the progress of the Lower System of Education does not seem to tend toward improvement. The aim seems to be to teach women to suit themselves to others' requirements, because their well-being depends on others' approval. A woman's laudable ambition, say this school of philosophers, is first to become a wife, forgetting that the desire to become a wife does not necessarily include the desire to become a good wife. The direct road to become a wife is not by the development of the intellect, but by the development of certain feminine qualities, bad and good. A girl is to cultivate her love of dress, her taste for frivolities, her desire to please. Her life must embody soft pleasure, that she may be the embodiment of it to a sterner companion. What does a feminine life imply in these people's mouths? Vanity, ease, luxury, dissipation to the prescribed amount; lack of method, disrespect of time, carelessness of everything. Little failings incidental to those of the weaker sex are to be condoned, and little weaknesses made greater; for by their weakness they shall rule. Haphazard, aimless, helpless, women's lives must be; for their help comes from without. They are not strong enough, poor things, to fight life's battle. They must find some one to fight it for them. But does their taste for amusement and frivolities always stop when they have gained the husband? Is the desire for admiration, sometimes grown into a craving, always satisfied in the humdrum domestic career for which the Professors of the Lower System are so anxious that girls should be carefully prepared? Have these women any serious thoughts and worthy studies to fall back upon when they are once "settled?" They know nothing of all that. They were only taught to win men's admiration, to gratify their own

desires. Why should marriage change them? There is no terminus in the education of human character; there are only stations.

We have read, too, the ardent philippics on energies strained and frames exhausted by mental work: but although an equal number of constitutions are ruined by physical exertion there is no war cry raised because of that. Where are the lamentations about over-danced girls, over-dressed girls, over-driven girls, over-dissipated girls? What of the weary dinners, the over-heated theaters, the glaring ball-rooms? What of mornings begun at mid-day, of afternoons harassed with the desire of getting through in one day a week's social duty, of days spent in racketing railway traveling for two days' giddy visit to a fashionable house? Is this the life that will make strong women to be the mothers of a giant race?

Putting aside the facts that women desire some happiness of their own, and that they prefer to find it themselves without having arbitrary rules laid down for them; putting aside the question whether a present generation of one sex is to be entirely sacrificed for a future generation of the other, let us consider the dicta laid down for us by the advocates of the Lower System. "Women are made and meant to be, not men, but mothers of men." "A noble wife, a noble mother, etc." True, most true; but what are the means to the end? Should we set out with the object of making a good wife or a good mother before we have considered how to make a good woman? How do we get good human character? Is it not by the cultivation of all higher attributes, and the suppression of all lower? Is it not by the development of all the faculties, the increased desire for all good? We are told, to be good wives and mothers, women must sink

the race in the individual, and crave, not all good, but the good of husband and children. And yet at the same time women are not to exert themselves, but to push on others to get it for them; to be, in fact, the spur for the willing horse. It is a capital sketch of the old-fashioned idea of a woman; but we decline to admire or indorse it. The individual good—decidedly; according to one of our best ethical schemes, if each man is happy, who shall be miserable? Neither men nor women are conducing to the general good when they shut up their own house to mind their neighbor's shop. This essential for good wifedom is also an essential for good womanhood. The individual first: nations and races are formed of men and women, not of droves of cattle. We want good characters. Will good characters ever be formed by helpless, dependent lives? Do great individuals spring from a cowed and conquered people? Let a ruler be appointed by a people, let a husband be chosen by a woman; but woe to the people who think they can live by the bounty of their king, and that their own independence, their own endeavor are nothing; and woe to the woman who thinks of her husband likewise. Look at the inmates of the workhouse, the paupers who cringe and fawn. What effect has that dependence on character? Yet the noble wife is to spring from a training not very different. All her life long she has never tasted the bread of independence. She waits whiungly for others to provide all that she requires, and hangs her whole weight upon some one man, from necessity, not choice. Why does a man's opinion immediately suggest a broad, well-balanced view, while the term "feminine" implies in most cases something weak and contemptible? Does it mean that man's vices are noble, and woman's virtues, faults? No, it means that a man has

been trained and educated by the struggle of life. Each generation of men starts at a higher stage of development than the last; while women, so far as their minds and characters go, have been left uncultured, and in the general affairs of life they have made no progress worth speaking of.

But in spite of this advance, we say—nay, rather in consequence of it, men have by no means outgrown such failings as tyranny and a desire for domination. And in spite of the rosy views of men to be found in the article in question, we are afraid it is not quite old-fashioned to suppose that men still wish to make women dependent upon them and subject to their wishes. This is natural enough. The affairs of the world are carried on by self-reliance and love of power. These qualities are kept in check in the sphere that has developed them; but at home, through want of independence and self-reliance in woman, they have become things with even uglier names. On the other hand, we are told, women are puffed up with inordinate vanity, their little knowledge appears to them the height of wisdom, for their unreasonableness has no experience but a domestic one to temper it. They think they can rule and decide in every sphere because they are quite aware that in the one sphere they are far more experienced than men. But are these the faults of Higher Education? Who would select as his general adviser a man who knew only one sphere of life? How can women on such a system be ever the useful companions to men whom our adversaries so much admire? "Women," say they, "do not desire emancipation." It is true. They have never been slaves. What they do desire is education; education that will enable them to find happiness within themselves; that will give them glad hours, bright dreams, and noble ambitions.

under whatever roof they may call their home. They desire intellectual preparation for intellectual intercourse—if needs be, stimulated by competition. But they do not intend because of this to give up all claim to the happy life ordained for them as companions to men. On the contrary, they wish to become better fitted for that life than they are at present. They wish to enable themselves to enter into all men's views and thoughts. They wish to live with them as rational beings, as classmates in the school of life, though one may perhaps be on the higher, the other on the lower, form. This is better than that men and women should be foes, forced to be allies in order that each may fight more successfully for his or her selfish interest. It is better for a woman to look on all good men as her friends—one dearest and best of all—than to look on all men as foes, to be battled with according to the rules of the lists, in order that one may be out-manuevered and captured by a strategy that it is a life's work to learn and to put into execution. And men and women can never work side by side unless the ground, whether for battle or for production, is the same; nor can they be either worthy allies or useful fellow-laborers, unless they have together prepared a plan of campaign, and together considered the work that needs doing and the means that are ready to hand.

Again, say our opponents, while women have been clamoring men have been advancing. They have no longer any petty feelings of jealousy. They only desire what is best for all, not what is best for men. We wish we could honestly think so. But it would be contrary to all experience of human nature that men should not feel themselves injured by finding women in the field to increase the competition already

felt to press very sorely. Yet in other matters men still have their eyes half shut. They still think it is well for a woman to marry for a subsistence, for a home, for a champion, and not for love. So well that it appears to men to outweigh all the sacrifice. Men prefer to be foes out-manuevered into matrimony rather than the best of friends. This may read well enough in romances, and please the ear in tinkling rhyme. But how is it in fact? Try this syllogism: Men are loved because they are strong; all men are strong; therefore they may all be loved. Or, again: Women are to be weak. Compared to men they are to be as "moonlight unto sunlight" and as "water unto wine." But does real virtue, not that of the glass-house and conservatory sort, require no strength, and are our "noble wives and mothers" to fare no better in education or in life than the heroine of Locksley Hall?

There is one question, asked in the article which has given rise to this protest, too amusing to be passed over. It is asked in reference to Lady Jane Grey, who wanders like a ghost, poor creature, through this controversy—not surely as a punishment for a too vaulting ambition. Lady Jane Grey is admitted to have been a happy, or at least unobjectionable, instance of a learned woman. But, adds the writer, do we admire her education or her character? We are tempted to ask in reply, What is the idea of education in the minds of the adherents of the Lower System? Does not education form character? Would the character of Lady Jane Grey, or of anybody else, have been the same if the education had been different? Should we have admired her character as we do if she had been brought up a washerwoman, or as maid-of-honor to Queen Catherine de Medici? We are striving for education in order to the better formation of character. We want

to stay the riotous growth of frivolous, worthless, and unhappy women. Of course, if women could be pitchforked into life with all their finer attributes and qualities full grown, we should have nothing more to say. But we assert that the attributes and qualities so much desired cannot be obtained for a girl by priming her with accomplishments and just a sufficient smattering of knowledge to make her an agreeable but not too intelligent companion for men, and then turning her loose at the age of eighteen, or before it, to find the particular man whom in the wisdom of Providence, or more probably by the want of wisdom of her educators, she is destined to accept as a husband. Education is the development of faculties, the motive power, the basis of character. When we want a musician we do not put a fiddle in a boy's hand and tell him to work till he can play *second* in the orchestra, and at the same time take lessons in drawing; we put the instrument in his hand and tell him to do his best and study everything that will tend to make him a good musician. It is the same for a life-worker, a life-artist, as surely we wish a woman to be! We must give her education, which is her instrument, and tell her to do her best, to study, to develop her faculties, her talents, her powers. We cannot say, at any fixed point in her development: "So far is good, beyond that is bad." The aim must be at the highest pint, however far short the accomplishments may come. We care for the woman's character, not for what she does—say the cavilers. Yes, but the doing makes the character.

And what is the remedy which the advocates of the Lower System, through Mrs. Lynn Linton, propose? They admit that there is a difficulty as to women's employment. How do they meet it? The scheme is simple; they condemn women to manual labor.

They may be tinkers, tailors, portman-teau-makers, or anything of that kind. We gather that they may cover toys with poisonous paint at 2s. a week, and yet our philosophers would not exclude them from the highest society. Nothing is degrading to women so long as it is not intellectual. Our "noble wives and mothers" are not strong enough for quiet study or intellectual excitement in a well-aired lecture-room; but they may stand for twelve hours at a stretch behind a counter in a draughty and ill-ventilated shop. They may strain eyes and injure weary backs over sewing. There is no danger, apparently, of destroying fair young faces, of blunting fine feelings, of decreasing vital force, by such a profession as that of the theater. Women may be the hangers-on of fashion, and may minister, without danger to themselves, to its shifting whims in every department. And all this with the hope, distinctly held out to them by the article before us, that perhaps if they make themselves very pleasant, "the countesses and dames for whom they devise their dainty costumes may even—not treat them as intelligent companions; but—agree to meet them on equal terms at balls and dinners." Women may do all this, and verily they would have their reward. But there is one thing a woman may not do. She may not be independent. She may depend on a husband, or upon a fashion in flowers or jackets, but she must not be mistress of her own destiny; above all, she must not think.

We are told that the true way to help women is to receive working women into society; and the writer marvels why men shopkeepers are received, but not milliners or lady shopkeepers. The idea betrays the essential narrowness of the Lower School, and the remedy is somewhat of a specific. Still, the reason why men have risen from the

earth is not far to seek. Apart from the innate vulgarity which worships wealth, and would associate with its tailor, or even its dustman, on that ground, irrespective of naany mental qualifications, the reason why men who have risen are received into intelligent society has always been that they have something to contribute. Their birth may be nothing, their education may be self-acquired; but they have got something in the struggle of life which is valuable to others. They become friends of men of genius or talent because they have fitted themselves to be so. It was not by dependence on others that these men rose; they may not have been educated, but at least they were allowed to educate themselves. This is the liberty which we claim for women.

But this is a much larger question than a question of any "society," London or provincial, learned or frivolous. We not only ask that women may be allowed to get their own living in spite of the fine feelings of fathers and brothers. Not only do we go so far as to think a lady might be perfectly happy even if she had given up "society." There is a wider question than this. We admire our sister who carries on the milliner's shop as much as our brother who rises from the ranks. But we object to the idea that women's work must be confined to manual labor, entirely for the same reasons as we should object to be tied to associate with none but self-educated men. Anything is better than dependence on others, either for man or woman. But are we to allow our ideal of womanhood to be exclusively shaped on the ideals of the workshop and the counter? Is the taint of money-making, uncounteracted by ideas, to cover over and blot out all that is fair and beautiful in the minds of women? Are the attributes of the merchant and the traveling agent to be the exclusive models of

women who work for their living? Will these employments, better than intellectual ones, fit them to be the companions of our best men and the teachers of our most hopeful children? Is man, who devotes his life to art, thought, or scientific discovery, to be satisfied with a wife who is either a frivolous society doll, or a sweet and patient drudge, or a woman with the ideas of the shopman with whom he would find no pleasure in associating? Are the great men who are to be born in the future, if only women will refrain from study, to be guided by the remembrance of their mother's face, as she appeared in powder and paint in some stupid vaudeville before a cheering theater; are they to gaze admiringly on the trade gesticulation, or to listen lovingly to tales of sharp bargains and skillful adulteration?

Women whose characters have been formed by mechanical labor, unmitigated by higher education, are, according to these thinkers, to be the mothers of the Bacons and Goethes of the future. They object to over-pressure. So do we; but we object to it in any direction, and if in one direction more than another it would be in the direction from which comes least general profit, that of the mechanical and the material. Our fiery leveler would abolish all grades of rank and breeding and reduce women to one dead level of unintellectual pursuit. Men would alone be in possession of thought and knowledge, and would form an aristocracy of culture. This is rank anarchy and demoralization. How under such a system could a philosopher of the Lower System obtain a hearing even for criticism of her own sex? We maintain, on the contrary, that the effort for higher education is simply an effort to secure in the case of women what has always been the case with men. Women's ideals should be formed as men's have been, by those who have lived out of the roar of traffic, out of

the glare of politics, far from the influence of mobs, away from the contamination of commerce and the drudgery of manual labor. The women we want to form women's ideal of education are women with calm, well-balanced minds and hallowed hearts, equal to men in ideas and mental prowess, if inferior to them in mental, because in physical, endurance, and perhaps making up in spiritual insight for their lack of physical strength. This is the goal toward which we invite all women to strive whose position is fortunate enough to enable them to do so. Happily, in spite of the Lower plan of Education for women, the road is plain and the gates are already open; and it requires no gift of prophecy to foresee the time when highly educated women may be taught to study some stranded philosopher of the Lower System, long reduced to a fossilized condition, as we now study the extinct creatures of the mud period of the earth's history.—HELEN Mc-KERLIE, in *The Contemporary Review*.

RUSSIAN PETROLEUM.

Of the five hundred petroleum wells at Baku, the majority are situated on the Balakhani Plateau, eight or nine miles to the north of the town. The latest "spouter" of Tagief's is, however, in a different locality, being situated on a promontory three miles to the south of Baku. Here Gospodin Tagieff began boring about three years ago. At first, the oil was slow to come, and at its best had never yielded more than 16,000 gallons a day. On the 27th September last, having touched oil at 714 feet, the well began to spout oil with extraordinary force.

From the town, the fountain had the appearance of a colossal pillar of smoke, from the crest of which clouds

of oil-sand detached themselves and floated away a great distance without touching the ground. Owing to the prevalence of southerly winds, the oil was blown in the direction of Bailoff Point, covering hill and dale with sand and petroleum, and drenching the houses of Bailoff, a mile and a half away. Nothing could be done to stop the outflow. It seems that the whole district was covered with oil, the outflow being at the rate of thousands of tons a day, which filled up cavities, formed a lake, and on the fifth day began to escape into the sea. The square in front of the town-hall of Baku was drenched with petroleum. On the eighth day, the outflow reached the highest ever known—a rate of 11,000 tons, or 2,750,000 gallons a day. Thus, says Mr. Marvin, from a single orifice ten inches wide there sprouted daily more oil than was being produced throughout the whole world, including therein the 25,000 wells of America, the thousands of wells in Galicia, Roumania, Burmah, and other countries, and the shale-oil distilleries of Scotland and New South Wales. By the fifteenth day, those in charge had got the outflow so far under control as to restrict it to 250,000 gallons a day. It was certainly a misfortune that of the 10,000 gallons of oil ejected from Tagieff's well, most of it was at first lost for want of storage accommodation.

The yield of oil at Baku is thus much ahead of the greatest product of the American wells. Noble Brothers' No. 18 Well has yielded, from a depth of 1721 feet, nearly 30,000,000 gallons of oil; and their No. 9 Well, from a depth of 642 feet, 40,000,000 gallons. Some of these wells are kept closed while oil is being sold at so cheap a rate. Against the assertion that the product of these wells may dry up and will not last very long, Mr. Marvin says that there is ample historical evidence that petro-

leum has been flowing from the Apshe-ron peninsula for 2500 years, and that there seems more likelihood of the American wells drying up than those of Baku. Besides, the petroleum region of the Black Sea has scarcely been touched, and there the oil seems as plentiful as in America.

Owing to this prodigious outflow without a ready market, oil was selling there, in the beginning of October last, at one penny per sixteen gallons. The best refined petroleum or lamp-oil is sold at three farthings a gallon. The production of crude petroleum last year exceeded 420,000,000 gallons; there are now 120 firms with oil refineries at Baku, which last year turned out 120,000,000 gallons of refined petroleum. The production in 1878 was only 1,250,000 gallons. The bulk system of transport, as distinguished from carrying in barrels, first adopted in 1879, has had a tendency to revolutionize the trade, and now there are 100 oil steamers on the Caspian. Some of these steamers have a capacity of carrying 800 tons of oil each trip.

After extracting 30 per cent. of lamp-oil, and allowing 10 per cent. for waste and dregs, the remaining 60 per cent., out of every hundred gallons, is used for lubricating and other purposes. Large quantities are imported by certain firms in London, for the manufacture of lubricating oils. Although thus exported, the supply of this waste or residue is so great that it has become the principal fuel in South-east Russia. Steamers purchase it at Baku at fourpence a ton, to be used as fuel. When sent by rail to Batoum, the price rises as high as one pound per ton, which is still cheaper than English coal. More than 250 tank and many passenger steamers and locomotives now use this waste oil as fuel in place of coal. A ton of liquid fuel is said to do the work of two or three tons of coal; the chief

advantage of its use consists in the fact that it can be turned off and on like gas; it is clean, and takes up very little bunker-space, a matter of great importance to steamers traveling to long distances. The Black Sea Steam Navigation Company, owning 76 steamers, intend to commence using this oil-refuse.

The chief outlets for the transport of Baku oil at present are by the Volga and the Transcaucasian Railway. A concession has been granted by the Russian government for laying down a petroleum pipe 600 miles long for the carrying of the oil from Baku to a point on the Black Sea. The pipe must be large enough to carry 160,000,000 of gallons of oil a year; and it is expected that three years will elapse before it is in working order. Meantime, the North Caucasus Railway will be complete in 1887, and it is expected that it will convey at least 100,000,000 gallons of oil to the port of Novorossisk, on the Black Sea. Thence it can be shipped in tank steamers to Europe.

A huge iron reservoir is being built at a remote spot in the outer harbor of Amsterdam for the storage of petroleum. It will be nearly 33 feet in diameter, and of the same depth, and is calculated to hold nearly 1,740,000 gallons. The petroleum will be brought direct from Russia in these tank steamers, and will be pumped out at Amsterdam into the tanks, thus saving the expense of filling and emptying casks, besides diminishing the risks of accidents.

Mr. Marvin is of opinion that the world is consuming more oil yearly, and he calculates the daily consumption at 2,000,000 gallons. Along with the cheapening of the oil have also come great improvements in the make of lamps, such as the Defries Safety-lamp, in which the receptacle for the oil is formed of brass. Mr. Marvin makes

the sensible suggestion, that as Russia is flooding the surrounding countries with oil, our manufacturers might supply the south-east of Europe with lamps, and thousands of cooking and warming stoves. It appears that there is not a country in Europe to which Baku oil is not now shipped, and the figures quoted show that American petroleum is being driven from the Black Sea and the Mediterranean. Mr. Marvin is of opinion that the shale-oil industry of Scotland already shows signs of yielding to the competition of America, "and unless special circumstances should arise, must eventually be crushed by the rivalry of Russian petroleum, when imported in bulk."—*Chambers's Journal*.

VOCAL MUSIC IN PUBLIC SCHOOL INSTRUCTION.

I hope to see every state in the Union, sooner or later, place the study of vocal music on the same place with the other elementary branches, *i. e.*, make its introduction and maintenance compulsory upon every school board throughout the state. This proposition would have the ultimate approval of every man, woman and child, who had been in any way, directly or indirectly, and without prejudice, cognizant of the successful results attending the systematic study of vocal music in the public schools of the United States. The earnestness of teachers, both special and regular, in this direction, cannot be lightly passed by; it is soul-born, and as such is deserving.

But what is our experience? For I am persuaded that my experience of the last fifteen years is but a complement of that of many others. Brightened, as it always may be, in the pleasant intercourse of teacher and class, it

is, on the other hand, too frequently clouded by the willful persistency of those who block the wheels of progress, themselves ignorant of music, perhaps, even in its lowest forms; susceptible in no way to its kindly influence; unable to perceive in the remotest degree its bearing upon the disposition and the entire nature of the child, in creating within its breast a love for the beautiful and the good, in preference to that which is ignoble and bad; shutting their eyes in stubborn blindness to everything but their own egotism, and their worship of that monstrous crudity—the theory of *bread-and-butter studies*; antagonistic to all else beyond the limits of the “three R’s” and fighting to the bitter end every suggested expenditure for anything beyond. Such clouds are without doubt constantly within the horizon of every school committee-man’s experience; they darken the days of many teachers in special branches, and in the study of vocal music in particular; the chief cause being the fact that this study is optional with city or town, a vulnerable point.

A school committee-man who may favor this study, however loyal to his convictions, has no power behind him, as he has in the case of the prescribed branches; his compeers also know the weakness of his position, and just so long as his adherents are in the minority, it is only by courtesy, as a rule, that any progress is made. I do not think that I am stating the case too strongly, for I know of instances where the study has been dropped from the course when its advocates, wearied in their persistent but futile endeavors, at last gave way in despair. I believe firmly that in all cases where the study has been discontinued it is because of this antagonism, which has no basis of truth in its assaults, and not because of an unsuccessful result of its trial.

This is why I wish, and I have every reason to believe that every friend of this study would wish, to have it taken from the list of optional studies and placed upon an equal footing with those in the required course. It would relieve the local committee-man of a grave responsibility, in his own eyes at least (an honest conviction, doubtless, but that has sent many an unfortunate to the stake before now), and it would place this study where it rightfully belongs. It would then become the duty of the local committee to so perfect this study as to graduate scholars who could teach singing in common with the other branches, and thus finally reduce the cost of supervision to a minimum.

In my own schools (at Chelsea, Mass.) out of 72 teachers in the primary and grammar schools, 67 possess the ability requisite to drill their pupils daily in the singing exercises assigned; 17 out of the 67 have been pupils in the schools under my direction; the other 50, most of whom were teachers at the time I took the schools sixteen years ago, have learned the elements of music as I have taught them to their classes; knowing nothing of the art (with one or two exceptions) when they began, they are now capable teachers in that direction. This has enabled me by degrees to reduce my visits in the primary schools from twice a week to once in three weeks, and in the lower grades of grammar schools to once in two weeks; so that where our city formerly employed and paid me for the entire school session, four whole and two half days, I am now engaged for only five half days, with a corresponding reduction in salary. It is probably only a question of time as to a still further reduction; in fact, it is certain, if the option is withdrawn by the state. I am not writing this paper directly in my own interest, but in the interest of

the future men and women of our Republic; for I truly believe that with a realization of my desires and the desires of all who agree with me in the direction named, will come the dawning of a brighter era in the social and political relations of our states, as within and among themselves. I cannot better explain myself here than by quoting from the report (1883) of our music committee.

"Let it be understood that music is not taught in our schools for what it may bring to the pupil in mere temporal advancement, though, whatever may be gained in this direction, should the scholar finally make music a profession, is to his advantage. The training of the voice and the ear, and the formation of a correct musical taste through the medium of pure models of musical composition adapted in all grades of school work to the ability of the young singer, is the underlying principle of this noble endeavor, and every child is made the better for participating in the musical exercise with a conscious ability. *Its spiritual nature is broadened and deepened unconsciously, and thus made more painfully sensitive to the assaults of evil, and much more ready to welcome the benign influences for good, with which our civilized world is blessed.*"

The spirit of the last sentence of this quotation is the key-note of this whole paper; it is truly the spirit in which I write.—GEORGE A. VEAZIE, JR., in *Circulars of the U. S. Bureau of Education*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

MATTHEW ARNOLD UPON GENERAL GRANT.
—In *Murray's Magazine* Mr. Matthew Arnold undertakes to set forth his ideas concerning General Grant:—

"I have heard it said, I know not with what degree of truth, that while the sale in America of General Grant's *Personal Memoirs* has produced 300,000 dollars for the benefit of his widow and family, there have not in England been sold of the book 300 copies. Certainly the book has had no wide circulation here, it has not been much read or much discussed. There are obvious reasons for

The book relates in great detail the

military history of the American Civil War, so far as Grant bore part in it: such a history cannot possibly have for other nations the interest which it has for the United States themselves. For the general reader, outside of America, it certainly cannot; as to the value and importance of the history to the military specialist, that is a question on which I hear very conflicting opinions expressed, and one on which I myself can have, of course, no opinion to offer. So far as the general European reader might still be attracted to such a history, in spite of its military details, for the sake of the importance of the issues at stake and of the personages engaged, we in Europe have, it cannot be denied, in approaching an American recital of the deeds of 'the greatest nation upon earth,' some apprehension and mistrust to get over. We may be pardoned for doubting whether we shall in the recital find measure, whether we shall find sobriety. Then, too, General Grant, the central figure of these *Memoirs*, is not to the English imagination the hero of the American Civil War; the hero is Lee, and of Lee the *Memoirs* tell us little. Moreover General Grant, when he was in England, did not himself personally interest people much. Later he fell in America into the hands of financing speculators, and his embarrassments, though they excited sorrow and compassion, did not at all present themselves to us as those of "a good man struggling with adversity." For all these reasons, then, the *Personal Memoirs* have in England been received with coldness and indifference.

"I, too, had seen General Grant in England, and did not find him interesting. If I said the truth, I should say that I thought him ordinary-looking, dull and silent. An expression of gentleness and even sweetness in the eyes, which the portraits in the *Memoirs* show, escaped me. A strong, resolute, business-like man, who by possession of unlimited resources in men and money, and by the unsparing use of them, had been enabled to wear down and exhaust the strength of the South, this was what I supposed Grant to be, this and little more.

"Some documents published by General Badeau in the American newspapers first attracted my serious attention to Grant. Among those documents was a letter from him which showed qualities for which, in the rapid and uncharitable view which our cursory judgments of men so often take, I had by no means given him credit. It was the letter of a man with the virtue rare everywhere, but more rare in America, perhaps, than anywhere else, the virtue of being able to

confront and resist popular clamor, the *civium ardor prava jubentium*. Public opinion seemed in favor of a hard and insolent course, the authorities seemed putting pressure upon Grant to make him follow it. He resisted with firmness and dignity. After reading that letter I turned to General Grant's *Personal Memoirs*, then just published. This man, I said to myself, deserves respect and attention; and I read the two bulky volumes through.

"I found shown in them a man, strong, resolute and business-like, as Grant had appeared to me when I first saw him; a man with no magical personality, touched by no divine light and giving out none. I found a language all astray in its use of *will* and *shall*, *should* and *would*, an English employing the verb *to conscript* and the participle *conscripting*, and speaking in a dispatch to the Secretary of War of having *badly whipped* the enemy; an English without charm and without high breeding. But at the same time I found a man of sterling good-sense as well as of the firmest resolution; a man, withal, humane, simple, modest; from all restless self-consciousness and desire for display perfectly free; never boastful where he himself was concerned, and where his nation was concerned seldom boastful, boastful only in circumstances where nothing but high genius or high training, I suppose, can save an American from being boastful. I found a language straightforward, nervous, and possessing in general the high merit of saying clearly in the fewest possible words what had to be said, and saying it frequently, with shrewd and unexpected turns of expression. The *Memoirs* renewed and completed the impressions which the letter given by General Badeau had made upon me. And now I want to enable Grant and his *Memoirs* as far as possible to speak for themselves to the English public, which knows them, I believe, as imperfectly as a few months ago myself did.

"His own account of his first experience as a Commander is very characteristic of him:

"My sensations as we approached what I supposed might be a field of battle, were anything but agreeable. I had been in all the engagements in Mexico that it was possible for one person to be in; but not in command. If some one else had been colonel, and I had been lieutenant-colonel, I do not think I would have felt any trepidation. Before we were prepared to cross the Mississippi River at Quincy, my anxiety was relieved; for the men of the beleaguered regiment came straggling into the town. I am inclined to think both sides got frightened and ran away."

"Now, however, he was started; and from this time until he received Lee's surrender at Appomattox Court House, four years later, he was always the same strong man, showing

the same valuable qualities. He had not the pathos and dignity of Lee, his power of captivating the admiring interest, almost the admiring affection, of his profession and of the world. He had not the fire, the celerity, the genial cordiality of Sherman, whose person and manner emitted a *ray* (to adopt, with a very slight change, Lamb's well-known lines)—

'a ray
Which struck a cheer upon the day,
A cheer which would not go away—'

Grant had not these. But he certainly had a good deal of the character and qualities which we so justly respect in the Duke of Wellington. Wholly free from show, parade, and pomposity; sensible and sagacious; scanning closely the situation, seeing things as they actually were, then making up his mind as to the right thing to be done under the circumstances, and doing it; never flurried, never vacillating, but also not stubborn, able to reconsider and change his plans, a man of resource; when, however, he had really fixed on the best course to take, the right nail to drive, resolutely and tenaciously persevering, driving the nail hard home—Grant was all this, and surely in all this he resembles the Duke of Wellington."

AS SOMEBODY SAYS.—"In a little book called *Wellerisms*," says Mr. Andrew Lang, in *Longman's Magazine*, "the question has been started, What is the origin of those facetious remarks of Sam's which always include the expression, 'as—some one or other—said'? 'Plenty to get and little to do,'" as the soldier said when he was sentenced to be flogged. As the judge remarked 'What the soldier said is not evidence.' But it is interesting to observe that these facetious *formule* are common on the Continent as well as in England, and make part of the traditional wisdom of the people. In French they are called *Les comme dits*. In Germany M. E. Holfer has published a collection of them (*Wie das Volk spricht*.) Here are some French examples: '*Vive la lumière, comme dit l'aveugle*.' This answers to 'I see, I see,' said the blind man. "'You're a liar,'" said the dummy—a refined piece of Scotch popular humor. Here is one from George Sand:—'*Je vais me résumer, comme dit M. le curé de Cuzion au commencement de tous ses sermons*.' These are Dutch examples:—'I know what I think,' as the madman said to his keeper. 'Nobody to blame,' as the man said when he threw his wife downstairs. 'Excuse me if there is any error,' as the soldi-

said when he shot his colonel. Samuel Weller's *comme dit* are better than these frivolous foreign endeavors."

THOUGHT READING.—In *The Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Stuart C. Cumberland, who incidentally mentions that for some time past he has virtually given up the practice of "thought-reading," because his thoughts and his time were occupied in other matters, gives numerous instances of trials which he had made as a "thought-reader;" persons of the highest station and character being not unfrequently the willing subjects of his endeavors. The following is among the most curious of these experiences:—

"When the 'subject' is a good one, the operator is enabled not only to give a greater precision but often a much higher finish to his experiments, leaving out in his execution of them not a single detail which has had place in the 'subject's' thoughts. This was notably the case in my drawing illustration with his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, which took place about two and a half years ago when I was on a visit to Baron Ferdinand Rothschild at Waddesdon. After dinner one night, his Royal Highness was pleased to offer himself as a subject for experiment; and he chose a test altogether different from anything I had attempted before. It consisted of my having to draw upon a piece of paper the outline of an animal which his Royal Highness had at the time in his mind. A sheet of paper was placed upon a music-stand on the piano; and, having blindfolded myself, I took the Prince by the left hand, holding a lead-pencil in my right. In a few moments I had drawn the outline of the animal desired—viz., an elephant. The drawing was very rough, but, as neither his Royal Highness nor myself is an artist, the irregular contour of the animal depicted was readily accounted for. There was, however, one striking peculiarity about the sketch which was not allowed to pass notice. The animal I had drawn was tailless. It was afterward explained that the Prince had in mind the first elephant he had shot in Ceylon, and whose tail he had himself docked at the time of shooting."

SAM ROGERS, THE POET OF "MEMORY."—The recently published *Hayward Letters* contain a notelet, in which Mrs. Caroline Norton thus characterizes her dear friend Rogers, an invitation to one of whose "breakfasts" was thought, two generations ago, to be enough to make a man's reputation for talent:—

"I am sure you will know what I mean: no man ever seemed so important, who did so little, aye, and said so little (in spite of tabletalk) for his fellow-men. His God was Harmony; and over his life Harmony presided, sitting on a lukewarm cloud. He was not the 'poet, sage, and philosopher' people expect to find he was, but a man in whom the tastes (rare fact!) preponderated over the passions; who defrayed the expenses of his tastes as other men make onlay for the gratification of their passions; all within limit of reason, he did not squander more than win the affec-

tion of his seraglio—the Nine Muses—nor bet upon Pegasus, though he entered him for the races when he had a fair chance of winning. He did nothing rash. I am sure Rogers as a baby never fell down, *unless he was pushed*; but walked from chair to chair of the drawing-room furniture steadily and quietly till he reached the place where the sunbeam fell on the carpet. He must always have preferred a lullaby to the merriest game of romps; and if he could have spoken would have begged his long-clothes might be made of fine *Mull* muslin instead of cambric or jaquenot, the first fabric being of incomparable softness, and the two latter capable of that which he loathed, *starch*. He was the very embodiment of quiet, from his voice to the last harmonious little picture that hung in his lulled room, and a curious figure he seemed—an elegant, pale watch-tower, showing forever what a quiet port literature and the fine arts might offer, in an age of 'progress,' when every one is tossing, struggling, wrecking, and foundering on a sea of commercial speculation or political adventure: where people fight even over pictures, and if a man does buy a picture, it is with the burning desire to prove it is a Raphael to his yelping enemies, rather than to point it out with a slow white finger to his breakfasting friends."

THE SCENERY IN BALZAC'S NOVELS.—*Temple Bar*, in one of a series of articles upon the Novels of Balzac, says:—

"The place and the surroundings of his stories are to Balzac what the skeleton is to the body, or what the body itself is to certain thoroughgoing artists who first draw it nude, then clothe it with its assigned draperies. Each town, each street, each house, each room, has its own physiognomy as distinctly marked as the characters who inhabit the one and act out the details of their drama in the other. This physiognomy is even more graphically described than Sir Walter Scott's famous descriptions, and with more absolute harmony between the surroundings and the personages—even to the thirsty look of a forest matching the fatigue and thirst of the strayed sportsmen in 'Adieu.' In each of these descriptions is the biting touch which etches a picture, and in all the most relentless harmony. Among these the *Malson Vanquer*, where le père Goriot, Vautrin, and Rastignac live, stands out for its sordid poverty and boarding-house abominations.

'Cette première pièce exhale une odeur sans nom dans la langue, et qu'il faudrait appeler l'odeur de pension. Elle sent le renferme, la moisie, le rance; elle donne froid, elle est humide au nez, elle pénètre les vêtements, elle a le goût d'une salle où l'on a dîné; elle pue le service, l'office, l'hospice. How clearly this cruel picture shows that house, and *'les jeunes pensionnaires, qui se croient supérieurs à leur position en se moquant du dîner auquel la misère les condamne.'* From this first description to the last epigrammatic note, when de Rastignac goes to dine with his mistress, Madame de Nucingen, on the day of her father's funeral—the father she has helped to murder after having helped to ruin—the whole is perfect."

"LOCKSLEY HALL" AND THE JUBILEE.

The nation will observe with warm satisfaction that, although the new *Locksley Hall* is, as told by the Calendar, a work of Lord Tennyson's old age, yet is his poetic "eye not dim, nor his natural force abated." The date of *Waverley* was fixed by its alternative title 'Tis *Sixty Years Since*; but the illustrious author told of years not all included within his own span of life; and his decease saddened the world of letters and of man soon after his sixth decade was complete. It was in 1842 that the genius Lord Tennyson blazed in full orb upon the world. But he had as early as 1827 worn the livery of the Muse, and braved the ordeal of the press, so that it is hardly an exaggeration to treat of the whole period of three score years as already included within a literary life. And now that he gives us another *Locksley Hall* "after sixty years," the very last criticism that will be hazarded—or if hazarded will be accepted—on his work will be, that it betrays a want of tone and fiber. For my own part I have been not less impressed with the form, than with the substance. Limbs will grow stiff with age, but minds not always; we find here all undiminished that suppleness of the poet which enables him to conform without loss of freedom to the stringent laws of measured verse. Lord Tennyson retains his conspicuous mastery over the trochaic meter, and even the least favorable among the instantaneous, or "pistol-graph," criticisms demanded by the necessities of the daily press, stingily admits that the poem "here and there exhibits the inimitable touch."

An article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, produced under the same rigorous conditions, but of singular talent, states rather dogmatically that any criticism

which accepts Lord Tennyson as a thinker is now out of date. I venture to demur to this proposition; and to contend that the author of *In Memoriam* (for example) shows a capacity which entitles him to a high place among the thinkers of the day; of thinkers, too, on those subjects, which have the first and highest claim to the august name of philosophy. It does not follow that we are to regard all the productions of Lord Tennyson as equally the fruit of the "thinker" that is in him. A great poet is commonly of a richly diversified nature; and as the strong man of the gospel is ejected by a stronger man, so the strong faculty of the poet may rock or swerve under the encroaching pressure of a faculty which is even, if only for the time, stronger still. The passionate or emotional part of nature comes into rivalry with the reflective organ, and it is our own fault if because in a given work the one predominates, we deny the existence of the other; or again, if we assume that the balance of powers can never shift, and that all faculties are equally represented at all times, was to exalt the individual human mind, subject to all the incidents of life, up to the level of a perfect intelligence.

In the work, however, that is now before the world, Lord Tennyson neither claims the authority, nor charges himself with the responsibility, of one who solemnly delivers, under the weight of years, and with a shortened span before him, a confession of political or social faith. The poem is strictly a dramatic monologue. In its pages we have before us, though without the formal divisions of the drama, a group of personages, and the strain changes from the color of thought appropriate for one to that which befits another. In the one supreme poem of the first person singular, the *Divina Commedia*, we know at first hand the precise relation of

sympathy in which the poet stands to each of the persons brought upon the scene. But this is a case by itself. When it is not the intention of the piece that the poet shall himself appear, the greater is his power, the more completely he is shrouded behind the veil his art has woven; and we can but speculate, in Homer or in Shakespeare, on the question which among his creations were the favorites of the maker himself. These two superlative masters are more nearly allied than might be supposed; for Homer, although in form epic, is in essence also a great dramatist, and contains within him seminally the drama of his country. Lord Tennyson gives his reader, in form at least, even less help, since each of us has to discover the transitions for himself. The method in the old *Locksley Hall*, and in the new, is the same. In each the maker is outside his work; and in each we have to deal with it as strictly impersonal. Were it otherwise, were we to seek political knowledge at the lips of our author, we should not be in difficulty; for this is he who in his official verses of 1851, addressed to the Queen, and in the poem "Love thy Land," has supplied us with a code of politics as sound, as comprehensive, and as exactly balanced, as either verse or prose could desire.

The connection of the two *Locksley Halls* lies in the continuous identity of the hero, he supplying the thread on which the subject and its movement hang. The teaching of half a century ago, proceeding immediately from the poet's lips, inculcated above all things impartiality of view. He

Would love the gleams of good that broke
From either side, nor veil his eyes.

And the strain of the personage then young, whom the famous poem set before us, was not one-sided. He then saw a mercenary taint upon the age:—

Every door is barred with gold, and opens but
to golden keys.

He had glimpses of vaunting temper
and of words outrunning deeds:—

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt
that Honor feels,
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at
each other's heels.

Yet he shook off depression, and taught
the doctrine of a tempered progress, in
lines which the language itself cannot
outlive:—

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increas-
ing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of man are widened with
the process of the suns.

And what those suns had already done
was first fruit; the harvest was be-
hind:—

Men my brothers, men the workers, ever
reaping something new,
That which they have done but earnest of the
things that they shall do.

And not only was there no fear of on-
ward movement—witness the line which
may well make a nervous man giddy as
he reads it—

Let the great world spin forever down the ring-
ing grooves of change;

but the dauntless eye of the Prophet
has seen, down the long avenue, all the
way—I fear the immeasurable way—to
the great result:—

Till the war-drums throbbed no longer, and
the battle flags were furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of
the world.

Such is the Voice that rings as well as
warbles from the chambers of the old
Locksley Hall. On the whole, if an
account be strictly taken, the coloring
was something sanguine. A bias in
that direction was not unsuited to the
speaker's youth, especially if, as Eng-
land has unflinchingly believed, his les-
sons of hope were, upon the whole, the
lessons of wisdom. The labor of life is
cheered by the song of life. The sweat

of man's brow, and the burden on his back, produce better practical results, if he can be encouraged to reckon with a reasonable confidence on his reward.

As the junior changes into a senior at the command of the new *Locksley Hall*, he does not forget to look at the reverse as well as the obverse of the medal, or to recommend the persevering performance of daily duty as the best medicine for paralyzing doubts, and the safest shelter under the storms either of practical or of speculative life. So speaks the eulogy on the successful suitor of the first *Locksley Hall*, to whom a gentle reparation is now made, and who served God in his generation:—

Strove for sixty widowed years to help his
homelier brother men,
Served the poor, and built the cottage, raised
the school, and drained the fen.

But the voice of our Prophet in this poem, if taken as a whole, has undergone a change. Such a change was in the course of Nature. As Wordsworth says:—

The clouds, that gathered round the setting
sun,
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality.

Perhaps the tone may even, at times, be thought to have grown a little hoarse with his years. Not that we are to regard it as the voice of the author. On the earlier occasion he supplied in "Love thou thy Land" whatever correction was required to bring the scales of anticipation back to equilibrium. He has not now given us his own personal forecast of the actual or the coming time; and in withholding it he allows us a yet greater freedom to estimate the utterances of the Prophet in the new *Locksley Hall* by the rules of truth and soberness, but "without respect of persons."

For much indeed that he teaches we ought to feel obliged to him. Each

generation or age of men is under a twofold temptation: the one to overrate its own performances and prospects, the other to undervalue the times preceding or following its own. No greater calamity can happen to a people than to break utterly with its Past. But this proposition in its full breadth applies more to its aggregate, than to its immediate Past. Our judgment on the age that last preceded us should be strictly just. But it should be masculine, not timorous; for, if we gild its defects and glorify its errors, we dislocate the axis of the very ground which forms our own point of departure. This rule particularly applies to the period which preceded our own. The first three decades of this century were far from normal. They suffered, both morally and politically, from the terrible recoil of the French Revolution, and of the means employed for counteracting it. That period gave us military glory. It made noble and immortal additions to our literature. In fine art, though there had been a sunset, the sun still illumined the sky. But the items of the account *per contra* are great indeed. One of the lightest among them is, that it brought our industrial arts to the lowest point of degradation. Under the benign influence of Protection, there was a desert of universal ugliness. It also charged the inheritance of our countrymen with a public debt equal to more than a fourth, at one time more nearly touching a third, of the aggregate value of all their private property. Would that this had been all! It taxed the nation for the benefit of class. It ground down the people by the Corn Law, and debased them by the Poor Law. In Ireland, Parliament refused through one generation of men to fulfill the promise of Roman Catholic Emancipation, without which promise not even the devilish enginery of the other means employed

would have sufficed to bring about the Legislative Union between the two countries. But in 1815 they legislated, with a cruel severity which the Irish Parliament might never have wished, and could never have dared, against the occupiers, that is to say, against the people, of that "sister island." On this side the Channel, the Church was quietly suffered to remain a wilderness of rank abuse. But activity was shown enough and to spare, by the use of legislative and executive power, to curtail the traditional freedom of the people. The law had been made hateful to the nation; and both our institutions and our Empire had been brought to the brink of a precipice, when in 1830 the King dared not dine with the Lord Mayor, and the long winter nights were illuminated by the blaze of Swing fires, in southern counties which have grown into Toryism under the beneficent influence of reformed government and legislation.

On the other hand, the beginning of the period had the solitary glory of ending one long series of continuous crime by the Abolition of the Slave Trade. Nearer its close, there were marked tendencies toward good, and even some noble beginnings of improvement; but these were mainly and conspicuously due to suspected and reviled minorities, and were in many instances mentored, as well as resisted, with a bitterness almost savage, and hardly known to our more modern and sufficiently lively contentions.

Such were the backwaters (so to call them) of the French Revolution and of the war against it, and such was the later Georgian era, on which it is necessary to use plainness of speech, because it now takes the benefit of the glorifying hues of distance, as well as of military triumph; and none survive, except a dwindling handful, to speak of it from recollection. But though it was

a time which can ill stand comparison with most others of our history, there still remained for us that glorious inheritance of Britons which, though it imperiled and defaced, it did not destroy.

It was manifestly from the point marked by the close of this period that the old *Locksley Hall* took its measurements, and found in the survey of the years which had succeeded 1830, that their good outweighed their evil. In his admirable verses to the Queen, too, Mr. Tennyson—this time in person and not through a *persona*—looked at the Ship of State, and gave her his benediction on her way, as Longfellow's Master blessed the ship of the Union;

Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea;
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee.

During the intervening half-century, or near it, the temper of hope and thankfulness, which both Mr. Tennyson and the young Prophet of *Locksley Hall* so largely contributed to form, has been tested by experience. Authorities and people have been hard at work in dealing with the laws, the policy, and the manners of the country. Their performances may be said to form the Play, intervening between the old Prologue, and the new Epilogue which has just issued from the press. This Epilogue, powerful as it is, will not quite harmonize with the evergreens of Christmas. The young Prophet, now grown old, is not, indeed (though perhaps, on his own showing, he ought to be); in despair. For he still stoutly teaches manly duty and personal effort, and longs for progress more, he trows, than its professing and blatant votaries. But in his present survey of the age as his field, he seems to find that a sadder color has invested all the scene. The evil has eclipsed the good, and the scale,

which before rested solidly on the ground, now kicks the beam. For the framing of our estimate, however, prose, and very prosaic prose, may be called in not less than poetry. The question demands an answer, whether it is needful to open so dark a prospect for the Future; whether it is just to pronounce what seems to be a very decided censure on the immediate Past. And there is this peculiar feature in the case. In most countries and most periods of the world, Governments may bear their own faults, and in proportion the peoples may go scot-free. Not so in this country, and at this time. In the words of the Prince Consort, "Our institutions are on their trial," as institutions of self-government; and if condemnation is to be pronounced, on the nation it must mainly fall, and must sweep away with it a large part of such hopes as have been either fanatically or reflectively entertained that, by this provision of self-government, the Future might effect some moderate improvement upon the Past, and mitigate in some perceptible degree the social sorrows and burdens of mankind.

I will now, with a view to a fair trial of this question, try to render, rudely and slightly though it be, some account of the deeds and the movement of this last half-century. I shall reserve until the close what must be put down to its debit. For the present I will only shut out from the review important divisions of the subject with which I am not competent to deal: those of literature, of research, of science, of morals. These great subjects would resent summary treatment even by a competent hand; and my hand is not competent, nor my opinions worth record. What I have to say bears upon them, but mainly in the way of exterior contact. I shall only venture to refer to those portions of the case which can as it were be inventoried: the course and acts of public

authority, and the movement, so closely associated with them, of public opinion, and of the most palpable forms of voluntary action.

The Prophet of the new *Locksley Hall* records against us many sad, and even shameful, defaults. They are not to be denied; and the list probably might be lengthened. The youngest among us will not see the day in which new social problems will have ceased to spring as from the depths, and vex even the most successful solvers of the old; or in which this proud and great English nation will not have cause, in all its ranks and orders, to bow its head before the Judge Eternal, and humbly to confess to forgotten duties, or wasted and neglected opportunities. It is well to be reminded, and in tones such as make the deaf may hear, of city children who "soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime;" of maidens cast by thousands on the street; of the sempstress scrimped of her daily bread; of dwellings miserably crowded; of fever as the result; even of "incest in the warrens of the poor." On the last-named item, and the group of ideas therewith associated, scarcely suited for discussion here, I am not sure that the warrens of the poor have more to fear from a rigid investigation than other and more spacious habitations. But a word on the rest. Take first the city child as he is described. For one such child now there were ten, perhaps twenty, fifty years back. A very large, and a still increasing proportion of these children have been brought under the regular training and discipline of the school. Take the maidens, who are now, as they were then, cast by thousands on the street. But then, if one among them were stricken with penitence and sought for a place in which to hide her head, she found it only in the pomp of paid institutions, and in a help well meant, no doubt, yet carrying little of what was

most essential, sympathetic discrimination, and mild, nay even tender care. Within the half-century a new chapter has opened. Faith and love have gone forth into the field. Specimens of womankind, sometimes the very best and highest, have not deemed this quest of souls beneath them. Scrimping of wages, no doubt, there is and was. But the fair wage of to-day is far higher than it was then, and the unfair wage is assumably not lower. Miserable and crowded dwellings, again, and fever as their result, both then and now. But legislation has in the interval made its attempts in earnest; and if this was with awkward and ungainly hand, private munificence or enterprise is dotting our city areas with worthy dwellings. Above all have we not to record in this behalf martyred lives, such as those of Denison and Toynbee? Or shall we refuse honorable mention to not less devoted lives, still happily retained, of such persons as Miss Octavia Hill? With all this there has happily grown up not only a vast general extension of benevolent and missionary means, but a great parochial machinery of domestic visitation, charged with comfort and blessing to the needy, and spread over so wide a circle, that what was formerly an exception may now with some confidence be said to be the rule. If insufficiencies have come to be more keenly felt, is that because they are greater, or because there is a bolder and better trained disposition to feel them? The evils, which our Prophet rightly seeks to cauterize with his red-hot iron, were rank among us even in the days when Hogarth, a pioneer of reformation, drew his Beer Street and his Gin Lane. They grew with population and with wealth; but they grew unnoticed, until near the period, when the earliest *Locksley Hall* cheered the hearts of those who sought to mend the world. If fifty years ago censure was appeased

and hopefulness encouraged, is there any reason now why hope should be put under an extinguisher and censure should hold all the ground?

About twenty years ago, and toward the close of his famous and highly honored life, Lord Russell spoke the much-noted words "Rest and be thankful." And right well had his rest been earned. But the nation, which we may hope was thankful, yet rested not. As a nation, it has labored harder than ever before; harder, perhaps, than any nation ever labored. True, it has a greater number of leisured men, and moreover of idle men, than it had sixty years back. It must be left to them to state what is the final cause of their existence, and what position it is that the Almighty destined them to fill upon this ever-whirling planet. But, even after deducting them as a minus quantity from our sum total, it still remains true not only that the nation labors hard, but that it has discovered, for itself at least, the perpetual motion. For it has built up an Empire, and no insignificant part of it since the first *Locksley Hall* was written, of such an exacting though imposing magnitude, and of such burden some though glorious responsibilities, that it must perforce keep to its activity like Sisyphos with his stone or Ixion on his wheel. It would be little to say that the practical legislation of the last fifty years has in quantity far exceeded that of the three preceding fifties taken together. The real question is on its quality. Has this great attempt in an old country at popular government, when brought to trial by relative, not abstract standards, failed, or has it not? I remember being told by Kingsley how, when an old friend of his had rushed unadvisedly into verse, he plucked up all his courage for the needful emphasis, and told him, "My dear friend, your poems are not good but bad." Will it be too audacious

to submit to the Prophet of the new *Locksley Hall* that the laws and works of the half-century he reviews are not bad but good?

I will refer as briefly as may be to the sphere of legislation. Slavery has been abolished. A criminal code, which disgraced the Statute Book, has been effectually reformed. Laws of combination and contract, which prevented the working population from obtaining the best price for their labor, have been repealed. The lamentable and demoralizing abuses of the Poor Law have been swept away. Lives and limbs, always exposed to destruction through the incidents of labor, formerly took their chance, no man heeding them, even when the origin of the calamity lay in the recklessness or neglect of the employer: they are now guarded by preventive provisions, and the loss is mitigated, to the sufferers or their survivors, by pecuniary compensation. The scandals of labor in mines, factories, and elsewhere, to the honor, first and foremost, of the name of Shaftesbury, have been either removed, or greatly qualified and reduced. The population on the sea coast is no longer forced wholesale into contraband trade by fiscal follies; and the Game Laws no longer constitute a plausible apology for poaching. The entire people have good schools placed within the reach of their children, and are put under legal obligation to use the privilege, and contribute to the charge. They have also at their doors the means of husbanding their savings, without the compromise of their independence by the inspection of the rector or the squire, and under the guarantee of the state to the uttermost farthing of the amount. Living in a land where severance in families is almost a matter of course, they are no longer barred from feeding and sustaining domestic affection by prohibitory rates of postage, sternly im-

posed upon the masses, while the peers and other privileged classes were exempt through franking from the charge. In this establishment of cheap communications, England has led the world. Information through a free press, formerly cut off from them by stringent taxation, is now at their easy command. The taxes which they pay are paid to the state for the needful purposes of government, and nowhere to the wealthy classes of the community for the purpose of enhancing the prices of the articles produced for their account. Their interests at large are protected by their votes; and their votes are protected by the secrecy which screens them from intimidation either through violence or in its subtler forms. Their admission into parliament, through the door opened by abolishing the property qualification, has been accomplished on a scale which, whether sufficient or not, has been both sensible, and confessedly beneficial. Upon the whole, among the results of the last half-century to them are, that they work fewer hours; that for these reduced hours they receive increased wages; and that with these increased wages they purchase at diminished rates almost every article, except tobacco and spirits, of which the price can be affected by the acts of the Legislature.

It seems to me that some grounds have already been laid for a verdict of acquittal upon the public performances of the half-century. The question now touched upon is that "condition of England question" on which Mr. Carlyle, about midway in his life, thundered in our ears his not unwarrantable but menacing admonitions. Some heed, it would appear, has been given to such pleading. Science and legislation have been partners in a great work. There is no question now about the shares of their respective contributions. It is enough for my purpose that the work

has been done, and that the Legislature has labored hard in it. Mr. Giffen, in a treatise of great care and ability, has estimated the improvement in the condition of the working population at 50 per cent. Would that it might be possible to add another fifty. But an accomplished fact of this character and magnitude is surely matter for thankfulness, acknowledgment, and hope. The discord between the people and the law is now at an end, and our institutions are again "broad-based" upon national conviction and affection.

I turn to another great category of contention. It is in the nature of religious disabilities to die hard. Stirred at a sore point into spasmodic action in the Parliament of 1880, they are now practically dead. The signs of inequality obtruded upon Nonconformists by the Church Rate, and by the unequal laws of marriage, and of registration upon births and burials, have been put away. In just satisfaction to a civil right, free access has been given to the churchyards of the country; and the sinister predictions which obstructed the change have proved to be at least as shadowy as the beings commonly supposed to haunt those precincts. The old universities have opened wide their august portals to the entire community; and they have more than doubled the numbers of their students. If the oath is not now universally revered, at least a great provocation to irreverence in the needless and perfunctory use of it has been carefully removed.

It would be endless to recite all the cases in which relief has been afforded, during the period under review, to suffering industry and imperiled capital. One case at least must not be left wholly without notice. The farmers of the country have suffered for a series of years with their landlords, but usually beyond their landlords, and from

causes which it is not altogether easy to trace. The law cannot give prosperity; but it can remove grievance. By changes in the law, the occupiers of the soil have been saved from the ravages (such they often were) of ground game. In the repeal of the malt tax there has disappeared what had been commonly proclaimed to be their heaviest wrong. The tithe-owner, clerical or lay, no longer abstracts the tenth sheaf, which may often have represented the whole nett value of an improvement. Claims of the landlord for the recovery of rent, which were found to operate unjustly (I refer particularly to the law of hypothec in Scotland) have been abolished. And more than all these, the title of the farmer to the fruit of his legitimate investments in his holding has, though only a few years back, obtained efficient protection.

Long as is this list, it is not less incomplete than long. Two or three of its gaps must be filled up. The new and stringent act for the reduction of the expenses of parliamentary elections is both a law for virtue against vice of the most insinuating kind, and a law for the free popular choice of representatives as against the privilege and monopoly of the rich. Women have been admitted to new public duties, which they have proved their perfect capacity to discharge, and their property and earnings in the married state have been protected. Prying for a moment into a hidden corner of the Statute Book, I remind the reader that at the date of the first *Locksley Hall* no woman could by law obtain the slightest aid toward the support of an illegitimate child, wherever the father was a soldier. This shameful enactment has been abolished. The members of the two Houses of Parliament used to find in that membership a cover from the payment of their lawful debts. This shelter they have lost. The ap-

plication of the elective principle to municipal corporations has advanced our towns to a higher civilization, and has exhibited in many instances, of which Mr. Chamberlain is the most brilliant and famous name, the capacity of local government to develop the political faculty, and confer imperial education. The repeal of the Navigation Laws was effected in 1849, amidst a howl of prophecies that it would be found to have involved not merely the destruction of a "harassed interest," but the downfall of our national defence. The result of the new law, in combination with the great change in shipbuilding from wood to iron, was that the "harassed interest" has been strengthened, a noble art improved, the character of the service refined and reformed, the tonnage multiplied, and a new position given to Great Britain as the first among the shipbuilding countries of the world. If we look now to the vital subject of the relations between the two Islands, we come on the brink of controversies I would rather avoid; and I do not forget that there is one epoch of our history with which the names of Pitt and Fox and Burke and every statesman of their day are alike associated, but which as yet we have not rivaled. Drawing comparisons only from the time that followed 1782 and 1783, I venture to assert that only since 1829, and chiefly within the latter part of this period, has Right begun, though with a chequered history, manfully to assert itself against Wrong, in the management and government of Ireland.

This work of legislation, so vast and so varied, has been upon the whole an impartial work. Many and many a time, not only have its promoters had to face powerful and obstinate opposition, but they have not been cheered in their work by the public opinion of the moment, and have had their faith

and patience exercised by reliance only on the future. And it has been seen in strengthening police and prison discipline, in legislation for public order, and in the radical reformation of the poor laws, that unpopular as well as popular work has been done, and well done, when it came to hand.

And the wholesome breath of the nation has, during this period, purified not only the legislative but the administrative atmosphere. Let me record to the honor of Lord Liverpool a great practical reform. He dealt a deadly blow at the fatal mischief of Parliamentary influence in the departmental promotions of the Civil Service, by placing them under the respective heads. Sir Robert Peel, as I knew him, was a thorough and inflexible practical reformer. Sir James Graham was a true genius of administration. I took upon the quarter of a century preceding the Crimean War as the best period of all our history with regard to economy, purity and administrative energy. But there were very great subjects, then scarcely touched, on which only the *afflatus* of the nation could dissipate the hostile forces of profession and of clique. Good work was being done in many ways; but it required time. We had had the press-gang used at discretion as the ultimate instrument of supplying men, when wanted, for the Navy: incredible, but true. It is now a thing of the past. We had flogging as the standing means of maintaining the discipline of the Army, and destroying the self-respect of the soldier. Despite professional authority, which in certain classes of question is the worst of guides, the profane hands of uninstructed reformers have pulled this Dagon to the ground, and he has shivered into splinters. The Government at its discretion, opened, when it chose to see cause, letters confided to the Post Office. This bad practice has died out. The

officers of the Army were introduced and promoted by purchase; and that system, under which at one time the Duke of Wellington so desponded as to military promotion that he wished for a commissionership in a revenue department, made the business of supplying brains for the Army the property of the long purses of the country. The Parliamentary defenders of the system, which involved the daily practice of patent and gross illegality, held their ground with a persistency which would have been worthy even of the British officer in the field. But it was swept away by an act of the Executive; the Army became the nation's army, and what was one in vindication of the law has received a splendid vindication in point of policy from a conspicuous and vast advance in military efficiency since the date of the great Army reforms. So also in the Civil establishments of the country. The members of the House of Commons have freely given up their respective shares of the patronage, which the friends of each successive administration habitually exercised through the treasury; and a wide career of unequaled security, with emoluments undoubtedly liberal for the average of good service, and with the moral certainty of fair play in promotion, has been opened to character and talent throughout the land without distinction of class.

If, now, we look to what has happened oversea, and to our country's share in it, the view is in many respects satisfactory, and the period is in all remarkable. I speak with respect of the East India Company, and with a deep admiration of the statesmen who were reared under its shade. The transfer of the government of the vast dominion in 1858 was not an unmingled good. But upon the whole it was the letting in of a flood of light upon a shadowed region. If since that time evil things

have been done, it has not been at the instigation or with the sanction of the country. The company had the merits and the faults of a conservative institution. The new feeling and new methods toward the natives are such as humanity rejoices in. They are due to the nation, and are intimately associated with the legislative change. It is no small matter if, though much may yet remain to do, progress has been made in the discharge of a debt, where the creditors are two hundred and fifty million of our fellow-creatures, each of them with a deep and individual concern. With respect, again, to the great and ever-growing Colonial Empire of the Queen, the change has been yet more marked. Before Lord Grey's Reform Act, colonies were governed in and from Downing street. An adherence to the methods then in use would undoubtedly before this time have split the Empire. The substitution of government from within for government from without has brought all difficulties within manageable bounds, and has opened a new era of content which is also consolidation.

But the period has also been a great period for Europe. The Treaty of Vienna, in the main, had consecrated with solemn forms a great process of reaction, and had trampled under foot every national aspiration. The genius of Mr. Canning moved upon far other lines: and his efforts, especially in Portugal and Greece, made preparation for a better day, and for the vigorous action of his disciple Lord Palmerston. Nationalities have suffered, and in some places suffer still. But if we compare this with other periods of history, never have they had such a golden age. Belgium set free, Germany consolidated, Portugal and Spain assisted in all such efforts as they have made for free government, Italy reconstituted, Hungary replaced in the enjoyment of its his-

toric rights, Greece enlarged by the addition of the Ionian Islands and of Thessaly, ten millions of Christians under Ottoman rule in communities that once had an historic name, restored in the main to freedom, to progress, and to hope; to say nothing of reforms and changes many of them conspicuously beneficial, in other vast populations: these are events, of which we may reverently say, "their sound is gone out into all lands, and their voices unto the ends of the world." If these things are as good as they are unquestionably great, nay if, being so great, they have real goodness at all to boast of, then it is comforting to bear in mind that in by far the greater number of them the British influence has been felt, that in some of them it has held a foremost place, and that if, in any of them the note uttered has not been true, it has belied the sentiment of the nation, made known so soon as the forms of the Constitution allowed it an opportunity of choice. Wars have not been extinguished; they have been too frequent; and rumors of war have grown to be scarcely less bad than the reality. Yet there have been manifestations, in act as well as word, of a desire for a better state of things; and we did homage, in the Alabama case, to the principle of a peaceful arbitration, at the cost, ungrudgingly borne by the people, of three millions of money.

I have not dwelt in these pages upon the commerce of the United Kingdom, augmented fivefold in a term of years not sufficient to double its population, or of the enormous augmentation of its wealth. One reference to figures may however be permitted. It is that which exhibits the recent movement of crime in this country. For the sake of brevity I use round numbers in stating it. Happily the facts are too broad to be seriously mistaken. In 1870, the United Kingdom with a population of about

31,700,000 had about 13,000 criminals, or one in 1,760. In 1884, with a population of 36,000,000 it had 14,000 criminals, or one in 2,500. And as there are some among us who conceive Ireland to be a sort of pandemonium, it may be well to mention (and I have the hope that Wales might, on the whole, show as clean a record) that with a population of (say) 5,100,000 Ireland (in 1884) had 1,573 criminals, or less than one in 3,200.

If now I set out upon chronicling the actual misdeeds of the Legislature during the last half-century, and deal not with temporary but with permanent acts, the task is a very easy one. Were I recording my own sentiments only, I should set down the Divorce Act as an error; but I conceive it has the approval of a majority. I should add the Public Worship Act, but that it is fast passing into desuetude; and the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, which ended its mute and ignominious existence in an early repeal. If these were errors, and some would deny it, what are they in comparison with the good laws of the time?

If we look for sins of omission, it is indeed undeniable that the public business is more and more felt to be behind-hand. What we call arrears, however, were arrears in the beginning of the century; only they were then unfelt arrears. For my own part, I believe that the cause and prospective cure of these arrears lies in a single word. That word is Ireland. But Ireland at this moment means controversy, and for the purposes of this paper I regard it as forbidden ground.

There is one serious subject which, as it is commonly understood, falls neither under the head of legislation nor of administration, while it partakes of both. Within our memory, and especially within the last twenty years, we have seen a large and general growth of the public expenditure. It may now

be stated in round numbers at ninety millions. It has grown, since 1830, much more rapidly than the population. Fully to exhibit this growth we should deduct the charge for debt and repayment of debt. After this has been done it will appear that what may be called the optional expenditure has more than trebled within fifty years, while the population has less than doubled. Against this it may be said that in the defensive services we have greater efficiency; that changes of armament have been costly; and that the vast augmentation in continental forces compelled a certain degree of upward movement; while, in the civil services, provision has undoubtedly been made for a multitude of real wants, formerly undreamt of. Let all reasonable allowance be granted accordingly. It will still remain true, first, that this growth has been in many cases forced by the House of Commons, of which the first duty is to curtail it; secondly, that the appetite, to which it is, in my opinion, partly due, is as yet unsated and menaces further demands; thirdly, that promises of retrenchment given to the country on the Abolition of Purchase in 1871 by the Government of the day have not been redeemed; fourthly, that the dangerous invasion by the House of Commons of the province of the Executive with regard to expenditure betokens a prevailing indifference to the subject in the country. It is true, however, that, though our expenditure is greatly swollen, our finance is not demoralized. The public credit has been vigorously maintained: our debt (since 1816) has been reduced by more than 150 millions, and we no longer enjoy the melancholy distinction of being the most indebted people in the world. But on the whole I am unable to deny that the State and the nation have lost ground with respect to the great business of controlling the public charge, and I rejoice in any

occurrence which may give a chance, however slender, of regaining it.

Let us not, however, overstate the matter. It is an item in the account, but an item only. There is an *ascensus Averni* for the nation, if it will face the hill. The general balance of the present survey is not disturbed.

It is perhaps of interest to turn from such dry outlines as may be sketched by the aid of almanacs to those more delicate gradations of the social movement, which in their detail are indeterminate and almost fugitive, but which in their mass may be apprehended and made the subject of record. The gross and cruel sports, which were rampant in other days, have almost passed from view, and are no longer national. Where they remain, they have submitted to forms of greater refinement. Pugilism, which ranges between manliness and brutality, and which in the days of my boyhood on its greatest celebrations almost monopolized the space of journals of the highest order, is now rare, modest, and unobtrusive. But, if less exacting in the matter of violent physical excitements, the nation attaches not less but more value to corporal education, and for the schoolboy and the man alike athletics are becoming an ordinary incident of life. Under the influence of better conditions of living, and probably of increased self-respect, mendicity, except in seasons of special distress, has nearly disappeared. If our artisans combine (as they well may) partly to uphold their wages, it is also greatly with the noble object of keeping all the members of their enormous class independent of public alms. They have forwarded the cause of self-denial, and manfully defended themselves even against themselves, by promoting restraints upon the traffic in strong liquors. In districts where they are most advanced, they have fortified their position by organized coöperation

in supply: and the capitalist will have no jealousy of their competition, should they succeed in showing that they can on a scale of sensible magnitude assume a portion of his responsibilities, either of the soil or in the workshop.

Nor are the beneficial changes of the last half-century confined to the masses. Swearing and duelling, established until a recent date almost as institutions of the country, have nearly disappeared from the face of society: the first a gradual change; the second one not less sudden than it was marvelous, and one happily not followed by the social trespasses which it was not wholly unreasonable to apprehend from its abolition. Serious, as opposed to idle life, has become a reality, and a great reality, in quarters open to peculiar temptation; for example, among the officers of the army, and at our public schools, which are among the most marked and national of our institutions. The clergy of the Anglican Church have been not merely improved, but transformed; and have greatly enlarged their influence during a time when voluntary and Non-conforming effort, within their province and beyond it, and most of all in Scotland, has achieved its noblest triumphs. At the same time, that disposition to lay bare public mischiefs and drag them into the light of day, which, though liable to exaggeration, has perhaps been our best distinction among the nations, has become more resolute than ever. The multiplication and better formation of the institutions of benevolence among us are but symptomatic indications of a wider and deeper change: a silent but more extensive and practical acknowledgment of the great second commandment, of the duties of wealth to poverty, of strength to weakness, of knowledge to ignorance, in a word of man to man. And the sum of the matter seems to be that upon the whole, and in a degree, we who lived fifty,

sixty, seventy years back, and are living now, have lived into a gentler time; that the public conscience has grown more tender, as indeed was very needful; and that, in matters of practice, at sight of evils formerly regarded with indifference or even connivance, it now not only winces but rebels: that upon the whole the race has been reaping, and not scattering; earning, and not wasting; and that, without its being said that the old Prophet is wrong, it may be said that the young Prophet was unquestionably right.

But do not let us put to hazard his lessons, by failing to remember that every blessing has its drawbacks and every age its dangers. I wholly reserve my judgment on changes now passing in the world of thought, and of inward conviction. I confine myself to what is nearer the surface; and further, I exclude from view all that regards the structure and operation of political party. So confining myself, I observe that, in the sphere of the state, the business of the last half-century has been in the main a process of setting free the individual man, that he may work out his vocation without wanton hindrance, as his Maker will leave him do. If, instead of this, Government is to work out his vocation for him, I for one am not sanguine as to the result. Let us beware of that imitative luxury, which is tempting all of us to ape our betters. Let us remember, that in our best achievements lie hid the seeds of danger; and beware lest the dethronement of Custom to make place for Right should displace along with it that principle of Reverence which bestows a discipline absolutely invaluable in the formation of character. We have had plutocrats who were patterns of every virtue, as may well be said in an age which has known Samuel Morley: but let us be jealous of plutocracy, and of its tendency to infect aristoc-

racy, its elder and nobler sister; and learn, if we can, to hold by or get back some regard for simplicity of life. Let us respect the ancient manners; and recollect that, if the true soul of chivalry has died among us, with it all that is good in society has died. Let us cherish a sober mind; take for granted that in our best performances there are latent many errors which in their own time will come to light; and thank our present teacher for reminding us in his stately words:

Forward, then, but still remember, how the
course of Time will swerve,
Crook and turn upon itself in many a back-
ward streaming curve.

And now a closing word. There is a circle of elect spirits, to whom the whole strain of this paper will, it is most likely, seem to be beside the mark. A criticism on the new volume in the *Spectator*, bearing the signs of a master-hand justly (as I think) praises the chief poem, in a temper unalloyed by the fears which weaker men may entertain, lest by other men weaker still it may be taken for a deliberate authoritative estimate of the time, and if so taken may be made and excused for the indulgence of the opposite but often concurring weakness of a carping and also of a morbid temper. If I understand the criticism rightly, it finds a perfect harmony, a true equation between the two *Locksley Halls*; the warmer picture due to the ample vitality of the Prophet's youth, and the colder one not less due to the stunted vitality of his age. In passing I may just observe that this stunted vitality can strike like a spent cannon-ball. But at all events we must in this view not merely accept, we must carry along with us in living consciousness, the proposition that the poems are purely subjective; that they do not deal with the outward world at all; that their imagery is like the perception of

color by the eye, and tells us only our own impression of the thing, not at all the thing itself. Provided with this *môlu*, we can safely confront any *Circé*, and defy all her works. But it is not a specific that all men are able to "keep in stock;" and, for such as have it not, the minutes spent upon this roughly drawn paper will possibly not have been wasted, if it shall have helped to show them that their country is still young as well as old, and that in these latest days it has not been unworthy of itself. Justice does not require, nay rather she forbids, that the Jubilee of the Queen be marred by tragic tones.—W. E. GLADSTONE, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

THE AGGRESSIVE WEEDS.

A point of primary importance in a first view of north-eastern America to a European tourist is the extraordinary and unexpected extent to which the commonest European weeds and wild flowers have overrun and occupied the habitable and agricultural portions of New England, the Middle States, the western grain district, and the Dominion of Canada. A European botanist in America who confined himself exclusively to the cultivated fields, the roadsides and commons, the neighborhood of great towns, and the outskirts of villages in the alluvial valleys, would hardly ever light upon an unfamiliar or local form among the thousands of plants that he saw competing eagerly for life in the meadows and pastures around him. Thistles and burdocks, mayweed and dead-nettle, common buttercup and ox-eye daises, English grasses and English clover, with the familiar weeds of our cornfield and our garden, would seem to him to compose the main mass and central phalanx of American vegeta-

tion. Where the flora is not the common weedy assemblage of Sussex or of Normandy, it is the common weedy assemblage of the Mediterranean and the Lombard plains. Once get well away from the purlieus of civilization, to be sure, into the woods and forests, or on to the intervening watersheds, and the whole character of the flora changes abruptly. But in civilized, cultivated, and inhabited New England, and as far inland at least as the Mississippi, the vegetation is the vegetation of settled Europe, and that at its weediest. The daisy, the primrose, the cowslip, and the daffodil have stopped at home: the weeds have gone to colonize the New World. For thistles and groundsel, for catmint and mullein, for houndstongue and stickseed, for dandelion and cocklebur, America easily licks creation. All the dusty and noisome and malodorous pests of all the world seem here to revel in one grand congenial democratic orgy.

The reason is not far to seek, and it suggests unpleasant and disquieting suspicions as to the future which our scratch civilization holds in store for us all the world over. These vigorous and obtrusive weeds, which have taken possession of America and Australia and New Zealand and the Cape, side by side with the deluge of white colonization, are for the most part of western Asiatic or Mediterranean origin, and have accompanied the seeds of wheat and fodder crops from land to land wherever the white man's foot is planted. Dr. Asa Gray (from whose great and just authority I am here tempted to differ widely) thinks that the common European weeds spread so rapidly and so effectively over America, not through any inherent vigor of constitution evolved during the fierce struggle against aggressive man, but merely because there was then and there a vacancy created for them. I wish I could agree with

him. It would remove from my mind a pressing nightmare for the future of nature and of the world's scenery. "This was a region of forest," says the Harvard botanist, "upon which the aborigines, although they here and there opened patches of land for cultivation, had made no permanent encroachment. Not very much of the herbaceous or other low undergrowth of this forest could bear exposure to the fervid summer sun; and the change was too abrupt for adaptive modification. The plains and prairies of the great Mississippi valley were then too remote for their vegetation to compete for the vacancy which was made here when forest was changed to grain-fields, and then to meadow and pasture. And so the vacancy came to be filled in a notable measure by agrestial plants from Europe" [horrid word, agrestial!], "the seeds of which came in seed-grain, in the coats and fleeces, and in the imported fodder, of cattle and sheep. . . . While an agricultural people displaced the aborigines whom the forest sheltered and nourished, the herbs purposely or accidentally brought with them took possession of the clearings, and prevailed more or less over the native and rightful heirs to the soil. . . . In spring time you would have seen the fields of this district yellow with European buttercups and dandelions, then whitened with the ox-eye daisy, and at midsummer-brightened by the cerulean blue of chicory. I can hardly name any native herbs which in the fields and at the season can vie with these intruders in floral show."

But Dr. Gray does not think the weeds have conquered by virtue of their inherent vigor of constitution. There, I fear, pessimistic as my conclusion may be in its final implication, I must venture to differ from him. The common agricultural nuisances of Western Europe, which alone have

flooded America and Australia, and threaten to flood the cosmopolitanized world, to the destruction of all picturesque diversity and variety of local flora, are not truly European by origin at all, but are the offscourings, and refuse of civilization in all countries, ages, and conditions. These pertinacious plants, most of them marked by two sets of alternative peculiarities, came to us first from farther east, and took in on their way most of the like-minded scrubby weeds of intervening regions. They are usually either ill-scented to the nose or acrid and disagreeable to the taste; and they have usually either adherent fruits, like burrs and cleavers, houndstongue and teasel, or winged and flying seeds, like thistle and dandelion, groundsel and fleabane. Often, too, they sting like nettles, or prick like cocklebur, or tear the skin like brambles and rest-harrow. In short, they are the champaign types of dusty weeds, which resist by their nastiness or their thorns the attacks of herbivores, love the garish heat of the midday sun, and disperse their germs over wide plains either by the aid of the wind or by unwilling conveyance of man, sheep, goats, and cattle. Following the movements of agricultural humanity from the east westward, they have first occupied the once forest-clad regions of peninsular Europe, and there assimilating whatever like kinds could stand the new conditions, have gone forth on colonizing and filibustering expeditions over all the rest of the habitable world.

In America the same process is now being continued under our very eyes. Such hateful native species as most nearly resembled in type the European weeds have alone survived, in the cultivable valleys, this vast influx of the tolerated pests of civilization. The ugly and malodorous European hound-tongue holds every dusty roadside in

the states; but, cheek by jowl with the native beggar's-lice—"a common and vile weed," says Asa Gray, with righteous indignation—flourishes exceedingly in squalid spots under the selfsame condition. And why? Because its habit is just as coarse, its smell just as rank and disgusting, its horrid little nutlets just as prickly, barbed, and adherent as those of its successful Old World competitor. The seeds of both get carried about and dispersed indiscriminately together in the fleeces of sheep and the hair of sheepdogs. So, too, the continental European stickseed (*Echinosperrum lappula*), equally vile and equally nauseous in smell, occupies every waste patch of building-ground in the towns and villages east of the Mississippi, while in Minnesota and westward its place is filled by Redowski's stickseed, an allied native American prairie plant, with the same prickly adhesive nuts, and the same abominable clinging perfume. Once more; our South European cocklebur (*Xanthium strumarium*), a degraded and degenerate composite weed, with hooked prickly fruits and a disagreeable scrofulous smel, like mayweed and chrysanthemum, common along the roadsides of Provence and Italy, has probably been indigenous in Eastern America ever since the Pliocene times, and has there also developed southward a still more noxious and prickly variety, called from its intense thorniness, *echinatum*. But farther south yet its place in tropical latitudes is taken by a peculiarly American form, the spiny clotbur (*Xanthium spinosum*), which adds to the already offensive parent type the further atrocity of a long tripartite prickle, deftly inserted at the base of each leaf. This most terrible development of the cocklebur kind belongs by origin to tropical Mexico, where it pushes its way stoutly among the prickly aloes,

cactuses, and pinguins of that very defensive and strongly armed desert flora.

Now, the terror for the future suggested by these native American weeds is just this: that in the cosmopolitan world of the next century the cosmopolitan weed will have things all its own way. Western Asia and Europe have long since furnished each its quota to the world's weedy vegetation; America and Australia, China and Japan, have their own quota still to come. Already a few pushing American scrub-plants have invaded the older quarters of the globe. The Canadian butterweed (*Erigeron Canadensis*) has spread boldly over the whole Mediterranean shore, as well as into India, South Africa, and perhaps Australia. I find it now well established among the Surrey hills, and beginning to feel its way thence in an acclimatized form over all the rest of Southern England. The improved American variety of the cocklebur has long since made good its foothold over every warmer region of the world. The pretty little white claytonia of the North-western States has of late years become a common weed in many parts of Lancashire and Oxfordshire, and occurs also in some corners of Surrey. Southern Europe has now many of these stray American denizens, the first fruits of a future abundant crop, all of them thoroughly weedy in type, and all dispersed in the true weedy fashion by feathery seeds or adhesive nutlets.

As yet, however, we have but seen the mere straggling advance-guard of the great weedy American army. The main body still loiters in the rear. Nevertheless, it will come in time. As surely as we shall see the Colorado beetle and the Hessian fly on English corn and English potatoes, so surely shall we see the western weeds invade and appropriate the scanty interstices of European field crops. Many true

weeds, with all the genuine weedy peculiarities, have already developed themselves on the spot out of American native plants. Some of them belong by origin to the Eastern States, like the Massachusetts nettle, the richweed, the smaller American spurges, and the three-seeded mercury. All these have now acquired a thoroughly weedy habit and aspect; they compete successfully in certain places even with the old and sophisticated European or West Asiatic immigrants, such as shepherd's purse, mallow, vetches, and chickweed. Others are of Southern, or even tropical, American antecedents, like the Mexican prickly poppy and the apple of Peru. Prickly pears, with their broad leaf-like cactus stems and troublesome hairs, cover sandy patches as far north as Nantucket Island; the common sunflower sows itself as a weed in Pennsylvania; the Peruvian galinsoga (now also escaping in England from Kew Gardens) has long established itself on waste places in the Eastern States, and is rapidly spreading from year to year as a pest of the roadsides. These pertinacious tropical species, accommodating themselves by degrees to more northern climates, grow side by side in New England fields with the South European caltrops, the Indian abutilon, the African sida, and the native bur-marigold, whose barbed arrows cling so tightly to the fleece of animals and the nether garments of wayfaring humanity. Hindoo importations, like the Indian heliotrope, the cypress-vine, the thorn-apple, and the opium-poppy, are likewise everywhere frequent in the States; and mixed with them we see such cosmopolitan nondescript outcasts as the goose-foots, the pig-weeds, and the thorny amaranths, which at present invade every portion of our cultivable soil all the world over, in tropical, sub-tropical, and temperate climates.

Nor is this all. The western prairie region, an open plain country, admirably adapted by nature for the evolution of weeds of cultivation, is just beginning to send eastward its own rich contingent to compete with the European and Asiatic and Atlantic types for the waste places of cosmopolitan civilization. A bristly cone-flower (*Rudbeckia hirta*), unknown till lately east of the Mississippi Valley, has been introduced of recent years with Western clover-seed into the Atlantic States, and now brightens profusely with its unwelcome golden flowers the farmer's meadows from Canada to Maryland. "Almost every year," says Asa Gray, "gives new examples of the immigration of campestrine Western plants into the Eastern States. They are well up to the spirit of the age: they travel by railway. The seeds are transported, some in the coats of cattle and sheep on the way to market, others in the food which supports them on the journey, and many in a way which you might not suspect, until you consider that these great roads run east and west, that the prevalent winds are from westward, . . . and that the bared and unkempt borders of the railways form capital seed-beds and nurseries for such plants."

The invasion, then, with which the world is now threatened is an invasion of the cosmopolitanized weed from everywhere, to the utter extinction (in tilled soil at least) of all the beautiful local plants which to-day give interest and variety and novelty to each fresh quarter of the world we visit. The loss would be—perhaps we must say, will be—incalculable. A weed has been defined, on the false analogy of the famous definition of dirt, as merely a plant in the wrong place. But it is far more than that: it has positive as well as negative qualities. The word weed implies something further than

mere abstract hostility to the agricultural interest; it implies a certain ingrained coarseness, scrubbiness, squalor, and sordidness, besides connoting in nine cases out of ten, some stringiness of fiber, hairiness of surface, or prickly defensive character as well. Such noxious and dusty roadside plants, of which thistles, nettles, henbane, and mullein may be taken as fair average types, are beginning to turn the whole world in our own day into one vast weed-bed of universal sameness. We are getting cosmopolitanized too fast, to the detriment of all picturesque diversity and individuality of country or nation. The Empress of Japan has ordered a complete wardrobe from Parisian milliners. King Kalakaua of Hawaii dresses in the full uniform of an American major-general. Sitting Bull and Big Bear accept with effusion the inevitable chimneypot. Zulu and Kanaka take to Sniders in the place of their aborigines' assegais or boomerangs. Ah Sing washes clothes in Boston and Chicago. Wampum and calumets, bead kirtles and flower girdles, fezes and turbans, flowing robes and nude brown busts, are all unhappily doomed to proximate extinction. The coolie, the potato-beetle, and the Canada thistle will pervade the world. In a few generations, the whole earth will be one big dead-level America, as like as two peas from end to end, dressed in the same stereotyped black coat and round felt hat, enjoying a single uniform civilization, and looking out upon a single uniform landscape of assorted European, Asiatic, American, African, and Australian weeds, diversified here and there by the congenial architecture of railway arches, crematoriums, gasometers, Board schools, Salvation Army barracks and main drainage works.—GRANT ALLEN, in *The Fortnightly Review*.

THE LITERARY PENDULUM.

"After all," said the great advocate Rufus Choate, "a book is the only immortality." That was the lawyer's point of view; but the author knows that, even after the book is published the immortality is often still to seek. In the depressed moods of the advocate or the statesman, he is apt to imagine himself writing a book; and when this is done it is easy enough to carry the imagination a step farther and to make the work a magnificent success; just as, if you choose to fancy yourself an Englishman, it is as easy to be a duke as a tinker. But the professional author is more often like Christopher Sly, whose dukedom is in dreams; and he is fortunate if he does not say of his own career with Christopher, "A very excellent piece of work, good madam lady. Would 'twere done!"

In our college days we are told that men change while books remain unchanged. But in a very few years we find that the circle of books alters as swiftly and strangely as that of the men who write or the boys who read them. When the late Dr. Walter Channing, of Boston, was revisiting in old age his birthplace, Newport, R. I., he requested me to take him to the Redwood Library, of which he had been librarian some sixty years before. He presently asked the librarian, with an eagerness at first inexplicable, for a certain book, whose name I had never before heard. With some difficulty the custodian hunted it up, entombed beneath other dingy folios in a dusty cupboard. Nobody, he said, had ever before asked for it during his administration. "Strange!" said Dr. Channing, turning over the leaves, "this was in my time the show-book of the collection; people came here purposely to see it." He closed it with a sigh, and it was replaced in its crypt. Dr.

Channing is dead; the librarian who unearthed the book is since dead, and I have forgotten its very title. In all coming time, probably, its repose will be as undisturbed as that of Hans Andersen's forgotten Christmas-tree in the garret. Did then the authorship of that book give to its author so very substantial a hold on immortality.

But there is in literary fame such a thing as recurrence—a swing of the pendulum which at first brings despair to the young author, yet yields him at last his only consolation. *L'éternité est une pendule*, wrote Jacques Bridaine, that else forgotten Frenchman whose phrase gave Longfellow the hint of his *Old Clock on the Stair*. When our professors informed us that books remain unchanged, those of us who were studious at once pinched ourselves to buy books; but the authors for whom we made economies in our wardrobe are now as obsolete, very likely, as the garments that we exchanged for them. No undergraduate would now take off my hands at half price, probably, the sets of Landor's *Imaginary Conversations* and Coleridge's *Literary Remains*, which it once seemed worth a month of threadbare elbows to possess. I lately called the attention of a young philologist to a tolerably full set of Thomas Taylor's translations, and found that he had never heard of even the name of that servant of obscure learning. In college we studied Cousin and Jouffroy, and he who remembers the rise and fall of all that ambitious school of French eclectics, can hardly be sure of the permanence of Herbert Spencer, the first man since them who has undertaken to explain the whole universe of being. How we used to read Hazlitt, whose very name is so forgotten that an accomplished author has lately duplicated the title of his most remarkable book, *Liber Amoris*, without knowing that it had been used

before! What a charm Irving threw about the literary career of Roscoe; but who now recognizes his name? Ardent youths, eager to combine intellectual and worldly success, fed themselves in those days on *Pelham* and *Vivian Grey*, but these works are not now even included in "Courses of Reading"—that last infirmity of noble fames. One may look in vain through the vast mausoleum of Bartlett's *Dictionary of Quotations* for even that one maxim of costume, which was *Pelham's* bid for immortality. "There is safety in a swallow-tail."

Literary fame is then by no means a fixed increment, but a series of vibrations of the pendulum. Happy is that author who comes to be benefited by an actual return of reputation—as athletes get beyond the period of breathlessness and come to their "second wind." Yet this is constantly happening. Emerson, visiting Landor in 1847, wrote in his diary, "He pestered me with Southey—but who is Southey?" Now Southey had tasted fame more promptly than his greater contemporaries, and liked the taste so well that he held his own poems far superior to those of Wordsworth, and wrote of them, "With Virgil, with Tasso, with Homer, there are fair grounds of comparison." Then followed a period during which the long shades of oblivion seemed to have closed over the author of *Madoc* and *Kehama*. Behold! in 1886 the *Pall Mall Gazette*, revising through "the best critics" Sir James Lubbock's *Hundred Best Books*, dethrones Byron, Shelley, Coleridge, Lamb and Landor; omits them all and reinstates the forgotten Southey once more. Is this the final award of fate? No, it is simply the inevitable swing of the pendulum.

Southey, it would seem, is to have two innings; perhaps one day it will be Hayley's turn. "Would it

please you very much," asks Warrington of Pendennis, "to have been the author of Hayley's verses?" Yet Hayley was, in his day, as Southey testifies, "by popular election the king of the English poets;" and he was held so important a personage that he received, what probably no other author ever has won, a large income for the last twelve years of his life in return for the prospective copyright of his posthumous memoirs. Miss Anna Seward, writing in 1786, ranks him, with the equally forgotten Mason, as "The two foremost poets of the day;" she calls Hayley's poems "magnolias, roses and amaranths," and pronounces his esteem a distinction greater than monarchs hold it in their power to bestow. But probably nine out of ten who shall read these lines will have to consult a biographical dictionary to find out who Hayley was; while his odd *protégé*, William Blake, whom the fine ladies of the day wondered at Hayley for patronizing, is now the favorite of literature and art.

So strong has been the recent swing of the pendulum in favor of what is called realism in fiction, it is very possible that if Hawthorne's *Twice-Told Tales* were to appear for the first time to-morrow they would attract no more attention than they did fifty years ago. Perhaps this gives half a century as the approximate measure of the variations of fate—the periodicity of the pendulum. On the other hand, Jane Austen who would, fifty years ago, have been regarded as an author suited to desolate islands or long and tedious illnesses, has now come to be the founder of a school; and must look down benignly from Heaven to see the brightest minds assiduously at work upon that "little bit of ivory, four inches square," by which she symbolized her novels. Then comes in, as an alternative, the strong Russian tribe,

claimed by realists as real, by idealists as ideal, and perhaps forcing the pendulum in a new direction. Nothing, surely, since Hawthorne's death, has given us so much of the distinctive flavor of his genius as Tourgueneff's extraordinary *Poems in Prose* in the admirable version of Mrs. T. S. Perry. And the great and deserved popularity of Mr. Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* certainly betokens a new departure in fiction, unless all signs fail in the dry weather to which our minor realists treat us.

But the question after all recurs. Why should we thus be slaves of the pendulum? Why should we not look at these vast variations of taste more widely and, as it were, astronomically, to borrow Thoreau's phrase?

In the mind of a healthy child there is no incongruity between fairy tales and the *Rollo Books*; and he passes without disquiet from the fancied heart-break of a tin soldier to Jonas mending an old rattrap in the barn. Perhaps, after all, the literary fluctuation occurs equally in their case and in ours, but under different conditions. It may be that, in the greater mobility of the child's nature, the pendulum can swing to and fro in half a second of time and without the consciousness of effort; while in the case of older readers, the same vibration takes half a century and the angry debate of a thousand journals.—THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, in *The Independent*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

READING FOR TEACHERS.—In the new magazine, *Common School Educator*, William T. Harris, LL.D., gives a list of twenty-five "short, condensed, but genial and stimulating pieces—most of which may be read at an evening's leisure—which will serve to give an im-

pulse toward longer works . . . These pieces, if read and re-read many times, allowing intervals of months, will cultivate a literary taste in the right direction. They are representative of types of valuable literature." The following is Mr. Harris's list:

1. Wordsworth's Ode, *Intimations of Immortality*, styled by Emerson the high-water mark of modern English poetry.—2. Carlyle's translation of Richter's *Dream*; given at the close of his essay, "Jean Paul Richter Again." Its content is the protest of the heart against atheism or pantheism.—3. *The Tale*. Translated by Carlyle from Goethe, with notes indicating its purport: an adumbration of the evolution of ideas in modern history. The reader will be interested to read another interesting interpretation of this fairy story, in Dr. Hedge's "Hours with German Classics."
4. *Sacountala*, translated from Kalidasa, the East Indian poet, by Sir William Jones (published in his complete works and also separately). This translation is livelier and easier to follow than the more recent ones, which surpass it in accuracy.—5. Chapter on *Natural Supernaturalism* in Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus."—6. Emerson's poems on *The Test and The Solution*.—7. *The Fall of the House of Usher*, by Edgar A. Poe. This sensational piece by way of variety; it contains, under a thin veil, Poe's autobiographical portraiture, which is again reflected entire in the poem, "The Haunted Palace."—8. *Odin*, from Carlyle's "Hero Worship."—9. *The Prose Edda*, as given in Mallet's "Northern Antiquities."—10. Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*.—11 and 12. Chapters on *An Incident in Modern History*, and on *Symbols*, from Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus."—13. Cousin's *History of Modern Philosophy*, first ten chapters, being an introduction to the study of philosophy.—14. Carlyle's essay on *The Nibelungen Lied*, in his "Miscellaneous Writings."—15. Longfellow's translation of Shelling's *Essay on Dante's Divina Commedia*.—16. *The Hero as Poet*, Carlyle's "Hero Worship."—17. *Novalis*, Carlyle's "Miscellaneous Writings."—18. *The Obsequies of Mignon*, from "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship."—19. The first part of Fichte's *Destination of Man*, Hedge's "German Prose Writers."—20. *The Pedagogical Province*, "Wilhelm Meister's Travels."—21. Chapters on *The Everlasting No*, *The Centre of Indifference*, and *The Everlasting Yea*, from Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus."—22. Calderon's *World Theatre*. See Trench's analysis and partial translation.—23. Emerson's poem, *The Problem*.—24. Tennyson's *In Memoriam*.—25. Ruskin's *Crown of Wild Olive*.

THE ESCURIAL AS IT IS.—In a recent *Guide-book to the Escorial* we find the following passage:—

"Who could have told Philip II, the monarch of two worlds, who defended the Catholic religion with fanaticism and even delirium, in the wars of Italy and France in the time of the Huguenots, that to-day this whole building and the garden made by himself and destined for a convent, has entered into the possession of a Protestant pastor, who embellishes it and uses it for the instruction of his sect?"

AN IDEAL LIBRARY. By way of introduction to a series of papers entitled "Gossip in a Library," Mr. Edmund Gosse, of London, writes in *The Independent*:—

"To possess few books and those not too rich and rare for daily use, has this advantage, that the possessor can make himself master of them all, can recollect their peculiarities, and often remind himself of their contents. The man that has two or three thousand books can be familiar with them all; he that has thirty thousand can hardly have a speaking acquaintance with more than a few. The more conscientious he is, the more he becomes like Lucian's amateur, who was so much occupied in rubbing the bindings of his books with sandal-wood and saffron, that he had no time left to study the contents. After all, with every due respect paid to 'states' and editions and bindings and tall copies, the inside of the volume is really the essential part of it. The excuses for collecting, however, are more than satire is ready to admit. The first edition represents the author's first thought; in it we read his words as he sent them out to the world in his first heat, with the type he chose, and with such peculiarities of form as he selected to do most justice to his creation. We often discover little individual points in a first edition, which never occur again. And if it be conceded that there is an advantage in reading a book in the form which the author originally designed for it, then all the other refinements of the collector become so many acts of respect paid to this first virgin apparition, touching and suitable homage of cleanliness and fit adornment. It is only when this homage becomes mere eye service—when a book radically unworthy of such dignity is too delicately cultivated, too richly bound—that a mere dilettanteism comes in between the reader and what he reads. Indeed, the best of books may in my estimation be destroyed as a possession by a binding so sumptuous that no fingers dare to open it for perusal. Perhaps the ideal library, after all, is a small one, where the books are carefully selected

and thoughtfully arranged in accordance with one central code of taste, and intended to be respectfully consulted at any moment by the master of their destinies. If fortune made me possessor of one book of unique value, I should hasten to part with it. In a little working library to hold a first quarto of *Hamlet* would be like entertaining a reigning monarch in a small farm-house at harvesting."

COUNT LEO TOLSTOY.—Mr. Nicholas Storojenko furnishes to the *Athenæum* a summary of the principal Russian books of the year which has just closed:—

"The literary hero of 1886, the author of whom most has been said and written during the year, is Count Leo Tolstoy. Immersed in the study of theological, philosophical, and social questions (the fruit of which was his *What do I Believe?* which attained a European celebrity), he has not for ten years published anything pertaining to the branch of literature to which he owes his fame. Indeed, it was even said that he had discontinued to write because he did not feel himself capable of producing work equal, from an artistic point of view, to his earlier productions. His new novel, *The Death of Ivan Ilyitch* has, however, silenced all such rumors. Like Anteus, he, on touching native soil, again felt within himself the old power, and produced a work which for truthfulness and delicacy of psychological analysis has no equal in Russian literature. Never has the tragedy-comedy of human life been represented with such realism as in the scenes that take place in Ivan Ilyitch's house after his death. It is impossible to read without an inward shudder how poor Ivan Ilyitch feels some unknown force is pushing him into a yawning gulf, and how to the natural fear of death is added the bitter consciousness that he had not lived as a man should live, that his departing life might have been better employed both for himself and for others. Beside *The Death of Ivan Ilyitch* the popular tales of Count Tolstoy published in the same year, and highly praised by his admirers, appear pale and weak. Not to speak of their too transparently evident tendency, which is in close harmony with the views the author has lately adopted, they owe their fascination rather to their charming and original popular diction than to any higher artistic merits. However great an artist may be, he cannot give full expression to his genius if he keeps to one color, and always repeats the same shades. This is why the stories by Count Tolstoy's imitators, who have succeeded in acquiring his manner, are not very different from his own, and are even frequently attributed to him."

UNIVERSITY EDUCATION IN
THE UNITED STATES.

The great celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Harvard University has just called attention anew to the condition and tendencies of higher education in the United States. There were present at the festivities in the early days of November not only about 2,500 of the alumni of the college, but representatives from nearly all the other prominent institutions of learning in the land, as well as from several of the universities of the Old World. Never before were so many presidents of colleges and eminent professors gathered together in the Western World. The note that was sounded at the very beginning of the festivities continued to be heard to the end; and no one could have been in attendance without realizing, and in some degree measuring, the extent of the interest that is now everywhere felt in the methods of higher education. Harvard is not only the oldest and largest of our universities, but she is the leader and representative of a tendency that is exerting a vast influence on the other colleges of the land. Some account of this influence and tendency may not be out of place.

The early history of our colleges was shaped after the English model. It has been estimated that within a very few years after the settlement of Massachusetts Bay the colony contained as many as a hundred men who had received the honors of Oxford and Cambridge. When, in 1636, Harvard College was founded by a gift of the Colonial Legislature, and given the name of a son of Emmanuel College in old Cambridge, it was but natural that the methods of the old colleges should be given to the new institution. The other colleges that in due course of

time came to be founded took on similar characteristics. Nor was there any very striking or radical change of method or of spirit till past the middle of the present century. The applicant for admission was required to read easy Latin and to know something of Greek and the mathematics. After his admission he was expected to devote four years chiefly to supplementing the frugal knowledge he had already acquired in those three great branches of learning. There was very little of the natural sciences, there was even less of the applied sciences; there was next to nothing of history. In short, until near the outbreak of our Civil War, it might have been said in plain descriptive prose, as has since been said in the epigrammatic propagandism of a theory, that "a university is a place where nothing useful is taught."

But about the middle of the present century it came to be seen that the condition of higher education was not satisfying the demands of the country. Colleges had been multiplied in all parts of the land, as if it were the province of higher education to carry itself to the door of every man's home. The numerous religious sects felt the necessity of having schools for the training of the clergy. These schools were the victims of a somewhat active rivalry, and in consequence it was impossible to raise the low standard of scholarship that prevailed. Nearly all of the newer colleges had attached to them as an integral part a preparatory school, the business of which was to give students such meager preliminary training as was necessary for admission to the college or university. Thus the colleges were able to make a very considerable show of numbers, though in many instances the rolls were made almost exclusively of pupils who might as well have been in any one of the primary or secondary schools of the

l. and. But the deceptive character of this apparent prosperity could not long be concealed. When statistics came to be carefully brought together, it was found that the relative number of students in the higher courses of instruction was steadily growing less and less. It was also evident that there was a widespread feeling of discontent with the courses of instruction given. The clamor was everywhere heard that the classical tongues were no longer called for, that this is a practical age, that if students are not to be taught in the universities what they can turn to use in the affairs of life, they may as well get on without the universities altogether. This feeling it was which, ever growing deeper and more widespread, had the general effect of reducing the number of students in all the colleges of the country. Young men everywhere were going into the professions without that preliminary collegiate training which in the early history of the country was considered a necessary prerequisite of success.

How should this evil tendency be met and averted? Many ways were suggested, and not a few were adopted. One of them was through the establishment of separate technical schools. In the older parts of the country several schools were endowed for the purpose of affording opportunities for special training to such as might have no opportunity or inclination to take the more orthodox course in arts. The Sheffield Scientific School at Yale, the Lawrence Scientific School at Harvard, the Chandler Scientific School at Dartmouth, the Stevens Institute at Hoboken, the Polytechnic Institute at Troy, the School of Mines at Columbia College in New York, were all the fruits of this impulse. In some of these schools the course of study continued through three years, in others it extended, as in the old college courses,

through four. It will be observed that there were two systems even of the schools above named. Some of them were connected with colleges already established, others were entirely independent and isolated. As a rule, however, it may be said that in all instances independence went as far as to the establishment of separate courses of study for the separate schools. Students of the regular college course, and students of the newly established scientific schools never met in the same lecture-rooms, although they might meet on the same college grounds, and might even be pursuing the same studies in common.

As a class, these newly established schools could not be regarded as very prosperous. Whenever they were established in connection with one of the older universities, the students never seemed to feel quite at home in the companionship of the members of the older college. Whenever they were given an absolutely independent existence it was often found that the expense of establishing and keeping up libraries, museums, and the other necessary appliances, was much greater than the financial condition of the school would warrant. The result was that although there were a few very signal examples of success, the experiment, as a whole, could not be regarded as having changed the general drift.

Another series of efforts was made by establishing parallel courses of study in several of the colleges and universities already existing. One of the first to advocate such a change was President Wayland, of Brown University. He presented with great cogency the arguments which at a later period became very familiar to those engaged in educational affairs. The necessity of change in methods presented itself in two forms. In the first place, it was irrational that every student up to the

close of his collegiate course should be required, on pain of forfeiting all chance for a degree, to take precisely the same course as that marked out for every one of his fellows. The method in vogue, it was urged, not only required every candidate for a degree to take a prescribed amount of Greek, Latin, and mathematics, but it also gave him almost absolutely no opportunity of taking any more than the amount prescribed. The old curriculum was a hard-and-fast requirement that gave no possible play for differing abilities and tastes. Such a method could never develop to the highest pitch of scholarship more than a very small number of persons in any class. Students are spurred on to their best efforts only when their enthusiasms are moved; and a prescribed course, however excellent in itself, can never stir the enthusiasm of more than a limited number of those who are required to take it. The consequence is, that we are brought at once to the second reason for a change—namely, the inability of the old method to draw within its influence any considerable number of those who, under a better system, would be glad to avail themselves of a course of university study. The very fact that the classes in college were everywhere growing less and less, showed that the education given was not the education that was desired. The defect in the existing system, it was said, was open to the view of any one who would observe. There were large numbers of people who do not admit the superior efficacy of training in the ancient languages and in the mathematics, and who assert that large numbers must either go through life without the advantage of a liberal education, or the requirements must be so changed as to furnish the opportunities desired.

The agitation that ensued resulted in the establishment of parallel courses

of study in several of the universities of the country. In some of the institutions favoring this method of meeting the new demand, what was known as a "Scientific Course" was provided for. Greek and Latin were either omitted altogether, or were required of the students in only very moderate amount. French and German were given a prominent place in the new requirements, and there was a generous introduction of history and the various natural sciences. In short, the effort was essentially the same as that which in Germany had resulted in the Real Schools, and the consequent admission to the university of students who had no knowledge of Greek, and very little knowledge of Latin. The new courses extended through four years, and culminated in the degree of Bachelor of Science. There was also provision made for those who desired Latin, but had an antipathy to Greek. German and French were given the place held in the old curriculum by the Hellenic tongue, while the full quota of Latin continued to be required. This course led ordinarily to the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy. Finally, a fourth course was added, designed to substitute for advanced studies in the mathematics and in the natural sciences, studies in history and modern literature. Some two years in the preparatory schools, and about the same length of time in the university, were devoted to the modern languages, after which the time of the remaining two years was given to studies in literature and cognate branches. This course also led to a degree—that of Bachelor of Letters.

This method of solving the problems of higher education was adopted by a few of the older and by nearly all of the newer institutions. From 1850 to 1870 it was what might be called the predominant method. Though the older schools clung with a strong con-

servatism to the methods of the fathers, the newer colleges and universities in the middle of the country and in the West almost without exception adopted what may be called the System of Parallel Courses.

While the success of this system was perhaps such as to satisfy its friends, it was not enough to convert its enemies. The older institutions, like Harvard and Yale, and the other colleges of New England, practically assumed that the system of parallel courses was a surrender to Philistinism in which they could take no part. A few of them have maintained this position to the present day. All of the more prominent universities, however, have felt themselves obliged to seek the same ends by other means. Harvard University has been the leader of this third movement, and the means by which its ends have been accomplished is known as the "Elective System."

Until about 1870 the courses of study prescribed for the degree of Bachelor of Arts gave to the student very little latitude for choice. In the fourth year the candidate had placed before him a number of subjects from which he was at liberty to select enough to make up the requisite amount of instruction. But the field of choice was limited, and the variety of studies was correspondingly meager. This characteristic carried with it, of course, the impossibility of anything but very elementary work. A little Latin, a little Greek, about the same amount of the mathematics, a trifle of history, taught in a very dull way, for the most part from a very dull textbook, the elements of half a dozen of the sciences, including psychology and logic—such was the pabulum on which the college student in one of the older colleges was mainly obliged to be fed. It can hardly be considered very surprising that the relative number of students in college was steadily declin-

ing. But about seventeen years ago Mr. Eliot entered upon his administration as President of Harvard. It was understood that he was chosen to his position as the representative of a new and vigorous policy that had already, in some measure, been entered upon by his predecessor. That policy involved a multiplication of the courses of instruction given, and the offering of a substantially free choice of courses during the later years of the curriculum. Gradually this freedom was extended down nearly to the beginning of the course. Indeed, it has now come to include almost the whole of the studies of the freshman year. Meantime it has been practicable to multiply the opportunities afforded the individual student. When everybody was taught as much as anybody it was impossible to do very much of any one thing. But as soon as freedom of choice was offered, it was found that students demanded advanced courses, and consequently advanced courses were provided. The courses in every branch of knowledge were so multiplied that in less than a score of years the aggregate number was three or four times as great as it had been when the reform was begun. The Harvard catalogue now shows an array of courses in history, in political economy, in the various sciences, as well as in the languages of Europe and Asia, that quite reminds one of the wealth of learning offered by one of the larger universities of Germany. It is thus made quite possible for the student to concentrate his work in such a way as not only to learn a little of many things, but also to learn much of the particular subject of his choice. The drift has been toward the German rather than toward the English methods; and in the freedom of choice now afforded the German limit has very nearly been reached.

While this change has been going on

at Harvard under President Eliot's inspiration and direction, a similar tendency has shown itself in those institutions which at first tried to meet the requirements of the age by establishing "parallel courses." It was found, not unnaturally, that the decision early in life to pursue a certain course of study was sometimes a premature decision, and consequently that room ought to be provided for subsequent change of purpose. The system of parallel courses, like the old classical courses, afforded no room for change of studies when once a course had been entered upon. It was everywhere found necessary, therefore, to give something of the same flexibility to the new courses that Harvard was giving to the old. At the University of Michigan and at Cornell University, the two most conspicuous and prosperous examples of the parallel course system, the first two years are for the most part prescribed, while the last two are for the most part elective. Thus the student is afforded a twofold privilege of choice. He may decide upon one of the parallel courses when he begins his preparatory studies; then, after he has been two years in the university, he may choose with almost absolute freedom from the hundred courses that are offered.

It will be seen from what has been stated that all the changes that have come about have been made in the direction of greater freedom. The tendency has been unmistakably in the direction of that *Lernfreiheit* to which the Germans attach so much importance. It should not be supposed, however, that these changes have come about without opposition. On the contrary, those conservative elements that are found in such abundance in all educational affairs have offered a stern resistance. The opposition has taken on two forms. The first has asserted and stoutly maintained that

there is no form of study at all comparable for the development of intelligence with the study of the ancient languages. By some of the advocates of the reform this assertion is denied, by others it is admitted. Those who admit the position still maintain that the assertion proves very little, inasmuch as the question is, not whether Greek and Latin are the studies best adapted to the improvement of those who pursue them, but whether if Greek and Latin are not taken there shall not be certain other studies offered in their place. In other words, if the student *will* not take Greek and Latin, shall he be compelled to take nothing, or shall he be permitted to take some other study even though it be of secondary importance? The other objection to the reform is founded on what may be called a mistrust of the ability or disposition of the student to use the liberty of choice without abusing it. It is an odd anomaly that in a country that prides itself so much on the liberties of the people there should be so little faith in the beneficial effects of liberty among the students of our universities. At the middle of their course the students in the American universities are now about twenty-one years of age. In many of the universities the average age at the time of taking the degree varies not more than a month or two from twenty-three years. And yet in many quarters it continues to be thought that the student of twenty-one and more should still be held to as rigid a course of study as that which was marked out for him at sixteen or seventeen. Within a few months at least as many as two formidable articles in as many of our leading reviews have made ponderous efforts to prove that students cannot be trusted, and that if they are given their liberty they will elect the easy things, neglect the hard things, and so

spoil their education. In many quarters this distrust of the student's judgment or purpose has been strong enough to stand up in face of all experience. It seems to forget that even if an opportunity is sometimes lost, the fact is only the concomitant of every form of human liberty. Everybody knows that liberty is always subject to abuse. Under the privilege it grants, it is the more possible to do the wrong thing, for the simple reason that there can be no opportunity of doing the right thing without a corresponding possibility of doing the wrong one. The possibility of taking the easy and unimportant things must be granted; for along with such a possibility goes also that opportunity of thoroughness which is the only condition of the highest success. And thus it happens that the very best attainments are found only in those schools where negligence is possible, and even not uncommon. It is only under the stimulus of liberty that the largest results are possible; it is only under the opportunities afforded by the same liberty that neglect of opportunity is most easy, if not most prevalent.

That the new system has not resulted in any general abuse has been abundantly shown. Five years ago the impression became somewhat prevalent that the large freedom now given to the Harvard students resulted in somewhat general neglect and abuse. The overseers of the university were said to share this opinion. But whether the current report on this subject was correct or not, it was certainly true that they imposed a decisive check on the further movements in the same direction proposed by the president and corporation of the university. This action led to a very important investigation of the whole subject. The next report of the president contained a very elaborate system of tables, showing

precisely what each student had elected during the series of years since the elective system was introduced. The result could hardly have been more conclusive. The figures so far carried conviction that the overseers not only reversed their action, but approved unanimously of the policy which, under the light of more imperfect information, they had strenuously opposed.

As was to be anticipated, this reform has met with a hearty appreciation from the public. The sense of freedom, the conscious privilege of selecting those studies that one desires, the larger range of possibilities in the way of attainments in one's favorite pursuits, all these added to the attractiveness of the universities that had adopted the new methods. A large influx of students is the result. While the classes in the colleges and universities that still adhere to the former methods remain very nearly what they were twenty years ago, the classes in all of those institutions that have adopted the new methods have nearly or quite doubled in numbers within the same length of time. In 1870 the number of students in the academic or non-professional department of Harvard was 608; in 1885-86 the number had increased to 1006. Twenty years ago, Cornell University did not exist. The first class graduated in 1869. At present the corps of instruction consists of about eighty persons, and the roll of students has more than eight hundred names. A similar prosperity has marked the universities of Michigan. These three institutions, though differing somewhat in their characteristics, are the most typical and marked examples of the new methods. Within the last ten years all of them have received abundant evidences of public favor.

From another and a higher point of view the beneficial results have been

even more striking. Perhaps the most potent reason for the reform was the inducement held out by the new method for long-continued study in the direction of the student's individual choice. While it was foreseen that a few students would straggle through the four years of their course in an aimless kind of way, it was still hoped that a large majority—even a very large majority—would choose their studies wisely, and pursue them steadily to the accomplishment of some very tangible results. It may fairly be said that this hope has not been disappointed. The tables published by President Eliot show conclusively that a vast majority of the young men know what they want, and go about accomplishing their ends in an intelligent and praiseworthy way. But there is a kind of evidence that figures cannot give. It is in the spirit, in the prevailing tone, of the institutions that have adopted the new methods. It is the subject of universal remark that there is less of boyishness and more of manliness. The prevailing spirit is one of far greater earnestness. This general temper of the students, united with the greater opportunities offered, has brought about most excellent results. It is not too much to say that within the past ten years a far higher plane of scholarship has been reached than was possible under the old system. A student's ideas soon after he enters on his university course begin to crystallize in the direction of his aptitude and preferences. As early as the second year he enters on the fulfillment of his purposes. In the third and fourth years he is able to carry on his studies even into the most advanced stages offered. The consequence is, that at the time of receiving the baccalaureate degree he has learned far more than under the old system was in any way possible. And so it has happened that studies in

Greek, in Latin, in the Oriental languages, in history, in the mathematics, in political economy, and in all the sciences, are carried very much farther than it was possible to carry them twenty or even ten years ago. An inspection of the courses of instruction now given at either of the typical universities named above will show, that university work of a high character has at last become possible and practicable. Advanced studies carried on in the methods of the German "Seminar" were first introduced into the University of Michigan, but they have since become common at Cornell, and have finally been somewhat generally adopted at Harvard. The beneficial results cannot fail to show themselves in every field of learning.

No account of the tendencies of higher learning in the United States could be complete without some adequate reference to the work of Johns Hopkins University. No other institution within the past few years has attracted so much attention. This has been owing partly to the great excellence of the instruction given, partly to the peculiarities of its organization and methods, and partly to the fact that it has laid great stress on the publication of accomplished results. Through the various journals and serials that were established at the university early in its history, the public has been kept advised in a very efficient manner of the work that has been done in the several departments of knowledge. But it can hardly be said that Johns Hopkins University has a very intimate historic connection with the educational system of the country. It did not grow out of the root, but was rather grafted into the old stock. It was founded in the belief that the time had come for the establishment of a university that should do for American scholars what the German universities

are doing for them. During the last twenty-five years some hundreds of American students, after completing their collegiate course, have annually gone to Germany for more advanced instruction than could be obtained on this side of the Atlantic. Why should there not be established in America some one institution that should obviate the necessity of a Transatlantic voyage? The fundamental idea should be the giving of instruction in the most improved methods that would supplement the instruction given in the other colleges and universities of the country. It should be a university established primarily for those who had already taken the Bachelor's degree. Here was the field which Johns Hopkins University undertook to occupy. It was not absolutely new ground, for all of the older universities had provided courses of instruction for graduates and fellows. But its peculiarity was in the fact that all its strength was primarily devoted to instruction to those students who had already taken the first degree. It was as though one of the colleges of Oxford or Cambridge should say, We will not teach undergraduates; we will only have to do with those who have already received the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Our effort will be simply to do the most advanced grade of work as a means of preparing specialists for the profession of teachers. This was the position of Johns Hopkins University. It did not aim to secure the attendance of large numbers; it desired rather to attract those who, desirous of completing their outfit for the work of teachers and professors, would otherwise have been attracted to the universities of Germany.

The success of the experiment has been abundant and gratifying. The nature of the work has afforded every encouragement to advanced and original investigation, and the results of

such investigations as have been made have been given very generously to the world. Whether in founding the university the necessity of establishing ultimately an undergraduate course was contemplated, is not perhaps very certain. But such a necessity has made itself felt. This end was probably favored, on the one hand, by local demand; on the other, by the assistance that a preparatory department would give to the advanced work for which the university was more especially established. It still remains true, however, that the prominent characteristic of the Johns Hopkins University is its work with graduate students, while it receives such undergraduates as offer themselves. The stress of its effort is devoted to its advanced classes. It is perhaps needless to add that it is from this characteristic that the university is so widely and so favorably known.

In the various realms of university work there is nothing more interesting, or indeed more important, than the change that has been going on in the minds of scholars during the past few years on the subject of political economy. Twenty years ago the scholars and the politicians were separated in their beliefs by a sort of impassable gulf. The political economy of Adam Smith and his followers was accepted by the academic teachers almost without exception. The books that made an impression were those of the great founders of the science—of Ricardo and of Mill. The doctrine of *laissez-faire*, as ordinarily accepted, was universally taught in the colleges and universities. It was a common remark that in the schools everybody was taught "free trade," while in business everybody came to believe in "protection." This sharply defined difference was not the result of accident. Both classes followed their own teacher. The system of protection advocated with such

power by Henry Clay and Mr. Carey was given to the multitude with consummate skill by Mr. Greeley and the other editorial writers of the day. The consequence of these diverging tendencies was, that while the policy of the nation was firmly held to the doctrines of a protective tariff, what might be called the more scholarly part of the community was coming more and more into an acceptance of the doctrines of Mill and Cairnes. Fifteen years ago, among all the teachers of political economy in the country, not more than one or two of any prominence could be named who did not advocate the policy of free trade. The political economy of the Manchester school came to be regarded as the only orthodox form of economic faith and doctrine.

It is patent, however, that a great change has now taken place. While on the one hand a very considerable number of prominent manufacturers have declared themselves advocates of free trade, on the other a still more conspicuous number of teachers of political economy either are avowed advocates of protection, or, what is perhaps more common, are in favor of occupying a middle ground between the opposing theories. There has grown up what may be called a new school of economists. These, for the most part, are young men who, under the influence of German instruction, have adopted the German historical methods. Nearly all of the younger economists have studied in Germany and have fallen under the powerful influence of Roscher, Wagner, or Conrad, and have brought the ideas so acquired to their new fields of instruction. While in several of the universities upholders of the *à priori* methods are still in positions of predominant influence, it is undoubtedly true that at the present

moment a majority of the teachers in our colleges and universities are to be ranked as belonging to the historical school. It goes without saying, therefore, that the doctrines of free trade are not so generally or so dogmatically taught as they were ten or fifteen years ago. The tendency is probably very nearly akin to that which appears to be prevailing in England. The views and methods of Rogers, Jevons, and Sidgwick are now much more generally accepted than the views and methods of the economists that led public opinion a generation ago.

The movement as a whole, however, is to be regarded as a favorable sign of the times. It is certain that at no time in the past has the study of political economy been carried on so earnestly and so thoroughly as at the present moment. In all of the universities the classes in this subject are large, and in many of them the most difficult questions are considered with a care and a thoroughness that was formerly unknown. More than all this, within the last few months two important journals have come into existence for the discussion of questions of political economy and political science. The *Political Science Quarterly*, edited by the Faculty of Political Science in Columbia College, is devoted to the whole range of questions indicated by its title; while the *Quarterly Journal of Economics*, edited by the Professors of Political Economy at Harvard, is to be confined more narrowly to a special field. Both of these journals have the flavor of a careful scholarship, and their first appearance, almost simultaneously, must be regarded as among the more auspicious signs of the times. —PRES. CHARLES KENDALL ADAMS, in *The Contemporary Review*.

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY.

[BORN IN 1831, DIED IN 1885.]

Calverley was an Oxford man, who had migrated to Cambridge, and I, a Cambridge man, afterward migrated to Oxford. I was a freshman and Calverley was in his second year; and at Cambridge colleges there is a gulf, at least there was in my time, which is beyond the power of human language to describe, between first and second year men. This was intensified in Calverley's position toward his juniors by his previous Oxford experience and his unique position at Christ's College. For, to use a popular term, Calverley might have been called the King of the College.

One day an old friend of mine, now a highly-esteemed bishop of the church, remonstrated with me on my extreme "cheek" in having, in my first year, called upon the illustrious Calverley. Let me illustrate this supposed *gaucherie*. About two years ago there was a Cambridge man who without any introduction or permission left a card on Prince Edward of Wales, at his rooms opposite the famous lime-walk of Trinity. This unforeseen call caused considerable perplexity in the highest quarters, but it was eventually decided that a card should be left in return. To call on Calverley uninvited would be as much "cheek" in my instance as the calling upon the prince. Happily I was able to assure my *custas morum* that I had not called upon Calverley till that prince of undergraduates had been twice at my rooms and more than once taken a ramble with me in the country.

How our acquaintance began I cannot recollect. I had come up, *non sine gloria*, from a Scottish university, which at that time was sending a number of good men to Cambridge, and I suppose that I was inadvertently set

down among the number. Anyhow I saw a good deal of Calverley, who was not at all exclusive in confining himself to the men of his year at Christ's. He knew all the men of all the years. There was hardly any set of rooms in the college which he could not enter at will—whose owner would not be in the highest degree gratified by being honored with a call. The principal associations which I connect with Calverley—at least in those days—were a cutty-pipe, a curly-tailed terrier, and a pewter-pot. Both in Latin and English verse, both by precept and example, he celebrated the praises of beer. Gradually there stole upon you the sense of the enormous brain-power by which he was distinguished from other men.

The tutor of Christ's College, the Rev. W. M. Gunson, was a scholar ripe and good, who had greatly raised the standard of scholarship at Christ's College. There was something very unhappy in his case at the last. From a morbid sensitiveness he declined the Mastership of the College, and was found drowned, it was feared by his own act. At this date he was at the zenith of a high university reputation. He told me one day that I should be surprised at what he was going to say, but he really preferred Calverley's Latin verse to Horace's. His Latin was as good as Horace's, and he had a peculiar feeling and beauty of style which Horace did not possess. When Calverley sat down to write Latin verse he simply took pen and paper, without using any books for reference and helps. Similarly when he read Aristophanes, he had nothing but Dindorf's *Poetæ Scenici Græci* before him, which he enjoyed as much as he did *Pickwick*, which he knew almost by heart. We all believed that there was nothing which he could not do if he chose. Unfortunately Calverley did not choose to work. He read Greek and Latin as he might read

English fiction for our amusement, but there is a certain amount of hard study, without which Pericles himself could not have hoped to be at the head of the classical tripos. His friends saw that he had given up severe study as out of his line—if it had ever been in it. One day I said to him—

“Well, Calverley, you will not be Senior Classic.” “Who will?”—“Brown?” “Who’s Brown?”—this with some little scorn.

Brown was Senior Classic and Calverley only second; a very fine degree, but one which we thought might with a little effort have been higher.

There was at that time however at Christ’s a man who attained for the college the coveted distinction of Senior Classic. This was J. R. Seeley, who years afterward broke suddenly upon the world as the author of *Ecce Homo*. Mr. Gladstone wrote a set of articles about the book, and made its author Professor of Modern History at Cambridge. Mr. Seeley wrote also a *Life of Stein*, a work as much appreciated in Germany as in England. It was just a chance that Seeley and Calverley were not competitors for the same distinction, but Mr. Seeley having entered in a leg-term was entitled to go out later, and did so. The two men contrasted as much physically as mentally, and each was a very fine specimen in his way. There was this difference, however. Mr. Seeley seems always to have interested himself intensely in every high and serious subject, but Calverley, may be to hide a deeper feeling, seemed almost incapable of looking at any subject except from a comic point of view. Once I told him his effort always seemed to be to “disillusionate” everything. He laughed heartily, and took the remark, as I certainly did not intend it, in the light a compliment. There were other men of that time that have come to considerable distinction—

Mr. Walter Skeat, our great Anglo-Saxon scholar; Mr. Walter Besant, the novelist and philanthropist; Mr. Sendall, who has edited some of Calverley’s *Remains*; Dr. Gell, the Bishop of Madras. The fellowships of Christ’s College were supposed to be very good, better than those of Trinity College—so far as information leaked out, about £330 a year. Of course Calverley became Fellow and M. A., but to the last there was more of the undergraduate than of the magisterial element in him. Few men have passed through universities so inexpensively as he did. Both at Balliol and at Christ’s, his academical income, even while an undergraduate, must have paid his academical expenses.

On one occasion I took what we used to call “a rise” out of Calverley. It had so happened that I had gone into his room and found it empty. A sheet of white foolscap was lying on the table half-way covered with Latin poetry. One line struck my eye and pleased me very much—

“Mira manus tangit citharam neque cernitur ulli.”

In fact, I do not think that I read any other line. Going next into a room on the ground-floor of the near staircase there were a lot of men, and Calverley among them. The talk happened to be on the subject of weird and eerie things. I or some other man spoke of mysterious harp-like sounds that we fancy are heard at times in solitary places.

“Yes,” I said, “that is an old idea found even amongst Latin poets. Do you remember this line?”

“Mira manus tangit citharam neque cernitur ulli.”

Calverley looked very puzzled, and said—

“Would you mind repeating that line again, old man?”

I accordingly repeated it.

By-and-by Calverley moved across the room, and looked at me very earnestly and said—

“Do you know I really thought I had composed that line myself. Can you tell me where it comes from?”

“It is your own line, Calverley,” I answered. “I happened to go into your room just now—you will find my card—and hardly knowing what I was doing I looked at some Latin lines lying on the table, and that was one which pleased me very much.”

Calverley’s Latin lines were always admirable. The ordinary writers of Latin verse must always contemplate them with admiring despair. Perhaps the most popular of his Latin verses was the Tripos Latin poem, *Carmen Seculare*, which he wrote one year. It was customary for the vice-chancellor to give a pair of gloves to the writer of such lines. Calverley, as I have been informed, asked for and obtained a pair of boxing gloves from the vice. Many of the lines of his poems have passed almost into proverbs at Cambridge. His description of the youth who was going to set the Cam on fire and “*junior optimus, exit;*” of the more fortunate youth—

“*Si qua fata aspera rumpas,
Tu rixator eris.*”

Wrangler = rixator; the youth who goes to green fields, not of the country, but of the billiard table, “*pollicitus meliora patri;*” the translation of “unmentionables,” “*Crurum non enarrabile tegmen;*” the warning to the lad who runs up bills at Bacon’s the tobacconist—

“*O fumose puer, nimium ne crede Baconi.
Manillas vocat; hoc prætextat nomine caules*”

But the whole poem overflows with fun which has amused many of the fast-fleeting generations of the university. Calverley too was an admirable punster. Mr. Payn, the novelist, in his *Literary*

Recollections, tells the story that when he was left behind in a mountain excursion, Calverley quoted the lines “The labor we delight in physics Pain.”

One evening one or two of us strolled down with Calverley to the Cambridge railway station. There was a very pretty girl serving at the refreshment bar, and one of the men went up and asked her at what time the Northern train came in. “Now,” said Calverley somewhat severely to his companion, “if you come to think of it that’s a sort of lie, you know.”

I found when I went to Oxford that Blaydes was a tradition and the name of Calverley unknown. The author of *Alice in Wonderland* took me by the little path and showed me the forked tree through which Calverley took his dangerous and daring leap. It is not likely to be repeated, for this path, which used to be the short cut to the boats, is now entirely shut up since the Dean of Christ Church has laid out his new path from the Broad Walk. I asked him once how he came to change his name to Calverley. He answered *naïvely*, that all his family had found out that they had been using the wrong name for a great many years. The change of name concurred opportunely with the change of university. I once asked him the exact circumstances under which he had left Oxford. The story was, that having got into trouble once or twice about climbing walls, he was warned about the very unpleasant consequences that would ensue if he was found doing it again. Alas, a tempting opportunity arose one night, and the forbidden climb was achieved. Calverley had no desire to hurt the feelings of the authority. It was only his playfulness. He wanted his joke and his jump. There was a great but unsuccessful effort to catch the truant, who might have escaped, but for his own wicked wit. He was heard to ex-

claim, "My enemies compassed me round about, but by the help of the Lord I leaped over the wall." This unguarded admission proved too much for him, and he was requested to take his name off the books. I repeated to Calverley the story as I had heard it, and asked him if it were correct. He nodded his head and said, "Something like it."

There was no boisterousness displeasing to the authorities during Calverley's undergraduate days at Cambridge. Nothing could be quieter, in better tone and taste than his conduct. I remember that there was a rumor among the "fast" men, of whom there were some, even at small Christ's College, that the college defences were not impregnable, and that there was a weak point; either that some gate could be opened or some wall be scaled. There were one or two men who declared that they had achieved this hazardous operation. To Calverley any matter of this sort would not be of the slightest interest. He had left everything of this sort far behind. A man who could vault over a horse and cart in Petty Cury had no need to prove his prowess in an irregular and abnormal way. When "fast" men indulged their talk, Calverley would listen in an amused and quizzical way. I never myself heard him use a single expression which any child or lady might not hear. There was a sacred pond in the garden, near Milton's still more sacred mulberry tree, beneath whose "glassy, cool translucent wave" I have a notion that he used to disport himself. This was no doubt by permission, or in the exercise of his undoubted rights.

Calverley once gave me two songs of his for publication. It was for a little provincial story which I published many years ago in a great Scottish city. The tale has been out of print for a great many years. One of these songs,

"O a life in the country so joyous," as "Stanzas for Music," has been published in his *Remains*, but I could never see much in it. The other, which is not at all known, is much more characteristic. It came out as—

MR. LESLIE'S SONG.

"There is a rapture, exceeding all measure,
Left to enliven this sorrowful world;
Who does not think of that moment with
pleasure,
When first round his lips the wreathing
smoke curled?
Parents look grave or sick,
Call it a nasty trick,
Say it is ruinous—say it is wrong,
Happy indeed his lot,
Who, for these caring not,
Puffs like a chimney-pot
All the day long.

"Some, who are troubled with endless en-
treaties,
Strive for a time this delight to forego;
Vain are the efforts, their failure complete is—
Life without smoking's unbearably slow.
Soon their mistake they find,
Leave all such thoughts behind,
Wise resolutions all vanish in *smoke*;
And to their cost they see,
That if their life must be
Unfumigatory,
'Twill be no joke.

"Ladies may talk of their otto of roses—
Oh, there is something that's better by far!
Believe me, an odor more fragrant reposes
In a whiff from a pipe or a *penny cigar!*
Healer of every smart,
Soother of every heart,
Would I could tell all thy praises in song!
Incense at Pleasure's shrine,
Oh, that thy fumes divine
Curled round this nose of mine
All the day long!"

Every generation of university men have their personal literary favorites. Now it is Tennyson, now Carlyle, now Browning, now Dickens. At this time it was Dickens, especially his *Pickwick*. Those who took so ardently to *Pickwick* did not trouble themselves very much about Carlyle and Browning. We left

the more serious side of things to Mr. Seeley and his friends. *Pickwick* was regarded as the highest achievement of the human mind, so far as the human mind has as yet gone. My own idea is that at this time the study of *Pickwick* gave a great impulse to the consumption of beer. There is hardly a chapter in the immortal work which does not bring in what Mr. Gladstone has called "that refreshing beverage." The morning began with beer, which continued, with proper or improper intervals, till dewy eve, and later still. When some one remarked to a don that the whole university might be divided into "reading" and "feeding" men, he expressed his regret that they washed down the feeding with such copious libations. Some men, who absolutely detested beer, thought it a proper thing to acquire the taste, as being thoroughly British and patriotic. There was an extraordinary knowledge of *Pickwick* among Christ's men in those days. It has been said that if the *Paradise Lost* had been lost, Macaulay could have revived it from his own memory. This is not exactly true. When Calverley was at Christ's, Macaulay came down to Cambridge to spend a few days with his nephew, Mr. Trevelyan, at Cambridge. They started him on the *Paradise Lost*, but the historian broke down. Tears rushed into his eyes when he found that his incomparable memory—a memory, however, which retained all the rubbish as well as all the precious things—was deserting him. There was Calverley, with two or three others, who could have gone a very long way toward reproducing *Pickwick*. Calverley's famous examination paper on *Pickwick* is well known. I have seen, I will hardly say a rival, but another examination paper on *Pickwick*, but it is "not a patch" upon Calverley's. It shows that there is such a thing as even a recondite knowledge of *Pickwick*. Its

chief charm is the admirable parody on the examination style at Cambridge. I consider myself very well up in my *Pickwick*, but I think I should have been floored at this examination. He offered two prizes, each consisting of a "first edition" of *Pickwick*; a "first edition" is worth money now, and it was a rarity in volume, I think, years ago. The prizes were obtained by Professor Skeat, who was famous for a marvelous power of pace in the covering of an examination paper; and Mr. Walter Besant, who was, no doubt, helped by his own kindred genius.

Some of these questions are reprinted by Mr. Payn in his *Literary Recollections*. I include some excerpts not given by Mr. Payn. The paper is found in some editions of the *Fly Leaves*. The first question is—

Mention any occasions on which it is specified that the Fat Boy was not asleep; and that (1) Mr. Pickwick and (2) Mr. Weller, senior, ran. Deduce from expressions used on one occasion Mr. Pickwick's maximum of speed.

3. Who were Mr. Stokle, Goodwin, Mr. Brooks, Villam, Mr. Blenkin, "old Nobs," "cast-iron head," "young Bantam?"

4. What operation was performed on Tom Smart's chair? Who little thinks that in which pocket, of what garment, in where, he has left what, entreating him to return to whom, with how many what, and all how big?

6. Mr. Weller's knowledge of London was extensive and peculiar. Illustrate this by a reference to the facts.

8. Give in full Samuel Weller's first compliment to Mary, and his father's critique upon the same young lady. What church was on the valentine that first attracted Mr. Samuel's eye in the shop?

10. On finding his principal in the pound, Mr. Weller and the town-beadle varied directly. Show that the latter was ultimately eliminated, and state the number of rounds in the square which is not described.

20. Write down the chorus to each line of Mr. S. Weller's song, and a sketch of the mottle-faced man's excursus on it. Is there any ground for conjecturing that he (Sam) had more brothers than one?

21. How many lumps of sugar went into

the Shepherd's liquor as a rule? And is any exception recorded?

24. How did Mr. Weller, senior, define the Funds, and what view did he take of Reduced Consols? In what terms is his elastic force described when he assaulted Mr. Stiggins, at the meeting? Write down the name of the meeting.

27. In developing to P. M. his views of a proposition, what assumption did Mr. Pickwick feel justified in making?

28. Deduce from a remark of Mr. Weller, junior, the price per mile of cabs at the period.

29. What do you know of the hotel next the Bull at Rochester?

The examination paper must be taken as a whole to do justice to its clever parodies and infinite fun. Few brochures have been so popular and successful.

It is greatly to be regretted that Calverley never attempted any more serious work that would have brought out his great ability and large knowledge. The best-known pieces of his lyric verse are no doubt the light Cambridge pieces, and here he ought to be compared with his contemporary Sir George Trevelyan, the statesman, whose *Horace in Athens* is most delicious fooling. Sir G. O. Trevelyan says, in a note to his poem, that its lines, dealing not very respectfully with the Trinity dons, was the dearest thing he ever composed, for they cost him a fellowship. On this point, however, we are able to assure Sir G. Trevelyan that he was quite mistaken. A Trinity Fellowship is rarely ever given to a man on his first competition. He might have made quite safe for it on his second or third trial. He would have commanded it by his own merits, and the fellows would have been glad to welcome a worthy nephew of Macaulay's into their society. Sir G. Trevelyan has since won great honor in literature and politics. Calverley's ability and scholarship might have earned him perhaps no less distinguished a position. The only subject to which he deliberately applied his

mind was that of translation. He studied it as an art, and as an art he published several gems of criticism on it. His own powers of translation from Greek and Latin into English, and from English into Greek Latin, were unique. His version of *Theocritus*, perhaps the best known of his writings, is perhaps the best example of this. It is curious that Mr. Frederick Harrison, while discoursing at some length on the subject of Translation in his *Choice of Books*, and while mentioning one translation of Theocritus, does not seem to be acquainted with Calverley's. Life was made so smooth and easy for Calverley that he missed the great incentive of poverty, which causes most of the work of the world. He was not a man likely to work unless under the pressure of a strong incentive—a type of a very large class of men. Beyond most even he was devoid of ambition. He married and lived happy ever afterward, until the last illness came, as it comes to all. In his Latin poem of *Australia* he contrasts the life of the gold-digger, and compares with it the happier and more careless life of the peasant who stays at home.

"Felix qui tantos potuit perferre labores!
 Quique procellarum furiis, æstuque fameque
 Majorem se fassus, iter patefecit habendi!
 Fortunatus et ille, sui qui dives, et utens
 Sorte data, magnis non invidet? Improbos
 illum
 Fors urget labor, arcta domus, rarique so-
 dales:
 At jucunda quies, at viva in montibus aura,
 Et vacuus curis animus, fecere beatum.
 Patris amans illi soboles, nec leta laborum
 Uxor abest; non ille timet de nocte latrones,
 Non auctumnalem maturis frugibus im-
 brem."

The passage which I have underlined seems descriptive of the brightness and joy and happiness of Calverley's own home life. He was quite content within such limits as he has described. The words seemed especially applicable to

him "Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not." There never was a man for whom the ambitions and competitions of life had so little attraction.

A selection of hymns, bearing the title of the *Hymnary*, appeared some years ago under the editorship of Canon Cooke of Chester, and of the Rev. Benjamin Webb. Mr. Webb was the Vicar of St. Andrew's, Well street, and for years the editor of the *Church of England Quarterly Review*. The collection is not very well known, but it is used in some thirty or forty churches, generally of a somewhat advanced Ritualistic type. In this collection there are no less than nineteen hymns attributed in the index to C. Stuart Calverley. They are all of them written in a vein of almost ecstatic piety. Those who only knew Calverley by his lighter verse must have been rather struck by the violence of the contrast. Mr. Sendall in his memorial volume states the fact, which is not to be gathered from the *Hymnary* itself, that these are all translations from ancient sources. They are not so successful, as translations, as the wonderful translations of John Mason Neale, but they bring out his former skill as a translator, on higher themes than had ever before occupied his pen, and will form a touching memorial of his name and work. He was not the man to undertake such subjects unless he deeply felt them.

Going back to my own recollections, he always seemed to me one of the happiest and most charming men possible, at perfect ease with himself and all his surroundings, in the perfection of bodily and intellectual strength. The great charm of Calverley was his perfect unconsciousness. He was free from the slightest touch of vanity or assumption, apparently quite unaware of there being anything remarkable about himself. Moreover, there was a real vein of kind-

ness about him and generosity of nature; a personal instance of which is fresh in my recollection. No man was richer in friends, and chiefly because none could be a truer friend than he was. Those, however, who knew him much better than myself have testified to this, and to his many noble and generous qualities.—*Temple Bar*.

BYRONIANA.

Sixty years ago (that is in 1816) John Murray—whose name was really Mac Murray—the founder of the great London publishing house, wrote to Lord Byron:

"I am thinking more seriously than ever of establishing a monthly literary journal, and am promised the contributions of the greater characters here; if I succeed I will venture to solicit the favor of your powerful assistance, in the shape of Letters, Essays, Characters, Facts, Travels, Epigrams, and other, to you, small shot, and to treat the favor of your influence among your friends. Everyone can communicate something,—a fact or perhaps some curious letter, etc."

This scheme, formed so long ago, has now been carried out by the present John Murray. The first number of *Murray's Magazine* made its appearance in January, 1887. It opens with a score or so of lines intended as the beginning of *Lara*, but now printed for the first time.

OPENING LINES TO LARA.

"When she is gone, the loved, the best, the one
Whose smile hath gladdened though perchance undone,
Whose name, too dearly cherished to impart,
Dies on the lip, but trembles in the heart;
Whose sudden mention can almost convulse
And lighten through the ungovernable pulse,
Till the heart leaps so keenly to the word
We fear that throb can hardly be unheard,
Then sinks at once beneath that sickly chill
That follows when we find her absent still:
When such is gone, too far again to bless,

Oh God, how slowly comes Forgetfulness!
 Let none complain how faithless and how brief
 The brain's remembrance or the bosom's grief;
 Or, ere they thus forbid us to forget,
 Let Mercy strip the memory of regret.
 Yet—selfish still—we would not be forgot;
 What lip dare say, "My love remember not?"
 Oh, best and dearest, thou whose thrilling
 name

My heart adores too deeply to proclaim!
 My memory, almost ceasing to repine,
 Would mount to Hope if once secure of thine.
 Meantime the tale I weave must mournful be,
 As absence to the heart that lives on thee."

Then comes a letter from Byron, written from Ravenna in 1821, in which he describes his first meeting with Madame De Stael eight years before.

MADAME DE STAEL AND GEORGE IV.

"In the year 1813, I had the honor of being amongst the earliest of my countrymen presented to Mde. de Stael on the very night of her arrival in London. She arrived, was dressed, and came with her Glory to Lady Jersey's, where, in common with many others, I bowed—not the knee, but the head and heart—in homage to an extraordinary and able woman driven from her own country by the most extraordinary of men. They are both dead and buried, so we may speak without offence.

"On the day after her arrival I dined in her company at Sir Humphry Davy's, being the least of one of a 'legion of honor' invited to greet her. If I mistake not—and can memory be treacherous to such men?—there were present Sheridan, Whitbread, Grattan, the Marquis of Lansdowne, without counting our illustrious host. The first experimental philosopher of his own (or perhaps any other preceding time) was there, to receive the most celebrated of women, surrounded by the flower of our wits, the foremost of our remaining orators and statesmen, condescending even to invite the then youngest and, it may be, still least of our living poets.

"Of these guests, it would be melancholy to relate, even in common life, that three of the foremost are in their graves, with her who met them and with him who was the great cause of their meeting (at least in England,) in the short space of seven years or a little better, and none of them aged; but when we utter their names, it is something more—it is awful—it shows how frail they were in their glory

greatness, and we who remain shrink, as it were, into nothing.

"Of this 'Symposion,' graced by these now Immortals, I recollect less than ought to have been remembered. But who can carry away the remembrance of his pleasures unimpaired and unmutilated? The grand impression remains, but the tints are faded. Besides, I was then too young and too passionate to do full justice to those around me.

"Time, absence and death mellow and sanctify all things. I then saw around me but the men whom I heard daily in the Senate, and met nightly in the London assemblies. I revered, I respected them: but I *saw* them; and neither Beauty nor Glory can stand this daily test. I saw the woman of whom I had heard marvels; she justified what I had heard, but she was still a mortal, and made long speeches! nay, the very day of this philosophical feast in her honor, she made *very* long speeches to those who had been accustomed to hear such only in the two Houses. She interrupted Whitbread; she declaimed to Lord L.; she misunderstood Sheridan's jokes for assent; she harangued, she lectured, she preached English politics to the first of our English Whig politicians, the day after her arrival in England; and (if I am not much misinformed) preached politics no less to our Tory politicians the day after.

"The Sovereign himself, if I am not in error, was not exempt from this flow of eloquence. As Napoleon had been lectured on the destinies of France, the Prince Regent of England was asked 'what he meant to do with America?' At present I might, with all humility, ask, 'what America means to do with him?' In twenty or thirty years more, which *he* cannot (and I in all human chances shall not) live to see, this will be to his successor a serious question. *Who* will be his successor? The Dukes, all of them half a century old, cannot last forever; and who will be *their* successors? The little Princesses! This is a *grand peut-être!* In the meantime, his Majesty is crowned; and long may he reign! His father was crowned at twenty and reigned sixty years; *he* is crowned at sixty, and may reign twenty years: 'tis a long time, as reigns usually go. But he is not a bad King, and he *was* a fine fellow; it is a great pity he did not come to his crown thirty years before. I cannot help thinking that, if he had done so, all this outcry about morals and wives and frivolities might have been prevented. But 'Hope delayed maketh the heart sick;' and it is to be feared that out of a *sick heart* there never came a sound body nor a temperate soul. Let it

not be forgotten that he was one of the most persecuted of princes; and the fruit of persecution has been in all ages the same. I shall not presume to be so treasonable as to say that he is bad, but if he were, with the provocation he has had, I should only wonder that he is not worse."

Appended to this is an extract from a letter by Miss Catherine M. Fanshawe, giving some account of another dinner party at Sir Humphry Davy's, at which Lord Byron and Madame De Stael were present.

"I have just stayed in London long enough to get a sight of the last-imported lion, Mde. de Stael; but it was a sight worth twenty peeps through ordinary show boxes. Eloquence is a great word, but not too big for her. She speaks as she writes; and, upon this occasion, she was inspired by indignation, finding herself between two opposition spirits, who gave full play to all her energies. She was astonished to hear that this pure and perfect constitution was in need of radical reform; that the only safety for Ireland was to open wide the doors which had been locked and barred by the glorious revolution; and that Great Britain, the Bulwark of the World, the Rock which alone had withstood the sweeping flood, the ebbs and flows of Democracy and Tyranny, was herself feeble, disjointed, and almost on the eve of ruin. So, at least, was it represented by her antagonist in argument, Childe Harold, whose sentiments—partly, perhaps, for the sake of argument—grew deeper and darker in proportion to her enthusiasm. The wit was his. He is a mixture of gloom and sarcasm, chastened, however, by good breeding, and with a vein of original genius that makes some atonement for the unheroic and ungenial cast of his whole mind. It is a mind that never conveys the idea of sunshine. It is a dark night upon which the lightning flashes."

CURRENT THOUGHT.

POSTHUMOUS POEMS OF VICTOR HUGO.—In the *Athenæum*, M. Gabriel Sarvazin thus speaks of two posthumous poems by Victor Hugo, recently published:—

"Let me speak of Victor Hugo's two posthumous poems, *Théâtre en Liberté* and *La Fin de Satan*. The former, a heavy and pre-

tentious fantasy, was forgotten as soon as published. *La Fin de Satan* is somewhat better. The fundamental idea of the work is grand and symbolical; it lays all the misdeeds of Satan to the score of his despair at seeing everywhere the implacable face of God, which in his inmost heart and throughout his fall he has never ceased to love. The poem ends with the pardon of the fallen angel, *alias* the disappearance of evil, and his redemption by love. There is some kinship between this conception and the admirable words of Santa Theresa, who 'wished to love Satan, to pray for him, to console and convert him.' *La Fin de Satan* is unfortunately spoilt by repetition and lengthiness, and it is a relief to come to the piece called *La Chanson des Oiseaux*, a lyrical flight of marvelous grace and rhythm. To sum up, *La Fin de Satan* would be an altogether fine poem were it not for a pervading tone of declamation and rhetoric, which at the present day we find peculiarly intolerable; and although the predominant idea is sympathetic to me, I do not think it is presented in a form that will meet with public favor."

PROGRESS IN SYRIA.—"G. I. C." writes thus in the London *Spectator* of Dec. 25:—

"Having just returned from a long journey through Northern Syria, I was amazed to see a letter on 'progress' in that unhappy country. Progress, if it exists at all, must be in the immediate neighborhood of Beirût alone. The country north of that city is literally blighted and blasted by Turkish tyranny and misrule, and all classes agreed in testifying that things are going from bad to worse. Vast tracts of what is one of the richest countries in the world lie entirely untilled, or tenanted solely by wandering Turcomans and Bedouins; and at the present moment, a ruthless conscription of boys and men from fifteen or sixteen to fifty, leaves an insufficient population to cultivate the small portion of the land hitherto under tillage. The officials are unpaid, and taxes are exacted years in advance. The trade of the once-flourishing town of Ladikeyeh is dead. A road is projected from that place to Hama, and perhaps to Homs. When I was there a few days since I found the shops nearly all shut up, for the Turkish governor had driven out the whole shopkeeping population, irrespective of capability, age, or infirmity, to work on this road; those even who offered to pay for able-bodied men as substitutes were not excused. Everywhere along 'that lonely coast which once echoed with the world's debate,' one

saw relics of the grandeur and civilization of successive peoples where now all is ruin. I forded scores of torrents and streams, dangerous or impassable after rain, and across each saw the fragments of a Roman or even of an Arab bridge, but in no single instance a similar structure of Turkish times. The rôle of the Turk is to destroy, not to construct."

FAIR ANDOVER! ANCE HALIE SCHULE.

Not by ROBERT BURNS.

Fair Andover! ance halie schule,
Where Orthodoxy's lang held rule,
Now wise men made and now a fool,
Or a fause prophet:
Philistia's tongues speak oot thy dool
Thou'st gane to Tophet!

Thy founders' prayers were a' in vain,
The funds, whilk wedows scrimped wi' pain;
Thy creed, slow-braided, strain on strain,
Could na protect thee!
They've tustled lang wi' might and main,
An' now ha'e wrecked thee.

On Pisgah where thy Moses lies,
Where Woods and Porter maun arise,
And Edwards twa, fit for the skies,
There art thou scuttled:
New-fangled Rabbis, modern-wise,
Roun' thee befuddled!

They dinna spier what Jesus taught,
But uncocs of man's modern thought,
Wi' Teuton smudge and lager brought
Across the ocean:
Wi' them the Bible goes for naught,
'Gainst such a potion.

They've stalked an' auld hypothesis,
Whilk, when interpreted is this:
That Hades is short-cut to bliss,
Or half-way station;
The lake o' fire, the serpent's hiss
'S a fabrication.

That Satan's realm is na disgrace:—
A sort of penitentiary place,
Where chaplains say a word o' grace;—
House of correction:
Where dyeing does all sins efface
From soul's complexion,

If there's a God, He did na mean it,
If there's a God, He sure will screen it,
If there's a God, He has na seen it;
He was but talkin:—
This is their craft, how they careen it,
To gie it caulkin'.

It whips auld Clottie round the stump,
While he exclaims, "Why, that's my trump!
The nose well in, soon comes the rump."

This new departure!
An' ye maun tak it sans a humph!
Nor let it start ye.

They quote for this, th' Apostle Peter,
A blund'rin', heady, swearin' creature,
Wha'd prove the Lord's best man, short
meter.

But, quick foreswore Him:—
Bootless, a very proper preacher,
With them afore him.

For Peter-like, they swear it o'er,
Though cock may crow as ne'er before:
"This they believe, nor less, nor more!"
Wi' reservation!
Leavin' wide open, a back door:
To 'scape damnation.

They've found new veins o' precious gold,
An' ha'e their dreams o' vaults untold:
Whilk maun prove, when they're gane to
mould,

The devil's metal:
An' many a weak one o' the fold
Craze or unsettle.

Like ither miners they may learn
A thing or twa, by lesson stern:
An' wiser men at length return,
Though hard they blink it;
While gowd:—they for their wages earn
Hole, where they sink it.

Alas! alas! thou sacred place!
Fair fount o' learnin', truth and grace,
That thou sud come to sic' disgrace,
I'd scarce believe it:
Oh! could'st thou yet fause steps retrace:—
The past retrieve it!

They've bound thine ankles fast in blocks,
They've sheared thee o' thy gowden locks,
Gf'en thee, at par, their fancy stocks,
Or German siller!
A black sheep now 'mong the Lord's flocks,
We ha'e to bill thee.

They say the thing is nowise worse
Than funds John Harvard did disburse,
The laud to save frae error's curse,
And found a college:
For, while he sleeps, they steal his purse,
As a' acknowledge.

These folk still flaunt the lib'ral name,
 And mild morality proclaim:
 Their words a' plausible though tame,
 Smack, sweet as honey :—
 They gi'e the Lord awa, the same,
 And tak' His money.

Ye chiefls, wha sacred funds pervert,
 Whose waters cast up mire and dirt,
 Wha still maun grind, meanin' na hurt,
 Your hurdy-gurdies:
 Plain Yankee dames stand ready-girt
 To spank your hurdies.

They dinna want this German dish,
 They dinna want scorpion for fish:
 God's word is bread: 'tis what they wish
 Their lads to study:
 If not, they'll send them with a pish!
 To Dwight L. Moody.

Fair Andover! gaun is thy light,
 Mid mirk and darkness, wae and blight,
 Thou hast mis'rere morn and night:—
 Thy pray'r's diurnal:
 Pray'r's for the dead! Well, 'tis thy right:—
 Death's na eternal!

Here lies Fair Andover stone dead!
 Whilk is her fit, and whilk her head,
 The men wha gi'e us stone for bread,
 An' min' their pay-days,
 Ha'e never yet, by stone-mark said:—
 Her soul's in Hades!

If there's a God, and there's a hell,
 These men, on Pisgah's top wha dwell
 Sud they pursue their purpose fell,
 Their high-toned tenor,
 Are like in English phrase to smell
 What is Gehenna!

What shall be said of the Trustees
 Wha whuastle roun' and tak' their ease,
 And "Rabbis!" say, "just as you please,
 We put no word in?"
 To keep them oot, a sword sud bleeze,
 O' yonder Garden!

LANG UPON LONGFELLOW.—Mr. Andrew Lang is writing, in *The Independent*, a series of "Letters on Literature." The last of these letters treats mainly upon Longfellow, of whose poems Mr. Lang has a ratherish good opinion. He says:—

"Longfellow, though not a very great magician and master of language—not a Keats by any means—has often, by sheer force of plain sincerity, struck exactly the right note, and matched his thought with music that haunts us and will not be forgotten:—

Ye open the eastern windows,
 That look towards the sun,
 Where thoughts are singing swallows,
 And the brooks of morning run.

"Longfellow is exactly the antithesis of Poe who, with all his science of verse and ghostly skill, has no humanity, or puts none of it into his lines. One is the poet of Life, and every-day life, the other is the poet of Death, and of *bizarre* shapes of deaths, from which Heaven deliver us! Neither of them shows any sign of being particularly American, though Longfellow in *Evangeline* and *Hiawatha*, and the *New England Tragedies*, sought his topics in the history and traditions of the New World. To me *Hiawatha* seems by far the best of his longer efforts: it is quite full of sympathy with men and women, nature, beasts, birds, weather, and wind and snow. Everything lives with a human breath, as everything should do in a poem concerned with these wild folk, to whom all the world, and all in it, is personal as themselves. Of course there are lapses in style in so long a piece. It jars on us in the lay of the mystic Chibiabos, the boy Persephone of the Indian Eleusinia, to be told that

The gentle Chibiabos
 Sang in tones of deep emotion!

"Tones of deep emotion" may pass in a novel, but not in this epic of the wild wood and the wild kindreds, an epic in all ways a worthy record of those dim, brawling races that have left no story of their own, only here and there a ruined wigwam beneath the forest leaves."

RAILROADS AND THE STATE.—Prof. William G. Sumner, in *The Independent*, discusses the general question of "Federal Legislation on Railroads." One of his best points is the following:—

"The railroad question, properly speaking, goes far beyond the points which are now attracting attention. The railroad company has relations to its employees, to the state which taxes its property, to the municipalities whose streets its line crosses, to adjoining real estate owners, to the legislators and editors who want free passes, etc., etc. In all these relations there are two parties, for even a railroad company has rights. Competing lines

have relations to each other, and these often raise questions in which there is no simple "justice." The competing lines may not be subject to the same legislative regulations. A country three thousand miles in extent is not much troubled by the extra prejudice which is imported into the question of long and short haul when it seems to include favor to foreigners at the expense of citizens; but, if there is anything real in the latter grievance, it is difficult to see why it should not also exist in a concealed form here. Finally, it cannot be forgotten that the railroad question includes the question, how those who have contributed the capital to build the road are to obtain their remuneration. If the state undertakes to regulate all the rest, it will see itself forced at last to regulate also this. Hitherto the stockholders have been left to get their remuneration out of their own enterprise, if they could. If they could not, they have been left to make the best of it. If, however, the state interferes with the whole management of their enterprise, how will it escape the justice of the demand at last that it compensate them or secure them a return on their investment?"

THE STUDY OF GEOGRAPHY.—Prof. Ravenstein recently delivered a lecture before the Royal Geographical Society, in the course of which he gave the following "examination paper," of which *Science* says, "it is very probably a combination of the more atrocious questions on several examination papers:—

"Mention all the names of places in the world derived from Julius Caesar or Augustus Caesar.

"Where are the following rivers: Pisuerga, Sakaria, Guadalete, Jalon, Mulde?"

"All you know of the following: Machacha, Pilmo, Schebnlos, Crivoscia, Baseca, Mancikert, Taxhen, Citeaux, Meloria, Zutphen.

"The highest peaks of the Karakorum range.

"The number of universities in Prussia.

"Why are the tops of mountains continually covered with snow?"

"Name the length and breadth of the streams of lava which issued from the Skaptar Jokul in the eruption of 1783."

"But," says *Science*, "It none the less will serve as a text for our paper; and this because it fairly represents the ideas of certain so-called 'teachers of geography' as to the limits of the science they were attempting to teach. To them geography simply meant the cramming into a child's mind so many isolated facts, so many heights of mountains, so many lengths of rivers, so many names of places, most of them of no possible importance to the student. Indeed, so far and wide has this erroneous idea of geography spread,

that there are books actually made for the purpose of teaching this sort of thing. For instance: there is a compiler who has been known to assert, and to assert with pride, that, by the use of his book, one might learn the names of 17,000 places in the course of a few years. Just as though there were any object in one's turning one's self into a walking gazetteer, when gazetteers in plenty could be found on the shelves of a neighboring library! If the learning of 17,000 names 'in a few years,' or the 'bounding' of countless states, or the making of maps that will look well on exhibition, is not the end of geographical teaching, what is the use of teaching it at all. Geography, properly studied, gives one a clear and accurate knowledge of the physical conformation of the earth's surface. This is physical geography, and should be studied first. But this is not the mere learning of 'tables of heights,' etc. It is something entirely different. One may have a very good knowledge of the formation of the earth, and yet be densely ignorant of the height of the Karakorum range. And as a general rule, the less of such stuff crammed into a child's head, the more physical geography he will know."

SOME OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE PROFESSORSHIPS.—*Science* gives some curious particulars respecting the work and emoluments of prominent professors at the two great English universities. The figures refer to the year 1885, and are taken from a recent return of a Parliamentary committee. It will be understood, of course, that the real value of the work performed by these professors is in no way to be estimated by the number of students who avail themselves of their lectures. The professor who reads his lectures to half a dozen students undoubtedly does his work as thoroughly as though he had an audience of half a thousand:—

"At *Oxford*, Canon Driver, Regius Professor of Hebrew, gave 105 lectures to classes of from 50 to 60 students; his salary is £1,500. Professor Bryce of the chair of Civil Law delivered 20 ordinary and 2 public lectures; no record was kept of the attendance; his salary is £435. Professor Sylvester, Savilian Professor of Geometry, gave 40 lectures to 14 students; his salary is £700. Prof. E. B. Tylor, the Anthropologist, receives £200, and lectures 18 times to about 25 hearers. Prof. Benjamin Jowett, the Hellenist, receives £500 per annum, and did not lecture in 1885, as he was Vice-chancellor of the University. Prof. A. H. Sayce had only from

8 to 16 hearers for his lectures on Comparative Philology; he receives £800. The Professor of Moral Philosophy, William Wallace, receives £400 a year, and has from 48 to 70 students at his 28 lectures. Professor Freeman keeps no record of the number of his hearers; his salary is £700, and he gives 47 lectures during the academic year.—At *Cambridge*, Canon Westcott, Professor of Divinity, has a salary of about £800; he gave 66 lectures, and his audience varied from 10 to 350. Professor Stokes, of the chair of Mathematics, receives £470, and delivers 40 lectures to about 8 students. The Knightsbridge Professor of Moral Philosophy, Henry Sidgwick, has £700, and delivered 87 lectures to from 4 to 20 hearers. Professor Darwin, of the chair of Experimental Philosophy, gave 40 lectures, and had 18 students; his salary is £580. The Professor of Modern History, J. R. Seeley, has an income of £371, and gave one lecture a week for two terms, averaging 90 hearers. Prof. Arthur Cayley only mustered 2 hearers to his 20 lectures; his salary is £471. Michael Foster, Professor of Physiology, has a salary of £800, and gives 3 lectures a week to about 160 students.

CLERGYMAN'S SORE THROAT.—*Chambers's Journal* contains the following paragraph. We commend the subject to the attention of those directly interested in the matter:—

"Dr. Thomas Whipham, physician to St. George's Hospital, London, and in charge of the department for Diseases of the Throat there, claims to have discovered the origin of clergyman's sore throat." He was struck by the circumstance that barristers—from whom as great oratorical efforts are exacted as from clergymen—do not suffer from this highly painful and inconvenient form of sore throat. He looked around for an explanation, and endeavored, at first, to trace it to adverse atmospheric conditions. But he early decided that the air of a crowded court of law must be more injurious than that of an ordinary place of worship; and hence he was forced to seek elsewhere a satisfactory solution of the problem he had set himself. At length the different positions, in relation to their auditors, from which clergymen and barristers spoke, suggested itself for consideration. While a barrister slightly threw back his head in addressing the judge and jury who were seated above him, the clergyman depressed his in addressing the congregation seated below him. Experiments were made with a man reading aloud with his head in the two

positions. In the first, the tone of his voice was clear and penetrating, and phonation was practiced with a minimum of exertion; in the second, the tone grew muffled, and the previous distinctness could only be approximated with additional effort. Nor was indistinct utterance the only result recorded of the experiment in the second position. The friction of the air passing through the throat of the reader was very much increased. Thus, says Dr. Whipham, hyperemia was established in the parts affected by this excessive friction; and temporary hyperemia, if frequently encouraged, soon becomes chronic congestion. Dr. Whipham was satisfied that he had arrived at the true cause of 'clergyman's sore throat;' and facts soon came to confirm his impression. Two clergymen, hailing from different parts of the country, placed themselves under treatment for the disorder, which had long held a hold on them. They were directed, in speaking from the pulpit, for the future to hold their heads well up, instead of allowing them to droop forward and downward. Both soon reported a speedy relief from their suffering."

COMING TO BASE USES.—"Grace Greenwood," writing to *The Independent*, thus speaks of Hursley Church, near Winchester, England, of which John Keble was for a long time rector:—

"In Hursley Church was buried Richard Cromwell, who lived and died in Merdon Castle, near by. After his death the manor was sold to one Sir William Heathcote, who ruthlessly pulled down the quaint old mansion, built in 1138 by Bishop Henry de Blois. During the demolition the workmen had a fortunate "find"—the big seal of the Commonwealth, hidden in a well. A still more curious act of vandalism was committed in this neighborhood—no less than the breaking up of the stone coffins of Alfred the Great, his Queen Alswitha, and his son, Edward the Elder—for material to mend the road with. They had been discovered amid the ruins of Hyde Abbey, wherein many princes were entombed in the old, old time. It happened that the county Bridewell was being built on the spot and the contents of the coffins were piously buried in the jail yard. So the criminals, in passing back and forth, may be tramping over royal dust—over what was once pride and power and dainty beauty. The upper slab of Alfred's coffin, bearing the inscription, was alone preserved, and is said to be at Corby Castle."

RURAL LIFE IN RUSSIA.

The system of land tenure in Russia at present combines in a singular manner the results of the scheme of a benevolent despot for supplying each peasant with sufficient land to live upon, and the remains still unbroken of the rigid rule of the old village communities to which he continues subject. These, as Mr. Seeböhm shows, at one time occupied the whole of Europe, but are now only to be found surviving in the Russian *Mir*.

The amount of territory given up to the serfs by the Emancipation Act of 1861, was about one-half of the arable land of the whole empire, so that the experiment of cutting up the large properties of a country, and the formation instead of a landed peasantry, has now been tried on a sufficiently large scale for a quarter of a century to enable the world to judge of its success or failure. There is no doubt of the philanthropic intentions of Alexander I., but he seems to have also aimed (like Richelieu) at diminishing the power of the nobles, which formed some bulwark between the absolute sway of the crown and the enormous dead level of peasants.

The serfs belonged soul and body to the landowner: even when they were allowed to take service or exercise a trade in distant towns, they were obliged to pay a due, *obrok*, to their owner, and to return home if required; while the instances of oppression were sometimes frightful, husbands and wives were separated, girls were sold away from their parents, young men were not allowed to marry. On the other hand, when the proprietor was kind, and rich enough not to make money of his serfs, the patriarchal form of life was not unhappy. "See now," said an old peasant, "what have I gained by the emancipation? I have

nobody to go to to build my house, or to help in the ploughing time; the seigneur, he knew what I wanted, and he did it for me without any bother. Now if I want a wife, I have got to go and court her myself: he used to choose for me, and he knew what was best. It is a great deal of trouble, and no good at all!" Under the old arrangement three generations were often found living in one house, and the grandfather, who was called "the Big One," bore a very despotic sway. The plan allowed several of the males of the family to seek work at a distance, leaving some at home to perform the *corvée* (forced labor) three days a week; but the families quarreled among themselves, and the effect of the emancipation has everywhere been to split them up into different households. A considerable portion of the serfs were not really serfs at all. They were coachmen, grooms, gardeners, gamekeepers, etc., while their wives and daughters were nurses, ladies' maids, and domestic servants. Their number was out of all proportion to their work, which was always carelessly done, but there was often great attachment to the family they served. The serfs proper lived in villages, had houses and plots of land of their own, and were nominally never sold except with the estate. The land, however, was under the dominion of the *Mir*; they could neither use it nor cultivate it except according to the communal obligations.

The outward aspect of a Russian village is not attractive, and there is little choice in the surrounding country between a wide gray plain with a distance of scrubby pine forest, or the scrubby pine forest with distant gray plains. The peasant's houses are scattered up and down without any order or arrangement, and with no roads between, built of trunks of trees, unsquared, and mortised into each other at

the corners, the interstices filled with moss and mud, a mode of building warmer than it sounds. In the interior there is always an enormous brick stove, five or six feet high, on which and on the floor the whole family sleep in their rags. The heat and the stench are frightful. No one undresses, washing is unknown, and sheepskin pelisses with the wool inside are not conducive to cleanliness. Wood, however, is becoming very scarce, the forests are used up in fuel for railway engines, for wooden constructions of all kinds, and are set fire to wastefully—in many places the peasants are forced to burn dung, weeds, or anything they can pick up. Fifty years, it is said, will exhaust the present forests, and fresh trees are never planted.

The women are more diligent than the men, and the hardest work is often turned over to them, as is generally the case in countries where peasant properties prevail. "They are only the females of the male," and have few womanly qualities.

They toil at the same tasks in the field as the men, ride astride like them, often without saddles, and the mortality is excessive among the neglected children, who are carried out into the fields where the babies lie the whole day with a bough over them and covered with flies, while the poor mother is at work. Eight out of ten children are said to die before ten years old in rural Russia.

In the little church (generally built of wood) there are no seats, the worshippers prostrate themselves and knock their heads two or three times on the ground, and must stand or kneel through the whole service. The roof consists of a number of bulbous-shaped cupolas; four, round the central dome, in the form of a cross is the completed ideal, with a separate minaret for the Virgin. These are covered with tiles

of the brightest blue, green, and red, and gilt metal. The priest is a picturesque figure, with his long unclipped hair, tall felt hat largest at the top, and a flowing robe. He must be married when appointed to a cure, but is not allowed a second venture if his wife dies. Until lately they formed an hereditary caste, and it was unlawful for the son of a "pope" to be other than a pope. They are taken from the lowest class, and are generally quite as uneducated, and are looked down upon by their flocks. "One loves the Pope, and one the Popess," is an uncomplimentary proverb given by Gogol. "To have priests' eyes," meaning to be covetous or extortionate, is another. The drunkenness in all classes strikes Russian statesmen with dismay, and the priests—the popes—are among the worst delinquents. They are fast losing the authority which they once had over the serfs, when they formed part of the great political system of which the Czar was the religious and political head. A Russian official report says that "the churches are now mostly attended by women and children, while the men are spending their last kopeck, or getting deeper into debt, at the village dram shop."

Church festivals, marriages, christenings, burials, and fairs, leave only two hundred days in the year for the Russian laborer. The climate is so severe as to prevent out-of-door work for months, and the enforced idleness increases the natural disposition to do nothing. "We are a lethargic people," says Gogol, "and require a stimulus from without, either that of an officer, a master, a driver, the rod, or vodka (a white spirit distilled from corn); and this, he adds in another place, "whether the man be peasant, soldier, clerk, sailor, priest, merchant, seigneur, or prince." At the time of the Crimean war it was always believed that the

Russian soldier could only be driven up to an attack, such as that of Inkerman, under the influence of intoxication. The Russian peasant is indeed a barbarian at a very low stage of civilization. In the Crimean hospitals every nationality was to be found among the patients, and the Russian soldier was considered far the lowest of all. Stolid, stupid, hard, he never showed any gratitude for any amount of care and attention, or seemed, indeed, to understand them; and there was no doubt that during the war he continually put the wounded to death in order to possess himself of their clothes.

The Greek Church is a very dead form of faith, and the worship of saints of every degree of power "amounts to a fetishism almost as bad as any to be found in Africa." I myself am the happy possessor of a little rude wooden bas-relief, framed and glazed, of two saints whose names I have ungratefully forgotten, to whom if you pray as you go out to commit a crime, however heinous, you take your pardon with you—a refinement upon the whipping of the saints in Calabria, and Spanish hagiolatry. The *Icons*, the sacred images, are hung in the chief corner, called "The Beautiful," of a Russian *Izba*. A lamp is always lit before them, and some food spread "for the ghosts to come and eat." The well-to-do peasant is still "strict about his fasts and festivals, and never neglects to prepare for Lent. During the whole year his forethought never wearies; the children pick up a number of fungi, which the English kick away as toadstools, these are dried in the sun or the oven, and packed in casks with a mixture of hot water and dry meal in which they ferment." The staple diet of the peasant consists of buckwheat, rye meal, sauerkraut, and coarse cured fish" (little, however, but black bread, often mouldy, and sauerkraut, nearly

putrid, is found in the generality of Russian peasant-homes). No milk, butter, cheese, or eggs are allowed in Lent, all of which are permitted to the Roman Catholic; and the oil the peasant uses for his cooking is linseed instead of olive oil, which last he religiously sets aside for the lamps burning before the holy images. "To neglect fasting would cause a man to be shunned as a traitor, not only to his religion, but to his class and country."

In a bettermost household, the *samovar*, the tea-urn, is always going. If a couple of men have a bargain to strike, the charcoal is lighted inside the urn, which has a pipe carried into the stone chimney, and the noise of the heated air is like a roaring furnace. They will go on drinking boiling hot weak tea, in glasses, for hours, with a liberal allowance of vodka. The *samovar*, however, is a completely new institution, and the old peasants will tell you, "Ah, Holy Russia has never been the same since we drank so much tea."

The only bit of art or pastime to be found among the peasants seems to consist in the "circling dances" with songs, at harvest, Christmas, and all other important festivals, as described by Mr. Ralston. And even here "the settled gloom, the monotonous sadness," are most remarkable. Wife-beating, husbands' infidelities, horrible stories of witches and vampires, are the general subjects of the songs. The lament of the young bride who is treated almost like a slave by her father and mother in law, has a chorus: "Thumping, scolding, never lets his daughter sleep," "Up, you slattern! up, you sloven, sluggish slut!" A wife entreats: "Oh, my husband, only for good cause beat thou thy wife, not for little things. Far away is my father dear, and farther still my mother." The husband who is tired of his wife, sings: "Thanks, thanks to the blue pitcher (*i. e.*, poison).

it has rid me of my cares; Not that cares afflicted me, my real affliction was my wife," ending "Love will I make to the girls across the stream." Next comes a wife who poisons her husband. "I dried the evil root and pounded it small;" but in this case the husband was hated because he had killed her brother. The most unpleasant of all, however, are the invocations to vodka. A circle of girls imitate drunken women, and sing as they dance, "Vodki delicious I drank, I drank; not in a cup or a glass, but a bucketful I drank. . . . I cling to the posts of the door. Oh, doorpost, hold me up, the drunken woman, the tipsy rogue."

The account of the Baba Zaga, a hideous old witch, is enough to drive children into convulsions.

"She has a nose and teeth made of strong sharp iron. As she lies in her hut she stretches from one corner to the other, and her nose goes through the roof. The fence is made of the bones of the people she has eaten, and tipped with their skulls. The uprights of the gate are human legs. She has a broom to sweep away the traces of her passage over the snow in her seven-leagued boots. She steals children to eat them."

Remains of paganism are to be found in some of the sayings. A curse still existing says, "May Perun (*i. e.*, the lightning) strike thee." The god Perun, the Thunderer, resembles Thor, and like him carries a hammer. He has been transformed into Elijah, the prophet Ilya, the rumbling of whose chariot as he rolls through heaven, especially on the week in summer when his festival falls, may be heard in thunder. There is a dismal custom by which the children are made to eat the mouldy bread, "because the Rusalkas (the fairies) do not choose bread to be wasted." Inhuman stories about burying a child alive in the foundation of a new town to propitiate the earth spirit; that a drowning man must not be saved, lest

the water spirit be offended; that if groans or cries are heard in the forest, a traveler must go straight on without paying any attention, "for it is only the wood demon, the lyeshey," seem only to be invented as excuses for selfish inaction. Wolves bear a great part in the stories. A peasant driving in a sledge with three children is pursued by a pack of wolves: he throws out a child, which they stop to devour; then the howls come near him again, and he throws out a second; again they return, when the last is sacrificed; and one is grieved to hear that he saves his own wretched cowardly life at last.

The account of a rural Russian life given in a book called *Dead Souls*, by Gogol, which is considered a Russian classic, is dismal in the extreme. Land in Russia has hardly any value in itself, and the property of the landowner was estimated by the number of serfs, called "souls," whose labor alone has rendered the land valuable. It is a more human way of speaking of the peasants than our own counting of "hands" (the women, however, were not considered "souls"). The possessor of 200 or 300 was a small man; 2,000 seem to have placed the owner among the large proprietors. The hero Tchitchikof (it has been said, that to give a good sneeze and put "off" at the end makes a very tolerable Russian name) is a small functionary on the usual meager salary, which is in all cases eked out by an unblushing receipt of bribes. As everybody, however, is bribed, he finds his share too small to get the luxuries for which he pants. Money, however, he knows, is lent by Government on the serfs and land possessed by an owner. The serfs are only numbered in the census every ten years, while a tax is paid for them dead or alive; and it suddenly strikes him that he may buy the "dead souls," undertaking to pay the tax and then borrow on the secur-

ity. "If it is objected that he has no estate to take them to, he says that he is going to colonize in the Taurus or the Chersonese, which is a very praiseworthy enterprise." He goes to a small country town, with his two serfs, one of them a coachman, three horses and a britska, which appears to be almost indispensable for even so poor a man, and he gradually makes his way among the officials, getting introductions among the country owners. "The nobles possessed land, but did not live upon it; there was nothing like the life of an English country gentleman on his estate." He then goes from house to house, and the result is a description of every variety of village and estate in a great part, at least, of Russia, which read like sketches from nature, and have all the exactness of photographs. They are melancholy indeed. An opening picture of the scenery is very vivid:—

"As soon as he left the town the savage condition in which all the communications were left became apparent. On each side the road, ankle deep in dust in summer, knee deep in mud in bad weather, lay lines of mole hills, fir woods, with tufts of shabby trees, stumps of old trunks which had been burnt by fire, wild heaths, bogs, etc. The villages here were in two perfectly parallel lines, looking like stacks of wood, with roofs of gray planks, the edges cut out as if in paper. The peasant as usual lounged about on planks raised on two blocks, yawning under their sheepskin pelisses. Women, their waists under their armpits, looked out of the upper unglazed windows, while a calf or a pig might be seen gazing from the stable below. He comes to an owner's establishment. The Maniloff's house was perched on a bare hill, or rather slope, with scarcely a bush; an arbor, however, painted green, and called 'Temple of Solitary Meditation,' stood on the bank. A little farther off was a pond, or rather a mass of mud, green with weeds, in which two women, having turned up their clothes, were standing up to their knees, dragging out a net containing two crabs and a perch. More than two hundred little black hovels, without trees or bushes or green of any kind above them, with nothing but broken wood lying about darkened by the weather, lay beyond. Out-

side the house Tchitchikof finds the husband, lounging about in a dirty silk dressing gown, smoking a long pipe touching the ground, and doing nothing from morning till night. Within reigned the greatest disorder; the cooking was abominable, the provisions always ran short, the household servants were dirty, and generally half tipsy, those in the courtyard slept twelve hours in the day, and committed all sorts of fooleries during the other twelve. And why? because M^{me}. Maniloff was *bien élevée*; and good education is given (as everybody knows) in young ladies' schools, and in young ladies' schools (as everybody knows) three things are taught, which constitute the basis of all human virtue: French, which is indispensable to the happiness of family life; the piano, to charm the leisure hours of the husband (when he shall come); and, finally, household management, properly so called, which consists in knitting purses and preparing pretty little surprises for birthdays, etc. There are different programmes and different schools: sometimes the first thing considered is the science of house-keeping, the cigar cases and bead work, and French and music only come afterward, or music may be the first necessity. There are programmes and programmes, methods and methods, but nothing beyond these three."

At this house Tchitchikof gets his dead souls for nothing. He then visits a score of other properties, in most of which he makes himself useful and lives at free quarters while he negotiates his purchases.

One belongs to a miser, a man of large property and a thousand souls. The windows of the house are all shut up, excepting the two rooms which he inhabits. His peasants are so miserable that between seventy and eighty have run away. It was difficult, however, for a serf in such circumstances to keep clear of the police; they could not find work, and were often starved into returning to their misery. The master lived on sour cabbage and gruel, like his barefoot servants, who stand in rags about the courtyard. Tchitchikof offers to buy the fugitives at thirty-two kopecks (about tenpence) a head, and gets them for fifty, after a great deal of bargaining.

Another picture of the country is striking.

"The britska drove on. The country was flat and bare. What is seen on such occasions is that there is nothing to be seen. Milestones which show the kilometers of the past and announce the kilometers of the future, lines of carts, villages, gray masses varied with samovars, decrepit old men and women lounging in the roads, men shod with the bark of the lime or the birch, their legs swathed in rags. Little towns built with unhewn trunks, without planks—then open country with patches of ground green with meadows, yellow with gold, marked with furrows in the open desert. Then a peasant song heard in the farthest distance, peals of church bells, and further still clouds of flies, multitudes of grasshoppers, flights of crows, the tops of fir trees, oceans of fog darkening a score of different points on a horizon which seems to have no other limits."

"Boundless as the sea" is not a comparison which occurs to a Russian.

Everywhere the lists of dead serfs which Tchitchikof obtains are made out for him with the utmost elaboration: their trades, their qualities, their height, the color of their eyes, and their nicknames, such as "Lazy Peter, the trough is near," "Ivan not in a hurry," "Slippery Nicholas," "Andreas the smith few of words," etc.

The saddest story of all is of a proprietor who determined to go home from St. Petersburg, where he had spent all his life since childhood, and try to do his duty by his people.

"He sees before him, at the end of his journey, a fine forest, and asks who is the owner, and the reply is his own name; and further on he inquires, 'Whose are those fields and little hills?' The reply is again that they are his own. At length he sees the red roofs and gilded cupolas of his home. The peasants crowd round the carriage; square beards of every hue, red, black, cinder-colored, and white, welcome him with loud hurrahs. 'Our father is come at last.' The women in high red headdresses scream, 'Oh, our little heart, our gold, our dear treasure.' He is much moved at the sight of such excellent natures, and prepares to be their father indeed; he began by diminishing the number of days of

forced service, abolished all the dues in linen, apples, mushrooms, nuts, and walnuts, and halved the other work which had been rigorously exacted from the women. He thought that they would become more careful of their houses, their husbands, and their children; instead of which, gossip, quarrels, and free fights between persons of the fair sex got to such a pitch, that the husbands, after months of woe, came up one after another and said, 'OBarine, deliver me from my wife, she is worse than an imp of hell, I can't live with her any longer.' As for the land which he kept in his own hands, the hay dried up, the barley failed, the oats shed, while on that held by the peasants everything went on well. 'Why are my crops worse than yours?' inquired he. 'God knows, perhaps it is the fly,' or 'Surely there has been no rain at all;' but the fly had not eaten the peasants' crops, and the capricious rain had certainly singularly favored them. He tried to found a school, but the outcry was so great that he was obliged to give it up, and all his efforts after law and order, arbitrations, and regulation of property, failed one after the other, and at length he gave up society, sank into a torpid lethargic state, spent his time in solitary smoking, and soon sank to the level of his neighbors."

Here Tchitchikof made himself generally useful, and got ninety dead souls given him for nothing.

The mixture of luxury and barbarism in every account is remarkable. The ladies are described as dressed in the last Parisian fashion, smoking cigarettes, sitting in filthy rooms with broken furniture, and surrounded by drunken maids. "There were six laundresses in the house, and they were drunk four days in the week." The men with endless carriages and horses, drinking champagne like water over their cards (more champagne is consumed in Russia alone than is grown in the whole French province), but eating enormously like savages. One man consumes a sucking pig for his dinner, another a whole shoulder of mutton stewed in gruel, another slips into a supper before the guests arrive, and eats up a monstrous sturgeon, "leaving only the tail and the bones."

Superstitions, such as "spitting three times on each side when death or any other unpleasant subject is spoken of, to ward off the devils," are mentioned casually. (There are four kinds of these—house devils, wood devils, stable devils, field devils—and a counter charm for each.) In a great house, with a magnificent array of servants, the ladies-maids and footmen sleep on the ground in passages, on a mat or the bare floor, and in large towns often in the street. Tchitchikof on some grand occasion "passes a wet sponge all over him, which generally he did only on Sundays; but if he did not wash, he always used a great deal of eau de Cologne!" The condition of society reminds one of a medlar, rotten before it is ripe.

At the end, Tchitchikof, who has obtained 200,000 roubles from the State Bank, is obliged to refund them, but he has borrowed sufficient money from his different acquaintances to enable him to purchase a large and rich estate in a distant part of the country. He marries the daughter of a neighboring mayor, a very decent man, and sets up himself for good. The author is so angry with his own creation, that he is barely able to finish the fortunes of his hero. After years of happiness, and having six children, he grows sick of so much repose, health, well-being, and calm. He finds respectability extremely tiresome, and proposes to his old coachman to start once more on their travels, as in his beloved Bohemian days. The man has grown old and fat, and resists to the uttermost; but Tchitchikof will listen to nothing, and they set out at daybreak in his celebrated britska. About twenty miles from home, however, the wheels break down, and the village blacksmith takes two days to mend them; he starts again the following evening, but while he was asleep the coachman and the horses

drive back again quietly to the house. His wife wisely holds her tongue, and he has not the courage to go forth again once more. "He then reconciled himself to fate, was elected marshal of the nobles, went in for agriculture, subscribed to seven Russian papers, two French, and one German, although he did not know a word of French, and barely a hundred of German. "This good and great man," as the author perpetually calls him, "adored everything existing in Russia, and considered any reformer as iniquitous, anti-social, and unchristian. As a man of order, and marshal, he enjoyed general esteem and consideration. He may truly be said to be one of the most perfect heroes of the past generation. Indeed, we believe that he is not dead, that such men must live forever, immortal as they are in their qualities." He was a good-natured rogue, and had always intended to treat his serfs well; "but this last point of his wishes was like the plates of dessert for ever left untouched at the grand dinners laid out in railway stations."

The accounts in Ivan Tourgueneff's stories are still more sad. The note struck has a deeper sound of tragedy, and one painful scene after another shows the misery, vice, and barbarism of all classes alike. In one of the lighter sketches, the great musical capacity of the people mentioned by Haxthausen appears. Notwithstanding his extraordinarily backward state of civilization, the peasant is a born musician, and the Russian bass is said to have two more low notes in his voice than the rest of Europe. A young peasant, Ivan, excels so greatly in the trills and shakes and variations, of which the race is very fond, that he is called "the nightingale." He hears of a rival in a distant village who trills and shakes to an even higher degree, and sets off for the place, to dare him to a trial of singing

in the village dram-shop. The hut is full of bearded amateurs, who listen with all their might. Ivan begins the contest, and the beards wag approval. Next comes the rival's turn, and his performances are still finer, and so prolonged and delightful that he evidently is winning, and the beards wag faster than before. Poor Ivan asks for another trial, and this time he surpasses himself. He sings higher and higher, and deeper and deeper, and above all louder and louder, till at last he falls down in a fainting fit, and is carried out, he knows not whether triumphant or not, but half-dying.

The emancipation was doubtless a great work. 20,000,000 serfs belonging to private owners, and 30,000,000 more, the serfs of the crown, were set free. They had always, however, considered the communal land as in one sense their own. "We are yours, but the land is ours," was the phrase. The act was received with mistrust and suspicion, and the owners were supposed to have tampered with the good intentions of the Czar. Land had been allotted to each peasant family sufficient, as supposed, for its support, besides paying a fixed yearly sum to Government. Much of it, however, is so bad that it cannot be made to afford a living and pay the tax, in fact a poll tax, not dependent on the size of the strip, but on the number of the souls. The population in Russia has always had a great tendency to migrate, and serfdom in past ages is said to have been instituted to enable the lord of the soil to be responsible for the taxes. "It would have been impossible to collect these from peasants free to roam from Archangel to the Caucasus, from Petersburg to Siberia." It was therefore necessary to enforce the payments from the village community, the Mir, which is a much less merciful landlord than the nobles of former days, and

constantly sells up the defaulting peasants.

The rule of the Mir is strangely democratic in so despotic an empire. The Government never interferes with the communes if they pay their taxes, and the ignorant peasants of the rural courts may pass sentences of imprisonment for seven days, inflict twenty strokes with a rod, impose fines, and cause a man who is pronounced "vicious or pernicious" to be banished to Siberia. The authority of the Mir, of the Starosta, the Whiteheads, the chief elders seems never to be resisted, and there are a number of proverbs declaring "what the Mir decides must come to pass," "The neck and shoulders of the Mir are broad," "The tear of the Mir is cold but sharp." Each peasant is bound hand and foot by minute regulations; he must plough, sow, and reap only when his neighbors do, and the interference with his liberty of action is most vexatious and very injurious.

The agriculture enforced is of the most barbarous kind. Jansen, Professor of Political Economy at Moscow, says: "The three-field system—corn, green crops, and fallow—which was abandoned in Europe two centuries ago, has most disastrous consequences here. The lots are changed every year, and no man has any interest in improving property which will not be his in so short a time. Hardly any manure is used, and in many places the corn is threshed out by driving horses and wagons over it. The exhaustion of the soil by this most barbarous culture has reached a fearful pitch."

The size of the allotments varies extremely in the different climates and soils, and the country is so enormous that the provinces were divided into zones to carry out the details of the emancipation act--the zone without black soil; the zone with black soil;

and, third, the great steppe zone. In the first two, the allotments range from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 20 acres, in the steppe, from $8\frac{1}{2}$ to $34\frac{1}{2}$. "Whether, however," says Jan- sen, "the peasants cultivate their land as proprietors at 1s. 9d. or hire it at 18s. 6d. the result is the same—the soil is scourged and exhausted, and semi-starvation has become the general feature of peasant life."

By the act and its consequences 52,000,000 human beings, or 77 per cent. of the population, were converted into owners or perpetual tenants. In the Baltic provinces private owners still possess rather more than the peasant, but in three of the most northern and two of the most southern provinces peasant ownership prevails exclusively. The landed proprietors were nominally indemnified by the state for the land taken from them, but they were often greatly in debt, their mortgages were deducted, and of the remainder only part was paid in cash, the rest in stock which was charged for the costs of administration. When the labor of the serfs was taken away from the owners who still held on, free labor was impossible to obtain, from peasants working their own land at seed-time and harvest. The nobles were therefore obliged to sell as much land as possible. They were allowed, if the peasants wanted a homestead, to oblige them to buy an allotment with it, and the state undertook to advance four-fifths of the purchase money. At the beginning of 1881 nearly 100,000,000 had been thus advanced by the Government to the ex-serfs. Only $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., however, applied for money to be helped to buy; the remaining 66 per cent. have done it by compulsion.

The result as given in all the reports from Russian authorities and English consuls agree that the emancipation act has been an utter failure. They repeat the same facts again and again.

"The peasant proprietors of the zone without black soil are in a condition of bankruptcy, hopelessly in arrears with their poll-tax, capitation rents, redemption dues." "The Russian peasants are now in reality with few exceptions mere paupers, as the land they cultivate does not yield enough to feed them. From one end of the country to the other, they are in a state of semi-starvation. In several of the Volga provinces there has been a widespread famine." The *Moscow Gazette* acknowledges that "nearly one-half of Russia is afflicted with famine to an extent hitherto unknown." Another report says, "The harvest has been failing in the south of Russia, not from drought, but from the ravages of beetles and worms produced by slovenly cultivation and shallow ploughing. In twenty-five years the experiment has reduced the Russian peasant to a lower level than when he was a serf, and exhausted the once rich soil of the country." The English consul at Taganrog repeats the same story. A quarter of a century has sufficed to ruin the once great and powerful nobles of Russia. One-fourth of their estates, indeed, of the whole agricultural soil of the country, is mortgaged to the land banks, who often step in and take possession. Another fourth has been sold outright.

"In the black earth zone, with a produce of 281 kopecks per *denatine*, the interest takes 228, the taxes 15, leaving the proprietor only 38 kopecks. It being impossible to get labor at the most important seasons, the landlords sometimes let land to the mir, receiving every third or fourth shock of corn as rent; the cost of ploughing, seed, and harvesting being borne by the peasants. The land considered enough in 1861 to support the peasants is now quite insufficient; village and communal taxes have increased as well as the Government imposts. The price of corn has gone down, the seasons have been bad, the agriculture is wretched, the produce is only $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$ to the quantity of corn sown, whereas in England it is about 15 for winter and 20 for spring cereals. Although rent is only 2s. per acre

for large holdings, and 11s. to 15s. for vegetable gardens, the peasants cannot at the present time live and pay their taxes, and their cattle and goods are often seized, which means ruin. No manure is used, corn is sown consecutively for years, after which the land is used for grazing.

"A great part of the country has fallen into the hands of rapacious middle-men and speculators, the upper and middle classes are nearly ruined, and that without benefiting the masses."

Usury is the great nightmare of rural Russia at present, an evil which seems to dog the peasant proprietor in all countries alike. The "Gombeen Man" is fast getting possession of the little Irish owners. A man who hires land cannot borrow on it; the little owner is tempted always to mortgage it at a pinch. In Russia he borrows to the outside of its value, to pay the taxes and get in his crop. "The bondage laborers, *i. e.*, men bound to work on their creditor's land as interest for money lent, receive no wages and are in fact a sort of slaves. They repay their extortioners by working as badly as they can—a "level worst," far inferior to that of the serfs of old, they harvest three and a half or four stacks of corn where the other peasants get five. The Koulaks and Mir-eaters, and other usurers, often of peasant origin, exhaust the peasant in every way; they then foreclose the mortgages, unite the small pieces of land once more, and reconstitute large estates. A koulak is not to be trifled with; he finds a thousand occasions for revenge; the peasant cannot cheat the Jew as he does the landlord, and is being starved out—the mortality is enormous. In the rural districts of England, the death rate is 18 per 1,000. In the whole of Central Russia it reached 62 per 1,000 at the last revision in 1882. "The famine now so frightfully common is not owing to barrenness of the soil, for the mortality is greatest where the land is best. The birth rate in these provinces is 45."

"The usurers are able to oppress the peasants by the help of the tax gatherer, *e. g.*, they are obliged to sell their corn in September, when it is cheap, in order to pay the tax, and buy it again in winter, when it is dear, to live." The tax gatherer knows that if he sells up the peasant he becomes a beggar and can pay no more; flogging therefore is resorted to, and insolvent peasants are flogged in a body. Last winter an inspector of Novgorod reported that in one district 1,500 peasants had been condemned to be flogged for non-payment of taxes. 550 had already suffered, and the ministry was interceded with to procure a respite for the rest. "One-third of our peasants have become homeless, downtrodden, beggarly batraks." "The area of cultivated land has diminished by one-fifth and in some places by a quarter of its former amount." "Land yields nothing," is the general outcry. "It is abandoned to the wasteful cultivation of the cottiers," says Stepniak—no prejudiced witness against them. The Nihilist remedy is to give the peasant more land, *i. e.*, to enable them to mortgage further, and to divide still more as population increases. The other remedy proposed is to reconstitute large estates, which is being done already, but in the worst manner and by the worst men in the country; "a wage-receiving class would then be possible," it is said.

The artificial creation of a system of peasant proprietors in order to increase their well-being, it is allowed now on all hands, has failed entirely in Russia.

The two panaceas prescribed for Ireland have been the possession of land by the peasants, and local self-government, both of which have been enjoyed by the Russian peasant for centuries, although the particular form of it was changed. The proposals for Ireland by the late government are strangely like those employed in Russia to carry

out emancipation—i. e., the buying out of the landlords, the enormous advances of money to the peasants to purchase their land, the encouragement to the *morcellement* of property generally, and the extensive rights of self-government to be given to local communities. Moreover "the character of the Russian Slav is like that of the pure Irish Celt, with no steady habit of industry or tenacity of purpose, the chief object of life being to drink and be merry. The consequence of the measure has been that the upper and middle classes have been ruined, agriculture in a good sense has almost ceased to exist, and the peasant is at the last degree of misery and starvation, ground down by the usurers, who alone make it possible to pay the taxes."

The financial condition of Russia is thus described: "The government loses £5,000,000 yearly by its administration of the railroads, about £3,500,000 on the decline in value of the paper rouble. She borrows enormous sums each year at high interest. An overwhelming economic crisis in Russia is expected, which will bring financial ruin more disastrous than the most sanguinary and costly war." It is a vicious circle: the Empire cannot reduce its expenditure, the taxes cannot be remitted, and they can only be paid by help of the usurers. The knowledge of this will probably account for the hesitation lately shown at St. Petersburg. The malversations and peculations of the War Department are such, also, that the number of troops on paper is no real guide. It is told on the best authority that it was necessary to call out 700,000 men in the last war with Turkey in order to place 200,000 in the field, the rest had either not obeyed the summons, had fallen sick on the way, been starved, or had deserted.

The motive of emancipation cannot be considered as quite disinterested.

It was not the first time that the Russian government had posed as the protector of "the masses against the classes." Bulgaria is only the last instance of a policy which has long been the mainspring of Russian government. "Profiting by the difference of race between the peasants and the German landowners and merchants in Lithuania and the Baltic provinces, it has aggravated the discord between them. The attempt to crush the German element has indeed created great ill-feeling in Germany. The same policy has been followed in Finland, where the Finns have been set against the Swedes," while in Poland the ruin of the nobles, ousted in great part by the peasant proprietors (who are now mostly in the hands of the Jews), is a melancholy story. In Bulgaria the ill-will between the Mahommedan conquerors and landowners, and the Christian peasants, was such that Russia appeared as a deliverer; but as soon as she demands the price of her efforts, in a semi-protectorate, Bulgaria seems to feel as much dislike toward her would-be lord as to the old Turk himself.

One result of emancipation has come about, probably foreseen by the benevolent despot. The peasant class comprises five-sixths of the whole population—a stolid, ignorant, utterly unprogressive mass of human beings. They have received in gift nearly half the empire for their own use, and cling to the soil as their only chance of existence. They consequently dread all change, fearing that it should endanger this valued possession. A dense solid stratum of unreasoning conservatism thus constitutes the whole basis of Russian society, backed by the most corrupt set of officials to be found in the whole world. The middle and upper classes are often full of ardent wishes for the advancement of society and projects for the reform of the state.

These are generally of the wildest and most terrible description, but their objects are anything but unreasonable. They desire to share in political power and the government of their country, as is the privilege of every other nation in Europe, and they hope to do something for the seething mass of ignorance and misery around them. The Nihilists have an ideal at least of good, and the open air of practical politics would probably get rid of the unhealthy absurdities and wickedness of their creeds. But the Russian peasant cares neither for liberty nor politics, neither for education, or cleanliness, or civilization of any kind. His only interest is to squeeze just enough out of his plot of ground to live upon, and to get drunk as many days in the year as possible. With such a base to the pyramid as is constituted by the peasant proprietors of Russia, aided by the enormous army, recruited almost to any extent from among their ranks, whose chief religion is a superstitious reverence for the "great father," the Czar is safe in refusing all concessions, all improvements; and the hopeless nature of Russian reform hitherto, mainly hangs upon the conviction of the government that nothing external can possibly act upon this inert mass. "Great is stupidity, and shall prevail." But surely not forever!—LADY F. P. VERNEY, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

SEA PHRASES.

"The sea-language," says Sir William Monson in his *Naval Tracts* (1640), "is not soon learned, and much less understood, being only proper to him that has served his apprenticeship; besides that, a boisterous sea and stormy weather will make a man not bred to it so sick that it bereaves him of legs,

stomach, and courage so much as to fight with his meat; and in such weather, when he hears the scamen cry starboard or port, or to bide aloof, or flat a sheet, or haul home a clew-line, he thinks he hears a barbarous speech, which he conceives not the meaning of."

This is as true now as then. But the landsman is not to blame. There is no dialect peculiar to a calling so crowded with strange words as the language of the sea. Dr. Johnson, who is never more diverting than when he thunders forth his abhorrence of naval life and of sailors as a community of persons, has in some cases perpetuated, and in some cases created, the most ludicrous errors in respect of ships, their furniture and crews. If, as Macaulay declares, the doctor was at the mercy of Junius and Skinner in many of his shore-going derivatives, he was equally at the mercy of Bailey and Harris when he came to the ocean. A few samples will suffice.

"Topgallant, the highest sail." "Topsail, the highest sail." The word topgallant, as Johnson prints it, is not a sail at all. Had Johnson defined the "topgallant-sail" as the highest sail, he would have been right; for in his day there was no canvas set above the topgallant yard. But it is manifest that if the "topgallant-sail" was the highest sail, the topsail could not be the highest too. "Tiller, the rudder of a boat." The proverbial schoolboy knows better than that. "Shrouds, the sail-ropes. It seems to be taken sometimes for the sails." It is hardly necessary to say that the shrouds have nothing whatever to do with the sails. They are ropes—in Johnson's day of hemp, in our time of wire—for the support of lower, topmast, and topgallant masts. "Sheets." This word he correctly defines, borrowing his definition from a dictionary. But he adds, "Dryden seems to understand it otherwise;" and quotes

"Fierce Boreas drove against his flying sails,
And rent the sheets."

It is very evident that Dryden perfectly understood the term as signifying the ropes at the clews of sails. "Quarter-deck, the short upper deck." This is as incorrect as "Poop, the hindmost part of the ship." The poop lies aft, to be sure, but it is no more the hindmost part of the ship than the bowsprit is—any more than the quarter-deck need necessarily be "short" or "upper"—in the sense clearly intended by Johnson. "Over-hale, to spread over." Over-hale then signified what is now meant by overhaul. To overhaul a rope is to drag it through a block; to overhaul a ship is to search her. It certainly does not mean "to spread over," nor, in my judgment, does Spenser employ it in that sense in the triplet that Johnson appends. "Loofed, gone to a distance." "Loofed" in Johnson's day denoted a ship that had luffed—*i. e.*, put her helm down to come closer to the wind. "Keel, the bottom of the ship." No doubt the keel is at the bottom of the ship, but sailors would no more understand it as a ship's bottom than they would accept the word "beam" as a definition of the word "deck." Johnson gives "helm" as "the steerage, the rudder." It is plain that he is here under the impression that "steerage" is pretty much the same as "steering." In reality the helm is no more the rudder than it is the tiller, the wheel, the wheel-chains, or ropes and the relieving-tackles. It is a generic term, and means the whole apparatus by which a ship is steered.

"Belay, to belay a rope; to splice; to mend a rope by laying one end over another." To belay a rope is to make it fast. These examples could be multiplied; but it is not my purpose to criticise Johnson's *Dictionary*. Yet, as it is admitted the basis of most of the dictionaries in use, it is worth

while calling attention to errors which have survived without question or correction into the later compilations.

These and the like blunders merely indicate the extreme difficulty that confronts, not indeed the etymologist—for I nowhere discover any signs of research in the direction of marine originals—but the plain definer of nautical words. The truth is, before a man undertakes to explain the language of sailors he should go to sea. It is only by mixing with sailors, by hearing and executing orders, that one can distinguish the shades of meaning amidst the scores of subtleties of the mariner's speech. It is of course, hard to explain what the sailor himself could not define save by the word he himself employs. Take, for example, "inboard" and "aboard." You say of a man entering a ship that he has gone "aboard her;" of a boat hanging at the davits that it must be swung "inboard." There is a nicety here difficult of discrimination, but it is fixed nevertheless. You would not say of a man in a ship that he is "inboard," nor of davits that they must be slewed "aboard." So of "aft" and "abaft." They both mean the same thing, but they are not applied in the same way. A man is "aft" when he is on the quarter-deck or poop; you could not say he is "abaft." But suppose him to be beyond the mizen-mast, you would say "he is standing just abaft the mizen-mast," not "he is standing aft it."

Peculiarities of expression abound in sea-language to a degree not to be paralleled by the eccentricities of other vocational dialects. A man who sleeps in his bunk or hammock all night, or through his watch on deck, "lies in" or "sleeps in." But neither term is applicable if he sleeps through his watch below. "Idlers," as they are called, such as the cook, steward, butcher, and the like, are said to have "all night in"—that is, "all night in their bunks or

hammocks." To "lay" is a word plentifully employed in directions which to a landsman should render its signification hopelessly bewildering.

"This word 'lay,'" says Richard H. Dana, in note to *Two Years Before the Mast*, "which is in such general use on board ship, being used in giving orders instead of 'go,' as *Lay forward!* 'Lay aft!' 'Lay aloft!' etc., I do not understand to be the neuter verb *lie* mispronounced, but to be the active verb 'lay' with the objective case understood, as 'Lay *yourself* forward!' 'Lay *yourself* aft!' etc. At all events, lay is an active verb at sea and means go." It is, however, used in other sense, as to "lay up a rope," "the ship lay along," the old expression for a vessel pressed down by the force of the wind. Other terms strike the land-going ear as singular contradictions, such as "to make land," to "fetch such and such a place"—*i. e.*, to reach it by sailing, but properly to arrive at it by means of beating or tacking; "jump aloft;" run aloft; "tumble up," come up from below; "bear a hand," look sharp, make haste; "handsomely," as in the expression, "Lower away handsomely!" meaning, lower away with judgment but promptly; "bully," a term of kindly greeting, as "Bully for you!"

The difficulties of the lexicographer desiring the inclusion of nautical terms in his list are not a little increased by the sailor's love of contractions, or his perversities of pronunciation. Let me cite a few examples. The word "trenail," for instance—a wooden spike—in Jack's mouth becomes "trunnel." "To reach" is to sail along close-hauled; but the sailor calls it "ratch." "Gunwale," as everybody knows, is "gunnel," and so spelt by the old marine writers. "Crossjack," a sail that sets upon a yard called the "crossjack yard on the mizen-mast, is pronounced "crojheck." The "strap" of a block is always termed "strop;" "streak," a single range of planks running from one end of the ship or boat to the other, is "strake;" "to serve," that is, to wind small stuff such as spun-yarn, round a rope, is "to sarve." The numerous contractions, however, are preëminently illustrative

of the two distinctive qualities of the English sailor—nimbleness and alertness. Everything must be done quickly at sea: there is no time for sesquipedalianism. If there be a long word it must be shortened, somehow. To spring, to jump, to leap, to tumble, to keep his eyes skinned, to hammer his fingers into fish-hooks: these are the things required of Jack. He dances, he sings, he drinks, he is in all senses a lively hearty; but underlying his intellectual and physical caper-cutting is deep perception of the sea as a mighty force, a remorseless foe. The matter seems trifling, yet the national character is in it. A great number of words are used by sailors which are extremely disconcerting to landsmen, as apparently sheer violations of familiar sounds and the images they convey. "To lash:" ashore, this is to beat with a whip, to thrash; at sea it means to make anything fast by securing it with a rope. "To foul:" when a sailor speaks of one thing fouling another, he does not intend to say that one thing soils or dirties another, but that it has got mixed in a manner to make separation a difficulty. "Our ship drove and fouled a vessel astern." A line is foul when it is twisted, when it jams in a block. "Seize" is to attach: it does not mean, "to grasp." "Seizing" is the line or lanyard or small stuff by which anything is made fast. "Whip:" this word naturally conveys the idea of the implement for flogging, for driving; in reality, it signifies a line rove through a single block. "Whip it up!" hoist it up by means of the tackle called a whip. "Get it whipped!" get it hoisted by a whip. "Sweep" looks like a fellow who cleans a chimney; at sea it is a long oar. "Board" is not a plank, but the distance measured by a ship or vessel sailing on either tack, and beating against the wind before she puts her helm down for the next "ratch." "Guy" has

nothing to do with the fifth of November, nor with a person absurdly dressed, but is a rope used for steadying a boom. "Ribbons" are pieces of timber nailed outside the ribs of a wooden ship. "Ear-rings" are ropes for reefing or for securing the upper corners of a sail to the yardarms.

The bewilderment increases when Jack goes to zoology for terms. "Fox" is a lashing made by twisting rope-yarns together. "Spanish Fox" is a single yarn untwisted and "laid up" the contrary way. "Monkey" is a heavy weight of iron used in shipbuilding for driving in long bolts. "Cat" is a tackle used for hoisting up the anchor. "Mouse" or "mousing" was formerly a ball of yarns fitted to the collars of stays. "To mouse," is to put turns of rope-yarn round the hook of a block to prevent it from slipping. "Spider" is an iron outrigger. "Lizard" is a piece of rope with a "thimble" spliced into it. "Whelps" are pieces of wood or iron bolted on the main-piece of a windlass, or on a winch. "Leech" is the side-edge of a sail. "Sheepshank" is the name given to a manner of shortening a rope by hitches over a bight of its own part.

Of such terms as these how is the etymology to be come at? Without question the name of the animal was suggested in a few cases, as in "lizard" perhaps by some dim or fanciful resemblance to it in the object that wanted a title. But "monkey," "fox," "cat," and other such appellations, must have an origin referable to any other cause than that of their likeness to the creatures they are called after. It is impossible to be sure that these names are not corruptions from Saxon and other terms expressive of totally different meaning. It may be supposed that "Spanish Fox" comes from the Spaniards' habit of using "foxes" formed of single yarns. We have, for example, "Spanish windlass,"

as we have "French fake," "French sennit," etc. The derivatives of some words are suggested by their sounds. "Bowse," pronounced "Dowce," is a familiar call at sea. "Bowse it taut, lads!" "Take and bowse upon those halliards!" The men *pull off* upon the rope and *dow* it by their action. It is therefore conceivable that "bowse" may have come from "bow" "bows." "Dowse," pronounced "dowce," signifies to lower, to haul down suddenly. Also to extinguish, as "dowse the glim," "put out the light." The French word "*douce*" is probably the godfather here. But "rouse," pronounced "rouce:" "Rouse it aft, boys!" It means to drag smartly. Does it really signify what it looks to express—to "rouse up" the object that is to be handled?

It is wonderful to note how, on the whole, the language of the sea has preserved its substance and sentiment through the many generations of seafarers down to the present period of iron plates and steel masts, of the propeller and the steam-engine. The reason is that, great as has been the apparent change wrought in the body and fabric of ships since the days of the *Great Harry* of the sixteenth century, and the *Royal George* of the eighteenth century, the nomenclature of remote times still perfectly answers to a mass of nautical essentials, more especially as regards the masts, yards, rigging and sails of a vessel. And another reason lies in the strong conservative spirit of the sailor. There was a loud outcry when the Admiralty many years ago condemned the term "larboard," and ordered the word "port" to be substituted. The name was not abandoned without a violent struggle, and many throes of prejudice, on the part of the old salts. What was good enough for Hawkins, Duncan, Howe, Rodney, Nelson, was surely good enough for their successors.

Not in many directions do I find new readings of old terms. As a rule, where the feature has disappeared the term has gone with it. Where the expression is retained the meaning is more or less identical with the original words. A few exceptions may be quoted: "Bittacle" was anciently the name of the binnacle; obviously derived from the French *habitable* (a small habitation), and still the French term for the compass-stand. "Caboose" was formerly the name of the galley or kitchen of small merchantmen. Falconer spells it "coboos," and describes it as a sort of box or house to cover the chimney of some merchant ships. Previous to the introduction of the caboos, the furnaces for cooking were, in three-deckers, placed on the middle deck; in two-decked ships in the fore-castle; and, adds my authority (the anonymous author of a treatise on shipbuilding, written in 1701), "also in all ships which have fore-castes the provisions are there dressed." "Cuddy" is a forcible, old-fashioned word that has been replaced by the mincing, affected term "saloon." In the last century it signified "a sort of cabin or cook-room in the forepart or near the stern of a lighter or barge of burden."

It is curious to note the humble origin of a term subsequently taken to designate the gilded and sumptuous first-class cabin accommodation of the great Indian, American, and Australian ships. "Fore-castle," again, I find defined by old writers as "a place fitted for a close fight on the upper deck forward." The term was retained to denote the place in which the crew live.

The exploded expressions are numerous. A short list may prove of interest. "Hulling" and "trying" were the words which answer to what we now call "hove-to." "Sailing large," having the wind free or quartering: this expression is dead. "Plying" was the

old term for "beating"—"we plied to windward," *i. e.*, "we beat to windward." The word is obsolete, as is "spooning," replaced by "scudding." For "veering" we have substituted "wearing." Some good strong, expressive words have vanished. Nobody nowadays talks of "clawing off," though the expression is perfect as representing a vessel clutching and grabbing at the wind in her efforts to haul off from a lee shore. For "shivering" we now say "shaking." "The topsail shivers to the wind!" In these days it "shakes." We no longer speak of the "topsail atrip," but of the topsail hoisted or the yard mast headed. "Hank for hank," signifying two ships beating together and always going about at the same moment, so that one cannot get to windward of the other, is now "tack for tack." We have ceased to "heave out staysails;" they are now loosed and hoisted. The old "horse" has made way for the "foot-rope," though we still retain the term "Flemish horse" for the short foot-rope at the topsail yard-arms. The word "horse" readily suggests the origin of the term "stirrup," a rope fitted to the foot-rope that it may not be weighed down too deep by the men standing on it. It is plain that "horse" is owing to the seamen "riding" the yard by it. Anything traversed was called a "horse." The term is still used. The "round-house" or "coach" yielded to "cuddy," as "cuddy" has to "saloon." The poop remains; but the "poop-royal" of the French and the Spaniards or the "top-gallant poop" of our own shipwrights—a short deck over the aftermost part of the poop—has utterly disappeared.

"Whoever were the inventors," writes Sir Walter Raleigh in *A Discourse of Shipping* included in his genuine remains, 1700. "we find that every age hath added somewhat to ships, and to all things else; and in mine own time the shape of our English ship hath been greatly

bettered. It is not long since the striking of the Top-mast (a wonderful ease to great Ships both at Sea and in Harbor) hath been devised, together with the Chain Pump, which takes up twice as much water as the ordinary did. We have lately added the Bonnet and the Drabler. To the Courses, we have devised Studding Sails, Top-gallant Sails, Sprit-sails, Topsails. The Weighing of Anchors by the Capstone is also new. We have fallen into consideration of the length of Cables, and by it we resist the malice of the greatest Winds that can blow."

Now, although this passage has reference to improvements made in the fabrics of ships during the closing years of the reign of Queen Elizabeth and of the opening of that of James I., it is curious, as illustrative of the conservatism of the sailor, that by omitting the "spritsail" these words of Raleigh might stand for the ships of to-day. No sailor unacquainted with the archæology of his own calling would believe that the studding-sail, the bonnet, the drabber, the chain-pump, the top-gallant-sail, and even the spritsail (a sail that was in use down to so late a period as the close of the first quarter of the present century) were as old as Raleigh's hey-day. Certainly the terms given by Sir Walter would furnish us with a clew to the paternity of these cloths. "Studding-sail," for example. Falconer derives it from *stud*, *stead*, or *steady*. I am inclined to think it is derived from the verb "to stud"—to adorn, to cover, but not necessarily, as Johnson says "with studs or shining knobs." It is quite conceivable to think of a forked-beard lifted over a ruff in admiration of canvas that raises the cry, "By'r Lady, but she is now studded with sail!" Assuredly we moderns would not regard a studding-sail as a steadying sail in any sense of the word. The "bonnet" mentioned by Raleigh is an additional piece of canvas made to lace on to the foot of a sail. The term *bonnet* applied to a thing worn at the *foot* advises us of an ironical derivative. But of

"drabber" the etymology is obvious. To drabble is to wet, to befoul. Now the drabber is an additional piece of canvas laced to the bonnet, and necessarily coming very low, unquestionably takes its name from "drabbling"—getting wet. The spritsail and sprit-top-sail are among the vanished details; so indeed is the spritsail-yard, which may be said to have been conquered, like a cold young virgin, by the invention of "whiskers"—small booms or irons, one on each side the bowsprit, and formerly projecting from the *cutheads*, whence possibly the term.

Of many sea-expressions the origin is sufficiently transparent. I offer a few examples. "Bilge" is the part of a vessel's bottom which begins to round upward. The word is corrupted from the old "bulge, the outermost and lowest part of a ship, that which she bears upon when she lies on the ground." "Butt" is the joining of two planks endways. "To start a butt" is to loosen the end of a plank where it unites with another. This word is got from "abut." "Chock-a-block," said when anything is hoisted by a tackle as high as the block will let it go. Chock here means choke, and in that sense is implied in such expressions as "chock-aft," "chock-home," etc. Formerly "jib" was spelt "gyb." A vessel in running is said to "gybe" or "jibe" when the wind gets on the lee side of her fore and aft sails and blows them over. As this in the old days of square rigs and "mizon yards" would be peculiar to the "gyb" or "jib," the expression is sufficiently accounted for. "To stay" is to tack; a ship "in stays" is a ship in the act of tacking. I interpret "to stay" by the verb "to stop;" "she is staying"—she is stopping; "in stays"—in the act of stopping. "Tack" is the weather lower corner of a square-course when set. "To tack" may be accepted as metaphorically expressing

the action of rounding into the wind in the direction of the tacks. "Topgallant," says Johnson, "is proverbially applied to anything elevated or splendid," and quotes from L'Estrange: "I dare appeal to the consciences of topgallant sparks." Prior to the introduction of topgallant-sails, there was nothing higher than the topsails. Taking "topgallant" as of proverbial application to whatever is elevated, if not splendid, one easily sees how the topgallant fabric of a ship—its sail, mast, and gear—obtained the name it is known by. "To luff" is to put the helm down, so as to bring the vessel closer to the wind. This word is manifestly taken from "loof," which in olden times was the term applied to the after-part of the bows of a ship. "Quick-work" was the name given to that part of a ship's sides which is above the channel-wales. "This commonly perform'd with Fir-deal," says an old writer, "which don't require the fastening nor the Time to work it, as the other parts, but is Quicker done." The ancient spelling gives us "halyards," "halliards"—ropes and tackles for hoisting sails and yards. To hale is to haul; so that "halyards," "halliards," is *ben trovato*.

In old marine narratives and novels the term "lady's hole" frequently occurs. I was long bothered by this term, which I indirectly gathered to signify a sort of cabin, but in what part of the ship situated, and why so called, I could not imagine, until in the course of my reading I lighted upon a description of a man-of-war of 1712, in which it is stated that "the lady's hole" is a place for the gunner's small stores, built between the partners of the mainmast, and looked after by a man named "a lady," "who is put in by turns to keep the gun-room clean." Terms of this kind are revelations in their way, as showing for the most part the sort of

road the marine philologist must take in his search after originals and derivatives. A vessel is said to be "hogged" when the middle part of her bottom is so strained as to curve *upward*. To the shape of a hog's back, therefore, is this expression owing. But the etymology of the word "sagged," which expresses the situation of a vessel when her bottom curves *downward* through being strained, I am unable to trace. "Gangway" means the going-way—the place by which you enter or quit a ship. "Gudgeons"—braces or eyes fixed to the stern-post to receive the pintles of a rudder, I find the meaning of in the old spelling for the same thing, "gougings"—the eye being *gouged* by the pintle. "Lumpers" is a name given to dock-laborers who load or discharge vessels; it was their custom to contract to do the work by the *lump*, and hence the word. "Stevadore" (one whose occupation is to stow cargoes) originates with the Spanish *stibador*, likewise a stower of cargoes. The etymology of certain peculiarly nautical expressions in common use on shipboard must be entirely conjectural. Take "swig off"—i. e., to pull upon a perpendicular rope, the end of which is led under a belaying-pin. The old readings give it as "swag off," "swagging off." The motion of this sort of pulling is of a swaggering kind, and I have little doubt that the expression of "swig" or "swag" comes from "swaggering." "Tail on, tally on!" the order for more men to haul upon a rope, possibly expressed its origination with some clearness. "Tail on!"—lengthen the tail of pullers; "tally on!"—add men in a countable way. It is usual to speak of a ship as being "under way." It should be "under weigh." The expression is wholly referable to the situation of a ship in the act of moving after her anchor has been lifted or "weighed." Similarly it should be, I think, "the

anchor is aweigh," not the anchor is "away"—the mate's cry from the fore-castle when the anchor is afloat or off the ground.

Blocks, a very distinctive feature in the equipment of a vessel, get their names in numerous cases from their shape or conveniency. A *cant*-block is so called because in whalers it is used for the tackles which cant or turn the whale over when it is being stripped of its blubber; a *fiddle*-block, because it has the shape of that instrument; a *fly*-block, because it shifts its position when the tackle it forms a part of is hauled upon; *leading*-blocks, because they are used for guiding the direction of any purchase; *hook*-blocks, because they have a hook at one end; *sister*-blocks, because they are two blocks formed out of one piece of wood, and suggest a sentimental character by intimate association; *snatch*-blocks, because a rope can be *snatched* or whipped through the sheave without the trouble of reeving; *tail*-blocks, because they are fitted with a short length or *tail* of rope by which they are lashed to the gear; *shoulder*-blocks, because their shape hints at a *shoulder*, there being a projection left on one side of the shell to prevent the falls from jamming. In this direction the marine philologist will find his work all plain sailing. The sources whence the sails, or most of them, take their appellations are readily grasped when the leading features of the apparently complicated fabric on high are understood. The *staysails* obtain their names from the stays on which they travel. "Topsail" was so entitled when it was literally the top or uppermost sail. The origin of the word "royal" for the sail above the top-gallant-sail we must seek in the fancy that found the noble superstructure of white cloths *crowned* by that heaven-seeking space of canvas.

The etymology of "hitches" is not

far to seek. But first of the "hitch" itself. "'To hitch,' to catch, to move by jerks. I know not where it is used but in the following passage—nor here know well what it means:

Who'er offends at some unlucky time
Slides in a verse, or *hitches* in a rhyme.—
POPE."

So writes Dr. Johnson. Had he looked into the old Voyages, he would have found "hitch" repeated very often indeed. From the nautical standpoint, he defines it accurately enough as "to catch." Pope's use of the term puzzled the doctor, and he blundered into "to move by jerks." But Pope employs it as a sailor would; he *hitches* the culprit in a line—that is, takes an intellectual "turn" with his verse about him, or, as the poet puts it, suffers the person to "hitch" himself. To hitch is to fasten, to secure a rope so that it can run out no further. From "hitch" proceed a number of terms whose paternity is very easily distinguished. The "Blackwall hitch" takes its name from the famous point of departure of the vanished procession of Indiamen and Australian liners; the "harness hitch," from its form, which suggests a bit and reins; "midshipman's hitch," from the facility with which it may be made; "rolling hitch," because it is formed of a series of rolling turns round the objects it is intended to secure and other rolling turns yet over its own part; a "timber hitch," because of its usefulness in hoisting spars and the like through the ease of its fashioning and the security of its jamming. The etymology of knots, again, is largely found in their forms. "The figure-eight knot" is of the shape of the figure eight; the diamond readily suggests the knots which bear its name (single and double diamond-knots); the "Turk's-head knot" excellently imitates a turban. To some knots and splices the inventors have given their names,

such as "Elliot's splice" and "Matthew Walker" knot. The origin of this knot is thus related by a contributor to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*:—

"Over sixty years ago an old sailor, then drawing near to eighty years of age, said that when he was a sailor-boy there was an old rigger, named Matthew Walker, who, with his wife, lived on board an old covered hulk, moored near the Folly End, Monkwearmouth Shore; that new ships when launched were laid alongside of this hulk to be rigged by Walker and his gang of riggers; that also old ships had their rigging refitted at the same place; and that Matthew Walker was the inventor of the lanyard knot, now known by the inventor's name wherever a ship floats."

It has been suggested that "knot," the sailor's word for the nautical mile, springs from the small pieces of knotted stuff, called *knots*, inserted in the log line for marking the progress of a ship through the water. It is worth noting, however, that in the old Voyages the word *knot*, as signifying a mile, never occurs. It seems reasonable to suppose that it is a word not much older than the last century.

Among puzzling changes in the sea-language must be classed the names of vessels. "Yacht" has been variously defined: as "a small ship for carrying passengers;" as "a vessel of state." The term is now understood to mean a pleasure craft. "Yawl" was formerly a small ship's boat or a wherry: it has become the exclusive title of yachts rigged as cutters, but carrying also a small sail at the stern, called a mizen. The "barge" was a vessel of state, furnished with sumptuous cabins, and canopies and cushions, decorated with flags and streamers, and propelled by a band of rowers. This hardly answers to the topsail barges and dumb-barges of to-day! The word "bark" has been Gallicized into "barque," possibly as a marine protest against the poetic misapplication as shown in these lines of Byron;—

"My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;"

Or the—

"My bark is my bride!"

of Eliza Cook. By bark the poets intend any kind of ship you please: but to Jack it implies a particular rig. The Americans write "bark" for "barque," and rightly; for though Falconer says that "bark is a general name given to small ships," he also adds: "It is, however, peculiarly appropriated by seamen to those which carry three masts without a mizen topsail." The "pink" is another craft that has "gone over." Her very narrow stern supplied the name, pink having been used in the sense of small, as by Shakespeare, who speaks of "pink-eyne," small eye. The "tartan," likewise, belongs to the past as a rig: a single mast, lateen yard and bowsprit. The growth of our ancestors' "frigott," too, into the fire-eating *Saucy Arethusas* of comparatively recent times, is a story full of interest.

I have but skimmed a surface whose depths should honestly repay careful and laborious dredging. The language of the sea has entered so largely into common and familiar speech ashore, that the philologist who neglects the mariner's talk will struggle in vain in his search after a mass of paternities and derivatives, and the originals, and even the sense, of many every-day expressions. It is inevitable that a maritime nation should enlarge its shore vocabulary by sea terms. The eloquence of the fore-castle is of no mean order, and in a hundred directions Jack's expressions are matchless for brevity, sentiment and suggestion. But the origin and rise of the marine tongue is also the origin and rise of the British navy, and of the fleets which sail under the red ensign. The story of the British ship may be followed in the maritime glossaries; and perception of the delicate

shades and lights, of the subtleties, niceties, and discriminations of the ocean-dialect is a revelation of the mysteries of the art of the shipwright and the profession of the seaman.—W. CLARK RUSSELL, in *The Contemporary Review*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

EMOLUMENTS OF SOME ENGLISH AUTHORS.

—It is said that Mr. Gladstone received a beggarly cheque of £250 for his paper on "Locksley Hall and the Jubilee," which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, and has been reprinted in the *Library Magazine*. The *Pall Mall Gazette* has made a calculation showing that this was just sixpence a word. The *Gazette* thinks that taking this as a measure of the value of that article Mr. John Morley ought to be paid twopence a word; Mr. Matthew Arnold a halfpenny a word; while Mr. Swinburne ought to be content with getting a penny for each ten words. The *Gazette* continues:—

"Apropos of this staggering cheque, it is interesting to collect a few figures of prices given and accepted for literature which—well, is less ephemeral than Mr. Gladstone's golden eloquence. Goldsmith received £60 for the *Vicar of Wakefield*, Johnson £100 for *Rasselas*, and £300 for the *Lives of the Poets*. The Lambs were paid 60 guineas for the *Tales from Shakespeare*, Fielding received £600 for *Tom Jones*. But we have not space to quote innumerable instances of such Grub-street prices paid for work which still delights the world. Take Thackeray, for instance, who said that he had never made more than £5,000 for any of his books. Fancy the price of twenty *Nineteenth Century* articles for *Vanity Fair*! On the other hand, Scott made in less than two years £26,000; Lord Lytton is said to have made £80,000 by his novels; Dickens is supposed to have cleared over £10,000 a year, during the publication of *Nicholas Nickleby*, and \$7,000 was to have been paid for *Edwin Drood*. 'Dizzy' is said to have made £30,000 by his novels, while 'George Eliot's' profits on *Romola* were estimated at £10,000, and Mr. Wilkie Collins received £10,000 for two novels alone. Byron's gains were about £23,000; Moore was paid £3,000 for *Lalla Rookh*; Macaulay received £23,000 on account for three-fourths of his *History*. These

figures would have been doubled (shall we say?), but, alas! there was no Barnum of literature in those days. What is a pen without a name?"

THE ORIGIN OF THE DIAMOND.—Mr. Orville A. Dewey, of the *Museum Nacional*, Rio de Janeiro, writes in *Science* a paper on this subject, of which we give a portion:—

"The eruptive rocks thus far recognized in the diamond district are granites, diabases, gabbros, and serpentinous rocks, which very probably were originally peridotites. The greater part of the diamond-washing, being in river-alluviums or in gravel-deposits on the uplands, gives no clew as to which of the three groups or of the associated eruptions may have furnished the gems. . . . At a single locality, Sao Joao da Chapada, the miners have penetrated deeply the decomposed but undisturbed schists, extracting the diamond from a decomposed vein-rock from which Professor Goraix took out, with his own hands and with all possible precaution against error, several of the precious stones, after I had expressed to him the opinion that it was the veritable matrix of the diamond. Three veins of somewhat different character have been recognized. One is of quartz with plates of specular iron, to which the diamantiferous *barso* (clay) adheres. This last is an earthy mass rich in iron, which gives, on washing, an abundance of microscopic tourmaline. The other veins are without quartz, and consist of a lithomarge-like clay charged with oxides of iron and manganese, which, as Professor Goraix states, bear a strong resemblance, both in composition and geological occurrence, to the topaz and euclase bearing veins of the vicinity of Ouro Preto. These veins are coincident with the bedding, or nearly so. Besides quartz and tourmaline they carry iron and titanium minerals (magnetite, hematite, rutile, and anitase), amorphous chloro-phosphates of some of the rarer elements (cerium, lanthanum, didymium, etc.), and, almost certainly, euclase.

"The observations at this place exclude completely the idea of peridotite or other eruptive rocks. The diamond at Sao Joao da Chapada, and presumably at other Brazilian localities, is a *vein mineral*, and the conditions of its genesis (unless we admit the hypothesis of a subsequent deposition of carbon, which is uncalled for by any of the observations thus far made) must have been such as were favorable to the segregation of iron and titanium oxides, phosphates of rare elements, and certain silicates, such as tourmaline and presumably topaz and euclase. The

hypothesis of a genesis through the reaction of eruptive masses on carbonaceous schists is here as inadmissible as would be that of a vein formation for the South African mines. If the origin of the carbon is to be sought in the rocks traversed by the eruptive or vein masses containing it, it is not without interest to mention that the schists of the veins in which the Sao Joao mine is excavated frequently contain graphite, though at that particular locality they are too much decomposed to enable one to determine whether it occurs there or not.

"The Brazilian and African diamond-fields thus indicate two very distinct modes of occurrence and genesis for the gem: one as a vein-mineral accompanying oxides, silicates, and phosphates; the other as an accessory element in an eruptive rock. In the last number of the *Bulletin de la Société géologique de France*, M. Chaper presents a third mode of occurrence as the result of his observations in an Indian diamond field. He satisfied himself that the gem occurs there, along with sapphires and rubies, in a decomposed pegmatite, having taken out two diamonds, two sapphires and three rubies from an excavation made in that material. The circumstance that all these stones were found during the preliminary work with pick and shovel, whereas nothing was found in the washing, would seem to the practical diamond-miner to be extremely suggestive of *salting* very inartistically done. The occurrence of remnants of a sedimentary formation of a conglomeritic character in the neighborhood of the old washing examined suggests another explanation for the occurrence of the gem in placers resting on a bottom of granitic rocks."

THE LATE WILHELM SCHERER.—In reviewing the German books of the last year Mr. Robert Zimmermann, in the *Athenæum*, thus speaks of an author whose death is justly regarded as a great loss to our contemporary critical literature:—

"Since the opening of the Goethe Archives in the house in the Frauenplan at Weimar literary history is almost coextensive with Goethe investigation. Wilhelm Scherer, the most competent writer in this domain, in whose hands was in part the direction of the critical edition to be published of Goethe's works, and who, it was expected, would at length produce a worthy biography of the poet, was prematurely carried off by death on August 6th. The last fruits of his work ap-

peared together in a collection of his essays on Goethe, which contains his well-known attempts to restore and complete some of Goethe's sketches and fragments, as, for instance *Pandora* and *Nausikaa*, and also several things as yet unpublished. In his linguistic studies Scherer was a worthy successor to the traditions of Grimm and Lachmann; in taste and æsthetic criticism he was far superior to most of his colleagues, who exhaust themselves in the collection and investigation of detail. His loss is the more to be regretted because, as his chief work, the *History of German Literature*, which has been translated into English, shows he had reached the height of his intellectual development, and had freed himself from the fetters of dominant academic prejudice and one-sided judgment, especially in regard to Middle High German poetry. Not inferior to Gerwinus in width of reading and command of his subject, he surpassed him in æsthetic feeling and original criticism."

THE SWISS CROSS.—This is a new magazine, the organ of "The Agassiz Association," and issued in some connection with *Science*. The editor explains the reason for the import of the title, and the design of the Association:—

"The word 'association' was chosen instead of 'society' from an impression, perhaps not entirely well founded, that that word could be taken to mean 'a union of societies,' just as society means 'a union of individuals.' And our first plan was to have these local societies entirely independent of one another, except in the general name and in the purpose of studying nature. We chose the name 'Agassiz' because it was then uppermost in mind. His then recent death was fresh in the hearts of the nation; and his birth in Switzerland, where a similar organization was said to exist, rendered it especially appropriate. The choice was wiser than we knew. No one can read Mrs. Agassiz's life of her husband without feeling that no name could better stimulate us to faithful work. . . . The Agassiz Association as it appears to-day is a union of 986 local societies, each numbering from 4 to 120 members, of all ages from 4 to 84. Our total membership is above ten thousand. We are distributed in all the states and territories with very few exceptions, and have strong branch societies and active members in Canada, England, Ireland, Scotland, Chili, Japan, and Persia."

HILL-DIGGING AND MAGIC.

Among all my acquaintances above the lower middle class I know no man of forty—except he be a country parson—who has not written a book, or who has not an account at a bank. We all write books, and we all *keep* a banking book. Yet there was a time when human beings did neither the one nor the other. Also there was a time when books were common, much written, much read, and when bankers were not common. Nevertheless in those days money changed hands—money in lumps with a stamp upon it, money by weight that was the price of lands and cattle and men's lives, and things much more precious than even these. The world had grown quite an old world when Pasion—the Rothschild of Athens—turned over the leaves of his ledger to find out how Lycon of Heraclea stood in his books. It was a much older one when Julius Cæsar persuaded the bankers at Rome to make those heavy advances to him as he was preparing for the pillage of Gaul. But a thousand years after Cæsar's time Europe had clean forgotten all about the finance of the earlier ages, and banking, as we understand the word, was a thing unknown. Yet men traded, and bargained, and got gain, and some grew rich, and some grew poor, and some were thrifless and some were grasping—as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be.

But in process of time the art of money-making advanced again. Great capitalists rose up, fortunes were made, estates changed hands. The great men doubtless had their own methods of managing their money matters. The Jews, the Carausini (who bought out the Jews), and other such financiers, made their accounts and negotiated loans with kings and potentates and throve surprisingly as a rule,

though by no means invariably. That was all very well for the big men embarked in important speculations; but what was the small man to do—the man who went about from village to village and from fair to fair with a pack on his back—the man of the market whom people called indifferently John le Marchant, or Johannes Mercator, or Jack the Pedlar, and whose gains counted by groats, not by shillings?

What did he do? To tell the plain truth he found his money—his hard cash—somewhat of an incumbrance to him as he traveled about from place to place. It is hard, very hard, for us to realize in our time the difficulty of finding investments for capital in the middle ages. The merchant princes of Venice or Genoa and many another thriving mart built their palaces and got rid of a great deal of their ready money by indulging in their taste for splendor. But the "low man adding one to one," to whom fifty pounds was a fortune, if he could not hear of some neighbor in difficulties who wanted to sell house and land on a small scale, must have been, and often was, sorely put to it to know where to dispose his gains. Sometimes he made an advance to the landlord out-at-elbows, sometimes a neighboring monastery was badly in want of money for carrying on those everlasting building operations which ambitious abbots or priors were never tired of undertaking. Sometimes there was a speculation in shipbuilding to tempt him when half a dozen small adventurers made up a joint-stock partnership, each contributing his quota; but as often as not, when a small capitalist had a good round sum in his money bag there was no opportunity of putting it out at interest, and the poor man had literally to carry it about on his person and take his chance. Timid men and women shrank from

such a risk, and then the alternatives which presented themselves were few. If there was a religious house which bore a high character in the neighborhood the spare cash was left in the custody of one or others of the *Obedientiaries*, the depositor receiving an acknowledgment which took the form of an *obligation*—i. e., a promise to pay by a certain date. In the meanwhile the lender in most cases received no interest—for was not the taking of usury a deadly sin, or something very like it?—the security of his deposit was reckoned a sufficient equivalent for any advantage which the borrower derived from the use of the capital, and the money so lent lay not “at call” but invariably “on deposit.”

In the case of a small trader who required a certain amount of floating capital for the purposes of his business, these monastery banks were of very little use. As the time approached for the holding of one of the great annual fairs, where the merchant laid in his stock for the year and paid ready money for it, it was needful that he should call in his small debts and gather his dues. That must have been a very nervous time for Jack the Pedlar. The nights were long and very dark; folks said that a band of landless rogues were skulking in the copses down in the hollow yonder; that two pilgrims coming home from Walsingham had been stripped of their all; that there was a hue and cry for some ruffian who had killed his mistress and was supposed to be hiding, hungry and desperate, the Lord knew where; that in Black Robin’s Alehouse on the moor there had been much talk of Jack the Pedlar’s wealth, and grim Jem and cock-eyed Peter had darkly hinted with some savagery that the pedlar was a grasping knave whom it would be a good deed to lighten of his burden.

Oh Jack! Jack! How you must

have quaked? Was it wonderful that Jack and Jill and many a score of the thrifty ones who had laid by their tiny hoards against a rainy day should have been driven to think of a *cache* as the only possible way out of the difficulty, and that hiding money in the earth should have been a very common practice up and down the land in the old days when security for life and property was a very different thing from what we now understand by the words?

But, bless my heart!—what am I thinking about? Did not Achan, the son of Zerah, feel himself to be in the same difficulty when he purloined that wedge of gold and the fifty shekels of silver and all that perfectly irresistible accumulation which dazzled his eyes among the spoils of Jericho? Did he not hide it in his tent, dig a hole there and bury it, the accursed thing? Verily a capacious receptacle, wherein that goodly Babylonish garment had a place among other objects of *vertu*. How blind avarice is! The son of Zerah must have been distraught in his wits when he persuaded himself that he could remain for long one of that noble army of the favored few who are *not* found out. Ages before Achan there had been buriers, the thing has always gone on. Why our dogs—our very dogs—practice the virtue or the vice, and Tip and Toby and Nick and Gyp—confound them!—can never be cured of hiding their stolen mutton-bones in the flower-beds and returning to them in the dead of night to scratch up the nauseous relics. It is a survival of some instinct or other, say the wise men. So we cannot cure our dogs of it and we cannot eradicate it from the hearts of our fellow men. All literature is full of it—yes, and all law.

In the *Digest*, in the *Institutes*, the law of treasure trove is elaborately handled; the law varied from time to time. Constantine (A.D. 315) claimed half of

all treasure trove for the crown; Gratian in 380 surrendered all claim upon any share of the spoil, but assigned a fourth to the owner of the land; Valentinian, ten years after this, decreed that the finder of treasure should keep all that he found.

It is evident from all this legislation that in the Roman world the practice of burying valuables must have been very common. Can we wonder at it? Between the death of Septimius Severus in A. D. 211 and the accession of Constantine in 305, no less than twenty-seven names appear upon the *Fasti*, of pretenders to, or wearers of, the purple. Twenty-seven Emperors of Rome in less than a century! Mere names do you say? Ay, that was just the worst of it. There was no saying any day who was or who might be king over us. Of course men lost all sense of security. Men with the best intention could not be trusted. These must have been the days of old stockings and of literally hiding talents in the earth.

But our concern just now is not with other lands. We have only to look at home; and here, "within the four seas," I am inclined to think that we in East Anglia have been at all times more addicted to the hoarding and hiding mania than elsewhere. There are innumerable stories of men and women digging up money and getting suddenly rich by a great find. Sometimes you are assured that old Hakes, who amassed such vast wealth that he was able to buy a farm of fifty acres without a mortgage, began by finding an old teapot full of golden guineas up the chimney; or that Joe Pymmer dug up a pot of money in his cabbage-bed; or that Mr. Dixe, "him as is the builder now," what time he was a mere well-sinker came upon "a sight o' old gold cups and things" when he was making a well at a fabulous depth. Sometimes, too, the prevalent belief receives a start-

ling confirmation in 'an undoubted discovery, as when some few years ago, in clearing out a moat at Bradenham, a silver jug was actually picked up; and then it was remembered that some fifty years before there had been a robbery of plate at Letton Hall, and the report was that the thieves were hard pressed and had to drop their booty.

I was myself once present at a very remarkable function. Evidence had been adduced, so positive and precise as to defy contradiction, that a certain magnate at Ladon had been buried in the family vault and the family jewels had been buried with him. An application was actually made to the constituted authorities for a license to disinter the corpse and open the coffin. The thing was done. Then the real explanation of the story that had got abroad revealed itself. When the arrangements for the funeral of the defunct were approaching completion it was found that, by some mistake, the leaden coffin had been made too large for the oaken shell that was placed within it, and it became necessary to make use of something to serve in the place of wedges to prevent the inner receptacle from *shifting* when the bearers had to carry it to the vault. The undertaker's men were equal to the occasion; they picked up a couple of old books which they found ready at hand; the one was a battered old French dictionary, the other was, I believe, *The Whole Duty of Man*. The fellows made no secret of the matter, and the two volumes were wedged in accordingly. It would have been all one to them if they had been a couple of Caxtons or Wynkyn de Wordes. But the story got wind. Two *books* soon became changed into two *boxes*, and the two *boxes* became caskets of inestimable value, till it ended by people loudly proclaiming that the family

jewels had been buried with the dead, and a cry arose and grew strong that "something must be done." It was to me a very memorable day, for I had the French dictionary in my hands, and, inasmuch as I had a very smart new coat on and "looked the character," I was much flattered by being mistaken for the bishop of the diocese and being addressed as "my lord!"

But widespread belief in the existence of large sums of money being concealed in the ground, and which wait only for the sagacious explorer to discover them, has really a basis of truth to support it. Such hoards of valuables have indeed been turning up continuously from the very earliest times, and they turn up still much more frequently than might be supposed. In 1855 a workman came upon a collection of nearly 500 silver pennies, of the reigns of Henry II. and Henry III., at Hockwold in Norfolk. They had been hidden by some poor creature six hundred years ago, probably under his own doorpost. The house may have been burned or tumbled down—who knows?—ages had passed, and the ploughman had drawn his furrow over the place from year to year, and the corn had sprung up, been reaped and garnered, and then one day the nineteenth-century man with a patent improved share had driven it in a few inches deeper than any plough had ever gone before, and lo! there rolled out before his delighted but hardly astonished eyes the sum total of that other poor miser's life-long savings, scraped together in the times when every penny stood for at least a whole day's wages, laid by so painfully, watched so very anxiously, gloated over so ravenously, but all saved in vain for another to gather! Had the poor wretch some dream of buying his freedom or getting his only boy made a priest, or making himself master of that other strip of

earth that, marched with his own tiny patch? How easy it is to find a pathos in some mysterious relic of the past!

In 1852, again, upward of 300 *British* coins were found in a field at Weston. We may be sure it had not been an open field when they were hidden there: they are said to have been coins of the Iceni—struck, it may be, in some rude mint of the great Queen Boadicea, hidden away for a purpose when money was very scarce and a little would go a very long way; meant to be dug up all in good time by the hider, who thereupon went into the battle with the Roman legionaries, fought and fell, and took his secret with him.

It is scarcely eight years since the largest find of all was made. Ten to fourteen thousand Roman coins, mostly of the reign of Postumus, were discovered at Baconsthorpe, where it seems a Roman station once was. There they had lain for fifteen centuries, and cunning scholars will have it that some bold band of Britons made a raid one day upon the weak Roman garrison, slew them to a man, pillaged the station, burned and rioted, but missed the treasure, which the legionaries, in view of the peril grown imminent, had buried so deep and meant to return for when the foe should have been repulsed or annihilated. Those legionaries never came back. How far did they get? And then those others who were waiting for their pay—waxing mutinous—and the commissary-general with a deficit of 14,000 pieces of silver lying in a hole in a gigantic earthen pot, and destined to lie there for ages—what did they do? And yet people will write fiction and think it is a mark of genius to be able to *invent* a story. Would not *telling* one do as well?

Gentlemen of the shires will perhaps tell me that they too had much treasure buried in holes among themselves. I

deny it not, but I protest that incomparably more finds have been made among us in the east than among you in the west and the midlands. Moreover, there is a reason for this: a man thinks twice before he begins to pick a hole through the limestone or the granite. Such a hole would very soon betray itself if he did. Nor does he like to bury his hoard in a marsh or a river bank—your sloppy swamp is not adapted for concealment. But the dry and light soil on which most of our Norfolk villages were planted, and the old banks raised in primæval times for defence or for the inclosure of cattle, and the old walls of *cobble*, sometimes three or four feet thick, of which many of our humbler dwellings and almost all our barns and byres were made before the times came back when people set to work to burn bricks again and build houses with them—all these were exactly the spots which afforded easy hiding-places for the small man's savings. Even to this day such places are utilized by our local misers.

Nevertheless, I do not want to hurt the feelings of the gentlemen of the shires. I know that it was somewhere between Wycombe and Onhandandedecruche (*there* is a name to be proud of) that William Attelythe in the year 1290 was said to have found a hoard of twenty pounds, the which he was said *maliciose concealasse*, and that by favor of the king he was pardoned his offence whether he had committed one or not. Also I know that a hundred years after this Robert atte Mulle and Alice his wife were put upon their trial on the charge of having appropriated seven hundred pounds *d'aunciem temps mussez souz la terre* at Guildford in Surrey, and that the unhappy couple were prosecuted and worried for years by Sir Thomas Camoys; though it seems clear that the charge was utterly false, and after seven years of shameful

exactions it was practically withdrawn and master Robert restored to what was left of his houses and land and goods and chattels, which during all this time had been left in the hands of the spoiler.

So, too, in the year 1335, a decree went forth from the great king, who was at Carlisle at the time, directing that an inquiry should be made regarding a hoard of unknown value which certain rogues had succeeded in unearthing in the garden of Henry Earl of Lancaster, in the parish of St. Clement Danes, outside Temple Bar. They found the treasure in the said garden under a pear-tree and they dug it up and carried it off; and for all that appears they escaped with their booty, and none knew what became of it or them.

How did these rogues find that money in the Earl of Lancaster's garden under the pear-tree? How did it get there? The Earl (he was not yet Duke) was one of the greatest potentates in England. If his house was not his castle, whose should it be? We cannot help thinking that the hoard must have lain there from a very distant time—it may be that it had been there for ages. How did the rogues find it? Why didn't the gardener dig it up? It was not his, and he knew nothing about it. It certainly was not found by mere chance, for there was a recognized term in use for describing such finds. In the formal documents they are spoken of as *subito inventum*; as in the case of that sum of gold and silver which William Whethereld of Brokford in Suffolk fished up from a well *infra mansionem ipsius Willielmi* in the year 1425, and about which due inquiry was made—the jury declare expressly that it was *subito inventum*; or that other hoard of money, which on the Monday after All Saints' Day three years after this, John Sowter, alias John Richerd, of Bury St.

Edmunds, cordwainer, came upon at Thurleston, in the same county, under a certain stone. That, too, was a mere chance find, and that, too, is set down as *subito inventum*. So, too, some finds were mere thefts, as when the Rev. Edmund Welles, parson of Lound, who had hidden away in a secret place in the church of Lound his little pile of seven pounds and saw it safe there on the 1st of April, 1465, and when he came to look at it again on St. Laurence's Day, the 10th of August, found it was gone; and by-and-by 40s. thereof was proved to be in the hands of Robert Prymour, a noted receiver of stolen goods. It was clear enough that some one had watched the reverend gentleman, peradventure through the leper's window, one dark night as he went to trim the lamp over the altar, and could not keep himself from having one more look at his savings, just to see if they were there in their hiding-place.

But when it came to such a hoard of treasure as Beatrix Cornwallis and Thelba de Creketon—two lone women, observe—dug up at Thetford, in the year 1340, and which was worth at least one hundred pounds, which they could not in the joy of their proud hearts hold their tongues about, which they forthwith began to spend in riotous fashion, so that mere guzzling seems to have been the death of Beatrix—which, too, when Reginald of Kylverston and his brother Henry and another rogue got wind of, they came upon the two women and despoiled them of it; which, moreover, was the death of Reginald also and the ruin of all the rest, none could tell how;—when I say, it came to this kind of thing, you must not hope to persuade any but the most feebly credulous that *that* was all a haphazard business, or that there were no occult powers enlisted in so awful and terrible a business as that. What! are we going to be persuaded

that only the nineteenth century has anything to tell us about spirit-rapping and bogies?

I will not intrude into the province of these profound philosophers, whose business it is, and their delight, to trace the origins and development of religion. Only this I know, that there does seem to exist a stage in the progress of human beliefs, when the orthodox and universally accepted creed of the children of men may be summed up in the brief formula—"There are gods above, there are fiends below." That seems to have been the creed of the earliest men who had any creed at all. What the gods could do, or would do, people were very vague about; for men learn very slowly to believe in the power of goodness and in the possibility of a Divine love, personal, mild, and beneficent. These things are matters not of experience but of a higher faith. Even the gentler and the more earnest find it hard to keep their hold of these. They are forever tending to slip away from us; but there is no difficulty at all in believing in cruelty and hate and malignity. These things are very nigh to us, meeting us wherever we turn. "There may be heaven, there must be hell," was not a dogma first formulated in our days. Heaven for the gods, that might be; but earth, and all that was below the earth, that was the evil demon's own domain. The demons were essentially earth spirits. The deeper you went below the outer crust of this world of ours, the nearer you got to the homes of the dark and grisly beings who spoil and poison and blight and blast—the angry ones who only curse and hate, and work us pain and woe. All that is of the earth earthly belongs to them. Wilt thou hide thy treasure in the earth? Then it becomes the property of the foul fiend. Didst thou trust it to him to keep? Then he will keep it.

"Never may I meddle with such treasure as one hath hidden away in the earth," says Plato in the eleventh book of the *Laws*, "nor ever pray to find it. No! nor may I ever have dealings with the so-called wizards, who somehow or other (*ἀμωσγῆτος*) counsel one to take up that which has been committed to the earth; for I shall never gain as much as I shall lose!" It was already, you perceive, an established practice. The wizards that peep and that mutter, the "cunning men" that dealt with familiar spirits, had been an institution time out of mind. "O! if Hercules would but be so good," says the man in Persius, "and I could hear the click of a pot full of cash under that harrow of mine!" Hermes was he who bestowed the lucky find; but Hercules—who was he but the *earth spirit* who claimed his dues?

When the witch of Endor, to her own amazement, had summoned the shade of the dead prophet to commune with the doomed king, the wicked old women cried out in her horror, "I saw gods ascending out of the earth." Under the earth were the powers of darkness that could be dealt with somehow, and they were witches and wizards—who could doubt it?—possessed of awful secrets and versed in occult practices, who somehow or other (*ἀμωσγῆτος*) exercised a hideous sway over the fiends below, and used them for their own ends. Has the race died out? Have the awful secrets been lost? Are there no more specimens of the real genuine article? Have all the railway tunnels and other audacious devices of our time let too much light and too much air into the bowels of the earth, so that the very demons have been expelled, or retired deep and deeper down toward the center of our planet, where the everlasting fires burn, and whence sometimes they burst forth?

I am always finding that I know nothing of the present. I find it so hard to understand; it is so very near; it cramps a man with its close pressure. The past you can form a fair and impartial estimate of, and of the past you *can* know something (just a little), but still something; the present *wiggles* so. This I know, that ages ago there were wizards, and potent wizards, too, who had dealings with imps and fiends and goblins, and lived with those beings upon familiar terms and called them by their several names, and compelled them to do service. Surely this candid, truth-loving, sagacious, and most impartial nineteenth century is not going to resist and set itself against the crushing force of cumulative evidence.

In the year of grace 1521—that is, in the twelfth year of King Henry VIII.—a license was given to one Sir Robert Curzon, commonly called Lord Curzon, to search for hidden treasure within the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk. The noble lord, like the unjust steward, could not dig himself, but he could find others who would act as his deputies and agents. Accordingly, he made choice of three rogues, who were styled his servants, named William Smyth, William Tady, and one Amylyon, whose Christian name, if he ever had one, does not appear, and the worthy trio made their head-quarters at Norwich and began to look about them. It was discouraging to hear sundry rumors that they had been forestalled. Others had been at work before them. There might be a doubt whether or not they could discover hidden treasure; there could be no doubt that if they flourished their commission in poor men's faces they might easily succeed in levying blackmail from the suspected. They lost no time in pouncing down upon four unlucky victims. From three of these they

managed to extort sundry small sums, amounting in the aggregate to two or three pounds, together with a *crystal stone* and *certain books*, which, being duly delivered up, an engagement was given that the culprits should be "troubled" no more. The offence committed by these poor fellows, and for which they compounded, was that they had been all *hill diggers*; and though it does not appear that they had been by any means successful in their searches, yet *digging of hills* was, it appears, an amusement not to be indulged in by any but the privileged few.

Encouraged by this first success, the three went about trumping up accusations against any one of whom they could hear any vague story, and in the course of their inquiries they singled out one William Goodred of Great Melton, a village about seven miles from Norwich, whom they found ploughing in his field; and, forthwith charging him with being a *hill-digger*, they took him off to the village alehouse and "examined the said Goodred upon hill-digging." But Goodred was a stout knave and obstinate; he had never been a hill digger—not he—and, moreover, the squire of the parish, Thomas Downes, happened by good luck to be in the alehouse when the rogues took their man there, and Goodred threw himself upon the protection of Mr. Downes, who offered to give bail to the extent of one hundred pounds. It was a very indiscreet offer, and Smyth and the others waxed all the more exacting when they heard of so great a sum. They dragged poor Goodred to Norwich, he protesting all the way that he would give them never a farthing. But when they came in sight of Norwich Castle the man's heart sank within him and he came to terms. He promised to pay twenty shillings "to have no further trouble," and when it

was all paid, Amylyon, acting for the others, gave him a regular receipt, or, as the deposition has it, "made to the said Goodred a bill of his own hand." The rascals had gone too far this time, for Mr. Downes, angered at the treatment which he himself had received, and indignant at the abominable extortion, managed to get an inquiry set on foot as to the character and proceedings of the fraternity, and then it came out that they had already begun their operations, not without the help of the black art.

It appears that they themselves knew nothing of the real methods of *hill-digging*, and the first requisite for insuring success was to find somebody who knew what he was about. Accordingly they made advances to one George Dowsing, a schoolmaster dwelling at St. Faith's, a village three or four miles from Norwich, who they heard say "should be seen in astronomy;" and having opened negotiations with him he engaged to cooperate with them, but he seems to have made his own terms. He would not go alone—other skilled experts should go with him; and it was agreed that they should commence operations "at a ground lying besides Butter Hills within the walls of the city" of Norwich. There, accordingly, between two and three o'clock in the morning, a fortnight after Easter, the company assembled—the three servants of Lord Curzon, the Parish Priest of St. Gregory's Church, Norwich, the Rev. Robert Cromer of Melton aforesaid, and other priests who were strangers to the deponent. Before starting a solemn council assembled and the necessary ceremonial (*apocryphous*) was rehearsed "at Saunders' house in the market at Norwich," and then the schoolmaster "raised a spirit or two in a glass," and the parson of St. Gregory's "held the glass in his hand." Mr. Dowsing was not the only nor the most expeditious

hierophant present, for the Rev. Robert Cromer "began and raised a spirit first." When the fellow Amylyon was examined on the subject he declared that when the Rev. Robert Cromer "held up a stone, he could not perceive anything thereby, but . . . that George Dowsing did areyse in a glass a little thing of the length of an inch or thereabout, but whether it was a spirit or a shadow he cannot tell, but . . . George said it was a spirit."

The astonishing feature in this business is the prominent part which was taken in it by the parish priests. It is clear that among people of some culture there was a very widespread belief in the powers of magic, or whatever we may choose to call it, and that the black art was practiced systematically and on a large scale.

In the first volume of the *Norfolk Archaeology* there is a most curious and minute account of the doings of a certain worthy named William Stapleton, who had been a monk at the great abbey of St. Benet's Hulme in Norfolk, had misconducted himself, and, having been punished for his sins, had in consequence run away from the monastery and set up as a practicer of magic. The rascal was a stupid bungler, but in the course of his career he was brought into relations with all sorts of people, among others with Cardinal Wolsey and Sir Thomas More. His chief confederates, however, were half-a-dozen parish priests in Norfolk, who had awful dealings with familiar spirits, spirits that came at call and knew their names. The most notable of these fiends were *Oberion* and *Inchubus* and *Andrew Malchus*—a surly and uncertain demon—and also a singular and peculiar being which Stapleton describes as "a Shower" and whom they called *Anthony Fulcar*, "which said spirit I had after myself," he assures us. All these spirits and their

priestly confederates were engaged in *hill-digging*. I regret that I cannot report a single success; though it is certain that they were not idle. They were intensely serious in their proceedings, and seem to have made very little secret of them. No one seems to have thought any the worse of them for their converse with the fiends, and only one instance is mentioned of their being at all interfered with in their *hill-digging*. That instance is, however, a remarkable one. In the course of their rambles they got information that there was a very promising digging place at Syderstone, a parish not far from Houghton, where at the manor house lived the widow of Sir Terry Robsart, a person of some consideration. She was the grandmother of Amy Robsart, and it is more than probable that in this manor house Amy herself was born. The old lady no sooner heard of the hill diggers than she had them all brought before her, examined them strictly, and told them plainly she would have no digging in her domain; "she forbade us meddling on her said ground, and so we departed thence and meddled no further." There was at any rate one woman of sense who could deal with the cunning men and their "Shower."

But what did all these people mean by talking about *hill-digging* so often? I must defer answering this question for a little longer, until I have dealt with one more story of hill-digging which is much more complete than any of the preceding, and has, moreover, never yet, as far as I know, appeared before the eyes of those who read only what is displayed upon a printed page.

On Saturday, being the Feast of St. Clement, in the fifth year of King Edward the Fourth—that is, on November 23, 1465—an inquiry was held at Longstratton, in the county of Norfolk, before Edward Clerke, Esq., escheater of the king's majesty in the

county aforesaid, and a jury of thirteen persons of some consideration in the neighborhood, with a view to examine into the case of John Cans, late of Bunwell, and others implicated by common report in the finding of certain treasure in the county of Norfolk, and to report accordingly. The jury being duly sworn, and having examined witnesses and received their depositions, did so report, and this is what they found.

John Cans, late of Bunwell, and Robert Hikkcs, late of Forncett, worsted-weaver, during divers years past, on divers occasions and in various places in the county, had been wont to avail themselves of the arts of magic and darkness and invocations of disembodied spirits of the damned, and had most wickedly been in the habit of making sacrifices and offerings to the same spirits. By means of which arts and sacrifices they had incited many persons unknown—being his majesty's subjects—to idolatry and to the practice of *hill-digging* and other disturbances and unlawful acts in the county aforesaid (*ad fodiciones montium et ad alias rittas et illicita*).

Especially, too, they had made assemblies of such persons at night-time again and again (*sæpius*) for the finding of treasures concealed in the said hills. Moreover, that the same John Cans and Robert Hikkcs, having assembled to themselves many persons unknown on the night of Sunday before the Feast of St. Bartholomew in the fifth year of the king aforesaid [August 18, 1465], they did cause to appear before the same disorderly persons, practicing the same unlawful arts, a certain accursed disembodied spirit (*spiritum aeriulem*) at Bunwell aforesaid, and did promise and covenant that they would sacrifice, give, and make a burnt offering to the selfsame spirit of the [dead] body of a Christian man, if so

be that the aforesaid spirit there and then would show and make known to the said disorderly persons in some place then unknown within the county aforesaid, so as that a treasure therein lying might come to the hands of them.

Whereupon the said spirit, under promise of the sacrifice to be made, did show to them *by the help of a certain crystal* a vast treasure hidden in a certain hill (*in quodam monte*) at Forncett, in the county aforesaid, called Nonmete Hill. Upon the which discovery he same John Cans and Robert Hikkcs and many more unknown to the jurors, in return for the aforesaid treasure so found and to be applied to their own use, did then seize upon a certain fowl called a cock at Bunwell aforesaid, and there and then in the presence of their fathers and mothers, baptize the said cock in holy water, and gave to the said cock a Christian name, and slew the same cock so named, and did offer it as a whole burnt offering as a Christian carcass to the accursed spirit, according to covenant. Which being done, the said John Cans and Robert Hikkcs and the other unknown persons assembled at Bunwell aforesaid did proceed to Forncett along with the said accursed spirit and did dig in the hill called Nonmete Hill and made an entry into the said hill, insomuch that there and then they found to the value of more than a hundred shillings in coined money in the said hill. For all which they shall make answer to our lord the king, insomuch as the said treasure they did appropriate to their own use and do still retain.

We have come upon our real magician at last—one who knows how to use a crystal, who knows how to summon a spirit from the vasty deep and make him appear, who can carry the foul fiend along with him, make him tell his secrets, disclose the treas-

ure that had been hidden in the bowels of the earth, at any rate *in the hills*, and, to crown all, a magician who can outwit the foul fiend, which is grandest of all. For it is plain and evident that the accursed spirit intended to have the body of a Christian man handed over to him with all due formalities as an equivalent for the filthy lucre which he was to surrender. Some one was to be sacrificed to the powers of darkness, whose soul should be the property of the evil one forever and ever; and John Cans did manage the matter so shrewdly that, instead of a human carcass, only a certain fowl commonly called a cock (*quoddam volatile vocatum unum Gallum*) did duty for the human victim demanded.

But where did they get the holy water? The Reverend Thomas Larke was rector of Bunwell at this time, having been presented to the living some twenty years before by William Grey of Merton, ancestor of Lord Walsingham. Did the rector connive at the proceedings? Did he provide the holy water for the occasion? I really am afraid he did; for the craze of hunting for treasure had been *endemic* in that neighborhood for several years past; and fifteen years before this time another worthy, named John Yongeman, with other *hill diggers*, had dug up a hidden treasure said to be worth one hundred pounds at Carleton Rode, which is a parish contiguous to Bunwell; and if the parish priests were delirious with hankerings after crystals and familiar spirits in 1520, they certainly were not less so seventy years before that time.

In East Anglia it is to be noted that we are not rich in sepulchral *barrows*. I do not mean that we have not some instances of these prehistoric structures, but that we have nothing to be compared to the numbers which remain in Wiltshire or the Yorkshire Wold. We

have them, but they are not very common. They were, of course, the burial-places of great chieftains who may or may not have provided for their sepulchers before they died, just as we know the Pharaohs built their own pyramids and Mr. Browning's bishop made *his* preparations for his tomb in St. Praxed's Church. Were those sepulchral mounds on Salisbury Plain our British survivals of the earlier Egyptian pyramids? Or were they even earlier structures?—and did those great men of Egypt learn the trick of heaping much earth over their dead of our primæval British forebears, learn and perfect the art as the ages rolled? I would not be too sure if I were you, Mr. Dryasdust. One of the greatest of English ethnologists was bold enough years ago to express a doubt whether the migration of the Aryan race had certainly moved from east to west, and ventured to suggest that it *might* be proved hereafter that it was otherwise. Be it as it may, though our sepulchral barrows do not *swarm* in Norfolk as they do elsewhere, we have a fine sprinkling of them. It is unquestionable that when some great man was buried in his earthen tumulus, his arms, his golden torque, his brooches and what not, were, as a rule, buried with him. In some cases these would constitute a really valuable find. For ages these buried great men were protected from disturbance by the superstitious awe that haunted the resting-places of the dead. For generations they were left alone. Tradition well-nigh perished with regard to them. But there came a day when a vague curiosity which makes diggers of us all and "the lust of gain in the spirit of Cain," began to work, and some one said, "Let us search and see what lies there in yonder earthly pyramid!" Then they made a hole into the mysterious barrow that none had meddled with for a millen-

nium, and lo! there was something to pay them for the toil. It is easy to see that no sooner had a single success crowned the search of an excavationist than a mania would speedily spread. That it did spread we have proof positive, for I do not remember a single instance of a sepulchral mound in Norfolk having been opened in the memory of man which did not afford unmistakable proof of having been entered and disturbed at some previous time. Our Norfolk barrows have all been explored and rifled. The hill diggers of the fifteenth century did their work most effectually: they left nothing for that rabid band of monomaniacs of our own time who with sacrilegious hands have been burrowing into dead men's graves elsewhere, and, in defiance of the curse fulminated upon such as disturb a great man's bones, are prouder of nothing so much as of having unearthed a hero's vertebra, his skull, his eye-teeth, or the boss of his once massive shield. No dread of the foul fiend with these gentlemen, and no taste for familiarities with *Oberion* and *Andrew Malchus!*

With regard to this particular hill at Forncett, when first the case of John Cans became known to me, an unexpected difficulty presented itself. The country hereabouts, if not flat as a board, is at any rate almost as flat as the palm of your hand, and the little stream called the Tase goes crawling in tortuous fashion through the only depression that there is in the general level of the landscape, and nothing like a *hill*, or even a mound or tumulus, could be discovered, though a careful survey of the parish and neighborhood was made. Had any one heard of Nonmete Hill? No. "Never heerd tell of no such place!" We were baffled, till by good luck the oldest inhabitant, as usual, came to our rescue. It was James Balls—aged now nearly ninety-

three years, parish clerk at Forncett St. Peter, who last Sunday, November 28, 1886, took his place at his desk as usual and gave out the responses in a full sonorous voice, as he has done every Sunday for more than forty years—who found for us the clew. "Nonmete Hill?" No, he had never heard the name. Mound? No. "A hill that folks had dug into one day and found something there?" suggested some wise one. "Oh! lawk! ah! You must mean *Old Groggrams!*" We had got it at last. The fifteenth-century name had long since passed away, and had been superseded by the name of the familiar spirit conjured up by John Caus four hundred years ago.

But where was "Old Groggrams"? From the recesses of James Balls' memory there rose up straightway clear and distinct the scenes and incidents of his childhood and boyhood, and then he told us in picturesque language, not without a certain lively dramatic power, how when he was a boy there stood on the edge of what were then the uninclosed, open fields, in a somewhat conspicuous position, and where four ways met, a slight artificial mound of earth where the lads were wont to assemble and practice horseplay. They used to slide down the sides of *Old Groggrams* when the time was favorable, and our informant had taken part in such *glissades* now and then, though he was only a little un. Then came the inclosure of the parish; this was in 1809. (I wonder if in the act of Parliament there is any mention of *Old Groggrams*?) James Balls was then a lad of sixteen, and he remembers "the piece of work there was." *Old Groggrams* appears to have been a source of disagreement, and it was finally determined that the mound of earth should be leveled and carted away for the benefit of the parish. Balls' father had some patches of land

"near by," and he actually employed his horse and cart to carry off sundry loads of the mound and spread it on his own little field. Earth to earth! This was the end of Old Groggrams.

But was this mound one of the many sepulchral *tumuli* of which we have already heard? And did John Cans really find a treasure there, value five pounds and more in coined money? I think not. For the buried money, which appears to have been made up of silver pennies for the most part (*centum solidos et ultra in denariis numeratis*.) I can hardly doubt but that it was deposited there by Mr. Cans himself, or his confederate, in preparation for the great unearthing that came in due course; but that anything else was ever hidden away in Nonmete Hill, even a hero's skeleton, I should find it very hard to believe.

What, then, was the artificial eminence, which undoubtedly did exist from very ancient times, and was only removed in the memory of a man still living? I believe it was the place of assembly for the old open-air hundred court of the Hundred of Depwade, for which the parishes of Forncett St. Peter and Forncett St. Mary constitute a geographical area most convenient because most central, and of these parishes this very spot where the old mound stood when our friend James Balls was a boy is almost exactly the center or *omphalos*. On the subject of these open-air courts I will not presume to speak. But I am strongly inclined to believe that a few years of research will discover for us the site and the remains of many another ancient meeting-place of those assemblies. I believe that if Mr. Gomme, or some expert whose eye he may have trained to see what others are blind to, would pay a visit to the little parish of Runton, in the neighborhood of Cromer, he would pronounce that curious circular

protuberance on the hillside, which is called in the ordnance map "The Moat," to be another instance; nor should I be surprised if even the *tumulus* contiguous to the churchyard of Hunstanton should turn out to be not a burial-place at all, but the site of another ancient open-air assembly. In such "hills" all the diggers that ever dealt with familiar spirits since the world began would never find more than they themselves thought fit to conceal. Furthermore, if other experts—experts in linguistics—should further suggest that the very name *None-mete-hill* may indicate, even by the help of etymology, comparative philology, *umlaut*, vowel scales, dynamic change and all the rest of it, that there was once a time when Old Groggrams was actually called the *Moot Hill*, I can have no possible objection, but, as we say here in the east, "That I must lave!"—

But what has all this chatter about open-air courts and the like got to do with magic and magicians? To that only too severe question I can but answer that I never did, never do, and never will promise in handling a subject in *The Nineteenth Century* not to *digress*. If, however, my readers are not satisfied, I must refer them again to the experts of the Psychological Society and other inquirers into the regions of Transcendentalism. Only one caution would I venture to offer to all who are inclined to practice the black art in our days: Let them remember that a malignant spirit is not likely to be outwitted twice on the same lines, and that if, having been duly summoned, and duly put in an appearance, he should once again make his bargain for a Christian corpse, the adept in necromancy must beware how he tries to circumvent him a second time, even by the help of the baptismal font and holy water, with so poor a substitute

as "a certain fowl called a cock." Terrible, I ween, might be the raging wrath of Old Grograms. Who shall imagine what he might do in an outburst of malignant vengeance and pent-up rage? He might turn again and rend you!—AUGUSTUS JESSOPP, D. D., in *The Nineteenth Century*.

IRELAND BEYOND THE PALE.

The Ireland of Galway and Connemara, with its chronic poverty and its crowded population, has always presented a spectacle of so much interest to the philanthropist and the politician that I am tempted to publish a short account of a tour among the poorest districts of the west, from which I have but just returned. When on my way through Dublin, I was introduced to Mr. C. Redington, who is the head of a commission appointed by the government to build piers and construct small harbors, bridges and roads on the western coast. £20,000 has been devoted to this excellent work, and several civil engineers appointed to supervise it. Too much cannot be said in praise of it, for the employment has literally saved the people from starvation; but unfortunately, another £20,000 was given to the Boards of Guardians, who have wasted it either by making roads leading nowhere or in other works of no possible utility, while they have burdened the rates in addition by spending beyond the limit to which they were empowered by government.

Leaving Dublin we crossed the Shannon at Athlone, and reached Galway about 4 P. M. I was greatly surprised with the general aspect of the town, which is picturesquely situated at the head of Galway Harbor, and contains several interesting relics of former days, notably the old gate leading into the

port. Galway has decreased in population from 40,000 to 15,000, mainly owing to the emigration to America, and although many of the inhabitants seemed poor, yet there was no apparent destitution or extreme poverty even among the fishing population, who dwell in a separate village at the harbor. I met the resident magistrate, Mr. Lyster, who showed me the salmon-fishery at the lock, the Queen's College, and the jail, the number of whose inmates has been recently increased by the arrival of 56 prisoners from the Woodford estate of Lord Clanricarde, and by the Rev. Dr. Fahy of House of Commons notoriety. Two of the resident landlords, Colonel O'Hara and Major Lynch, told me that in their opinion the distress was not so great among the poorest classes having no doubt been relieved by emigration; but that there was considerable pressure upon the smaller class of farmers, owing to the low price of stock, every kind of which has fallen, with the exception only of sheep.

We started next morning from Galway for Skreeb. Immediately after getting clear of the town, the vast sheet of water known as Lough Corrib, with its numerous islands and picturesque scenery, opened out on the right, while on both sides of the main road we passed numerous country houses, with parks and woods bearing at first sight a strong resemblance in outward features to an English landscape. On nearer inspection, the singular absence of animal life betrayed the fact that not one of these mansion-houses was inhabited. We passed not less than twelve or fourteen before reaching Oughterard, and each of these country houses had been abandoned by its owner and was inhabited only by a caretaker. The trees were felled but not carried, the grass was growing over the walks, the windows were closed with shutters; every circumstance showed that the

owner had abandoned his residence and the care of his tenantry, fortunate if in some cases he could secure a farmer sufficiently well off to occupy the mansion-house at a nominal rent. Former habits of extravagance and a chronic living up to, if not beyond, their means, must have contributed, with the present loss of rents, to bring about this result. Reaching Oughterard we entered the Connemara district, inhabited by the poorest class of Irish peasantry. At the town I was informed that no less than 600 tenants of a Mr. Berridge, a London brewer, who bought the property of the Law Life Assurance Company, had been lately evicted in this neighborhood. Young and old, a woman of eighty with two girls, the hale and the sick, were turned out on the road, the police bursting in the doors, and in some cases burning the roof. Some, however, had been readmitted as caretakers, paying 1*d.* per week, and some had reinstated themselves, though two had been committed to jail for so doing.

The scenery now became very wild and grand; high cone-shaped mountains rise on the right, the bog is intersected with lakes and rivers; but there is hardly any cultivation; only a few cows and sheep pick up a living on the stony and desolate moor. At 5 P. M. we reached Skreeb, a very comfortable fishing lodge. Starting early next morning we drove by car to Garafin, on an arm of the sea, where a new pier has been built to enable the people to load their turf for transport to Galway. We there found a boat, manned by three men, called a *curragh*, not unlike an Indian canoe, in which we embarked, and rowed across to Beuladangan, where we landed, and the crew, turning the boat upside down, got inside and carried it across the causeway. From thence we rowed for half an hour to Lettermore Island, one of the very

poorest on the western coast. Here again a new pier has been made, in the hope of encouraging sea-fishing, but at present the men are without boats, gear, or any adequate knowledge of fishing.

On inquiring of the inhabitants the causes of their present distress, I was informed that they attributed the falling-off of their income to three causes: first, the low price of cattle; secondly, the substitution of guano for the seaweed which they were accustomed to sell for manure; and thirdly, non-sale of kelp for the manufacture of iodine, which has been supplanted by some American product. To these reasons might be added another, probably more potent than any, viz., the over-population on so unproductive a soil, and the subdivision of holdings among all the sons upon the death of the father, which reduces them to a size much too small for the support of a man and his family. This view was fully indorsed by the poor law guardian, a most intelligent man, who has resided on the island all his life and is fully acquainted with its population and their means of subsistence. He took me into the most wretched cottage, in which the accommodation for the number of occupants was the worst I have ever seen, and exceeded in misery anything which I believe could be found in England. A family of fourteen, some of them grown up, were herded together in this cabin, the majority sleeping in the single bed, and the minority having a shake down by the fire. The only feature of comfort which every cottage, however humble, possesses, is the warmth of a peat fire, and there is no doubt that without this ample supply of fuel the population could not exist. Meal and potatoes are their only food, and if they suffer from cold they at once become ill.

We visited several other cottages, and then drove on to Curraroe. Father Conway, the parish priest, appeared

much superior in intelligence to the average of his class, and is thoroughly acquainted with the circumstances of his flock. Although, from the priests receiving head-money, they have a direct interest in maintaining the numbers of their flocks, Father Conway was equally earnest with Mr. Toole in urging the necessity of emigration, if any permanent relief was to be given to the chronic distress of his parish. He told me distinctly that relief-works would have to be undertaken every year to support those who could not support themselves, unless two-thirds of the people could be emigrated. They were, he said, always on the brink of starvation, and were altogether too crowded for so poor a soil. The only industry which we saw was a little weaving, and in this case the man was as poor as the rest, having lately been evicted, and having returned without leave, for which he was fined 17s., a sum which he was altogether unable to pay. The rents in this parish were about £4 or £5; the patches of ground were mostly not more than half an acre, with cottage upon them of a single room, which was in some instances divided by partitions.

The next morning, October 27, we left Skreeb on a car for Ballinahinch. The route took us below a magnificent range of mountains, known as the "Twelve Pins," on the right, and on the left by "Glendalough's gloomy wave," so celebrated in the song of *Kathleen Mavourneen*. We passed Ballinahinch Castle, the principal residence on Mr. Berridge's property, which was occupied two years ago by Lord Malmesbury, but is now vacant; and in the evening we reached Deradder, another shooting-lodge, but now converted into a comfortable small hotel, kept by the gamekeeper of the estate. One of Mr. Redington's engineers was staying here, and he kindly

arranged for a boat to take us the following afternoon to Innislacken Island, one of the very poorest on the west coast.

We started by driving nine miles to Clifden. The general aspect of the country was much the same as yesterday, viz., a succession of lakes, connected by streams which run through vast peat bogs, on which there are, only in the neighborhood of the cottages, small patches of cultivated land principally sown with potatoes. Clifden contains a population of about 1,500, of whom 300 are Protestants, many of the latter having lately emigrated: and it can boast two large churches, Protestant and Catholic, having been one of the centers of the Protestant mission, together with an immense union workhouse and a police-barrack. We drove on after an interview with the English clergyman to Ballykenealay, a village on the coast, whose Roman Catholic priest joined us on the road and introduced us to his school. About forty children, boys and girls, all dressed alike in two pieces of sacking, one for the upper and the other for the lower part of the person, were assembled round a nice-looking schoolmistress, who was teaching them to read. The cottages in this village were of the poorest description, consisting of one room with a hole in the roof for the peat-smoke to escape; and the whole family herd together, either sleeping in one bed or lying down by the fire. We drove on seven miles, and then, scrambling down to the shore, embarked in the boat sent for us for Innislacken Island.

This island represents, perhaps, the most hopeless misery of any district we saw in the west. It contains 40 families, probably a population of 200 souls. They have no shop, no school, and no parish priest on the island. Mass is celebrated once a month; but the chil-

dren are left altogether untaught. They were too poor to have any cattle on the island, and the sole occupation of the population was to dig small patches of potato ground which surround their wretched hovels. Mr. Tuke had visited this island, and by giving them potato-seed had averted actual starvation, while Mr. Redington's commission had built them a pier. They are, however, without boats or gear, and until they are taught deep-sea fishing by experienced fishermen will hardly make any progress with it. Mr. Tuke had emigrated some, and I was happy to find that others were desirous to leave the island, whose rocky soil cannot support their numbers. On the whole, the island population on the west coast seem to me in a worse condition than those on the mainland.

Leaving Deradder, we started for Letterfrack, the road to which runs under the Twelve Pins and Beucor, then past a succession of lakes to Kylemore Castle, the seat and domain of Mr. Mitchell Henry. The castle is beautifully situated, looking over the lake, with a purple mountain rising immediately behind it. The house, a castellated mansion on a plateau, and grounds were entirely created by the present proprietor, who brought the stone by water from Dublin. There are immense glass houses, some full of delicious grapes; but the wind from the sea is very destructive of young plants and shrubs. We drove on to Letterfrack for the night. Next morning, after visiting the gardens at Kylemore, on the shore of Killary Bay we quitted Galway and entered Mayo, arriving at Westport in the evening.

Westport has somewhat of a foreign appearance, the principal hotel standing in a boulevard, whose trees fringe on either side the river which runs through the town, and by Lord Sligo's park to the harbor. After church on Sunday we walked through the park to the

house, a plain square building looking over a lake to the harbor. Later in the day I called on the resident magistrate, Mr. Horne. He told me that in Westport itself there were no manufactures, but an exchange took place for the corn stored in large granaries here, with coal, slate, and brick, which are imported. The holdings in this neighborhood were about twenty acres, and the rents in his opinion too high. Many of the people would have been entirely destitute had it not been for the distribution of seed potatoes by Mr. Tuke's fund. And yet the landlords, three of whom receive £60,000 a year between them, did nothing to help the people! The district at present was remarkably quiet and free from crime, nor did he believe that the Land League had much influence with the people, although two meetings near Castlebar were announced for next week.

Leaving Westport, we started in a tandem car for our twenty miles' drive to Achill Sound. The property in the neighborhood of Westport almost entirely belongs to Lord Sligo; and though the soil is poor, it is not altogether peat, as in Connemara, while the holdings are evidently larger. A perfect hurricane of wind and rain overtook us before we arrived, and the current was running so strongly that the ferry-boat could not cross, and we were obliged, much to our dissatisfaction, to remain the night at the little *auberge* by the Sound. In the morning we found that the storm had moderated, and we were able to cross in a few minutes. Of Achill itself, it may be said that in its main features it resembles the worst part of Connemara. It presents a vast expanse of peatbog and mountain, interspersed only here and there with small patches of cultivated potato-ground in the neighborhood of small thatched cottages, which resemble the crofters' huts in Skye.

We drove nine miles to Doogort. In the afternoon we drove to the opposite sea in Keel Bay, where a new pier is being constructed and we visited several of the cottages. Most of the able-bodied men spend four months in England or Scotland at harvest time, and are accustomed to bring back £8 or £9, though this year they have not managed to save more than 30s. With this they pay their rent, and the landlords are therefore recouped by a payment which never could be made out of the proceeds of the soil.

The next morning we started to drive toward Achill Head, visiting the villages of Keem and Dooagh on the way. We met the parish priest, Father O'Connor, and his two curates in the former village, who took us round several of the cottages. They declared that the landlords did nothing whatever for the people, who would not be able to pay any rent but for the harvest money earned in England. Father O'Connor said they required a larger pier than was being constructed for them at this village; but Mr. Griffin, of the Coast-guard, told me that they would require previous instruction from some fishermen experienced in deep-sea fishing, and their canoes or currachs exchanged for small yawls, before much could be done in the way of deep-sea fishing. The priests declared that they and all the people were strong Home Rulers, but decidedly opposed to separation from England, and the crowd heartily indorsed these views. In these villages it is melancholy to see the entire absence of any occupation for able-bodied men; the patches of cultivated ground are too small to occupy them; the fishing is an industry which requires both a large market and a better acquaintance with its methods than the villagers possess; there is no manufacture, beyond a little weaving, and consequently, except for those who go to England and Scotland,

there is no steady occupation at all. The only real remedy would be to diminish the numbers by emigration, and to increase for the smaller number remaining the size of the holdings. For the inhabitants of Achill and the coast, no doubt, much might be done by giving them proper boats and gear, and settling among them a few experienced Cornish fishermen, to teach them the mysteries of the deep-sea fishing. Concurrently, however, with this some effort ought to be made to secure them access to larger markets by establishing a few light railways for the transport of their produce. In this direction the completion of the bridge which will unite Achill with the mainland will do much, and will avoid the necessity of waiting many hours at the Sound for the transport across of their stock. At the same time there can be no doubt that the habits of the people, accustomed as they are to a very low scale of living, must be raised, before any improvement can be permanent; otherwise the only effect of removing a certain number of them would be to replace them by a new population more wretched still, who, by subdividing the holdings, would bring about very rapidly a reproduction of the existing state of things.

November the 4th, we mounted our tandem and drove the nine miles to Archill Sound in little more than an hour, meeting on the road a number of laborers returning from the English harvest. Crossing by the ferry-boat, we found a wagonette waiting, in which we drove to Westport, from whence we took the train to Athlone. Athlone is the border town, standing on both sides of the Shannon, which here divides Leinster from Connaught. It is a favorite fishing quarter, and boasts an old castle, which was taken by General Ginkle for William III., close by which stands now the Infantry barrack. We left at ten next morning for Limerick.

I called upon the Roman Catholic bishop, a young man who has lately been promoted from curacy to the episcopate. He was a strong Home Ruler, in which view he said the Roman Catholic clergy entirely agreed, being, he said, mostly the sons of farmers, and representing faithfully the opinions of the class from which they sprang. Of the ultimate concession of Home Rule to Ireland he entertained no doubt whatever, but feared lest the grant should be made too late to conciliate Ireland. He was strongly in favor of the endowment of a purely Catholic university, in order that four-fifths of the Irish people might be placed on a par with the Protestants so far as regards higher education. At present Trinity College has an endowment of £50,000 a year, and the Catholic University not more than £5,000. The city of Limerick contains about 50,000 people. There are some flourishing cloth manufactures, which the government has lately assisted by large orders for the supply of military clothing; two of the largest bacon-curing establishments are in full work; but the lace manufacture is practically extinct.

In the evening we took the train, and reached Killarney Station. Killarney has been the subject of so many descriptions that it would be useless to attempt another; but the view from the hotel windows of these glorious lakes, with the purple mountains beyond, whose sides the laurel, arbutus, and birch clothe down to the water's edge, with the innumerable islands studded over the bosom of the lake, present a scene which in picturesque beauty cannot be surpassed. As our object, however, was less to study the scenery than to endeavor to ascertain the feeling in this disturbed district, my first visit was made to the Roman Catholic bishop. In respect to the all-important question of land tenure, he thinks the

settlement of it should precede the grant of Home Rule. He does not believe that the old system of landlord and tenant can ever be restored in Ireland, but that it will be replaced by a peasant proprietary, the landlords in some instances retaining their dwelling-houses and demesnes. The bishop said that the raising of the rents, which had been so frequently the case in this country, after the tenant had improved his holding, was the sure way to check all desire for improvement, and he strongly deprecated the practice. With regard to the Land League, he said that nothing was ever granted in Ireland until after an agitation, and that this fact must be the excuse for the excesses of the League.

We afterward saw Lord Kenmare, who told us that the country was quieting down under the Buller régime, and that there were but few outrages. He himself had 1,800 tenants on his estate, but though reviled as the arch-evictor, there had not been altogether more than fifteen cases of eviction amongst them. The feeling, however, must still be very strong, since no one in their neighborhood will have any dealings with the Curtins, who behaved so bravely in the Moonlight attack when their father was murdered, and they are not even allowed to take part in the public celebration of divine worship.

We afterward saw Sir Redvers Buller, who told me that the district was undoubtedly quieter now, but he feared that it was only a temporary lull. He agreed with the bishop that the time for Home Rule was not yet, and that the land question ought first to be settled. There is a general feeling of confidence engendered among all ranks in the constabulary since the arrival of Sir Redvers Buller. Mr. Crosbie, a large landowner, whose herd of shorthorns is among the best in the kingdom, gave me on the same account. He too thinks

country is for the present quieting down, but does not believe the old relations of landlord and tenant can be restored. A constantly increasing number of tenants will avail themselves of Lord Ashbourne's Act, and they will gradually buy out the landlords. Mr. Crosbie said that in this county the tenants were not badly off, having mostly good pasture farms, while the breed of cattle has been very much improved by the excellent stock which he has himself imported from England. Notwithstanding, however, their better condition, a terrible system of Moonlighting had prevailed, and every one of Mr. Crosbie's tenants had been in turn assailed, the house of the Protestant clergyman having even been fired into. He bore strong testimony to the satisfaction of the police at the appointment of Sir Redvers Buller, and to their increased loyalty from the removal of their apprehensions by it. The next day we left Killarney for Cork, where we had additional corroborative testimony of the condition of the people, viz., as to the comparative quiet of the present moment, owing to the instructions of the Land League, but of an intense desire for a change in the system of land tenure, without which no permanent peace will be achieved in Ireland.

Thus ended our tour in the west, and I would only desire to make one or two general observations before concluding. In the first place it must be distinctly understood that no measure of relief, whether undertaken by government or public charity, will have the effect of permanently improving the condition of the peasantry in the west unless accompanied by a large measure of emigration. The people are altogether too numerous to be supported on so rocky and barren a soil; and they are living already on the narrowest margin of subsistence, so that any fail-

ure of the crop, however partial, at once reduces them to destitution. *Secondly*, any remedial measure of emigration ought to be accompanied by some securities taken to prevent the constant subdivision of the land. It is this practice which reduces whole families to such small patches that they cannot subsist upon them, and which consequently reduces the scale of living below the most modest estimate of what is needed for comfort and decency. *Thirdly*, it will be necessary to accompany the relief works now being undertaken for the promotion of the fishing industry with some better means of access, either in the way of roads or light railways, to the markets where the fishermen are to dispose of their produce. This is specially the case with respect to the inhabitants of the islands, who are worse off than those on the mainland. It will be also necessary to establish on the coast some men skilled in deep-sea fishery, who can instruct the people in the use of nets, in the time and season for taking the shoals, and in the landing of fish.

These are remedial measures which will, we may hope, commend themselves to the government for the improvement of the social condition of the people. With regard to their political condition and the means of satisfying the aspirations of the Irish peasantry, there is but one object ever prominent before their eyes. That object is the acquisition of the soil. Home Rule, as distinct from separation is, I believe, heartily desired for its own sake; the demand for it has not been and cannot be extinguished. But it would be idle to suppose that such a concession would ever be preferred as an object of ambition before the secure tenure of their holdings, in the eyes of a peasantry whose life is one long struggle for existence. The grant of Home Rule would, I firmly believe,

bring peace and blessing to the Irish people, by getting rid of an alien government in no way representative of the country; but a peasant-ownership of the soil would get rid of the threatened increase of rent which follows invariably every successive improvement. A large and increasing number of tenants are taking advantage of Lord Ashbourne's Act to become purchasers of their holdings, an act which may be extended in amount, and relieved of the clause which reserves one-fifth of the purchase money due to the landlord. It is certain that there can be no better security for the stability of the institutions of a country than by enlisting an increasing number of the people in their support by giving them a stake in the prosperity of the soil.—SIR ARTHUR D. HAYTER, in *The Fortnightly Review*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

MONS. ZOLA.—Mr. Frank T. Marzials, in *The Contemporary Review*, writes a long critique upon M. Zola, concluding thus:—

"Of what M. Zola may be in the ordinary relations of life I neither know, nor have a right to know, anything. It is only his character as a writer that can possibly be here in question. When I, say therefore, that the essential quality of his spirit is coarseness, I must be exonerated from all intention of personal discourtesy. Naturally, there are many other hues blended in the temperament through which he views life, art, and letters. But coarseness is the prevailing tone. He seems to see everything through what may be called an *animal* atmosphere. Does this expression seem unduly strong, and unwarranted by the ordinary amenities of literature? I scarcely think M. Zola himself would repudiate it. Possibly he might even regard it as a compliment. Has he not assured us that the result of all investigations into the various classes of society is 'immediately to reach the beast in man, whether covered by a black coat or by a blouse.' And it is this beast which his temperament leads him always to see, and to see exclusively. A swarming, huddled mass of growling creatures, each hounded on by his foul appetites of greed and lust; the strong succeeding rightly in virtue

of their strength, and the weak, as rightly, being pushed into the mire—such is his outlook on humanity. Love he scarcely recognizes save in its purely physical aspect. All nobler aspirations and emotions he regards as the lying inventions of writers, who deceived their fellows in the dark ages before the dawn of 'Naturalism.' For the conflict with the evil in itself which every soul of the better kind is impelled to wage unceasingly he has but words of scorn. . . . If it were rash to assert that M. Zola, by vulgarizing literature, will not be able to reach lower strata of readers, we may at least affirm that his claim to be in possession of the future is no more than an ill and an idle dream. Let us grant that man has been developed from the brute. Let us grant that there is a varying proportion of the brute still left in him. But if there be one thing clearer than another in his obscure history, it is that the course of his development has led him gradually and ever more and more to emancipate himself from the brute, and to conquer his full manhood. This is what civilization means. This is what morality means. This is the edifice which Christianity would crown with its sublime ideals. Here lie our hopes for the future of the race. And M. Zola, so far from marching, as he fondly imagines, in the advanced guard of human progress, is really loitering behind, and finding the while only too much pleasure in the companionship of laggards, malingerers, and camp-followers of the less reputable type."

INCREASE OF TUBERCULOUS DISEASE AMONG THE INDIANS.—Dr. Washington Matthews, surgeon in the U. S. Army, "has made," says *Science*, "a valuable contribution on the causes which are at work in carrying off the Indians of our country. One of the most important of these he finds to be consumption. From the census of 1880 we learn that, while the death-rate among Europeans is 17.74 per thousand, and that among Africans 17.28, the rate among the Indians is not less than 23.6. In diarrhoeal diseases the Indian death-rate is not greatly in excess of that of the other classes. Measles gives a mortality of 61.78 per thousand. But it is under the head of consumption that the difference between the Indians and the blacks is most conspicuous; the rate among the former being 236 as compared with 108 among the latter, while among the whites it is but 166 in the thousand. Dr. Matthews finds that, where the Indians have been longest under civilizing influences, the consumption-rate is the highest; meaning by the term 'consumption-rate'

the number of deaths from consumption in a thousand deaths from all known causes. Thus the rate among reservation Indians in Nevada is 45; in Dakota, 200; in Michigan, 333; and in New York, 625. The evidence appears to show that consumption increases among Indians under the influence of civilization, *i. e.*, under a compulsory endeavor to accustom themselves to the food and the habits of an alien and more advanced race—and that climate is no calculable factor of this increase. It is a general supposition on the frontier that it is change of diet which is the most potent remote cause of consumption among the Indians. It is also ascertained that the consumption-rate is high at agencies where the supply of beef is liberal, and, as especially high among the Indians of New York and Michigan, whose diet is by no means a restricted one. It is evident that the true explanation for this remarkable predisposition of the red-man to pulmonary tuberculosis has not yet been given, and that a fruitful field is open to those whose qualifications and taste lead them into such investigations as these."

SOME CLEVER SPIDERS.—Mr. G. Thompson, of Washington, writes thus to *Science*:—

"Some disadvantage or evil appears to be attendant upon every invention, and the electric light is not an exception in this respect. In this city they have been placed in positions with a view of illuminating the buildings, notably the Treasury, and a fine and striking effect is produced. At the same time, a species of spider has discovered that game is plentiful in their vicinity, and that he can ply his craft both day and night. In consequence, their webs are so thick and numerous that portions of the architectural ornamentation are no longer visible, and when torn down by the wind, or when they fall from decay, the refuse gives a dingy and dirty appearance to everything it comes in contact with. Not only this, but these adventurers take possession of the portion of the ceiling of any room which receives the illumination. It would be of interest to know whether this spider is confined to a certain latitude, and at what seasons of the year or temperature we can indulge in our illumination."

TO AMERICAN GEOLOGISTS.—It is announced that a meeting of the American Committee of the International Congress of Geologists will be held in Albany, from April 5 to April 19, of the present year. Mr. Persifor Frazer, Secretary of this Committee, has issued the following "Card to American Geologists":—

"The object of this meeting is to perfect a scheme embodying the thoughts of American geologists on the questions of classification, nomenclature, coloration, etc., entering into the system of unification of geological science, which is the object of the International Congress. In order that the committee may represent the views of all geologists in the United States, it hereby invites from all, the individual opinions on any subjects likely to arise in the Congress. Those who will meet the American Committee in Albany are requested to send to the undersigned a note of the topic or topics they propose to treat, and the time which they will require. In cases where it is not convenient for them to go to Albany, they are requested to forward a statement of their views to the undersigned in writing before April 1, for presentation to the committee. For information as to the kind of questions to be discussed, attention is called to the 'Report of the American Committee,' published last spring, in which the debates in the third session of the International Congress are reported."

A MIGHTY CATALOGUE.—We read, in *Science*, that "A memorial has been presented to Congress, signed by prominent literary and scientific men and representatives of several historical societies, setting forth the great value and importance of a full and accurate digest and catalogue of the numerous documents found in public and private archives of Europe relating to the early history of the United States, and especially to the treaty of Paris in 1763, and the treaty of peace between the United States and Great Britain in 1783. Most of these documents are unknown to the American student, and but few of them have ever been copied, owing to their inaccessibility. Mr. Benjamin Franklin Stevens of London has, after many years' labor, prepared a descriptive catalogue of over 95,000 separate papers found in the archives of different European countries. The Secretary of State recommends to Congress the purchase of this descriptive catalogue, and adds, 'Without its favorable action, not only will the completion of the work be doubtful, if not impossible, but the fragment now prepared would probably remain practically valueless.' Mr. Stevens, in a letter to the Secretary of State, says that the work has become too great for any individual to undertake alone, unless a man of wealth, and that, when complete, the index will probably comprise 150,000 documents, and fill 20,000 royal octavo printed pages."

A LEARNED INFANT.

Gifted childhood has never been without its ardent admirers. In the literature of the East we have the stories of the wondrous childish wisdom of Gautama, Confucius, and other intellectual leaders. Classical literature records the youthful achievements of Aristophanes, Pliny the younger, and others. And modern writings are still richer in the tradition of juvenile talent. Besides the many anecdotes strewn over the biographies of great men there are volumes especially devoted to setting forth the wonders of the young intellect. Of these the most memorable perhaps is the collection of ancient and modern stories made two centuries ago by M. Adrien Baillet. Here the exploits of early talent are amply done justice to, so that however great the reader's capacity for the delights of the marvelous, it is pretty certain to be sufficiently gratified.

To the genuine worshiper of youthful genius these records, highly impressive as they are, have one drawback. In too many cases they seem to magnify the exploits of the juvenile intellect, not so much for their own worth's sake, as for their supposed significance as an omen of a later and mature distinction. Now to one who feels the potent charm of childish talent, the future of the little hero is a matter of indifference. He is quite at liberty, if he thinks it worth while, to grow into an adult celebrity, like Giotto, Mozart, Pope, and many another; or he may, after attaining to youth's leadership, prefer to fall back into the rank and file of unknown men, as the learned boy that Pepys tells us of, who, after earning renown at the early age of eleven for his gigantic feats in scholarship, settled down in early manhood to the snug privacy of a country living; or finally, contented with youth's distinction, he may deem

it best to forsake the earthly scene altogether. Rightly considered, the luster of childish talent needs not the addition of the more diffused and vulgar splendor of adult fame.

The most perfectly loyal tribute to the childish king is probably to be found in the story of those gifted ones who, having been too much beloved of the gods, died in youth. For here we may be sure not only that the young hero is extolled for what he already is and not for what he is to be, but that the record of his doings is wholly a testimony to others' veneration and not the outcome of manhood's retrospective vanity. And such unimpeachable records exist. Here, however, we must further distinguish. Not every biography of splendid youthful talent cut short by death is a perfect example of homage to the supreme rank of the child-king. Thus the story of the gifted young painter and novelist, O. Madox Brown, cut off in his adolescence when just about to seize the glory of manhood's fame, owes much of its fascination to the pathos of that event. What we want is a chronicle of a great child who died before there was time to think of a later career, and who is therefore plainly immortalized in virtue of his young achievements.

Of such perfect tributes to the genius of childhood the number seems to be very small. At least the present writer has only succeeded in unearthing two examples. The earlier of these is a German work bearing the elaborate title, *Life, Deeds, Travels, and Death of a very wise and very nicely behaved four-year-old child, Christian Heinrich Heineken, of Lübeck*, described by his tutor, Christian von Schöneich, and published in Göttingen in 1779. The other work is from the pen of an Englishman. It is entitled, *A Father's Memoirs of his Child*, by B. H. Malkin, Esq., and was published in 1806.

The second of these should, as a father's offering, be scanned with a charitable eye; and it sorely needs this forbearance. The English reader of to-day, whose love of the marvelous has been regeled by the stories of the fabulous erudition of Master J. S. Mill, Master W. Rowan Hamilton, and other childish worthies, obstinately refuses to be startled by the information that at the age of three and a half Master Malkin could read any English book without hesitation and knew the Greek letters. Nor when he recalls others who have lisped in numbers is he likely to be profoundly moved by little Malkin's first poetic effort, a versified psalm composed at the age of seven.

It is otherwise with the biography of the Lübeck child. This is written by a tutor who may be supposed to have known something of ordinary childish powers. And the subject of the memoir appears to have been in every way worthy of the posthumous honor paid to him. He is a giant among childish heroes, whether we consider his faculty of learning or his yet more impressive power of original utterance. And then his title to the fame that he so well deserves was wholly won in four short years, or, to be exact, four years, four months, and twenty-one days. Altogether the biography of Master Heineken very well satisfies the conditions of a spontaneous and sincere tribute to childish greatness, and as such it has been selected as the theme of this paper.

Before entering upon the contents of the record a word or two may be said about the biographer. The parents of this astounding child are to be congratulated on their discernment in having intrusted their precious offspring to one who was so completely worthy of the high office. Herr von Schöneich, as his name reminds us,

nobility of title there corresponded a nobility of mind, a susceptibility to grand ideas. In the infant of Lübeck he recognized with a fine pedagogic eye a miracle of nature, at the performance of which he might play a subordinate but still a distinguished part. Like every pedagogue worthy of the name he had a system, and in the richly endowed baby Heineken he saw a unique opportunity of fully developing its possibilities. Inasmuch, moreover, as the Lübeck child had a thirst for learning worthy of an Erasmus, his tutor was able to apply his peculiar principles with the the minimum risk of appearing to force the development of the brilliant intellect.

As a biographer Herr von Schöneich is much to be commended. He is human, and naturally does not forget to remind his readers now and again of his own part in the production of the infant-marvel. Thus in the preface he modestly alludes to his own function when he asserts that the subject of his story "is indisputably one of the most wonderful phenomena that psychology and pedagogy have supplied since Adam's creation." Nevertheless, he does not disagreeably push himself into the foreground of his picture, to the detriment of the principal figure. He writes of his subject with an enthusiasm that seems half the passionate delight of a *savant* in discovering a rare and priceless specimen, and half the more elemental human emotion of baby-worship. This gives much of the charm to the narrative. The tutor notes down every detail of the sublime child's life with that unquestioning and impartial admiration that marks the true courier. Not Boswell himself hung on the utterances of his hero with a greater avidity than that of our Lübeck tutor.

The very form of the biography attests the true appreciation of infantine

such an abundant harvest of intellectual achievement is ripened and gathered in the brief season of infancy months must count for years, and years for Shakespeare's "ages." Hence he appropriately divides his narrative into sixteen books. A like penetration shows itself in the arrangement of the matter. Thus by devoting only two chapters to the first three years and reserving fourteen for the last, the biographer seems to tell us that in Master Heineken's case the fourth year represents in its maturity and productiveness the adolescence and manhood of the ordinary and more diffuse life. In truth, as we shall see, this last epoch of the child's existence covered both the *Wanderjahre* and the *Meisterjahre* of human life. It was then that the phenomenal child left his peaceful Lübeck home, in order to see the world; it was then that he gave the most signal proofs of that profundity of wisdom which places him among the select group of the unforgettable. But we are anticipating.

The illustrious child of whom we speak was born in Lübeck on February 6, 1721. The date of his birth, it may be said in passing, intervened between those of two more widely known German scholars, viz., Winckelmann, born in 1717, and his disciple Lessing, born in 1729. We are told that the privileged father of the child was a painter; but, as nothing further is said about him, we may infer that he had little to do with bringing up or bringing out the infant-wonder. Possibly the good man felt inadequate to deal with the preternatural abilities of little Christian, and more perplexed than elated by his good fortune. If so, he only resembled other unappreciative fathers of talented children. However this may have been, Christian, when literally a babe and suckling, was handed over to a tutor. How far the learned man undertook the physical as well as the mental nur-

ture of the child is not distinctly stated, but we are led to conjecture that his influence extended over the whole of its marvelous being.

The reader might not unnaturally wonder whether the tutorial authority ever came into collision with that of the mother and the nurse, but our biographer does not satisfy such curiosity.

In any case the ardent pedagogue could not have met with any serious opposition from the conventional rulers of the nursery, for by the end of the first year he is able to report very tangible results of his educational system. This date is an epoch-making one, even in the life of the ordinary child, and in Christian's case it was signalized by the completion of the first stadium of the curriculum. His baby head, we are proudly told, had taken in and absorbed all the principal stories of the Old Testament. From this point on, the progress of this extraordinary mind is carefully noted. Thus we read that in the eighteenth month the child vanquished the remaining stories of the Old Testament, and by the end of the following month had added to his intellectual trophies the narrative of the New Testament. Sacred history was followed by profane, so that by the age of two and a half the little scholar had learnt the history of the ancient world together with universal geography. This part of the curriculum was completed by linguistic studies which culminated in the imposing result of a Latin vocabulary of 8,000 words.

It would be easy for the outsider to pass unfavorable criticisms on the method adopted by Herr von Schöneich. Why, it may be asked, was little Christian plunged into the remote and shadowy region of ancient history before knowing anything of the past of his own country, and when, too, there were in his native town so many picturesque relics of that past which might have

served at once as object-lessons and as a means of awakening the historical sense of the child? In answer to this it may be enough to remind the reader that our worthy pedagogue lived before the age of Pestalozzi and the object-lesson, and that, after all, a method of instruction that seems unnatural and inverted when applied to ordinary capacity may, for aught we know, have been quite legitimate and appropriate in the case of one endowed with such extraordinary powers as those of our hero.

Whatever the merits or demerits of the system, it is apparent that Herr von Schöneich was bent on making his pupil a scholar with a mind steeped in the lore of books. Now scientific men tell us that learning by heart is among all intellectual exercises one of the most fatiguing to the brain, and, though little Christian's organ was no doubt preternaturally vigorous, it felt the strain that is inseparable from accurate scholarship. He suffered, we are told, at this time from a sharp attack of illness, which may pretty safely be taken as an evidence of a consuming passion for study. The malady did not, apparently, cause a serious interruption of the curriculum, for by the end of the third year considerable progress is again recorded.

Pursuing the route laid down by his system, the tutor began in the fourth year to open up the grave mysteries of Dogmatic Theology. The severity of the subject was relieved by the addition of Ecclesiastical History. And more mundane interests were represented by Modern History, which included such obscure departments as that of Hungary and Poland.

Such feats of learning could not long remain hidden, more particularly as they occurred when scholarship in the Fatherland was not at a remarkably high level. The fame of the Lübeck child went through one half of Europe,

and Master Heineken found himself, like the great metaphysician who dwelt in later years in another town on the same Baltic coast, interviewed by those serious lion-hunters who do not mind traveling a hundred miles or more in order to see a real intellectual king. But the child's philosophy was equal to the trial. He accepted the homage as one born to royalty, and then quietly resumed his studies.

We know how the absorption of a great man in the things of the mind is apt to leave him backward in respect of more commonplace attainments. It is said that more than one intellectual hero never acquired the knack of dressing himself properly. A like characteristic defect shows itself in the case of Christian. His fingers did not keep pace with his swift brain, so that in the beginning of the fourth year, while able to compose whole narratives in French, he was still unable to write down his compositions, and had to resort to an amanuensis. Possibly this muscular infirmity was not altogether a loss, as it may have helped to develop the singular oratorical powers of the child, that gift of ready and pregnant apothegm which gives him a place among the great moralists.

Once more the slender body proved too weak to support the big soul it carried within it, and a second attack of sickness put the child's mental faculties for the moment *hors de combat*. Christian was too much of a philosopher to be indifferent to his health, and often breathed the wish, *Utinam meus sana in corpore sano* ("Oh, that I had the healthy mind in the healthy body!") At length change of air was proposed for the precious invalid. Christian snatched at the idea, and, to the astonishment of his parents, reduced it to concrete form by saying, "I will go to Copenhagen and make a present of my colored maps to the king, then I shall

be all right again." One would like to know the origin of this bold conception in the hero's mind. Was it the product of a nascent consciousness of intellectual kingship and a desire to assert it over and against the imposing grandeur of an earthly court? However this be, we see in the proposal evidences of that large-hearted cosmopolitanism which, as we know from the example of Lessing, Goethe, and others, a wide intellectual culture is fitted to develop. For Denmark was the hereditary foe of the Hanseatic city, which had had enough to do to preserve its independence against the menaces of its powerful neighbor. It is hardly necessary to say that the wish of the child was regarded by those about him as absolutely authoritative. The mother's natural dislike to the idea of a sea-voyage was disarmed by the all-wise infant with a reference to its hygienic advantages and a consolatory quotation or two from the Bible.

From this point on the sayings and doings of our hero are recorded with much greater fullness. The tutor naturally felt that this journey to the Danish capital was to be the proud occasion of his life. No schoolmaster's heart, we may be sure, ever beat so high at the prospect of the closing scene of the academic year, the distribution of prizes by that most influential patron of the school, Jonathan Jones, Esq., as the heart of Herr von Schöneich beat at the vision of laying his miracle of pedagogic workmanship before the king.

The party set sail in the month of July, 1724. It consisted of the infant-king himself, and, for retinue, the mother, nurse, and tutor. Neptune was less friendly to Christian than to another illustrious youth who once boldly crossed his domain, and he suffered sorely from sea-sickness. Yet the great mind again rose superior to the

ills of flesh, and flashed out now and then in brilliant observation—sometimes its own, sometimes a classical or Scriptural quotation hardly less original by reason of its ready and novel application. Thus, when some of the ship-milk was offered him he facetiously asked, "Is it not that *lac gallinaceum*?"—*i. e.*, something too *recherché*. And when some unusual lurch of the vessel upset and destroyed a number of wine-glasses and bottles of wine belonging to the "Herr Lieutenant," the infant-philosopher shrewdly remarked, "*O nulla calamitas sola*" ("no calamity comes alone"). At the same time, like the true philosopher that he was he managed to combine the gay with the grave, and when he saw the crew dejected by a protracted storm, he manned them to new efforts by consolatory quotations from their vernacular Scriptures.

At last the miseries of the passage were over and the party arrived at Copenhagen. The child's condition was still so weakly that it was deemed best to keep him quiet for awhile before subjecting him to the ordeal of a presentation at court, and lodgings were taken for this purpose.

Apropos of the Copenhagen *ménage*, the tutor descants at some length on the distinguished child's diet. Let not the reader take umbrage at this. No true pedagogue can be indifferent to the vast and momentous problem of feeding the child. So grave a philosopher as Locke, in his essay on Education, devotes considerable space to the details of children's meat and drink, not disdaining to speak of such homely matters as the virtues of milk-pottage, water-gruel, flummery, and such like. And in the case of the Lübeck child, owing to the inadequacy of the puny body to meet the demands of the big brain, the dietetic question had its peculiar complexity.

To begin with, then, the child was still suckled. The presence of the nurse in the traveling party is explained by this circumstance. At first sight this arrangement looks like an invention of the ingenious pedagogue specially designed to meet the case of his phenomenal pupil. One must remember, however, that Rousseau—who, by the way, was born only nine years before the Lübeck celebrity—had not yet propounded his doctrine of handing over children to nature. Moreover, the excellent tutor's plan of intellectual discipline appears to deviate considerably from the "follow nature" method of his famous successor. The true explanation of the late adhesion to nature's nutriment is to be found in part in the fact that the child's muscles of mastication were too feeble to allow of a solid diet. Possibly, too, Frau Heineken, in ceding to the tutor so much of her maternal jurisdiction over the boy's mind, may have insisted on the nurse arrangement as a mode of asserting feminine rights over his body.

This last conjecture is borne out to some extent by a closer inspection of Christian's dietary. The demand for *pabulum* made by this active brain was considerable, and the nurse's capacity limited. So other sustenance had to be provided. At first, says our chronicler, when the child did not get enough from his nurse he took a little tea. Here we seem to be still plainly within the limits of feminine rule. But now we appear to see the intrusion of the male pedagogic hand. Soon after, continues the chronicler, he needed other things—for example, a little soup. The composition of this soup, by its admirable adaptation to the curious conjunction of infantile and mature capacities of our hero, must be pronounced a master-stroke. It consisted of white bread, and beer sweetened with sugar. The weakness of what the writer prettily

calls the child's "straw fingerkins" forbade his feeding himself, and the ingenious soup, for which Christian showed a distinct liking, had to be carefully poured down his throat. Taking of sugar, one must not forget to quote a remark elsewhere made by the biographer, that the supremacy of the intellect over sense in this wondrous child showed itself, among other ways, in the fact that he cared for this favorite condiment of childhood not so much on account of its sweetness as because it presented itself to his mind as a foreign product, and so connected itself with his beloved geographical studies.

In spite of the mother's wish for retirement, the capital clamored to see the infant prodigy, whose fame had preceded him across the sea. The passionate curiosity of a metropolis is not a thing to be trifled with; and the mother had to swallow her scruples. And now the public performance of the young intellectual giant may be said to have commenced. The heart of the showman glowed with proud satisfaction when the ponderous name of one august visitor after another was announced. His joy was now and again dashed by a momentary irritation when the imperious child, growing weary of all this "trotting out," refused to answer the jerk of the tutorial rein and remained stubbornly motionless. Yet for the most part he deserved the epithet which his biographer has given him in the title. He was prettily courteous and charmingly affable, and entertained his interviewers in the politest of French. At length the all-important announcement arrived that his majesty wished to see the gifted child. The way in which Christian received the news was highly characteristic. He first remarked, with a delightful childish simplicity, "Does King Frederick IV. know about me?" But immediately after his ripe learning and consummate

wisdom prompted the observation, "He can very easily know that I am here, for *regum aures et oculi multi*" ("kings have many ears and eyes.")

The king happened at this time to be at Friedensburg, a hunting-box about twenty-five miles from the capital. Thither the Lübeck party were summoned. On the way our hero, divining perhaps the special demands that were about to be made on his powers, wisely gave himself up to a sweet sleep. This, however, did not prevent his succumbing to another attack of illness on his arrival at Friedensburg.

The tutor must have been more than human if he was not a good deal put out by this contretemps. Nevertheless he lets no note of pedagogic petulance escape him, but with perfect placidity of mind records the fact that Christian exhibited disgust and obstinacy at the thought of the presentation to court, and asserted his child-nature by hiding his face in the bosom of his nurse. Nay, more, Herr von Schöneich proves his magnanimity by offering excuses for his provoking pupil. He sagely observes that "it was hard for a still sucking child to have to be presented to a monarch and all his court, and, so to speak, to work miracles."

At length, on Sept. 9, the object of the journey was attained. The child, though still ailing, on receiving a summons to an audience, heroically looked at his clothes and bade the nurse dress him, bracing himself for the supreme effort in his customary Roman fashion by the quotation, *Rebus in adversis melius sperare memento*. (Remember in adversity to hope for better things.) On being ushered into the audience-chamber he hastened, with a charming childish spontaneity, to meet the advancing king, and thus accosted him: "*Permettez-moi, sire, que je baise la main de votre majesté, et le bord de votre habit royal.*" And, suiting

the action to the word, he made a pretty obeisance, worthy of a perfectly trained courtier.

Thereupon the scholarly performance was opened by the recital of a long speech specially prepared for the occasion. Like many an older orator, Christian found his occupation thirst-provoking, and, in the midst of the harangue, turned with a charming resumption of infantile sovereignty to his nurse, and acquainted her, in his favorite Latin medium, of the fact that he was thirsty.

His physical requirements having been satisfied, he professed himself ready to still further gratify royal curiosity by undergoing at the hands of the king an examination in history and geography. So far everything went off to the perfect satisfaction of the anxious tutor. But now came an awkward moment. The Danish king seems to have had ideas of his own about education, and hinted to the tutor that the child's bodily weakness might be the result of over-application to study. Herr von Schöneich was, however, in nowise confounded by this royal criticism, but proceeded to turn the occasion to good purpose by entering on an elaborate explanation and defence of the system.

Little Christian was made to feel that royal families are apt to be inconveniently large and their demands somewhat oppressive. After satisfying the curiosity of the Friedensburg company he was required to make two more journeys in order to exhibit himself to sundry princesses. But his philosophy was equal to the emergency, and he acceded to the royal wishes with a commendable courtesy.

The whole account of this presentation at court is curious and piquant. Delicious little infantile traits peep out now and then in the intervals of scholarly performance as if the illus-

trious child, while graciously disposed to pay a conventional deference to a state-crowned head, were all the time conscious of his own underived royalty. Thus, in the midst of one of his learned discourses with some of the Copenhagen notabilities, little Christian suddenly broke off the colloquy by asking in Latin for a stick to ride on (*equitabo in arundine longa*), and, his wish being instantly gratified by one of the courtiers, he proceeded to ride up and down the room with all a child's abandon. On another occasion, when performing before the crown princess, after, as he thought, he had done enough to satisfy any reasonable curiosity, he broke out, with an astonishing frankness, "*Je suis accablé de sommeil.*" Once or twice he relieved the moral gravity of his discourse by a bit of genuine childish wit, as when, finding the door to some royal museum locked, he said, "It looks as if *nemo, nullus, and neuter*, or Mr. Nobody, lived here."

The visitors, after a stay of nearly three months, bade adieu to the capital and sailed back to Lübeck. When the ship was wind-bound Christian again showed that superiority of mind which philosophy gives by setting an example of patience to the sailors and instructing them by the aid of his favorite classical authorities, that "he is truly wise who accommodates himself to all circumstances" (*vir sapiens qui se ad casus accommodat omnes*).

Immediately on his return to Lübeck his studies seem to have been renewed. Toward the end of his fourth year his tiny fingers were strong enough to allow of his taking up the neglected art of writing. Here, again, his extensive scholarship came to his aid, and he braced himself for the fatigues of strokes and pothooks by remarking, *Scribere scribendo, dicendo dicere discas* ("You will learn to write by writing, and to speak by speaking.")

And now we near the tragic close of this memorable existence. Mr. Malkin, in the memoir of his boy, tells us that on that young gentleman's demise a somewhat cynical man of science wrote, "These prodigies of learning commence their career at three, become expert linguists at four, profound philosophers at five, read the fathers at six, and die of old age at seven." But this description, hyperbolic as it no doubt was intended to be by the profane jester who penned it, was more than literally realized by the wonderful infant of whom we tell. Early in his fifth year he began to show signs of senile decay. The bodily weakness which he shared with many another son of genius grew on him and was the source of much and keen suffering. Yet his many infirmities did not break his heroic spirit or rob him of his philosophic temper. As in the days of his prosperity he had illustrated the antique ideal of moderation by never laughing aloud, so now he was never heard to cry over his miseries.

In March a stupendous change was introduced into the plan of physical education. At the mature age of four years one month Christian was weaned. We are not told who is answerable for this innovation, whether the tutor, the physician, or possibly the long-suffering nurse herself. Whatever the reason of the change, it caused the little invalid, whose masticatory and deglutitory powers were now feebler than before, much additional fatigue, without producing any appreciable improvement in his health.

As the end approaches the biographer lingers fondly on each day's details, as if loth to part with so entrancing a theme. A whole book is devoted to the "last days" of our hero—that is to say, from the 17th to the 27th of June, 1725. The patient was now confined to his bed, yet the light of his great

intellect still burnt brightly. His childish brain seemed to well and to overflow with the rich accumulations of his studious life. Quotations from pagan writings and from the Bible intermingled in rich confusion, to the joy of the eagerly listening tutor. The splendid range of his scholarship was shown by an appeal to the authority of no less ancient a teacher than Thales, the first ancestor of Greek philosophy.

To these graver intellectual pursuits lighter occupations were now and again added, answering to the pure childish instincts which the weight of scholarship never wholly crushed. A favorite diversion of the patient, our biographer tells us, was to have a basin of water brought to the bedside, on which the tutor was required to sail a number of tiny ships, so as to represent the various islands and ports of that Baltic which his travels had endeared to him.

In the biographies of the great one may find more than one instance of the mastery of the body by the spirit, made perfect by the habit of a life, continuing undisturbed through the ordeal of the final malady. Little Christian equaled the greatest of adult heroes in this particular. Indeed, it might not be going too far to say that he gave a unique example of absorption in intellectual inquiry at the very close of life. For only a day or two before his death he astounded those about his bed by asking for the skeleton which he had used in his anatomical studies and running over for the last time the well-learned list of bones. This performance being over, he remarked, without a tremor, *Mors omni ætati communis* ("Death is common to every age.") This cool and masterful facing of the inevitable proves that our hero had assimilated something of the spirit of those Stoical writers with whom his classical studies had made him familiar. It is noticeable, indeed, that well versed

as he undoubtedly was in Scriptural lore, he appeared to draw his moral reflections mainly from Latin authors. His last scholarly achievement, which is pathetically called by his biographer his swan-song, was a learned commentary on a map of Palestine. The fullness and accuracy of his geographical and historical knowledge are here presented in a striking light.

The last book of the life is devoted to the account of the child's death, which, as has been said, took place on June 27, and of the way in which the news of the event was received by the world. A number of journals, it seems, recorded the fact. More than this, poets were found discerning enough to recognize and sing the superlative merits of the infant. But, alas! adds the chronicler, the opulent city of Lübeck has erected no monument to its illustrious child. Yet if Herr von Schöneich had reflected he would have seen that in this respect, too, his hero shared in the destiny of many a son of genius who has found least honor in the birthplace which he helped to make famous. And after all, perhaps, the injury done to our hero's reputation by this neglect is less than the good tutor anticipated. For how many travelers, one wonders, nowadays visit the venerable Hanseatic town, albeit the quaint splendors of its Gothic architecture, its churches, Rathhaus, and high-gabled houses make it well worth a visit even after the mediæval wonders of Nuremberg itself, and although it can be reached in an hour or so from Hamburg. And it may be that the devoted tutor himself has erected the best monument to his pupil by writing a book that here in England, at the end of the nineteenth century, can rivet the eye of a rummager in a library, and portray to his imagination, as stone or marble could never do, the spiritual lineaments of the matchless infant.—
Cornhill Magazine.

MOABITE AND EGYPTIAN HISTORY.

One of the most interesting recent contributions to our knowledge of ancient Oriental History is contained in a small pamphlet published by Professors Smend and Socin. It is entitled *Die Inschrift des Königs Mesa von Moab*, and embodies a new and minute examination of the squeeze, now preserved in the Louvre, of the famous Moabite Stone. The squeeze was taken in 1869 by Selim el-Qari, a Syrian agent of M. Clermont-Ganneau, before the stone was broken, and under ordinary circumstances, would have been a faithful reproduction of the inscription. Unfortunately, however, Selim had to take it in a hurry, and almost at the risk of his life; it was torn from the surface of the stone before the paper was dry, and, in rescuing it from the Arabs of Dhibân, the precious document was rent in two. With all its deficiencies, it is nevertheless invaluable, as the fragments of the stone itself, which have been recovered, include only a portion of the text, and many of them could not be assigned to their right places without the assistance of the squeeze. The two German scholars, therefore, in no way wasted their time by spending a fortnight last spring in closely studying the squeeze. The result of their examination has been to correct and supplement the readings published by M. Clermont-Ganneau eleven years ago in several important respects. The following is their revised translation of the text:—

- 1 "I am Mesha, the son of Chemosh-melech, the king of Moab, of
- 2 Dibon. My father was king of Moab 30 years, and I became king
- 3 after my father, and I have erected this high-place to Chemosh in Kirkhah for the salvation of Mesha,

- 4 since he saved me from all the kings, and let me see my desire upon all my enemies. Omri,
- 5 the king of Israel, he oppressed Moab many days, since Chemosh was angry against his
- 6 land. And then his son followed him, and he also said: I will oppress Moab. In my day he said thus,
- 7 but I saw my pleasure upon him and his house, and Israel perished for ever. And Omri occupied the whole land
- 8 of Medeba and dwelt therein (all) his days and half the days of his son, 40 years; but
- 9 Chemosh restored it in my days; and I built Baal-meon, and made therein the reservoir, and I built
- 10 Kirjathain. And the men of Gad dwelt in the land of Ataroth from of old, and the king of Israel
- 11 built Ataroth; and I fought against the city and took it, and I slew all the people of
- 12 the city as a spectacle for Chemosh and for Moab; and I brought back from thence the upper altar (*arel*) of Dodo (David) and dragged
- 13 it before Chemosh in Kirjath; and I settled therein the men of Siran and the men of
- 14 Mokhrath. And Chemosh said to me: Go, take Nebo of Israel; and I
- 15 went in the night and fought against it from the break of day until noon, and took
- 16 it and slew therein all, 7,000 men and boys and women and maidens
- 17 and female slaves (?), since I had devoted them to Ashtar-Chemosh; and I took from thence the altars (*arelê*)
- 18 of Yahveh (Jehovah) and dragged them before Chemosh. Now the king of Israel had built
- 19 Jahaz and dwelt therein while he made war against me, and Chemosh drove him out before me, and
- 20 I took of Moab 200 men, all its princes, and I led them against Jahaz and took it in order to add it to Dibon. I have built Kirkhah, the wall of the forest and the wall
- 22 of the hill (*ophel*), and I have built its gates and I have built its towers, and
- 22 I have built the house of the king, and I have made the sluices of the reservoir for the water (?) within
- 24 the city. Now there was no cistern within the city in Kirkhah, and I spake to all the people: make
- 25 you each one a cistern in his house; and I cut the cutting for Kirkhah by means of the prisoners

- 26 of Israel. I have built Aroer and I have made the roads by the Arnon, and
 27 I have built Beth-Bamoth, since it was destroyed, I have built Bezer since it lay in ruins,
 28 of Dibon fifty, since all Dibon is subject (to me), and I rule (?)
 29 a hundred in the cities which I have added to the land. And I built
 30 (Medeba) and Beth-Diblathain. And Beth-Baalmeon, thither I brought the sheep
 31 the flocks of the land. And as for Horonain, therein dwell the sons of Dedan, and Dedan said (?)
 32 and Chemosh said to me: go down, fight against Horonain; and I went down (and fought)
 33 Chemosh restored it in (my) days and from thence.
 34 And I"

Dr. Neubauer has criticised one or two points in this translation, and has drawn attention to the remarkable reference to the *arels* or "altars" of Dodo and Yahveh. He would identify *arel* with *ariel*, which appears in the book of Isaiah as an old name of Jerusalem. It is noticeable that, while in Genesis xxii., 14, the only correct rendering of the proverb current on the Temple Hill is "In the Mount of the Lord is Jireh," or Yern, a town called Har-el, or "the Mount of God," seems to occupy the site of the Jebusite city, which afterward became Jerusalem in the Karnak lists of Thothmes III. However this may be, Dodo or David is represented in the inscription in parallelism to Yahveh as worshiped by the northern Israelites. The name means "the beloved one," and must have been a title given to the Diety by the Phœnicians, since Dido, the patron-goddess of Carthage, is merely its corresponding feminine form in a Latin dress.

The revised version of the inscription further serves to clear up the history of the Moabite revolt from Israel. It shows that the recovery of Medeba and other portions of Moabite territory took

place in the middle of Ahab's reign, and that consequently Moab regained its independence before the death of Ahab, and not after it, as has been hitherto supposed. It will be observed that, in accordance with the statement of the Old Testament, Mesha represents himself as a great "sheep-master."

Next perhaps in interest to the revised text of the Moabite Stone is Professor Maspero's report of "the excavations carried on in Egypt from 1881 to 1885," which is published in the *Bulletin de l'Institut égyptien* (II. 6). It is, in fact, a good deal more than a report. Professor Maspero explains in it the bearing of his recent discoveries upon the history and religion of ancient Egypt, and states, with his usual felicity, conclusions which will be new not only to the general public, but to Egyptian students as well. The discovery of a necropolis of the twelfth dynasty at Sakkârah, and the tombs of the eleventh dynasty he has uncovered at Thebes, have refuted Mariette's theory of a break between the Egypt of the Old Empire and the Egypt of the Theban dynasties. On the contrary, the art and religion of Thebes is now shown to be but a continuation and development of the art and religion of Memphis. The early Theban tomb is but a modification of the later Memphis pyramids; the funereal texts painted on the walls of the mastaba or the pyramid of a Pepi find themselves on the walls of the tombs of Thebes:

"Far from altering the ideas and images of the Memphite epoch, the first Theban epoch has copied them servilely; the sole innovation it has permitted itself has consisted in adding the scenes of the private sepulchral chambers to the texts of the royal chambers of the sixth dynasty. The artistic style is the same in both cases, and the figures of the objects appear to have been copied from the same model. The only real difference lies in the writing; sculptured or painted, the mastabas contain texts in carefully executed hiero-

glyphics only, while the painted tombs of the Theban period contain only cursive hieroglyphs."

The pyramids of the fifth and sixth dynasties which Professor Maspero has opened have furnished him with a large abundance of funerary texts. They prove that the Egyptian pantheon of that remote age was as thickly peopled with divine beings as the pantheon of the age of the Ramessides. "The myths," says Professor Maspero, "which correspond to each of the divine names are already fully developed and fully complete. To cite one example only, the Osirian religion is precisely what it was when revealed to us in the monuments of the Theban age. The struggle between Osiris and Sit, the action of Nephthys and Isis, the intervention of Anubis, of Thoth, of Horus and of his ministers are already settled even in their most minute details." To find the origins of the official cult, or to trace Egyptian religion through the earlier stages of its growth, we must go back to that prehistoric period of which dim traditions alone survived. But the phrases fossilized as it were in the religious texts have enabled Professor Maspero to discover more than one feature of the early faith. Thus he points out that "the two religions which chiefly contributed to the mortuary ritual in use, if not throughout Egypt, at all events at Memphis under the Old Empire, were those of the two cities of Heliopolis and Abydos," and he further believes that the religion of Abydos was modified and remodeled at Heliopolis. More startling are the conclusions which he draws from the expressions that describe "the absorption and digestion of the gods by the dead." Thus the double or spirit of Unas is declared to "eat men and to nourish himself upon them." "Shosmu has dismembered (the gods) for

Unas, and has cooked their limbs in his burning chaldrons. It is Unas who devours their magic virtues and who eats their souls, and the great among them are the food of Unas in the morning, the inferior among them are his dinner, the small among them are the supper of Unas in the evening, the old men and old women are for his ovens." Only one inference can be drawn from such words. Not only must human sacrifice have once been practiced in Egypt—a rite, indeed which seems never to have become altogether extinct in the country, but, as among the Polynesian islanders, it must have been accompanied by cannibalism. The courage and strength of the enemy were supposed to be transferred to those who devoured him, and it is plain that when the sacred texts of the Old Egyptian Empire were composed the same belief must still have lingered at all events in the language. The symbolic cannibalism of the soul points to a real cannibalism practiced at the religious feasts of the prehistoric days.

The excavations carried on by Mr. Flinders Petrie, the winter before last, on the site of Naukratis, form the subject of a goodly-sized volume issued by the Egypt Exploration Fund; those conducted last winter by Mr. Gardner being reserved for a future volume. Chapters have been added to the work by Messrs. C. Smith, E. Gardner, and B. V. Head, on the early pottery, inscriptions, and coins found on the spot, and the latter portion of the book is occupied by a long series of valuable plates. I have already anticipated the account given in it by Mr. Petrie of his recovery of the long-lost city, as well as of the most important results derived from its disinterment. Its foundation seems to go back to the time of Psammetikhos I., when a manufacture of scarabæi was started in the town, and

the first temple of Apollo, of which traces only have been discovered, was probably founded a little later, about B. C. 610. It is from a trench within the precincts of this temple, into which the broken or discarded pottery of the sanctuary was thrown, that inscriptions of the highest importance for the history of the Greek alphabet have been taken. The majority of them are written in the Ionic form of the alphabet, and are in many instances older than the famous inscriptions engraved by the Greek mercenaries of Psammetikhos II. on the colossi of Abu-Simbel. They prove that the latter do not belong to the reign of Psammetikhos I.—as indeed has long been maintained by Egyptologists, despite the assertion of Herodotos that it was Psammetikhos I. who pursued the Egyptian deserters into Ethiopia.

The great Temenos, or sacred inclosure, which was the joint work of nine of the chief cities of Asia Minor and the rallying-point of the Greeks in Egypt, lies at the southern end of the ruined town. It was called the Hellenion, according to Herodotos, and within it stood the altar on which the representatives of the nine cities offered sacrifice. The walls of the Temenos have now for the most part disappeared, though their foundations can still be traced, and it was underneath the corners of a gateway erected on their line by Ptolemy Philadelphos that Mr. Petrie found four ceremonial deposits of models, including miniature workmen's tools. Toward the southern end of the inclosure was a brick structure, containing doorless and windowless chambers, in which Mr. Petrie sees the remains of a fort, though his arguments on behalf of his view do not convince me. It may be added that nothing has been found which can be dated later than the third century of our era; the final ruin and

desertion of Naukratis may therefore be placed shortly after the removal of Proklos and its ancient schools to Athens in 190 A. D.—A. H. SAYCE, in *The Contemporary Review*.

IS CONSTANTINOPLE WORTH FIGHTING FOR?

This is an old question, and it has generally been the policy of the Russians to assure the world that it was not a practical question, that the supposed testament of Peter the Great was a forgery, and that Russia did not desire Constantinople. Within a few months all this has changed, and the Russian press has explained pretty fully to the world that Constantinople belongs to Russia, that Bulgaria is the bridge which leads to it, and that she proposes to take what belongs to her—by force, if necessary.

It is not the city of Constantinople alone which is to be annexed to Russia, but Bulgaria, Roumania, and all the territory occupied by Slaves in south-eastern Europe. With the occupation of Constantinople and the Dardanelles, the Asiatic coast of the Black Sea will necessarily fall under Russian rule, and thus the historic destiny of Russia will be fulfilled.

Such, in brief, is the scheme of conquest which is involved in what is now the Bulgarian question, but which will soon be the Constantinople question. I cannot pretend to foretell the steps which Russia will take in carrying out this scheme. Probably the Czar himself does not know what course events will take, so much depends upon the attitude of other Powers. But it seems plain that he has determined to secure Bulgaria at any cost. This done, the other steps will be easy. The probability is, that after a brief period

of uncertainty and hesitation, the Bulgarian difficulty will end in war. Firm and concerted action on the part of the Powers in defence of Bulgarian independence would prevent a war, but in view of the past history of Europe, this is hardly to be hoped for.

Sooner or later war must come, and the question is, whether England will resist the advance of Russia upon Bulgaria and Constantinople, or not. Until within a short time it has been an accepted principle of European politics that Russia should not be allowed to possess Constantinople. Such men as Frederick the Great and Napoleon had very decided views on this subject. The Crimean war was fought in defence of this principle, and the Congress of Berlin sent the Russian horde from the gates of Constantinople, and established an independent kingdom in the Principalities, to gain which Russia has undertaken so many wars.

For a fair understanding of this question in any one of its various bearings, it is essential to grasp the full significance and extent of the conquest which is involved in the capture of Constantinople by way of Bulgaria. The frontier of Russia is to be advanced to the Ægean and the Adriatic; the Black Sea is to become a Russian lake; at least the coast of Asia Minor from Trebizond to the Ægean is to be Russian. But this advance of the frontier involves the annexation of some of the richest provinces and the most important commercial centers in Europe, with a population of twenty millions. The strength and the wealth of Russia will be increased in a much greater proportion than her territory. It is not like the annexation of the wastes of Central Asia, which, so far as Europe is concerned, weakens the power of Russia. Great armies, and the means of supporting them, are to

be found in this territory. It would be possible for Russia to add a well-equipped force of 125,000 men to her army, within a month after her occupation of Bulgaria and Roumania, from these two provinces alone. With the occupation of Constantinople and the whole territory she could depend on at least a quarter of a million, and would tax the people to support them. They could pay this tax more easily than the Russian peasants pay their taxes. As a naval Power the position of Russia would be totally changed. She would be better situated than any other Power to control the Mediterranean. Holding the Dardanelles, with the Marmora and the Black Sea behind it, and all the advantages of Constantinople as an arsenal, she would have a naval position which is unsurpassed in the world. She would become supreme in Europe. No one Power and no ordinary coalition of Powers would be able to resist her will, or to act in any direction without consulting her wishes.

It is plain that such an extension of the Russian Empire must seriously affect British interests, both political and commercial. With the Czar at Constantinople and the Sultan ruling as his vassal at Broosa, what would become of the British Empire in India? Some persons have fondly imagined that if Russia were allowed to occupy Constantinople she would be content to let India alone. Why should she? With vastly increased advantages for overthrowing the British power in India, why should she refrain from doing so? If the Czar did nothing, the very knowledge of the changed circumstances—the vast increase of Russia power, the occupation of Constantinople, the vassalage of the Caliph, and the increased difficulties of England—would shake the power of England in India. But the Czar would improve his opportunity. He would

not be Russia or even human if he did not. He would threaten, if not control, the Suez Canal. It would not be for the interest of other Mediterranean Powers to oppose him in this or anything else. He would use the Sultan to make trouble among the Mohammedans. At the same time there would be nothing to oppose his advance on the line where he is acting now in Central Asia. England might still hold India in spite of the Czar, but it would be at such a cost as would make it hardly worth holding. She would have to increase both her naval and military expenses enormously and permanently. No doubt Russia will some day attack India whether she occupies Constantinople or not, but she can certainly do it far better after than before.

The commercial interests of England would be even more seriously affected by this advance of Russia. There is no city on the Continent where English commercial interests center as they do at Constantinople, and; under favorable circumstances, it is destined to become far more important than it is now. Nature has destined Constantinople to be one of the greatest commercial centers of the world. It is true that of late years the mistakes of the Turkish Government have reduced its importance, but this is only a temporary thing. Even the Turks are beginning to realize their blunders. Under Russian rule, or as a free city, it would rise again at once, and become the emporium of the East. A shrewd and successful American merchant, who had traveled widely in this part of the world, expressed the opinion not long ago, that within a hundred years Constantinople would be the largest and richest commercial city in the Old World. He may be mistaken, but his opinion is good evidence to show how Constantinople impresses an impartial

man who looks at it from a purely commercial standpoint. Under Russian rule its growth would contribute nothing to the commerce of England. On the contrary, England would lose what she now has. The markets of all this part of the world would be practically closed against her. English goods would, to a great extent, disappear from south-eastern Europe, and probably also from Asia Minor. This would result not simply from the fact that Russia has a protective tariff. The United States has a protective tariff, and is at the same time England's largest customer. But Russia goes further. She makes a special effort to exclude British goods. A dozen English steamers pass up the Bosphorus every day for Russian ports, but nearly all were without cargo. There was formerly an important commerce in English goods between Constantinople and Central Asia. It has ceased since the advance of Russia over these countries. The trade with Persia has also been cut off, so far as it has been in the power to Russia to stop it.

Just fifty years ago Mr. Cobden published a pamphlet to prove that it would be a great advantage to England to have Russia capture Constantinople and annex the whole Turkish Empire. He maintained these views at the time of the Crimean war, and his pamphlet was republished, with approval, by the Cobden Club in 1876. The argument is chiefly from the commercial point of view. He argues that, while under the Sultan the decaying provinces of the Turkish Empire consume British goods to the amount of only half-a-million, and will consume less, the trade of England with Russia is always increasing with its wealth, and that the annexation of Turkey would be followed by a wonderful development of British trade in the East. He claims that Russia cannot become a manufacturing

country, and that she is specially dependent on England. "No country can carry on great financial transactions except through the medium of England." These are the speculations of a great theorist fifty years ago. Now, let us look at the facts. English trade with Turkey, notwithstanding the continued reign of the Sultan, has steadily increased. Mr. Cobden says it was £500,000 in 1835. Now the single small province of Eastern Roumelia is reported to consume half that amount of British goods, and the imports of these goods into Turkey in 1884 amounted to nearly £7,000,000. The total of British trade with what was Turkey in 1835 is now about £32,000,000. During these same years has the consumption of British products in Russia increased in the same proportion? He does not give the amount in 1835, and I have no *official* statistics; but Black gives the sum at £1,750,000. In 1880 it was £8,000,000, with a steady decline to 1885, when it was £5,000,000, or £2,000,000 less than Turkey. During these fifty years Turkey has grown smaller in territory and population, while Russia has increased her population from 60,000,000 to more than 100,000,000. According to Mr. Cobden's theories, making full allowance for the general increase of trade throughout the world, Turkey ought to be still importing to the amount of about £500,000, while Russia ought to be buying at least £35,000,000 worth of British produce.

Time has proved Mr. Cobden's remarks to be unfounded, and his conclusion is equally false. The capture of Constantinople and the advance of Russia to the Adriatic will practically put an end to English commerce in this part of the world. This is the fixed policy of the Russian Government, and it will be applied here as vigorously as it has been in the countries annexed

during the last ten years. An old English merchant, who has dealt with those provinces for many years, and who has lately visited them, assures me that he can buy there as freely as ever, but that he can sell nothing.

At the present time Russian trade with Turkey is small, but the capture of Constantinople would give her the practical control of the Empire and she would take the place of England. If she is kept within her present frontiers, there is no reason why English commerce with Turkey should not continue to steadily increase. If left to themselves, the small States of south-eastern Europe will rapidly increase in wealth and population, and, notwithstanding the weakness of the Turkish Government, it is a fact that Asia Minor is every year a better customer of England. With the railways which are now projected commerce will rapidly increase. We have but little patience with the Turks and speak contemptuously of their reforms, but those who have lived for thirty or forty years in Asia Minor know very well that there has been great progress in building roads, in the administration of the law, and especially in the security of life and property. Like Russia, Turkey is a despotism of the Asiatic type; but there is far more liberty here than there, even for the natives of the country, and the present Sultan is doing his best to develop the resources of the Empire. Whatever may be the final destiny of Constantinople, it is, beyond a doubt, for the present interest of English commerce that it continue to be the capital of the Turkish Empire, and it can never be an advantage to England to have it annexed to Russia, whatever the alternative may be.

There is still another view which we are bound to take of the advance of Russia to Constantinople. It is not a new one; Englishmen were once very

familiar with it. At the time of the Crimean war it was presented fully as a moral justification of the action of England in defending Turkey. It was claimed that this war was really a conflict between Eastern and Western civilization, between despotism and liberty; that it was undertaken, not to defend Turkey or English interests, but the rights of man.

I do not remember to have read much of late years on the duties that we owe to liberty and the rights of man, or the fundamental principles of Western civilization. Whatever may be the reason there has not been much said on this subject of late. But are these things really less dear or less important to us than they were thirty years ago? Are they no longer worth fighting for? There was no difference of opinion on this subject in Great Britain at the time of the Crimean war. Those who opposed the war then and those who have condemned it since, did so on the ground that no such interests were really at stake. Whatever may have been true then or in other wars, there is no need of question or misapprehension now. Russia cannot claim that her advance is now in the interests of any oppressed nationality. She is not called by any persecuted Christians to free them from the Turkish yoke. Bulgaria has no desire to be annexed to the Russian Empire. She has resisted the encroachments of Russia to the best of her ability, and what she demands is liberty to work out her own destiny. The aim of Russia is conquest; it is to fulfill her "historic destiny," to capture Constantinople and extend her frontiers to the Adriatic. From her point of view this is, no doubt, a perfectly natural and reasonable object.

That the advance of Russia will be the destruction of the liberties of South-eastern Europe is plain enough. The Roumanians, Bulgarians, Servians, and

Greeks have no sympathy with the Russian idea. However we may account for it, these races under Turkish rule learned to hate despotism and to value individual liberty. They grew into sympathy with Western rather than Eastern civilization. All their hopes and aspirations are in that direction, and have been ever since their emancipation. The Greeks, who have been free the longest, are more democratic than the French, and quite as much so as the English. There is no reason why these races, if left to themselves, should not be in full sympathy with the best ideas of Western Europe, and do their part in solving the great problems of human progress. There is no reason why they should not come into a friendly alliance between themselves, and secure peace, wealth, and prosperity to this part of the world. Up to the present time the chief obstacle to this alliance has been the constant intrigues of Russia. Put an end to this and give them time, and they will then come into harmony. It may seem hard to make this charge against Russia, when all these people owe more or less of their liberty to her efforts. But it is true, and the Bulgarians have been told often enough within the past year, by the Russians themselves, that Russia fought the last war for her own interests and not for theirs.

The advance of Russia to Constantinople will condemn these people to the fate of Poland. Their liberties will be abolished, their hopes crushed, and their spirit broken. South-eastern Europe will be lost to civilization and progress, and become the support of Russian despotism. Is there nothing here which is worth defending—nothing which the new English democracy thinks worth fighting for? Has the democracy discovered that all interests but selfish ones are exploded superstitions? I believe that those English

politicians who think that this is the spirit of the democracy have made the great mistake of their lives. They will find it more easily stirred by moral considerations than the old aristocracy.

But the liberties of South-eastern Europe are not only ones that will be endangered by the advance of Russia. If she secures the vast increase of power involved in this conquest, her influence will be supreme in Europe, and one of two things must follow: either the submission of Europe to the dictation of Russia and the gradual substitution of Russian for Western civilization, or a life-and-death struggle between the two, which would arrest the progress of Europe for fifty years, even if Russia were defeated. It is true that the Continental Powers, and Austria first of all, have a more immediate interest in this impending danger than England has. It is true that the Russian hates the German and the Bulgarian with a bitterness beyond our comprehension, and has no such hatred of the Englishman; but it is the dream of a fool's paradise to imagine—as one writer suggests—that England can allow Europe to go to destruction, and yet remain rich and prosperous as mistress of the seas and powerful in her colonies. England is not mistress of the seas now, and still less would she be so if Russia were at Constantinople. She is not so far from Europe as to be beyond the reach of Russia even now. How many allies did she find when a war was imminent in 1885. Every advance of Russia in Europe must weaken the power, diminish the commerce, increase the expenditure, and endanger the liberties of England. English civilization has its own peculiarities, but it is essentially the civilization of Europe, and it will stand or fall with this. It has its imperfections, and there is plenty of room for improvement; but it will not be improved by the Russification of Eu-

rope. True civilization is constantly aggressive, and it is not this feature of Russian civilization to which we object. If the Russians believe, as they say so openly, that the civilization of Europe is corrupt and dying, while theirs is pure and living, it is their duty to be aggressive. But if England values her civilization, she must defend it on the Continent as well as at home. It will be a poor consolation to know that South-eastern Europe and Austria have been the first to suffer, when England herself comes to feel the weight of the Russian advance, and when it is too late to turn back the tide.

History sometimes repeats itself, and it remains to be seen whether it will do so in this case. Once before in the history of the world Europe has been summoned to defend Constantinople in the interests of civilization. It was then the bulwark of Christendom. It had long defended Europe against the ever-advancing Turk. But the Emperor was weak, his court was feeble and corrupt, his people demoralized, his treasury empty, and his friends few. He had lost Bulgaria as well as Asia, and the Turks had gained it. He appealed to Europe, in the name of Christianity and civilization, to save itself in saving him. No one cared for him, which was not strange perhaps, and it was not the business of any one in particular to defend Europe. Perhaps they thought that the Turk was not so bad after all, and that when he had won Constantinople he would be content to let Europe alone, or that his character might change under these new circumstances. At any rate, the question whether Constantinople was worth fighting for was discussed all over Europe, and while they were still discussing the city was captured. The story is too familiar to be repeated here; but the fact is worth recalling, that when it was too late Europe recognized the

importance of Constantinople, and suffered the consequences of her folly for centuries: The Turk was not less aggressive than before. He was far more than ever the terror of the world. He did not adopt European civilization. He did his best to destroy it, as his conscience bound him to do. After 400 years he is still here.

And now Europe is once more discussing the same question. It cares as little, perhaps, for the Sultan as the old Europe did for the Emperor Constantine Palæologus, and is as much puzzled as to the future of the city. It is summoned, however, to defend it against the Czar of Russia, the present representative of Asiatic despotism and a new civilization which is to be forced upon Europe. The question is, whether Europe will repeat the mistake which she made in 1453.—AN OLD RESIDENT, in *The Contemporary Review*.

DOG-KILLING AND HYDROPHOBIA.

[Hydrophobia ("dread of water") is the popular name for the disease among dogs scientifically known as *Rabies*, which the Dictionaries describe as "a kind of blood-poisoning affecting certain animals, especially those of the dog-tribe;" a disease which may be propagated by the bite of an animal affected by it. In *The Contemporary Review*, under the title "Dogs in London" Sir Charles Warren writes a paper, containing much information and many suggestions upon this subject. Only a portion of this paper is here given.—ED. LIB. MAG.]

The great antagonism which has recently been shown as to the operation of the Dog Laws is a result of an advance of healthy sympathy on the part of the majority, causing natural differences with those who are lagging behind. On the one side are those who look upon humanity as the first consideration, and wish to do justice to

animals, but not at the sacrifice of the people; while on the other side are the sentimentalists and dog-fanciers, who care little for humanity, and who find their selfish amusements curtailed for the benefit of the public. With all this antagonism, however, there is a steady advance in healthy tone. There may be a difference of opinion as to whether a dog that appears to be mad ought to be killed, based upon the question as to whether he is dangerous or not; but all concur that if he is killed in public some method must be devised by which it can be done without shocking the fastidious. The sound view of the matter is, that the welfare of humanity is the first consideration, and that when human life is in danger from a dog, that dog must be rendered innocuous in the most expeditious manner practicable; at present no better weapon in an emergency than the truncheon is known.

Among other statements regarding dogs it has been averred with authority that rabies is almost invariably propagated by the bite of an animal already suffering from the disease, and various theories as to its spread have been based on this assumption. Yet there are those who still believe in its spontaneous production.

With this view before us it is difficult to comprehend how entirely, during the recent prevalence of rabies, the fact has been lost sight of, that the general condition of the dogs during the period may have had very much to do with the spread of the disease. It seems to have been forgotten that while during ordinary seasons dogs bitten by a mad dog might for the most part escape unharmed, yet that during the recent season there may have been a predisposition among dogs to develop the disease.

In London the disease among dogs has often assumed alarming propor-

tions, and extraordinary precautions have been taken. In 1759-60 madness raged among dogs during the winter and early spring, and the magistrates issued orders for persons to confine the dogs to the house for a month, and ordered all dogs found at large to be destroyed. Through many years of fluctuations rabies again appeared in England in 1856 in a very severe form, and in 1865 it prevailed in and around London to an unusual extent, the total number of deaths during the year from hydrophobia being 19. In 1866 the disease again assumed a formidable aspect in England, and on April 16 of that year a notice, under the Order in Council for the Cattle Plague, was issued as to stray dogs in Middlesex:—"That with a view to prevent the propagation of disease by dogs, any dog found straying about the jurisdiction, and without a collar having the name of the owner on it, may be destroyed." When the Metropolitan Streets Act was passed in 1867 the commissioner was enabled to direct all stray dogs to be seized, and this practice has remained in force continuously to the present time. We have the authority of Mr. Fleming for stating that after this "the number of cases of hydrophobia immediately began to diminish in and around London."

Owing to the prevalence of rabies in 1868 Sir Richard Mayne issued an order, under the Metropolitan Streets Act, that all dogs in the street should be muzzled. The publication of this order was the signal for an onslaught upon the commissioner by a great portion of the press, and it is amusing to find that the letters written in 1885-6 are almost identical with those written in 1868, in their wild and groundless accusations.

The number of mad dogs found in the streets of London fluctuates from year to year and from month to month,

and the monthly diagram since 1879 is most instructive. It shows a gradual increase year by year up to the present year, and it shows also that the number invariably falls about February and rises again to July or August, except under abnormal conditions, as in 1885. In every year the maximum in the hot weather is four or five times the minimum in the cold weather. It is not supposed that all these cases are cases of true rabies, but sufficient has been seen, during the past year to make it appear very certain that in addition to the ordinary cases of epilepsy there is also a disease pronounced to be epilepsy, in which the dogs when alive appear to have rabies, and after death are said to have had epilepsy. During the past six months there has been a *post mortem* examination on nearly every dog killed as rabid. With regard to the year 1886, there were two high periods in July and again in November, the number of dogs killed as mad being over fifty in each month; in March, 1886, the number fell to about fifteen, then again rose in July and August to over fifty, and then rapidly declined; in November it reached the normal condition of former years. Owing to the prevalence of rabies on the outskirts of London it is probable that the disease may be again introduced in April or May, and stringent measures may then be necessary.—SIR CHARLES WARREN, in *The Contemporary Review*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

THE LEGAL STATUS OF INDIANS.—President Merrill E. Gates, of Rutgers College, a member of the U. S. Board of Indian commissioners, presents in the *Independent* a summary legal status of the Indian tribes resident in the United States:—

"1. The Indians, as tribes, cannot obtain legal redress in our courts, although we compel them to hold only by tribal patents such property as they hold at all. The Commis-

slower of Indian Affairs for 1886 discusses the action of Congress and of the Treasury regarding the Indian moneys which have been received for pasturage, timber, etc., on the Indian reservations, which unquestionably belong to the tribes on whose reservations they were collected, but which have been 'covered into the Treasury' and cannot be gotten out again. 2. The Indians, as individuals, cannot obtain legal redress in our courts. They are not aliens. They are not citizens. We do not allow them to become citizens by any process of naturalization. Since the Indian is neither a foreigner nor a citizen, he is held incapable of bringing suits in our courts. Our courts have decided that there is no redress for the Indian. 'He had no right to appear in court claiming his own,' is the declaration of a Secretary of the Interior. 3. Except under particular treaties, Indians, either individually or in tribes, cannot acquire an absolute title to land, even to the land which lies within their own reservation. If driven off his lands, the Indian finds no redress in our courts. It would be easy to specify cases of wholesale robbery by land-companies [in California] who take forcible possession of the best tracts of Indian lands and at once put upon them valuable improvements, so that the authorities at Washington may hesitate to 'disturb large investments of capital' and high handed robbery by individuals who simply drive the mild, half-civilized Mission Indians off the lands they have cultivated for generations, and by threats and at the rifle's muzzle hold their plunder as did the robber-barons of the dark ages, *vi et armis*."

REV. PHILIP O'FLAHERTY.—Those who have kept themselves posted in regard to missionary work in equatorial Africa will have seen frequent mention of the Rev. Philip O'Flaherty, a missionary at Uganda, on the shore of Lake Victoria Nyanza. *Good Words*, in noticing his recent death, says:—

Through all the vicissitudes of cloud and sunshine, of friendship and enmity, which the Christian teachers at Uganda have experienced, Mr. O'Flaherty showed himself ever staunch and undaunted. He inspired the native converts there with his fearless spirit, and in the recent persecution they have shown of what stuff they are made. His life was an eventful one. Religious differences separated him from his family when a young man. He enlisted in the ranks, served in the Crimean war, and distinguished himself for his coolness under fire and his wonderful influence among his fellow-soldiers. It was found that he had great linguistic skill, and

he was taken to serve as one of the interpreters to the staff. When the war was over he remained in Turkey as a missionary of the Free Church, but was afterward transferred by them to the Church Missionary Society. He worked abroad for some years, and then came back to England to serve at home; but when the committee of the Church Missionary Society invited him to go out to Uganda, he gave up everything and went, leaving wife and children behind. After years of devoted service he was on his way home; but he brought away with him the seeds of the fever which proved fatal. He did not live to see the faces of those whom he loved in England, and from the home which he left dark rumors of persecution and massacre have reached us, which, if true, imply that the native Church which he built up has been swept away."

BIRD'S NEST SOUP.—The *Cornhill Magazine* has a by no means appetizing account of this famous Chinese delicacy:—

"The bird whose nest is utilized by Chinese cooks is a species of the 'swift' common both in Europe and America. The swifts being by nature aerial birds, with a great indisposition to settle on the ground—where they are about as much out of their element as a seal is on dry land—do not readily collect the sticks and straws and grasses, and bits of refuse of which most birds habitually construct their tiny homes. When forced to build a nest for themselves, they use for the most part light fragments of grass, thistle-down, and feathers, all of which can be gathered on the wing, while borne by the breezes through the upper air. These materials they cement together with their copious mucus, for which purpose their salivary glands are peculiarly large and fully developed. As the spider spins its web out of its own body, so the swift finds it cheaper in the end to build a nest out of its own secretions than to collect material in unsuitable places. The true edible bird's nest swiftlet builds in caves where materials for architecture are necessarily scanty or on sea cliffs of inaccessible height. More than most other swifts, this tropical species is a confirmed highflyer, hawking for its food around the summits of the mountains, and much indisposed to settle on the ground upon any pretext. Hence it has learned to carry to the farthest possible limit the family habit of making a nest quite literally 'all out of its own head,' without the slightest extraneous aid of any sort. The best and cleanest nests, which fetch the highest price, are composed entirely of pure mucus from the salivary

glands. The material in its hardened state is brittle, fibrous, white, and transparent, 'very like pure gum arabic, or even glass,' and the inner lining consists of nothing but small soft feathers. Inferior nests, which command a smaller price in the Chinese market, are composed in part of dry grasses, hair, and down, welded together by the fibrous gummy secretion. In short, as Mr. Darwin bluntly puts it, 'The Chinese make soup of dried saliva.' This sounds horrid enough, to be sure; but when we ourselves give up coloring jellies with defunct cochineal insects, it will be time for us to cast the first stone at the Oriental cuisine."

ECONOMY IN FUEL.—"The waste of coal in Britain," says *Chambers's Journal*, "is positively disgraceful; 120,000,000 of tons are consumed every year. Of this one half might be saved by the adoption of improved appliances. About £30,000,000 might thus be kept in our banks, instead of being turned into cinders and smoke. The pall of smoke and fog that broods over London contains in a single day fifty tons of coal! The fact is that we burn coal in house-fires on an entirely false principle—that is, on the principle of a blast-furnace, letting cold air pass through the center of the fire, to blaze the coal rapidly away, and hurry the heat and half-burnt gases unused up the chimney. We have to go back to the good old principle of the embers on the hearth, when the hearth was, as it is at the present day in many Irish cottages, a true 'focus,' a center of accumulated heat. We must, then, return to truer lines, and make our fireplace again a 'focus' or 'well' of stored heat, into which we put our fuel, first to be distilled into gas, which, rising at a high temperature from its hot bed, meets the air gliding toward the chimney, and bursts into flame, communicating heat to the firebrick back and to the room. Then, when all the gases have been burnt off, the red-hot coke remains, and burns away in the bottom of the grate at a slow rate, yet radiating abundant heat into the room. This desirable end is gained by using Mr. Teale's 'Economizer,' which is simply a shield of sheet-iron which stands on the hearth, and rises as high as the lowest bar of the grate against which it should fit accurately, so as to shut in the space under the fire. It is applicable to any range, whether in the cottages of the poor or the mansions of the rich. Its chief purpose is to cut off the under current, and to keep the chamber under the fire hot. Count Rumford affirmed that seven-eighths of the heat was carried up the chimney. Heat is wasted in

three ways: by combustion under the influence of a strong draught; by imperfect combustion; by the escape of heat through the sides and the back of the fireplace. By using the 'Economizer' all this is altered. If there is plenty of heat round the fuel, then but little oxygen will do. But burn coal with a chilling jacket, and it needs a fierce draught of oxygen to sustain it. High temperature does not imply complete combustion, for in making gas, coke is left. When the 'Economizer' is applied, the fire burns with an orange color, for the stream of oxygen is slow and steady, and the coal undergoes complete combustion; consequently there is an entire absence of cinders, and only a little fine snuff-like powder falls into the 'economized' chamber. Smoke is also conspicuous by its absence."

THACKERAY AND THE BOWERY BHOY.—Mr. Thackeray used to tell a story upon himself, which we find thus retold in *Chambers's Journal*:—

"While in New York, he expressed to a friend a desire to see some of the 'Bowery Bhoys.' So one evening he was taken to the Bowery, and he was shown a 'Bhoj.' The young man, the business of the day being over, had changed his attire. He wore a dress-coat, black trousers, and a satin waist-coat; while a tall hat rested on the back of his head, which was adorned with long, well-greased hair—known as 'scap-locks.' The youth was leaning against a lamp-post, smoking an enormous cigar; and his whole aspect was one of ineffable self-satisfaction. The eminent novelist, after contemplating him for a few moments with silent admiration, said to the gentleman by whom he was accompanied: 'This is a great and gorgeous creature!' adding: 'Can I speak to him without his taking offence?' Having received an answer in the affirmative, Thackeray, on the pretext of asking his way, said: 'My good man, I want to go to Broome street.' But the phrase, 'My good man,' roused the gall of the individual spoken to. Instead, therefore, of affording the information sought, the 'Bhoj'—a diminutive specimen of humanity, scarcely over five feet in height—eyeing the tall form of his interlocutor askance, answered the query in the sense that his permission had been asked for the speaker to visit the locality in question, and he said, patronizingly: 'Well, sonny, ye kin go thar.' When Thackeray subsequently related the incident, he laughingly declared that he was so disconcerted by the unexpected response, that he had not the courage to continue the dialogue."

WOMANHOOD IN OLD GREECE.

Though the parent of our own—though its spirit still informs us and its life-blood runs in our veins—the civilization of the Greeks is in many most important circumstances utterly unlike our own. Its virtues and its vices are alike alien to us; its beauty is not ours; its poetry appeals to but a chosen few; its deeds of heroism have no echo in our history; its heroes light no living fire of imitative enthusiasm in our youth; its religion has come to be a by-word of contempt; its gods are stricken with leprosy and smitten with shame; and our social habits are as different from those of the men who yet are our spiritual fathers, as our moral codes are irreconcilable. Much which they allowed as of the nature of men and things we forbid as infamous; what they considered essential to morals and good manners we have wiped off the tables altogether; and lapses which to them carried disgrace and left an indelible stigma, we in our turn treat as weaknesses of the flesh, to be dealt with leniently by all but Pharisees and Tartuffes. For human nature has everywhere the same trick of breaking loose from the bonds of the forbidden; and it is only custom and climate which decide what is infamous and what is only regrettable—what may never be forgiven and what can without difficulty be pardoned.

Other things, too, have changed since Darius demanded earth and water from Amyntas, and his son vindicated the honor of the women by such bloody reprisals; since Leonidas died at Thermopylæ, and Pericles rebuilt the Parthenon; since Socrates drank the cup of hemlock, and Etna cast back the golden sandal of Empedocles. Individualism, for one, has taken the place of that passionate devotion to the State which made mothers like Praxithea

sacrifice their daughters to the gods; as modern mothers see theirs undertake the living death of a *Sepolto Viva*—with the same solemn sorrow for the lost love yet with the same grave submission to the divine will. But where our modern sacrifice is for the saving of our own souls, theirs was for the salvation of the State; and our daughters know as little of the patriotism which made Chthonia submissive and gentle Iphigeneia resigned, as they do of the herb *moly* or the helmet of Hades.

The one strong friendship through life and to death which made Orestes and Pylades proverbial; which sent Nisus to his own death in defence of Euryalus; which made Achilles forget his wrath that he might avenge Patrocles, and Panteus, forgetting wife and home, slay himself on the dead body of Cleomenes—this one strong love between men has declined to a crowd of pleasant acquaintances, for the most part based on the most prosaic considerations of mutual advantages.

The modesty and strict discipline of youth, the influence given to teachers, the power of eloquence, the adoration of beauty—all have gone with that passionate devotion to the one mother, the State; that faithful friendship to the chosen beloved. The sentiment expressed in the ephobic oath, when the newly-enrolled youth swore never to disgrace his hallowed weapons, nor to abandon the comrade by whose side he might be placed, nor to leave his country less, but rather greater and better by sea and land, than when he received it—that sentiment is as archaic as the Socratic method, as obsolete as the Bacchic hymn, as dead as the gods on Mount Olympus. It bore its most splendid fruit when those Three Hundred perished, each man by the side of his friend. Since then, however great and grand the deed, the heart of the heroism animating it has been dif-

ferent, and the ephebic oath is among the things done with.

But chief of all the things which have changed since then and now is the social condition of women. And here we vigorous Westerns take credit to ourselves, and hold that we have made a clear step forward, casting behind us many dishonoring fetters and oppressive superstitions by the way. And yet—nothing having one side only—something may be said for the habits and customs of the despised past; and assuredly the Greek Ideal of Womanhood stands among the most beautiful in the world. For we must not confound customs with character, nor habits of life with moral influence and repute.

The religion of those old times is itself evidence of the power held by women and the respect paid to them. Zeus, the "cloud-gatherer," was, of course, the supreme deity of all; the father of gods and men, whose nod shook the foundations of the earth, before whose wrath all creatures, divine and human, trembled. Even Hera herself hearkened to the sage counsel which advised her to bear her jealous wrath as best she could, because of the power of the Thunderer to hurt and destroy. But with this exception the goddesses were as powerful as the gods, and wrought their will on men and things at pleasure. Between the two, when Poseidon contended with Athene for the guardianship of Athens, it was the goddess who conquered:—Was not that old gnarled sacred olive in the Acropolis the sign thereof?—that olive which was then as immortal as the goddess herself; which sprouted two cubits long on the very day when the Medes burnt it and the city; which died only when the gods themselves passed away into the gray gloom of Hades, and the cry went round among men who then had found another shrine: "The great god Pan is dead!"

"The severe goddesses," the Erinyes, were women whose power filled earth and sky and drove men like sheep to the slaughter; wrecking lives as storms wreck strong ships, and destroying peace and happiness and self-respect as winds uproot the forest-trees. Essentially womanlike are they in their softer aspect of those "thrice awful protectresses—dread daughters of the Earth and Darkness," those venerable Eumenides who were to be propitiated by penitence and prayer, and who, from the Furies who scourged, became the mistresses who pardoned and the mothers who received. Até was a woman; so was swift Night, whom Zeus himself "feared to vex;" while the great Mother of the Earth, Demeter—that nobler, fuller, more matured Hera, whose pride sorrow has chastened to sympathy and who gives with both hands the treasure of her heart—was almost as potent over men as was her cloud-compelling brother. Hestia, again, was one of the most influential forms of divinity. She was the supreme deity of the home; and the home is the center of society and one of the holiest of the Holy Places of humanity. Before her altar were transacted all the solemn events of the family. Here the young were married; here the dead were laid; here was brought the newborn infant to be carried round that sacred shrine as a sign of reception and welcome; and here was received, by the whole family, the new slave, also as a sign that, like the newly-born, he was admitted to the household hearth as one of themselves. Here, too, he ran for protection—to this visible sign of the home divinity—when he had done wrong and feared punishment; and here the stranger, doubtful of his welcome, placed himself as under the ægis of the goddess. So Odysseus, when—directed by the goddess, "gray-eyed Athene," in the fashion of a young

maiden carrying a pitcher—he passed through the golden door of the palace of Alcinous, and “sat him down by the hearth in the ashes at the fire.” First and last of all libations were poured out to Hestia, as a sign that she inclosed all things—she, one form of the great Mother of All. Standing as close as the guardian angel in the dreams of the young acolyte—as helpful as intimate, as observant as the patron saint—this sweet, chaste virgin-mother gathered up the prayers of all her children as the sun gathers up the dew from the white fleeces strewn on the earth; and no one could feel desolate or abandoned while the fire burnt on her altar and the sacrifices were duly made. The prayer of Alcestis to Hestia could not have made to a god. So that religion at least gave her scepter to woman; and neither god nor man, neither demigod nor demi-brute, could resist when she commanded nor fulfill when she opposed.

The better-known four great goddesses are in themselves types of living women. So they seem to us to whom they are no longer awful and divine. They have lost the formless nebulosity of Rhea, the elemental grandeur of Demeter, the awful omnipotence of Necessity by whose will the gods themselves were bound, the weird faculties and mysterious functions of the Erinnyes and the Phorcydes. They are women—living, breathing, acting women—loving and hating, protecting and persecuting, according to their desire; taking one man for their love and banning another with their wrath, and seldom more reasonable than their mortal representatives. The earth is peopled with their daughters, who cluster beneath the folds of their garments and reproduce the lineaments of the archetype. To white armed Hera belong the proud, exclusive, virtuous ladies who class themselves as a chosen band apart from the commonalty, call

themselves “we,” keep society at a high level of outside refinement, and hold the rougher world of men in check.

For the most part stately and still—quiet because proud, and too refined to be demonstrative—they are yet at times, in their own regal way, substantially termagants; and they are noted for their hardness of hand when dealing with offenders. But without them the world would breed corruption as quickly as the bull, “on whose brows are beginning to curl the horns of the second year,” breeds bees after he has been killed with blows and laid on thyme and cassia flowers. They are the great forbidders of men’s wishes and self-indulgences. They stop up bung-holes and spigots in the wine-casks; deny both cakes and ale; and put the seas between them and their husband’s cigars. They persecute, even when ignorantly sinning, the unfortunate Alcmeneas whose children have no name; and they lead the rash Semeles to their own destruction when they wish to mate with their betters. Like Cassandra, they are strong to resist Apollo himself; and the base-born Ixions of rash desires know them only through the vapors of imagination. Everywhere “young Cupid’s fiery shaft” has no more chance with them—if outside the magic circle of the wedding-ring—than it had when it was “quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon.” They are the leaders of the “proper set” in London society, and the ladies of honorable birth and more honorable marriage in the country. They wear rich furs and stately velvets; bear children in decorous sufficiency but not with vulgar plentitude; keep their husbands in good order, and drive their household team with a light rein and a strong curb. They are our ladies of high lineage and blameless repute—the direct descendants of those Junonic Roman matrons

who, when they crossed the bridegroom's threshold, said emphatically: *Ubi tu Caius ego Caia;*" and translated into deeds the self-assertive promise of their words.

To gray-eyed Athene, the "very wise," belong the whole class, however named, of those thoughtful, learned, ambitious, or self-devoted women who despise the lusts of the flesh and live for intellect, power, country, or a cause. Pythonesses at Delphi, vestals at Rome, Lady Abbesses and leaders of religious sects in Christendom, they have not much to do with the laughing, careless, happy freedom of maidenhood in its budding-time. They are the Deborahs and Judiths, the Boadiceas and Joans of Arc, of history or patriotism;—the Vittoria Colonnas, the Mesdames Roland, the Mrs. Montagus of politics and literature;—the Princess Idas of poetry. As wives or maidens they are chaste, severe, high-minded, perhaps restricted. In their modern presentation they are committee-women, platform-women, White Cross women, anti-vivisectionists. They are apt to be a little meddling as well as aggressive, and are fond of lifting up forbidden lids—setting the trapped reptiles loose and letting the fowl birds go free. They give lectures on abominable subjects; blaspheme men; fight the cause of dogs; have no love for little children. They are whole-souled in judgment, strong in counsel, helpful in deed, out-and-out partisans in principle. But we respect them more than we love, and go to them for views rather than for sympathy. They have nothing in common with the Junonic ladies of society, though they hold the reins as tightly and use the whip as freely. But where the former act on individuals, these others work for principles, and seldom go so far as to have either an Odysseus or a Telemachus in their lives.

To "gold-gleaming" Artemis are

affiliated all out-of-doors and active women, whether as swift-running Spartan girls, or those of modern type who face bullfinches and leap ditches in the hunting-field, climb snow mountains and cross glaciers in the Engadine, go out with the guns and bring down their bird on the moors. Also to her belongs the collective maidenhood of the world, before desire lies on the eyelids or love looks out from the eyes. Artemis holds as her own all that innocent and laughing girlhood which neither cares for fame nor pines for love, but just lives as the flowers and the birds live—standing in the sunlight of to-day with now and then a backward glance to the rose-colored memories of yesterday's childhood, but never an attempt to peer into the dim shadows of to-morrow. These are the creatures to whom to live is enough for happiness. They do not know one philosophy from another, and as little of the sin and sorrow of the world about them. To the poor of their own place they are good and compassionate; and, in the bleak winter weather, carry willingly four or five miles over the snow, baskets of warm comforts for the ailing, shivering, peniless bodies who starve on the outskirts of the parish. They are unconscious hedonists because, being pure in mind and healthy in body, everything turns to enjoyment with them; and all forms of discontent, repining, or moroseness are as foreign to their nature as a burning desire to understand algebra or a steady resolve to master Greek. They are our typical English girls of country life and habits; and we would match them against the world for health, beauty, innocence—and the lovely freshness resulting.

To sea-born Aphrodite are given all women who love; all women who care to make the joy of men; all the sweet names of passionate renown; all the fair shapes of those who loved and

smiled and wrought in a kiss the ruin of a life or the salvation of a world. All the immortal loveliness of time and the ages, of history and poetry, belongs to her. Helen and Aspasia; Ruth standing breast-high among the corn, and the Magdalene wiping the feet of her Lord with her long fair hair; fair Rosamond and Agnes Sorel; the Scottish Mary whose witchery made death for her far sweeter to the loving than life without her; Queen Margot, who kissed her sleeping poet on the lips, and whose blue eyes shone with the light of the love that is born in an hour to live for a day; Ninon de l'Enclos, who seemed to have bathed in a special Canathus of her own, and to have received a private patent from the Mother of Love herself; Hero and Juliet; Lisette and Jeanette—these and countless more are the buds which cluster round that parent rose; and wherever woman loves and is beloved, there the Sea-born rises again from the iridescent foam, and men peril their immortal souls for the flavor of her lips and the perfume of her hair. All the sweetness and softness which make the enduring charm of womanhood are the gifts bequeathed by her. But as little as the laughing "nymphs of Dian's train" know of philosophy, so little do these reproductions of Aphrodite know of ascetism or self-restraint. To others the lessons of prudence and the denials of virtue; to them the full cup drained with passionate haste while the wine is sweet and before the acid of the lees crisps the moist lips and dims the bright eyes. When the inevitable day of decay comes, then, like the Sicilian Lais, they hang up their mirrors in the temple where they have worshiped, and sigh sully as they say: "We have lived!" For nothing is eternal; and even Anadyomene has passed back into the froth and foam of her beginning.

For the rest of the Greek goddesses,

they are simply women differentiated by functions rather than by qualities, and in no way archetypal. Fleet-footed Iris and silver-ankled Thotis, and Hebe who is her mother's attendant and the young daughter of the Divine House, are like a thousand others. Psyche has her own individuality because of her extreme youth and innocent foolishness; but, unless we would make Pandora stand for curiosity, Leda for compassion, Daphne for terror, Arethusa for repugnance, Proserpine and Europe for victimized maidenhood, and so on, we can carve but few distinctive marks on the pedestals where stand the images of those who loved and were beloved, or who were beloved and not consenting. They are as hand-maidens helping in the splendor of the pageant; but they are satellites not suns, accessories not principals.

This clear-cut personality of the four great goddesses, taken in the concrete form in which we chiefly know them—but how the outlines fade and the attributes commingle when we go deeper into the meaning of the myths, grouping the various embodiments and ceasing to isolate the localities!—this clear-cut personality is repeated in the Homeric women, and later, in those of the great tragedians. Helen, Penelope, Andromache, Eurydice, Nausicaä, Arete, Calypso herself, half divine yet all a woman, are like so many cameos, perfectly distinct and individualized. Chryseis and Briseis, on the contrary are like shadows crossing the page, not detached nor solidified nor differentiated one from the other. They are the Hebe and Iris of humanity, important as agencies but formless as persons. Their fainter tones are supplemented by the living reality of these others. Helen herself—for all that her beauty is of an almost elemental kind, like the radiance of the dawn or the splendor of the stars, and though she has a certain

mythic and mystic quality, as if she were rather an avatar of Aphrodite than a woman of ordinary mortal mould—yet even she lives and breathes before us as clearly as Scott's Queen Mary or Shakespeare's Juliet.

Nothing is more eloquent of the difference between us and the old Greeks in our estimate of beauty and the true value of women, than is Homer's treatment of Helen, and so many generations after, Isocrates's. Though an ordinary woman's adultery was an infinitely deeper crime with them than it is with us, for the sake of her loveliness the Greeks, both of Homer's time and after, forgave Helen all her sins. No one has a word of blame for her whose fatal charms and still more fatal undutifulness, have already wrought the doom of so many brave men, and are still to work so much more woe.* When Iris, in the likeness of "Laodike, fairest favored of Priam's daughters," goes to tell her that Alexandros and Menelaos, "dear to Ares, will fight with their tall spears for her, and that she will be declared the dear wife of him that conquereth," begging her to go on the tower that she may "see the wondrous doings of the horse-taming Trojans and mail-clad Achaians," the goddess speaks to the woman, the sister to the sister-in-law, the virtuous maiden to the adulterous wife, with both tenderness and respect. So does Priam, on whose house and city she has brought this ilimitable woe. When she has left that "great purple web of double woof," on which she is embroidering "many battles of horse-taming Trojans and mail-clad Achaians," and, veiling her face in shining linen, while letting fall a great round tear, goes with her handmaidens to the tower, Priam calls her his "dear child" and comforts her. "I hold thee not to blame," he says; "nay, I hold the gods to blame who brought on us the dolorous war of the Achaians."

She herself says in answer: "Reverend art thou to me and dread, dear father of my lord; would that sore death had been my pleasure when I followed thy son hither, and left my home and my kinsfolk and my daughter in her girlhood and the lovely company of my age-fellows. But that was not so, wherefore I pine with weeping."

Nevertheless, she goes on to explain quite quietly who are the leaders of the hostile hosts, and how they are named. There is nothing wild nor disturbing in her self-reproach. The tear lies on her cheek, but no anguish contracts the fair features of her face nor furrows the clear breadth of her brows. She is not heartless, but calm as Fate is calm. She has brought evil on all who loved her and on thousands besides; but it is the law of her being; and she is no more responsible for the one or for the other than the lily is responsible for its beauty or the night-shade for its bale. Standing on the high tower under the clear blue sky of Greece—before her the chiefs and leaders of that grand Achaian host, their armor flashing in the sun and their hollow ships rocking in the bay—in the streets of the beleaguered city at her feet crowds of helmeted Trojans, with long-robed women passing to and fro—she feels and knows how all this is the result of her beauty and her power. She shows no vulgar triumph, betray no mean vanity. With statuesque composure she confesses her fault, then turns to her calm description of the men who have come to die for her sake. In her infidelity and her love—in her matchless charm and beauty—in her grace and dignity and queenly splendor even in her shame—in her feminine supremacy, the while she is submissive to her lord's will—in the godlike grandeur and the womanly tenderness of her embrace—Helen of Troy lives forever as the type of one whose perfection of sex redeems her sin

and stands instead of the crowning virtue of that sex. Even so late as Isocrates, she was honored beyond all women; and in the famous oration, her *Encomium*, this fervid outburst attests her place in history and the hearts of men: "And who would have scorned wedlock with her, for whose sake all the Hellenes went to war as if Hellas had been ravaged? They regarded the issue as lying, not between Alexander and Menelaos, but between Europe and Asia. The land which held Helen must be most blest. As thought men, so thought the gods. Zeus sent his son Sarpedon, Eos sent her Memnon, Poseidon sent Kyknos, Thetis sent Achilles, to a fate which they foreknew, but which, they deemed, could not be more glorious. And naturally; for Helen was endowed beyond compare with beauty—the most august, the most honored, the most divine of all things; the quality for which, if absent, nothing can make up; which, where it is present, wins good-will at first sight; which makes service sweet and untiring; which makes tasks seem favors; beauty, the profanation of which by those who possess it we deem a crime more shameful than any wrong which they can do others, while we honor for all their days those who guard it sacred as a shrine."

There is a more cynical ring in the opening chapter of Herodotus. Speaking of the carrying off from her husband of this fair cause of so much sorrow—this "long-robed Helen," whom Homer calls "the noblest of women"—he says: "Now to carry off women by violence the Persians think is the act of wicked men; but to trouble one's self about avenging them when carried off, is the act of foolish ones; and to pay no regard to them when carried off, of wise men; for that it is clear, that if they had not been willing they would not have been carried off." Queen Elizabeth repeated the same sentiment in other words

many hundreds of years after the Father of History had joined the melancholy shades below. Æschylus, in his *Agamemnon*, strikes a yet graver note of reprobation: "Who gave that war-wed strife-upstirring one the name of Helen, ominous of ill?" "Hell of men, and hell of ships, and hell of towers," she is primarily responsible for the awful crime about to be committed by her sister; she is the source whence flows this fatal river of hot blood; though, indeed, she is but one of the fated in her own person, destined to help in carrying on the curse lying on the house of Agamemnon for the sin of Thyestes and the vengeance of Atreus. All the same, Isocrates had religion and tradition on his side when he made his *Encomium*. For the account of Helen in her restored home, with Menelaos of the golden hair, in the *Odysses*—of the temple built to her honor "in the place called Therapne," by Herodotus—of the votive cups suspended in the temple of Aphrodite, modeled on her fair breasts, show how her beauty stood in men's minds for glory, and how the multiplicity of her lovers tarnished the brightness of her fame no more than did the frank infidelities of her father Zeus or the loves of her patroness Aphrodite. But the legend that through the time of the Trojan war, while, seeming to be in Troy she was really safe in Egypt, twining lotus-flowers in her hair and embroidering mystic loveliness on splendid robes—that all those men and heroes lost their lives for a Shadow, and that nothing was real save suffering and death—this is the saddest note of all. No sermon ever written on the vanity of human aims and the phantasmagoria we call life, approaches this pathetic satire for force or subtlety. It makes the solid earth reel beneath our feet, and things become as unreal as the cloud that Ixion embraced. We prefer the thoroughly feminine realism

of the taunt made by Electra, when she sneers at the fair woman's vanity for merely snipping the "tips of her long hair, saving its beauty," where others gave long locks and some the whole crown of glory, for their mourning.

Very different from this half-divine yet sinful daughter of the gods, beloved by Aphrodite and the adored of men, are the other Homeric women. Foremost among them stands Andromache, that tender, faithful, loving wife, with her young son, "like a beautiful star" on her breast. No portrait ever drawn by the hand of man is more exquisite than hers. Not Imogen nor Dorothea surpasses her in that subtle charm and steadfast nobleness of womanhood which make her name fragrant and her image immortal. She even dwarfs by comparison the lovely majesty of Helen; and when Hector passes from the fair palace of Alexandros to his own "well-established" house, we feel all the difference between the divine harlot and the womanly wife. Her prayer that her husband should stay in safety with her upon the tower—woman's love forgetting man's honor—and Hector's answer and mournful prophetic picture, are among the divine things in literature, deathless as the sun is deathless, and like the sun, renewed in power and glory to each young life. Whose eyes are dry when reading the answer of this Trojan Hotspur to a nobler than was Percy Kate?—

"Surely I take thought for all these things, my wife; but I have very sore shame of the Trojans and Trojan dames with trailing robes, if, like a coward, I shrink away from battle. Moreover, mine own soul forbiddeth me, seeing I have learnt ever to be valiant and fight in the forefront of the Trojans, winning my father's great glory and my own. Yea, of a surety I know this in heart and soul; the day shall come for holy Ilios to be laid low, and Priam and the folk of Priam of the good ashen spear. Yet doth the anguish of the Trojans hereafter not so much trouble me,

neither Hekabe's own, neither King Priam's, neither my brethren's, the many and brave that shall fall in the dust before their foe; as doth thine anguish in the day when some mail-clad Achaian shall lead thee weeping and rob thee of the light of freedom. So shalt thou abide in Argos and ply the loom at another woman's bidding, and bear water from Mount Messeis or Hypercia, being grievously entreated, and sore constraint shall be laid on thee. And then shall one say that beholdeth thee weep 'This is the wife of Hector, that was foremost in battle of the horse-taming Trojans, when men fought about Ilios.' Thus shall one say hereafter, and fresh grief will be thine for lack of such an husband as thou hadst to ward off the day of thralldom. But me in death may the upheaped earth be covering, ere I hear thy crying and thy carrying into captivity."

Full, too, of pathos as warm as tears, as immeasurable as human sorrow, is Andromache's lament for her dead husband, and her prophecy of sorrow for her fatherless son — that "cruel-fated child," for whom, perhaps, the swift murder done by the Greeks was a more merciful fate than the long years of cold neglect and sharp oppression foreseen by his mother.

"Thus saying, she sped through the chamber like one mad, with beating heart, and with her went her handmaidens. But when she came to the battlements and the throng of men, she stood still upon the wall and gazed, and beheld him dragged before the city:—swift horses dragged him recklessly toward the hollow ships of the Achaians. Then dark night came on her eyes and shrouded her, and she fell backward and gasped forth her spirit. From off her head she shook the bright attiring thereof, frontlet and net and woven band, and veil, the veil that golden Aphrodite gave her on the day when Hector of the glancing helm led her forth of the house of Eëtion, having given bride-gifts untold. And around her thronged her husband's sisters and his brothers' wives, who held her up among them, distraught even to death. But when at last she came to herself and her soul returned into her breast, then wailing with deep sobs she spake among the women of Troy: O Hector, woe is me! to one fate then were we both born, thou in Troy in the house of Priam, and I in Thebes under woody Plakos, in the house of Eëtion, who reared me from a little one—ill-fated sire

of cruel-fated child. Ah, would he had begotten me not! Now thou to the house of Hades beneath the secret places of the earth departest, and me in bitter mourning thou leavest a widow in thy halls; and thy son is but an infant child—son of unhappy parents thou and me—nor shalt thou profit him, Hector, since thou art dead, neither he thee. For even if he escape the Achaians' woful war, yet shall labor and sorrow cleave unto him hereafter, for other men shall seize his lands. The day of orphanage sundereth a child from his fellows, and his head is bowed down ever, and his cheeks are wet with tears. And in his need the child seeketh his father's friends, plucking this one by cloak and that by coat, and one of them that pity him holdeth his cup a little to his mouth and moisteneth his lips, but his palate he moisteneth not. And some child unorphaned thrusteth him from the feast with blows and taunting words, 'Out with thee! no father of thine is at our board!' Then weeping to his widowed mother shall he return, even Astyanax, who erst upon his father's knee ate only marrow and fat flesh of sheep; and when sleep fell on him and he ceased from childish play, then in bed in his nurse's arms he would sleep softly nested, having satisfied his heart with good things; but now that he has lost his father he will suffer many ills. Astyanax—that name the Trojans gave him because thou only wert the defence of their gates and their long walls. But now by the beaked ships, far from thy parents, shall coiling worms devour thee when the dogs have had their fill, as thou liest naked; yet in these halls lieth raiment of thine, delicate and fair, wrought by the hands of women. But verily, all these will I consume with burning fire—to thee no profit, since thou wilt never lie therein, yet that this be honor to thee from the men and the women of Troy."

Nowhere is there a more beautiful, a more pathetic presentation than this of Hector's "dear-won" wife. Penelope, wise in counsel, firm of purpose, astute in deed as she is, yet lacks Andromache's great charm. Where the wife of Hector has all the frank fire of virtuous love, the wife of Odysseus has blood so chastened as to creep, not flow; and her tenacity seems born rather of the mind than the heart. We can scarcely say how or where it is that she fails to touch our sympathies as do

Andromache, Nausicaä, and even Arete. Perhaps it was because of her husband's frank confession when he says to Calypso: "Myself I know well, how wise Penelope is meaner to look upon than thou in comeliness and stature." Perhaps it is because of her long hesitancy before she can be brought to acknowledge as her husband the stranger whom the old nurse Eurycleia, "that ancient woman of an understanding heart," has already recognized, and at seeing whom the dog Argos has died for joy. Nevertheless, some great and subtle power she must have had; some tender strains of virginal modesty and wifely passion, as well as of the honor which clings round the life of a purposeful woman, must have mingled inextricably with her memory to have kept her husband's heart so fixed upon her that even a goddess could not sway it. To be sure they are both no longer young when the much-loved wanderer returns. But Penelope is still able to charm the many suitors who throng about her; for those fair women of ancient Greece seem to have kept their beauty long after the average time, as witness Clytemnestra, Jocasta, and now Penelope. Perhaps her cautious prudence fitted in with her husband's own careful, doubtful, watching character, and was the quality which kept all the rest alive. Nausicaä, the sweetest *ingénue* that ever stood where "brook and river meet" and dreamed the dreams which repeat the waking visions of the day; Arete, honored by Alcinous as "no other woman in the world is honored," walking through the city, appeasing quarrels and receiving reverence as she goes, enthroned by her husband in the golden palace, and hers the first word to which he appeals; "Calypso of the braided tresses singing with a sweet voice as she fared to and fro before the loom and wove with a shuttle of gold"—singing now, but soon to shudder when Hermes

delivers his message and her ardent love-story has run its course; Circe, that "awful goddess of mortal speech" who, so cruel to others, yet entreated noble Odysseus well; all the poor shadows down in Hades, those now strengthless heads who had been loved by gods and made the mothers of men; truly the galaxy of Homeric womanhood shines bright and burnished in the poetic firmament, and we cannot say that in those old times the honor paid to women was scant or the estimate of their value small.

The women of the dramatists are as vitalized as those of Homer, and some are as supreme. Equal to Andromache in her tenderness and to Penelope in her constancy, that "child of a blind old man, Antigone," gathers up in herself some of the noblest characteristics of her sex, and is the ideal woman of her kind. Her devotion to her father during his life-time is matched only by her devotion to her brother after his death; and in all her actions no care for self mars the perfect wholeness of her love, no fear of consequences disturbs the strong tenacity of her purpose. Œdipus turns to her for counsel as for tenderness, and she, always so wise and gentle to him, gives him the eye of her mind as of her body—tells him what to do and where to go—what to confess and when to refrain. She guides him by the hand, as she has "since first her childhood's nurture ceased, and she grew strong," and for him abandons all the hopes and pleasures of her age and sex. Ismene, who comes to them just as they have left the grove of the Eumenides, "in her broad Thessalian hat," and "mounted on a colt of Etna's breed," is a slighter character, but more essentially womanly according to our ideas. Gentle and timid, though quite faithful, she is too fearful to be heroic, and bends to the storm, as Antigone does not. Nevertheless, she stands

bravely enough by her sister in her hour of peril, and would, if she might, share the punishment due to disobedience in the matter of those funeral rites to the slain Polyneikes. But Antigone nobly repudiates her, and saves her from herself. Also, she has suffered much in this journey to her father, that she may tell him of the evil that has befallen his two sons and give him the words of the oracle; and Œdipus makes no difference between his daughters. His greeting to Ismene is curious on account of the opening words; corresponding as they do with our own later knowledge by the papyri of the private lives of the Egyptians. Œdipus contrasts his daughters' devotion with his sons' supineness and indifference to him.

"Oh, like in all things both in nature's bent,
And mode of life, to Egypt's evil ways,
Where men indoors sit weaving at the loom,
And wives outdoors must earn their daily bread.

Of you, my children, those who ought to toil,
Keep house at home, like maidens in their prime,
And ye, in their stead, wear yourselves to death

For me and for my sorrows. She, since first
Her childhood's nurture ceased, and she grew strong,

Still wandering with me sadly evermore,
Leads the old man through many a wild
wood's paths,

Hungry and footsore, threading on her way.
And many a storm and many a scorching sun
Bravely she bears, and little recks of home,
So that her father finds his daily bread.

And thou, my child, before didst come to me
All oracles to tell me (those Cadmeians
Not knowing of thy errand) which were given
Touching this feeble frame; and thou wast still

A faithful guardian, when from out the land
They drove me."

Through the whole of the two plays, however, of *Œdipus at Colonus* and *Antigone*, it is Antigone who fills the stage. Faithful and reverent to her father, she guides, protects, counsels, and consoles him. Loving, too, and of a more heroic temper than her sweet

young sister, she refuses to allow the impulse of loyalty which would have made Ismene also a martyr. Holding her brother Polyneikes dearer than her life, she urges him to the wiser course of a noble self-restraint, but afterward voluntarily sacrifices herself to the consequences of his willfulness and indocility. Steadfast to her duty, bold against tyranny, faithful to her own, tender as love and resolute as hate, she never falters in her self-elected path, nor turns back from the martyrdom she has chosen as her fate. Yet though she is so strong, she says of herself: "My nature leads to love, not hate," and finds her consolation in the prospect, more sure than hope, that "Loved I shall be with him whom I have loved, guilty of holiest crime." "I know I please the souls I ought to please," is another of her self-revelations. No truckling to the living powers that can hurt, no forgetfulness of the dead love that can no longer bless, for her! Though it cost her her life, she will please the soul she ought to please, and let the rest go by. And for these two qualities of enduring love and constancy in duty, the world reverences her name, and will reverence it forever. She lives in these two plays as much as Cordelia and Juliet live. She is as real a person as our sister, our daughter. But she is so far unlike our modern women in that she prefers her brother to her lover, and chooses death through loyalty to the dead Polyneikes, rather than life and love with Hæmön. In her pathetic farewell to life she only alludes to her lover, and then, not to him personally—rather to her own lost hope of marriage and maternity—while the whole tone of her lament is full of the very passion of love for her own people. Among other things she says she would not have done this bold deed of pious disobedience had she "come to be a mother with her children," nor dared "though

'twere a husband's head that mouldered there;" for she goes on to say—

'Am I asked what law constrained me thus?
I answer, had I lost a husband dear
I might have had another; other sons
By other spouse, if one were lost to me;
But when my father and my mother sleep
In Hades, then no brother more can come!"

This is exactly the same reason as that given by the wife of Intaphernes, when Darius offers her the choice of one life among all those of hers he has doomed to death, and she saves her brother to the neglect of her husband and children. It is a curiously explicit evidence of the strength of the family tie on the father's side, and the predominance of simple instinct over sentiment in the matters of marriage, and even maternity. All the same, Euripides says in the *Danæ*—

"A woman, when she leaves her father's home,
Belongs not to her parents, but her bed."

Electra is another character of absolute vitality. As strong as Antigone, and as faithful, she however misses that charm which made the child of the blind old man so lovely. With her, sorrow is too much mixed up with vengeance to be pathetic. A more purposeful and a fiercer Hamlet, she never ceases to bewail her murdered father; but she does not shrink from helping to avenge him—not on her mother's paramour, but on that mother herself. Like Antigone, she is contrasted with a weaker sister, the politic and reasonable Chrysothemis, who thinks it wise in foul weather "to slack my sail, and make no idle show of doing something when I cannot harm." But Electra is too full of the fire of hate to heed this sage advice; and after she has defied Clytemnestra to her face, completes her dreadful vengeance by the savage taunts and eager cries with which she shares her brother's crime, and urges its execution. Her frantic hatred to her mother is terrible; but as revolt-

ing as it is terrible. No sentiment of pity, no dread of her own incited work, no memory of the days when her mother had been her friend, softens her heart or bends the steely hardness of her purpose. She only asks: "And is she dead, vile wretch?" when Orestes and Pylades come, their crimsoned hands dripping with gore; and when she answers the questioning of Ægisthos, she answers back with bitter sneers and sarcastic taunts. Clytemnestra herself has something of the awful sublimity of Milton's Satan. She is like some heroic statue of Melpomene—the impersonation of the tragedy which is associated with crime. As she is in the *Electra*, Pheidias might have carved her, and she would have lived in the marble as now in the book. But, indeed all Greek literary work is statuesque, like Michelangelo's painting. Her imperious will and jealous pride, her regal personality and ruthless purpose, her temperament at once cruel and voluptuous, stamp her image in lines of fire and blood on the page; and only the character of her retribution turns our loathing to that horror which has its other side in pity. Just one word of excuse for the murder of her husband is to be found in the mother's vengeful sorrow for the sacrifice of Iphigeneia, and the woman's pride insulted by the presence of Cassandra. And only one human touch redeems her passionate exaltation at his death—when she says that his child will meet him in Hades, and "with greeting kind, e'en as is fit," will clasp him in her arms, "by the dark stream of bitter woes," and give him a daughter's kiss.

But for Iphigeneia herself—all pictures fail in beauty, all poetry in tenderness, by the side of this loveliest and most pathetic figure. The description of her at the sacrificial altar is scarcely to be read even now without tears:—

"All her prayers and eager callings
On the tender name of Father,
All her young and maiden freshness
They but set at nought, those rulers,
In their passion for the battle.
And her father gave commandment
To the servants of the Goddess,
When the prayer was o'er, to lift her
Like a kid above the altar,
In her garments wrapt, face downward,—
Yea, to seize with all their courage,
And that o'er her lips of beauty
Should be set a watch to hinder
Words of curse against the houses,
With the gag's strength silence-working."

"And she upon the ground
Pouring rich folds of robes in saffron dyed,
Cast at each one of those who sacrificed
A pitceous glance that pierced,
Seen like a pictured form."

Beautiful, however, as she is in this picture, in the more elaborated play of *Iphigeneia in Aulis* she is even more lovely, because more endowed. The scene where she first entreats her father for dear life, then, rising above the weakness of her youth and flesh, accepts her doom with that grand submission to the inevitable which arises from the highest kind of courage, is almost unique in its sacred tones of pathos. "Look on me! Give me one parting look, one kiss, that when I die I may remember thee!" she says to her miserable heart-stricken father. Her presentation of her infant brother, asking his innocence to plead for her; her last agony of supplication:—

"Have pity on me, father! spare my life!
'Tis sweet to gaze upon the blessed light;
The grave is nought! The fool resigns his
breath:
The sorriest life is better than the noblest
death!"

And then the last abandonment of hope, and with hope of self-consideration—forbidding her mother to revile her father—forbidding Achilles to act on her behalf—not suffering her household to put on mourning—saying that she dies by the will of the gods and for her country—where can we find any-

thing more pure, more beautiful, more honourable to the ideal of womanhood? Add to this most exquisite presentation that other, almost as lovely, of Polyxena, as the maiden sacrifice, and to these join that of Alcestis as the wifely—the one forced and patiently submitted to, the other voluntary and nobly undertaken—and the many minor and yet sweet and lovely female characters of his other plays, and Euripides may stand excused from the charge of reviling the sex he delighted to paint in such splendor of moral coloring. Of the character of Alcestis and her farewell to life, all words of praise are faint, all tribute is inadequate. Her prayer to Hestia as she stands, nobly-clad, before the hearth; her pious care of the gods, decking every altar in the house, “stripping the myrtle-foilage from the boughs, without a tear, without a groan;” then her passionate embrace of her marriage-bed, and bitter foreboding of her rival—that woman who will be “truer—no! but of better fortune;” her last kisses to her children clustered weeping round her knees; her last hand-clasp to her servants; and then her faring forth from the inner sanctuary of the gynæceum to the atrium to die that he whom she loved might live—ah! true as is all beauty, and deathless as true love is this scene, this character—as fresh now as when it was written more than two thousand years ago;—the material circumstances only changed, but ever the same gem, differently set according to customs and beliefs. And when Admetus refuses the veiled stranger for love and constancy to the memory of her who died for him, Euripides strikes a nobler chord than our Shakespeare sounds when Claudio accepts with “tears of gratitude” the unknown spouse bestowed on him to replace the Hero he had so basely shamed and so unmanfully destroyed. Say that the whole story is a

fable no truer than the island of Calypso, the incantations of Circe, the phantom of Helen, the vengeance of Medea—or, if not a fable, then a story of which the bare prosaic elements have been heightened by romance to the sublimest poetry—still, the presentation is real; for the women created by the poetic Logos are as much facts as if they stood clothed in the flesh before us. They live in the mind, and the mind is the sole mirror of reality. That Homer should have painted Andromache and Nausicaä; that Æschylus should have given us that exquisite picture of the bound and sacrificed Iphigeneia; that Sophocles should have created Antigone, Ismene, and gentle-hearted Tecmessa; Euripides—Alcestis, Iphigeneia, Polyxena, and those many minor others; that all this golden glory of renown and sweet savor of immortal love should be as the bride-veils round the gracious head of womanhood, show us in what esteem the sex was held by the Greeks, despite the sneers of Aristophanes and the coarser satires of Archilochus and Simonides.

Woman has her place, too, in the heroic history of the olden times, and certain feminine names and deeds are emblazoned forever in the annals of ancient Greece, side by side with those of her bravest and noblest men. Cheloniis, faithful to misfortune, who left her husband to share her father's exile, and her father to share her husband's, “so that, had not Cleombrotus been corrupted with the love of false glory, he must have thought exile with such a woman a greater happiness than a kingdom without it;” Ægistrata, who, after she had seen her son slaughtered and her mother hanged, rose up to meet her fate, and said, with a sigh for her country: “May all this be for the good of Sparta!” Panthea, that Smyrniain and more constant Bathsheba, where Cyrus was a nobler and more continent

David, if Abradates was not more fortunate than Uriah; Cratesiclea, brave and devoted; and, above all, that nameless wife of Panteus, that heroine of heroines, calm, faithful, courageous, noble as none else ever was, more careful of her modesty after death than of her pain in dying, and mainly solicitous to help those of her sisters who were less brave than she;—these, only a few of the many, attest the quality of the womanhood of ancient Greece, and put to shame the lampooners.

All the same, women were set in the lower place, and taught that humility and submission were their chief virtues and their first duties. "Woman, know that silence is woman's noblest part," say Aias, better known as Ajax, to his well-beloved Tecmessa, when she seeks to control his mad and Quixote-like fury — mistaking beeves and herds for enemies. If it be objected to this that Ajax in life was notorious for his haughtiness, and in death wandered apart, too proud to consort with the other phantoms haunting Hades; that, rather than become again a man with the chance of a second time losing the arms of an Achilles to another Odysseus, he chose — so said Erus, the son of Armenius, as vouched for by Plato — to become a lion; and that he therefore would be apter than most men to forbid utterance to even the best-beloved among women — still, others of as great renown as Ajax, and of as splendid genius as Euripides, have said the same thing. From Solomon to Shakespeare, from Gray to Wordsworth and onward to Keats, the supreme value of woman has been found in her virtues; and her virtues have ever been those of the stiller, gentler, more patient and more self-sacrificing kind. This the old Greek dramatists knew and showed, despite the strength and splendid criminality of Clytemnestra, Medea, Electra, and the like. And on this

base-line the Grecian woman's life was planned, with such practical outcome as we see in art and learn by history.—ELIZA LYNN LINTON, in *the Fortnightly Review*.

THE GLACIAL PERIOD IN AMERICA.

The one salient point of America is the Glacial Epoch. In Europe, the Great Ice Age is but a pious opinion; in Canada and the Northern States it is a tremendous fact, still devastating with its mass of tumbled débris the cultivable fields in every direction. The havoc wrought by the universal ice-sheet, indeed, renders by far the greater part of north-eastern America permanently unfit for human tillage. The backbone of Canada consists of a low granitic ridge, worn down to a stump by the grinding ice-sheet, with the bare gneiss scarcely covered in places by some thin scattering of infertile soil. Hardly a stunted pine-tree or a straggling blueberry-bush can find a foothold anywhere in the shallow crannies where the rock has weathered into a crumbling trench. The great central range of New England, again, from the Green Mountains of Vermont to the Connecticut hills, is almost as barren, rocky, and desolate, and for the same reason. So are the dividing-ridges of the Mohawk, the Hudson, the Susquehanna, and the Ohio River. In all the more mountainous or elevated regions, in short, the ice has simply cleared away everything bodily from the surface of the earth, and left nothing behind but a bald rounded surface, scantily occupied, even at the present day, by casual colonies of straggling trees.

To realize the profound effect visibly produced upon the whole face of nature

in the new world by the glaciation of two hundred thousand years ago, we have only to imagine the existing ice-cap melted bodily by some secular change off the frozen surface of our modern Greenland. As the ice gradually retreated and disappeared, it would leave behind it, on the ridges, a slippery mass of smooth and polished naked rock; in the interstices or valleys, a mighty mud-field, composed of the drift or boulder-clay—that is to say, of the ground-up detritus of sand and earth, rubbed off the rocks by the constant downward movement of the ice, and largely intermixed with boulders and erratic blocks of all sizes, colors, shapes, and materials. This "till," or ground moraine, or glacial drift, would form at first the only cultivable soil that a fresh race of immigrants might perhaps attack in the newly made plains of a warmer Greenland. The mountains or hills, planed smooth and low, and as yet unweathered into pinnacles and crannies, would allow no roothold for tree or shrub; and even the till in the intervening valleys would be so thickly choked with big round stones, that only after many pickings would it be possible to run a plough or harrow through the stiff mass of heterogeneous rubble.

Now that was just the condition of northern America about the end of the last glaciation, say no more than some eighty thousand years ago. The whole north had gone solid for ice. The crystal sheet that covered the surface of the entire continent, as far south as Baltimore and Washington, must at the time of its greatest extension have had a thickness of which the puny modern coating of Greenland and the Antarctic land—those last relics of the old polar caps—can scarcely give us any adequate conception. The ice lay so deep and high that it ground smooth the summits of the Catskills, three

thousand feet above the Hudson Valley; and the scratches and polishing due to its ceaseless motion may be still observed among the White Mountains of New Hampshire, at a height of 5,500 feet above sea-level. A hundred yards higher still, the glacial mud lies even now upon the upper slopes and combes of Mount Washington. We may probably conclude, therefore, that the ice at its thickest rose to at least some 6,000 feet above the general level of the North American plainlands. And this vast moving continent of solid glacier pressed slowly and surely, ever downward, from the Arctic regions to its fixed melting-point in the latitude of Maryland. As it went, it wore down the eternal hills like hummocks in its march, and filled the intermediate troughs with wide sheets of rubbish from their eroded material. The grooves worn in the solid Silurian limestone by the shores of Lake Ontario look in places like big rounded channels, and in their regularity and parallel arrangement, always running approximately from north to south, closely simulate some gigantic product of human workmanship. In places the rock seems almost to undulate, as if upheaved and disturbed from below by some long rolling wave-like convulsion.

All northern America, as we see it to-day, is the natural result of this terrific orgy of profound glaciation. From the Atlantic to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and from the latitude of Maryland up to the eternal snows, all America still suffers visibly to the naked eye from the havoc wrought by that long and widespread secular calamity. The mountains, to be sure, have slowly weathered down in process of time, and vegetation has spread tentatively among the rifts and ravines excavated on their flanks; but in most places even now where there are still or once were mountains, the greater part

of the land remains as mere shining flats of polished rock, naked and not ashamed, or barely covered with a girdle of foliage strewn here and there upon its rugged loins. The moraines and drift still occupy the better part of the intervening spaces; and though the native vegetation here grows thicker and lusher, the cultivated fields attest abundantly, by their frequent heaps of picked-out boulders, with what ceaseless toil in these stony basins tillage has been brought up at last to its present low and shabby level. It is only in a few rare spots by the river sides, in the Eastern States at least, that any depth of alluvial soil, spread over the surface by floods since glacial times, gives rise to meadows of deep grass, or to corn-fields which approach, at a dismal distance, our European standard of good farming. I speak, of course, of the East alone. In the West, the profounder alluvium of the great central basin has had time to collect, from the Mississippi and Missouri tributaries, over the vast areas which form the American and Canadian wheat-belt.

But while America has suffered immensely in her geographical and agricultural features from the Great Ice Age, she has suffered far less in her fauna and flora than poor peninsular and isolated Europe. For us, the Glacial epoch was a final catastrophe—the end of most things; for America it was merely an unfortunate episode. The second thing that strikes an English naturalist in New England, after he has got accustomed to the first flush of the all-pervading glacial phenomena, is the wonderful proportional richness of the vegetation and the animal life. In Europe, and still more in England, we have only a bare score of indigenous mammals, only half a dozen or so of indigenous forest-trees—oaks and elms, ashes and maples, birches and beeches, pines and lime-trees. But in the

American woods the wild beasts are large and numerous, the birds are multitudinous and multiform, the insects are innumerable, the names of the various forest-trees are legion. Scarcely any two one sees at the same moment are of the same species; and the diversity and beauty which this variety gives to the trunks and foliage forms one great charm of wild American woodland scenery. Life with us is poor and stunted; life in America is rich and manifold and vigorous and beautiful.

Asa Gray has well pointed out the underlying reason for this marked difference between the plants and animals of the two continents. On our side all the main mountain ranges—Pyrenees and Asturias, Alps and Carpathians, Balkans and Caucasus—trend ever regularly east and west, along the axis of the great subdivided peninsula of Europe. In America the two main mountain systems, the Rockies and the Alleghanies, with all their outliers and lateral ranges, trend ever regularly north and south, along the axis of the big, solid, undivided continent. Furthermore, Europe is sharply cut off from the south by the Mediterranean, and again just beyond the Atlas chain by the vast lifeless area of Sahara. When the enormous ice-sheet of the glacial epoch began to form, it covered the northern half of our continent with its devastating mass, and chilled the frosty air of the remainder as far south as the Mediterranean. Even Spain and Italy must then have possessed a climate far more rigorous and forbidding than the climate of Labrador in our own day. Nor was this all; the Alps and the Apennines, the Sierras and the Carpathians, were each the centers of minor ice-sheets, of which a few shrunken representatives still remain in the Mer de Glace and along the flanks of the Pic du Midi.

But during the Great Ice Age these mountain glaciers extended far more widely in every direction over the better part of Switzerland and the Tyrol, of Southern France and Northern Italy. As the ice moved slowly ever southward, it pushed the warm Tertiary fauna and flora remorselessly before it, crushing them up and hemming them in between the northern ice-sheet and the Alps, the Alps and the sea, the Sierra and the Straits, the Straits and Sahara. Naturally, in such hard times the warmer types died out entirely, and only those sterner plants and animals which could accommodate themselves to the chilly conditions of the Glacial Period struggled through with bare life somehow into the succeeding epoch of secular summer.

When the ice retreated slowly northward once more, it left behind it a Europe (and a Siberia) out of which all the largest, fiercest, and strongest animals, as well as half the most beautiful trees and shrubs and plants, had been utterly exterminated. The mammoth and the mastodon were gone forever; the elephant and the rhinoceros were gone too; the tapir and the hipparion, the hyæna and the monkey, the primitive panther and the saber-toothed lion, all had disappeared from the face of our continent, and some of them utterly from the face of the earth. The European fauna and flora of the Pliocene age—the genial age just preceding the Glacial epoch—were richer and more luxuriant in type than those of sub-tropical South Africa at the present day. Chestnuts and liquidambar, laurels and cinnamons, ancestral tamarinds and Australian hakeas, with conifers like the big trees of the Mariposa grove, had flourished lustily in those happy years by the banks of the Seine, the Rhine, and the Danube. Through such forests of lush sub-tropical vegetation, early man—that

dark and low-browed savage whose fire-marked flints the Abbé Bourgeois unearthed from the still earlier deposits of the Calcaire de Beauce—must have chased many wild and ferocious creatures now known to us only by the scanty bones of the Red Crag and the Belvedere-Schotter. The dinothereum, with his fearsome tusks, still basked in the sunshine by the river-bank at Eppelsheim; the hippotherium, with his graceful Arab-like tread, still cantered lightly over the Vienna plains. The African hippopotamus lolled as commonly in the Rhone as in the Nile. Apes and gazelles gamboled over the not yet classic soil of Attica, side by side with a gigantic wild boar, which fantastic science has not unaptly nicknamed Erymanthian, and with an extinct giraffe as huge in proportion as his modern African representative. “The colossal size of many of its forms,” as Geikie puts it, “is the characteristic mark of the Pliocene European fauna.” But when the limitless ice-sheet swept all these gigantic creatures away before it, there was no point from which, on its retreat, they could re-enter the impoverished younger Europe. The Himalayas and the Hindoo Koosh, the Caucasus and the Caspian, Sahara and the Mediterranean, stretched between them one long heterogeneous but continuous barrier, cutting off the surviving fauna and flora of the fortunate south from the whole depopulated and devastated area of Siberia and Europe.

The consequence is that our modern European fauna and flora are probably the poorest in size and variety to be found anywhere, in an equally large tract of country, over the whole face of the habitable globe. In insular Britain, and more especially in Ireland, this general poverty reaches at length its lowest depth. Even allowing for the extinct species killed off by man within

the historical period, what is the miserable little sum-total of our British mammalian population at the very highest period of its recent development? The red deer and the wild white cattle, the bear and the boar, the wolf and the fox, the beaver and the otter, the badger and the weasel, and a beggarly array of smaller wild beasts, such as squirrels, martens, rats, mice, shrews, hedgehogs, hares, rabbits, moles, and water-voles. Even of these, the largest and most interesting forms are gone long since; only the smallest, most vermin-like, and (so to speak) weediest still survive, except under special artificial conditions of deliberate preservation.

In America, on the other hand, when the advancing ice-sheet pushed the genial Pliocene fauna and flora southward before it, it pushed them on, not into the sea, the mountains, or the desert, but into the open lands of Carolina, Kentucky, and the Gulf States. There were no intervening Alps or Pyrenees, between which and the slowly southward marching ice-plain the plants and animals, attacked on front and rear, could be gradually crushed out of earthly existence. So the ice advanced harmlessly to the point where American geologists have of late detected its absolute terminal moraine, in a line running roughly along the parallel of thirty-nine or forty degrees—about the boundary between the old slave and free States, in fact—and there for a time it halted on its march, leaving the plants and animals it displaced free to find their own quarters in the warmer plains from Florida to Texas, and from the Ohio River to the Gulf of Mexico. The country lay open from the Arctic circle to the tropic in Mexico. As the ice oscillated backward and forward (for the glacial era as a whole embraced, as Dr. Croll

and Dr. James Geikie have proved, from different points of view, many successive glacial and interglacial periods) the vegetation and the wild animals had full freedom to follow it closely northward during each long retreat, and to fall back southward again during each fresh spell of rigid glaciation. As a consequence, the American fauna and flora have not suffered to anything like the same extent as the European from the pauperizing effects of the continental ice-sheet. As soon as the ice got once clear off the face of the ground, trees and shrubs, beasts, birds, and insects, struck north once more, almost in as full force as ever, to occupy the soil their ancestors had left during the first chill that ended the halcyon days of the Pliocene epoch.

No distinct break, therefore, divides the temperate and tropical American life-regions. Europe has no lion, no tiger, no jackal, no crocodile. But the puma (or "panther"), in the native state, ranges from far south of the equator in Paraguay to far north of Hudson's Bay, among the frozen shores of the Saskatchewan and the Athabaska. The coyote, or prairie wolf, is equally at home on the banks of the Missouri and in the North-west Territory. The black and brown bears, it is true, show themselves somewhat more exclusively northern in their tastes; but the grizzly extends, with the utmost impartiality, from the Canadian Rockies as far south as Mexico. The richness of the Canadian fauna in animals like the lynxes, wolverines, racoons, minks, sables, skunks, badgers, otters, wild cats, and fishers, is very noticeable by the side of our marked European poverty. Flying squirrels, gray squirrels, and other bright little forestine rodents, abound in the woods of the St. Lawrence region. Woodchucks, musquash, and the so-called rabbit are everywhere common. Buffalo roam over the whole

prairie-land. The moose and wapiti range far northward, till they encroach upon the region of the musk-ox, the caribou, and the polar bear. The great black war-eagle, the loon, and the wild duck give life and animation to the woods and lakes. Everywhere one feels one's self in the immediate presence of a large and luxuriant native wild life, to which porcupines and beavers, chipmunk and gophers, prairie dogs and shrew moles, Virginian deer and prong-horn antelopes, each in its own place, impart variety, novelty, and freshness. One recognizes throughout in America the stamp of a great vigorous continent. Europe, on the contrary, has but the population of a narrow, poverty-stricken, outlying peninsula.

The woods themselves point this obvious moral even more vividly and distinctly than the creatures that inhabit them. American wood-land runs riot in its richness. Lissome creepers recall the tangled bush-ropes and lianas of the tropics; a vivid undergrowth of glossy poison-ivy and trailing arbutus and strange shield-leaved or umbrella-shaped may-apple, far surpasses in beauty and luxuriance any temperate forest flora of the eastern hemisphere. Rhododendrons and kalmias drape the hillsides with masses of pink and purple glory. Virginia creeper crimson the autumnal tree-trunks; the pretty climbing bittersweet, known by that quaint New England name of waxwork, opens its orange pods and displays the scarlet seeds within on every thicket. Wild vines, lithely twisting their supple stems, mantle with rich foliage and with hanging clusters of small bloom-covered grapes the snake-fences and wayside bushes by the country roads. Ample leaves like those of the striped maple and of the white basswood impart an almost tropical breadth of shade to the profound recesses of the deeper forests.

And to pick the insect-eating pitcher-plants among their native bogs, or to watch the strange side-saddle flowers lifting high their lurid blossom among the wicked rosette of uncanny-looking, trumpet-shaped leaves is, to the heart of a naturalist at least, well worth the ten days of volcanic upheaval, external and internal, on the treacherous bosom of the cruel Atlantic.

To compare numerically the larger elements of the landscape alone, we have in Britain three indigenous conifers only—the Scotch fir, the juniper, and the English yew. Against this scanty list Canada proper (the old provinces I mean, not the Dominion) can set, according to Asa Gray, no less than five pines, five firs, a larch, an arborvitæ, three junipers, and one yew; that is to say, Canada has fifteen distinct species of cone-bearing trees to Britain's three. Of catkinbearers, which form by far the greater and nobler portion of our forest timber, Great Britain has of oaks, beech, hazel, hornbeam, and alder one each, with eighteen ill-marked willows and two poplars: twenty-eight species, all told, and some of them dubious. To balance this tale Canada has eight oaks, a chestnut, a beech, two hazels, two hornbeams, six birches, two alders, fourteen willows, five poplars, a plane-tree, two walnuts, and four hickories—forty-eight species, all told. If we remove the willows, badly divided (and, in my private opinion, by no means always distinct), the contrast becomes even more sharply marked. Moreover, as Asa Gray has also pointed out, besides this mere difference in number of species there is, further, a distinct difference in kind and aspect. America has many trees and plants wholly unlike anything European: tall arborescent pea-flowers, such as the locusts and cladastis; southern-looking types, such as magnolia and tulip-tree; bold ornamental shrubs like the rhodo-

dendrons and azaleas; handsome composites in immense variety, like the asters, sunflowers, golden-rods, and erigerons. The warm summer climate, in fact, allows many plants and blossoms of tropical luxuriance, like the papaw, the trumpet-creeper, the passion-flowers, and the bignonia, to flourish freely in the wild state and in the open air, not only as far north as New York and Philadelphia, but sometimes even on the northern shores of the Great Lakes.

Nevertheless, this superior richness of American life is for the most part demonstrably due to the more favorable set of circumstances for replenishing the earth which existed there at the end of the Great Ice Age. The ancestors of the American wild animals and plants lived also in Europe during the Pliocene period. We had then an American oak of our own; hickories then flourished on the European plains; pines of the western type covered our island hillsides; cotton-woods and balsam-poplars, magnolias and tulip-trees, locusts and sugar-maples, grew side by side in French and English copses with our modern elms and oaks and ashes. But the ice swept them all away remorselessly on this side of the world, hemmed in as they were between the upper and the nether millstone, the arctic ice-cap and the Alpine glaciers. In America they all returned with the return of warmer weather, and form to this day that beautiful and varied Atlantic woodland which is the delight and the envy of the European botanical visitor.

Before the Glacial epoch the fauna and flora all round the Pole were probably identical. They are practically identical at the present day. But as we move southward differences soon begin to appear between the temperate fauna and flora on either side of the Atlantic, descended though they both are from the more luxuriant circumpolar types of the Pliocene age. The time they have

been separated has told distinctly on the formation of species. Hardly any plants or animals now remain absolutely alike on the two continents. Even where systematically referred to the same species they differ, as a rule, more or less markedly in minor details. The wapiti is a larger and handsomer form of our own red deer, with a nobler head and more superbly branching antlers. The caribou is a reindeer whose horns present some minor differences of tine and beam and technical arrangement. The moose is an elk, all but indistinguishable in any definite particular from the true elk of Northern Europe and Siberia. The silver birch and the chestnut are reckoned as mere varieties of the European type; but the nuts of the latter are smaller and sweeter than in our Spanish kind, and the leaves are narrower and acuter at the base. So on throughout. The beeches and larches differ even more widely; the hornbeams, elms and nearest oaks have attained the rank of distinct species. Yet all along the northern Atlantic seaboard the original oneness of kind may still be easily traced in numberless cases; as we move southward along the shore or westward inland, unlikeness of type grows more and more accentuated at every step. We catch here species-making in the very act. Many of these marked differences must, indeed, have been evolved in the mere trifle of two hundred centuries or so which have now elapsed since the great polar ice-cap first cut off the American trees and shrubs and animals from free intercourse and facility of interbreeding with their European and Asiatic congeners.

Nor is it only among the old settled American animals and plants that one notices these greater or less differences of aspect and habit: something of the same sort even shows itself already in the animals and plants which owe their

introduction to the hand of man since the sixteenth century. One expects of course that the American marsh-marigolds and spearworts, which have been separated from all intermixture with others of their kind elsewhere, ever since the date of the great glacial extension, should exhibit distinct and namable points of difference from their congeners that grow beside the English watercourses; one is perhaps a trifle more surprised to find that American specimens of henbit, chickweed, sandwort, and purslane, introduced by European settlers since the foundation of the colonies, should also present minor (though doubtless growing) differences from their recent French and British ancestors. Yet such is in almost every instance actually the case. Just as European man, domiciled in those young and vigorous countries, has evolved for himself, in barely three centuries, a new type of figures and feature, a new intonation and inflection of the voice, a new political, social, and domestic organization; so the plants and animals, in a thousand minute points of habit and appearance, have begun to evolve for themselves a distinct aspect, differing already more or less markedly from the average run of their European contemporaries. Often it would be hard to say to one's self in definite language wherein the felt difference exactly consisted: the points of unlikeness seem too subtle and too vague to admit of formulation in the harsh and rigidly accurate terminology of zoological and botanical science; but I have seldom picked an imported plant anywhere in America which did not strike me as in some degree unfamiliar, and more so in proportion as I knew its form and features intimately in our English meadows. Sometimes it is possible to spot the precise points of difference, or some among them: the purple dead-

nettle, for example, a British colonist over all the Northern States, grows usually more luxuriant than with us; it has longer leaf-stalks, deeper crenations, more procumbent branches than its English cousins. But oftener still, the differences elude one, viewed separately; a naturalist can only say that the plant or animal as a whole impresses him as somewhat altered or unfamiliar. It bears pretty much the same relation to the original stock as the New York trotting-horse bears to the English hunter, or as the common young lady of the Saratoga hotels bears to her prototype in Belgravian drawing-rooms. Here we catch the process of species-making in its initial stage. Every intermediate step is well represented for us in one organism or another, till at last we reach the most diverse forms which have thoroughly established their full right to bear Latin specific names of their own, marking them off in the Linnæan phrase as *Canadense*, *Virginicum*, *Occidentale* or *Americanum*.—GRANT ALLEN, in *The Fortnightly Review*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

THE CROSSING OF THE RED SEA.—In *Good Words* Mr. Henry A. Harper commences a series of papers describing a journey "From Goshen to Sinai." He commences with what we believe to be an original view as to the place where the miraculous passage of the sea by the Israelites took place:—

"The Exodus began from Rameses to Succoth, then to the 'edge' of the wilderness of Etham. Somewhere near Ismailia or Lake 'Timsah,' they now marched to encamp before 'Pi-hahiroth,' between Migdol and the sea over against Baal-zephon. *Pi-hahiroth* means 'edge of the sedge,' or 'where sedge grows.' *Baal-zephon*, 'the Lord of the North.' This latter was across the sea, and probably the high peaks of Jebel Muksheih were in view. But have we any reason to believe that the 'Red Sea' extended in those days as far as Lake Timsah? Yes, plenty of proof. Egyptian records show how at that time the

'sea' extended to that place. They tell how a canal was made to connect the Nile with that sea, and give an account of the rejoicings on the opening of the canal. The 'sea' has retreated owing to the elevation of the land. Proofs are in plenty from recent geological surveys, and now we can understand, with a clearer eye, what the prophet Isaiah means when he says, 'And the Lord shall utterly destroy the tongue of the Egyptian Sea; and with his mighty wind shall he shake his hand over the river, and shall smite it in the seven streams, and make men go over dryshod.' 'Egyptian Sea,' could never have meant that which now ends at Suez, but one which all records prove extended to Lake Timsah. Sluggish, yes; for it was 'weedy' or 'reedy.' And here let me say there is no warrant, according to the best scholars, in calling the sea in question 'Red Sea;' the Hebrew words are clear, and mean 'Sea of reeds,' or 'Sea of weeds,' when they describe the 'sea' the Israelites crossed. This again is a most powerful confirmation of the view that at one time the present Gulf of Suez extended to Lake Timsah. . . . What M. de Lesseps did was only to reconnect the 'salt' or 'bitter' lakes Timsah and Menzaleh with the Gulf of Suez, on the one hand, and on the other to make a new way to Port Said in the Mediterranean. These 'lakes' are really inland seas, remains of that 'Egyptian Sea' of Isaiah, the tongue of which 'dried up.' "

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.—In the *Detroit Home and School Supplement* Mr. W. H. Huston writes a critico-biographical sketch of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, now approaching her seventy-fifth birthday:—

"About 1851 her husband became Professor of Divinity at Bowdoin College, Brunswick. It was here that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was written. Its origin was substantially as follows: Dr. Bailey, of the *National Era*, had noticed the wonderful delineating powers of Mrs. Stowe's pen, and wrote to her asking for a story to be published as a serial in the *Era*. In his letter he inclosed a check for \$100. The invitation was accepted, and thus, 'with a foot upon the rocker of the cradle, and her port folio in her lap, she first put pen to paper to write the story of Uncle Tom.' No idea of the effect of her work seemed to be present with her, though she found her interest in the story deepen as she advanced. The tale was published in successive numbers of the *Era*, but created no special interest till it was brought out in book-form in Boston, when it met with a flattering reception—somewhat to the sur-

pise of the author, who took little credit to herself for the work, for we find her saying: 'After all it does not seem to me that I had very much to do about that story; it wrote itself.' Within a few years after its first appearance the tale was translated into the following languages: French (three versions), German (thirteen or fourteen), Dutch (two), Danish, Swedish; Portuguese, Spanish, Italian, Welsh (two), Wendish, Wallachian (two), Armenian, Romaine, Arabic, and also, it is stated, Japanese and Chinese. Nor is the popularity of the tale waning. To-day it is one of the best selling books a bookseller can have on his shelves. So that it seems likely that it will always be a well-known book. In fact, there are indications that in a future age it may have a substantial historical value, which, apart from its power as a story, will result in its becoming one of the few world books—in other words, it will be declared 'great.' Much less hesitation will be felt in thus deciding, when it is considered that it has already been one of the means of accomplishing a great moral and social reform. In little more than ten years after the publication of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* slavery was a thing of the past.

ROOM ENOUGH IN THE HEAVENLY CITY.—We find the following encouraging statistics going the rounds of the newspaper press. We suggest that people of an arithmetical turn will take the trouble of verifying the figuring:—

"And he measured the city with the reed, twelve thousand furlongs. The length and the breadth, and the height of it are equal."—*Rev.* xxi. 16.—Twelve thousand furlongs = 7,920,000 feet, which being cubed, gives 496,793,088,000,000,000 cubic feet. Half of this we will reserve for the Throne of God and the Court of Heaven, and half the balance for streets leaving a remainder of 124,198,272,000,000,000 cubic feet. Divide this by 4,096, the cubical feet in a room of 16 feet square, and there will be 30,321,848,750,000,000 rooms. We will now suppose the world always did and always will contain 990,000,000 inhabitants, and that a generation lasts for 33½ years, making in all 2,970,000,000 every century, and that the world will stand 100,000 years, or 1,000 centuries, making in all 2,970,000,000,000 inhabitants. Then suppose there were 100 worlds equal to this in number of inhabitants and duration of years, making a total of 297,000,000,000,000 persons, and there would be more than 100 rooms 16 feet square for each person."

IN THE MATTER OF SHAKESPEARE.

I have sometimes found myself indulging the fancy that Shakespeare's genius has been greatly overrated—or rather overstated—even by the most cautious critics and commentators; but I should not like to be forced into a defence of the fancy. Monuments are sacred things and few men will deny that the Bible and the body of Shakespeare's works are, to English-speaking people at least, the most venerated of all monuments.

How could any man, no matter how self-confident, go cheerfully about the attempt to prove that Shakespeare has been overrated as a genius? In the first place, he would have to be a most extraordinary genius himself, and distinguish himself as such in the world, before he could command even respectful attention as an iconoclast. In the next place, he would have to stem the tide of what has come to be hereditary popular opinion; and he would have to bear the taunts, jibes, kicks, and cuffs of all the Shakespeare-crankers in the whole world—to say nothing of the ire of all the publishers who get a big income off the old poet's books. Lastly, he would have no way of proving that the poorest verse in Shakespeare's poorest play is not better than the strongest that Tennyson or Emerson ever wrote.

Most of us are slow to learn that a Booth may do as much for Shakespeare as the great dramatist can do for a Booth, and that Modjeska may put into Juliet a breath of life not known to Shakespeare's girl. Genius is genius, and asserts itself as superior, in its own particular way, to every other genius in the world. Shakespeare was a genius and Victor Hugo was as near the right as any critic when he said that criticism cannot apply to genius. We may point out errors of methods, of judgment,

of execution, in the works of a genius, but that part of those works which testifies of genius is always beyond our reach.

In Shakespeare's works this unreach-able and therefore unassailable part is very large, and it is incomparably many-sided and many-colored. One reads Shakespeare with confidence, because one feels no lurking insincerity between his lines; there is no conscious art, in other words, padded and intercolated in the tissue and fiber of the work; no posing and attitudinizing of the author in the presence of his creations. We feel sometimes that we have been duped and made game of, but we never catch the trickster wagging his thumbs and puffing his cheeks at us. Indeed Shakespeare was the first humorist who did not laugh at his own jokes, and he so far remains the last. His simplicity sometimes borders close upon mere baldness and flatness, but his finish never suggests (as does most of our contemporary work) a laundry secret.

I should adore Shakespeare, if for nothing else, in recognition of his contempt for analytical realism. How he dashes on color, and with what divine steadfastness he sticks to heroic ideals, even when he appears to be dallying with infinitesimals! You never find him probing and picking at a ganglion of motive to trace it back to some obscure origin, as if the whole of life depended upon the absolute accuracy to be attained in microscopic analysis. His characters are just as distinctly individual and just as mysterious as real flesh and blood men and women. He, himself, too, is intensely human, weak and strong, silly and wise, careful and careless, neat and slipshod, clean and dirty, but he is never mean or vicious. We may find a good deal in Chaucer which is so obscene that we doubt that old poet's moral grain and fiber, but Shakespeare does not revel in the filth he

sometimes handles. There is a severity, an immovable manner, a steadfastness of countenance, so to say, attending him in his dealings with the unclean, as if he felt no touch of any sentiment whatever in the matter.

Your modern artist, if he dared speak his feeling, would say that Shakespeare was not an artist. Well, he was not; he was something better; he was a genius whose power needed none of the factitious aids characteristic of modern literary and graphic art. He had a superb imagination and an infinitely flexible style of expression without any technical expertness or smartness whatever. Prettiness and exquisite finish of surface he never thought of. Even his sonnets have something of the swing and freedom of a young god's movement. I confess that I do not have any idea of what they mean, but I feel their value as I feel the value of the sky and the clouds—they are fire and smoke—passion and dimness. If we compare Shakespeare with some great writer of the present day, Victor Hugo, say, the first strong line of contrast is the self-consciousness of the latter. We cannot ignore Hugo's or Goethe's obvious attitudinizing in front of their subjects. Even Tennyson uses the egotistic pronoun with an emphasis not to be misunderstood.

Shakespeare was lucky in many ways, as genius always is, and he has had better luck since he died than he had while living: another franchise of the children of glory. As the years have rolled publishers have increased, and what publisher ever died without issuing his special edition of Shakespeare? As the leaves of the forests have authors increased; what scribbler ever goes hungry to his grave without having written his essay on the Bard of Avon? Readers have become as countless as the sands of the sea, and all have read or are just going to read Hamlet and the rest. We are born with a hereditary Shake-

peare bias, and we go toward his works as the young snapping turtle goes toward water, as if the act were an instinctive one.

There are men who, if they dared, would burn at the stake any human being who in his sincerity should admit that he found *As You Like It* a very dull affair. Once in the hospitable home of the late Paul H. Hayne I said that I did not regard some of Shakespeare's works as of any great value, when lo! the gracious and kindly southern poet leaped to his feet and poured forth upon my devoted head a flood of eloquent and indignant protest the like of which I never have heard elsewhere. Indeed one does not dare be independent in the matter of discussing the old master. Not worship Shakespeare! one might as well deny the attraction of gravitation, or suggest a new theory of politeness which would ignore the swallow-tailed coat. Some things are true because it is death to deny them. Snobbery is kept alive and fat all over the world because it is safer to be a snob than to be a sincere and independent man. The lords and kings and princes have said that a swallow-tailed coat is just the thing, and even the hotel waiter cannot cheapen it. So the Moguls of criticism have said: "Shakespeare is incomparable," and how shall any clod gainsay it? They used to say something pretty about Homer, too, but Greek is no longer fashionable. It proves something, however, this firm hold that the old English bard keeps on the moulders of public opinion. It requires extraordinary genius to live up to the standard these intolerant worshippers have set for their god, and so far Shakespeare has lost little ground, if we may judge by the increased number of editions he is subjected to by enthusiastic editors and hopeful publishers every year.

This matter of editing Shakespeare,

as it is called, has a broad tinge of humor as I view it. All this hair-splitting over doubtful readings is ludicrous, if one dared say so. In the old bard's own manner there is very little to set an example of carping or higgling about a word or the turn of a phrase. He put things forth with a direct stroke of his pen, as Turner after him did with the brush, giving not the slightest heed to the infinitesimals about which the wise little commentators pretend to know so much. A Shakespearean scholar reminds me always of an expert in fossil *bryozoans*—he is so dry and narrow, so fretful and pig-headed when he finds a man standing before him who dares to have a soul of his own that he would like to unburden. This reading, that edition, the other MS., somebody's interpolation—what's the difference so that I get the broad wash of thought, the incomparable impressions—the kaleidoscopic views of life and manners? What do I care whether or no the celebrated Professor Nosemout has given his consent to the edition I am reading? *Nec te senserem*. It is Shakespeare I care for, not the little man with the eye-glasses and the many MSS. and editions. To be particularly sincere, I would not give a straw to be able to read the great cipher of Donnelly. Life is so short and wisdom is so broad.

Still, if a young person came to me asking how to get grounded in literary wisdom I should say: Go study Shakespeare, as you would study Nature, not as a specialist, but in a liberal and free way. What edition? Any edition. Whose notes? Nobody's. Make your own notes, insist upon your own interpretations, then go hear some good reader like Booth or Lawrence Barrett or Modjeska; but at last cling to your own private opinions. Of course these opinions will be modified and specialized as you grow, but you must not let them hybridize and lose the precious ele-

ments of your own originality, last of all must you let the little buzzing insects, self-styled commentators and editors, fertilize the fresh flowers of your mind. The pollen they carry is nothing but shelf-dust and book-mould; it will make your brain like an autumn puff-ball. Go into the open air and read your open-type copy of Shakespeare under a tree wherein the birds sing and the wind rustles. You will find his effects broad, like the sky and the sea; narrow, like the brook; tangled and fretted, like the vine-worried groves; earthy as the earth itself. As plays, all these works were made for the stage, therefore much of their stuff is mere stuff indeed, but these people are people, these heroes are heroes, these villains are villains, and these lovers are genuine old-time sweet-kissing and hard-fighting ones that it does one's soul good to read about once more, after some dozens of modern novels.

Since Scott no English novelist has suggested a comparison with the great dramatist, unless we consider Bulwer at his very best. Hugo and Goëthe, barring their miserable egotism, are Shakespeare's equals (at some points his superiors); but they lack his equipoise, his constant suggestion of a reserve of power. Hugo now and again wallows and flounders, like a whale in shallow water; Goethe struts, scowls, smiles and laughs in turn, and always with the air of feeling his own superiority; but Shakespeare is steadfast, liberal-faced, never surprised by his own wit and never in need of extrinsic aid.

If any young writer of to-day could master himself so as to be as self-possessed as Shakespeare was, we might call him a thorough-bred author. Vulgar fussiness and anxiety about the fit of one's phrases is what one can scarcely avoid in this day of clever stylists and smart analysts; and yet this was just what all the truly great authors of the

past really did. Read Shakespeare's plays and note how like the heavy blows of a laboring swain are the most telling of his lines. Even he loses when he turns back to polish a verse or remodel a phrase. It was little Horace, not big Homer, who set such high value on the details of verse-making. There are a great many little Horaces now, but where is our grand Homer?

The study of large models cannot fail to give some feeling of breadth, even to a small mind; hence the reading of Shakespeare is of prime importance to one who dreams of making literature some day. Not that writing plays like Shakespeare's ever will be profitable again; the good will come in what is caught of Shakespeare's contempt of leading-strings and of his love of the ideal. Originality in his works means a Shakespearian use of whatever came to his hand. He employed no tricks, appealed to no mock foam or stage-thunder to strengthen a weak passage. Men quarrel to-day over the question of Hamlet's mental condition; but Shakespeare saw no need for any footnote. There are many very weak places in his plays, but each play makes a distinct and clear-cut impression. It is this impression which constitutes true value in every work of art. No mind can be unenlightened which is full of the spirit of Shakespeare's works; but one may become a mere book-louse by creeping too long among the words and phrases of them. Note well the difference. If you come to the reading of Shakespeare with the cringing soul of a snob in you, the reading will be in vain. Read him, just as you would read Mark Twain, with a feeling of democratic independence. He was no more a god than you are a god; he was nothing but a large-headed, open-eyed self-reliant man who was gifted with a talent for writing good plays. He would not thank you for saying that

the poorest of his sonnets are better than the best of Keats'; for he would know that you were not sincere. Keats wrote one or two sonnets that are incomparably better than any of Shakespeare's.

I say this without blinking, for I am writing in a pine woods on the shore of the Mexican Gulf, far out of any so-called Shakespearian scholar's reach. Beside me lies a volume of Alden's *Ideal Edition* of the works of William Shakespeare, the cheapest and clearest-typed edition I have yet seen. You may read it as you walk; I have read it as I walked, communing with the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* under the moaning pines and mossy live-oaks, while the lazy wash of the Gulf waves and the lazy touch of the Gulf breeze "filled in the symphonies between." Forgive me, but once in a while a mocking-bird makes me forget that there ever was a Shakespeare. Just a while ago I flung down the *Ideal* to run and peep at shy songster flitting about in a cedar thicket. I like living things, and in spite of all that I can do a live titmouse is more to my taste than a dead poet. There are some wonderful fossils, but even a mammoth's jaw is not so interesting as a warm, buzzing, flaming humming bird bobbing at a flower.

A vast quantity of good breath has been wasted telling over and over and over the threadbare romance of how incomparable are the works of the old art-masters, a lie which has to be kept warm by the constant friction of telling. The romance of Shakespeare is of the same sort; but the truth about him is wonderful enough—the truth that makes him a great man; like Napoleon, Newton, Phidias, Homer, Dante and Hugo—greater in some ways than any of these and not half as great in other ways; a man whose glaring faults stand out in his works, and whose rare gifts those works do not half disclose—the truth, in short, that he was, like

any other genius, a curious bundle of greatness and commonness.

When I was a boy they made me wash my face, comb my hair and put on a broad white collar before they would let me go to the book-shelves and take down the old leather-backed, heavy-ribbed book they called by the sacred name of Shakespeare. In those days I devoutly believed all they said about that man's perfectness and universality of genius. Indeed it was with a sense of profound guilt that one day I discovered a doubt. I had been reading Tennyson and my head and my heart were full of new and glorious sounds, colors, longings, and dreams. I know to the last pang how a Christian must feel who suddenly lapses into infidelity, for did I not fall from the grace of Shakespeare-worship? It was a final fall, too, for I never have got wholly back and never shall.

Still Shakespeare stands alone (so does Shelley) and he stands alone in the highest realm of art. Quantity as well as quality (when the quality is always high) goes to prove great genius. Many men have done one act of perfect creation, falling back to mere mediocrity afterward; but it is only the few who can keep up the ecstasy of the maker for many years together. We may count these on our fingers: Homer, Milton, Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, Scott, and Hugo—the list would be short, but such a list! I am not quite sure that Emerson ought to be left out, for he was one of the calm and lofty ones who build for all time, and yet he suggested rather than created the best of his effects. All these great men impress us with the peculiar serenity of their bearing under the infinite white heat of poetic ecstasy. Carlyle fell short here and hence cannot be called great.

Naturalists tell us about highly

specialized animal forms—those that have departed most from the prototype. There is a figure here with which great genius like Shakespeare's may be represented—the old, simple, universal human mind. Shakespeare was not a specialized man, he was a specimen left over from the ancient virile race long since worshiped as gods. Walt Whitman consciously and with great labor has tried to be such a specimen—he has tried to stand for mankind, but his great assumption of virility is *vox et preterea nihil* save in a few splendid exceptions.

At last it is Shakespeare's sincere and perfect love of his race, his brimming humanity, his commanding simplicity, his courage, his abounding sympathy, his liberality, that will always draw men to him. We speak of personal magnetism when we mean a man's power to influence his fellows. This magnetism of manhood exhales from all the works of genius, and especially from those of Shakespeare. Walt Whitman asserts for himself in rude and almost brutal phrasing what Shakespeare never claims, but always has to overflowing—the vigor and rugged self-sufficiency of the primitive man. I have noticed that all grand men assert themselves with irresistible force but always without noise or contortion or bluster. A steadfast eye, a calm face, a quiet manner, an even voice. The gods turned men to stone by a glance. The clouds and storms are always far below the serene blue sky in whose depth the empyrean fire steadily burns.

Coming to the study of Shakespeare without any taint of literary snobbery, and wholly free from mere hero-worship looking upon him as quite subject to criticism and quite vulnerable to it, one should choose an edition without notes. A glossary is well enough; but one rarely uses it. The gist of the plays is not to be found in the obsolete words.

Anybody can understand Shakespeare, provided the Shakespeare scholars are forbidden admission to the study during the reading.—MAURICE THOMPSON.

THE TRUE REFORM OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

“Abolish the House of Lords!” “Reform the House of Lords!” are cries which from time to time may be heard above the din of political warfare, and the conflicting shouts of the excited combatants. Sometimes these shouts are so loud, and apparently uttered in so earnest a tone, that a man may readily persuade himself the Gauls have at length arrived, and are about to pluck by the beard the senators of England, like those of Rome, as they sit in their seats of office. But hardly has he arrived at this conclusion when the rush of battle bears the excited crowds to other fields, and their cries wax weaker and weaker until lost in the distance. From time to time the same scene is reënacted, but the House of Lords, though often threatened, continues to exist in spite of the attacks of its enemies.

The truth of the matter is that, although the constitution of the House of Lords may not be logically defensible, Englishmen are aware that, to say the least, it has proved as good a working machine as any foreign senate, with the exception, perhaps of the American, the constitution of which it would be impossible to copy in this country. They are aware that, with all its faults, the House of Lords, taken as a whole, represents a sum total of ability, public spirit, honesty, and high purpose, which it would be difficult to match in any assembly in the world, and they are not blind to the fact that if it were not

for the revision it exercises on legislation the statute-book would contain even more unworkable, overlapping, and contradictory acts than it does at present. They also know that the very constitution of the House is a guarantee that it will never permanently oppose the popular will when once that will has been distinctly and unmistakably pronounced; and satisfied in the possession of a machine ready to hand which is not practically inferior in working power to those possessed by their neighbors, they do not care to inquire too closely whether its construction is theoretically consistent with modern ideas.

If the British people, conscious of the merits of the House of Lords, are content to overlook its faults, that is all the more reason why the members of that assembly should exert themselves to render their House as little open to adverse criticism as possible. The peculiar character of its composition should, indeed, make the peers more jealous of its honor than senators of a more representative House. When the people choose to elect a man who is devoid of principle to represent them, they have none but themselves to blame if they should suffer through his villainy, but as the House of Lords is unrepresentative they have a right to expect that the peers shall see that there be no abuse of the confidence which a generous nation has reposed in its nobility. Practically there is little danger of the ne'er-do-well peer influencing legislation, but it would be well if it were impossible for such to enter the portals of the House.

The Lords have wisely declared that bankrupt peers shall forfeit their legislative privileges; they would do well to exclude from their deliberations members of the House who had proved themselves unworthy of their position,

by such breach of criminal or moral law as would entail ostracism from the society of gentlemen.

Justly or unjustly, the aristocracy of the country, especially when endowed with such high privileges as that of England, is expected by the nation to be in deed, as well as in name, ἀρίστοι, the best. Let the peers but show themselves conscious of their duties and responsibilities, and desirous of fulfilling them, and many shortcomings will be overlooked; but the people are justly severe on the man of high birth, who insolently uses his wealth, privileges, and position for the furtherance of his own selfish gratifications, regardless of laws, divine or human. The possible presence of a few notoriously bad men in the House of Lords (though they may probably never attend) is a source of greater danger to its existence than many a prolonged opposition to the will of the Lower House. It is part of the price which an aristocracy pays for the elevated position it occupies that it cannot sin in a corner. Its evil deeds are known, exaggerated, and blazoned forth to the country. The wrong or foolish step, which in the case of a man of humble birth is unknown to any but the nearest relatives, becomes the gossip of the world if taken by a peer of high position. In this there lies, on the part of the latter, no just ground for complaint against society. It is part of the contract by which he occupies his position. Society expects more of the peer than of the commoner, and is inclined to be severe in its judgment, if the former should fall short of the standard of its expectations, though in justice it should be remembered that rank and riches have their special temptations as much as poverty and social obscurity. An aristocracy cannot afford to forget the meaning of the words *noblesse oblige*. Lord Derby once advised the peers to look after their duties, and told them

that their privileges would look after themselves. This advice constitutes to my mind the lines upon which the real reform of the House of Lords should run. Such moral reformation need not hinder any concurrent constitutional reforms which might be thought advisable, though in all probability it would render some of them unnecessary. If each member of the House of Lords were genuinely anxious to make himself useful in his generation, and to devote his position, energies, and ability to the service of his fellow-men, we should hear much less of the necessity for reform in the Upper House, and might congratulate ourselves on the possession of a legislature which, under those circumstances, would be the superior of any in the world. The House of Lords exists indeed, because of the large proportion of its members which is associated with the true spirit of *noblesse oblige*. The men who form this proportion constitute the salt which has kept the mass pure and healthy.

I do not suppose that the strictly political work of legislation in the Upper House would be better performed than it is at present, even if every peer should always attend and be a Bayard in freedom from reproach. The political result of the session might possibly be even less satisfactory than it is at present. A multitude of counselors does not necessarily increase wisdom, nor do numbers favor dispatch or accuracy in business; but if more peers were to interest themselves in the social questions of the day, were to discuss them in Parliament, and use their great influence and position as levers for the moral and material elevation of the people, the country would be the happier, and the House of Lords would soon come to be regarded with very different eyes by the mass of the population; its position would be strengthened, its usefulness would be acknowl-

edged, and its power would be quadrupled. The mass of the people know little of the way in which the work of either House is carried on; but they notice that divisions which are not of the first political importance are won or lost in the House of Lords by very small numbers, they remark the shortness of the debates and the lack of apparent interest in the proceedings of the House displayed by many peers, and more particularly they read and comment on the scandalous, extravagant, or foolish exploits of individual members of the peerage, and some are apt to inquire whether it is right that such men should be permitted to make laws by which they, the people, must be bound. Such criticism is most natural, though in great measure it misses its mark, for the number of such peers is few and their influence would be *nil* even if they attended the sittings of the House, which, as a matter of fact, such men rarely do.

Englishmen, however, as a rule, far from entertaining hostile feeling against the nobility, recognize their past services and are proud of their traditions, and if a commoner and noble display equal powers of leadership they usually prefer to place themselves under the guidance of the man of aristocratic birth. The possession of a title is in some countries a positive disadvantage to a man desirous of taking a leading and useful part in the work of the world. This is not so in England, unless perhaps in the case of the few men who, having acquired an influence in the House of Commons, are reluctant to leave it for the more severe atmosphere of the Upper Chamber. There is no excuse, therefore, for the young noble who deliberately throws away the grand opportunities of usefulness open to him in this country. Let him but show an interest in some particular line of work or subject of thought, and if he be of

passable ability his assistance and co-operation will be gladly welcomed. The days are past when an aristocracy can expect to maintain its position simply by force of prestige, birth, and wealth. It must possess some more solid claim to the respect of its fellow-men.

There has lately passed away from among us one whose life should be made a text-book for the study of our well born youth. The Earl of Shaftesbury has shown what it is possible for an earnest English nobleman to accomplish in a lifetime. What one has done others may do. Self-sacrifice, self-restraint, energy, untiring pursuit of duty—with such coin alone can similar results be purchased. The path of duty is never one of roses, but there are many more delights to be met with on that road than the young man usually imagines. It may safely be said that if the roses be not thickly strewn there are fewer genuine thorns in the path of duty than that of pleasure. Would that a larger number of our youth of birth and fortune could be persuaded to use their position and influence for the benefit of their fellow-creatures, rather than make these social advantages instruments for the gratification of selfish desires, and the handmaids of a material luxury enervating to both mind and body.

There are many social and philanthropic problems of the deepest interest to the masses of the people, waiting for solution at the hands of the legislature, which owing to the pressure of purely political business, are annually elbowed out of the House of Commons, or have never obtained even so much as a hearing in that overworked House. Some of these subjects, such as those connected with pauperism, poor law reform, compulsory physical, technical, and industrial education, public health, and the prevention of the adulteration of

food, air, and water, peasant proprietorship, State-directed colonization, the restriction of excessive hours of labor, the preservation of open spaces in cities and of commons in the country, the reclamation of waste lands for the public benefit, the utilization of convict labor, national thrift, the housing of the working classes, the reform of the licensing laws, the prevention of accidents in mines and factories, and a host of others, are of infinitely more importance to the masses than many of those which are accustomed to engross the attention of politicians and to occupy the nights and days of the overworked members of the House of Commons. It is a very frequent complaint of the peers that the Government of the day introduces so few bills into their House, and that while during the latter portion of the session they are overwhelmed with work, during the earlier months they have little or nothing to do. The House of Lords is peculiarly fitted for the calm, dispassionate, and thoughtful discussion of such social subjects as those I have mentioned. During the early months of each session the peers have the leisure which the House of Commons does not possess; they are exempt from the pressure of interested sections of voters, and can handle such subjects in a more independent manner than men who live in perpetual fear of a constituency. Some of these social problems require a great deal more discussion before they can be considered ripe for legislation. It would be difficult to find a better platform for such critical discussion than the floor of the House of Lords, in the presence of eminent judges, ministers, and statesmen. Here is a field of labor worthy of the highest intellect and ambition. If only a few members of the Upper House should be inspired by the noble example of the late Earl of Shaftesbury to devote their

lives to the benefit of their fellow-men, the nation would not be slow to appreciate their labors, and the House of Lords would have commenced a reform which, if continued (and it should be borne in mind that noble example is contagious), would probably do more to strengthen its influence and increase its authority, than many an ambitious project which had taxed the brains of statesman and reformers.—LORD BHA
RAZON, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

They are not white: not the least bit of it: they are green below—such a luscious green as I have seldom if ever seen elsewhere; while above, they look dark blue or purple in the dim distance, and somber gray of a steely type when you come to examine their rugged boulder-strewn peaks at close quarters. Such at least we found them in July and August. No doubt to the early New Hampshire settlers, who gazed up at them from the semi-cultivated plain far off below, they showed white enough in all conscience, with their snowy coat, in December and January, or well on into the middle of April. I would not like to look upon them then; so much lonely solitude and native inhospitality would strike cold upon one's heart in the short gray days of American winter.

We started from Montreal on our pilgrimage to the White Mountains. The St. Lawrence valley from end to end was made by nature (like the French Republic) one and indivisible; but what God had joined together, man and his politics have ruthlessly and absurdly put asunder.

Between Montreal and the White Mountains an impalpable line, running in imagination straight across country, makes this half of a field or grove lie

in Canada, and hands over that half with incongruous strictness to Vermont or New Hampshire. Not even a fence or hedge in many places marks the distinction between the two countries; unless you happen to carry a sextant in your waistcoat pocket, and settle the latitude with minute accuracy by direct observation, you can't be certain as you take your walks abroad whether you are living at that moment under the jurisdiction of her most sacred majesty Queen Victoria or enjoy the privileges of a free and independent American citizen. This practical absurdity stares one in the face all along the Canadian and American border. Everywhere inconvenient lines of demarcation split up incongruously into two nationalities what is clearly one and the same natural country. However, the Canadians, being doomed to separation from the rest of America, have made the best of it, and have minimized the inevitable discomfort to travelers of the thrice abhorred custom-house system, by permitting the American customs officials to invade their territory, and to examine all baggage bound for the States *before* it leaves Montreal or Toronto. In other words, they allow a body of foreign agents permanently to occupy their own soil, and exercise in it a sovereign prerogative, for the sake of peace and quietness, and to the immense advantage of the traveling public. Thus, instead of stopping at the frontier station, and having all your soiled linen tumbled out for public inspection, you get everything satisfactorily examined before starting, and proceed on your journey with an easy conscience. Until we attain the goal of annexation—which is in my humble opinion the manifest destiny and only natural future of the Canadian Dominion, we may well be thankful for this unwonted relaxation of sovereign jealousy between neighboring governments.

From Montreal, over the great Victoria Bridge, with just a glimpse of the bubbling and seething Lachine Rapids to westward, the line runs on through Lower Canada—torture itself will never induce me to abandon that fine old historical name for the stupid and new-fangled "Province of Quebec"—to the swelling country on the Vermont border. The monotonous St. Lawrence plain gives way near Montreal to a broken hill region, of which the eponymous mountain of Mont Royal itself is but a last outlier, and these hills, in turn, from the subsiding buttresses of the twin range composing the Green and White Mountains. All North America has but two distinct mountain systems, one eastern and one western, between which lies the vast level basin of the Mississippi, with its tags, the prairie country, and the north-western grain-belt. The westernmost of these two systems, the backbone of the continent, bears throughout all its length the general name of the Rocky Mountains, though particular portions and lateral ranges have special titles like the Sierra Nevada, the Wahsatch, and the Selkirks. The easternmost system, far more ancient, but on that very account more wasted away and less imposing, starts as the Laurentian range in Canada; passes on into the States as the Green Mountains of Vermont, the White Mountains of New Hampshire, and the New York Adirondacks; run southward as the Catskills, the Hoosacks, and the Hudson Highlands; reappears in Pennsylvania under its best-known general title as the Alleghanies; and finally subsides through the Black Mountains of Carolina and Georgia into the long flat peninsula and sandbanks of Florida.

As we glided southward in our comfortable "Pulman"—the Americans *do* know the meaning of the word comfort

--we got every moment deeper and deeper into the hill district, till somewhere about the village of West Farnham we crossed the impalpable line aforesaid, and found ourselves, without knowing it, in a foreign country. Its foreignness was soon amply demonstrated to our exploring eyes by the increased air of life and wealth about the country towns; for a cruel wrong has been inflicted upon Canada in this matter by its own sons, through their sentimental attachment to the British throne, its crown and dignity. They have cut themselves off, politically and socially, from all the advantages which would naturally accrue to them through the influx of American capital and American energy into the Dominion; and the consequence is that while the Vermont villages bear in their neat white houses and busy factories every mark of rapid and solid progress, their Canadian counterparts, just across the border, consist for the most part of the rudest log or frame houses, in every variety of discomfort, squalor, dilapidation, and decay.

Shortly after passing the border line we turned a corner in the hills, now almost rising to the dignity of mountains, and burst suddenly upon the exquisite expanse of Lake Memphremagog. It makes a lovely episode in the Vermont uplands. Memphremagog ranks, indeed, among the less known of American lakes; but in my judgment it stands first of all for picturesque-ness of scale and variety of scenery. The great lakes of the St. Lawrence chain—Ontario, Erie, Huron, and so forth—which alone enter into the stock tour of European visitors, are from the scenic point of view flat, stale, and unprofitable to the last degree. They occupy the center of the even and level St. Lawrence basin; their banks lie low, dull, monotonous, and uninteresting; their very vastness fails to impress

the imagination, because it is the mere vastness of the sea on a smaller scale, and with less picturesque or lofty surroundings. Ontario, in fact, much resembles in size and aspect the German Ocean. Even Champlain itself, beautiful as it is, and embowered all round in smiling hills or rugged mountains, errs, Yankee fashion, on the side of too great an area; one can hardly see both banks distinctly from the middle. Lake George, to be sure, is perfect in its way: a mountain tarn on a scale unknown in Europe, a Loch Katrine expanded almost to the size of Neuchatel, and studded with a hundred Ellen's Isles of extraordinary beauty. But yet Lake George even fails to produce the same effect of calm loveliness as Memphremagog, a sheet of smooth liquid silver, girt round by fantastic peaks of every imaginable shape or outline, and cut up into exquisite bays and reaches by projecting headlands of unusual grandeur. The railway runs for some miles together along the south-western shore, and affords passing glimpses of great beauty toward the high mountains of the northern or Canadian side.

At Newport, Vt., the capital of the Memphremagog tourist region, beautifully situated on the south end of the lake, we stop about one o'clock for luncheon. Opposite the station, the Memphremagog Hotel opens wide its hospitable arms to receive us in its spacious dining-room. Half an hour or more is allowed for the square meal. We enter, and find, as is usual in America, a plentiful *table d'hôte* already spread, and neat-handed Vermont Phyllises, self-respecting and well-mannered daughters of the great republic, waiting behind our chairs, without flurry or bustle, to take our orders and supply our necessities. Tea and coffee smoke already on the table; fish and joints are hissing loudly

through the kitchen hatch. At such a hotel you can eat your luncheon in peace and comfort, sitting down at your ease at a good solid table, and undisturbed by that perpetual expectation of the warning bell which poisons digestion at a European refreshment room. All countries have their strong and weak points, and on the whole England, I will confess, is quite good enough for me; but they certainly order these things better in America.

From Newport we ascend the valley of a mountain stream, choked with great balks of timber from the forest around, but running through a lovely and wild country. Those logs that fill the little river were cut down on the slopes of the Green Mountains, here in Vermont, upon American territory, but they will go down through Memphremagog to the St. Lawrence, of which our stream is an ultimate tributary, and so be exported finally from Quebec to Europe in British bottoms. Half-way up the little river we pass a singularly beautiful and picturesque mountain lake—a mountain lake as big as Grasmere, and with steep wooded banks so richly endowed with crag and verdure that if it were in Europe a thousand artists would sketch it yearly, and ten thousand tourists would linger upon its shore. We wanted to know the name of this exquisite tarn, so I ventured to break the universal silence of our drawing-room car—American travelers, in spite of common opinion to the contrary, are even more reserved and reticent than English ones—and to ask the other occupants of the Pulman whether they could give us its proper style and title. Not a soul on board had ever heard of it. I turned to the conductor, who passed it every day up and down on his journey. He had never asked what it might be called; it was just a lake, one of these lakes you have always in the mountains. He

knew nothing more upon the subject. I looked it up in *Appleton's Guide*. Even the guide itself ignored it. So great is the wealth of scenery in America that Americans can afford to pass by without notice a sheet of water quite as beautiful as Bala Lake or Rydal Water, without ever so much as giving a name to it.

But if I travel at this slow rate (American trains are in no hurry) we shall never get to the White Mountains. Let us loiter no more *en route*. Suffice it to say, then, that after a delightful journey through the Vermont hills and the first outliers of the New Hampshire district, we came full in sight of Mount Washington itself about four o'clock in the afternoon. For some time past all trace of civilization in the country around had died away entirely; for the White Mountains consist of a purely woodland tract, practically uninhabited during the winter months, and untenanted even in summer save by the tourist public and the hotel or railway people who wait upon its convenience. It is this curious isolation that gives these sporadic and spasmodic American pleasure-resorts so different an air from anything European. In Wales or Scotland the higher lands are laid out in sheepwalks, or regularly stocked with deer and grouse; houses and barns, kirks and clachans, shepherds' folds and keepers' cottages, appear everywhere in the glens and valleys. In the Engadine or the Tyrol, smiling villages and Alpine pastures lie interspersed at every turn among the pine woods and the snow peaks. But in wild America all is wilderness, save the vast hotels that stand here and there at wide distances in their tiny clearings, like islands of civilization in a boundless waste of primeval barbarism. So much is this the case, indeed, that some few years ago a forest fire swept through the valley just below the "Presidential

Range" of the White Mountains, and it was with difficulty that the great hotels themselves, in their ring of garden, were secured from the fierce onslaught of that blazing column.

Fabyan's is the first of these big hotels, a huge caravanserai of the true American type, standing bare and naked in a great opening of cleared ground (cleared for the sake of avoiding these very fire risks), in full view of all the higher peaks of the New Hampshire mountains. Crawford's lies but a few miles further on, in the gate of the "Notch," as the chief pass through the mountains is picturesquely styled; and, though Mount Washington and the Presidential Peaks are hidden from it by a spur of the neighboring hills, it looks out in front upon a pretty little lake, the head-waters of the Saco river, and stands surrounded by picturesque heights, like those that overhang the Holyhead Road at Bettws-y-coed, or those that tower above the profound gorge at Killiecrankie. Lest any man should suspect me of tooting, I may add in confidence that all the hotels alike in the White Mountains are in the hands of a single firm of bold monopolists, who have driven competitors clean out of the market and now exploit the Presidential Range, with all its tourists, for their own sole use and benefit.

At Crawford's we pitched our headquarters, and found ourselves very comfortably ensconced in a hotel about as big as the Grand or the Métropole, but surrounded on every side by an utter jungle of primeval forest. A neat little railway station stands beside the hotel; otherwise, no other human habitation is anywhere in view, nor can you reach any without taking the train to Fabyan's in one direction or to the Willey House below in the other. In front stretches a little lake and a small lawn; but just beyond, the mountains rise precipitously from the narrow glen, clad

from top to bottom with magnificent woodland. Footpaths lead up several of the torrents, which are in character not unlike those at Dolgelly; though the woodland itself and its undergrowth of vegetation are utterly dissimilar to anything that can be seen anywhere in Europe. Huge moss-clad trunks strew the ground, each one lying just where it fell and mouldering away into deep black earth, on which maiden-hair ferns and rich forest lilies flourish luxuriantly. Never, save in the West Indies, have I seen such a glorious native woodland flora. The foliage formed its chief attraction: large-leaved bush foliage, like that of a conservatory, but growing in wild luxuriance over crag and tree trunk, filling the niches of rock by the watercourses with its broad verdure, and carpeting the soil everywhere with an exquisite pattern of rich glossy green. It was indeed a sight to gladden a botanist's eyes; and when one adds to it the deep blue berries of the clintonia lilies, the strange triangular flowers of the trilliums, the great bunches of Indian cucumber, and Solomon's seals, and smilacinas, any rattlesnake plantain, I need hardly say that the undergrowth of woodland plants on the mountain side was almost tropical in its abundance and magnificence.

Through this log-encumbered, moss-grown, lily-dappled forest, the mountain torrents course down in sheets of silvery foam from granite barrier into granite basin. On every side around Crawford's, a few minutes' walk up any one of the pretty little brooks that converge toward the valley would lead one at once to some unmarred and unsophisticated cataract. Gibb's Falls lie on the east of the hotel, high up the flanks of a shoulder of Mount Washington itself. Beecher's Falls, so called because the great preacher is said to have taken an invol-

untary dip in the basin at their feet, stand opposite on the slopes of Mount Lincoln. All are "lovelier than their names," for, indeed, local nomenclature is not the *forte* of the great free American people. By some admired mischance, they have christened all the highest peaks of these White Mountains after presidents or other distinguished American statesmen, displacings for the purpose the beautiful and characteristic old Indian names; so that now, instead of Chocorua and Ossipee, we get such obtrusive monsters as Mount Jefferson, Mount Adams, Mount Madison, and Mount Webster. It is for this reason that the main central *massif* of the White Mountains (to use the good and expressive French term for which we possess as yet no English equivalent) bears the singular title of the Presidential Range.

Life at Crawford's was amusing and varied. But it was very different from our English ideal of a country holiday. We solitude-loving Britons keep ourselves always on the look-out for a very retired and unhackneyed seaside place, a gap in the cliffs with a coast-guard cottage and a single lodging-house, where we may commune with nature undisturbed to our heart's content. But our American brother escaped from town loves rather a big hotel, on whose verandah he may sit and idly rock himself; and when he wants to commune, he communes rather with his intelligent and loquacious fellow-citizen. Nevertheless, it was good as change. Crawford's supplied us with an excellent table, where our waiter was a young man from Amherst College, Massachusetts, who earned money during his summer vacation to keep him at Amherst through the winter session. A self-respecting, sharp, business-like young man, indeed, that waiter, conscious of no degradation in the employment he accepted, and to our eyes there-

by really making "that and the action fine." Similarly, the waitresses were for the most part active and good-looking New England school teachers—the "school-marms" of fiction—picking up an honest livelihood during their long holiday in the mountain region. It gave them, besides wages, the advantages of occupation, society, change of air, pretty scenery, and the off-chance of marrying an Amherst student. We got quite intimate with our own waiter, who would pause after dinner, napkin in hand, and discuss his studies with us in perfect good faith, showing not the slightest symptom of false shame or even timidity, but ingenuously interested in us as live specimens of the European university training. There was something noble and republican and deserving of high esteem in it all; and yet somehow one regretted, on the other hand, that youths and maidens struggling upward in such praiseworthy fashion toward a liberal education should have to struggle through such sordid and unbecoming surroundings. Our thoughts reverted involuntarily to Oriel quad and Magdalen cloisters, and we thanked God after all, in spite of everything, that we were born Englishmen. The position of waiter is a useful and meritorious one, but it lacks expansiveness. In the evening all Crawford's assembled in the drawing-room for music and dancing. But here we noted that the dancers were mostly mere children, not adults. Whether this means that the American girl is growing with time more shy and retiring I do not know; I trust I may venture without rudeness to say I hope it does. At any rate, the American old maid, learned and cultured, was present in very astonishing force, and did not retire; on the contrary, she struck dismay into the timid breasts of all our party by the bold and aggressive front she presented to the intrusive

Britisher. What erudition! What versatility! What research! What omniscience! She knows intuitively all about the ideas of Hegel and the Hittite inscriptions, the morphology of Limulus and the exact place in philological classification of the Ostiak dialect of the Tungusian language. Such wisdom affrights the soul of the poor-empirical Englishman, who is conscious to himself of having only received the ordinary university education, and of acquiring nothing by the light of nature without the aid of some slight cursory preliminary study.

Nevertheless, in spite of the omniscient old maids with their blue spectacles, and the eminent lawyers with their profound convictions, life at Crawford's went on as a whole very pleasantly. The two great excursions are the run down the Notch, and the trip by a Rigi railway up to the summit of Mount Washington. The Notch may be taken as a very good specimen of a snowless mountain pass: a deep and narrow gorge or chasm between two opposite precipitous cliffs, which look, of course, as if they had been "rent asunder" by some terrific convulsion of nature," but have really, I need hardly say, been worn down to their present depth by the slow cutting action of the little stream that still feebly trickles down their center. You can drive through the Notch in a White Mountain wagon, if you have a taste for dangerous and adventurous performances; we did, and we felt at the finish much like the Yankee who went down a toboggan slide at the Montreal carnival, and exclaimed at the end of his trip, "I wouldn't have missed that for a hundred dollars!" "Then try another one," suggested an enthusiastic Canadian friend. "I wouldn't try another," answered the Yankee decisively, "not for ten thousand."

In fact, the roads of the White Mountains remain to this day in the

same embryonic and proleptic condition as those of the Scotch Highlands before the wayfarer from southern shires had cause to bless the name of General Wade. They have been sketched or foreshadowed (I won't say made) entirely for the benefit of the hotel guests, who form the sole population of the mountain region; and they run straight up and down hill, with wonderful ruts and marvelous "butter-bowls" sufficient to strike amazement and awe even into the triple-brass-bound breast of a South American mule-driver. Long wagons full of tourists dash madly along these rocky tracks, all agog like the Gilpin household, and often arrive at their journey's end without experiencing any serious casualty. To say the truth, roads are practically unknown even in the civilized portions of America. The railway has preceded them, and so effectually checked their free development; whereas in Europe great engineering works like the Simplon and the Holyhead Road preceded and heralded the advent of the railway system.

A pleasanter way of seeing the Notch is to take the rail; for the Portland and Ogdensburg line runs right through the whole length of the pass, along a narrow ledge cut at a high elevation on the steep sloping and landslipping sides of Mount Willard and Mount Willey. Open-air "observation cars," with neat wicker-work basket chairs, are attached to the train for this portion of its route; and the view down into the profound gorge below, with the Saco forming a lost silver thread in its very middle, is certainly most grand and impressive.

But the great trip from Crawford's, as from all the other White Mountain hotels, is of course the excursion up Mount Washington. The actual summit does not rise so very high—only a little above 6,000 feet—but it ranks as

the greatest elevation in Eastern America this side the Rockies (bar some obscure and unvisited Carolinian hills), and Americans generally feel a paternal pride in its name and features. You go up in a cog-wheel railway with a crooked staggering Rigi engine, all off the perpendicular when it comes to rest; and the track runs through wild forest, spanning endless gorges and torrents by the way on those light, impossible American trestles, which one feels sure can never bear the weight of the train, until one has crossed over them and seen them do it. The day we went up a forest fire had broken out on the slopes, and as we came down again the flames had almost reached one of the boldest among these slender wooden viaducts, known, I think, by the suggestive name of "Jacob's Ladder." A gang of workmen, armed with axes and hatchets, were eagerly fighting fire with fire, cutting down and burning all the trees immediately around the base of the trestle, in the difficult endeavor to clear a space around it before the onward march of the flames had reached the neighborhood of the actual woodwork. Smoke and blaze seemed almost to envelop us as we passed through; but the trestle appeared not one penny the worse, nor did we hear the next day that any repairs had been rendered necessary by the damage due to fire.

Slight as is the elevation of Mount Washington, it rises quite high enough in the rigorous climate of New Hampshire to carry one successively through several distinct climatic zones, as one mounts, and to bring one at last to the limit of trees before arriving at the actual summit. As we went up, though it was full July, we found the Canadian spring flowers one by one returning to us. We could measure our height first by trilliums, then by cornel, next by violets, last of all by dog's-tooth lily,

blood-root, and hepatica. The top itself consists of bare and rugged rock, strewn with huge, shapeless micaceous boulders, the *débris* of ages and of the glacial period. Indeed, a glacial fauna and flora still cling to the heights. Polar butterflies, stranded there at the end of the Great Ice Age, keep up to this day the lineal succession of their little colony, though no others of their kind are again to be found in all America till you reach the frozen shores of Labrador. The plants are every one of arctic species, bearing such suggestive names as *Arenaria greenlandica*, or *Diapensia lapponica*, which sufficiently attest their high northern origin. A very Alpine aspect is given to the whole flora by the prevalence of such flowers as the little creeping Caithness *Sibbaldia*, the Norwegian cloudberry, the Swiss brook-saxifrage, the arctic bog bilberry, the frigid potentilla, and the mountain epilobe. All these plants were once common glacial species; they have struggled on here among the clouds and snow after more southern types have long overrun the whole lowland and hill country around them. Indeed, the most northern kinds of all are strictly confined to a tiny belt around the summit itself, extending only some six or eight hundred feet down the combs and corries.

Once upon a time Mount Washington was much bigger than it is to-day. All these White Mountains are at present mere "basal wrecks" of once far larger peaks, worn down by age and by the grinding ice-sheet of the glacial epoch. Being very old they are, of course, now very low; for mountains reverse the usual rule, and, following the example of little Miss Etticoat in the nursery rhyme, grow smaller as they live longer. It is new mountain ranges that are big and high; the aged ones are always worn down almost flat by

the ceaseless action of rain and weather, frost and water-courses. Mount Washington is a specimen in its last dotage.

"The view from Mount Washington," says my guide-book, with pardonable enthusiasm, "is incomparably grand." As a matter of fact, it is a good view, but still quite comparable, and not good enough in proportion to the elevation. You are at the same height as on top of the Rigi; but oh, what a difference! Mount Washington towers as the actually highest peak anywhere around; whereas the Rigi stands a mere observatory in the center of a girdle of mountains all infinitely grander and nobler than itself. I don't want to make "odorous" comparisons about the incomparable; I merely mean that, all things considered, the view from the American mountain is not quite so fine as one might naturally have expected it to be for its height above sea-level. For one thing, there is little or no water in sight, only a stray lake or two shimmering pond-like in the remoter distance. No near tarns, as in the deep combs of Snowdon; no sea, as from Ben Nevis and Helvellyn; no winding meres, as when one looks down on Lucerne and Zurich; rather a tumultuous mob of surging mountains, like the serried ranks of Deeside hills from the top of Lochnagar. Still, I will frankly admit it is a magnificent prospect in its own way. Westward through the faint blue haze, the Camel's Hump and the Green Mountains of Vermont loom indistinctly on the cloudy horizon. Eastward, the other great peaks of the Presidential Range—Jefferson, Adams, Madison—rise to above the limit of trees and with their gaunt bare summits of loose-strewn boulders remind me more of Cader Idris and of the Coudon near Toulon than of any other masses I have seen anywhere. Southward, the more wooded and rounded tops of Kearsarge

and its giant neighbors recall rather St. Catherine's Peak and the Blue Mountains of Jamaica. Yes, on second thoughts, I *will* compare: for, after all, a large part of the pleasure of scenery lies in just such conscious recognition of likeness with well-remembered views that have given one similar pleasure before; and those whose standard has been most widely formed get, I suppose, most enjoyment out of this half-instinctive process of reminiscence and comparison.

On the summit stands, I need hardly say, a gigantic hotel, "run" by the proprietors of Crawford's and Fabyan's. This is very good business; because by the American uniform system, you have to pay for your dinner and rooms at the hotel below, and if you go up Mount Washington you pay over again for your meals and bed at the summit: so that Messrs. Barron, Merrill, and Barron get it out of you twice over. However, it is worth paying; for I have seen nothing in wonderful America more wonderful, as a piece of organization, than that hotel on the summit of Mount Washington. The wind outside is blowing at the rate of a hundred miles an hour. The thermometer at the United States' Signal Station hard by barely marks a degree or two above freezing. The clouds are swirling and eddying and dancing around the dark and gloomy peaks of Mount Madison. A trackless forest-clad region, just broken by two or three big hotels, stretches for miles and miles at our feet. But inside, you are once more simply and solely in New York or Philadelphia. Three hundred hungry tourists are taking their regulation square meal at the accustomed hour in the immense dining hall, 6,000 feet above sea level. Fresh fish from the Atlantic and the rivers; entrées and made dishes and pastry as at Delmonico's; joints and vegetables in hopeless

intermixture; fruits from the South, the Middle States, and New England; ices and coffee, wines and liquors, foreign sweetmeats and indigenious "candy," load the tables on every side of us. As far as profusion and variety goes, you couldn't get a better or more carefully selected meal at the Continental in Paris. I reserve the question of cuisine, not because it is not admirable in its way, but because it is rather American than European—a trifle crude in certain of its developments. It includes an instrument of torture known as pie; and one must draw the line somewhere.

Altogether the White Mountains are a mass of almost unbroken and primitive wilderness, penetrated and pervaded from end to end by great railways, dotted about at convenient distances with monster hotels, and supplied in part with rude tracks which somewhat simulate the function of highways; but in all essentials as native and unsophisticated to the present day as Scotland was in the days of Galgacus. Here more than anywhere else one sees in perfection the startling contrasts of American life—urban civilization at its highest pitch, side by side and cheek by jowl with rural barbarism in its utmost intensity.—GRANT ALLEN, in *Longman's Magazine*.

THE UNANIMITY OF THE JURY.

The essence of the system of trial by jury consists in the separation of questions of law and questions of fact, and their determination by distinct classes of persons. In the decision of the former lies the peculiar province of the judge, who presides at the trial, to determine what matters shall be presented to the jury or received by the court, as evidence. Such evidence as

is thus permitted to be detailed, is said to be competent; its effect upon the minds of the triers depends on its credibility. Their office is to decide upon the effect of evidence and thus inform the court truly upon the questions at issue, in order that the latter may be enabled to pronounce a right judgment. But they are not the court itself, nor do they form part of it; they are men selected by lot from the community at large who perhaps were never before called to the exercise of such a function, nor foresee that they shall ever be called to it again; nor have they anything to do with the sentence by the court, which follows the delivery of their verdict.

In other words, the jury is the sole judge of the weight of evidence adduced and arbiter of compensation for contract broken or injuries received, and is composed of men selected by lot from the body of the community and "sworn to declare the facts of a case in accordance with the evidence placed before them," their province being to determine the truth of facts or the amount of damages in civil, and the guilt or innocence of the accused in criminal cases.

The outline thus presented of our Common Law Tribunal shows it to be one of a compound nature—partly fixed and partly casual—and so constructed as to secure nearly all the advantages of the opposite systems, while avoiding their characteristic dangers. We find its claims to recognition sustained by many of the most eminent scholars of all ages and climes. Hume characterizes it as "an institution admirable in itself, and the best calculated for the preservation of liberty and the administration of justice, that was ever devised by the wit of man," while modern continental jurists comment on it as "the true guaranty of individual liberty in England, and in every country of the

world where men aspire to freedom." Yet it will cause no surprise in view of the tendencies of our age, to behold even this cherished and time-honored institution subjected to the onslaughts of legal iconoclasts, and its faults or flaws magnified into colossal proportions. The defects incident to trial by jury would almost wholly disappear, and its virtues be correspondingly enhanced, by the abolition of what Hallam terms "that preposterous relic of barbarism"—the requirement of unanimity. The sole advantage attributable thereto is the opportunity which it gives each individual juror to be heard; but this end would be equally well attained by enabling a majority to render a valid verdict after a definite period of empanelment; thus allowing the minority opportunity to convince the others by argument, but preventing it from nullifying the will of the majority by an absolute veto power. On the other hand, the objections to the requirement of unanimity are many, and may be said to consist in:

1. The absence of any reasonable security in unanimity, which is not equally well afforded by a majority.—2. The diminution of public confidence in the administration of justice, owing to the probability that jurors will disagree and trials thus be abortive.—3. It involves the application of coercion, enforcing conviction (by the agency of close confinement) on the minds of the jurors.

Indeed, hardly more than a century ago this element of coercion was (we learn from Blackstone) carried to such an extreme as to require the jurors, after the judge's charge, "to be kept without meat, drink, fire, or candles, till they are unanimously agreed; and if they do not agree in their verdict before the judges are about to leave, they may be carried around the circuit from town to town in a cart." So old Plowden

quaintly reports: "And for that a certain box of sugar, called sugar-candy, and sweet roots, called liquorish, were found with John Mucklow, one of the jurors aforesaid; . . . therefore the said J. M. is committed to the Prison of the Lady the Queen of the Fleet." While Pope sarcastically sings of how

"The hungry judges soon a sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine."

Were the abolition or modification of this requirement secured, the character of the institution would soon be ameliorated, and the two ulcers which mainly disfigure its countenance—bribery and jury-fixing—would speedily disappear. For,

1. Corruption is much less practicable where a majority must be made to succumb to its influence;—2. Hope of profit can no longer act as an inducement for worthless persons to serve as jurors, since the purchase of their votes would be an unpromising investment;—3. The occupation of jury-fixer will become a thing of the past, since he will no longer have fit subjects to operate upon, nor parties eager to employ him;—4. Men of capacity, standing, and integrity will with more readiness consent to serve, since their opinion must then carry its proper weight and can no longer be nullified by their inferiors;—5. Trials will become shorter, service in the jury-box less exacting, and the status of the legal profession itself will be benefited by the change; for the labor of the advocate can no longer be confined to the aim of causing an individual to dissent, but must assume the nobler and broader form of an endeavor to convince the majority of the justice of his cause.

As soon, then, as we dispense with unanimity as an essential element in our jury system—an element already long ago stigmatized by Prof. Christian as "repugnant to all experience of human conduct, passions and understand-

ings"—so soon, too, will its defects vanish, its preëminent merits resume full sway, and general recognition will once more be accorded an institution which, for ages, served as a potent promoter of the dispensation of justice, and for which no substitute more perfect and efficacious has as yet been devised. Lord Brougham, in a memorable speech in the House of Commons, February, 1828, said:—

"Speaking from experience, and experience alone, as a practical lawyer, I must aver that I consider the method of juries a most wholesome, wise and almost perfect invention for the purposes of judicial inquiry. In the first place, it controls the judge, who might, not only in political cases, have a prejudice against one party or a leaning toward another, or, what is as detrimental to justice, their counsel or attorney. In the second place, it supplies that knowledge of the world, and that sympathy with its tastes and feelings which judges do not always possess. In the third place, what individual can so well weigh conflicting evidence as twelve men indifferently chosen from the community, of various habits, characters, prejudices and ability? Lastly, what individual can so well assess the amount of damages which a plaintiff ought to recover in compensation for an injury he has received? The system is above all praise; it looks well in theory and works well in practice, I would have all matters of fact, wheresoever disputed, tried by a jury. In my mind he was guilty of no error—he was chargeable with no exaggeration—he was betrayed by his fancy into no metaphor, who once said that all we see about us—king, lords and commons, the whole machinery of the state, all the apparatus of the system and its varied workings—end in simply bringing twelve good men into a (jury) box. Such—the administration of justice—is the cause of the establishment of government—such is the use of government: it is this purpose which can alone justify restraints on natural liberty—it is this only which can excuse constant interference with the rights and the property of men."

No radical change need be made. In public prosecutions, involving the infliction of criminal penalties, unanimity may still be advantageously preserved; but in civil cases (in accordance with the example set by the

constitutions of California and two other states), three-fourths of the jury should be sufficient to render a valid verdict. So should the number of twelve preserved, since it seems to be a happy medium between too numerous and too restricted a body, but concerning which number an old writer on the law assigned the quaint and curious reason that it is by analogy, "like as the prophetes were 12, to foretell the truth; the apostles 12, to preach the truth; the discoverers 12 (sent into Canaan), to seek and report the truth; and the stones 12, that the holy Hiervsalem is built upon."—MAXIMUS A. LESSER.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

THE NEW HEAVEN AND THE NEW EARTH. — Archdeacon Farrar preached an eloquent New Year's sermon in St. Paul's, London, of which the following are the opening and closing paragraphs:—

"In the minds of the early Christians there was a strange mixture of feelings as regards the present life. They were looking forward with constant and eager expectation for the coming of the Lord. They thought that any morning might witness the flaming advent of their king. They never knew whether the scarlet clouds of sunrise might not herald some world-catastrophe. Misunderstanding some of the reported sayings of Christ, mistaking, sometimes the spiritual for the literal, sometimes the literal for the spiritual, they were tempted into feverish and unpractical restlessness. And when the Second Advent on the clouds of heaven was so long delayed, the natural result was first disappointment, and then in some minds unbelief. 'Where,' they asked, 'is the promise of His coming?' And all that St. Peter, in his second Epistle, can say in answer, is to reassert to them that as certainly as there had once been a deluge of water which drowned the old world, so certainly shall there be a deluge of fire to destroy the world which now is. The earth, he tells them, is 'stored with fire.' The day shall come when her volcanoes, bursting the seals which repress the impatient earthquake, shall bellow destruction from their fiery cones, and the world, with its elements melted with fervent heat, shall become but a burnt-up cinder

like her attendant moon. So too say the other Apostles. 'This world,' says St. Paul, 'passeth away, and the fashion thereof.' 'I saw,' says St. John, 'a new heaven, and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth are passed away.' And we may still retain that hope of, nay, that sure belief in, a new heaven and a new earth in the eternity which is to be. But now, at the beginning of this new year, the question is, whether it need be a hope only? whether even here and now the new heaven may not spread over us its soft empyreal azure, and the new earth may not at least begin to rejoice for us and to blossom as the rose? . . . The surest secret of a happy home is that it should be a home wherein dwelleth righteousness, wherein dwelleth the fear of God, wherein dwelleth love. And since this is in our power, therefore the *blessedness* which is deeper and more enduring than happiness is within our own reach. Let us aim at this tranquil happiness of quietness and confidence and peace in God. This is no chimera. The possibility of winning this is no illusion. In our patience let us possess, let us acquire our souls. The world will still be the world. There will still be the pestilence which walketh in darkness and the arrow that fieth in the noon-day. The animalism of brutal passions will still crowd our streets with the infamy of its victims and the wretchedness which dogs their heels. There will still be envy and hatred and malice, and lies, and sickness, and poverty, and death; but the world in which our inmost souls shall live and move and have their being will even in this life be an anticipated fruition of the new heaven and the new earth."

HENRY M. STANLEY.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* of January 20 publishes an account of an interview with Mr. Stanley, who was to start for Africa in a day or two:—

"Mr. Stanley's head-quarters are in Bond street, a suite of rooms on the first floor which he has made his home for the last two years. The walls of the vestibule are lined with trophies and pictures of Africa, but there is no sign of barbaric mementoes in the modern luxury of his spacious sitting-room, whose walls are hung with water-colors, photographs, and sketches. Explorer, nomad, as he is, he does not despise the pleasures of the upholsterer, as was shown by the handsome cabinets, the sumptuous settees, the soft rugs, strewn about the floor. In a minute he came into the room, erect as ever, smoking a cigar, and remarking, 'I have had no sleep for two nights, and only got back from Brussels at

five this morning; but I can give you fifteen minutes. My time is short now. We have naturally considered the question of the routes very seriously, and discussed it very thoroughly. I will explain to you how matters stand. It is possible to reach Emin Bey either from the Congo or from Zanzibar. Let us take the Zanzibar route: My expedition is 1,000 strong when it leaves Zanzibar. What will it be when we reach the savage-bound circle drawn round Emin? You have marched, say, 1,000 miles under a torrid sun, each man carrying sixty pounds. During this arduous journey your number is gradually decreasing. Some desert, some are fatigued, some die, some are killed, some are weakened by blang. The rumor goes about that the real danger does not begin until you reach the fringe of the circle. Panic may seize the men; and then—way, they may desert in a body. They have come from Zanzibar, and the way home is open to them. Take the Congo route: The King of the Belgians has given us permission to use the steamer on the Upper River, the journey is comparatively easy, food is plentiful, and you land your men on the edge of the danger circle fresh, active, in good spirits, and in good condition. But most important of all, they cannot desert. If they turn tail they have not Zanzibar behind them, but only the waters of the Congo. The advantages of one route over another are obvious. The difficulty now is the transport from Zanzibar to the Congo. I hope to find a steamer ready when we reach Zanzibar.'

"Mr. Stanley then spread out a well-worn map of Equatorial Africa. By means of a telegraph form and a pair of dividers, he measured off the possible routes, explaining how the dreaded power of M'Wanga of Uganda, son of his old friend M'Tesa, had spread. 'Here,' indicating the stretch of country between the great lakes, 'are some of the best fighting men in all Africa, 200,000 of them and more. No matter which route the expedition takes, there is the danger, for Uganda's power extends right up to Albert Nyanza.' 'Could you cross Victoria by boats?' 'We take one boat with us for the rivers,' replied the explorer. 'I cannot tell you what I shall do. My secret must remain undivulged. M'Wanga's emissaries are everywhere.'"

QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER CHILDREN.—In the just published Third Part of *The Greville Memoirs*, extending from 1852 to 1860, are several anecdotes relating to the Queen. Thus, in April, 1858, he writes, in his journal:—

"Lady Lyttelton, whom I met at Althorp, said the Queen was very fond of them, but severe in her manner, and a strict disciplinarian in her family. She described the Prince of Wales to be extremely shy and timid, with very good principles, and particularly an exact observer of truth; the Princess Royal is remarkably intelligent. I wrote this because it will hereafter be curious to see how the boy grows up, and what sort of performance follows this promise, though I shall not live to see it."—In November, 1858, we find the following entry: "I hear the Queen has written a letter to the Prince of Wales announcing to him his emancipation from parental authority and control, and that it is one of the most admirable letters that ever were penned. She tells him that he may have thought the rule they adopted for his education a severe one, but that his welfare was their only object, and well knowing to what seductions of flattery he would eventually be exposed, they wished to prepare and strengthen his mind against them, that he was now to consider himself his own master, and that they should never intrude any advice upon him, although always ready to give it him whenever he thought fit to seek it. It was a very long letter, all in that tone, and it seems to have made a profound impression on the Prince, and to have touched his feelings to the quick. He brought it to Gerald Wellesley in floods of tears, and the effect it produced is a proof of the wisdom which dictated its composition."

TRUTH AND SINCERITY IN CRITICISM.—Mr. Maurice Thompson, in *The Independent*, discourses at some length upon certain phases of criticism, which he says is "colored by reflections from the surroundings of the critic." Compare the Boston criticisms with those of New York, and it will soon appear that the flavor, nay more, the fiber of each is distinctly affected by what may be called local influence. But he continues:—

"This question of truth and sincerity affects the substance of criticism much more than it affects the fiber of literary art. Mr. Cable's novels are good, no matter whether they are true to Creole life or not; but criticism which wrongfully charges Mr. Cable with falsifying records and libeling individuals is valueless. So, on the other hand, if Mr. Howe's novels of Western life are too gloomy and hopeless to be true to that incomparable manhood and womanhood which have made the great West leap to the high-tide of prosperity in a few

short years, still his stories are none the less good. It is when the sincere, or the alien and uninformed critic says to the world: 'This is realism—these are true pictures of Western life,' that the harm is done. A Boston or a New York critic, alien to East Tennessee, may praise or blame Craddock's art-methods, but he may not decide as to the realism of the scenes and characters sketched in Craddock's romances. We Americans know very well that we have the laugh turned on our English friends who point to Walt Whitman as the most 'American' of our poets. Not that we deny the genius of the 'good gray poet,' the point of our objection to the dictum of the English critic is found in our absolute knowledge of two facts: First, the fact that the English critic regards American life as being barbarous; second, the fact that the English critic knows nothing at all about American life."

HANGING WOMEN FOR MURDER.—Apropos of a bill recently introduced into the Assembly of New York, making the crime of murder in the first degree punishable only by imprisonment for life, *The Independent* says:—

"There is no reason why women should be exempted from the penalty of death any more than men. If inflicted at all it should be equally inflicted on both sexes. The crime is the same in both, and the interests of society to be protected by punishment are the same in both. The bill, if it should become a law, would have the effect of increasing the number of murders by females, and virtually putting a premium on female criminality. There is no gallantry or sentimentality due to a murderess that should exempt her from the same punishment that is inflicted on men when they commit murder. Either abolish the death penalty altogether, in the wisdom of which we do not believe, or make no distinction between the sexes in its infliction. The fact that women are not voters and do not, therefore, directly participate in the enactment of the laws, is no argument for their exemption from capital punishment. It proves too much if it proves anything. It would equally apply to the punishment of minors and aliens, neither of which classes participates in the enactment of the laws, and also to the punishment of any other crime. Carry out the principle involved in this bill, and the result, so far as the infliction of punishment is concerned, would be that we should have one penal code for men and another for women."

EARLY EXPLORATIONS OF AMERICA,

(*Real and Imaginary*).

The history of the first discovery and exploration of the New World comprises a series of narratives fully as interesting, when first told, as the *Thousand Nights and One Night*, and more improving to study, it may be plausibly alleged, than even the unexpurgated version of that venerable body of romance. And had the New World, once discovered and partially known, relapsed into darkness, and the way across the sea been forgotten, the *Quatuor Navigationes* of Vespucci (if ever written) might have taken the place of the seven voyages of Sindbad the Sailor, and gossiping Peter Martyr of Anghiera might have been the western Scheherazade. It is difficult for us, who know already what coasts and rivers the early explorers were to find, to realize the feelings of the generation that read the letters of Columbus and Cortés. The wonders of travel in yet unexplored parts of the earth can never have for us the same freshness as to men who knew little of the laws of nature and human history ruling in their own hemisphere, and had no confident assurance that the laws they knew would hold good in the New World. We know within certain limits what to expect from unexplored regions; the first Europeans landing in America were ready to accept any marvel as possible; and when they showed scepticism and reluctance to believe, it was most often because they had started with some preconceived notion of greater wonders still—a notion which was in general contradicted by the event. The curious tentative maps that chronicle successive discoveries and hypotheses are studded with monuments of dead theories and lost illusions. The mines of Cipango, the paradise of Bimini, the strait of Anian, the Seven

Cities, the Amazonian tribes, the golden city of the inca Manoa—these and other names sum up the story of the first discoveries, ever driven on through real wonders in the pursuit of the non-existent.

The *Odyssey* of the New World was first begun; then came its *Iliad*, in the record of the conquests—the minor cycle of epics clustering round the two great stories of Mexico and Peru, the struggle between Spaniard and Aztec for dominion, and the internecine war of Spaniard with Spaniard. Then the center of interest shifts northward, and to the romantic age of discovery and conquest succeeds the historical age of colonization and trade which founded New France and New England. The New World has lost its strangeness and romance; it has been appropriated, despoiled, partitioned, and is now to become the sphere in which European political and religious ideas, European state policy, and national prejudice may work out their results under new conditions. This phase of development may be said to end with the contest between England and France for North America. With the American war of independence begins the emancipation of the colonies from European control, and their conversion into states affecting to govern themselves, and in some cases succeeding. With the accomplishment of this change the unity of American history ceases; no longer assimilated in development and policy by a common colonial status, a common dependence, the new countries form a system of independent states, each going on its own separate path henceforward, and working out its own diverse political and social problems.

In studying the record of America, attention has naturally been concentrated largely on the most interesting and eventful periods; and it is of these especially, though far from exclusively.

that English-speaking writers have treated most worthily. Robertson, Irving, Prescott, Helps, have successively done good service in searching out or popularizing the story of the Spanish discoverers and conquerors; and if the pioneers of England in America have not as yet met with the same measure of good fortune as the pioneers of France, it is not for want of reverent research and careful recording on the part of their descendants. The history of the duel between England and France has of late been told by Mr. Parkman in a manner that seems to preclude repetition: and the war of independence has found a worthy, if hardly so impartial, chronicler. But a history of America as a whole, founded on the wide results of modern research, but depicting those results in due perspective, and grasping and presenting clearly the broad lines of sameness and difference in the records of the various states and settlements—this has yet to be written.

Thanks to the patient, unselfish, and often unrenowned and unrewarded research of many students, we have now within reach a vast body of facts about various stages of development of many parts of America; and the further application of the same research would probably lead to a similar collection of materials for the rest of the continent. But whether the heaven-born historian will arise to work this material into artistic shape, or not, real historical workers are not willing to sit down and wait for him; they will at least collect the essential items of known fact, and the opinions of those best fitted to judge on points of dispute, together with the authorities on which are based such records or inferences: they will have ready pigeonholed for the great writer—and, indeed, for all others—the materials from which to construct a book or a theory or a mere personal knowl-

edge. They will arm research for work and point out its path, even as we give the latest maps to a discoverer. "Thus far others have gone," they will say, "and here lies the most favorable road."

It is this task that has been undertaken by the various authors of the two historical series* which I am now considering, and in each case the result is one which promises a great future to the bold application of co-operation to history. In one case a number of men of special knowledge have been set to write each the history of some place or period of exploration or settlement, or to investigate some thorny question, and each narrative is followed by a critical essay on the sources of information, and often by further bibliographical information from the editor, Mr. Justin Winsor, librarian of Harvard University. In the other case, Mr. H. H. Bancroft's method, equally co-operative, results in more apparent unity, and does not give his subordinates so much latitude or responsibility as belongs to the collaborators of Mr. Winsor. But there is a fundamental similarity beneath the apparent diversity of these two valuable compilations. Both are attempts—and apparently very successful ones—to sum up all that has been written on the subjects of which they treat; both add to their narrative a copious bibliography of authorities, and estimates of their value. In Mr. Winsor's volumes we are even informed what booksellers paid, how much, at what dates, for what rare books—a trick of the librarian cropping up in the historian.

The *History of America* makes a special study of early cartography, showing in a series of interesting copies or sketches of maps the gradual widen-

* Narrative and Critical History of America, edited by Justin Winsor. History of the Pacific States, by Hubert Howe Bancroft.

ing of the known world. It also gives many portraits of persons, and old engravings of places, and facsimiles of the signatures of everybody, in a manner, including, by a curious affectation, the signatures of its own contributors. There is in general a studied avoidance of personal declaration on disputed points—we are only told what everybody else thought and wrote; and this is tantalizing, if impartial. Mr. Bancroft, on the other hand, while his maps are smaller and not nearly so well executed, is able to give his own opinion on vexed questions and on the value of authorities in a manner which his wide acquaintance at first or second hand with these authorities, and his evident desire to be impartial, render of considerable value. On one point, however, it is necessary for all students of literature sorrowfully to deny his competence, and that is in questions of style. The mere narrative of facts is tolerable, if at times rough in manner; but the generalizations, moral reflections, and purple—or rather magenta—patches of description are uniformly bad. Mr. Bancroft's—or somebody's—remarks on the state of Europe and the manners of the Spaniards at the time of the conquest, which open the first volume, read like a rude attempt to parody Buckle. I merely mention this literary matter, however, that intending students may not be rebuffed from consulting the work by meeting on its threshold with commonplace moralities about the horrors of war, the coarseness and ignorance of the middle ages, the cruelties of the Spaniards, etc., etc., more sensible, but hardly less wearisome, than Alison's well-known justifications of Providence. Once in touch with their paper bags of facts, Mr. Bancroft and his assistant writers are again readable and valuable.

Thus much may suffice for the arrangement and style of the works re-

ferred to; but their literary aspect is the least important. Neither are they to be regarded as adding very much to our absolute knowledge of the periods of which they treat. Mr. Bancroft's large special library and carefully formed collection of manuscripts have furnished him with many minor facts not hitherto recorded, and the resources of the Harvard library and the papers of many industrious American societies are at the disposal of Mr. Winsor and his associates; but in the main their work is rather settlement than discovery, rather a polity than a conquest, and, like their own republican government, rather for use than for show. The chief value of both works lies in the opportunity they give us of seeing clearly how far the knowledge and the history of early America have progressed.

The first problem of importance which historians of the discovery of America have to solve (for the apparently authentic but resultless voyages of the Northmen, the semi-mythical adventures of the Zeni, etc., are little worth a laborious investigation) is a psychological matter—it is simply the personal character of Columbus himself, on the interpretation of which not only much of his biography, but not a little of the history of his discoveries, must be based. As in the case of Mary Queen of Scots, or indeed of any historical character of striking personality, the dramatic conception of the character governs the historical interpretation of the life.

The estimate formed of Columbus by historians and biographers has varied considerably. At present it seems passing through a cycle of depression. The hero-worship of Irving and others invited a reaction which finds voice in the expressions for Mr. Bancroft's common-sense, if somewhat Philistine, impartiality; and the more extravagant

eulogy of M. Roselly de Lorgues and other advocates of the canonization of Columbus has met with a corrective in the work of M. HARRISSE, who, indeed, may speak with authority on questions of American discovery after his extensive labors on the bibliography of the subject. His late study of Columbus is indisputably the most important that has appeared for long, and perhaps, on the whole, the most trustworthy life as yet written. Possibly the function of *advocatus diaboli* has carried the historian too far in depreciation of the admiral, or of the history of him generally attributed to his son Fernando; and the bibliographer's faults of attaching too much weight to evidence which he has himself found, and too readily doubting what his own researches do not confirm, may have invalidated the work in some measure. But if this be so—and I would not venture to assert it—the next swing of the pendulum will vindicate the admiral from any unjust charges by disclosing new documents, for even so indefatigable a worker as M. HARRISSE has not exhausted the wealth of papers that must still remain in the Spanish archives, after all the ravages of damp, moths, rats, and Napoleon.

Accurate and scientific historical labor is often accused of making its productions dull; and some of those who promote scientific study have too rashly accepted the charge as a necessary truth. Undoubtedly impartial and rigorous investigation tends to diminish the picturesqueness of historical narrative. It reduces alike the greatness of heroes, the goodness of saints, and the blackness of villains, and shows, as a rule, that particular individuals were responsible for much less than is popularly credited to them. This process has the disadvantage of depriving those who like violent contrasts of their beloved dramatic or rather melodramatic effects; but to those who desire to

study real life, it is far more interesting, as well as more scientific, to treat of historical events as resulting from the probable interaction of conceivable characters and causes. The general result of inquiry and criticism as recently applied to the history of American discovery has been, as elsewhere, to level down the heroes and saints, and level up the knaves and fools, without, however, altering their traditional characters completely. Isabella is less admirable, Ferdinand less mean, than Irving makes out; Fonseca is no longer the villain of the piece, and Columbus, though still the hero, is not so much the hero.

The admiral's character seems to be one of not such rare occurrence as we might think. He was a good practical seaman; but in other respects he seems to have lived rather in a shifting world of his own conceptions, which were to him as facts; and though the pressure of realities sometimes compelled him to give up some of his illusions, he none the less continued to hold it the duty of the world to conform to his conceptions of it. Thus living in a world of his own creation, self-consciousness was perhaps his strongest characteristic; and the universal persecution over which many biographers have wept is in no small part the well-known delusion which lies at the root of that extremely common "persecution mania" into which a morbid self-consciousness often develops. This egoistic habit of mind was probably necessary to carry Columbus through his great enterprise, for the man was so possessed with a sense of his personal divine mission as to impress others with something of his fervor; but it sufficiently explains how his colonial projects failed, and how he contrived to suffer injury from all quarters. To take the most familiar instance of his egoism, it is not likely that Columbus's heart ever smote him

for taking from Rodrigo of Triana (if that was the sailor's name) the poor little pension promised to the first beholder of land. And Irving's rather lame excuse—namely, that the admiral's glory was at stake—practically means that feeling that he *ought* to be the first to see land, Columbus persuaded himself that he *had* seen it first, or at least a light on it. The act, in any case, is characteristic of the man, and appears to me to bring out the self-regarding and self-centered mind of the Italian of Renaissance times in contrast with the more practical and external observation of the Spaniard. Cortés would not have thought such a thing worth doing; Vasco Núñez would not have thought of it at all.

The same temper comes out in the highest as in the lowest parts of Columbus's character. His constant reference to his mission of recovering the holy sepulcher can hardly be thought a mere parade; yet he never took any steps toward the carrying out of that mission, nor ever would have done. Here again comes in the illusion: to one who lived in his own world of dreams, the very fervor of his religious purpose probably seemed to excuse him from taking practical steps to carry it out. He might as well have been one of those kings to whom a vow of crusade was a periodical source of revenue.

The great admiral's power of "make-believe" was like a child's. On a few facts, capable of many rational interpretations, he based the astounding theory, astounding even for those days, of the pear-shaped earth with the terrestrial paradise at its apex somewhere on the equator; and so firm was his belief in his own *à priori* conclusions, that he died in the conviction that Cuba was part of the mainland of Asia—a statement which, indeed, he had once made his crew swear to maintain, under heavy penalties. This, as Mr. Bancroft well

says, is one of the facts that help us to understand why Columbus was so unpopular. He was always doing mysterious things, and preferred to make them more mysterious still. He had boundless confidence in himself and his mission; but when he had to deal with men, there was an alternation of severity and lenity, a distrust and deception of others which begot distrust and deception in others. The false reckoning which he kept on his first voyage, so as to entice his men onward in spite of themselves, was due to this temper. Pizarro, ruffian as he was, showed far more wisdom in the ways of men when he drew that famous line on the beach of the island of Gallo, and bade those step over it who would meet "labor hunger, thirst, fatigue, wounds, sickness, and every other kind of danger" with him.

But the ugliest part of Columbus's nature was what one can hardly avoid calling his snobbishness about his family and early life; and on this point M. Harrisse in especial has accumulated many damaging facts. The main source of the current and popular account (as given in Irving and elsewhere) of Columbus's early life has been the *Historie*, so called, an Italian version (probably very inaccurate) of a lost Spanish original ascribed to Fernando, the illegitimate son of Columbus by Beatriz Enriquez. After at first suspecting the work to be a mere fabrication, M. Harrisse was compelled, by an inspection of unpublished works of Las Casas, to admit that the *Historie* was due to Fernando, or some one closely connected with him. This, however, rather helps to damage the credit of the father; for since Fernando, an educated and honorable man, was hardly likely to publish tales which he knew to be false, it is probable that the admiral himself was given to talking largely and vaguely about his youth and

his exploits, and that the confused hints of the *Historie* owe their origin to him. This supposition is confirmed from other sources. We know that Columbus stated more than once that he was not the first admiral of his family—so that the confusion between him and the Gascon corsairs, the Cazeneuve, surnamed Coullon, and in Italian Colombo, seems to have been intentional on his part. Possibly he also threw out occasionally dark hints as to the noble origin of his race, in this as in many other ways strongly reminding us of that other famous Italian, the tribune Rienzi.

On this question there can be, after M. HARRISSE's laborious researches in the archives of Genoa, Savona, and all the neighborhood, no reasonable doubt. Columbus, in spite of the hints, declarations, and invectives of the *Historie*, was himself a weaver and the son of a weaver. There is no reason to suppose that he ever went to study at Pavia, nor did he become a sailor at an early age. He sprang from no poor branch of a noble house, and the arms which he inserted as his family bearings, in the coat granted him by Ferdinand and Isabella, have every appearance of being due to his own invention. They are or, a *chief gules* and *bend azure*, a singular combination, and not like the blazon of any Italian Colombi, all of whom, according to M. HARRISSE, bore "canting" or punning arms, with one or more doves.

I am loth to think that the great navigator, no matter how earnestly he desired to conceal his humble origin, could have allowed his aged father Domenico to die in poverty after he had returned from his first voyage, and was in the full flush of honor and prosperity. Yet a document discovered by M. HARRISSE seems to show that Domenico, who lived after 1494, was poor and in debt at that time. Far the most curious instance, however, of the ad-

miral's desire to obscure his antecedents is to be found in his will, in which he charges his son and executor Diego to pay to certain merchants of Genoa, who had carried on business at Lisbon in 1482, certain sums of money, the recipients to be kept in total ignorance of the source of these windfalls. There can be little doubt about the meaning of this. The sums in question were evidently Columbus's unpaid debts incurred while trading at Lisbon, and he had left them unpaid till at least twenty-two years after they were contracted.

Apart from the new light thrown on the admiral's character, recent research has not added much to our knowledge of his actions. The one difficult problem of his history—the determination of the place of the first landfall—remains as insoluble as ever. Mr. Winsor's careful statement leaves the honor undetermined between five islands, to which M. HARRISSE adds a sixth. It is vain to expect any great approach to certainty in the matter, for all authorities seem to agree that Columbus's own description does not apply in every particular to any one of the "36 islands, 687 cays, and 2,414 rocks" which constitute the Bahamas.

Apart from this point, which, after all, is one of chiefly sentimental interest, there is comparatively little doubt about the history of Columbus's voyages. It is far otherwise with the history of his next successors in discovery, the Cabots, in whom students of English blood are bound to feel especial interest. The records of their voyages are distressingly meager, even after the exhaustive research and labor of Dr. Charles Deane, who writes of the Cabots in the *History of America*, and of M. HARRISSE. It is still not quite certain whether John Cabot or his son Sebastian was the real leader in both voyages, though the probability is very strongly in favor of the former as far as state papers

and letters go. It is not at all clear when John Cabot died, though there seems nothing to support the theory that he died between the first and second voyages of discovery. After a long tradition of error it has been possible to fix the dates of the two expeditions with accuracy; but we do not know what parts of the coast were discovered, on which voyage, where the Cabots first saw land, and whether they reached Florida or Cape Hatteras, or only explored the Gulf of St. Lawrence or the coast of Labrador, and whether a third English voyage was attempted or not. Sebastian Cabot himself seems to have added to the confusion by reporting different things to different persons, and these reports have almost certainly suffered additional distortion before reaching us at second or third hand. Everything about him is more or less doubtful; even the Latin inscription on his picture is ambiguous by the awkward use of the same case for his father's name and his own. It is greatly to be regretted that none of the Cabots seem to have drawn up a detailed official report for Henry VII. Dr. Deane need hardly blame Richard Eden, the first English historian of American discovery, for not being a skillful "interviewer." Probably the only result of Eden's cross-examining Sebastian Cabot (then aged and at no time too exact in statement) for the benefit of the Massachusetts Historical Society would have been a yet more hopeless entanglement of the whole question. We must rest content with such things as we have, and rather wish than hope that the state papers of Henry VII.'s reign, when calendared, may tell us more, or that something authentic may yet turn up at Bristol. It is a pity, in some respects, that the English government had not yet acquired the recording and docketing habits of the Spaniards. We know far more of the

comparatively unsuccessful expedition of Sebastian Cabot to La Plata than of the first two voyages of his father and himself. It is only through the invaluable Italian ambassadors that we are really sure of the dates of those voyages.

One of the disputed points about Sebastian Cabot, and one which was once of some historical importance, and still seems to arouse interest, is the question of his birthplace. On this matter I may be permitted to enlarge somewhat, as it has recently been discussed by Mr. C. H. Coote in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. I am unable to agree with his conclusions when he adopts the current English tradition that the discoverer was born at Bristol, rejecting the "late and suspicious" theory of his Venetian birth, and it therefore is necessary briefly to state the reasons for preferring the opinion of Dr. Deane and M. HARRISSE.

Both of the hypotheses as to Cabot's birthplace seem due primarily to his own statements to various persons—at least we cannot trace any other sources of information. He undoubtedly stated to Richard Eden, and apparently to other Englishmen, that he was born at Bristol, taken to Venice when four years old, and brought back to England afterward. He also stated to Peter Martyr in 1515, to Contarini in 1522, and to a learned Italian, supposed to be Gian Giacomo Bardolo of Mantua, about 1540, that he was born in Venice and taken young to England, whether *pene infans* or "having some knowledge of the humanities and the sphere," according to one or other of his statements, we may give up hope of determining. Mr. Coote is within his rights in impugning the statement of Contarini as made with the purpose of currying favor with the Venetian authorities, and therefore suspicious. Nevertheless I may point out that the Venetian authorities could probably

find out whether Cabot's statement was true, for the evidence was within their reach; and when engaging in intrigues with Venice, which, as he said, would risk his neck, or at any rate might spoil his credit with his Spanish and English employers, Cabot would hardly arouse the watchful suspicion of the council of ten by a needless lie. Besides, if Cabot was *not* born in Venice, to what motive can we ascribe his desire to benefit Venice, at some risk to himself, by disclosing the secret he imagined himself to possess? Either in England or in Spain his high position and credit would have won a readier hearing.

Mr. Coote has not noticed that the statements of English birth are also "suspicious." Sebastian's reasons for claiming English citizenship are sufficiently obvious. The English of that time, if not so exclusive as the Venetians, were fully as proud of their nationality, and probably more inclined to contemn strangers. Columbus, as we know, found his Italian birth a great hindrance among Spaniards; and if Sebastian Cabot could avoid such difficulties by making himself out Bristol-born, we know enough of him to be sure that no petty question of fact would stand in the way of his doing so. And English chroniclers had a very strong motive for claiming Cabot as their countryman. On his discovery the English claim to dominion in North America was often based, and this was clearly strengthened by proving the explorer to be not only the servant but the born subject of the king of England.

But Contarini's report is not the only one that affirms Cabot's Venetian birth.

Why, if Mr. Coote's opinion is correct, did Sebastian trouble to tell a lie to Peter Martyr full seven years before the intrigue with Contarini? or what

motive could he have for denying his English birth to Bardolo of Mantua, between the time when the secret negotiation with Venice was dropped in Spain and the time when it was taken up again in England?

So far, then, as Cabot's own assertions go the Venetian claim seems to be the stronger; but Sebastian was evidently a person whose birthplace and family shifted according to circumstances, and his unsupported testimony could not be held to decide the question—much less the slight difference in weight between two bundles of conflicting statements. In such matters a pennyweight of fact is worth a ton of tradition or theory, and there are two facts which ascertain. On March 28, 1476, John Cabot was naturalized as a Venetian citizen, having fulfilled the statutory condition of fifteen years' continuous residence. And on March 5, 1495-6, the right to discover and occupy unknown lands, and to exercise jurisdiction and monopolize trade in them, was granted to John Cabot and his three sons, of whom Sebastian is named the second. The four names are mentioned on the same footing, and the grant is co-ordinate to all, which has generally been taken as proving that all three sons were legally major. Therefore Sebastian must have been born before 1474, very possibly in 1473, a date which fits in with what we know from Richard Eden of Cabot's later years. John Cabot's wife was a Venetian woman, as we learn from Lorenzo Paqualigo's letter of August, 1497, and not improbably possessed property at Venice.

It seems to result from these dates that all three of John Cabot's sons were born while their father was still legally domiciled at Venice; and though that domicile might not be held to be interrupted by voyages of a moderate length, such as the Genoese merchant must

have made,* yet a removal to Bristol and a sojourn of several years there, would surely be fatal to a claim for naturalization. There remains therefore only the supposition that Sebastian may have been born at Bristol when John Cabot had taken his wife there on a voyage, and that the child was left there for some years and then taken back to Venice. This is possible, but not at all probable, nor does it seem worth while to strain possibility in order to credit the less likely of two conflicting statements.

Though Cabot must in all probability remain, as Dr. Deane calls him, "the sphinx of American discovery," a somewhat nearer approach to certainty has been made in the no less perplexing case of Amerigo Vespucci. The strange chain of events by which the name of that navigator was affixed on the map to the new continent, is in itself as improbable as a romance. Vespucci, a Florentine pilot, while in the Portuguese service, sent a letter to his countryman and schoolfellow, Piero Soderini, in 1504, giving an account of his "four" voyages. Probably (as Mr. Major thinks) a copy of this letter was sent to Giocondo, an Italian architect at Paris, who translated it into French and gave it to his friend Mathias Ringman. Ringman, returning to the Vosges country, became professor of Latin at St. Dié, in the seminary set up there by Duke René of Lorraine. Here the letter of Vespucci was taken up by Waldzeemüller, or Hylacomylus as he preferred to call himself, the professor of geography, who printed a Latin version of Vespucci's account with a treatise of his own, published in 1507. In this little book, the *Cosmographia Introductio*, was first proposed the name of America or Amerige for the continent. In 1509 another edition of

the work was published at Strasburg, the press at St. Dié having been given up; and thus the name was spread through Germany. At first it was only what is now South America that bore the title, for the northern parts of the continent had been named already, and the connection between north and south was only conjectured. There was apparently no desire to rob Columbus of his honors; but Vespucci had explored a considerable part of the new coast, his narrative was interesting and gained the ear of the learned, and naturally they united to do him honor. With some also, the alleged first voyage of 1497 gave a ground for applying Amerigo's name to the whole continent, which the Spaniards had simply called *tierra firma*.

The suggestion of Waldzeemüller was taken up by other German geographers. Mapmakers sometimes put in the new name. Schöner adopted it in his first globe and a descriptive treatise. The name spread the more easily that the Spaniards had not found any good general name for the mainland; and by the time that nation woke up to denounce what was taken as a fraud, the mischief was done. Vespucci had died in 1512, but his name was immortal. Columbus, Columbia, Colombia, Colon, have been adopted as the names of various states, districts, towns, rivers, etc., but the continent itself remains marked with the title of the man who did not discover it first. And, curiously, just as Vespucci had the privilege of naming the New World, though only one among many explorers, the United States, though only one state of one half of the continent, have appropriated the name of the continent to themselves in defiance of all scientific nomenclature. In view of the confusion which this often causes we may feel a certain sympathy with the mournful creature who hit on the idea of calling

* Raimondo de Soncino says that John Cabot had reached Mecca on a voyage.

his country "Fredonia" and his fellow-citizens "Fredish," under a vague idea that these words were in some way derived from "freedom." There seem to be traces that these terrible names had once some vogue.

There was already no hope of supplanting the new name when men finally realized the fact that the new continent had nothing to do with Asia and the Indies. Some writers about Columbus and the New World revenged themselves by denouncing Vespucci as a base impostor, who had been in some way suborned by some nefarious conspiracy of supposed merchants to lay claim to the discovery of the mainland and have his name put to it. A conspiracy of merchants to name a continent is indeed a fascinating, if rather improbable, notion. Humboldt put an end to such ideas by showing that the naming of the new land after Vespucci was none of his doing, and was not practically adopted till after his death; and the researches of Major, D'Avezac, and others have further cleared up the singular story. And although, if we disbelieve in Amerigo's first voyage, it is hard to get in his *four* expeditions or to reconcile his accounts with known facts, a good deal of the confusion may be safely put down not to deliberate lying, but to the blunders of translators, first from Italian or Spanish-Italian into French, and then from French into Latin. On the whole we may say that the Florentine was not over-modest in his account of his doings, and not averse to claiming and taking any unappropriated credit that was going. Besides this, he seems to have been, like Sebastian Cabot, rather loose and apt to vary in his statements. But that he in any way deliberately set himself to supplant Columbus by a false claim is highly improbable. So far, therefore, Emerson's "dishonest pickle dealer" is rehabilitated.

A bold and ingenious attempt to vindicate Vespucci completely has of late revived interest in him. Baron Varnhagen maintains the accuracy of Amerigo's account of his first voyage, on the hypothesis that it was to North instead of (as generally interpreted) to South America. This supposition certainly destroys some of the objections to Vespucci's statement, and weakens even one of the most fatal of them, namely the fact that the Florentine, though he had been Ojeda's pilot in exploring the coast of the mainland, was not called as a witness in the great Columbus lawsuit, which was to settle the rights of the admiral's family. Now it was the interest of the Spanish crown to restrict these rights; and if Vespucci had for the first time discovered any part of the coast in the royal service (as he says he did), the crown could obviously bar the claims of Diego Colon over that coast. But even if the discoveries of Amerigo had been made in the gulf of Mexico, yet the boundaries of the country (as Mr. Gay well points out) were so little known that his testimony would still have been useful. And the entire absence of documents about Vespucci's first expedition, and even (according to Muñoz) the presence of documents proving that he was engaged in fitting out ships for Columbus during the time of the supposed voyage, are objections too hard to overcome. Most writers therefore have come to the conclusion that the voyage of 1497 was a myth; and this view is taken by Mr. Gay, the author of the essay on Vespucci; by Mr. Winsor, the editor, in an elaborate bibliographical note; and by Mr. Bancroft, in a long and ably reasoned appendix. The discovery by which the Florentine was thought to have forestalled Cabot must be relegated to the extensive limbo of imaginary explorations.

In that limbo there is, perhaps, no

more important, minutely mapped, and at the same time fantastically varying country than that which includes the famous kingdom or province of Anian with the still more famous strait of the same name. The history of this strait is remarkable enough to be worth setting down briefly, even though the proportion of fact to fiction in the narrative be of the slenderest.

With the discoveries of Magellan, the Spanish exploration and conquest of Mexico and Central America, and the French occupation of Canada, the field of imaginary geography and the scope of fictitious or doubtful voyages was largely reduced; but the imagination long found its home in the north-west and the interior of North America. The uncertainty of the coast-line of the north-west lasted down to a singularly late period, hardly any progress in exploration having been made for nearly two hundred years.

The reason for this delay is obvious. Spain, in accordance with her accustomed colonial policy, was playing the dog in the manger. She would not enter in herself to the undiscovered lands, and them that were entering in she hindered; and owing to her command of Mexico and California, the only good bases for northern exploration on the Pacific coast, she was able to follow her dilatory plan out with unusual success. After the first era of conquest and plunder the fervor of discovery slackened. Spain was immersed in European politics; she aspired to be the head of the nations, acting with the empire under Charles V., and alone under Philip II. Hence, though exploration was still undertaken, it was chiefly with a view to the profit of the Spanish crown; and when the limits of profitable discovery seemed to have been reached, the government settled down to devote its decaying energies to extracting the largest possible profits out

of the colonies for the support of Spain's interminable wars.

Yet, what the Spaniards did not want for themselves, they most emphatically refused to allow others to take; and in the face of their constant hostility no colony could well be established on the Pacific coast, considering the precarious state of communication by sea. So the north-west coast was left to the chance explorations of Spaniards or those who came to plunder them, and neither had much inducement to push northward or inland.

The void thus left was filled up by the more or less ingenious conjectures of mapmakers and cosmographers. Some of their minor delusions—so great is the power of printed error—lasted longer than one could expect, and showed in some cases a singular power of resurrection. The belief in an Isthmian strait was soon given up; but the supposed insularity of Lower California was a singularly durable mistake, the more remarkable because it cropped up again after the peninsula had been credited with its proper form.

But the most fertile source of conjecture, the delight of romantic explorers and the despair of science, was the famous strait of Anian. This name, which haunted the maps of two centuries, embodied two separate ideas, though at first, doubtless, the two were one. It was the passage through which men might sail from Atlantic to Pacific, and it was also the strait cutting off America from Asia. These two were one in the opinion of those who conceived the northern part of North America to be a prolongation of Asia, and the strait that separated it from the central part to be the highway to India and Cathay; but from the time when the real distance between America and Asia began to be known, the name of Anian was usually, though by no means always, restricted to the supposed strait between Asia and

the new continent. The north-west passage had several names given to it, and, in fact, varied with the fancy of inventive mariners and the conjecture of ingenious chartographers.

The derivation of the word "Anian" is obscure; but it seems to have come from some name given to the extreme north-east part of Asia; and this name has been vaguely ascribed to Marco Polo. That the title first appeared on the Asiatic side of the strait (though it afterward settled on the other) is almost certain, for it is hardly credible that a mapmaker would put an entirely imaginary name to an entirely unknown part of a new continent. And if Asiatic, the name, being applied to the north-east part of the Chinese empire, would almost inevitably be taken from Marco Polo. But the word "Anian" is nowhere mentioned by the Venetian. How, then, did this "Anian regnum," "Anian provincia," come to make its appearance on the map?

Purchas gives "Anian" as an island off the Chinese coast, probably a corruption of Hainan; and Polo mentions a province of *Anin*, variously read in some editions as *Amu* or *Aniu*, and placed by Colonel Yule in Yunnan. This, then, moved far north by some mapmakers, may account for "Anian provincia;" but what is "Anian regnum?" How were geographers able to settle the political organization of this unexplored land?

In Marco Polo's *Travels*, an account is given of a prince named Nayan or Naian, a relative of Kublai Khan, who made war on the khan and was captured and put to death after one of Messer Marco's stock battles. Now Nayan's dominions were probably near Korea and in about the position where the later geographers placed their strait; and if one mapmaker had put in "Regnum Naian" in the north-east of the great khan's dominions, the subsequent

transposition into "Anian" is not unlikely, and would be helped by the actual names of Anin, Haiuan, or even Annam. I give this conjecture for what it is worth, which is, not improbably, very little. In any case the derivation, whatever it was, was soon confused by a supposed connection with some explorer *Anus* (for Joao) Cortereal, who again was confounded with the earlier and more authentic Cortereals, till a whole galaxy of fictions had from the first clustered round the famous straits. The strait of Anian first appears in 1566 in Zaltieri's map; Anian itself as a state or country is not mentioned there. Mercator's map of 1569 puts the name on the American side; Furlani, in 1574, on the Asiatic. Evidently it was a matter of little moment on which side this roving kingdom was ultimately to settle.

But, with this exception, the conception of the position of Anian and its strait was for the most part rational and tolerably consistent. The severance was made between the north-east of Asia and the north-west of North America, and in almost the same position, as a rule, as the actual Behring's straits. Some maps, however, after the Dutch voyages to Japan, filled up the sea between Asia and America with a land of Jesso, apparently a distortion of the Aleutian island and the peninsula of Alaska. Geographical guessing sometimes went strikingly near the truth. The map of Conrad Löw, 1598, is singularly accurate, or rather lucky, in its rivers, lakes and general configuration. This coincidence has not yet been used to support the fictitious voyages of this or that mariner who represented himself as having discovered the strait; but Mr. Bancroft remarks ironically that he fully expects it will be so used. Certainly the resemblance of Löw's map to the real coast is far more striking than that of Juan de Fuca's description; yet the

Greek pilot's name remains attached to a strait which in all probability he never saw.

The Greek was the most distinguished and the best believed of the paper discoverers of the north-west, but he was only one among many. The strait of Anian, separating Asia from America, was not of such great importance, and the further north it was removed the less its configuration mattered. But the north-west passage *through* the continent—this was inquired after eagerly as giving a short sea voyage to India, China, and Japan. It was, in fact, a discovery of much obvious and immediate profit if it could have been made; and accordingly the number of those who had seen the strait, or at least one end of it, or had even sailed through it, was large. Not a needy explorer but had passed the strait himself or seen some one who had done so. The north-west passage was as commonly seen as the sea-serpent in modern times. The Spaniards, though they no longer cared to explore the strait for themselves, still wished to close it to their rivals; and hence, on one side or the other, the sailor who told a plausible story was likely to obtain a hearing. The reports of these inventive mariners, adopted and developed by the reasonings of men of science, probably gave rise to the wonderful maps which depicted the north-west. Charts usually gave the coasts already explored, and left the rest blank; but the cosmographer scorned such ignorance. Especially did the latter seem set against the belief in any great extent of land unbroken by sea. North America was often represented as a mere shell of land, straggling in the wildest way between the known points—Mexico, Florida, and “Bacalaos,” as Newfoundland and the neighboring parts were called. Through this hypothetical continent there must be at least one strait, and some geographers made several, and even broke up Canada into islands.

Juan de Fuca is in hardly any respect to be distinguished from the other romancing pilots of his time, so far as his narrative goes. In 1596 he told Michael Lok, an Englishman, at Venice, that he had been for forty years in the Spanish service, and while so engaged had been plundered by Cavendish. Having thus aroused sympathy, Fuca went on to say that, while on an exploring expedition in 1592, he had found a broad inlet between 47° and 48° north, and entered it, and thus found the passage to the “North Sea,” as the North Atlantic was called, in opposition to the “South Sea” or Pacific. The passage was thirty or forty leagues wide at first, and wider further on, with “divers islands” in it. There was a great pinnacle of rock near the entrance. The land trended north and east in the main; it was rich in gold, silver, and pearls, and the natives wore skins. Fuca could get no reward from Spain, and at last resorted to the English authorities, hoping that Elizabeth would repay the money taken by Cavendish, and provide a ship to discover the strait. Failing to get a favorable answer from England, Juan de Fuca, *alias* Apostolos Valerianus, left Venice for his native Cephalonia, where, after more correspondence with Lok, he seems to have died about 1602.

It is not too much to say that the statement just summarized has every internal mark of falsehood. It contains absolutely nothing that could not have been guessed; and on several points much better guesses were made by others. We have seen that conjectural maps sometimes approached the actual configuration of the coast very nearly and a pilot's guess might well turn out to be as happy as a geographer's. Every ambitious sailor's story must differ from those of his predecessors; and by boxing the compass of falsehood, the truth might often be accidentally stated. There

is not a scrap of evidence in any archives to corroborate Fuca's statements; and the idea that the Spaniards willfully neglected to explore a land rich in gold, silver, and pearls is highly improbable. In *that* search they were never backward.

Further, as Mr. Bancroft points out, Fuca's description does not fit the coast with any accuracy. It has been supposed by his advocates that he went into the strait which now bears his name, between Vancouver Island and the mainland, and sailed round the island. The strait is only about a degree wrong in latitude in Fuca's account, but it is only twenty miles broad at the mouth instead of thirty leagues, and grows narrower. Fuca's pinnacle "Hedland or Iland" is not to be found, though Meares thought he had seen something that would do for it; and the direction of the strait is entirely different from the course which the Greek said he took. As for the gold, silver, and pearls, that was the flourish of a prospectus. Gold there is in British Columbia, no doubt; but what was known of it then? and what of silver and pearls?

However, the Greek pilot has had good fortune. His name has been put to a strait which he probably never entered and certainly never explored. The American advocates on the Oregon question took up his claim, as giving to Spain, and hence by cession to the United States, rights extending far up the north-west coast. Hence a sort of official belief in him was held by many. Meares had already given the Greek's name to the strait south of Vancouver Island, and one more name was added to the list of the conquests of imagination. Juan de Fuca's strait is not, after all, out of place in a continent named after Amerigo Vespucci.

Fuca, as already mentioned, was only one of a crowd of discoverers whose feats are reported with a certain dry

humor by Mr. Bancroft, and at less length in Mr. Winsor's *History*. The north-west passage was the most popular subject of inquiry. Either the navigator had himself discovered and passed the strait, or if he were modest, and confined himself to observing an inlet or the mouth of a river, geographers at once supplied the defect. Aguilar in 1603 saw, or thought he saw, a river mouth, and this was at once taken to be the strait of Anian and the way to the mysterious city of Quivira, which had long ago been found by Coronado to be a mere Indian wigwam town. Native rumors of great lakes and rivers and cities added to the zeal and stimulated the ingenuity of mapmakers. Names were placed in profusion in the undiscovered parts.

Maldonado in 1609 claimed to have passed the strait of Anian in 1588, thus forestalling or rather *antedating* Fuca. He also has found believers, though his strait, being described in more detail, is more hopelessly wrong than the Greek's. The work of dissecting America on paper went merrily on. The discoveries of Admiral Fonte or Fuente in 1640 broke up the interior into archipelagos and lakes, and proved that there was no passage. The man was probably, and his voyages certainly, a myth, and not nearly so well constructed a myth as the geographical fictions of Poe. But Fuente's, or his inventor's, discoveries gave rise to the theory of a huge fresh or salt lake in the interior, through which, probably, the north-west passage led. This theory was strengthened by vague Indian reports of the great lakes and rivers of the north. The internal sea lasted down to the very time when Russian and English explorers joined hands on the coast, and ended the reign of mystery. The whole story is a proof of the singular permanence of traditional error in the face of reason and

sense, the continuance for centuries of an attitude of mind that saw in every unexplored inlet on one side of a continent a communication with every unexplored inlet on the other.—ARTHUR R. ROPES, in *The English Historical Review*.

PRESERVATION OF FOOD AND PREVENTION OF DISEASE.

Putrefaction, it appears, is invariably the work of living organisms, which exist as an impurity in the atmosphere, an impurity everywhere present, but an impurity which can readily be removed by filtration, or destroyed by heat, or rendered inert, for the time being, by cold near to the freezing point. Contagious disease, also, is due to the work of living organisms; indeed, one almost feels warranted in these days in saying of it too, is *invariably* due to the work of living organisms, which may be disseminated through the air and in various other ways, and which can be rendered inoperative by several means.

While putrefaction is invaluable in breaking down useless masses of organic material into their inorganic constituents, with their endless possibilities of reconstruction and revivification, it becomes undesirable when it attacks the material of man's food. From very early times various expedients were adopted to prevent the putrefaction of food stuffs. Drying, the use of chemical agents, and the application of cold, as means to preserve food, are all matters of ancient history. Yet no method seems to have been extensively adopted till quite recent times. But with the development of ocean navigation and voyages of discovery the necessity of adopting some reliable methods became the spur to invention. The method of

drying was too coarse in its results; chemical means were not desirable, from the point of view of the palate. Salt, used for such purposes from the earliest times, which rendered the meat hard and indigestible, as well as less nutritious by extracting some of the nutritive juices of the meat, proved itself to possess more fatal objections to the long voyager, when out of an expedition of 961 men 626 were lost by scurvy, the attendant of a diet too abundant in salt junk and destitute of fresh provisions. How urgent became the demand for better methods is evident from the fact that while in the seventeenth century only one patent for the preservation of food was described, and only three in the eighteenth, as many as 117 were specified in the first fifty-five years of the present century, and since then they have been very numerous. Some of these were for drying processes, such as that by which Liebig's Extract of Meat, Hassal's Flour of Meat, Blumenthal and Chollet's Meat and Vegetable Tablets, etc., are prepared; others were for chemical processes, such as the employment of sulphurous acid or carbonic oxide gas, or the injection of meat with chemical agents. The chief patents, as now appears, were those which proposed to exclude the atmospheric air or to employ cold. One method (Plowden's, 1807) proposed to exclude the air by incrusting the meat with some substance which would resist the action of the air, and the substance used was a hot extract of meat; another proposed to coat the meat with impermeable varnish. These failed, and now we know the reason. It is not the air in itself that effects the noxious change, but the living germs deposited from it. These already would be deposited on the meat before the coating was applied, and under cover of the impermeable coating could calmly proceed with their ravages. Augus-

tus de Heine,* in 1810, proposed to place the food in closed vessels, and then to withdraw the air through a valvular aperture by a special exhausting apparatus. That method, too, was found to fail for similar reasons. In 1807, however, J. Saddington, London, proposed to preserve fruits without sugar by placing them in bottles, driving air out of the bottles by heat, filling them up with boiling water, and then tightly corking them. The bottles filled with fruit to the neck were placed in a water-bath, the water of which was gradually heated up to one hundred and seventy degrees Fahrenheit. Then the boiling water was poured in. For his method Saddington received a premium from the Society of Arts. Three years later, in 1810, a Frenchman, Appert, applied the method to meat, vegetables, fruit, and milk, receiving as the reward of his labors 12,000 francs from the French Government. Appert first partially cooked his provisions. He then placed them in strong bottles, which he filled up to the neck. The bottles were then well corked, and the corks were covered with a luting of cheese and powdered lime, which he said rapidly hardened, and was then able to resist the action of boiling water. The bottles were then wrapped in coarse canvas bags and placed up to the neck in a boiler of cold water. The boiler was covered and heat applied till the water boiled. It was kept boiling for an hour or more. The heat was then withdrawn, the water drawn off, and the bottles allowed to cool. "In every case," says Appert, "the exclusion of air is a precaution of the utmost importance to the success of the operation; and in order to deprive alimentary substances of contact with the air a perfect knowledge of bottles and the vessels to be used, of corks and corking is requisite."

Now, though Appert's method has

proved of immense practical value, his explanation of it has been proved quite erroneous. For air may be admitted in abundance to organic solids and fluids without exciting putrefaction provided the organic impurities have been previously removed from the air by filtration, and substances which have been submitted to the operation of boiling are as eligible sites for the work of decomposition as those that have not been boiled. It is not the oxygen of the air that is the exciter of putrefaction, but the living organisms. It was not the expulsion of air produced by the boiling, for even that was not properly effected, that preserved the food stuffs, it was the destruction by the heat of the living things; and it was not the continued exclusion of the air in itself by sealing, etc., that maintained the preserved condition, but the barrier thus set up to the access of a new supply of active organisms. Enormous quantities of all sorts of alimentary substances are now preserved for indefinite periods by methods similar to that of Appert, greatly improved in its details. The substances to be preserved are packed in tins; a small quantity of water is added. The covers are carefully soldered on the tins, and in such cover is made a small pin-hole. The tins are then placed, up to a short distance from the covers, in "baths" of water, to which chloride of calcium has been added. The addition of the chloride raises the boiling point to between two hundred and sixty degrees and two hundred and seventy degrees, and thus insures a greater degree of heat than could be obtained by water only. The bath is kept boiling for some time, till the issue of steam from the pin-holes insures the expulsion of air from the tins. Solder is then dropped on the pin-hole, and the tins thus tightly sealed. They are then completely immersed for some time in the

hot bath, and after being removed are placed in chambers kept at the degree of temperature most favorable to putrefaction. There they remain for some time. If decomposition ensues in any of the tins it is evidenced by the bulging of the sides, owing to the pressure of the gases of putrefaction. If the food remains sound the top and bottom of each tin should be concave, pressed inward by the atmospheric pressure outside and the diminished pressure, owing to the partial vacuum, within. If the soldering gives way at any part of the tin, or if in course of transit, by bad usage and so on, a crack be opened in the casing, or the point of a nail driven in, or if by the action of weather, damp, etc., the paint coating of the tin having become rubbed off, the metal has been eaten into, air will effect an entrance with a rush, carrying germs of putrefaction with it. Thus, a tin apparently sound may on being opened reveal putrid contents. Search will likely discover the secret pathway of the enemy. That the process is, however, an eminently satisfactory one so far as preservation is concerned, is shown by the fact that stores of tinned meats landed on the beach of Prince Regent's Inlet from the wreck of H.M.S. *Fury* in 1825 were found twenty-four years later in a perfect state of preservation by the captain of H.M.S. *Investigator*, and that in spite of exposure to extremes of weather.

Within recent years the agency of cold has been invoked on a very extensive scale for the preservation of food. A patent was taken out by John Lings in 1845 for employing ice in closed chambers to reduce the temperature to a proper degree. If a sufficient degree of cold is obtained the activity of the organism of putrefaction is arrested, though the organisms are not destroyed. On the restoration of a normal temperature they become as active as

ever. Following Ling's patent, others were taken out for obtaining the requisite low temperature by the evaporation of ammonia and ether. The invention of machines for the artificial production of ice gave an impetus to the employment of ice for preserving food for considerable periods. During the winter of 1875-76 large quantities of beef, mutton and fish were brought from America preserved by ice. An effort, made in 1873, to bring meat from Australia preserved in this way, failed because the supply of ice gave out before the end of the voyage.

It seemed as if there was little prospect of a trade in fresh meat being opened up between this country and so distant quarters of the globe as Australia. But in 1879, Mr. J. J. Coleman, of Glasgow, went out to New York with a Bell-Coleman air-refrigerating machine, and proved that food could be preserved for long periods by the agency of air cooled by mechanical means. This Bell-Coleman machine is a remarkable example of the practical working-out of advanced scientific theory. Its construction is based on the principles of thermo-dynamics, that when air is compressed heat is evolved, and that, if this compressed air be then allowed to expand and be caused, in the act of expansion, to do work, a large amount of heat disappears. The machine, worked by steam, sucks in a certain quantity of air and compresses it to a pressure of 50 to 60 pounds to the inch. The air in the act of compression becomes very hot: it is cooled by the injection of cold water. The cold compressed air is now dried by being passed through a set of horizontal pipes, and is then allowed to expand behind a piston, which it propels in the act of expansion. In the act of doing work the expanding air becomes cooled "as much as 50, 100, and 200 degrees below freezing point, according

to the amount of previous compression." The cooled air is passed into the chamber containing the provisions, and the temperature of the air in the chamber can be kept by the machine at a constant low temperature for any length of time. With such machines no previous packing of the meat is required. The carcasses are cut up into quarters or other convenient sizes, placed in calico bags, and packed in the freezing chamber.

It has been noticed that frozen meat spoils more quickly after it has been thawed than ordinary meat. This is probably due to the fact that the process of freezing separates out water which formed part of the tissues, and that, on thawing, the water is not taken up again into the substance of the tissues, but remains simply moistening them. The meat being thus in a more moist and soft condition permits of more rapid development and propagation of organisms. If frozen meat be thawed very slowly, however, the moist condition is not so marked and the meat will remain longer in good condition.

But it is in reference to the question of the prevention of disease that the knowledge now possessed of the agency of organized bodies in disease becomes of the utmost significance. The methods of preserving food have reached the perfection they now possess practically independently of any such knowledge, while the possibility of preventing contagious disease to any extent is really dependent upon the facts which science can and must yet elucidate. The possibility of inoculating against measles, scarlet fever, typhoid fever, yellow fever, malarial fever, etc., as is now done against small-pox, is the golden dream of the enthusiastic student of bacteria. He suggests that the day will come when the traveler, before he starts abroad, will go to his physician,

and, informing him of his intended destination, will request to be protected against any contagious diseases that may prevail in that quarter.

This is the dream of the enthusiast. But there are many practical truths capable of daily application taught by the view of contagion dependent on the discovery and life-history of germs. Supposing this view to be strictly and entirely correct, it is plain that any one suffering from a contagious disease is the sphere of activity of micro-organisms which are multiplying in his body. They have not by some strange chance arisen anew there, but have gained access from without. They have had parents like to them. The germs that attack one man are the progeny of others which have conducted similar raids on a previous victim. Gaining access to a human body, they multiply and are cast off by various channels, some by the skin, some perchance in the breath, others by the way of the intestinal canal, and if, thus cast upon the world, they are fortunate enough to light upon another host, they will speedily take up their abode with him. And while the channels by which a living multitude of disease germs may be cast off from one person's body are thus numerous, the means by which they may be distributed to others are as inexhaustible as are "the resources of civilization." They may gain entrance to the body in air, in food, in drink; they may be carried about on one's clothes; they may be harbored under one's thumb-nail; a hostess may dispense them with her hospitality; a friend may impart them by a kiss. One man's body may thus be the breeding-ground of a disease for a whole community.

It becomes, therefore, a question of the utmost importance for science to answer how best these unwelcome invaders of a community may be arrested

or destroyed at the very outset of their career. Of course it is possible to separate an individual suffering from a contagious disease from his fellows so that they may run no risk. But then, as we have seen, germs are not necessarily short-lived. They have not necessarily ceased to exist when the individual, on whom they have spent their force, is once more able to return to society, and a guarantee is needed that he does not carry back with him the active agents of the contagion. It is to give this guarantee that all the methods of disinfection are employed, by which steps are taken to destroy the disease germs as soon as possible after they have separated from the person's body. It can easily be seen that if this is to be of any use, it must be very thoroughly performed, the patient's body, his clothes, the room in which he has lived, the things he has handled, and everything that has come in contact with him being submitted to the disinfecting process. It is amazing how many neglect even the simplest precautions. Children newly-recovered from measles or scarlet fever, or still suffering from whooping-cough, are sent out to school or to play, to scatter broadcast among their companions the seeds of their disease, still separating from their skin or clinging to their clothing. Children go to school from a house where some one lies ill of an infectious fever, men go to their work or business, women move about among their neighbors or doing their shopping, with little precaution and with less thought, trafficking in the disease, sending it along the highways and the by-ways, and here and there doubtless providing it with a victim that succumbs. The public safety and the public health ought not to be at the mercy of careless parents or self-sufficient dominies. If the facts of science I have attempted to state plainly are true, contagious disease

might be stamped out of existence, instead of ever and anon rioting among the people. The facts are not sufficiently known. It takes a long time for such facts to become adequately known and understood; it is a very much longer time before the facts become, as they ought to be, the basis and the guide of practice. Our sanitary authorities have done much for the health of the people, as the reduced English death-rate conclusively shows, and that chiefly by hindering the spread of infectious disease. But it is not till the vast bulk of the people themselves intelligently set their hands to this work that the greatest degree of prevention will be achieved.—J. MCGREGOR-ROBERTSON, M. D., in *Good Words*.

MR. LOWELL'S ADDRESSES.

Citizens of the United States are, it is understood, accustomed to divide mankind into Americans, Britishers and Foreigners; and it is to be hoped that the division would now be accepted by most people on this side of the water. Even those doleful "scribes" who think they can best exalt their own country by insulting others, and who found it seemly a few years ago to sneer at the sympathy shown by Englishmen, from the sovereign downward, with the sorrow of the American people for their murdered President—even they, we think, would admit that it is an almost hopeless task to stir up bad blood at this time of day between England and the United States. This has not always been so—it was not so even within the memory of people who are not yet middle-aged; but it is so now, and his share in bringing about this state of things is not the least claim which the amiable statesman whom we have just lost had to the gratitude and esteem of

his countrymen. The good work which he and his colleagues set on foot has been continued and strengthened by many hands; but by no one more than by the author of the little volume now before us.

For five years Mr. Lowell went in and out among Englishmen as one of themselves. It would have seemed absurd to think of him as a foreigner. Nor was it mere community of speech that brought about this result. There is at least one other representative of a foreign power among us who in this respect is, perhaps, even closer to us than Mr. Lowell; but with him the English blood and the English speech serve, it is understood, only to make difficult duties rather more difficult. At any rate, though doubtless in the republic of letters all are countrymen, and other foreign ministers besides Mr. Lowell might have presided at a meeting of the Wordsworth Society, or delivered addresses at the unveiling of the busts of Fielding and Coleridge, we can hardly imagine any other being called upon to address an English audience on such a subject as that of the lecture which gives its title to the present volume.* Mr. Lowell has been well advised to put it in the fore-front, for it sets a key-note which recurs more than once as we go through the volume, and gives a measure of unity to the treatment of subjects so dissimilar as the death of General Garfield, the opening of a free public library in a Massachusetts town, or the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Harvard. The last named, indeed, may be regarded as an answer to some of the questions suggested in the opening essay. How this is we will proceed to show.

Mr. Lowell's view of democracy, it need hardly be said, differs a good deal from that which has been taken by re-

* Democracy and Other Addresses. By James Russell Lowell.

cent writers in England and France, and which appears to be generally accepted by "superior" persons. He holds with them, indeed—and it may be presumed with most intelligent people—that "democracy is nothing more than an experiment in government," though he does not enunciate the statement with the pomp of a new discovery. Unlike them, however, he can say:—

"By temperament and education of a conservative turn . . . I have grown to manhood and am now growing old with the growth of this system of government in my native land, have watched its advances, or what some would call its encroachments, gradual and irresistible as those of a glacier; have been an ear-witness to the forebodings of wise and good and timid men, and have lived to see those forebodings belied by the course of events, which is apt to show itself humorously careless of the reputation of prophets. I recollect hearing a sagacious old gentleman say in 1840 that the doing away with the property qualification for the suffrage twenty years before had been the ruin of the State of Massachusetts; that it had put public credit and private estate alike at the mercy of demagogues. I lived to see the Commonwealth twenty odd years later paying the interest on her bonds in gold, though it cost her sometimes nearly three for one to keep her faith, and that while suffering an unparalleled drain of men and treasure in helping to sustain the unity and self-respect of the nation."

And again:—

"Not a change for the better in our human housekeeping has ever taken place that wise and good men have not opposed it . . . Suppression of the slave-trade, abolition of slavery, trade unions—at all of these excellent people shook their heads despondingly, and murmured 'Ichabod.'"

At the same time, while not treating democracy as a bugbear, Mr. Lowell is far from regarding it as a fetish. At the conclusion of his address on President Garfield, he says:—

"I am not one of those who believe that democracy any more than any other form of government will go of itself. I am not a believer in perpetual motion in politics any more than in mechanics, but in common with all of you [it will be remembered that, though

speaking in London, he was speaking to an audience of Americans] I have an imperturbable faith in the honesty, the intelligence, and the good sense of the American people."

It will be seen that sixty years' experience of mankind has led Mr. Lowell to adopt a somewhat different view of human nature from that of elderly pessimists who ask, "L'égoïsme ne restet-il pas le fond éternel, irréductible, de la personnalité?" or from that of some of our cheerful young cynics, who from the heights of a recently acquired degree calmly set down as "a liar and a cowardly liar" every man who ventures to assume in his fellow creatures other than base motives for conduct. Nor can he be charged with that envy toward all social superiority which is often amiably imputed to those who would diminish social inequalities.

"I see," he says, "as clearly as any man possibly can, and rate as highly, the value of wealth, and hereditary wealth, as the security of refinement, the feeder of all those arts that ennoble and beautify life, and as making a country worth living in."

He is as keenly alive as M. Scherer himself to the tendency which democracy has "to reduce all mankind to a dead level of mediocrity in character and culture, to vulgarize men's conceptions of life, and therefore their code of morals, manners, and conduct," "to be satisfied with the second-best if it appear to answer the purpose tolerably well, and to be cheaper," particularly in the matter of education; its tendency, when it is prosperous, "toward an overweening confidence in itself and its home-made methods, an over-estimate of material success, and a corresponding indifference to the things of the intellect." If it is not to be a failure—

"Democracy must show its capacity for producing not a higher average man, but the highest possible types of manhood in all its manifold varieties. No matter what it does for the body, if it do not in some sort satisfy that inextinguishable passion of the soul for

something that lifts life away from prose, from the common and the vulgar, it is a failure."

These last extracts are from the Harvard address, and the fact that they form part of it may serve to indicate the way in which the author looks to see the problem solved. He expands, indeed, perhaps with more sanguine geniality than accompanied its original utterance, the famous dictum "We must educate our masters."

We have left ourselves little space to speak of the more purely literary part of the contents of this volume. Besides the address already referred to on *Books and Libraries*, delivered at Chelsea, Massachusetts, this comprises *Wordsworth*, *Coleridge*, *Fielding*, and *Don Quixote*, all of which were spoken before English audiences; and that not in the way in which English men of letters are wont to lecture in America, as visitors who have come mainly for that purpose—sometimes, perhaps, with a touch of the missionary—but simply as by the best man of letters who was available for the purpose. When Mr. Lowell discoursed to the people of Taunton on Fielding, or to the working men in Great Ormond Street on *Don Quixote*, probably a large proportion of his hearers forgot that they were not listening to a "citizen of Queen Victoria" (as the American said). At any rate, they heard some criticism as good as they were likely to hear on either side of the Atlantic. Take, for example, this on Wordsworth. After noting that Wordsworth has specially the "privilege of interesting the highest and purest order of intellect," while at the same time "he makes no conquests beyond the boundaries of his mother-tongue," herein differing from the very greatest, he proceeds as follows:—

"Too often, when left to his own resources, and to the conscientious performance of the

duty laid upon him to be a great poet, *quand même* he seems diligently intent on producing fire by the primitive method of rubbing the dry sticks of his blank verse one against the other, while we stand in shivering expectation of the flame that never comes. In his truly inspired and inspiring passages it is remarkable also that he is most unlike his ordinary self, least in accordance with his own theories of the nature of poetic expression. When at his best he startles and waylays as only genius can; but is furthest from that equanimity of conscious and constantly indwelling power that is the characteristic note of the greatest work. If Wordsworth be judged by the *ex ungue leonem* standard, no one capable of forming an opinion would hesitate to pronounce him not only a great poet, but among the greatest, convinced in the one case by the style, and in both by the force that radiates from him, by the stimulus he sends kindling through every fiber of the intellect and of the imagination. At the same time there is no admittedly great poet in placing whom we are forced to acknowledge so many limitations and to make so many concessions."

It is always difficult to say that the "last word" has ever been spoken; but it will be some time, we think, before the elements of Wordsworth's strength and weakness are more adequately set forth. Similar evidence of intelligent insight and effective expression will be found in the other three addresses which belong to the same group.

We must revert once more to the Harvard speech in order to call attention to two points of interest. How many people, we wonder, know that Harvard once "succeeded in keeping" an Indian "long enough to make a graduate of him?" In these times, when Indians wear "store clothes" and are addressed as "Esq.," this would, perhaps, be less remarkable; but of we understand rightly, the one graduate, whose name only one man can pronounce, belonged to the colonial times.

The other matter touches us more closely. Probably Mr. Lowell's retire-

ment brought home to Englishmen more vividly than had ever been done before the inconvenience of the American system which is popularly called "the spoils to the victors." When they read the terms in which Mr. Lowell addressed President Cleveland, they will be struck not only by its inconvenience, but by its absurdity. There can be little doubt that Mr. Lowell on all essential points of politics is in much closer agreement with Mr. Cleveland than with the candidate of the party to which he nominally belongs, whom he certainly would never have apostrophized as one "who knows how to withstand the *Civium ardor prava jubentium*."

That the accession to office of Mr. Cleveland should have caused the retirement of Mr. Lowell is about as ridiculous an instance of slavery to the "platform" as can well be imagined. It is to be hoped that the cultivated democracy, of which Mr. Lowell does not despair, may some day see the matter in the same light.—*The Athenæum*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE.—Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, in her sketch of her father, Thomas H. Benton, relates an anecdote of the French Bishop at St. Louis, at the time of the purchase of Louisiana:—

"It was a point of honor among the older French not to learn English; but the Bishop needed to acquire fluent English for all uses and for use from the pulpit especially. To force himself into familiar practice, he secluded himself for a while with the family of an American farmer, where he would hear no French. Soon he had gained enough to announce a sermon in English. Mr. Benton was present and his feelings can be imagined when the polished, refined Bishop said: 'My friends, I am right-down glad to see such a smart chance of folks here to-day.'"

THE CENTENNIAL OF THE CONSTITUTION.

The most important event in the history of our Republic was the ratification of the National Constitution, which act settled the momentous question: "Shall there be a National Government or general anarchy?" That problem was definitely solved in the summer of 1788, by the ratification of the new Constitution, by the voice of the People of the United States. Then our mere league of States, bound by a "rope of sand," first became a Nation, lusty and powerful, even in its infancy. The celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of that event should be observed as a day of rejoicing and thanksgiving, and should be celebrated by as many American citizens as possible, collectively.

A movement for such a celebration has already taken place. Toward the close of 1886, the Governors of Virginia, Rhode Island, Georgia, Delaware, Pennsylvania and Maryland, and representatives of the Governors of South Carolina, New Jersey, Connecticut and New York, altogether representing ten of the original thirteen States, met at Carpenter's Hall, in Philadelphia, to take measures for a centennial celebration of the "adoption" of the National Constitution by a Convention at Philadelphia, on September 17, 1787. They resolved that a celebration of that event should be held at Philadelphia, on September 17, 1887, and that the President of the United States and the Governors of all the States and Territories should be asked to assist in such celebration. Was this a wise or unwise movement? Let us inquire.

The utter weakness of the Constitution of Government, known as "The Articles of Confederation," and the impending danger of a dissolution of the league of States of which it was the

bond, so deeply impressed the thoughtful men of the Union, that a convention of delegates from the thirteen States was called at Philadelphia to consider the matter. Delegates from every State but Rhode Island assembled in May, 1787. It was soon perceived that the existing form of government was too radically defective to admit of adequate amendment, and it was cast aside. The Convention proceeded to the task of framing an entirely new Constitution. A wide difference of opinion as to the best form of a national government prevailed in and out of the Convention. Every proposition was carefully scrutinized and debated. Finally, the Convention referred (August 6) all propositions, reports, etc., to a "Committee of Detail," and then adjourned for ten days. On the reassembling of the Convention, the Committee presented a rough draft of a Constitution, substantially as it now appears. Again long and sometimes stormy debates occurred. Amendments were offered, and all were referred to another committee for final revision, which, on the 12th of September submitted a report and the following resolution:

Resolved Unanimously, That the said report with the resolutions and letters accompanying the same, be transmitted to our several Legislatures, in order to be submitted to a convention of delegates chosen in each State by the people thereof in conformity to the resolves of the Convention, made and provided in that case."

The Convention agreed to the revised Constitution on September 15, and on the 17th it was signed by the representatives of all the States then present, excepting George Mason and Edmund Randolph, of Virginia, and Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts. It was submitted to Congress, then in session at New York, on the 28th of September, and that body sent copies of it to all the State legislatures. State conventions were then called to consider it,

and more than a year elapsed before the requisite number (nine) of the States had *ratified* it.

By this simple statement of facts it will be perceived that the action of the Convention at Philadelphia on the 17th of September, 1787, was by no means an "adoption" of the Constitution. It was only an agreement as to its substance and form by a committee chosen by the States for the consideration of a better form of government preliminary to the final decision of the People who, alone, had power to "adopt" or "ratify" the instrument then provided—only a "proposed Constitution" as one of the conventions afterward termed it. Therefore a centennial celebration of the "adoption" of the Constitution in September, 1887, would be manifestly premature and improper.

The important question here presents itself, *When and Where* should that centennial celebration take place? I would respectfully suggest that the proper time when such a celebration should occur will be the 21st of June, 1888, one hundred years after the People of New Hampshire, in representative convention, voted to ratify the Constitution. It was the *ninth* State that performed this act, and made the requisite number to secure that ratification. It was on that warm day in June that our National Constitution first became the fundamental law of the Republic and constituted the United States a nation.

It may not be unprofitable briefly to consider here the action of the people of those nine States, who effected the ratification of the Constitution, in the chronological order in which that action took place. These States were Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Georgia, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maryland, South Carolina, and New Hampshire.

"Little Delaware" first gave its

decision. The people had long felt the necessity of a radical change in the fundamental law of our Republic. Late in October (1787) its legislature, stimulated by petitions from the people, adopted measures for a convention of representatives to consider the new instrument. They were speedily chosen, and assembled at Dover the first week in December. On the 6th the deputies, by unanimous vote, "approved, assented to, ratified and confirmed" the National Constitution, and on the following day they all signed their names to their form of ratification. This prompt action of a people who were really of the same stock, as the settlers of Pennsylvania, and who had grown up under the same proprietary government, greatly quickened the zeal of the friends of the Constitution, then sitting in convention at Philadelphia, and who encountered much opposition.

On the 18th of December, the venerable Dr. Franklin, more than eighty years of age, and then President of Pennsylvania, entered the Assembly Chamber, and presented to the legislature a copy of the Constitution after expressing hope that the people would adopt it. Out of respect for Congress it was not acted on for ten days. The legislature was to adjourn on the 29th. On the morning of the previous day, George Clymer proposed to refer the Constitution to a convention of the People of the State. A minority of the members obtained a postponement until the afternoon, when that minority dishonestly refused to attend the session. The citizens of Philadelphia were greatly irritated, and a body of them finding two of the recusant members, sufficient to make a quorum, dragged them to the Assembly Chamber, and compelled them to stay there until the vote was taken. At this juncture a fleet messenger arrived from New York, bearing a copy of a resolution of Congress, unan-

imously recommending the reference of the Constitutions to conventions of the People of the several States. The Assembly at once authorized a State convention. It met at Philadelphia on the 20th of November and thoroughly discussed the Constitution; and on the 12th of December, it ratified it by a vote of 46 for the Constitution and 23 against it. The next day the convention marched in procession to the Court house, where it proclaimed the ratification, and, returning to its place of meeting, the forty-six affixed their names to the engrossed act. The convention was dissolved on the 19th, after offering a permanent and a temporary seat of government to the United States.

The people of New Jersey were chiefly engaged in rural occupations. The western portion was settled largely by the descendants of "Friends," or Quakers, and in the eastern part by descendants of Dutch and Scotch immigrants. They were a quiet, thoughtful people, little disturbed by political agitations. They generally accepted the new Constitution. Late in October (1787) the Legislature of New Jersey called a State Convention of the People to consider the instrument. The convention assembled at Trenton on the 11th of December, and began its sessions on the 12th, with prayer. It was composed of the best and brightest men of the State, and the proceedings were held with open doors. The Constitution was fully discussed for about a week, when, on Tuesday, the 18th, the "People of the State of New Jersey, by the unanimous consent of the members present, agreed to, ratified and confirmed the proposed Constitution, and every part thereof," as the act of ratification expressed it. The form of ratification was signed by every member of the convention.

So it was that within the space of twelve days in the last month of the

year 1787, and three months after the National Convention agreed to its form, the Constitution was ratified by the three central States of the Union. The friends of the instrument regarded this as a most encouraging omen.

Before the decision of these three States was known to the people of Georgia, the extreme Southern member of the Union, they had performed their part in the momentous drama. The Legislature of Georgia was in session when the message from Congress arrived. The people greeted with joy a Constitution that promised to make the States a Nation with strength to give protection against the aggression of their Spanish and barbarian neighbors in Florida and the Gulf region. A State convention was called. It assembled at Augusta, far up the Savannah river, on Christmas day, with delegated powers to adopt or reject the whole or any part of the Constitution. The members were all of one mind, and on January 2, 1788, the convention, for themselves and their people unanimously "assented to, ratified, and adopted" the whole of the Constitution.

They expressed a hope that their ready compliance would "tend to consolidate the Union and promote the happiness of the common country." When the members completed the signing of the form of ratification, the act was announced by a salute of thirteen cannons.

Connecticut was the first of the New England States that ratified the new Constitution. Two of its delegates to the National Convention (Roger Sherman and Oliver Ellsworth) sent, September 25th, a copy of the Constitution to Samuel Huntington, then Governor of the State, who was its zealous friend. At the middle of October the legislature called a State convention, to which were elected men of the highest standing in

the commonwealth—legislators, judges, clergymen, etc. The convention assembled in the State-house at Hartford, and immediately adjourned to the North Meeting-house, when the Constitution was read in the presence of a multitude of people, and debated section by section with open doors. No vote was taken until the whole had been thus read and debated. When, on the 9th of January, a vote was taken, 128 spoke for the Constitution and only 40 against it; a majority of more than three to one. The decision was received with delight by the people.

The great State of Massachusetts next wheeled into line. Its attitude toward the new Constitution was observed with much anxiety, for it was thought that upon its decision depended the fate of the instrument. The State had lately been shaken by an armed insurrection, "Shay's Rebellion," and the public mind was still much disturbed by political and social animosities. The legislature, which had been chosen under the influence of the insurrection, met on the 17th of October. The Governor (John Hancock), in presenting the Constitution, wisely recommended its reference to a State convention. The Senate, of which Samuel Adams was president, promptly adopted a resolve to refer it to such a convention. In the Lower House the resolution of the Senate elicited some debate. The galleries and floors were crowded with earnest spectators. At first there were signs of warm opposition to the new Constitution. Members denied the right to supersede the old "Confederation," and contended that the adoption of the new Constitution by its ratification by only nine of the thirteen States was a violation of the still valid compact of that "confederation." But wisdom and patriotism prevailed, and after some other expressions of dissent a State convention was called.

Of the delegates to the convention chosen, eighteen were the late insurgents elected in the rural districts. The leading men of the State and of the Territory of Maine, its "annex," were in favor of the new Constitution, and some of the strongest men of the commonwealth were chosen to seats in the convention. There were about twenty ministers of various religious denominations. "So able a body," says Bancroft, "had never met in Massachusetts." It was felt that the adoption of the new Constitution was "the greatest question of the age."

The convention met in Boston early in January, 1788, with John Hancock as presiding officer. The debates assumed the form of free conversation, and it was agreed that no vote should be taken until every paragraph of the Constitution had been discussed. This discussion, as it went on day after day, took a wide range. At every stage what the conclusion of the Convention would be was doubtful. The influence of the intrigues of Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, the bitter enemy of the Constitution, was felt in the convention. He had meddled, by letters, with every convention yet held, excepting that of Georgia; and in Massachusetts he was aided by Elbridge Gerry. This evil influence was met by a letter of Washington to a friend in Virginia, which was published in a Boston newspaper on the 23d of January, in which he said: "The Constitution or Disunion is before us. If the Constitution is our election, a constitutional door is open for amendments, and may be adopted in a peaceable manner without tumult or disorder."

One of the chief men and sound debaters in the Massachusetts Convention was Theophilus Parsons. On the morning of January 31st, he proposed that the Convention "do assent to and ratify the Constitution." Hancock

spoke earnestly in favor of the proposition, and offered some amendments. Able debates were continued until the 8th of February, when a vote was taken, and resulted in 187 voices in favor of the Constitution, and 168 against it. The glad news of the result was announced by the ringing of the bells and the booming of canons. The news was received with joy elsewhere. In New York six salutes, of thirteen guns each, were fired in honor of the six ratifying States. From that time Long Lane, by the meeting-house in which the convention was held, was called Federal street.

The Legislature of Maryland, at its session in November, 1787, ordered a convention, but fixed the time of meeting late in the spring of 1788. This delay gave Lee and other opponents in Virginia opportunity to bring their influence to bear upon the leaders of opinion in Maryland. But Washington stood as a "rock of defence" in the region of the Potomac, and his influence was mighty. In a published letter to a friend, Washington said:

"My decided opinion is that there is no alternative between the adoption of the proceedings of the [National] Convention and anarchy. If one state, however important it may conceive itself to be [meaning Virginia], or a minority of them should suppose that they can dictate a Constitution to the Union (unless they have the power of applying the *ultima ratio* to good effect), they will find themselves deceived."

The Maryland Convention assembled at Annapolis on April 21, 1788. There were in it smoe very strong opponents of the Constitution, and debates, generally very warm, continued several days. Among the most vehement opposers of the Constitution was Samuel Chase. Amendments were proposed, and while the enemies of the Constitution were "filling the hall with loud words" the friends of the measure remained "inflexibly silent." On the

26th a vote was taken, and the Constitution was ratified by 63 voices against 11. This majority of nearly six to one, gave to the support of the Constitution a majority of the thirteen States and a very great majority of the free inhabitants. It was a happy omen that a proposition in the Maryland convention, for the establishment of a Southern Confederacy, did not find a single supporter.

In South Carolina there was much opposition among the slave-holders on account of the restrictions of the slave-trade which it proposed. "Without negroes," said Lowndes, one of the ablest men in the commonwealth, "this State would degenerate into one of the most contemptible in the Union. Negroes are our wealth, our only natural resource." But the legislature unanimously issued a call for a convention. That body was organized on the 10th of May, with Thomas Pinckney as president. They were assembled at Charleston. Virginia intriguers tried to have the Convention consider a proposition for a Southern Confederacy, but failed. The Constitution was thoroughly discussed, and on the 23d was ratified by a vote of 149 against 73, or more than two to one.

A convention of delegates assembled at Exeter, New Hampshire, in February, 1788, and discussed the Constitution about seven days. There appeared to be a small majority against the instrument at first, but its friends gradually gained converts. Many of the members were fettered by instructions from their constituents. To give these an opportunity to consult with their people at home, the friends of the constitution proposed an adjournment until June. They also urged the more weighty argument that a small State, like New Hampshire, should wait and see what the other States would do. They did so adjourn, and changed the

place of meeting from Exeter to Concord. There the convention reassembled on the 17th of June. They discussed the Constitution only four days and on Saturday afternoon, at one o'clock, June 31st, they ratified the great proposed "fundamental law" of the Republic by a vote of 57 against 46 and made it a reality. The people of the United States spoke the word, and the Republic of the West was created a Nation.

The remaining States, excepting Rhode Island, soon afterward ratified the Constitution—Virginia, on June 26; New York, on July 26; and North Carolina, on November 21. Rhode Island did not become a member of the Union until May 29, 1790.

Where should the centennial of the adoption of the Constitution be celebrated? No one place in the Union can rightfully claim the precedence. The seat of each convention of the nine States which effected its ratification has an equal claim with the others as the place where that ratification was effected. It seems desirable that as many of the citizens of the Republic, as possible, should assemble together in celebrating the great event. If the gathering should be confined to only one city, comparatively few persons could personally participate in the proceedings. I would therefore suggest that the centennial of the adoption of the Constitution should be celebrated at the respective capitals of the nine ratifying States, on the same day, namely, the *twenty-first of June*, 1888.—BENSON J. LOSSING, in *The Independent*.

THE SUN'S HEAT.*

From human history we know that

* Lecture on "The Probable Origin, the Total Amount, and the Possible Duration, of the Sun's Heat," delivered by Sir William Thomson, F. R. S., at the Royal Institution, Jan. 21, 1887.

for several thousand years the sun has been giving heat and light to the earth as at present; possibly with some considerable fluctuations, and possibly with some not very small progressive variation. The records of agriculture, and the natural history of plants and animals within the time of human history, abound with evidence that there has been no exceedingly great change in the intensity of the sun's heat and light within the last 3,000 years; but for all that, there may have been variations of quite as much as 5 or 10 per cent., as we may judge from considering that the intensity of the solar radiation to the earth is 6 per cent. greater in January than in July; and neither at the equator nor in the northern or southern hemisphere has this difference been discovered by experience or general observation of any kind. But as for the mere age of the sun, irrespective of the question of uniformity, we have proof of something vastly more than 3,000 years in geological history, with its irrefragable evidence of continuity of life on the earth in time past for tens of thousands, and probably for millions of years.

Here, then, we have a splendid subject for contemplation and research in natural philosophy, or physics, the science of dead matter. The sun, a mere piece of matter of the moderate dimensions which we know it to have, bounded all round by cold ether, has been doing work at the rate of four hundred and seventy-six thousand million million horse-power for 3,000 years, and at possibly more, and certainly not much less, than that for a few million years. How is this to be explained? Natural philosophy cannot evade the question, and no physicist who is not engaged in trying to answer it can have any other justification than that his whole working time is occupied with work on some other subject or

subjects of his province by which he has more hope of being able to advance science.

I suppose I may assume that every person present knows as an established result of scientific inquiry that the sun is not a burning fire, and is merely a fluid mass cooling, with some little accession of fresh energy by meteors occasionally falling in, of very small account in comparison with the whole energy of heat which he gives out from year to year. You are also perfectly familiar with Helmholtz's form of the meteoric theory, and accept it as having the highest degree of scientific probability that can be assigned to any assumption regarding actions of prehistoric times. You understand, then, that the essential principle of the explanation is this: at some period of time, long past, the sun's initial heat was generated by the collision of pieces of matter gravitationally attracted together from distant space to build up his present mass; and shrinkage due to cooling gives, through the work done by the mutual gravitation of all parts of the shrinking mass, the vast thermal capacity in virtue of which the cooling has been, and continues to be, so slow. I assume that you have not been misled by any of your teachers who may have told you, or by any of your books in which you may have read, that the sun is becoming hotter because a gaseous mass, shrinking because it is becoming colder, becomes hotter because it shrinks.

An essential detail of Helmholtz's theory of solar heat is that the sun must be fluid, because even though given at any moment hot enough from the surface to any depth, however great, inward, to be brilliantly incandescent, the conduction of heat from within through solid matter of even the highest conducting quality known to us would not suffice to maintain the in-

candescence of the surface for more than a few hours, after which all would be darkness. Observation confirms this conclusion so far as the outward appearance of the sun is concerned, but does not suffice to disprove the idea which prevailed till thirty or forty years ago that the sun is a solid nucleus inclosed in a sheet of violently agitated flame. In reality, the matter of the outer shell of the sun, from which the heat is radiated outward, must in cooling become denser, and so becoming unstable in its high position, must fall down, and hotter fluid from within must rush up to take its place. The tremendous currents thus continually produced in this great mass of flaming fluid constitute the province of the newly-developed science of solar physics, which, with its marvelous instrument of research—the spectroscope—is yearly and daily giving us more and more knowledge of the actual motions of the different ingredients, and of the splendid and all-important resulting phenomena.

Now, to form some idea of the amount of the heat which is being continually carried up to the sun's surface and radiated out into space, and of the dynamical relations between it and the solar gravitation, let us first divide that prodigious number (476×10^{21}) of horse-power by the number (6.1×10^{16}) of square metres* in the sun's surface, and we find 78,000 horse-power as the mechanical value of the radiation per square metre. Imagine, then, the engines of eight ironclads applied to do all their available work of, say, 10,000 horse-power each, in perpetuity driving one small paddle in a fluid contained in a square metre vat. The same heat will be given out from the square metre surface of the fluid as is

* The metre=39.370 inches, about $1\frac{1}{16}$ yard; the kilometre (100 metres) 3,281 feet, about $\frac{1}{3}$ of a mile

given out from every square metre of the sun's surface.

But now to pass from a practically impossible combination of engines and a physically impossible paddle and fluid and containing vessel, toward a more practical combination of matter for producing the same effect: still keep the ideal vat and paddle in fluid, but place the vat on the surface of a cool, solid, homogeneous globe of the same size ($.697 \times 10^9$ metres radius) as the sun, and of density (1.4) equal to the sun's density. Instead of using steam-power, let the paddle be driven by a weight descending in a pit excavated below the vat. As the simplest possible mechanism, take a long vertical shaft, with the paddle mounted on the top of it so as to turn horizontally. Let the weight be a nut working on a screw-thread on the vertical shaft, with guides to prevent the nut from turning—the screw and the guides being all absolutely frictionless. Let the pit be a metre square at its upper end, and let it be excavated quite down to the sun's center, everywhere of square horizontal section, and tapering uniformly to a point at the center. Let the weight be simply the excavated matter of the sun's mass, with merely a little clearance space between it and the four sides of the pit, and a kilometre or so cut off the lower pointed end to allow space for its descent. The mass of this weight is 326×10^6 tons. Its heaviness, three-quarters of the heaviness of an equal mass at the sun's surface, is 244×10^6 tons solar surface-heaviness. Now a horse-power is 270 metre-tons, terrestrial surface-heaviness, per hour; or 10 metre-tons solar surface-heaviness, per hour. To do 78,000 horse-power, or 780,000 metre-tons, solar surface-heaviness, per hour, our weight must therefore descend at the rate of 1 metre in 313 hours, or about 28 metres per year.

To advance another step, still through impracticable mechanism, toward the practical method by which the sun's heat is produced, let the thread of the screw be of uniformly decreasing steepness from the surface downward, so that the velocity of the weight, as it is allowed to descend by the turning of the screw, shall be in simple proportion to distance from the sun's center. This will involve a uniform condensation of the material of the weight; but a condensation so exceedingly small in the course even of tens of thousands of years, that, whatever be the supposed character, metal or stone, of the weight, the elastic reaction against the condensation will be utterly imperceptible in comparison with the gravitational forces with which we are concerned. The work done per metre of descent of the top end of the weight will be just four-fifths of what it was when the thread of the screw was uniform. Thus, to do the 78,000 horse-power of work, the top end of the weight must descend at the rate of 35 metres per year: or 70 kilometres, which is one one-hundredth per cent. ($1/10,000$) of the sun's radius, per 2,000 years.

Now let the whole surface of our cool solid sun be divided into squares, for example as nearly as may be of 1 square metre area each, and let the whole mass of the sun be divided into long inverted pyramids or pointed rods, each 700,000 kilometres long, with their points meeting at the center. Let each be mounted on a screw, as already described for the long tapering weight which we first considered; and let the paddle at the top end of each screw-shaft revolve in a fluid, not now confined to a vat, but covering the whole surface of the sun to a depth of a few metres or kilometres. Arrange the viscosity of the fluid and the size of each paddle so as to let the paddle turn just so fast as to allow the top end of

each pointed rod to descend at the rate of 35 metres per year. The whole fluid will, by the work which the paddles do in it, be made incandescent, and it will give out heat and light to just about the same amount as is actually done by the sun. If the fluid be a few thousand kilometres deep over the paddles, it would be impossible, by any of the appliances of solar physics, to see the difference between our model mechanical sun and the true sun.

Now, to do away with the last vestige of impracticable mechanism, in which the heavinesses of all parts of each long rod are supported on the thread of an ideal screw cut on a vertical shaft of ideal matter, absolutely hard and absolutely frictionless: first, go back a step to our supposition of just one such rod and screw working on a single pit excavated down to the center of the sun, and let us suppose all the rest of the sun's mass to be rigid and absolutely impervious to heat. Warm up the matter of the pyramidal rod to such a temperature that its material melts and experiences enough of Sir Humphry Davy's "repulsive motion" to keep it balanced as a fluid, without either sinking or rising from the position in which it was held by the thread of the screw. When the matter is thus held up without the screw, take away the screw or let it melt in its place. We should thus have a pit from the sun's surface to his center, of a square metre area at the surface, full of incandescent fluid, which we may suppose to be of the actual ingredients of the solar substance. This fluid, having at the first instant the temperature with which the paddle left it, would at the first instant continue radiating heat just as it did when the paddle was kept moving; but it would quickly become much cooler at its surface, and to a distance of a few metres down. Convection-currents, with their irregular whirls, would carry

the cooled fluid down from the surface, and bring up hotter fluid from below, but this mixing could not go on through a depth of very many metres to a sufficient degree to keep up anything approaching to the high temperature maintained by the paddle; and after a few hours or days, solidification would commence at the surface. If the solidified matter floats on the fluid at the same temperature below it, the crust would simply thicken as ice on a lake thickens in frosty weather; but, if, as is more probable, solid matter, of such ingredients as the sun is composed of, sinks in the liquid when both are at the melting temperature of the substance, thin films of the upper crust would fall in, and continue falling in, until, for several metres downward, the whole mass of mixed solid and fluid becomes stiff enough (like the stiffness of paste or of mortar) to prevent the frozen film from falling down from the surface. The surface film would then quickly thicken, and in the course of a few hours or days become less than red-hot on its upper surface. The whole pit full of fluid would go on cooling with extreme slowness until, after possibly about a million million million years or so, it would be all at the same temperature as the space to which its upper end radiates.

Now, let precisely what we have been considering be done for every one of our pyramidal rods, with, however, in the first place, thin partitions of matter impervious to heat separating every pit from its four surrounding neighbors. Precisely the same series of events as we have been considering will take place in every one of the pits.

Suppose the whole complex mass to be rotating at the rate of once round in 25 days.

Now at the instant when the paddle stops let all the partitions be annulled, so that there shall be perfect freedom

for convection-currents to flow unresisted in any direction, except so far as resisted by the viscosity of the fluid, and leave the piece of matter, which we may now call the sun, to himself. He will immediately begin showing all the phenomena known in solar physics. Of course the observer might have to wait a few years for sunspots, and a few quarter-centuries to discover periods of sunspots, but they would, I think I may say probably, all be there just as they are; because I think we may feel that it is most probable that all these actions are due to the sun's own mass and not to external influences of any kind. It is, however, quite possible, and indeed many who know most of the subject think it probable, that some of the chief phenomena due to sunspots arise from influxes of meteoric matter circling round the sun. The energy of chemical combination is as nothing compared with the gravitational energy of shrinkage, to which the sun's activity is almost wholly due, but chemical combinations and dissociations may, as urged by Lockyer, be thoroughly potent determining influences on some of the features of non-uniformity of the brightness in the grand phenomena of sunspots, hydrogen flames, and corona, which make the province of solar physics. But these are questions belonging to a very splendid branch of solar science with which we are not occupied this evening.

What concerns us at present may be summarized in two propositions:—

(1) Gigantic convection currents throughout the sun's liquid mass are continually maintained by fluid, slightly cooled by radiation, falling down from the surface, and hotter fluid rushing up to take its place.

(2) The work done in any time by the mutual gravitation of all the parts of the fluid, as it shrinks in virtue of the lowering of its temperature, is but

little less than (so little less than, that we may regard it as practically equal to) the dynamical equivalent of the heat that is radiated from the sun in the same time.

The rate of shrinkage corresponding to the present rate of solar radiation has been proved to us, by the consideration of our dynamical model, to be 35 metres on the radius per year, or one ten-thousandth of its own length on the radius per two thousand years. Hence, if the solar radiation has been about the same as at present for two hundred thousand years, his radius must have been greater by 1 per cent. two hundred thousand years ago than at present. If we wish to carry our calculations much farther back or forward than two hundred thousand years, we must reckon by differences of the reciprocal of the sun's radius, and not by differences simply of the radius, to take into account the change of density (which, for example, would be 3 per cent. for 1 per cent. change of the radius). Thus the rule, easily worked out according to the principles illustrated by our mechanical model, is this:—

Equal differences of the reciprocal of the radius correspond to equal quantities of heat radiated away from million of years to million of years.

Take two examples:—

(1) If in past time there has been as much as fifteen million times the heat radiated from the sun as is at present radiated out in one year, the solar radius must have been four times as great as at present.

(2) If the sun's effective thermal capacity can be maintained by shrinkage till twenty million times the present year's amount of heat is radiated away, the sun's radius must be half what it is now. But it is to be remarked that the density which this would imply, being 11.2 times the density of water, or just about the density of lead, is probably too

great to allow the free shrinkage as of a cooling gas to be still continued without obstruction through overcrowding of the molecules. It seems, therefore, most probable that we cannot for the future reckon on more of solar radiation than, if so much as, twenty million times the amount at present radiated out in a year. It is also to be remarked that the greatly diminished radiating surface, at a much lower temperature, would give out annually much less heat than the sun in his present condition gives. The same considerations led Newcomb to the conclusion "that it is hardly likely that the sun can continue to give sufficient heat to support life on the earth (such life as we now are acquainted with, at least) for ten million years from the present time."

In all our calculations hitherto we have for simplicity taken the density as uniform throughout, and equal to the true mean density of the sun, being about 1.4 times the density of water, or about a fourth of the earth's mean density. In reality the density in the upper parts of the sun's mass must be something less than this, and something considerably more than this in the central parts, because of the pressure in the interior increasing to something enormously great at the center. If we knew the distribution of interior density we could easily modify our calculations accordingly, but it does not seem probable that the correction could, with any probable assumption as to the greatness of the density throughout a considerable proportion of the sun's interior, add more than a few million years to the past of solar heat, and what could be added to the past must be taken from the future.

In our calculations we have taken Pouillet's number for the total activity of solar radiation, which practically agrees with Herschel's. Forbes showed the necessity for correcting the mode of

allowing for atmospheric absorption used by his two predecessors in estimating the total amount of solar radiation, and he was thus led to a number 1.6 times theirs. Forty years later Langley, in an excellently worked out consideration of the whole question of absorption by our atmosphere, of radiant heat of all wave-lengths, accepts and confirms Forbes's reasoning, and by fresh observations in very favorable circumstances on Mount Whitney, 15,000 feet above the sea-level, finds a number a little greater still than Forbes (1.7, instead of Forbes's 1.6, times Pouillet's number). Thus Langley's number expressing the quantity of heat radiated per second of time from each square centimetre of the sun's surface corresponds to 133,000 horse-power per square metre, instead of the 78,000 horse-power which we have taken, and diminishes each of our times in the ratio of 1 to 1.7. Thus, instead of Helmholtz's twenty million years, which was founded on Pouillet's estimate, we have only twelve millions, and similarly with all our other time reckonings based on Pouillet's results. In the circumstances, and taking fully into account all possibilities of greater density in the sun's interior, and of greater or less activity of radiation in past ages, it would, I think, be exceedingly rash to assume as probable anything more than twenty million years of the sun's light in the past history of the earth, or to reckon on more than five or six million years of sunlight for time to come.

But now we come to the most interesting part of our subject—the early history of the sun. Five or ten million years ago he may have been about double his present diameter and an eighth of his present mean density, or .175 of the density of water; but we cannot, with any probability of argument or speculation, go on continuously much

beyond that. We cannot, however, help asking the question, What was the condition of the sun's matter before it came together and became hot? It may have been two cool solid masses, which collided with the velocity due to their mutual gravitation; or, but with enormously less of probability, it may have been two masses colliding with velocities considerably greater than the velocities due to mutual gravitation. This last supposition implies that, calling the two bodies A and B for brevity, the motion of the center of inertia of B relatively to A, must, when the distances between them was great, have been directed with great exactness to pass through the center of inertia of A; such great exactness that the rotational momentum after collision was of proper amount to let the sun have his present rotational period when shrunk to his present dimensions. This exceedingly exact aiming of the one body at the other, so to speak, is, on the dry theory of probability, exceedingly improbable. On the other hand, there is certainty that the two bodies A and B at rest in space if left to themselves, undisturbed by other bodies and only influenced by their mutual gravitation, shall collide with direct impact, and therefore with no motion of their center of inertia, and no rotational momentum of the compound body after the collision. Thus we see that the dry probability of collision between two of a vast number of mutually attracting bodies widely scattered through space is much greater if the bodies be all given at rest, than if they be given moving in any random directions and with any velocities considerable in comparison with the velocities which they would acquire in falling from rest into collision. In this connection it is most interesting to know from stellar astronomy, aided so splendidly as it has recently been by the

spectroscope, that the relative motions of the visible stars and our sun are generally very small in comparison with the velocity (612 kilometres per second) a body would acquire in falling into the sun, and are, comparable with the moderate little velocity (29.5 kilometres per second) of the earth in her orbit round the sun.

To fix the ideas, think of two cool solid globes, each of the same mean density as the earth, and of half the sun's diameter, given at rest, or nearly at rest, at a distance asunder equal to twice the earth's distance from the sun. They will fall together and collide in half a year. The collision will last for a few hours, in the course of which they will be transformed into a violently agitated incandescent fluid mass, with about eighteen million (according to the Pouillet-Helmholtz reckoning, of twenty million) years' heat ready made in it, and swelled out by this heat to possibly one and a half times, or two, or three, or four times, the sun's present diameter. If instead of being at rest initially they had had a transverse relative velocity of 14.2 kilometres per second, they would just escape collision, and would revolve in equal ellipses in a period of one year round the center of inertia, just grazing one another's surfaces every time they come round to the nearest points of their orbits.

If the initial transverse component of relative velocity be less than, but not much less than, 1.42 kilometres per second, there will be a violent grazing collision, and two bright suns, solid globes bathed in flaming fluid, will come into existence in the course of a few hours, and will commence revolving round their common center of inertia in long elliptic orbits in a period of a little less than a year. The *quasi*-tidal interaction will diminish the eccentricities of their orbits; and if

continued long enough will cause the two to revolve in circular orbits round their center of inertia with a distance between their surfaces equal to .644 of the diameter of each.

If the initial transverse component relative velocity of the two bodies were just 68 metres per second, the moment of momentum, the same before and after collision, would be just equal to that of the solar system, of which seventeen-eighteenths is Jupiter's and one-eighteenth the sun's: the other bodies being not worth considering in the account. Fragments of superficially-melted solid, or splashes of fluid, sent flying away from the main compound mass could not possibly by tidal action or other resistance get into the actual orbits of the planets, whose evolution requires some finer if more complex fore-ordination than merely the existence of two masses undisturbed by any other matter in space.

I shall only say in conclusion:—Assuming the sun's mass to be composed of portions which were far asunder before it was hot, the immediate antecedent to its incandescence must have been either two bodies with details differing only in proportion and densities from the cases we have been now considering as examples; or it must have been some number more than two—some finite number—at the most the number of atoms in the sun's present mass, which is a finite number as easily understood and imagined as number 3 or number 123. The immediate antecedent to incandescence may have been the whole constituents in the extreme condition of subdivision—that is to say, in the condition of separate atoms; or it may have been any smaller number of groups of atoms making up minute crystals or groups of crystals—snow-flakes of matter, as it were; or it may have been lumps of matter like this macadamizing stone; or like this stone,

which you might mistake for a macadamizing stone, and which was actually traveling through space till it fell on the earth at Possil, in the neighborhood of Glasgow, on April 5, 1804; or like this—which was found in the Desert of Atacama in South America, and is believed to have fallen there from the sky—a fragment made up of iron and stone, which looks as if it has solidified from a mixture of gravel and melted iron in a place where there was very little of heaviness; or this splendidly crystalized piece of iron, a slab cut out of the celebrated aërolite of Lenarto, in Hungary; or this wonderfully shaped specimen, a model of the Middlesburgh meteorite, kindly given me by Prof. A. S. Herschel, with corrugations showing how its melted matter has been scoured off from the front part of its surface in its final rush through the earth's atmosphere when it was seen to fall on March 14, 1881, at 3.35 P. M. For the theory of the sun it is indifferent which of these varieties of configurations of matter may have been the immediate antecedent of his incandescence, but I can never think of these material antecedents without remembering a question put to me thirty years ago by the late Bishop Ewing, Bishop of Argyll and the Isles. “Do you imagine that piece of matter to have been as it is from the beginning; to have been created as it is, or to have been as it is through all time till it fell on the earth?” I had told him that I believed the sun to be built up of stones, but he would not be satisfied till he knew, or could imagine, what kind of stones. I could not but agree with him in feeling it impossible to imagine that any one of these meteorites before you has been as it is through all time, or that the materials of the sun were like this for all time before they came together and became hot. Surely this stone has an eventful history, but I shall not tax

your patience longer to-night by trying to trace it conjecturally. I shall only say that we cannot but agree with the common opinion which regards meteorites as fragments broken from larger masses, but we cannot be satisfied without trying to imagine what were the antecedents of those masses.—*Nature*.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

The reader who loves literature for itself will have anticipated with interest the *Life of Shelley*,* which has been for some time in preparation by hands so careful and cultivated as those of Professor Dowden. Much has been already written on the subject, and the name of the poet has been confused with many autobiographical records in which other men have done their best to interest the world in the part they themselves played in his hapless story, quite as much as to chronicle the facts and certainties that concerned their hero. Hogg, Peacock, Medwin, Trelawney, and how many names beside, will occur to the recollection of every reader—all contemporary witnesses, and eager to tell everything, and a little more perhaps than everything, they knew. There followed a silence after the flutter of all these voices, and the interest connected with the poet drooped in the partial and momentary decay of nature; but fame has now had time to come back, and the reputation of Shelley has risen into what is perhaps an extravagant reactionary splendor.

Of late years it has become a fashion with a small but enthusiastic sect to place the poet on a pedestal which is something more than that of poetical fame, and to claim for him not only the merited laurel of a great singer, but

* The Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley. By Edward Dowden, LL.D.

strange crowns of olive and myrtle, the reward of the philosopher and moralist. Professor Dowden fortunately does not join in these exaggerated claims. His aim is not to support any theory, but to set before us with a fullness of detail not previously attained, the much confused and wandering career of one of the most wayward, if also one of the most interesting, beautiful, and bewildering spirits that ever was clothed in flesh and blood. He has collected and examined the many fragmentary pictures in which Shelley and the curious figures assembled round him have appeared in glimpses before a puzzled world. What has hitherto been to seek in many books, all more or less imperfect, may now finally be found with authority in this. Mr. W. M. Rossetti, in the biography prefixed to his edition of Shelley's works, had already done much; but Professor Dowden, with more space and a more perfect command of all the sources of information, has enlarged and completed the work. He has been able to add some chapters to the record, making it continuous, and to fill up the breaks and intervals in other places from correspondences abridged and suppressed. The book is not one of criticism. It is not intended to expound either the strange chaotic beliefs and wild social theories of the poet, or the modes and methods of his wonderful art. The position of Shelley as a poet is one of those things beyond argument and reason, on which there has never been any real conflict of opinion. Even in those mad days of youth when *Queen Mab* affronted the world, and the poet's bark was launched upon no gentle stream, but in the midst of a whirlpool, the wonderful boy took the imagination captive with a spell impossible to shake off. We believe, even now, that the number of readers who are familiar with his longer poems—the bewildering sweetness of *Adonais*,

the gorgeous visions of the *Revolt of Islam*, or even the exquisite melody of some parts of the *Prometheus*—are comparatively few—as few as those who follow Wordsworth through all the valleys and over all the mountains of the *Excursion*; yet Shelley calls forth a warmer enthusiasm than his austere and nobler senior. He has the suffrages of those who are capable of judging, and of those who are not. The full flowing stream of perfect sound which carries him along has what we may venture to call an almost mechanical power over multitudes incapable of understanding his poetry in any higher sense. That melodious medium borrows the results of another art. It has the supreme effect of music transporting, by the endless wonder of its harmonies, minds from which its intellectual meaning may be hid, and which want no more than that charm of bewildering sweetness which is an enchantment beyond reason, an irresistible magic and spell.

But these are not discussions into which it is here necessary to enter. It is the story of Shelley's life rather than of his poetry which Professor Dowden tells us, and he tells it like the romance it is. A tale so full of tragic incident, so sally complete and incomplete, so overflowing with all the contradictions of humanity, is seldom put before the world. Professor Dowden has had access to all the collections, both of the poet's family and other authorities: and we may conclude that we have here the last word on the subject; but there is no new revelation in respect to the largely discussed events of Shelley's life. The two marriages, if we may use the word, which followed each other with so short an interval, in no way change their aspect from what he tells us, except that it becomes more evident than before that on Shelley's side there was nothing that could be called love, no

passion such as one feels to be necessary to justify such a step, in the mad recklessness of the poet's marriage at nineteen. That Shelley's motive was entirely chivalrous and noble, if overwhelmingly foolish, there can be no further doubt. The girl to whom he had been teaching the finest of sentiments, when she confessed her love to him (as well as that tyranny of home which she was determined to resist, a determination which enlisted his warmest sympathies), made no stipulations, but threw herself upon his protection with a folly, but at the same time with a trust, which the youth, notwithstanding his theories, could not take advantage of. All honor to Shelley! Many a man without theories would have fallen before the force of this temptation. Young Shelley contradicted all his own hot convictions to save the girl who trusted him from the consequences of her own rashness, sacrificing himself and his interests by the way.

The second chapter of the tale—the flight with Mary and abandonment of poor Harriet, though the passion in it has thrown glamour in the eyes of the world, is a very different matter. Here again, so far as regards the facts of the elopement, there is little new to tell; but the life which followed, the joint narrative of the little party of three who escaped together from all the bonds and prejudices of life, with its piteous youthfulness, reading like the story of some new hapless Babes in the Wood, or rather in the Wild, the desert of this world—most inappropriate of all shelters for their infinite helplessness, waywardness, and inexperience—is curiously touching, and would disarm the severest moralist. Nothing could be more ruinous than what they were doing to every law and instinct of orderly life; yet the wild infantile expedition, with all its raptures and adventures, its settlements that are to be forever, and last a

day, its sudden resolves and re-resolves, has a sort of perverted innocence in it which confuses the judgment. That wonderful flight and return, and the few months that followed in London, when Shelley roamed about from money-lender to money-lender, endeavoring to raise the wind, and hide from his creditors, coming home by stealth on the sacred Sunday mornings, when he was safe: supremely miserable and supremely happy—without a penny, yet ready to take any other adventurer he came across on his shoulders—are all new to us, and full of interest, and pathos, and amusement. Were it not for the unhappy shadow of Harriet behind, the story of this young pair playing at life, talking so splendidly, suffering and enjoying so passionately, with such reckless innocence and ignorance in all their ways, would be as pretty and amusing a picture (with all its despairs and destitutions) as could be found in literature. And such is the extraordinary absence of all perception of wrong in the high-minded young culprits that the moralist, as we have said, finds himself altogether out of place between them. The same thing may be said of both Shelley's beginnings: it is a pair of children playing at matrimony, playing at existence, with a proud sense that they are not as others, and pleasure in defying the world, who are set before us. The tale in both cases is equally astounding, amusing, pathetic. Poor children of heaven astray, playing such pranks as make the angels weep, bewildered in the midst of an alien universe, "moving about in worlds not realized." The double tale is at once piteous and laughable, with differences which make it more comic in one case, more sad in the other. We know nothing like it either in fiction or life.

Professor Dowden has treated his subject with sufficient justice and

sincerity so far as Shelley himself is concerned. He has "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice," but this is not always the case in respect to the other personages of the tale. Thus we feel that Harriet's life, after the separation—which we must still, notwithstanding Professor Dowden's objections, call her desertion by Shelley—is left in a midst of unfavorable inference, which is very injurious to that unfortunate girl. A supposition, or suggestion, that she fell into evil ways, and that the despair which caused her death arose from a second desertion by some one else, "upon whose gratitude she had a claim," is skillfully disposed, in the haze which surrounds her miserable end, to withdraw our thoughts from the possibility that both misery and death were to be attributed to Shelley. In this Professor Dowden follows several of his predecessors in the Shelley story, and there may or may not be truth in the suggestion. But justice requires a more even balance than is here attempted. Her husband had seen her after his return with Mary. He had suggested, in his inconceivable way, that they should all live together. He had borrowed money even, as it is asserted, from his forsaken wife. That he should have lost sight of her altogether, meant of course that he also must have lost sight of the two children who were in her hands, and about whom, so far as can be seen, he never asked a question until the moment when they were torn from his arms (according to the cant of the biographers) by the Court of Chancery. Surely it would be worth while to ascertain what really was this poor young woman's life up to the moment when she plunged into the dark and dreary Serpentine and made an end of it. Hogg's scornful banter of the young wife who rejected his own evil overtures, the always blooming, smiling, imperturbable Harriet, with

her passion for reading aloud, and her equable voice, really affords us an extremely clever, distinct, and humorous sketch of character, though he did not so intend it, a character not at all in keeping with the suggestion of dull dissipation and despair which is hazarded but never proved against this poor victim—the victim of high-flown sentiment and false, imperfectly understood theory, as well as of Shelley. Such a discrepancy, if nothing else, should secure a little more attention to her sad fate.

And this all the more that Mary for whom she was deserted—Mary, the object of the poet's impassioned love, the heroine of that strange idyl of wandering romance which occupied his happiest years—Mary, too, ceased to be the ideal companion whom his heart required, and was, before many years had passed, found as incapable of giving the sympathy that was necessary to him, and responding in all things to his capricious appeals, as Harriet had been. Her own expressions in her journal appear to imply that the heaven of happiness in which they began was very soon overclouded. The two following extracts from her diary will show something of the under-current of Mary's thoughts; the first is written in the midst of deep grief for the loss of her children, and yet would seem to imply something more than bereavement:—

“August 4, Leghorn.—I begin my journal on Shelley's birthday. We have now lived five years together; and if all the events of the five years were blotted out I might be happy; but to have won, and thus cruelly to have lost, the associations of four years, is not an accident to which the human mind can bend without much suffering.

“Saturday, August 4.—Shelley's birthday. Seven years are now gone. What changes! What a life! We now appear tranquil—yet who knows what wind—but I will not prognosticate evil: we have had enough of it. When Shelley came to Italy I said, All is well if it were permanent; it was more passing than

an Italian twilight. I now say the same. May it be a Polar day. Yet that day too has an end.”

These are sad utterances for the woman beloved, and evidently mean much more than they say. About the same time Shelley writes to the Gisbornes:—

“I feel the want of those who can feel for and understand me. Whether from proximity and the continuity of domestic intercourse Mary does not. It is the curse of Tantalus that a person possessing such excellent powers and so pure a mind as hers should not excite the sympathy indispensable to their application to domestic life.”

Strange and tragical commentary upon the impassioned beginning of this life of disappointment and dissatisfaction! They had broken all laws and cut all ties of nature to form the bond which already strained the nerves and tried the hearts of both. Alas for Love if this were all its meaning! Professor Dowden gives a little explanatory defence of both, which is curious as the plea of a generous partisan who cannot escape from the necessities of the proverb, and instinctively accuses in excusing.

“His love for Mary had become a more substantial portion of his being than the love of these early days of poverty in London, when he addressed to her his little morning and evening letters of rapturous devotion. He constituted himself, as far as might be, the guardian of her tranquillity: made less extravagant demands, dealt prudently with her peace of mind; acknowledged the bounds of life. In this there was loss and there was gain; upon the whole it was a serviceable education for Shelley's sympathies, bringing them close to reality and helping to mature his mind. Mary's moods of dejection, the disturbance of serenity, in one whose nature was deep and strong, caused him disturbance and pain, from which he instinctively sought protection. He was at times tempted to elude difficulties, rather than with courage to meet and vanquish them. For his own sake perhaps unwisely, and for hers, he avoided topics which could cause her agitation, or bring to the surface any imperfection of sympathy that existed between them. . . . It is true, indeed, that such a spirit

as Shelley's can find no absolute content in mortal thing, or man or woman. One who is in love with beauty, finds every incarnation of beauty unsatisfying: one who is in love with love, thirsts after he has drunk the fullest and purest draught. 'Some of us,' Shelley wrote in October, 1821, 'have in a prior existence been in love with an Antigone, and that makes us find no full content in any mortal tie.'"

In short, it was scarcely worth while to have gone through that dream of passion and rapture—to have driven poor Harriet adrift on those wild waters in which she sank; Harriet, after all, would have done as well as Mary to fill that always unsatisfying place, and afford an excuse for the wayward and capricious poet to snatch a draught at every fountain he passed.

Of the extraordinary and involved relations which made Shelley always the dominant figure in a trio, with both wife and sister always at his heels—and of his friends, so strangely chosen, and of all the odd, unrealities of his life—the reader will find Professor Dowden's book an admirable and interesting record. Merely as a dramatic study of character, it is well worthy attention. The strange, wild, impetuous being—full of unreason, yet now and then turning a sudden unexpected side of good-sense and judgment to the light—full of the most selfish freaks and fancies, the most sudden and complete changes: yet faithful to his friends (who were men and not women) with a faithfulness which was unaffected by the misbehavior of the object of his regard: and with all the instincts of a man born to wealth and lavish expenditure subsisting through the hardest struggles of actual poverty—is as unusual in his nature as in his genius.

Nor are his friends less worthy attention. The Godwin household, with its extraordinary group of young, ardent, and undisciplined girls, was indeed as congenial as anything earthly could be

to the Elfin Knight. But by what strange magic that Will-o'-the-wisp should have drawn to himself and found pleasure in the witty and cynical Hogg, and the strange humorist Peacock, is as inexplicable as any other wonder of Shelley's life. Byron was a more natural and fitting mate for his brother poet; but the story of their intercourse is one of the darkest and most painful here recorded. There seems no reason to connect Shelley with the beginning of the shameful tale of cruelty and falsehood, of which the little Allegra is the innocent heroine, and her mother the victim; nor does he play in it any but an honorable part, except in condoning by his friendship, or pretence at friendship, the heartless baseness of the noble poet, whose conduct, so far as we are aware, has never before been set in so scathing a light.

There is little criticism, as we have said, in this book; and not much even of that story of poetic development, or of the growth of Shelley's wonderful music of expression, which we might have looked for. We will only pause to note, as a writer seated in this chamber of associations and memories is bound to do, that to the little group of friends upon the Italian coast, whose hearts had been lacerated by a furious onslaught in the *Quarterly*—not only upon the *Revolt of Islam*, but upon the poet—there came balm from the kind hand of him who then was paramount in this center of literature. "In January, 1819, appeared a notice of the *Revolt of Islam* from Wilson's pen, which had been justly described as by far the worthiest recognition that Shelley's genius received in his lifetime." The generous enthusiasm of the great critic of *Blackwood* was not content with one full measure of applause, but returned again and again to subsequent poems, and did not hesitate to transfix with an indignant arrow his brother in the

Quarterly. "If that critic does not know that Mr. Shelley is a poet almost in the very highest sense of that mysterious word," said our Professor, with all the authority and certainty of kindred genius, "then we appeal to all those whom we have enabled to judge for themselves, if he be not unfit to speak of poetry before the people of England." Such was the verdict which those pages carried to the world more than sixty years ago; and no man will dare to deny its justice now.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE INDIAN BROKER.

The *Dalál*, or Indian broker, is omnipresent. It does not matter what you call it—trade, business, charity, worship, festival—wherever money changes hands in India, there is that oily-tongued individual ready to take his commission. Any one, especially if he be a stranger, who has ever been in an Indian bazaar, knows the *Dalál* well enough. Directly you enter it you are besieged by a number of these brokers, bowing and salaaming, who will offer to show you the best and cheapest shop for everything; and though you may only want to buy a shilling's-worth of calico or a pair of eighteenpenny slippers, they will stick to you like bees to a honey-pot till you have concluded the bargain. "What will the gentleman have? What is the pleasure of my lord? This humble servant, this groveling slave, can in a minute take him to the best shop in the world, where the people are honest as honesty itself." So runs the tongue of the broker. You need not consider yourself safe even if you go in a carriage with its doors closed, after giving strict instructions to your coachman to drive fast without taking notice of anybody. Be sure

that an exchange of glances and signs took place between the obliging fraternity and the man on the coach-box soon after you started from home. The pace of your horses will slacken, the carriage-doors open gently, and sleek faces thrust themselves into your privacy. If you are an old hand at buying in the bazaars, you of course know that the least hesitation in showing these gentlemen the manlier part of your nature will tell heavily on your peace and purse. But even though you have set the *Daláls* on their heels as you pass to the shop, you will find yourself forestalled there by somebody apparently belonging to it, who insinuates his services to you as soon as you open the bargain with the shopkeeper.

In an Indian bazaar it is not unusual to spend an hour in higgling over half a dozen of handkerchiefs, after wasting as much time in looking into a dozen shops for the same; and the *Daláls* would not leave you even if you gave a whole day to finding what you wanted. At least one of them will be at your elbow at the time of bargaining; and the whole fraternity will go shares in the commission, be it only a halfpenny. Of course there is a secret understanding between the brokers and shopkeepers, who communicate with each other in the very presence of the customer. If they find him sharp enough to detect them in their cabalistic language or mysterious signs, the shopkeeper and the broker, putting their right hands under a piece of cloth, let each other know the price they are to put on the yard or the pound by a mere touch of the fingers; the various parts of which represent to them different lengths, weights, and sums of money. No doubt, there are still more ingenious means of communication. If the purchaser be very particular and will not easily buy anything, the *Daláls* will leave him alone after showing him

every shop. But on buying the article he needs from any shop in the bazaar, on the same or any other day, he will find that the shopkeeper will not sell it to him without adding the commission of the brokers.

The rate of commission differs in every town and in every bazaar. It is usually about a halfpenny in the shilling—with the understanding, of course, that the more simple and inexperienced the purchaser is the more he shall be mulcted; the profits of cheating being divided between the merchant and the brokers. In Benares and other places, as many as twenty Daláls will sometimes share the commission on a piece of embroidered cloth. It is said that not very long ago, in Benares, out of each rupee paid by the customer ten annas went into the pockets of the Daláls, while the remaining six annas covered the original value of the article bought and the profit of the seller, which was amply sufficient.

The Daláls have from time immemorial formed themselves into a professional body, and believe that they have a perfect right to come between the two parties in any transaction or dealing. As a rule they have no capital of their own, and live entirely by their wits. It is not only in the cities and towns that you meet them; you see them in country markets, in villages, among weavers, among peasants, and most of all in the sacred places of the Hindoos. Directly a Hindoo arrives at any of these, he is pounced upon by a number of affable individuals, who, often of the same caste as the priests and acting in concert with them, will conduct him to the different temples and advise him as to the presents he should offer to each of the gods. These men are not like the ordinary touts: the gratuity they receive from the visitors counts for nothing with them; their chief resource is a share of the offerings to the gods.

By far the greater portion of the Indian brokers belong to the mercantile caste. According to the social rules of the tradesmen and merchants, they are bound to help their caste people. In very early times when any member of their caste failed in business, they would get up a subscription and start him afresh, meantime allowing him for his subsistence a small share of their profits. This is the origin of the custom of *Dalálee*, or commission to brokers. But latterly the Daláls have become so numerous through increase of population, failures in business, etc., that the prosperous members of the mercantile caste cannot follow their social rules as of old. Nevertheless they feel bound not to refuse any broker a share of the commission. Hence the secret compact between the merchants and the brokers, and hence the abject poverty of a great many of the latter. People of all ages, from fourteen to seventy, many of them in rags, are seen in the class of Daláls. As a rule, they are very effeminate and quite incapable of hard work. They are held to be extremely avaricious and niggardly; they are loth to part with even two *cowrees*, or one-tenth of a farthing. In short, the Daláls of India combine in themselves all the shady characteristics of the gentlemen known in England as "touts," "go-betweens," etc. Indeed, the very name "Dalál" has become in parts of India a by-word for one who lives by cheating his fellow-creatures.—A HINDOO, in *The St. James's Gazette*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

THE APPROACHING END OF THE WORLD. —Sir William Thomson's lecture on "The Sun's Heat" is reproduced in this number of THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE. The *Pall Mall Gazette* thus sums up the conclusions at which

Sir William Thomson has arrived upon a not uninteresting topic:—

“Sir W. Thomson, lecturing at the Royal Institution before a brilliant fashionable and scientific audience, set forth the latest scientific theories concerning the probable origin, total amount, and possible duration of the sun’s heat. After referring to the theory of Helmholtz that the sun was a vast globe gradually cooling, but as it cooled shrinking, and that the shrinkage—which was the effect of gravity upon its mass—kept up its temperature, Sir William Thomson said: The total of the sun’s heat was equal to that which would be required to keep up 476,000 millions of millions of millions horse-power, or about 78,000 horse-power for every square metre—a little more than a square yard—and yet the modern dynamical theory of heat shows that the sun’s mass would require only to fall in or contract thirty-five metres per annum to keep up that tremendous energy. At this rate, the solar radius in 2,000 years’ time would be about one-hundredth per cent. less than at present. A time would come when the temperature would fall, and it was thus inconceivable that the sun would continue to emit heat sufficient to sustain existing life on the globe for more than ten million years. Applying the same principles retrospectively, they could not suppose that the sun had existed for more than twenty million years—no matter what might have been its origin—whether it came into existence from the clash of worlds pre-existing, or of diffused nebulous matter. There was a great clinging by geologists and biologists to vastly longer periods, but the physicist, treating it as a dynamic question with calculable elements, could come to no other conclusion materially different from what he had stated. Sir W. Thomson, who owed his knighthood to the share he had in the laying of the Atlantic cable, is one of the most distinguished physicists of our time. Popularly he is best known for his ingenious theory of the origin of life in this planet, which he set forth in his inaugural address as President of the British Association in 1871. The vital germ from which all else was evolved might, he suggested, have been brought to this world on an aërolite produced by the break up of another world that had happened on a collision somewhere in space. He is an LL.D. of Dublin, Cambridge, and Edinburgh, and D.C.L. of Oxford, and F.R.S. of London and Edinburgh, and Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Glasgow. Although most famous for his discoveries and inventions in electrical science, he has been president of the Geological Society

of Glasgow. He is now sixty-three years of age, having been born in Belfast in 1824.”

THE STUDY OF BOTANY BY YOUNG MEN.—In the *Sicias Cross*, Dr J. F. Adams takes the ground that botany, so far from being “one of the ornamental branches” of education “suitable enough for young ladies and effeminate youths, ought to be ranked as “one of the most useful and most manly of studies.” He gives the four following reasons, supporting them by detailed argument:—

“*The study of botany is an admirable mental discipline.* Any education is defective which includes no training in the scientific method of study; that is, in developing the powers of careful, minute observation and comparison in some department of nature. By this means is acquired the habit of investigation, or the seeking-out of nature’s mysteries by the use of one’s own senses, instead of trusting wholly to the observations of others. This method of study may be learned through any branch of science; but botany presents this advantage, that it can be pursued with less inconvenience and less expense than any other. . . . *The study of botany promotes physical development.* The botanical student must be a walker; and his frequent tramps harden his muscles, and strengthen his frame. He must strike off across the fields, penetrate the woods to their secret depths, scramble through swamps, and climb the hills. The fact that he walks with an earnest purpose gives a zest to these rambles; and he comes home proud and happy from his successful search for botanical treasures, with a keen appetite and an invigorated body and mind. . . . *The study of botany is of great practical utility.* It is an essential preparation for several important pursuits. The physician and pharmacist need to have a practical knowledge of those plants which are used as medicines; and, if this knowledge is not acquired in early life, the opportunity never afterward presents itself. For the protection of our rapidly dwindling forests, the services of many skilled foresters will soon be required; and the forester must be a practical botanist. . . . *The study of botany is a source of lifelong happiness.* Whatever may be one’s station or pursuit in life, it is a great thing to have an intellectual hobby, which will afford agreeable and elevating occupation in all leisure hours. Botany is one of the best of hobbies. It can be studied out of doors from early spring till the snow falls: and even in winter there is plenty to be done in the analysis of dried specimens and the care of the herbarium. . . . For these reasons it is obvious that the study of botany is

peculiarly rich in those elements which conduce to a vigorous mind and body and a robust character. It is therefore pre-eminently a manly study, and an invaluable part of a young man's education. The student may rest assured that the time and effort devoted to it are well spent; for the result will be to make him a wiser, stronger, more useful, and happier man."

THACKERAY ON A STRIKE.—The *Charleston News* publishes a heretofore unprinted letter "from Mr. Thackeray which was written to James Fraser, the proprietor of *Fraser's Magazine*, and was copied by a Charleston lady who visited Europe this year [1886], from the original in the collection belonging to Mr. Fraser's sister, Mrs. Finlayson, of Dublin, Ireland." The letter is dated "Boulogne, Monday, February;" the year not specified; but it was probably 1840:—

"My dear Fraser,—I have seen the doctor, who has given me his command about the hundredth number. I shall send him my share from Paris, in a day or two, and hope I shall do a good deal in the diligence tomorrow. He reiterates his determination to write monthly for you, and to deliver over the proceeds to me. Will you, therefore, have the goodness to give the bearer a cheque (in my wife's name) for the amount of his contributions for the two last months. Mrs. Thackeray will give you a receipt for the same. You have already Maginn's authority.

"Now comes another, and not a very pleasant point, on which I must speak. I hereby give notice that I shall strike for wages. You pay more to others, I find, than to me; and so I intend to make some fresh conditions about Yellowplush. I shall write no more of that gentleman's remarks except at the rate of twelve guineas a sheet, and with a drawing for each number in which his story appears—the drawing two guineas. Pray do not be angry at this decision on my part; it is simply a bargain, which it is my duty to make. Bad as he is, Mr. Yellowplush is the most popular contributor to your magazine, and ought to be paid accordingly: if he does not deserve more than the monthly nurse, or the Blue Friars, I am a Dutchman. I have been at work upon his adventures to day, and will send them to you or not as you like, but in common regard for myself I won't work under prices.

"Well, I dare say you will be very indignant, and swear I am the most mercenary of individuals. Not so. But I am a better workman than most in your crew and deserve a better price. You must not, I repeat, be an-

gry, or because we differ as tradesmen break off our connection as friends. Believe me that, whether I write for you or not, I always shall be glad of your friendship and anxious to have your good opinion. I am ever, my dear Fraser (independent of £ s. d.), very truly yours,

W. M. THACKERAY.

"Write me a line at Maurice's, Rue de Rivoli. I can send off Y. P. twenty-four hours after I get yours, drawing and all."

KNOWING BEANS.—Mr. Andrew Lang, in *Longman's Magazine*, gives some information about Beans, and is earnestly desirous of farther knowledge on this subject. He says:—

"I have read in some strange old 'volume of forgotten lore' that Pythagoras said that whatever is written in bean-juice on this earth reappears on the lunar disk. How long it must be since any one tried this simple experiment, and wrote a sentence in bean-juice? But who is the authority for the opinion of Pythagoras? I fear it is no more contemporary author than the late Lord Lytton in *The Caxtons*, a book rich in out-of-the-way information. I can find nothing about this effect of bean-juice in Plutarch's essay on *The Face in the Moon*. The ancient folk-lore of Beans is a most attractive topic to the antiquarian, because it seems wholly out of the question that we should ever understand what is all about.

Why would not Pythagoras let his pupils eat beans? Why had the Athenians a hero called Bean, or Bean-man. Why was it impious to attribute to Demeter, patroness of all other fruits, the discovery of the bean. Why might not beans be tasted by the initiated at the Eleusinian mysteries? Finally, why did the Shawnee prophet, in this our century, send round strings of beans which, mystically, were his body, so that when the faithful touched the beans they were supposed to 'shake hands with the prophet?' Here are puzzles for any of the newspapers which think puzzle-setting a dignified mode of attracting the public. Persons who attempt this puzzle will kindly assign to its author the line—*ἴσον τοι κνάμους τε φαγεῖν κεφαλᾶς τε τοκῶων*. 'It is all one, whether you eat beans or the heads your parents.' That beans, if hidden under manure, became human beings, is an assertion which Heraclides appears to attribute to Orpheus. This theory, of course, can be brought to the test of practical experiment. And why were beans thrown on tombs for the salvation of men? Why was not the Flamen Dialis, at Rome, permitted even so much as to name beans? Who can unriddle all this? It is clear, as Lobeck admits, that there is plenty of religion in Beans."

THOMAS HOBBS.

There exists a remarkable contrast, which has probably been often noticed, between the historical fortune of Hobbes's speculations and the special character of those speculations themselves. He has been claimed by thinkers who believe themselves following in his footsteps as a radical freethinker, while in himself he was especially conservative and reactionary. The stoutest advocate of the irresponsible and inviolable authority of an absolute sovereign has been accepted as a prototype by those whose interest it was to advance the claims of democratic equality. It was James Mill who began this remarkable reverence for a man whose conclusions, at all events in a political sphere, were diametrically opposed to his own; and he was followed by Austin and Grote. Sir W. Molesworth, in his magnificent edition of Hobbes's works both English and Latin, tells us that Grote first suggested the undertaking; in order, seemingly, to secure by an accessible edition greater effect for doctrines which their author intended as a panacea for projects of revolutionary reform. No more curious homage has ever been rendered to a man by his theoretical opponents. Obvious though the contrast may appear, it is, however, more apparent than real. For of Hobbes, before all others, it may be said that his spirit was different from his performance, that his political motive was one thing, and his intellectual temper and genius quite another.

There can be no question that the native bent of his mind was radical and freethinking, which is proved, among other evidences, by his lifelong struggle with ecclesiastical pretensions, and his heartfelt dislike of the Papacy. His philosophy again partook of that general revolt against authority on

behalf of the individual, which characterizes all the best thought of the sixteenth and seventeenth century; he has some point in connection with Bacon and many with Descartes and Locke, and he carried on the war with scholasticism in the interest of a mechanical and atomistic system which is the philosophic mark of advanced heterodoxy. However much Hobbes may have imposed on some of his later critics, he assuredly did not deceive his contemporaries, who were never weary of calling him materialist, agnostic, and atheist. Even in the political theory which contains the conservative element of his creed, the conclusions do not follow from the premisses, with that logical rigor which would prevent them from being interpreted in a wholly different light. The strong and autocratic government which it is his desire in the *Leviathan* to see firmly established, however absolute it may be, is yet shown to have sprung from something like popular choice, and that which has made can also unmake. From his own premisses a different conclusion might be drawn as we can see by the political speculation of both Locke and Rousseau, the first of whom proved the right of the people to change their choice of sovereign, and the second justified the popular obliteration of the *ancien régime*. Indeed, Hobbes's own practice dealt a blow at his theory, for he found it not inconsistent with his principles to live under the protection of Cromwell and the Parliament. The complexion of his political theory was in reality due to his personal feelings, which were both timorous and worldly. Personal security is therefore the aim of those who established an *imperium*, not self-realization or a desire for progressive welfare; and Hobbes affords an instance—almost a melancholy instance—of the extent to

which political necessities and the accidents of personal disposition can interfere in the logical evolution of a philosophical system. He was a radical in the garb of a conservative, a freethinker enlisted in the service of reaction.

The personality of Hobbes was neither pleasing nor attractive. He was prematurely born, owing to the fright his mother experienced at the news of the Spanish Armada in 1588. His own account of the affair is—

"Atque metum tantum conceptit tunc mea mater,

Ut pareret geminos, meque Metumque simul.
Hinc est, ut credo, patrios quod abominor hostes,

Pacem amo Musis, et faciles socios."

It is doubtful, however, whether Hobbes is right in saying that he is devoted to peace and agreeable companionship; a more vain and combative person rarely existed. In his youth, Aubrey tells us, he was "unhealthy, and of an ill complexion (yellowish). From forty he grew healthier, and then he had a fresh, ruddy complexion. His head was of a mallet form. His face was not very great—ample forehead, yellowish reddish whiskers, which naturally turned up, below he was shaved close, except a little tip under his lip; not but that nature would have afforded him a venerable beard, but being mostly of a cheerful and pleasant humor he affected not at all austerity and gravity and to look severe." His portraits (in the National Portrait Gallery and in the rooms of the Royal Society of Burlington House) give the appearance of a somewhat stern, but not unhandsome man. Far more unpleasing pictures than that of Aubrey are, however, to be found in the writings of Hobbes' contemporaries. He seems indeed to have been the terror of his age.

"Here lies Tom Hobbes, the Bugbear of the Nation,
Whose death hath frightened Atheism out of fashion,"

was a scurrilous epitaph composed for him. Amongst the crowd of pamphlets, sermons, treatises aimed at his doctrines, there was an ingenious little book written by Thomas Tenison, afterward Archbishop of Canterbury, which appeared in 1670, and was entitled "*The Creed of Mr. Hobbes, examined in a feigned conference between him and a student in divinity.*" It proves, as well as any other, the general opinions held about the philosopher.

"You have been represented to the world," says the student to Mr. Hobbes, whom he meets at Buxton-well, "as a person very inconvertible, and as an imperious Dictator of the principles of vice, and impatient of all dispute and contradiction. It hath been said that you will be very angry with all the men that will not presently submit to your Dictates; and that for advancing the reputation of your own skill, you care not what unworthy reflections you cast on others. Monsieur Descartes hath written it to your confident Mersennus, and it is now published to all the world, 'That he esteemed it the better for himself that he had not any commerce with you (*je juge que le meilleur est que je n'aye point du tout de commerce avec luy*); as also, that if you were of such an humour as he imagined, and had such designs as he believed you had, it would be impossible for him and you to have any communication without becoming enemies.' And your great friend, Monsieur Sorbiere, hath accused you of being too dogmatical; and hath reported how you were censured for the vanity of dogmatizing, between his Majesty and himself, in his Majesty's cabinet. You are thought, in dispute, to use the Scripture with irreverence."

Tenison cannot, indeed, deny the excellence of his style:

"He hath long ago published his errors in Theologie, in the English Tongue, insinuating himself by the handsomeness of his style into the mindes of such whose Fancie leadeth their judgements: and to say truth of an Enemy, he may, with some reason, pretend to Mastery in that Language."

Yet he cannot forbear to have a cut at Hobbes's personal timidity.

"They [the student and Mr. Hobbes] were interrupted by the disturbance arising from a little quarrel, in which some of the ruder people in the house were for a short time engaged. At this Mr. Hobbes seem'd much concern'd, though he was at some distance from the persons. For a while he was not composed, but related it once or twice as to himself, with a low and careful tone, how Sextus Roscius was murdered after Supper by the Balnæ Palatinæ. Of such general extent is that remark of Cicero, in relation to Epicurus the Atheist, of whom he observes that he of all men dreaded most those things which he contemned, Death and the Gods."

The system of Hobbes is then reduced into twelve Articles, "which sounds harshly to those professing Christianity," under the title of the Hobbist's creed:—

"I believe that God is Almighty Matter; that in him there are three Persons, he having been thrice represented on earth; that it is to be decided by the Civil Power whether he created all things else; that Angels are not Incorporeal substances (those words imply a contradiction) but preternatural impressions on the train of man; that the soul of Man is the temperament of his Body: that the very Liberty of Will, in that Soul, is Physically necessary; that the prime Law of Nature in the Soul of Man is that of temporal Self-Love, that the Law of the Civil Sovereign is the only obliging Rule of just and unjust; that the Books of the old and New Testament are not made Canon and Law, but by the Civil Powers; that whatsoever is written in these Books may lawfully be denied even upon Oath (after the laudable doctrine and practice of the Gnosticks) in times of persecution when men shall be urged by the menaces of Authority; that hell is a tolerable condition of life, for a few years upon earth, to begin at the Gen'ral Resurrection; and that Heaven is a blessed estate of good men, like that of Adam before his fall, beginning at the General Resurrection, to be from thenceforth eternal upon earth in the Holy Land."

There is caricature in all this, but not so extravagant as to prevent it from being a fair picture of Hobbes as he appeared to a contemporary divine. Fortunately, as Samuel Johnson had

his Boswell and Goethe his Eckermann, so Hobbes had an indulgent biographer in Aubrey.

Hobbes, like an elder philosopher with whose nominalism he had something in common, Antisthenes the Cynic, was *ὀψιμαθής*, "late learned." He took nothing away with him from his residence at Magdalen Hall, Oxford, except a dislike of the Puritans, who were strongly represented, owing to the influence of Dr. John Wilkinson, and a contempt for academic learning, which came out strongly in the controversies of his later life. He was forty years of age before he ever saw the *Elements* of Euclid; he was close on fifty before he became a philosopher. Although it is true, as Professor Robertson remarks, that there are few thinkers who succeed better than he did "in leaving not unsaid all that was in his mind," it is hardly fanciful to trace some of his mental peculiarities to this late acquisition of culture. Plato remarks in the *Theætetus*, in reference to the same Antisthenes, who came so late to Socrates, that it is characteristic of such minds to ignore all that they cannot grasp "with teeth and hands;" and there can be no doubt that a certain excess of the practical instinct and a decided coarseness of mental fiber, combined, it is true, with great penetrative insight, marked much of the speculations of Hobbes. Deficient in his own nature of sympathetic affection, he cannot conceive of the possibility of innate altruistic feeling in humanity at large; richly endowed with logical faculties, he would apply the most rigorous logic to the customs and conventionalities of mankind, and is unable to realize the value, for instance, of mixed political forms, or the expediency of disguising the form of sovereignty. For the same reason he probably has the clearest mind and the least ambiguous style of all philo-

ophers. Grant him his premisses, and the conclusion seems inevitable; if humanity is through and through reasonable, it looks as if it ought to adopt the standpoint of Hobbism. But then humanity is not wholly reasonably, but largely influenced by emotion and sentiment, and the groundwork on which the whole superstructure rests is only to be reached by the most wholesome elimination of complex sentiments and the employment of abstract and unreal hypotheses. For the logic and the psychology of Hobbes depend on the fiction of a single individual devoid of all those relations to his fellows which actually constitute his individuality; just as his political philosophy depends on the fiction of a social contract, which could only be possible to men living in a realized society and not in a state of "nature," prior to such realization.

From 1608 to about 1637, we can trace a methodical advance in the mental culture of Hobbes. The impulses came mainly from foreign travel, for in all some twenty years were spent by Hobbes on the Continent. His first work, the translation of Thucydides, was published in 1628, though written some time previously, and his earliest ambition seems to have been to be a scholar, just as his latest efforts, when he was quite an old man, were devoted to versions of Homer's *Odyssey* and *Iliad* in rhyme. The more special intellectual training takes place between the years 1628 and 1637. First came the discovery of the value of geometrical demonstration in 1639, the story of which, as told by Aubrey, is too characteristic to be omitted: "He was forty years old before he looked on geometry, which happened accidentally; being in a gentleman's library in _____, Euclid's *Elements* lay open, and it was the forty-seventh proposition, Lib. I. So he reads the proposi-

tion. 'By G——,' says he, 'this is impossible!' So he reads the demonstration, which referred him back to another, which he also read, *et sic deinceps*, that at last he was demonstratively convinced of that truth. This made him in love with geometry." But it was not so much geometry in itself with which he fell in love, for no part of his the ories was more successfully attacked by his contemporaries than his geometrical speculations, but the form of the reasoning and the manner of proof. As he says himself in his *Life*, he was *delectatus methodo illius, non tam ob theoremata illa quam ob artem ratiocinandi*. The next and most decisive step was the application of the idea of motion to physics. He graphically narrates the influence of the idea on his mind, in the *Vita carmine expressa*.

"Ast ego perpetuo naturam cogito rerum
Seu rate, seu curru, sivè ferebar equo.
Et mihi visa quidem est toto res unica mundo
Vera, licet multis falsificata modis—
Phantasiæ, nostri soboles cerebri, nihil extra;
Partibus internis nil nisi Motus inest.
Hinc est quod physicam quisquis vult discere,
motus

Quid possit, debet perdidicisse prius."

It is thus that Hobbes advances through the idea of motion, aided by the geometrical form of reasoning, to the gradual evolution of a system of mechanical philosophy. Atoms and movement account for all the changing forms of the phenomenal world; they also explain sensation and unlock the secrets of intellectual growth. From physics and psychology the next step is easy and natural to sociology. For Hobbes, like the earlier philosophers, and unlike the moderns, understood philosophy to mean a systematic view of the universe and a consistent explanation of all its various departments. Thus he has a catholic purpose before his mind, to present in one picture the various provinces of human thought as

interpreted in accordance with one method and traced in their origin to the same set of principles. That philosophy only means psychology and morals, or in the last resort metaphysics, is an idea slowly developed through the eighteenth century, owing to the victorious advances of science. At the end of 1637 Hobbes has a comprehensive plan for future labors. The system is to begin with a treatise *De Corpore*, to continue with the subject *De Homine*, and to find its consummation in *De Cive*. Nature consists of "bodies," and bodies are either inanimate or animate, or, again, organized aggregates of living men. The whole field is, however, to be traversed with the guiding clue of motion as acting on bodies, and according to the principles of mechanical atomism—a clue which is to distinguish forever the modern philosophy from the misty logomachies of Aristotle and the Schoolmen. It is this masterly scheme which was thrown out of proportion by the pressing circumstances of Hobbes's life. The Revolution and its necessities forced on the publication of the *Leviathan*, and it was not till after fourteen years, when Hobbes was sixty-three, that the attempt was made to compose the *De Corpore*, which was originally designed to be the foundation of the structure. His fame rests principally on the *Leviathan*, but the main philosophical thought of Hobbes was the application of the idea of motion. Perhaps the *Leviathan* itself owes the paradoxical character of some of its doctrines to the fact that the original perspective was lost in this transposition of the order of topics, and Hobbes, by becoming an advocate of absolute sovereignty, throws into shadow his ethical egoism and his mechanical materialism. His own principles, however stringent and arbitrary, suffered him apparently to live under the Protectorate with an easy conscience, and

with greater freedom than he afterward enjoyed in the time of the Restoration. His last years were equally disturbed by the antagonism of the High Church party and the bitter controversies with the Savillian professor, Wallis.

The main points in Hobbes's political theory, as displayed in the *Leviathan*, are so well known that no long capitulation is necessary. The theory itself rests on a series of assumptions, each of which may be contested, and culminates in a principle of autocratic supremacy, which the development of peoples and the progressive teaching of history seem little likely to indorse. The first assumption is the ante-social state, a state of nature which Hobbes asserts to be one of universal war, though Rousseau is equally positive in maintaining that it is a state of peace. The state of nature is one in which man, *minus* his historical qualities, has free play; and as those historical qualities are exactly those which constitute, so far as we have any means of knowing, man's essential nature, his ante-social period is one about to which it is impossible to argue. Experience and the growth of reason (Hobbes, despite his sensationalism, is as firm a believer in the power of reason as if he had lived in the eighteenth century) bring home the manifold inconveniences of a condition of perpetual war, and suggest certain articles of peace, also called laws of nature. The result is a second assumption, the formation of a social contract, a famous theory, traces of which can be found in the early political speculation of the Greeks, and which, despite its absolutely unhistorical character, was extensively popular amongst Hobbes's successors. The theory can be disproved on lines of both *à posteriori* and *à priori* argument; *à posteriori*, for no records or evidences can be found of the existence of such a primitive con-

pact, and even if it existed it would rapidly have been dissolved by such phenomena as migration of races and foreign conquests; *à priori* because an hypothesis to be scientific must deal with causes and conditions which are capable of being reasoned about, and we have no right to postulate both the efficient agent and the productive agency, the cause and its methods of working.

A third assumption then follows, that men, having formed a contract, created or elected an absolute power to secure the fulfillment of its conditions. Hobbes, it is true, sometimes speaks as if the sovereign could obtain his authority not only by institution but by acquisition. But his language as to the devolution of authority belongs more naturally to the former process than the latter. It is natural to suppose that if men give, they can also take away. But such is not the view of Hobbes, who considers that such a transference of authority would be a violation of the original compact. Why, again, men having attained to such a pitch of rationality as to form contractual relations with one another, should then proceed to tie their hands and treat themselves as though they were no longer rational, but had to be violently coerced—why, in short, the sovereignty so formed should be absolute, Hobbes never properly explains. For the paradoxical character of his speculation centers in this, that while citizens have duties to one another, the sovereign has no duties toward them; they formed a contract with their fellowmen, but the monarch formed no contract at all. It is clear that in this Hobbes manifests too plainly his desire “to vindicate the absolute right of a *de facto* monarch;” or, in other words, that the pressure of the revolution proved too much for the natural development of his thought.

Locke and Rousseau, arguing from much the same premises, drew a totally different conclusion. The “generation of the Leviathan, or mortal God” is not quite so orderly and methodical as Hobbes desired to make it; it would rather appear that he is first assumed to exist, and then a highly imaginative account is given of his origin. It is clear, as Professor Green remarks, that the *jus civile* cannot itself belong to the sovereign, who enables individuals to exercise it. The only right which can belong to the sovereign is the *jus naturale* (defined *Leviathan*, i. 14), consisting in the superiority of his power, and this right must be measured by the inability of the subjects to resist. If they *can* resist, the right has disappeared. Nor did Hobbes himself fail speedily to indorse this argument by returning to England from France, when the Protectorate was established, and treating the triumph of “the rebels” as an accomplished fact.

Whilst these sheets are passing through the press we meet with some passages in the *Nicholas Papers*, recently published by the Camden Society, which curiously illustrate this rapid transition of Hobbes from monarchy to the commonwealth. The *Leviathan* was published in Paris, where Hobbes had resided for several years, early in 1651. Hobbes appears to have gone to the Hague to present a copy of his book to Charles II., which the King refused to accept. Upon this Sir Edward Nicholas writes to Sir Edward Hyde—

“All honest men here who are lovers of monarchy are very glad that the K. hath at length banisht his court that father of atheists Mr. Hobbes, who it is said hath rendered all the Queen's court and very many of the D. of York's family atheists, and if he had been suffered would have done his best to poison the K.'s court.”

And shortly after—

"I hear Lord Percy is much concerned in the forbidding Hobbes to come to court, and says it was you and other episcopal men that were the cause of it. But I hear that Wat Montagu and other Papiests (to the shame of the true Protestants) were the chief cause that that great atheist was sent away. And I may tell you some say that the Marq. of Ormonde was very slow in signifying the King's command to Hobbes to forbear coming to court, which I am confident is not true, though several persons affirm it."

Be this as it may, Hobbes, being thus pressed, returned to England, though it is inaccurate to say that he fled from the Hague, and he found in London a government quite as much to his taste and much more absolute than that of a fugitive sovereign. A month later Nicholas writes to Lord Hatton—

"Mr. Hobbes is in London, much caressed, as one that hath by his writings justified the reasonableness and righteousness of their arms and actions."

The ethical views of Hobbes, are vitiated by assumptions and fallacies, as remarkable as those we have met with in his political theory. A fictitious appearance of clearness and logical rigor is gained by excluding from the scheme all but a few elementary principles, and by disregarding or refusing to admit complexity of constitutive elements. Man's actions, it is clear, are motived in countless different ways; but Hobbes will only allow of a single motive. Will would be appear to be something distinct from desire, or at least to have relations with desire so intricate as to require careful analysis to disentangle, but with Hobbes it is only "the last appetite in deliberating." There are, in the last resort, elements of character—a sphere of personality and consciousness—which do not appear to be exhausted by an enumeration of "feelings," and which are involved in what we mean by self-determination; but the psychology of Hobbes is too

superficial to come in sight of them. The picture which Hobbes draws of humanity is indeed simple and easy to understand, either pathetic or ludicrous in its simplicity according to the tastes and predilections of the observer. All activity depends on endeavor, all endeavor is appetite, all appetite is for personal well-being. There is only a single motive in man, the desire for selfish gratification; the only meaning of good and evil is what a man desires or avoids in the furtherance of his pleasure; the only standard of judgment in the opinion of the egoist. In a luminous paragraph in the *Leviathan* (i. 6), Hobbes lays the foundation of his ethics—so good an example of his manner of resolving a complex problem by refusing to see its complexity, that it is worth quoting and remembering:—

"Whatsoever is the object of any man's appetite or desire, that is it which he for his part calleth *good*; and the object of his hate and aversion, *evil*; and of his contempt, *vile* and *inconsiderable*. For these words of good, evil, and contemptible are ever used with relation to the person that useth them: there being nothing simply and absolutely so; nor any common rule of good and evil, to be taken from the nature of the objects themselves."

The solution of the moral problem is so astounding in its simplicity that it almost takes away one's breath. The relativity of the standard and singleness of the motive are the remarkable points in the theory, and serve to distinguish the system of Hobbes as that which we now call Egoistic Hedonism. Good is my pleasure, the only thing which makes me act is my desire for pleasure. I am the only judge of my own pleasure; therefore I am the only judge of good. There is at all events no obscurity in such a scheme, and it makes no excessive demands on men's capabilities. We are all so naturally moral, according to Hobbes, that it is doubtful whether any instruction or training is required.

Certainly there is no room or possibility for the law of duty or a moral ideal.

But directly we begin to analyze the scheme we find that each step can be contested. Is there only a single motive for human activity, and is such a single motive self-love? Butler, in his *Sermons on Human Nature*, pointed out that there were a certain set of activities which could only be called instinctive and reflective, and which he called "propensions." These rested simply on the objects proposed in each case: hunger rested on food, curiosity rested on knowledge. It is only when the series of instinctive propensions were satisfied, that there could arise for the human being a complex (and by no means simple) notion of self, as something for which he ought to work. Self-love clearly could not have been the earliest motives for activity, for its very existence depends on the prior existence of unreflective instinctive activities. It is true that when the notion of self has been formed it appears to absorb the whole field, but this again leads to considerations which are fatal to Hobbes's scheme. Self-love is a complex of different feelings, because it is based on the satisfaction of widely different instincts. Some of these instincts are extra-regarding impulses, they tend toward our fellow-men, and are based on the fact that a man's single personality can only be defined in the terms of his relations to others. Thus sympathy is an extra-regarding instinct, so too is the more active affection which we term benevolence, so too are all the social interests and aptitudes of humanity. It follows that much more is included in the notion of pleasure than egoistic gratification, and self-love itself is found to include certain affectionate, benevolent, philanthropic activities, the performance of which, however apparently altruistic, tends to heighten and vivify

the consciousness of self. Thus, on all sides the scheme of Hobbes is found to be deficient in analysis; the picture drawn of humanity is discovered to be lacking in some of the prominent elements of nature. Man is not naturally an isolated and repellent atom; he is one element, one factor in a composite humanity. He can only be defined in relation to his fellows; he begins by having social instincts; he is, as Aristotle said, *πολιτικὸν ζῷον*. It is the caricature of analysis to resolve pity and benevolence into selfishness; to define the first as the pain arising from the consideration that what has happened to another man may also happen to one's self, and to explain the second as the fear that we also may suffer. This is not logical simplicity but psychological inanity.

We must not, however, through detestation of the ethical results, blind ourselves to the historical value of Hobbes's psychology. It was vitiated by the gravest errors: it was based on the original fiction of a single individual who could be treated as though his nature was independent of his relations to his fellows; it rested on a mechanical and materialistic theory which could not but be fatal to the higher aspects of character. But though this may be the condemnation from an absolute standpoint, the relative standpoint will do justice to Hobbes. History tells us that individualism was in the air, and that a mechanical philosophy was the heritage from Bacon as well as the product of the best contemporary intelligence on the Continent. The merit of Hobbes is that he in reality began that study of psychology which was the distinguishing mark of the line of English thinkers which succeeded him. He rendered Locke possible, who in turn led the way for Berkeley and Hume. From this point of view, the judgment of Professor

Croom Robertson, may be thoroughly indorsed.

"Hobbes signalized the fact of Sense—or phenomenal experience—as itself a phenomenon to be accounted for in the way of science; and though the fact of subjective representation may not thus have its philosophical import exhausted, nor is well coupled with the particular facts of Physics, to recognize it as such a matter of inquiry is a very notable step. It is to proclaim that there is room and need for a science of Psychology as well as of Physics—that Mind can be investigated by the same method and under like conditions as Nature. Such a conception of psychological science has steadily made way in later times, and to Hobbes belongs the credit as early as any other, and more distinctly than any other, of having opened its path."

A consideration of this physiological treatment of sensation will lead us on to the general basis of Hobbes's philosophy. We have before remarked that Hobbes is a rationalist; he is so, however, only so far as rationalism was not yet clearly distinguished in the progress of controversy from sensationism. He believes, for instance, that the difference between science and experience is one mainly of reason; and that in similar fashions we distinguish between reason and custom in politics, and reason and faith in theology. Yet all knowledge originates with sense, and all knowledge is only sense transformed. We pass beyond sense-experience by means which are still sensible, for the connecting bridge is found in language and the use of names. Thus the functions of sense are all-important for Hobbes, and its explanation one of the chief duties of the philosopher. What, then, is sensation? It is essentially "movement." The motion in external particles is taken on by means of the nerves to the heart, and there is an answering movement or reaction from the internal organ. This reaction accounts for the fact that we refer our sensations outward, and that they become for us the

qualities of external bodies. We observe, on the one hand, that the whole explanation is physiological and mechanical; on the other hand, that it is based on that idea of motion which, as we know, so powerfully impressed the imagination of Hobbes. There is, further, the necessary deduction that sense is mere seeming—*à savoir*—for it is only due to the mechanical interaction between external bodies and the living organism. We cannot argue from sensation in us to an actually objective quality in the body outside us; we cannot say, for instance, that sugar is sweet (as though sweetness was an objective ingredient of the external body, sugar), but only that we have a sensation of sweetness. What is real is the movement of particles from outside to inside, and the answering from inside to outside. What is unreal is the subjective feeling, if it be taken, not as merely subjective, but as an objective quality.

Difficulties, however, remain. If sense be seeming, how can we be sure even of this motion of particles, which is declared to be real? For our perception of motion is, after all sensation, and may be the subjective presentation of facts, which in their objective import are quite different. Again, motion is only realized by us by means of time, and time is by Hobbes himself, in the *De Corpore*, declared to be a subjective phenomenon. Curiously enough, he attempts to derive time from motion. But he has to add that it stands rather for the fact of succession, or before-and-after in motion; which means that it is a prior fact of consciousness involved in the perception of motion rather than in any way explicable from motion as an objective occurrence. Further, if sensation be seeming, and all sensible qualities only states of consciousness, how can we be sure, in default of any mental function

superior to sense, of matter and particles—in a word, of an objective world? And if we are not sure, what becomes of scientific materialism and the mechanical philosophy? Thus Hobbes's system would end in scepticism.

From another point of view, it requires to be explained by a deeper psychology. Hobbes notices that the distinctive mark of the human body amongst other bodies is that it knows that it knows; in other words that, besides sensation, there is also the consciousness of sensation. "In seeking for the cause even of sense," says Prof. Robertson, "he sees the need of some other 'sense' to take note of sense by." He tries to supply this need by bringing forward the phenomenon of memory. But this is at most only a substitute for an explanation, for the possibility of memory itself requires to be explained. How is it possible for a number of series of states of consciousness to be so far aware of themselves as a number or series—that they can remember any one or all? Is it possible, unless there be something higher than such states, or, at all events, some golden thread running through them and holding them all together? If so, what shall we call this synthetic capacity? Shall we call it reason, or spirit, or soul, or self? Whatever it be, the fact of its existence renders a purely sensationalistic psychology forever impossible. For it cannot in its turn be deduced from sensation, but makes sensation possible. It is that which both knows and feels, and makes us aware of an external world.

Here, however, we are anticipating a more modern metaphysics, and taking a different view of philosophy from that which Hobbes took. In his account of ultimate principles he clearly states his own view. Although powerfully influenced by Descartes, he is untouched by that deeper consideration

of philosophical problems which Descartes describes in his *Discours* and his *Méditations*, and he is either quite unaware of, or discards that ultimate basis of all reality which took for the French thinker the form of *Je pense, donc je suis*. According to Hobbes, philosophy is ratiocination, and ratiocination is, in reality, reckoning, or adding and subtracting. It is computation in the largest sense, deducing effects from causes, and inferring causes from effects. Only on one assumption is this possible. Philosophy must deal only with phenomena. It is not, so Hobbes tell us, of that kind which makes philosopher's stones, or is found in the metaphysic codes, but merely "the natural reason of man busily flying up and down among the creatures, and bringing back a true report of their order, causes, and effects." This being so, we can make a clean sweep of certain ultimate questions. We need not ask what God is, for He is not a phenomenon and has no generation. Nor need we trouble ourselves about spirits, for they have no phenomenal aspects, nor are we concerned with matters of faith.

The rest of the items of a properly scientific creed, such as we are familiar with in modern times, follow in due order. Causes can only be efficient and material. Formal causes and final causes are nonsense. The soul of man is not otherwise than corporeal; ghosts and spirits, as spoken of in ordinary language, are but dream-images and pure phantasmal. And man is not a free agent: there is no such thing as freedom of the will. Man himself is not a spiritual *ego*, but a natural "body" whose sensations, impulses, volitions, and emotions are alike explicable by motions of particles. In all this, Hobbes is from one point of view an ancient, from another point of view a very modern thinker.

Ancient, because he makes mind depend on matter, which, after Berkeley and Kant, should be impossible for a philosopher: but also modern, because language such as his is almost identical with that of contemporary systems of "naturalism" and the facile framers of "mental and moral science." Perhaps, hard driven by the mechanical philosophers and the modern Hobbist, we may be content to remark, in the last resort, with Lotze, how universal is the extent, and yet how completely subordinate is the significance of the mission which mechanism has to fulfill in the structure of the world. For the world of forms is one thing, and the world of values is another.

Hobbes's views on religion are too characteristic to be altogether omitted, although naturally they impressed his contemporaries more than they influenced succeeding thought. Hobbes's general position as a phenomenalist did not, as we have already seen, allow him much room for a treatment of super-sensual verities. "All the arguing of infinities," he impatiently remarks, "is but the ambition of schoolboys." But in his theory of human nature he has to allow a certain seed of religion as a factor, often troublesome, but ineradicable, with which both philosopher and statesman have to deal. It is this which, in the methodical form of intellectual inquisitiveness, leads men to form a conception of God as the first and eternal cause of all things; but is equally productive, owing to men's fears and fancies, of all kinds of vain and foolish imaginings. Images of dreams are projected outward and become spiritual and supernatural agents, and there is no more curious chapter in the *Leviathan* than that in which Hobbes describes with exuberance of detail the mischievous delusions of "the Gentiles." In order to correct such super-

stition, Hobbes bestows especial care on a review of what is really meant by such things as spirits, angels, prophets, miracles, eternal life, hell, and salvation, though at times the reader cannot help entertaining some doubt as to Hobbes's seriousness. A more marvelous exegesis of Scripture than that which is attempted in the third part of the *Leviathan* was probably never penned and its critics and opponents might well exclaim with Antonio:

"Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose."

Two points, however, stand out with distinctness. In the first place, there can be no doubt that Hobbes recognizes that there is "a core of mystery in religion which faith only and not reason can touch." He treats it indeed with coarse humor, when he says that "it is with the mysteries of religion as with wholesome pills for the sick; which swallowed whole have the virtue to cure; but chewed, are for the most part cast up again without effect." But as Professor Robertson remarks, the idea is so distinctive of English thought, from William of Ockham through Bacon to Locke, that there can be no reasonable doubt that to Hobbes too "the core of mystery" remains. In the second place, Hobbes is persuaded that the whole department of religious thought should be under the control of the state. This is his chief contest with the episcopalians of his time, and is the motive of his attack on the Papacy as a spiritual "Kingdom of Darkness." He had seen how great was the evil of religious dissension, and how fatal its power in dissolving the fabric of the commonwealth: the only alternative to the supremacy of the Church was the autocratic power of the sovereign who ought to be priest as well as king. How is the sovereign to get his laws obeyed if there is a rival

power dividing his subjects' allegiance? Unless the State control the religious life, there will be a chance for the Papacy, and civil obedience will be at an end. Moreover, there is only one thing necessary for salvation, which is the confession that Jesus is the Christ—a dogma which ought to be kept free from all the surrounding scaffolding of ecclesiastical dogma invented by the church doctors or largely borrowed from pagan philosophy.

The later years of Hobbes's life exhibit the aged philosopher as engaged with ceaseless conflicts with outraged divines or incensed mathematicians, but do not throw any fresh light on the nature of his thought. His weakest side was his geometrical speculation, and it was that which he defended with the stoutest obstinacy against the superior knowledge of Ward, and Wilkins, and Wallis. So remarkable a figure as his was the natural butt of all those who were concerned with defending the older philosophy, or were outraged by his notorious secularism. In personal characteristics perhaps as unamiable a man as ever lived, devoid of sympathetic affection, untouched by the higher graces of character, intensely and narrowly practical, and of great personal timidity, he yet, in virtue of a comprehensive intellect and an analytic power of uncommon keenness and edge, succeeded in leaving a conspicuous mark on the history, not only of English, but of Continental thought. He accepts the practical scientific problem from Bacon, and hands on the psychological problem to Locke. He may almost be said to have originated moral philosophy in England, or at all events to have inspired, either by antagonism or direct influence, its most characteristic efforts and doctrines. In direct influence he lives again in much of the utilitarianism of Hume, Hartley, Bentham, Paley,

and the elder and younger Mill; his characteristic selfishness is reproduced on a wider scale in the universalistic hedonism of eighteenth and nineteenth century speculation. Antagonism to his position diverged in two directions: on the one hand, it produced the rationalism of the Cambridge Platonists—Henry More and Ralph Cudworth; on the other, through Shaftesbury it led to the moral-sense doctrines of Hutcheson. Indeed, the whole of the next two centuries was occupied in one way or another with Hobbes, and, if any system can be called epoch-making, there is none that deserves the title better than his. Philosophy, as we now understand the term, is not perhaps so much indebted to him as to Descartes, from whom sprang the line of catholic thinkers, among whom occur the illustrious names of Spinoza, and Leibnitz, and Kant. But Hobbes did more than any one, with the possible exception of Bacon, to direct English thought into its characteristic channels, and to put before it its especial problems. Its precision, its clearness, its narrowness, its scientific tendency, its practical character—all are there. In Hobbes are represented in embryo the specific developments which we meet with in Locke and Berkeley, Hume and Mill. His countrymen may well be proud of one who concentrates in his single personality their most characteristic defects and excellences. Add to this the merits of an admirable style, and we have the picture, not only of a thinker, but also of a writer and a man of letters. Above all others he succeeds in marrying words to thoughts, and lights up the most abstruse exposition with the brightest gleams of wit and fancy. "*Vir probus et fama eruditionis domi forisque bene cognitus*" is the simple inscription which designates his resting place in Hault Hucknall. Perhaps a

happier text for his grave was suggested by the humor of one of his friends during his lifetime, "This is the true Philosopher's Stone."—*Edinburgh Review*.

GREG'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.*

Under the title of a "History," Mr. Percy Greg has composed a violent pamphlet in two bulky volumes. He will take exception to the description, because he is so very evidently in earnest, and so indisputably sincere. He hates democracy, and he hates "the North," all his affections flow out toward the late Slave States, and all his powers of invective—and they seem abundant—are easily excited by the mere mention of any one who even seems to oppose Secession or look dubiously on slavery. So thoroughly is this the case, that so stout a Southerner as Andrew Jackson—by no means an ideal hero—is overwhelmed by a torrent of choice invective because he roughly and resolutely opposed the nullification doctrine of Calhoun, the grandfather of that extreme form of State rights which necessarily led to Secession and to civil war. The book is so violent and uncompromising, that it reminds us of the Frenchman who, when advised by the magistrate to put his case temperately, said in excuse for his fierceness, that "he had been in a continuous rage for fifteen months." Mr. Greg surpasses in his constancy the impassioned Gaul. We shall do him no injustice when, we say that he has raged furiously over the Secession War for twenty-one years, nearly a gen-

* History of the United States, from the Foundation of Virginia to the Reconstruction of the Union. By Percy Greg. 2 vols. London: 1897.

eration, "nursing his wrath to keep it warm" throughout that long period. Mr. Greg describes himself as "reviewing from the Bench of history a course he once argued at the Bar of politics;" and he is surprised to find—a surprise which few will share—that he has *not* to "modify many severe censures, contradict many grave charges," or doubt the evidence, if not the truth of statements accepted at the time. He finds all his "original views confirmed," and he is happy in the conviction that as he accurately judged passing events twenty or five-and-twenty years ago, so now he is able to come forward as the one true and faithful witness who can and who does depone the exact and startling truth respecting American history, hitherto systematically and almost wickedly withheld from Englishmen, and certainly most Americans, to whom these pages will come in the light of a revelation.

We have said that the author of this astounding book is sincere. Nothing, indeed, but the earnestness of a fanatic could have borne him along and sustained unbroken his anger, his partiality, and perversity from the beginning to the end of these otherwise well-written volumes. It sounds like irony to the reader of Mr. Greg's pages, to find himself adjured to re-examine the subject with "calmer feelings," seeing that the author himself is always at fever-heat. Others have reviewed the facts, and found much to modify both in regard to the North and the South; have learned to understand and sympathize with men like Lee and Alexander Stephens; but Mr. Greg has over them an enormous advantage—he has nothing to alter, nothing to retract. Yet twenty years have passed by; the old antagonists have become friendly; a son of Robert Lee has been present at the funeral of Ulysses Grant; the soldiers who fought each other have

shaken hands, and compared notes in order to establish, if possible, the truth respecting their military deeds; nay, a Democratic President lives in the White House, and the old alliance between the ex-Slaves States and the "Northern Wing" has been to a great extent successfully revived. There are, however, two constant men whom nothing can shake, both resolved to prove, before gods and men, that they are, and always were right and righteous—Mr. Jefferson Davis and Mr. Percy Greg. The book of the latter is precisely what he says it is not, "a political apology" for the Slave States, and an unqualified "impeachment" of the Free States.

It is impossible to deal in a few lines with a series of arguments, statements, and assertions which extend to more than a thousand pages. That would require almost an equal bulk of type, for the whole would have to be rewritten. Mr. Greg starts, for example, with the assumption that all, or nearly all the people living north of the Potomac are, if not exactly wicked yet a low, vulgar, huokstering, greedy, and intolerant set; while every one south of the stream, but especially the Virginians and South Carolinians, are wise, high-minded, sagacious, generous, honorable, and eminently humane. The author will not agree with such an account of his standpoint, and may be unconscious that he stands there; but the proof of its accuracy may be found on almost every page. At any rate, it governs the whole of his "history" of every transaction from the Revolution to the great war begun and waged in order to found an empire on the basis of negro slavery. That, Mr. Greg denies; but he is only able to do so by shutting his eyes to the main facts, and by standing on a narrow edge of "legality" which he finds in the Constitution. Robert Lee, who had insight, declared that Secession was revolution.

Mr. Greg knows better; it was a legal proceeding, based on the reserved, we might almost say the inalienable rights, of each sovereign State.

But of what use are such contentions when the facts override the contentions? The real strife, from 1820 onwards, was between free labor and slave labor, between free communities and communities based on the enslavement of an alien race. No one in his senses could suppose that the free white myriads pouring into America would submit to see the field of their labor limited. Setting aside altogether the moral question—whether slavery was just or unjust, good or bad, sanctioned or unsanctioned by Scripture—the bare fact that free labor would be predominant in the Union decided the question for the South. The alternative before the slave-owners was to accept the restricted area, and allow slavery to die out or assume some other form; or to fight for its existence, and with its existence, the power to extend the area, not only in order that new lands might be acquired to replace exhausted soil, but in order that the dominant power in the Union, which the slave-owners had managed to secure, should be preserved. "State rights" was a genuine cry in the mouth of a man like Robert Lee; it was only a *cheval de bataille* when employed by a Toombs or a Jefferson Davis. The real exponents of the movement were the Lamars, who tried to revive the slave trade, and William Walker, with his extravagant project of a military confederacy based on slavery.

Mr. Greg never enters into the actual facts which led up to the war, but runs off into barren legal arguments and unmeasured diatribes. The real truth is, that the conflict was "irrepressible," because two antagonistic principles were imprisoned in the same Constitution—freedom and slavery; and as they

were incompatible, no "compromises" could bring them into harmony. Mr. Greg is so angry throughout, that he cannot see the realities, and he goes off into invectives or eulogies suggested by the names of persons. He says, "The temper of the American people is feminine." The word is much abused, but, in a certain sense, we are entitled to say that Mr. Greg's treatment of his great theme betrays a temper which is distinctly like that which he so oddly ascribes to the American people.

Another point of vital historical importance, which is ignored by the author, is the composition of the Democratic Party. In order to dominate, the slave-owners—and the preservation and extension of slavery were by virtue of the position to which they were born, their first thought—had to secure allies in the Free States. That was accomplished by supporting the tariff, which favored Northern manufacturers, and by giving to their confederates a large share of the spoils. Mr. Greg travesties this state of things when he says the Southrons "led" the Union, the Northerners desired to govern it. Leading, predominance, was essential to the preservation of the political position obtained by the slave-owners; they governed just as much and as little as any other set of politicians. It was only when the position became imperiled by the growth of a free population, that the Southern leaders wisely elected Pierces and Buchanans. The nature of the party disruption, in 1859-60, as narrated by Mr. Greg himself, shows that a point had been reached where the Democrats of the North and West could no longer go with their slave-owning confederates, whose claims grew greater and more imperious year after year. An "impartial historian"—Mr. Greg thinks he is one—would have unfolded this, and defined the causes

which brought on the terrible strife, and would not have fastened on legal subtleties, or plunged headlong into violent personal attacks, and the wholesale indictment of free communities.

We can only deal in generalities, because so much space would be needed to show up any special example of distortion, not intentional, but distortion springing out of the quenchless feeling of disappointment and anger which flames through these pages. It need hardly be said that the military narratives are mere partisan sketches, without any merit whatever from a military point of view, and calculated to give the reader a false impression of the campaigns. It is not necessary to enter into any controversy with Mr. Greg to prove that General Grant had at least some soldierlike ability, and displayed it even in the last campaign; nor is it in the least needful to occupy space in showing that the Northern and Western soldiers were not dolts and cowards who prevailed by mere "brute force." The Confederate Generals themselves have answered Mr. Greg's illiberal strictures, and General Lee's conduct in 1864-65 proved that he knew he had a worthy opponent in General Grant, one with whom he could not take liberties. The book, however, is ably, sometimes powerfully, and always furiously written; but it is of no value as a "history," and can only rank among the purely polemical works on the great theme.—*The Spectator*.

THE FIGHT AT OTTERBURN.

AUGUST 12, 1888.

[The Earl of Home, the present inheritor of the Douglas estates, has caused to be erected a noble monument to his ancestors, in the *Douglas Book*, prepared by William Fraser, LL. D. This work, in four sumptuous quarto volumes, was printed last year.

private circulation, and few readers on this side of the Atlantic will ever see it. From this *Douglas Book* we extract the story of the Battle of Otterburn, rendered famous for all time by the ballad entitled "Chevy Chase."—
ED. LIB. MAG.]

The evening was well advanced, when the English came in sight of the camp where the Scots, not expecting an attack so late in the day, were resting, some at supper, others asleep. Yet they were not altogether unprepared, as their plan of action had been arranged in case of a sudden attack, a piece of forethought on which Froissart bestows much praise. In the hurry of arming when the first onslaught was made, and the war cry of "Percy! Percy!" rang through the camp, it is said part of Douglas's armor was left unfastened, and the Earl of Moray fought all night without his helmet. The Scots were fortunately favored by a mistake made by the English in their attack. Percy and his men reached the neighborhood of the Scottish camp unnoticed in the gathering shades of evening, and halted, it is believed, on a rising ground which lay to the left of the camp, toward Newcastle, where arrangements for the onset were made, as Sir Henry Percy ("Hotspur") resolved to lose no time, not even to rest his followers. He detached a small force under Sir Thomas Umfraville and his brother to pass on his own right to the northward of the Scots and cut off their retreat, or to attack the Scots in rear while they were engaged with Percy. Sir Henry Percy then led the main body over the rising ground, straight toward the entrance to the camp, which, as already stated, was on the eastern side, where also the plunder was piled and the servants were lodged, whose huts, in the twilight, the English mistook for those of their masters. This delayed them, for not only was the camp well fortified, but the servants

made a stout defence, and as the alarm and the English war cries sounded over the camp, Douglas and his fellow leaders had time to make their dispositions for resistance.

The first move was to dispatch a body of infantry to the aid of the servants to keep the English engaged. The rest of the Scots ranged themselves under their three principal leaders, who each knew what to do. The English soon drove back the servants, but as they forced their way further into the camp they found themselves still steadily opposed. In the meantime a large body of the Scots, under the Earl of Douglas, left the camp in silence, drew off toward a rising ground on the northward, and marching rapidly round, fell suddenly on the flank of the English, with shouts of "Douglas! Douglas!" This unexpected attack, made, as Wytown asserts, by no fewer than twelve displayed banners, disconcerted the English; but they rallied bravely, and formed into better order. The war cries of the leaders now-resounded on every side, and as the moon was shining the combat increased in intensity.

Froissart, who wrote from the account of eye-witnesses and combatants, says that at the first encounter many on both sides were struck down. The Englishmen kept well together, and fought so fiercely that the Scots were at first driven back. Then the Earl of Douglas advanced his banner, to which the banner of the Percys was soon opposed, and a severe fight raged in which the Scots had rather the worst, and even the Douglas pennon was for a time in danger. Knights and squires, says the historian, were of good courage, and both sides fought valiantly: cowards there had no place. The combatants met so closely that the archers could not use their bows, but the battle was waged by hand-to-hand conflict. The leaders especially were emulous of

victory. When the weight and number of the English made their foes give way, the Earl of Douglas, "of great harte, and hygh of enterprise," seized his battleaxe, or, according to some, a heavy mace with both hands, and rushed into the thick of the fight. Here he made way for himself in such manner that none dare approach him, and went forward "like a hardy Hector wyllynge alone to conquare the felde, and to dyscomfyte his enemyes." He was well supported by his followers, who, inspired by the prowess of their noble leader, pressed upon and forced back the English, though fighting was difficult in the dim light. At last, the Earl was encountered by three spears at once: one struck him on the shoulder, another on the breast "and the stroke glented down to his belly." The third spear struck him on the thigh, and sore hurt with all three wounds, the hero was by sheer force borne down to the ground. As he fell he was struck on the head with an axe, and round his body the press was so great that no aid could be given to him, while a large number of the English in retreat marched over him.

Fortunately, when the Earl was struck down, his rank and identity were unrecognised by the English, or the issue of the conflict might have been very different. The English falling back, those Scottish knights who had closely followed Douglas came up to the spot where their leader had fallen. Beside him lay one of his personal attendants, Sir Robert Hart, while the Earl's chaplain, Richard Lundie, defended the body of the prostrate hero. The Earl's kinsman, Sir James Lindsay, with Sir John and Sir Walter Sinclair, were the first to reach their chief. The scene which followed is one of the most affecting in the annals of chivalry. When asked how he did, the dying Earl replied, "Right evil; yet, thank

God, but few of my ancestors have died in their beds, I am dying, for my heart grows faint, but I pray you to avenge me. Raise my banner, which lyeth near me on the ground; shew my state neither to friend or foe, lest mine enemies rejoice and my friends be discomfited." So saying, the Earl expired, with his war cry sounding in his ears, as Sir John Sinclair raised the fallen pennon, and his friends renewed the fight, first covering their leader's body with a mantle.

Obeying the last words of the brave Douglas, his friend shouted his name with increased energy, as if he were still in the forefront of the fray. They pressed upon the foe with vigor, being reinforced by the Earl of Moray and his men, who, attracted by the shouts of "Douglas!" "Douglas!" rallied to the cry, and so stoutly did the Scots follow the banner of the slain Earl, that the English were driven back far beyond where his body lay. And, this indeed, was the last charge, and virtually decided the contest in favor of the Scots, as the English, tired with their long journey from Newcastle, though they had fought valiantly, now began to break their ranks, and in a short time were in full retreat. In another part of the field also, the strenuous efforts of the Earls of March and Moray had turned the tide of conquest, and Sir Ralph Percy was a prisoner.

Froissart states that of the English about one thousand and forty were taken or slain on the field, and upwards of eight hundred in the pursuit, while more than a thousand were wounded. The Scots, he says, had one hundred slain, and two hundred made prisoners, the latter chiefly because of their impetuosity in pursuit. The number of prisoners taken by the Scots was very great, and the amount of their ransoms equaled 200,000 francs. But the rejoicing on this account, and be-

cause of the victory, was greatly mingled with sorrow at the death of the Earl of Douglas. His body was placed on a bier, and borne on the second day after the battle to the Abbey of Melrose. There his funeral obsequies were performed with due ceremony two days later, and he was buried under a tomb of stone, over which his banner was left to wave.

THE WORKS OF JOHN FISKE.

Mr. Fiske may justly be claimed as the most popular philosophical writer America has produced. It is doubtful, indeed, whether the writings of any other philosopher have ever commanded so large a circle of readers in so short a space of time. The *Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy* consists of two substantial volumes containing in all over a thousand closely printed octavo pages, and though but twelve years old, it has run through no fewer than seven editions and has recently been issued again. This, so far as we know, is unprecedented and says much both for the present position and future prospects of philosophical studies in America, as well as for the ability of Mr. Fiske as a writer and philosopher.

Systems of philosophy and expositions of the profound problems with which philosophy deals appeal as a rule to a very select few, but it would appear that in America the number of persons who are interested in the teachings of philosophy and who have the patience to follow any serious and intelligent effort to set forth its doctrines, is very considerable and that Mr. Fiske has won their sympathies and obtained their suffrages. Nor is the popularity of his writings at all undeserved. A more attractive writer on matters philosophical, a fairer dis-

putant, a keener critic, or a more lucid expositor, is rarely met with. His works too are as remarkable for their literary and artistic merits as they are for their intellectual or purely philosophical. He is as skillful in building up his own thoughts and in setting them forth as he is in dissecting those of others, or in detecting their bearing, or pointing out their fallacies. Now and then, too, his pages are marked by the purest eloquence, while the fertility and suggestiveness of his illustrations, his fresh and wise enthusiasm, and the aptness and beauty of the language in which he clothes his thoughts, entitle much that he has written to a foremost place in the literature of the English speaking races.

The subjects of which he treats in the eight volumes before us are of the greatest variety, from the speculations of Mr. Spencer, M. Comte, and Mr. Harrison to the lucubration of M. Figuiet in *The To-morrow of Death*, and from the origin of matter and man to Athenian and American Society. In dealing with so large a variety of subjects it need not surprise us if here and there we meet with inequalities or defectiveness of treatment. Among the miscellaneous papers some are scarcely deserving of the position assigned to them. Those on "the Christ of History" and "the Christ of Dogma" are crude and immature, and display too obvious a leaning to the speculations of Strauss and the Tubingen School, and too little of that sagacity and independence of thought which form so striking a characteristic of the greater part of their author's writings. The essay on M. Figuiet's foolish volume, while interesting and amusing in itself, serves to perpetuate the memory of a book which cannot be too soon buried in oblivion. On the other hand the papers on the *Unseen Universe*, to mention no others, are

excellent specimens of acute criticism. *Myths and Myth-makers* is a charming volume, and along with the papers on "Our Aryan Forefathers," "What we learn from old Aryan Words," and "Was there a Primæval Mother Tongue?" proves that Mr. Fiske is quite as much at home in discussing questions of Folk-lore and Comparative Philology as in dealing with the problems of philosophy. The essay on Mr. Gladstone's almost forgotten *Juventus Mundi* is worth reading if only to see how differently the subject may be treated.

But Mr. Fiske is undoubtedly strongest as a philosopher and speculative, or if the reader chooses, scientific theologian. Here he is a thorough going evolutionist. As an expositor of Mr. Spencer's system he is without a rival. Under his marvelously skillful treatment the doctrines and principles of the theory of evolution, their bearings and applications, acquire an attractiveness and a luminosity with which Mr. Spencer himself has not been able to invest them. Mr. Spencer's works are more voluminous and for philosophical study perhaps superior; but for the general reader, for those who wish for a ready means of acquiring a clear and accurate conception of the doctrine of evolution and its bearing upon the great problems of thought and life, and even for the student desirous of preparing himself for the full appreciation of the works of Mr. Fiske's master in philosophy, we know nothing better than the two volumes of the *Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy*, and nothing equal to them. These volumes, too, contain a brilliant exposition and refutation of M. Comte's Positivism and of the position taken up by his followers, more especially by Mr. Harrison, in respect to religion.

It must not be supposed however that

Mr. Fiske is merely an expositor of the thoughts or systems of others, or that he is nothing more than a versatile critic. His own contributions to philosophy are considerable. His chapters on the Genesis of Man, Intellectually and Morally, in which he sets forth his theory of the influence of prolonged infancy upon social development, are a decided addition to the development theory and contain the solution of one of the most perplexing questions. In the last part of the *Cosmic Philosophy* he comes near another. More than any writer we have met with, he seems to be conscious that the ultimate goal of the Synthetic Philosophy is and must be a Science of God, notwithstanding his unwise clinging to the term "the Unknowable" as a designation of the Deity.

We have said enough however to show our appreciation of Mr. Fiske's worth as a philosopher and a writer, and though we must not be held as agreeing with all that he has said, we shall have done our readers a service if we have succeeded in directing their attention to his volumes. The solid merits which have gained for them their popularity in America can scarcely fail to gain for them an equally wide popularity here.—*Scottish Review*.

M. PAUL DE LA SAINT-VICTOR.

Different literary men have different methods of composition. M. Théophile Gautier, like the poet of society, could "reel it off for hours together." But he was so bored by the daily round, the common task, that he used three inks—red, black, and blue—promising himself a little treat, and saying, "Now, when you have finished this page, you shall have a turn at the red ink." He added, "That helps me to

cheat the tedium of putting black on white forever." M. Paul de Saint-Victor, on the other hand, at least according to M. Alidor Delzant, wrote in a very odd way. *He* did not reel it off. When he had to "do" a new play he collected, very properly, all the books bearing on the subject. Then he took a sheet of paper and threw on to that phrases, and "mots-images," separated by spaces of blank. Then into these blanks he introduced other words that seemed necessary for the harmony of the sentence, and finally he packed it all up in his article and went to press.

This is such a novel way of writing an essay that we have determined to try how it works. Let us suppose that the subject is the play of *Dandy Dick* at the Court. The first duty is negative—namely, to say as little as may be about the play. The play is *not* the thing in the criticisms of M. Paul de Saint-Victor, which, therefore, have no mere temporary interest, but bear republication in *Hommes et Dieux Anciens et Modernes*.

With these explanations let us start. There is a horse in the play. The critic will therefore write about the Horse—about anything rather than *Dandy Dick*. He now takes a sheet of paper, and puts down *mots-images*. If the result reminds any one of the conversation of Mr. Jingle, that is not our fault.

The Horse. . . . Noble animal. . . . Man the proudest conquest of the Horse (Buffon) Horse in Aryan sculptures. . . . Neck cut out in Thunder. . . . White Horses of Rhesus. . . . Lightning. . . . Horse of Achilles speaks. . . . Ass of Balaam. . . . Semitic and Aryan genius . . . Donkey and Horse, not to be yoked together. . . . Modern spirit yokes them. . . . No donkeys in Elgin Marbles. . . . Beautiful Young Men. . . . Shakespeare, *Gollop opace yee four-y-footed steeds* Horse aristocratic. . . . Donkey not The Count and the Costermonger. . . . France and England. . . . Conclusion.

This preliminary canter being over, the author writes in a few words full of melody and charm, say "amaranthine," "iridescent," "magnanimous," "Mesopotamia," "epical," "lyrical," and the like. Then he fastens up his parcel, and we have the *feuilleton*, which follows, rather shortened.

DANDY DICK.

Even in the dusty and flaring precincts of a theatre of the Boulevard how proudly, how chivalrously rings that old Aryan word, *horse*. Our far-off ancestors, in the sultry table-land of Frangipani, already called him "a noble animal." Before this haughty quadruped man has bowed himself, and Buffon was inspired when he wrote that Man is the proudest conquest of the horse. History rings with his neighing and echoes with the clamor of his flying feet. His neck is clothed in thunder, *in tonitru vestita cervix*: and all the empty spaces of the past resound with the din that Ennius knew,

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.

Wheresoever he canters he carries conquest and conquerors. The carved portals of Assyria knew his triumph; Mesopotamia waxes one hour from her secular beatitude, and fain would stake her staters on him at starting price. Through the midnight of the Iliad, when men are asleep, the white horses of Rhesus pass like lightning through the thunder cloud. The gods deign to love in the equestrian guise, and from the gods are sprung the horses of Achilles, Xanthus, and Balius, "from Eld and Death exempted." In Homer the proud beast even speaks, *et même il parle bien*, but the Erinyes gag his utterance. Greece adored the limit, knew where to draw the line. Among the tamer Semites the horse is hardly known, and the Princes ride on Asses. To the prophet it was no wind-footed horse, but an Ass that spoke, nor did the Erinyes balk him of his utterance. The Horse, the Ass! They are the children of Japhet, *genus audax Japeti*, and, on the other hand, the plodding sons of Shem, who, less audacious, mount the donkey. The Legislator forbade the yoking together of horse and ass; but the modern spirit would unite, in an incongruous team, the Semite genius and the Aryan. Vain endeavor! Ahab fell from his horse-drawn chariot; the Jew is no sportsman. In the illustrious works of Phidias

there are no asses, his beautiful ephebi dominate such chargers as pranced through William's dreams when he wrote *Gollop opace yee four-y-footed steeds*. The Horse is an aristocrat, the knight was disgraced who drove in a cart, like Launcelot, instead of striding the saddle. France is the knight; England is the Gig-man, the dog-cart man. They cannot understand each other. We are the Count, they are the Costermonger.

The system seems, at all events, an easy system. But, in spite of his method, if it really was his method, and in spite of his extraordinary way of spelling English, M. Paul de Saint-Victor was a most distinguished and original writer.—*Saturday Review*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

SOME SLASHING CRITICISMS.—The London *Saturday Review* is never chary in its criticisms upon authors who do not happen to find favor in its eyes. Thus respecting Mr. William D. Howells' novel *The Minister's Charge* the *Saturday Review* says:—

"Mr. W. D. Howells is well known to hold a poor opinion of English novelists, and, indeed, of most other English men and things. This should not prevent Englishmen from treating him with candor, and it must be candidly admitted that he moulds his performance in accordance with his principles sufficiently to write novels of a different sort from those which, as a critic, he has felt it his duty to condemn. The aim of the old-fashioned masters of English fiction has been, in a general way, to write novels which it shall be interesting to read. This feature in their work Mr. Howells has striven not to imitate. He has enjoyed a reasonable measure of success, and his success has seldom been more complete than in *The Minister's Charge*. Of course there are many ways of interesting. The misguiding George Eliot sought to interest by being a little difficult, and making her romances contribute to the solution of serious questions of ethics, and occasionally of metaphysics, to say nothing of incidental excursions into physiology and psychology. The deluded Thackeray wrote stories in which remarkable events occurred in the fictitious lives of persons who satirically illustrated the qualities and foibles of upper-middle-class society in London. The abject Dickens was

alternately funny and sentimental. By these different methods the thoughtful, the worldly, and the frivolous were respectively entertained. Mr. Howells triumphantly avoids all these and all other ways of interesting anybody."

Mr. Thomas Purnell has put forth *The Lady Drusilla: a Psychological Romance* which, according to the *Saturday Review*, is—

"A weird story in one volume of a man with presentiments. They are very bad cues, because one haunts him twice in every twenty-four hours, at noon and midnight, and the other apparently pursues him continually. They came true. The story contains a good murder, a remarkably thrilling tale of an old lunatic, with a ghostly story of a midnight drive, and a decidedly powerful experience of being lost in a cave with a skeleton. It is a slight piece of work, but excellently adapted for about the space of two pipes before going to bed."

The Hon. Mrs. Henry Chetwynd's new novel *Sara* receives a long notice commencing thus:

"If it is a laborious and ungrateful task to write in exceptionally sloppy English a story which will not flow, and which is excessively tiresome to read, then Mrs. Chetwynd deserves the utmost commiseration. Sarah was a fine woman, with splendid red hair, and a high color, and was as stupid, and morally and mentally unattractive as it is possible for a fine woman to be. She married Sir Basil Fairlie, who was a sort of combination of all the actually existing eminent persons who, not being members of the House of Commons, write letters to the *Times* upon questions of general interest."

GREG'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES
—Mr. Percy Greg is not at all satisfied with the critique upon his *History of the United States*, in the London *Spectator*, which is reprinted in the present number of *THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE*. He writes to the *Spectator* as follows:—

"When you call me a defender of slavery—after I tell you that the South thinks its removal worth all it has cost—when you say I think everything Northern bad—I, who drew a thoroughly sympathetic portrait of Hamilton of New York, the ultra-Federalist, and the reverse of Jefferson, the Democratic idol—when you untruly accuse me of imputing cowardice to the Northern soldiery, and so forth, you can hardly help feeling, on reflection, that you have been fighting with a poisoned blade. Had the Northern—and especially North-Eastern—troops been equal to

the South, the war could not have lasted two years."

CASTLE DANGEROUS.—The latest and one of the poorest of the novels of Sir Walter Scott, is founded upon a legend which is thus told by Mr. Fraser in *The Douglas Book*:—

"The story is told of a wealthy heiress of noble English birth, beset with suitors, assembling them all at a festivity, and a minstrel having sung the deeds of the redoubtable Douglas in his own lands, and the danger of holding such a hazardous but honorable post as Douglas Castle, she openly declared her intention to bestow her hand upon the knight who should hold it for a year and a day in the interest of the King of England. Of all the knights who surrounded the table only one, Sir John de Wanton, was found brave enough to accept the conditions. His offers to hold the post were accepted, and he it was who at this time was in command of Douglas Castle, with a stronger garrison than any of his predecessors.

"Understanding that the castle was not over-well stocked with supplies, Douglas conceived a stratagem whereby he might draw out the governor with his troops into an ambush, and then overthrow them. On the morning of a great fair day at Lanark, after placing his men in ambush at a convenient spot, he instructed fourteen of them to fill sacks with grass, throw them over the back of their horses, and, concealing their armor under countrymen's frock's, to drive their beasts past the castle as if they were traders on their way to market. The passage of the large cavalcade with provender so much needed by the garrison was reported to Sir John de Wanton, who at once ordered his men to start in pursuit, and rode at their head. They passed, the ambuscade unheeded, and drew near their supposed prize, when suddenly the sacks were thrown away, the rustic garments followed, and Douglas's men leaping on their horses, the English were confronted with a body of well-armed and resolute warriors. Sir John de Wanton at once attempted retreat to the castle, but only turned to find himself beset on all sides, and in the struggle which ensued the garrison were overpowered, and nearly all slain, with their commander. On his dead body, it is said, was discovered a letter from the lady in the hope of whose hand and heart he had accepted his fatal post. Douglas next proceeded to the castle, which was yielded up to him. On their surrender he not only spared the lives of

the English soldiers who had remained there during the affray, but dismissed them with marks of kindness to their own country. On this occasion Douglas razed the castle to the ground."

POPULATION OF THE GRÆCO ROMAN WORLD.—Dr. Julius Beloch has recently put forth at Leipzig a treatise upon this subject, of which Mr. Franklin T. Richards writes in the *London Academy*:—

"Dr. Beloch's immense collection of facts, various and well arranged, imparts a human interest even to tables of figures. He shows great modesty in pointing out the necessary uncertainty of his results, and in allowing a very large margin for error; but he is confident that the ancient population of the Mediterranean countries (except Egypt) has been greatly over-estimated. The population of Rome itself he is content to reckon at about 850,000 in the year 5 B.C. Italy, somewhat later, had, he computes, some 4,500,000 free inhabitants; whereas Hermann Schiller has quite lately rated it at 14 to 17,000,000; a difference of opinion sufficient to make an impartial reader hesitate or even despair."

NOVELS, GOOD, BAD, AND INDIFFERENT.—The *Athenæ* in commenting upon the batch of novels issued in the last week of January says, by way of prelude:—

"Week by week does the flood of fiction come in upon us in a never-failing stream. Yet, as regards the main body of English readers, so entirely has the novel supplanted all other forms of imaginative literature that the demand for fairly readable stories of every variety seems to be as vigorous as ever. We say fairly readable stories; for, of course, all the novels sent out by the publishers within any given year must be finally divisible into four classes: 1, Good stories of striking incident; 2, Good stories of ordinary incident; 3, Bad stories of striking incident; 4, Bad stories of ordinary incident. The denoting difference between class 1 and class 3 is the same as the denoting difference between class 2 and class 4, that is to say in good work the incidents are adequately rendered, in bad work they are inadequately rendered. But inasmuch as the teller of a story of striking incident must often be compelled by the exigencies of structure to depict what he has never seen, he is manifestly more severely handicapped than his brother artist the realist, who never has any call to depart from his own experience, be it narrow or wide."

EARTHQUAKES.

The earthquake shocks which have recently occurred in America and Greece, and the great volcanic eruption in New Zealand, have served to keep the subject vividly before us during many months past, and have perhaps created in some alarmist minds an ungrounded expectation that the earth is about to enter on a new period of plutonic activity. It is natural then to ask at the present time what is an earthquake, and what are its causes. Notwithstanding the necessary incompleteness in the answers which can be given to these questions, yet a good deal more is known than appears to be the common property of newspaper writers. The object of the present article is to give a rough sketch of the present state of knowledge in this complicated subject.

Although history abounds with more or less complete account of earthquakes, it is remarkable that hardly ten years have yet elapsed since an accurate record was first obtained of what actually occurs during an earthquake. The combination of circumstances is curious, by which a knot of Scotch students, working in Japan, has secured so considerable an advance in seismology. The incessant, but usually non-destructive earthquakes by which Japan is visited, the strange Japanese renaissance, and the importation of foreign professors, thoroughly trained at the Scotch Universities in an accurate perception of mechanical principles, are the three factors which have co-operated to bring about this result.

The Scoto-Japanese professors, of whom the most eminent are Ewing, Gray, and Milne, have studied their subject with admirable persistence, and have by their ingenuity placed seismologists in possession of instruments by which the motion of the ground during

an earthquake is recorded on an accurate scale of time. Such instruments are called seismographs, or recording seismometers. During an earthquake the ground and all that is fixed, to move together, and at first sight it seems impossible to get anything to stay still during the vibration. An exact description of a scientific instrument would be out of place here, but a general notion of these seismographs may be easily grasped.

The horizontal pendulum of Zöllner, and a suggestion of Chaplin (also a professor in Japan), are the sources from which "the horizontal pendulum seismograph" of Ewing originated. The principles according to which it is constructed may be explained as follows: If we consider an open door which can swing on its hinges, and imagine that a sudden horizontal movement is given to the doorpost, at right angles to the position in which the door is hanging, then it is clear that the outer edge of the door will begin to move with a sort of recoil in the direction opposite to that of the movement imparted to the doorpost. Since the doorpost moves in one direction, whilst the edge of the door recoils, somewhere in the door there is a vertical line which remains still. The exact position of this line depends on the proportion which the amount of the recoil of the outer edge bears to the direct motion of the doorpost. Now, if the sudden movement is imparted to the doorpost by means of the floor to which it is attached, it is clear that a pencil attached to the door at this vertical line will write on the floor the displacement of the doorpost, notwithstanding that the floor has moved. If next we suppose that there are two such doors hanging at right angles to one another from the same doorpost, and that a sudden horizontal movement *in any direction* is given to the floor, each pencil will write on the

floor that part of the movement which was at right angles to its door. Lastly, if the floor or surface on which the record is written is kept moving uniformly by clockwork we obtain also a register in time as well as space.

But in an earthquake the surface of the earth undergoes also a vertical movement which has to be recorded. The principle by which an instrument may be constructed to attain this end is as follows:—If a weight hangs by a long elastic cord, so that when set dancing up and down it oscillates very slowly, then when a sudden jerk is given to the point of support, the weight will for a moment stand almost stationary, and a pencil attached to it may write its record on a surface fastened to the part jerked. This idea has been utilized in the construction of a vertical seismograph, but various important modifications have been introduced for the purpose of annulling the spontaneous dance of the weight after the shock has occurred.

I make no attempt to apportion the credit amongst the several inventors of these instruments. The men mentioned have played the leading parts, and the work of all seems to be thorough and sound.

It will undoubtedly serve to give an impulse to this science that henceforth the intending observer need not waste time in devising and constructing instruments, but can purchase the complete equipment of a seismological observatory, recommended by Ewing, and may begin with these. Many other instruments have been used for the observation of earthquakes, and amongst the best are those of Bertelli, Rossi, and Palmieri. An instrument which tells only that there has been a shock, without making a record of the nature of the movement, is called a seismoscope. Some of the Italian instruments are seismoscopes, which, however,

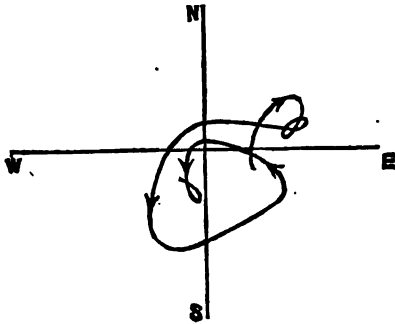
give an approximate idea of the severity and direction of vibration, and others claim to be accurate seismographs or seismometers. But I do not think that any of them can compete with the instruments described in outline above.

And what do recording instruments tell us of the actual occurrences during an earthquake?

"They show," writes Ewing, in the *Memoirs of the Science Department of the University of Tokio*, No. 9, 1883, "that, as observed at a station on the surface of the earth, an earthquake consists of a very large number of successive vibrations—in some cases as many as three hundred have been distinctly registered. They are irregular both in period and amplitude, and the amplitude does not exceed a few millimetres [a millimetre is one twenty-fifth of an inch], even when the earthquake is of sufficient severity to throw down chimneys and crack walls, while in many instances the greatest motion is no more than the fraction of a millimetre. The periods of the principal motions are usually from half a second to a second but . . . the early part of the disturbance often contains vibrations of much greater frequency. The earthquake generally begins and always ends very gradually, and it is a noteworthy fact that there is in general no one motion standing out from the rest as greatly larger than those which precede and follow it. The direction of motion varies irregularly during the disturbance—so much so, that in a protracted shock the horizontal movements at a single station occur in all possible azimuths [that is to say to all points of the compass]. The duration—that is to say, the time during which the shaking lasts at any one point—is rarely less than one minute, often two or three, and in one case in the writer's experience was as much as twelve minutes."

The horizontal path pursued, in an actual earthquake at Tokio on March 8th, 1881, by the part of the recording instrument which was fixed to the ground, is shown in the annexed figure. It is magnified six-fold, and the time occupied from the beginning to the end of this part of the vibration was three seconds. This earthquake, although alarming did no damage except to crack a few walls.

It is obvious that when the motion is so complicated, the impressions of people present go for little as compar-



ed with an automatic record. Observers often differ widely amongst themselves as to what was the direction of the prevailing oscillation and, the magnitude of the displacement of the ground is generally much exaggerated. It is true that in some of the great historic earthquakes the displacements are supposed to have been considerable; for example, according to Mallet, in the Neapolitan shock of 1857 it amounted to a foot, and Abella assigns six feet as the amplitude in the Manila earthquake of 1881. But without contesting the accuracy of these estimates, it is safe to say that such displacements are very rare, for, as proved by automatic seismographs, when the motion is as much as a quarter of an inch brick and stone chimneys are generally shattered.

Every railway traveler knows that it is not the steady speed, but the starting and stopping which jars him; that is to say, it is change of velocity by which he is shaken. The misconception of an observer in an earthquake arises from the fact that the sensation of being tossed about comes from the change of velocity to which he is subjected, rather than from the extent of his displacement. Now the greatest change per second of velocity may be

considerable in a vibration, whilst the amplitude is small.

The force of gravity is the most familiar example of a change per second of velocity, for in each second the velocity of a falling body is augmented by a velocity of 32 feet a second. Ewing appears to have been the first to think comparing the greatest change per second of velocity in an earthquake with gravity. Thus at Tokio, on March 12, 1882, walls were cracked and chimneys knocked over, and in this shock the greatest change per second of velocity may be expressed by the phrase one thirty-fifth of gravity; in other words, the greatest change per second of velocity was $\frac{1}{35}$ of a foot per second. This conclusion enables us also to illustrate the mechanical consequences of the shock in another way; for if a wall 35 feet high leans over, so that the top brick projects a foot beyond the bottom brick, the forces tending to upset the wall are the same as those which occurred in this earthquake.

No great shock has ever yet been recorded by automatic instruments, and it is not unlikely that in these great disasters the instruments would be thrown out of gear, and no record would be obtained. Thus earthquakes which only work a moderate amount of destruction are the most favorable for scientific observation.

Since the oscillations at any one spot are usually in all sorts of directions, it is impossible, from observation at a single place, to form a sound opinion as to position of the origin of the disturbance. Much information useful for the study of vibrations and of the laws of their decrease with increasing distance, has resulted from a laborious series of experiments made by Milne at Tokio. Artificial earthquakes were produced by the explosion of gun-cotton in holes in the ground, and by the

fall of heavy weights, and the records at various distances from the origin were obtained.

From theoretical considerations, confirmed by these experiments, it is established that earthquake waves consist of oscillations of two kinds, namely, waves or vibrations of compression, and of distortion. In the first kind the motion of each particle of the ground is to and fro in the direction in which the wave is traveling; and in the second kind the excursions are at right angles to the direction of wave propagation. As the former vibrations travel more rapidly than the latter, all the compressional waves may have passed a given station before the arrival of the distortional waves, and thus the shock may be apparently duplicated. Or, nearer to the origin, the two series will overlap, and a complex movement ensues, such as that exhibited in the preceding figure. The phenomena are further complicated by frequent reflections and refractions, as the wave passes from one geological stratum to another. The rate at which these waves travel depends on the nature of the rock through which the movement passes: velocities ranging from a mile per second to five miles per second are usual.

The destructive effects of earthquakes on buildings are notorious, and it is unnecessary to describe them here. By an examination of ruined buildings a competent observer is often able to obtain a good deal of information as to the nature of the shock. Thus Mallet visited the towns destroyed by the Neapolitan earthquake of 1857, and, by a very careful consideration of the fractures in walls and other damage, was able to draw a number of interesting conclusions as to the directions and amplitudes of the principal vibrations and as to the site of the center of disturbance.

Architects should be able, by an adherence to sound mechanical principles, to construct buildings which should stand against all but the severest shocks, and much has already been done in this way. Where a choice for the site of an intended building is possible, the most important consideration is that it should be where there has been the greatest immunity from vibration on previous occasions, for even within a very small area, different spots are very differently affected. In most regions there is only a single important center whence earthquakes originate, and the safe-places are situated in what may be called earthquake-shadow for the prevalent vibrations. For just as a high wall, a hill, or a railway cutting often completely cuts off sounds by forming a sound-shadow, so a ravine or some arrangement of the geological formation may afford earthquake-shadow for particular places.

It is not in general possible to pick out the favorable sites by mere inspection, for the distribution of vibration is often apparently capricious. Thus Milne tells us of a princely mansion at Tokio "which has so great a reputation for the severity of the shakings it receives, that its marketable value has been considerably depreciated, and it is now untenanted." In a town which is frequently shaken there is no need to wait long to carry out a rough survey with seismographs, and thus to obtain an idea of the relative shakiness of the various parts. If such a survey is impossible, it is best to avoid as the site for building a loose soil, such as gravel, resting on harder strata, and the edge of a scarp or bluff, or the foot of similar eminences.

The same capriciousness of distribution which is observable on a small scale is found to hold on a large scale when we consider the distribution of earthquakes throughout a whole coun-

try. Regions subject to earthquakes, or seismic areas, appear to have fairly definite boundaries, which remain constant for long periods. For example, in Japan earthquakes are rarely felt on the western side of the central range of mountains.

The search for the actual point whence the earthquake originated is one of the most interesting branches of the science. In order to trace the earthquakes in a country to their origin, the places of observation should not be chosen where there is comparative immunity from shaking. Thus a seismic survey is necessary, and the limits of the seismic areas will be discovered in the course of it. Milne commenced his survey of Japan, by sending to the local government offices in the important towns, distant from 30 to 100 miles from Tokio, packets of post-cards, one of which was to be returned to him at the end of each week with a record of the shocks which had been felt. "The barricade of post-cards was then extended farther northward, with the result of surrounding the origin of certain shocks amongst the mountains, whilst others were traced to the sea-shore. By systematically pursuing earthquakes, it was seen that many shocks had their origin beneath the sea, . . . but it was seldom that they crossed through the mountains forming the backbone of the island." When the country had been thus mapped out, it was possible to choose the most advantageous sites for the observatories.

It would carry us too far into technical matters to describe the method of searching into the bowels of the earth for the actual point of disturbance. It must here suffice to say that if a shock be accurately timed at various places, and if the approximately circular ring where it was most severe be determined, it is possible to find with

fair accuracy the spots or spots under which it originated and the depth of the earthquake center. Even without accurate time-observations, Mallet was able to show that the Neapolitan shock originated between three and seven miles below the surface. The Yokohama earthquake of 1880 appears to have had its center at a depth of from one and a half to five miles. Notwithstanding that one earthquake has been estimated as originating at a depth of fifty miles, it is probable that in all cases the center of shock is only a few miles below the surface.

The vagueness as to the position which has been assigned for the center of disturbance in the case of particular earthquakes probably depends less on the difficulty of tracing back the vibrations to their origin, than on the fact that the shocks do not usually originate in a single point, but rather along a line of a mile or two in length.

As to the way in which seismic activity is distributed geographically over the earth's surface, certain broad conclusions have been fairly well ascertained. If a map be shaded, so as to represent the frequency of earthquakes, we see that the shading has a tendency to fall into bands or ribbons, which generally follow the steeply sloping shores of continents and islands; and it is probable that the actual origins of the shocks are generally situated under the sea not far from the coast.

It is a further interesting peculiarity that the most important bands fall end to end, so that they may be regarded as a single ribbon embracing nearly half the earth. It may be suspected that this ribbon really meets itself and forms a closed curve, but this cannot be proved as yet. We may begin to trace its course at Cape Horn, whence it follows the Andes along the whole western coast of South America. At the north of that continent it becomes

somewhat broader, but its course is clearly marked along the line of the West Indies from Trinidad to Cuba. Hence it passes to the mainland in Mexico, and then runs along the whole western coast of North America. We then trace the line through the Aleutian Islands to Kamschatka, and thence southward through the Japanese Islands, the Philippines, and the Moluccas to Sumatra and Java. Another branch seems to run from Sumatra, through New Guinea, to New Zealand, and the closed curve may perhaps be completed through the antarctic regions, which are known to be volcanic. Returning to the first branch which we traced as far as Java, to the westward the seismic areas become more patchy and less linear. It may, however, perhaps be maintained that the ribbon runs on through India, Persia, Syria, the Eastern Mediterranean, Greece, and Italy.

This grouping of seismic areas into a ribbon does not comprise all the regions of earthquakes, but it must rather be taken as meaning that there is one great principal line of cracking of the earth's surface. In speaking here of earthquakes, those sensible shocks are meant which are sufficiently severe to damage buildings, for, as will be explained below, there is reason to believe that the whole earth is in a continual state of tremor.

Seismic areas are not absolutely constant in their limits, and cases are known where regions previously quiescent have become disturbed. It seems likely that the recent disastrous earthquake at Charleston, S. C., belongs to West Indian system of seismic activity, but there is no reason to suspect a permanent extension of the West Indian area so as to embrace the Southern States. On the contrary, it is far more probable that this disastrous shock will remain a unique occurrence. The pre-

vious experience of great earthquakes, such as that of Lisbon in the middle of the last century, shows, however, that the inhabitants of Charleston must for the next year or two expect the recurrence of slight shocks, and that the subterranean forces will then lull themselves to sleep again.

With regard to the distribution of earthquakes in time there is no evidence of either decrease or increase within historical periods, and although physical considerations would lead us to suppose that they were more frequent in early geological times, geology at least can furnish no proof that this has been the case.

A great deal has been written on the causes of earthquakes, and many of the suggested theories seem fanciful in the highest degree. It is clear, however, that the primary cause resides in the upper layers of the earth, and that the motive power is either directly or indirectly the internal heat of the earth. The high temperature of the rocks, in those little scratches in the earth's surface which we call mines, proves the existence of abundant energy for the production of any amount of disturbance of the upper layers. It only remains to consider how that energy can be brought to bear. One way is by the slow shrinking of the earth, consequent on its slow cooling. Now the heterogeneity of the upper layers makes it impossible that the shrinkage shall occur with perfect uniformity all round. Thus one part of the surface will go down before another, and as this must usually occur by a cracking and sudden motion, the result will be an earthquake.

The seismic ribbons of which we have spoken are probably lines of weakness along which cracking habitually takes place. Along these lines there are enormous dislocations of the geological strata, and earthquakes are known

to follow lines of faulting. The geologically recent elevation of the Pacific coast of South America is, obviously, from this point of view, connected with the abundance of volcanoes and the frequency of earthquakes along the chain of the Andes.

One would think that the continual ejection of lava and ashes from an active volcano must leave a hollow under the mountain, and that some day the cavern would suddenly collapse. It has, however, been observed that volcanic eruptions and severe earthquakes are to some extent alternatives, so that it seems as though the volcanic vent served as a safety valve for the liberation of the dangerous matter. But the theory of the collapsing cavern must not be wholly rejected, for some disastrous earthquakes affecting only very restricted areas, such as that of Casamicciola in Ischia, are hardly otherwise explicable. In this case Palmieri has attributed the formation of the cavern to evisceration under the town produced by hot mineral springs.

In the theories of which we have just spoken, the internal heat of the earth acts indirectly, by giving to gravitation an opportunity of coming into play. But as in volcanic eruptions enormous quantities of steam are usually emitted, it is probable that the pressure of steam is the force by which the lava and ashes are vomited forth, and that the steam is generated when water has got among hot internal rocks. From this point of view we can understand that an eruption will serve as a protection against earthquakes, and that the centers of disturbance will usually be submarine.

It may on the whole be safely concluded that a diversity of causes are operative, and that some earthquakes are due to one and others to others causes. It would, however, be certainly wrong to look only to the interior of

the earth for the causation of earthquakes, since the statistics of earthquakes clearly point to connections with processes external to the solid earth.

The laborious inquiries of M. Perrey show that there are more earthquakes at the time of full and change of moon than at other times, more when the moon is nearest to the earth and more when she is on the meridian than at the times and seasons when she is not in those positions relatively to the earth. The excess of earthquakes at these times is, however, not great, and an independent investigation of the Japanese earthquakes does not confirm Perrey's results. It is well, therefore, still to hold opinion in suspense on this point. If, however, Perrey's result should be confirmed, we must attribute it to the action of those forces which produce tides in the ocean, and therefore at the same time cause a state of stress in the solid earth.

Then again it is found that earthquakes are indubitably more apt to occur when there is a rapid variation of the pressure of the air, indicated by a rise or fall of the barometer, than in times of barometric quiescence. It is certain that earthquakes in both hemispheres are more frequent in the winter than in the summer; this is probably connected with greater frequency of sudden rises and falls of the barometer at that season. It may, however, be urged against this view that volcanic eruptions are somewhat more frequent in the summer. But whatever be the action of these external processes with regard to earthquakes, it is certain that the connection between the two is merely that of the trigger to the gun. The internal energy stands waiting for its opportunity, and the attraction of the moon or the variation in atmospheric pressure pulls the trigger. Thus the predictions of disaster which

have frequently been made for particular dates must be regarded as futile.

It has long been known that an earthquake is preluded by slight tremors leading by a gradual crescendo to the destructive shocks. But within the last fifteen years it has been discovered that the earth's surface is being continually shaken by tremors, so minute as to remain unsuspected without the intervention of the most delicate instruments. In every country where the experiments has been tried these tremors have been detected, and not merely at certain periods but so incessantly that there is never a second of perfect rest. The earth may fairly be said to tremble like a jelly. The pioneer in this curious discovery was Father Bertelli. His experiments relate only to Italy, but that which has been found true also of England, France, Egypt, Japan, Brazil, and a solitary island in the South Pacific Ocean, probably holds good generally, and we may feel sure that earth-tremors or "microseisms" are not confined to countries habitually visited by the grosser sort of earthquakes.

Almost all our systematic knowledge of microseisms comes from Italy, for a co-operation has been arranged there between many observers with ingenious instruments at their disposal. Besides Bertelli, the most eminent of the observers is Cavaliere Michele de Rossi, who has established at Rome a "Geodynamical Observatory," and has initiated as an organ of publication the *Bulletino del Vulcanismo Italiano*, in whose pages are to be found contributions from Malvasia, Monte, Cecchi, Palmieri, Egidi, Galli, and many others. The literature which has already accumulated on the subject is extensive, and it will only be possible generally to indicate its scope.

The Italians have, of course, occupied themselves largely with earth-

quakes, but in that field their results do not present a great deal that is novel. The instruments in use for the observation of microseisms are scarcely to be classed as perfect seismographs or seismometers, and the minuteness of the movements to be observed no doubt entails especial difficulties. The "normal tromometer" of Bertelli and Rossi is a simple pendulum, about six feet long, with an arrangement for observing the dance of the pendulum-bob with a microscope. With this and other instruments it has been established that the soil of Italy trembles incessantly. The agitation of the pendulum is usually relatively considerable for about ten days at a time; toward the middle of the period it increases in intensity, when there generally ensues an earthquake which can be perceived without instruments; the agitation then subsides. This has been called by Rossi a seismic period or seismic storm. After such storm there ensues a period of a few days of relative quiescence.

The vibration of the pendulum in these storms is in general parallel to neighboring valleys or chains of mountains, and its intensity seems to be independent of wind, rain, and temperature. Care is of course taken not to mistake the tremors due to carts and carriages for microseismic agitation, and it has been found easy to effect this separation. The positions of the sun and moon exercise some influence on these tremors, but the most important concomitance which has been established is that they are especially apt to be intense when the barometer is low.

Microseismic storms are not strictly simultaneous at different places in Italy, but if a curve be constructed to represent the average intensity of agitation during each month, it is found on comparison of the curves for a year—for, say, Rome, Florence, and Leg-

horn—that there is a very close agreement between them.

Rossi has also made some interesting experiments with the microphone on microseisms. In this instrument one electrical conductor is arranged to rest on another at a single point—say, a nail resting on its point on a shilling. One copper wire is attached to the nail and another to the shilling, and an electric current, with an ordinary telephone receiver in the circuit, is then passed through the system. As long as the microphone is still, nothing is heard; but on the occurrence of the very slightest tremor, a noise is audible in the telephone. The instrument can be made so sensitive that a fly may be heard to walk near the microphone with a loud tramp, and a touch with a hair to the nail or to the shilling would sound like the grating of a harsh saw. Rossi placed his microphone on the ground in a cavern sixty feet below the surface, on a lonely part of Rocca di Papa, an extinct volcano not far from Rome, whilst he listened with his telephone at the surface of the earth. He then heard the most extraordinary noises, which, as he says, revealed “natural telluric phenomena.” The sounds he describes as “roarings, explosions occurring isolated or in volleys, and metallic or bell-like sounds.” They all occurred mixed together, and rose and fell in intensity at irregular intervals. He found it impossible by any artificial disturbance to a microphone to produce the greater number of these noises. The microphone is especially sensitive to vertical movements of the soil, whereas the tromometer fails to reveal them. Nevertheless there was more or less concordance between the agitations of the two instruments. In order then to determine the noises corresponding to various kinds of oscillation, he transported his microphone to Palmieri’s Vesuvian ob-

servatory, where mild earthquakes are almost incessant; here he discovered that each class of shock had its characteristic noise. The vertical shocks gave the volleys of musketry and the undulatory shocks the roarings. By a survey with his microphone he concluded that the mountain is divided by lines of approximate stillness into regions where the agitation is great. If a metal plate dusted over with sand is set into vibration by a violin bow rubbing on its edge, all the sand congregates into lines which mark out a pattern on the plate; these lines are nodes, or lines of stillness. It appears then that, when Vesuvius trembles with earthquake shocks, its method of vibration is such that there are nodes of stillness. At the Solfatara of Pozzuoli the sounds were extraordinarily loud; and the prevailing noise could be imitated by placing the microphone on the lid of a boiling kettle. Similar experiments have since been made by Milne in Japan with similar results.

Some years ago my brother Horace and I made some experiments at Cambridge with a pendulum, so arranged as to betray the minutest displacements. It was then but few years since Bertelli and Rossi had begun to observe, we had read no account of their work, and earth-tremors were quite unsuspected by us. Indeed, the object of our experiment—the measurement of the moon’s attraction on a plummet—was altogether frustrated by these disturbances. The pendulum was successfully shielded from the shaking caused by traffic in the town, so that there was no perceptible difference in its behavior in the middle of the night on Sunday, and in the day-time during the week. We were then much surprised to find that the dance of the pendulum (for it was not a regular oscillation) was absolutely incessant. The agitation was more marked at some times

than at others; the relatively large swinging, though absolutely very small, would continue for many days together, and this would be succeeded by a few days of comparative calm. In fact we saw the seismic storms and calms of the Italians. As the instrument was designed for another purpose, and was not quite appropriate for microseismic observation, we did not continue to note it after a month or two. But the substantial identity of the microseisms of England and Italy seems fairly well established.

The causes of these interesting vibrations are as yet but little understood, and it may be hoped that the subject will receive further attention. It seems probable that they are in part true microscopic earthquakes, produced by the seismic forces in the neighborhood. But they are also doubtless due to the reverberation of very distant shocks. It is probable that there is not a minute of time without its earthquake somewhere, and the vibrations may often be transmitted to very great distances. In only a very few cases has it hitherto been possible to identify a tremor with a distant shock, and even then the identification is necessarily rather doubtful. One of the best authenticated of these cases was when M. Nyrèn, an astronomer at St. Petersburg, noticed on May 10 (April 28), 1877, a very abnormal agitation of the levels of his telescope, an hour and fourteen minutes after there had been a very severe shock at Iquique, in Peru.

Astronomers are much troubled by slight changes in the level of the piers of their instruments, and they meet this inconvenience by continually reading their levels and correcting their results accordingly. Of course they also take average results. These troublesome changes are probably earthquakes, with so slow a motion to and fro that the term tremor becomes inap-

propriate. This kind of change has been called a displacement of the vertical, since a plummet moves relatively to the ground. Thus we found at Cambridge that as the pendulum danced it slowly drifted in one direction or the other. There was a fairly regular daily oscillation, but the pendulum would sometimes reverse its expected course, for a few minutes, or for an hour. During the whole time that we were observing, the mean position of the pendulum for the day slowly shifted in one direction; but even after a voyage of six weeks the total change was still excessively small. How far this was a purely local effect and how far general we had no means of determining.

This is a subject which M. d'Abbadie, of the French Institute, has made especially his own. Notwithstanding his systematic observations, carried on during many years in an observatory near the Bay of Biscay, on the French side of the Spanish frontier, hardly anything has been made out as to the laws governing displacements of the vertical. He has, however, been able to show that there is a tendency for deflection of the vertical toward the sea at high tide, but this deflection is frequently masked by other simultaneous changes of unexplained origin.

This result, and the connection between barometric variations and earthquakes and tremors, should make us reflect on the forces which are brought into play by the rise and fall of the tide and of atmospheric pressure. Our very familiarity with these changes may easily blind us to the greatness of the forces which are so produced. The sea rests on the ground, and when the tide is high there is a greater weight to be supported than when it is low. A cubic foot of water weighs 62 lbs.; thus if high-tide be only ten feet higher than low-tide, every square foot of the sea bot-

tom supports 620 lbs. more at high than at low-water; and 620 lbs. to the square foot is nearly eight million tons to the square mile. Again, the barometer ranges through fully two inches, and a pool of mercury two inches deep and a square foot in area weighs 145 lbs.; hence when the barometer is very high every square foot of the earth surface supports about 140 lbs. more than if it is low; and 140 lbs. to the square foot is 1,800,000 tons to the square mile.

Now rocks are not absolutely rigid against flexure, certainly less so than most of the metals, and these enormous weights have to be supported by the rocks. Taking a probable estimate for the elasticity of rocks, I have made some calculations as to the amount of effect that we may expect from this shifting of weights, and I find that it is likely that we are at least three or four inches nearer the earth's center when the barometer is very high than when it is very low. It may be that the incessant straining and unstraining of the earth's surface is partly the cause of earth-tremors, and we can at least understand that these strains may well play the part of the trigger, for precipitating the explosion of the internal seismic forces. The calculations also show that near the sea-coast the soil must be tilted toward the sea at high-water, and that the angle of tilting may be such as could be detected by a delicate instrument like that of M. d'Abbadie.

This breathing of the solid earth seems to afford a wide field for scientific activity. It would be premature to speculate as to how far it will be possible to educe law from what is now chaotic; but it is clear that the co-operation of many observers will be required to separate the purely local from the true terrestrial changes. The directors of astronomical observatories have peculiar facilities for the study of

displacements of the vertical, and it is to be regretted that hitherto most of them have been contented to banish, as far as may be, the troubles caused in their astronomical work by earth-tremors and displacements of the vertical. —PROF. G. H. DARWIN, F. R. S., in *The Fortnightly Review*.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

The London *Quarterly Review* for January to April, has a long and elaborate article upon this great Canadian enterprise. We copy the more important parts of this paper:

Let us now go back six years, [that is to February 17, 1881, when the Canadian Pacific Railway received the Royal Assent, and the Company its charter,] and look at the problem then before the organizers of the new Company. Canada's object was to connect the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans by a railway to be made entirely on Canadian soil. This meant the construction of at least 2500 miles of new line. Of this length, the 650 miles between the upper Ottawa River and Port Arthur lay through a district of which all that was known was its extreme unsuitability for railway construction. The fertility of the great prairie plains, stretching for 900 miles westward from the Red River, was theoretically believed in by few, but was not yet practically demonstrated to the many; while in the West there were three mountain ranges to be crossed, and the dangerous cañons of the British Columbian rivers to be threaded. Through these the three-quarters of a million sterling already spent on surveys had hardly resulted in discovering one feasible line for the passage of the railway to the Pacific.

Any estimate of the cost of construction was necessarily little more than conjectural, while the market value to be set upon the Land Grant, upon which it was expected that so much of the capital needed for the work would be raised, was also problematical.

The conditions of the contract made were, briefly, as follows. The Government were to complete and hand over to the company the lines then under construction, amounting in all to 713 miles, and representing approximately an outlay of \$30,000,000. The remainder of the line between Callendar—a geographical expression for the terminus of the yet unfinished Canada Central Railway—and the Pacific coast, an estimated total of at least 1900 miles, was to be completed by the company before May, 1891. The construction was to be equal to the standard of the Union Pacific road. The subsidy was fixed at \$25,000,000 (£5,000,000 sterling) and 25,000,000 acres of land; each amount to be given to the company in stated proportions to the work done on each section. Materials used in the first construction of the road were to be admitted free of duty. The company's lands, if unsold, were to be free of taxes for twenty years, and its property was to be exempt from taxation. The right of way over lands owned by the Government was to be free. The rates charged by the company were to be exempt from Government interference until the shareholders were in receipt of 10 per cent. on their stock; and for twenty years no competitive lines were to be allowed to cross the American boundary in Manitoba or the North-west Territories.

The Canadian Central Railway not having in 1881 reached Callendar, it was obviously impossible for the new Company to undertake much work beyond that point. Its chief energies

were therefore first directed to the construction of the line from Winnipeg westward. At the outset two decisions of importance were made; first, to adopt a more southern route across the plains and through the mountains than had formerly been advocated; and secondly, to construct the line in a more substantial manner than the contract required. The former decision would, it was calculated, save between 70 and 100 miles in the through distance, but the latter necessitated the abandonment of all the work done by the government beyond Winnipeg, at the time when it was supposed that a "Colonization road" of a cheap character would suffice.

We enter now upon a record of construction that is absolutely without parallel in railway annals. People talk of the "Prairie section" as if the country was as level as a billiard-table, and that little more was required than to lay the rails on the surface of the soil. But those who have been in the North-west know well that, except between Winnipeg and Portage, there is very little level country. The earthwork on this whole section averaged at least 17,000 cubic yards per mile, and the railway was constructed usually high above the ground, so as to avoid as far as possible the risk of snow blocks. Work was commenced in May 1881, and by the close of the season 165 miles had been completed. This rate of progress, however, was not fast enough. So in the spring of 1882, a contract was made with Messrs. Langdon and Shepherd, of St. Paul, to complete the line to Calgary, 839 miles from Winnipeg. But in a country where even the stone and timber for construction, as well as the food for men and horses, had to be brought up from an ever-receding base, it was absolutely necessary that the control of the whole should be centered in one management. To provide for

the sixty different parties employed, to see that each had its requisite materials, and that work in each year was being done up to time, as well as up to the standard, could only be effected by perfect organization.

In the spring of 1882 disastrous floods occurred in the upper Red River, the only route by which supplies could then reach the North-west; and consequently in the three months ending 30th June less than 70 miles were completed. This comparative inactivity was, however, counterbalanced by the work of the next six months, which, at the rate of over 58 miles a month, produced 349 miles of finished railway. In 1883, 376 miles were completed, and this included the gradual ascent of the Rocky Mountains to within four miles of the summit of the pass. The total advance for the three years was 962 miles, exclusive of 66 miles of sidings. The greatest length of mileage laid in one month was 92 miles, in July, 1883; the highest daily average during several weeks was 3.46 miles *per diem* for the eight weeks ending August 5th; and the greatest length laid in one day was 6.38 miles on July 28th in that year.

But dramatic as was the completion of such a length of mileage within three working seasons, the work which had meantime been going on near Lake Superior was no less remarkable. Operations in this case were not confined to the ends of the line, but were carried on at all points to which access could be gained on or from the Lake. From Callendar westward a more favorable route than had been expected was found; and on several long stretches progress was very rapid. But some of the most difficult and expensive work on the line was required along the northern edge of the Lake itself. The amount of rock-cutting was very heavy, and here, as in the Rocky Mountains,

it was found desirable to establish dynamite factories on the spot. It is said that £1,500,000 sterling was expended in dynamite and that \$10,000,000 were laid out on one 90-mile section of road. Even all through the winter of 1884-5 this work went on, some 9,000 men being employed. And well it was for Canada that such energy had been shown and such progress made in that district. The Pacific Railway, though incomplete, enabled the Government to crush Riel's rebellion [in the spring of 1885] promptly. By the time the troops returned in the early summer, the gaps had been finished, and there was a continuous line of rails stretching from Montreal to the summit of the Rocky Mountains.

At the watershed is a lake, from either end of which issues a stream—the outlet of one stream is in the Atlantic, *via* Hudson's Bay, the outlet of the other is in the Pacific. The latter stream, the Kicking Horse River, begins its turbulent course through a cleft of crystalized limestone of extensive hardness, and falls 1,100 feet in three and a half miles. To complete at once the circuitous route by which this descent could be accomplished without exceeding the gradient of 2.2 per 100 feet, which had been decided upon as the maximum to be allowed in the Mountain section, would have delayed the work beyond that point so many months, that it was determined to construct, at the most difficult part, a temporary line on which a very steep gradient would for the time be admitted. This was accordingly done, and not only the construction trains but those for the regular traffic, after the completion of the line, have ever since been so easily and safely worked up and down this heavy gradient, that it seems doubtful if it will ever be necessary to undertake the longer and

easier route. In the 44 miles between the summit of the Rockies and the mouth of the Pass in the valley of the Columbia River, a fall of 2757 feet was accomplished, and in that distance, in addition to other minor streams, the Kicking Horse River was crossed nine times, and, exclusive of tunnels, 1,500,000 cubic yards were excavated, 370,000 of which were of rock. The drilling for this, owing to the impossibility of conveying machinery to the spot, was done by hand. In one part treacherous landslips gave far more trouble than even the hardest rock. It was, therefore, not to be wondered at that by the 18th of June, the permanent way had only been laid 8 miles west of the summit. By the end of the season, however, there was a satisfactory record of 75 miles of finished line, including a very considerable bridge over the Columbia River. . . . By the time the work was, in the spring of 1885, resumed at the mouth of the Beaver River, the line in course of construction by the Government from Port Moody to Savona's Ferry, near Kamloops, was approaching completion. The gap between the two ends was only 220 miles, but two mountain ranges, the Selkirks and the Gold Range, had to be surmounted. . . .

Even to those who had triumphed over the obstacle of the Kicking Horse Pass, the ascent and descent of the Selkirks presented problems that taxed to the utmost the skill and courage of the engineers. . . . Some idea of the length of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the speed of construction may be formed from the fact, that several miles of permanent way yet remained to be laid in the West, when the first train, that was destined to pass from St. Lawrence to the Pacific coast, left Montreal. Steadily westward moved the train, steadily onward from both sides proceeded the work; until

when the locomotive reached a point in the Eagle Pass, not far from the second crossing of the Columbia River, the two parties were found on November 5th, 1885, face to face; and the Canadian Pacific Railway, with the exception of one rail, was an accomplished fact. It is significant of the business-like, unostentatious manner, in which this whole work was accomplished, that, whereas the Northern Pacific celebrated the driving of their "golden spike" by an extravagant excursion, that admittedly cost the company \$175,000, and probably cost them half as much more, the last spike on the Canadian Pacific was driven by Sir Donald Smith, in the presence of not more than a dozen persons besides those who had been actively employed in laying the permanent way. "The last spike," Mr. Van Horne had long before announced, "will be just as good an iron spike as any on the road; and those who want to see it driven will have to pay full fare." There was no banquet, no speech-making in the depths of that British Columbian forest; and, having seen the last rail duly laid, the whole party, it is said, quietly went fishing at the next "likely" stream. . . .

The contract stipulated for the completion of the line by May 31st, 1891. As we have seen, the last rail was laid on November 5, 1885, and a regular through train service commenced on June 28th, 1886, or five years in advance of the specified time. When it is remembered that in the West three mountain ranges were traversed, and that in the East, near Lake Superior, the work for more than 100 miles was one of the utmost difficulty, the construction of more than 2,200 miles of railroad in four years and a half must be regarded as a most wonderful achievement. . . . The three heavy gradiers in the

mountains are all contained within three sections of, say, 20 miles each; a concentration that tends to security and economy in the working. Between Montreal and Winnipeg there is no gradient exceeding 53 feet to the mile; between Winnipeg and a point close to the summit of the Rockies there is but one that exceeds 40 feet. Since July, the schedule time between Montreal and Burrard's Inlet has been 136 hours; soon to be reduced to 120 hours; and this again, when the China and Australian mail service commences, will, we are promised, be reduced to 90 hours, or a through speed of 32 miles an hour.

For making fast time, a comparison between the American and Canadian transcontinental railroads is most markedly in favor of the latter. On the Canadian Pacific, as we have seen, the heavy gradients are all within a short length of line; whereas on the lines in the States they are stretched over hundreds of miles. Then, too, in the summit levels to be reached the Canadian line has an immense advantage. The Northern Pacific passes are respectively 3,940, 5,500, and 5,563 feet above the sea; those on the Union and Central Pacific are 6,160, 7,017, 7,835, and 8,240 feet; while those on the Canadian Pacific are 1,896, 4,306 and 5,296 feet only. In actual distance, also, across the Continent, Canada has a considerable advantage: the distance from Montreal to Vancouver being only 2,905 miles, while from New York to San Francisco it is 3,271 miles.

In July, 1886, as we have seen, Montreal found itself in easy daily communication with the Pacific coast. But neither Canada nor the Railway Company were satisfied to rest there. The St. Lawrence is only available for summer traffic. True, the Grand Trunk connects Montreal with the harbor of Portland, Maine. But it

was deemed essential that the national transcontinental line should have its own independent access to all the Atlantic ports; and especially that the Maritime Provinces of Canada should be brought into closer commercial relations with the rest of the Dominion. To effect this, the Canadian Pacific prepared to bridge the St. Lawrence; and the Government agreed to subsidize a company which undertook, by acquiring such lines as were already available, and by constructing the missing links where needed, to make an almost "Bee line" between Montreal and the head of the Bay of Fundy, round which it was necessary to go to reach Halifax. This "Short Line," or International Railway, is to be completed by the winter of 1886-7, and the effect will be to bring the New Brunswick port of St. John, and the Nova Scotian port of Halifax, 279 and 125 respectively nearer to Montreal than they are by the present Intercolonial Railway route. The Short Line will, of course, as it passes for some 150 miles through the State of Maine, not be available for troops and war-materials; but commerce fortunately can, by sealed cars, and bonding arrangements, afford to disregard political boundaries. . . .

We have said that there is no other railway whose position is so parallel to the Canadian Pacific as to allow of useful comparisons being made between them. But, for whatever they may be worth, we give the following figures. Over a period of nine years the Grand Trunk net earnings averaged \$1,850 per mile. Those of the Great Western of Canada, during six years, \$1,165. The Northern of Canada, during the past four years, \$1,360, and the Northern Pacific, during the twelve months ending Sept. 1886, at the rate of \$2,190 per mile. The Canadian Pacific can pay its fixed charges by earning only \$750 per mile. . . .

The great project, except as regards the extension to the eastern sea board, being now practically complete, Canada has already begun to reap some return for the sacrifices she has made; and we in England may all the more cordially hope that her expectations may be entirely fulfilled, inasmuch as while working for herself, she has also been working in the interests of the mother country. For herself, she has welded that iron band, without which her political system would disintegrate, but the possession of which promises to render permanent a Confederacy occupying a line four thousand miles in length, of which each section is now within touch, by wire and rail, of the rest. The "illimitable possibilities" of the Great North-west, with its millions of acres of land producing abundantly the hardest wheat in the world, are now ready for development. There is no longer any reason why Canada's sons should "go to the States" to make a new start in life, while there is every reason why emigration from our own shores should, in preference to being allowed to drift to New York, be judiciously directed to a land over which the British flag waves, and where, in fourteen days from the date of leaving his old home, the emigrant may be turning the furrow on an estate of 160 acres of good wheat land which, at no cost to himself, is, as children say, "his very own."

The ranching industry in Alberta, for which district American cattle-men are deserting their former holdings further South, is rapidly growing, and, either "on hoof" or in refrigerator cars and steamers, its products will, along with "No. 1 Hard" wheat, soon make their mark in English markets. The eastern foothills of the Rockies are underlaid by vast coal fields, which are already supplying to the settlers on the treeless prairie that cheap fuel, without

which the cultivation of those rich acres would be impossible. For lumber, too, about the future supply of which Americans are, not without reason, becoming anxious, the Canadian Pacific opens new districts near Lake Superior, in Keewatin, and, above all, in British Columbia, whose forests are perhaps the finest in the world. . . . Add to this list the opening of a large reciprocal trade between the Dominion and Australia, and we have the principal results to Canada herself of the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

But there are other and yet more far-reaching results that affect Englishmen all the world over. Whether we regard it in relation to the emigration problem which must so soon be grappled with; or in connection with a possible Imperial Federation; or, lastly, as a contribution to the safety and defence of the Empire at large, we shall find much to interest us in the Canadian Pacific Railway. In order that this may be understood, it will be necessary to show, by a few details, what a revolution in our old-fashioned ideas of geography and routes this young giant is affecting.

Canada has hitherto been content with an ocean service that has landed passengers in Quebec very comfortably in ten or eleven days from Liverpool. But in view of the understood intention of the Imperial Government to subsidize a line of mail steamers on the Pacific between Vancouver and Japan and China, the Dominion Government are now calling for an accelerated Atlantic service, and it seems certain that they will be offered one of a character and speed at least equal to any now running to New York. The result will be that, as Halifax, projecting far into the Atlantic, lies nearer than New York to Queenstown or Plymouth by 600 miles, passengers and mails will be

carried from shore to shore in (say) five days and a half. From Halifax those travelling west to the east will be carried to the Pacific coast in another equally short period, say, eleven days from London to Vancouver

Not only will the passage, between England, Yokohama, and Hong Kong, which now, *via* Brindisi, occupies 40 to 42 and 32 to 35 days, in either case, be reduced to 25 and 31 days respectively.

With its Eastern terminus at Halifax, where is a dockyard and the only Imperial station on the Atlantic coast, and its Western at Vancouver, and coal mines at both, the Canadian Pacific becomes a strategic line of no little importance to the Empire. Vancouver is exceptionally well adapted for the purposes which Great Britain requires. The Pacific squadron, having its rendezvous in British Columbia waters, will no longer be cut off from its base, and dependent on a foreign country for even telegraphic communication with its own. The Admiral, lying in Burrard's Inlet, which could itself easily be fortified, is, by a wire that no foreigner handles, in touch with Halifax, Bermuda, and Whitehall, and can draw men and supplies in a week from Halifax, in a fortnight from England itself. Across the Straits lie the coal mines of Nanaimo, whence comes the only good coal on the Pacific coast; and at Esquimalt the Dominion has just completed a large dry dock, and has agreed, it is said, to erect defensive works.

But it is not only our relations with Japan and China that are affected by this railway. In speaking of the possible alternative route to India which it affords, we shall be careful not to overstate its importance, although we know that by some authorities that is estimated very highly. When the Suez

Canal was opened, a great part of the commerce of the world, from having been *oceanic*, became again more or less *thalassic*, in Carl Ritter language. The present generation has come to look upon that route as permanent, and such a very large proportion of ships are now built on canal measurements, that any blocking of "the ditch" will cause a very serious disturbance to trade. Yet all are agreed that, in the case of a European war, the canal, even if not blocked, will be nearly useless, because the passage of the Mediterranean, in the face of so many ports from which cruisers could sally, will be so dangerous as to be practically unusable except by strong squadrons.

Now let us look at the Canadian route. The North Atlantic should be, and in case of war *must* be, safe for British shipping, if for no other reason than this, that otherwise we shall starve. Neither Russia nor India will send us a bushel of wheat. Cargoes from New Zealand, California, South America, will be risky ventures. It will be on such wheat-fields and ranches in the North-west as we have been describing, that many-mouthed England will depend for her food supplies; and the food problem promises to be for us one of the most serious in the great wars of the future. Our transports, then, we must assume, will be able to run to North America, from whence they will bring back food supplies. Presumably, too, if the war-cloud lowers in the East, a force will have quietly been concentrated at Vancouver. From that point, if need arose, it could either be conveyed to England in a fortnight, or landed in Calcutta in twenty-five days. The Halifax garrison and more troops from England could reach India in five, and eleven days longer, respectively. This is, at least, a second string to our bow; and such second

strings are not to be lightly thrown aside. In chronicling the suggestive fact, that the first through train on the Canadian Pacific carried, in six days from Quebec to the Pacific, naval stores for Esquimalt, we do not wish to give undue prominence to the part which this railway can play in actual warfare, for in the peaceful development of commercial intercourse will lie its greatest triumphs. In this respect, fuller use of the Pacific route to Australasia demands attention. Already we are told that a cable is to connect Vancouver with Australia and New Zealand *viâ* Honolulu; and with such an Atlantic service as we have anticipated, and a correspondingly fine service on the Pacific as will undoubtedly follow, one cannot but foresee that Australia will shortly be fortunate in possessing a mail service between London and Adelaide *viâ* Suez, and another between London and Brisbane *viâ* Canada, each covering the distance in about thirty two days.

Much reference has lately been made to the *immensa majestas Romanæ pacis*. England can hardly have a higher ambition than to secure to the world the benefit of such a peace. And anything that strengthens our position, that by reducing time and distance enables us to concentrate and most efficiently employ our necessarily scattered and somewhat limited forces, and that for commercial advantage as well as for political security brings the component parts of Greater Britain into closer relationship with each other, is in advance towards that most desirable object. Such a contribution to the welfare and unity of the British Empire, and so to peaceful interests throughout the world, has Canada now most obviously made by the construction of her inter-oceanic lines and by the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway.—*Quarterly Review*.

A NEW RELIGION FOR THE FUTURE.*

This book is the most powerful attack on Christianity that has been produced in England during this generation. That may be because the opponents of current beliefs have not for the most part cared to assail them directly, but have preferred to undermine by "explaining" them. The solvent of historical criticism has done more toward bringing about a decay of faith than any direct impeachment. And one other consideration has probably been active in deterring leaders of thought who are undoubtedly not Christian from openly attacking Christianity: they have nothing to set in its place, and they naturally shrink from a merely negative onslaught. Mr. Morison speaks as if he had something positive to offer instead of the dogmas he would depose; but unfortunately ill health has disturbed his plan, and the book remains a fragment, with the positive part only barely indicated in the last two chapters and the title of the book. As for the lines of attack developed by Mr. Morison, the following summary, given in the book itself, will best explain the chief points:—

"1. That a wide-spread tendency exists in this, and still more in other countries, to give up a belief in Christianity. And that the scepticism of the present day is very far more serious and scientific than was the *deism* of the last century.

"2. That the supposed consolations of Christianity have been much exaggerated. And that it may be questioned whether that religion does not often produce as much anxiety and mental distress as it does of joy, gladness and content.

"3. That by the great doctrine of forgiveness of sins consequent on repentance, even in the last moment of life Christianity, often favors spirituality and salvation at the expense of morals.

* *The Service of Man: An Essay towards the Religion of the Future.* By J. Cotter Morison.

"4. That the morality of the Ages of Faith was very low; and that the further we go back into times when belief was strongest, the worse it is found to be.

"5. That Christianity has a very limited influence on the world at large; but a most powerful effect on certain high-toned natures, who, by becoming true saints, produce an immense impression on public opinion, and give that religion much of the honor which it enjoys.

"6. That although the self-devotion of saints is not only beyond question, but supremely beautiful and attractive; yet, as a means of relieving human suffering and serving man in the widest sense, it is not to be compared for efficiency with science."

From this outline it will be seen that the strength of the onslaught lies in denying the moral efficacy of Christianity. Even in dealing with the Passion Mr. Morison brings forward the moral deficiencies of the conception of sacrifice, though with some inconsistency he owns, later on, that sacrifice is of the essence of religion. It has been a commonplace of unbelieving polemics to declare against the morality of the Old Testament. But Mr. Morison is equally adverse to the ideal sketched in the New. The ideal is too high, and this discourages the ordinary mortal, while he is encouraged to take a lower tone by the hope of a sudden repentance, which, according to the Church, is sufficient for salvation. That, by thus laying stress on salvation, the Church has done injury to morals, Mr. Morison attempts to show in his sixth chapter, on the morality of the ages of faith. His wide historical reading stands him in good stead here, and he is enabled to compile a *chronique scandaleuse* of the Middle Ages which may have a certain piquancy for some of his readers, but scarcely bears on his argument, as it seems to us. That an ideal is not realized is of its very nature; the question is rather whether the ideal takes practical hold on men as an ideal, and influences their conduct

so far as to make it nearer the ideal than if this were not in action. The undoubted fact that Christianity has not eradicated the vagaries of human appetites and passions is scarcely in evidence against it as an ideal. The other point raised by Mr. Morison is much more pertinent, though more difficult of proof. If the ideal has a distinctly discouraging effect on the desire for the higher life owing to its loftiness, it is faulty as an ideal. But then Mr. Morison has no right to complain of an ideal as too lofty in one place, and then as below our moral standpoint in another.

Yet Mr. Morison is distinctly in the right, and has made a novel point, in using as his test of a creed or principle its influence on the permanent forces of human nature. Of course, in a measure this has been always recognized. But Mr. Morison's point is that men's natures are in large measure fixed by birth and education, and cannot be changed by any sudden conversion. And similarly in the hints he gives of the religion of the future he shows that he would base it upon the cultivation of human nature in the strictest sense of the word, as we use it of the cultivation of the vine. Salvation is of the psychologists. We must know the facts of human nature before we attempt to save men, if, indeed, men need to be saved, according to Mr. Morison. For the service of man, which is to be the religion of the future, is assistance given to other men for their "external goods," as the Stoics would say, their wealth and health and joy. Hence, in selecting three saints to illustrate the spiritualizing effect of Christianity—Sister Agnes Jones, Mother Margaret Hallahan, and Sister Dora Pattison—while expressing enthusiastic reverence for their characters, he denies that their religion helped them to achieve more good in their

vocation of nursing. They needed more anatomy and physiology, not more grace; and generally it is from the progress of science that the world's advance must come. To which it may be objected that science may give the material, but what will give the motive power? The forces of the heart are here of infinitely more importance than the forces of the mind, to which Mr. Morison, with scholarly one-sidedness, attributes so much power.

It is in this overestimate of the intellect and underestimate of the emotional side of human nature that the fundamental fallacy of Mr. Morison's argument is to be found, and also in all probability the secret of his revolt against Christianity. There is not much likelihood that the mass of mankind will be at all eager to abandon their present religion for the gospel that Mr. Morison appears prepared to offer them in its stead.

In his preface Mr. Morison touches upon a problem which seems but remotely connected with his immediate object, except, perhaps, as showing how very difficult the service of man will soon become, owing to the gloomy prospects of our social system. For Mr. Morison sees before us in the very near future a state of things brought about by the internecine competition of modern commerce which will rival the horrors of the Black Death. The assumption underlying his fears is the steady worsening of social conditions brought about by international competition and reckless production of offspring. The fact is more than doubtful, and much of Mr. Morison's fear is thus groundless, but he certainly hits a weak point in Anglo-Teutonic civilization when he deplors the increase of the population at a rate which must necessarily be checked before many generations are over.

The book thus deals with some of the

profoundest problems of the time, and in a tone befitting the gravity of the themes. That the only part of the volume which bears the character of completeness is the negative section is due, perhaps, as much to the nature of the case as to the state of Mr. Morison's health. But in discussing the book this latter fact must appeal to all who have been instructed by the sweep of historic imagination which characterizes Mr. Morison's works, this as much as the classic monographs on St. Bernard and Gibbon. His latest book and most ambitious production comes to us, we regret to think, with the testamentary solemnity of last words.—*The Athenæum.*

BYRON'S LAST VERSES.

Byron died April 19, 1824. The verses on his 36th birthday (Jan. 22, 1824) have been supposed to be the last ones written by him. But *Murray's Magazine* has come into possession of much fresh matter relating to Byron, among which are a couple of poems, hitherto unpublished. To these is prefixed the following indorsement by John Cam Hobhouse: "The last he ever wrote; from a rough copy found amongst his papers, on the back of the 'Song of Suli,' copied November, 1824. A note attached to the verses by Lord Byron states that they were addressed to no one in particular, and were a mere poetical Scherzo."—It is a noticeable fact, however, that in both of the following poems, as well as in that composed on his thirty-sixth birthday. Byron represents himself as suffering the pangs of unrequited love.

STANZAS.

I.

I watched thee when the foe was at our side
Ready to strike him—on thee and me

Were safety hopeless—rather than divide
Aught with one loved save love and liberty.

II.

I watched thee in the breakers, when the rock
Received our prow and all was storm and
fear,
And bade thee cling to me though every shock;
This arm would be thy bark, or breast thy
bier.

III.

I watched thee when the fever glazed thine
eyes,
Yielding my couch, and stretched me on
the ground
When over-worn with watching, ne'er to rise
From thence if thou an early grave hadst
found.

IV.

The earthquake came, and rocked the quiv-
ering wall.
And men and nature reeled as if with wine.
Whom did I seek around the tottering hall?
For thee. Whose safety first provide for?
Thine.

V.

And when convulsive throes denied my breath
The faintest utterance to my fading thought,
To thee—to thee—even in the gasp of death
My spirit turned, oh! oftener than it ought.

VI.

Thus much and more, and yet thou lov'st me
not,
An I never wilt! Love dwells not in our will.
Nor can I blame thee, though it be my lot
To strongly, wrongly, vainly love thee still.

LAST WORDS ON GREECE.

What are to me those honors or renown
Past or to come, a new-born people's cry?
Albeit for such I could despise a crown
Of aught save Laurel, or for such could die.
I am a fool of passion, and a frown
Of thine to me is as an adder's eye
To the poor bird whose pinion fluttering down
W fits unto death the breast it bore so high;
Such is this maddening fascination grown,
So strong thy magic or so weak am I.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

WHAT WAS SHAKESPEARE'S NAME?—Mr.
Henry Bradley thus writes in the *London
Academy*:—

"It seems to me very unlikely that the sur-

name made illustrious by our great poet origi-
nally meant 'spear-shaker.' Probably it was
an etymologizing distortion of something
more in accordance with the analogies of Eng-
lish family nomenclature. I venture to sug-
gest that it may be derived from the Anglo-
Saxon personal name *Seaxberht*, and that the
well-known form 'Shaxberd,' instead of being
a mere blunder, was a colloquial survival of the
original name, which the family so called
preferred, at least in writing, to render in a
manner suggested by its assumed etymology.
There are many questionable instances in
which Anglo-Saxon personal names, other
than those retained as "Christian names" in
later times, have left traces in family nomen-
clature. The surnames "Winfarthing" and
"Allfarthing," for example, are clearly derived
from the names *Winfarhth* and *Eallfarhth*.
There seems, therefore, to be no intrinsic
improbability in the suggestion here put for-
ward, though of course any actual proof of its
correctness is out of the question."

ARBOR DAY.—The observance of this festi-
val—which we trust will soon become a
national one—was first suggested some fifteen
years ago by Hon. J. Sterling Morton, then
Governor of Nebraska, who states that upon
that day more than 12,000,000 trees were
planted. Not long ago ex-Governor Morton
stated: "We have now growing in the State
of Nebraska more than 700,000 acres of trees
which have been planted by human hands."
"Arbor Day" is now an established institution
in nearly twenty States of the Union. Con-
cerning the benefits resulting from its obser-
vance, the *New York Examiner* says:—

"No argument should be needed to recom-
mend an observance so beneficial. The con-
ditions of climate and fertility have in many
parts of the world been affected by the de-
struction of trees. Damage from the same
cause is already seriously threatened in parts
of our own land. Considerable mischief has
been done, which may still be, in large degree,
repaired; and worse devastation may be aver-
ted by a proper education of the people on the
subject. Such education is greatly stimulated
and aided by Arbor Day observances. The
day is becoming a popular festival in many
schools throughout our country. In connec-
tion with it, children are taught to recognize
our common trees, and learn by actual prac-
tice the best methods of tree planting. They
are also encouraged to collect and plant seeds
and nuts of various kinds, to watch their
growth and care for them, as the elm, maple,
linden, locust, beech, ash, tulip, poplar, apple,
pear, cherry, chestnut, black walnut, oak.

hickory and butternut. Ornamental vines, like woodbine, the different varieties of clematis and the beautiful Japanese ivy, have been widely introduced by means of the Arbor Day observance, and through the instruction given in school."

ST. MARK'S, VENICE.—"L. L.," the Italian correspondent of the *Toronto Week*, writes:—

"To find one's self suddenly before St. Mark's, resplendent under the sunlight as a mighty jewel, is indeed to face one's heart's desire. Perhaps, besides that of Milan, no other cathedral in Italy so far surpasses our brightest dreams of beauty and the ideal. Its marble-lined walls, its wondrous mosaics, its marvelous workmanship, produce an effect such as can alone the warm, voluptuous art of the East. Within the church is the light subdued and soft—a place to pray and dream. Columns of marble and jeweled altars, gilding and exquisite color, wrought by time into a perfect whole, make it a worthy gate of paradise. The old mosaic pavement, of the twelfth century, rises and falls in an odd, aimless way—trodden by feet different enough during these hundreds of past years, yet all impelled by like emotions, all governed in the end by fear. Here, churches are very far from being the haunts only of women. Indeed, men seem not seldom in the majority. If the masculine mind follows more readily, and perhaps oftener, the unconventional paths of thought, you may remark, when the beaten track is its choice, it marches with equal, perchance greater, ostentation, and truly few feminine mouths could be more eager for the dusty morsels than those of the strong-headed devotees."

THE ORIGIN OF THE FAMILY INSTITUTION.

—The *Post Graduate*, of the University of Wooster, Ohio, contains a "Graduating Thesis" on *The Family*, by Mrs. Rose P. Firestone, from which we extract a few passages:—

"The Family, in the largest sense of the word, has been defined as a group of persons—men, women, and children—descended from a common ancestor, or supposed to be so descended; subject, both as to person and property to the eldest male head, whose will within his circle is law. To this definition may be added the clause, that it was sometimes used to include slaves as well as inanimate property; and it is in this latter meaning that the origin of the word, and of the idea of subjection implied in it, is found.

"At this point arises the pertinent inquiry:—Is this the earliest form of society? How came the race to adhere together in families? Such a conception as the family argues a more highly organized social state than recent in-

vestigations into the conditions of primitive man would seem to warrant. The old theory, that man first appears, like Pallas from the head of Jove, fully armed and equipped, complete as to his intellectual and moral nature, has been called in question, through closer examination of his first stages of existence, and of his process of growth in accordance with law? How then, is the very existence of the family to be accounted for?

"Two theories seem to lie at the bottom of all writings on Sociology. The one, while admitting that nations may retrograde, argues that the condition of the lower savages to-day is the former state of the most highly civilized races; that all improvement has come from within; and that the various degrees of development through which the most learned and cultured man of to-day has passed, exist somewhere at the present time. It holds that savages are seen to be progressing, and that traces of barbarism as seen in the survival of superstitions are everywhere found among civilized nations.

"The other theory claims that savages are the descendants of civilized races who have retrograded from their former proud position and have lost all tradition of their inheritance; that their religious belief is a survival and corruption of Revelation; that they are the outcasts of the human race, 'Descendants of weak tribes driven to the rocks and woods by the stranger.' The one view would argue from the cases of tribes without any religious belief, if any such there be, that their state must be primitive; since it is not likely that any people who had possessed a religious belief would entirely lose it. The other, having once started man on his onward career, would set no limits to his fall.

"In the opinion of many writers of eminence who hold to the first of these theories, the family seems to mark an advanced stage of civilization; to be, indeed, one of its products, in which the higher nature of man plainly asserts itself. They argue that the ideas and practices of existing savage races show that there are earlier stages through which human society has passed, before disclosing itself as organized into family groups. The relation between the sexes has been shown to exist in nearly every variety of form—from the lowest license, through polygamy and the various forms of polyandria, to the present permanent union known as monogamy—everywhere co-existent with the highest development of the race. Facts which, though long ago observed, have only recently been classified and wrought into a theory in support of this view, are numerous."

THEOLOGY AS AN ACADEMIC DISCIPLINE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

In England the study of theology is so little understood and cultivated that a plea on its behalf as a high academic discipline is more likely to be dismissed with amused impatience than soberly discussed. We are a curious people, inclined to religious controversy, but decidedly disinclined to apply science in religion. Yet these may be related as effect and cause, for controversies are more often due to ignorance than to knowledge, and conflicts in the dark are noisier and, possibly, more exhilarating than conflicts in the light. This, we are assured, is an age of criticism;—so it would be were it not for the critics. Our critics, indeed, are most skillful workmen, considering the tools they have, or rather have not. Mr. Matthew Arnold is here our foremost craftsman, and not being an equipped and disciplined theologian, he has been able to essay and even accomplish brave things on the field of religious criticism. His general culture has given him a fine confidence he might have lost by special training, and so he has exercised his rare and excellent gifts unencumbered by the responsibilities and insight of a too curious or too sympathetic knowledge. But, as was said of old, *Μάρτις γ' ἀριστος, ἔστιν εὐκάθευ καλῶς*. A master of graceful speech, well skilled in the art of amusing, of making grave subjects gay and solemn persons humorous, he has shocked, bantered, tortured, instructed the British Philistine, and then, with fine and double-edged irony, admonished his bewildered victims to be sweetly reasonable. In religion Mr. Arnold has been an earnest but hardly a serious critic, with canons of criticism so subjective as to

mean that a teacher ought to instruct his age all the better for being the standard of the truth he teaches. He has been so essentially a preacher intent on mending manners, that he has never escaped from those whose manners he wished to mend. His past has always been the present, and history the storehouse whence he has drawn the means of awing, chastising, or amusing it. His culture is too conscious of itself, and so too *borné*, too local and limited, to enable him critically to handle religion as distinguished from religious literature and character. We may admire the work the man attempted to do while deploring his limitations. If he had been less critical of manners, he might have known more of man; if he had known more of religion, he would have persuaded men with more reason and greater sweetness.

But Mr. Arnold must not be allowed to stand here in solitude. Professor Huxley and he have often tilted together as the champions respectively of Science and Literature. Mr. Arnold loves to magnify his ignorance of Science; but the professor has on many fields proved his mastery of Letters. He is a teacher one always feels it a pleasure to learn from; for his massive common-sense so serves as a sort of universal genius, that, however much he writes, he never writes nonsense. There is no man who would more sternly warn the ignorant off his own province, though, strangely, there is no man more ready to invade a province so little his own as that of the history and literature of religion. There, indeed, he loves to disport himself in a state not very remote from a state of nature, though he so well understands the sartorial art as to seem to the passer-by a very respectably clothed man. In the presence of such a remarkable phenomenon a student of men

and morals might be inclined to start, as something more than a curious, as a serious and significant question, this—why men will not only tolerate, but even applaud and follow practices in the theological that they would not for a moment allow in the physical sciences? They have what may be called a scientific conscience in the one case, but not in the other; for a man may, apparently without loss of reputation or of self-respect, speak in theology on terms and with an outfit that would make him ridiculous in biology. Suppose some dazed divine, belated by much study of Hebrew roots, or philosophical or historical theology, were suddenly seized with a fit of versatility, and began to coach himself in Darwin, Spencer, and Huxley, and, thus furnished, were to publish in the pages of some enlightened review a series of essays on the Evolution of Man, one may faintly imagine the cachinnations with which scientific societies and savans would greet his achievement—if, indeed, profanity so gross could provoke to mirth bodies so grave.

Yet Professor Huxley has recently favored us with a performance which hardly rises above this level. He is a distinguished polemic, and he proved his resource and prowess by storming a position which a statesman with theological proclivities might defend, but which no scientific theologian would occupy, or indeed recognize as a position at all. It was a very pretty fight between laymen (the word is not used in its clerical sense), but, like laymen's battles everywhere, it was fought on issues both false and irrelevant, and with results significant of nothing but the skill of the combatants. The professor, having put on his fighting gear, was not going to put it hastily off, and so he resolved to advance to something positive, a theory as to the Evolution of Theology, which was to be worked

out and verified in the comparative method. The problem was simple to him, for he was a simple man to the problem, not seeing its complexity, or the delicacy of the process needed to ascertain the factors necessary to its solution. He had got up enough of Reuss, Kuenen, and Wellhausen to serve his purpose; but he had mastered neither the linguistic, nor the literary, nor the historical, nor the religious material required for the scientific handling of the theory, to say nothing of its proof. The theory came to be through the absence of science; a little thorougher knowledge would have made the very statement of it impossible. It is something more than a pleasure—if it is an inspiration—to see a masterly spirit exercised over our deepest problems; but what is needed for their solution is masterliness penetrated and guided by full and accurate knowledge.

Now, what we need here is a scientific conscience, as sensitive to the interference of the tyro or the untrained in the field of religions as in the field of mathematical or physical inquiry. We often hear of the feebleness, perhaps senility, of Newton, the student of prophecy, as compared with the strength and clear intellect of Newton, the interpreter of nature and discoverer of natural law. But the contrast may be repeated, though the student's handling of the Bible be as free as Newton's was reverent. There is a want of seriousness, because a want of the thoroughness and veracity of science, in our religious thought and criticism. There is nothing so fundamentally divisive as superficial misunderstanding; because of it the attitude to religion is meanly polemical on the one side, and narrowly apologetic on the other. Science and culture have a contempt for theology, if not for theologians; theology has a suspicion

of the methods of science and the spirit of culture, even though many of the men that most adorn science best illustrate piety. Now, we must correct this evil, that the greater evils it helps to occasion may be corrected; and the correction is to come, not by keeping theology and the sciences apart, but by bringing them together, that they may, as related and co-ordinated departments of knowledge, learn to know, respect, supplement, and explain each other. In other words, theology ought to be an academic discipline and a living science; and to be either, it must be both. Only of the progressive student of a progressing science can we say with Augustine: "*Melior meliorque fit quærens tam magnum bonum, quod et inveniendum quæritur et quærandum invenitur. Nam et quæritur, ut inveniatur dulcius, et invenitur, ut quæratatur avidius.*"

I.

1.—"Academic" is here used to denote the studies and discipline proper to the university, as distinguished from those peculiar to the sectional seminary or clerical school. These differ both as regards the discipline they give and the knowledge which is its instrument, or more simply in the quality of the education and the character of the sciences which educate. But these things are so related that what is good for either is good for both: to educate is to quicken and develop mind, and the only sciences that can really educate are those that live and grow in the hands of the student and teacher. Dead sciences generate no life, and so cultivate no man; and sciences are dead when they have ceased to grow, or to be handled as living things. Now, there is nothing more dead than School Divinity—*i. e.*, divinity made for the schools out of texts and formulæ framed by fathers, councils, and

schoolmen, whose authority has become explicitly or implicitly the bulwark against heterodoxy and unbelief. It is a manufactured article, carefully articulated and elaborated to the last degree, with the truth stated in well-balanced and rigorous propositions, and proved by a series of cumulative arguments, which are in turn followed, in order to greater thoroughness, by an exhaustive and detailed enumeration of all actual and possible objections, though only that they may be rounded off by a sufficiency, or rather superabundance, of victorious answers. The divinity, as bad science, is not good theology; but it is made worse by being taught in an exclusive seminary. Were the men who are doomed to learn it forced to live in a free academic air, it might be made comparatively innocuous; but in the close atmosphere of a separate school it is allowed to do its work unneutralized. The men are instructed, but not disciplined; they may be drilled, as the seminary priest almost always is, in theological dialectics without being educated into and by a knowledge of theology. The system that has never withstood the criticism of an age does not live to the age's intellect; but this criticism is exactly the thing that cannot be allowed to penetrate and profane the precincts sacred to scholasticism. The objections so exhaustively stated and victoriously answered in the textbooks of school divinity never lived; they died in passing through the mind of the schoolman. A hostile mind conceives an objection only to kill it; however conscientiously stated, it is stated only to be answered; and so it is made to seem to live simply that it may the more demonstrably be seen to die. For difficulties to be understood and really felt, they must be met as they live and move, speak and persuade, in the world of articulated thought, where

they have all the potencies of real things. But they can be so met only if theology lives face to face with the sciences and arts, at once sharing in their life and shaping it. The worst way to keep a faith vital and pure is to isolate the men who are to teach it from the men they are to teach, while both are still in process of formation. The master in theology will teach all the better that he has to form and inform minds, not simply docile, but deeply moved and exercised about the principles and truths and problems of his science; and his pupils will be all the stronger and wiser men that they were forced to encounter and overcome, in classroom and study, their great intellectual difficulties, not waiting to be found by them at a later and more defenceless day.

2.—Theology, then, needs the university to keep it living, in touch with all the sciences, face to face with all the problems that to-day exercise thought, and at once perplex and inspire the spirit. But the necessity is mutual, for the university no less needs theology to make its circle of the sciences complete, to fill its studies with ideal contents and ends, to humanize education by baptizing it in the transcendental and divine. Of course the study of theology in the university does not here mean the dominance of a church; it means very much the opposite. If the history of religious and academical thought in England proves anything, it is this, that the supremacy of the church led to the decay of theology. The Act of Uniformity was one of those blunders which are fatal most of all to the men who blundered, and the dismal age of the universities is coincident with the golden age of ecclesiastical sovereignty. Theology, to be an academic discipline, must not fear the open ways and high argument of the academy, but must

seek to rule, if it rule at all, by its dignity as a science and its supremacy as truth. Cardinal Newman thus sums up the view he takes of "a university in its essence, and independently of its relation to the church:"

"It is a place of teaching universal knowledge. This implies that its object is on the one hand, intellectual, not moral: and, on the other, that it is the diffusion and extension of knowledge rather than the advancement. If its object were scientific and philosophical discovery, I do not see why a university should have students: if religious training, I do not see how it can be the seat of literature and science."—*The Idea of a University*.

Now, this view is, in about equal proportions, correct and incorrect. It is correct in saying that a university is "a place of teaching universal knowledge," but incorrect in saying that its object is "the diffusion and extension of knowledge rather than the advancement." Its object is both; it cannot fulfill the one unless it aims at the other. To teach knowledge really, we must endeavor to advance it. Where "scientific and philosophical discovery" is most active, there students will be best educated, and there they ought to be in greatest numbers. The weakness of the English universities has been their fidelity to the cardinal's ideal. Had they been more places of discovery, they would have been better places of education; had they done more for the advancement of knowledge, they would, great and noble as their influence is, have exercised a greater and a nobler influence over the thought and life of England. Science, of course, does not here mean the physical sciences; it means knowledge as a whole. Literature and science ought not to be conceived as antitheses; literature is science, and science is literary. Philology is as essentially a science as palæontology; and there is more knowledge of man, his nature, home, ways and motives of action, to be gained

from the living study of classical literature and philosophy than from the most extensive researches into the ancient forms and conditions of life on our planet. These sciences are different, and so dissimilar; but they are not opposed. Each has its own specific province; but in the degree that it finds there real and enriching knowledge, it is a real and educative science. If, then, "universal knowledge" is to be taught, all the sciences must be cultivated; and a university, to fulfill the one duty, must aim no less at the other. Her teachers ought to be, not the bond-slaves or doleful drudges of examiners, but the men fitted at once to advance and communicate knowledge; and her students, men who seek the higher humanity that comes by culture, and the culture that comes from fellowship with the foremost living minds, whether these minds be interpreters of nature, or ancient literature, or living men.

3.—On this ground, then, the university needs theology as much as theology needs the university. Without theology, the university were incomplete, destitute—not of one science simply, but of a vast circle of sciences, more than any other necessary to the full and true interpretation of man and his universe. Without the university theology, were without a fit place to be studied, and fit men to study it. If it is to be a science, it must not fear to stand among the sciences; and if it is to be an educative study, it must be studied by the educated. Men may understand religion by living it; and that is an understanding possible to all men, and incumbent upon all; but to know theology as the science of religion, its reason, rights, history, truths, symbols—to follow its methods, grasp its problems, master its range, relations, and limitations, requires a qualified intellect, and dis-

ciplined faculties. Here, if anywhere, exercise in the Humanities ought to precede the special discipline of the school; where it does not, we may have a dogmatist, but not a divine. Indeed, to no other science is a liberal culture so absolute a necessity, for no other science is so nearly universal—so touches and is so touched by all the rest. Theology cannot dwell apart and be a separate field of knowledge. If it were to disclaim all connection with and concern in the other sciences, it would simply invite them to blot its name out of the book of life. All speculation, physical or metaphysical, as to matter or being touches the existence and idea of God; every theory as to the genesis and age of the heavens and the earth raises questions as to creation and providence; all inquiries as to the history, progress, civilizations, and religions of man affect, at one point or another, doctrines, beliefs, or institutions of Christianity; every branch of social, political, and moral thought and research leads straight into the heart of religion—nay, every phase of criticism in literature and art stands somehow related to principles and truths which belong to theology. And this universality, though it may seem its weakness, proves its strength and greatness. What so penetrates all sections and subjects of human thought, has a deep root in human nature and an immense hold upon it. What so possesses man's mind that he cannot think at all without thinking of it, is so bound up with the very being of intelligence that ere it can perish, intellect must cease to be. Science and religion have no conflict, though theories of science and views of religion have had many—always, indeed, in the long run, to their mutual benefit; and they will have many more. Men who, in the interests of faith, dread and deprecate these conflicts, may be sure of one

thing—were there no such collisions, they would have greater cause for fear, for it would signify that theology had lost all its roots in reason, and so all its rights to reign. Sovereignty has its burdens as well as its honors, and the Queen of the sciences can hope to keep her throne, especially in times of advancing knowledge, only by rigorous criticism of her own claims, excision of the fictitious or the decayed, and the development of the new energies and adaptations needed for vigorous survival.

II.

But to make the discussion significant it must become specific; the statement, the university needs theology, means nothing till we understand what theology signifies and comprehends. It is here used to denote a science whose field is co-extensive with the problems and history of religion; and we may say of the science, as of religion, that, since it has to do with every region of thought and relation of life, whatever concerns man concerns it. It is not one science, but an immense circle of sciences; and while they are all so related internally as to constitute an organic whole, they are so related externally as to assume and require the existence of an equally large circle of auxiliary sciences. To make this statement clear or intelligible, we must attempt to explain the idea and scope of theology.

1.—Theology may be described as the explication and articulation of the idea of God, or the interpretation of Nature, Man, and History through that idea. So conceived, its primary problem is to find, prove, and construe the idea; or to discuss how and whence it comes, why it is to be believed, what it means and contains, and how it ought to be formulated. This is the region of pure or speculative theology

—*i.e.*, the region where it deals with its ultimate principles as pure rather than abstract ideas, at once involved in thought and evolved from it. Here is the point where it both merges in philosophy and transcends it. Every philosophical system must face the theistic question, the very refusal to do so carrying with it an indirect yet real determination; but no system, as purely philosophical, can fully unfold or explicate the idea. The attitude to this as the ultimate depends on the answer to the primary question in philosophy: What are the conditions and what the nature of knowledge? If the answer be the Empirical, then the conclusion as to God must be either sceptical or nescient—*i.e.*, the system must end either in reasoned doubt or reasoned ignorance; the term God being to the one but the symbol of the indeterminate; to the other, of the unknown and unknowable. If the answer be the Transcendental, then the ultimate problem will be the determination of the idea, how God is to be conceived, how his relation to the universe construed and represented. Thus Hume's doctrine of "impressions and ideas" is the very premiss of his sceptical conclusion. Grant it, and no other inference is possible; and Mr. Spencer's theory as to "states of consciousness," which are symbols of an outside unknown reality, or "vivid" and "faint" manifestations of the unknown, is the basis of his agnosticism, real knowledge of the ultimate reality being impossible to the man who builds on ignorance of the primary. Thus pure theology must be philosophical, and discuss whether the empirical or the transcendental be the truer solution of the problem of knowledge, in order that it may discover whether its idea be given in reason, the necessary at once condition and object of thought. But it cannot leave the question

where philosophy may be content to leave it; it must formulate and explicate its idea—whether is God to be conceived as immanent or transcendent, or as both? If as immanent, the result will be one of the multitudinous forms of what is called Pantheism, either losing all in God (*akosmism*), or resolving God into the All (*Theopantism*). If as transcendent, the outcome will be either Abstract Theism, which makes God and the world separate and inter-independent; or some theory of artificial and mechanical relation—a doctrine of pre-established harmony, or an unreasoned miraculous supernaturalism. If as both, then the conclusion will be a Natural Theism, which so interlaces God and the world that it cannot be without Him, or He be interpreted and conceived without it. But to determine the relation of the world and God is but to raise a multitude of questions touching His providence or government. Is Optimism or Pessimism the truer theory of life? or is there not room for a third which recognizes equally the sad realities that create the one and the Supreme Good that justifies the other? Then, how ought man to stand related to his God? What is the ideal of religion, and how far does it furnish a law of life? Thus pure theology, which begins with the deepest problems as to knowledge, ends with the most radical and vital questions in ethics—out of it is built not simply a theory of the universe, but a rule of conduct, an ideal of the perfect life. It remains throughout speculative or philosophical by being reasoned, a creation of thought deduced from the very nature of the thought that creates it; but it at once transcends and is distinguished from philosophy by interpreting the universe and its history through the idea of God. The idea philosophy enabled it to win it uses to transcend philosophy, constru-

ing man and time from the standpoint, as it were, of God and eternity. And so the idea becomes the regulative or organizing principle which the body of the theological sciences but articulates. They are its completed articulation; it is their latent or immanent form. The speculation which does not explain man is illusory; the theory that best interprets history is the theory that best expresses the truth.

2.—Pure or speculative theology is thus but preparatory to Applied or Historical, and if pure reposes on and rises out of philosophy, applied seeks the help of many sciences, and lives only as it secures it. The theologian, when he turns to history, is met by a whole wonderland of knowledge; the religions of man lie before him. Religion is the thing most characteristic of man; it is as old and as extensive as the race—universal in its being, but infinite in its varieties. To look at it, as it were, in the mass, is to raise many questions: What is it? Whence is it? Why is it? What is the law or laws of its development? How have these endless varieties of religious faith and practice arisen? The answer to these questions is the work of a special discipline—the Philosophy of Religion; and here the differences of the fundamental philosophies are curiously but faithfully reflected. The empiricist must derive religion from a source in harmony with his sensuous theory of knowledge; either, like the older school, from fear, prompting to propitiation and flattery, or, like the later, from belief in ghosts, a belief due to the misinterpretation of subjective phenomena and the consequent worship of ancestors. And the transcendentalist must no less trace it to a source agreeable to his cardinal doctrine, that man is reason, and must articulate the reason he is in language and religion, society and history. As

is the theory of the origin, so must be the conception of the nature; a religion derived from ghostly fears must be a system of more or less rationalized illusions, while a religion that expresses a more or less latent or developed reason must have reason at its heart, however much distorted or concealed.

But whatever the philosophy, it must be tested by fact; and surely no inquirer ever had so immense or so complex a problem to resolve as this of the religions of man. Two methods may be followed: the ethnographic, or the historical. The ethnographic consists of the comparative study of savage or natural people with a view to the discovery of the primary or rudimentary forms of religious custom and belief; the historical consists of the retrogressive and analytic study of the religions of history, in order that their most archaic forms and elements may be discovered, the principle and ratio of growth ascertained, as well as the causes and conditions of decay. The ethnographic has no historical, and so no scientific value—it has been used only to illustrate an imaginary theory concerning an imaginary state; but the historical is the scientific method, for it is the study of religions as they actually lived and grew, acted on man and were acted on by him. These, then, the theologian has to investigate, and, if possible, understand; and to understand a religion is to understand at once its people and their history. People and religion must be studied together, in their home and history, as affecting and affected by each other, as modified by geographical and climatic conditions, ethnical relations intellectual movements, political and social changes and causes. To investigate religions in the historical method is thus to inquire into their action in history, and in the progress and civiliza-

tion of man; with the result that we obtain data for a twofold philosophy—one of religions and another of history. The later ought to show the place and function of each religion, and the people it has created and governed, in the order of the world; while the province of the former is to determine the relation of each real to the ideal religion, and to discover its essential constituents or character, the secret or cause of its peculiar influence and distinctive work. This theological discipline, or series of disciplines, ends, then, in a new analogy, with, a broader basis and vaster induction than Butler's. It builds on the nature of man, transcendental yet conditioned and developed by experience, so essentially religious that it cannot but realize a religion, the very attempt of men and peoples to break away from an ancestral or historical faith but resulting in an endeavor to find one happier and better fitted to the new and larger spirit. It is not in any man or people's choice to determine whether they will or will not have a religion; they must have one; He who made nature made that sure: but they may, though a people's choice is a thing of centuries, determine what or what sort of religion it shall be. And this is where the deductive evokes the inductive process; religion being proved a necessity of nature, history must show which of all the mighty multitude of religions is the fittest for man. It will be but reasonable if we find that where there is most ideal truth, there also is most real worth; and so by a natural transition the student passes over to the study of the religion of Christ, or that of God in humanity and humanity in God, where the ideas of immanence and transcendence are at once expressed and reconciled.—A. M. FAIRBAIRN, D.D., in *The Contemporary Review*.

EGYPT ON THE EVE OF THE ENGLISH INVASION. *

Before entering upon the proper subject of our inquiry, it will be necessary to give a brief description of the condition of Egypt and its government from the time that Mohammed Ali Pasha came to the throne, till the commencement of the rising under Arabi, which was followed by the entrance of the British troops into the valley of the Nile. This will enable us to show the state of the Egyptian people and their transition from a condition of general comfort to one of great hardship, the ruin brought upon them and their country, and the intimate relation of the government to their state of civilization during these changes; as well as the growth of the foreign element, and its control over affairs, from the time that Europeans came into Egypt and their influence increased, till they acquired the pre-eminence which they attained, and seized, as by the arts of the fisher, the various public offices, to the injury of the country at large and of the *fellahin* in particular.

It is well-known that the Egyptian Government is completely bound up and intimately connected with the Ottoman Government, which wields the spiritual power over the kingdoms of Islam; and that Egypt only obtained

* To this paper is prefixed the following note by the editor of the *Scottish Review*:—"The following article has been sent to us by a writer in Egypt, whose name we are not at liberty to divulge, but which, if known, would, we are sure, from the social and literary position he occupies, lend weight and interest to his words. The translation—for the article reached us in Arabic—is from the hand of Dr. Robertson, Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Glasgow."—The reader will find in this article a curious specimen of Arabic composition.—ED. LIT. MAG.

its distinguishing privileges [Cof.sitation] when, [in 1811], the power came into the hands of Mohammed Ali Pasha. This Prince used the political concessions which were made to him, as the basis of those magnificent undertakings which became of universal benefit and clothed the country in the garb of comfort and luxury. Nor was he, while reforming his age and clearing the atmosphere of darkening clouds, inattentive to the condition of his subjects, or slack to take measures for their advancement and for the prosperity of the country. On the contrary, he was most assiduous in his labors to produce love in the hearts of all who were overshadowed by the flag of his justice; and, by the firmness of his courage and the greatness of his power, he wiped out those national jealousies which, before the sunrise of his guidance, had thrown the country into a bed of inactivity. He aimed at producing harmony among his subjects, and planted the principles of human brotherhood in hearts that were mutually estranged and in sects that were widely parted. He lifted from off the Copts the awning of servitude; and placed many of them in secretaries' offices, breaking from their necks the chains of religious inferiority. He removed the restraints of party feeling by directing men's minds to the practice of their common duties. Thus discord was supplanted by universal union; and the love of their race and attachment to their country took possession of the hearts of the whole Egyptian people, who strove after disinterestedness in action, and actuated by a desire for the common good, were united against the corruptions which had hitherto worked ruin.

Then affairs in general felt the influence of him that directed them, and the people cast behind their backs their evil passions and follies. For

every individual observed that, in whatever he did, and in all his conduct, the profit of his actions came back to himself in the return of advantage to his country, under the shadow of whose abundance he grew up and on the breast of whose resources and blessings he was nourished. This admirable Prince, whenever he was witness of an evil tendency in any direction, used to correct it in his noble person, in order to be a terror to the people lest they should break away from the paths of guidance. Therefore he looked into the cause of the weak and resolved their difficulties by the light of his reason, cutting with the sword of justice the necks of those who prospered by oppression. So his fear fell upon the people and his word became powerful in the world; and no wonder, since he was a shepherd treating his flock with equity and mercy; and as the consequence of his sincere desire for their good, he had the merit of having prosperity guaranteed by his footsteps and the world prostrate before his stirrup. When he saw that the pillars of safety were firmly fixed in his country, and the stability of the Province secured after its temporary weakness, he set himself to give the finishing touch of splendor to the kingdom, by cultivating the arts and sciences and by using the appliances necessary for their wider propagation, in order to raise high the beacon of civilization and add glory to his reign. Accordingly he started manufactories and great works, and the country was enabled by their products to dispense with the precarious dependence upon foreign manufactures. Of these magnificent undertakings we see nothing now but the ruins, which stand confronting the present age, marks for the arrows of destruction, wearing mourning for their builder, and testifying, by the excellence of their situations to

the wisdom of him who contrived them. In a word, there was not a possible path to the advancement of Egypt that he did not follow, nor a difficulty in the way that he did not surmount. The days submitted to his power, the times accepted guidance from his beneficent hand, and under his government the minds of the people were at rest.

But Egypt had hardly put on its festal attire and adorned itself, the people had scarcely begun to feel themselves masters of the country, when the visitation of God came upon them, "by night or by day." The Prince departed to the abode of perpetuity, and after his death [in 1849], the country fell into the fire of the abyss. For the violent commotion, which shook the feet of his successor like an earthquake and shattered the pillars of his kingdom, enflamed in the minds of the Occidentals the fires of greed, and stirred up those hostile feelings which had hitherto been laid. So they entered the country, crowds upon crowds, the Egyptians welcoming them with open breasts and beaming face and smiling lip, being impressed with the power of accommodating themselves and making their abode comfortable which was shown by those that resorted to their fertile country and blessed land. And thus these settlers, who were mostly a mixed rabble and the dregs of the nations, thrive on the pasture which was wide and desirable; and caused corruption to increase on land and sea, inflicting on the people the heaviest affliction, with every kind of affront and disgrace. They elaborated the system of loans, by which they deceived the hearts of the simple peasants, who were glad at what their Lord sent, though His good kindness did not deliver them from falling into the snares of ruin spread for those among them who were rich by those deceivers.

This was the condition of things under the third Prince [Abba Pasha] who ruled Egypt after him who had raised it to eminence and restored its landmarks. The reigning family grew in importance. But the Prince was seduced by outward show, and was beguiled by the pomps of life. His heart became more and more addicted to love of ease, and more prone to indulgence. He was led by false counselors to pull down what his predecessors had erected, and to cut off the means of wealth they had originated; and while he was playing the fool in the long robes of magnificence and luxury, the lashes of affliction and vengeance were falling like rain upon the *fellahin* from the hands of the foreigners, who stripped them and took to themselves whatever their right hand could seize, though *right* in the matter they had none, ceasing not to rob the villages by force and to fall upon any one who was hit by the arrow of their covetousness.

His successor in the government [said Pasha] followed the same path, and went beyond him in excess. He seized the hem of the garments of the fancies of those misleaders who disfigured the fair face of the country and made the noblest of its people the meanest. He set about instituting new laws and customs, and decided to make that slit-nosed Suez Canal; putting the poor of his subjects to forced labor on the works, and loading with his favors those who had no need of his lavish gifts;

And but that my days were spent under oppression,
Dire Poverty had not paid me in full measure.

So, by the passing to and fro of foreign ships on this canal, the fountains of blessing failed, and the waters of prosperity dried up. The hand of violence exhausted what the reverence of former generations had left in the

sources of plenty; the goods and products of Egypt were thrown to waste; and the wide places of the land became too narrow for the inhabitants, through the intermixture of foreign elements which spoiled the native character. Then the Egyptians recovered from their drunken stupor and awoke from their slumber; but it was of no avail that they bit their fingers in sorrow and that the silent tears started to their eyes when they understood the hidden secret of these foreign races. The pleasant supplies decreased, the troubling of the Nile sources continued, the skies of Yemen and the hill tops ceased to drop down plenty; in their place were showers of misfortune on every side, and instead of comfort and ease, writhing under violence and force:

And but for the fair faces of the songstresses
The hearts of the lovers had not turned to them with fond desire.

By this time it had become the firm conviction of the people, high and low, that what had induced these foreigners to cross the waves of the ocean to the plains of the Valley of the Nile had been motives of great covetousness and purposes of mischief, which heretofore had been kept from coming to light by the wisdom of former governors and the discernment of those in high office, who had not been seduced by the love of the stranger, and had not made close friends of those who were not of their own kindred. The opinion came to be entertained by all classes that the principles of nature were but a covering of malice to every one who was evil-minded; the darkest nights refused to hide the naked deformity of their deeds; and the people were overborne by the weight of these riders of the sea. Then enmity and hatred ruled in hearts which hungered rather for unity than for discord, and which would never have moved out of their original condition but for the going about of

tempters, the secret hatching of intrigues in the hearts of small and great, and the sway of passion over the minds of the rulers, both Prince and Minister. Thus wickedness increased and violence became common; danger followed and unrest extended, till people chose death rather than life:

For better than life to a man is death
Which slicks the scul of the noble from
contempt.

Then the country was like grain ripe for the mower; for things had returned to a worse state even than they were in before. The seed of evil that had been sown, grew up and produced a hundred thousand grains on each stalk; so grew also the appetites bred of evil passions and the misguidance of those who looked upon the Valley of the Nile with lustful eye, to swallow up whatever they could find, and plunder whatever they could see.

Egypt continued struggling with this rampant wickedness till the power came into the hands of Ismail Pasha [1863]. He had seen enough of the distress of the people and of their gloomy condition to stir him to cut at the roots of the stubborn evil. Accordingly, in his first acts he abolished former corruptions, and but a little time elapsed ere the oppression of the people became scarcely worth the mention. Then passed the shadow of the mischief-makers between him and the expectations which the people had entertained of his noble conduct, an indication of which he had given in the establishment of schools. For these mischief-makers planted in his heart foul desires which smoothed their own way to power, and set him free to the unrestrained enjoyment of his passions; and by these wiles he was inspired to cease finishing what he had determined to establish, and to leave off executing what he had commanded and arranged to be done. So the world

was darkened to the Egyptians at noon-day; for he made them drink the cup of grief and bitterness at the hands of foreign corruptors, the evil element of whom abounded at that time in all the offices of State. There was a double increase of oppressors and offenders, and a ruin of dwelling places with their landmarks; the reign of force opened the way to every official for the obliteration of rights and the plunder of what his hands could reach; every party eagerly grasped at wealth; for God had sealed up the hearts of chiefs and rulers, till there was universal misery and unbounded misfortune.

Now when the Khedive perceived that the tongues of the people were clamoring against the unequal distribution of wealth, and their consciences were seeking relief in open demonstrations for the recovery of what had been wrung from them by a people of force and fraud, he covered up the fires that were burning in their bosoms by the institution of the Mixed Courts. In establishing these Courts he concealed in his own mind what the events clearly brought to light. Feeling the continuance of those offensive restraints which were placed on the Government on account of his wasteful and extravagant expenditure, he wished by means of them to deceive the European members, on a point in which they would prefer darkness to clear light; that is to say, matters were so arranged that the oppressors should perforce gain their cases, while the cause of every one that was oppressed should come to naught. But for the confidence of the foreign Governments that their subjects would have in these Courts a strong backing, they would not have agreed to his request, nor confirmed his decree; and up to the present day these Courts have proved nothing but the seed of increased litigation, a pillar on which has leaned in covetousness the

greedy desire of the strong to plunder the weak. The example of the members of the Courts was followed by those who had been restrained from open plunder and injustice by respect for the Prince; and so they went on in oppression, eating up the goods of the people, as the ostrich indiscriminately devours whatever comes in its way. Meantime it was all over with the *fellah*, who had no one to help him or to make a move to lift the weight that pressed him down.

But, perhaps, an objector or ignorant person may think that the troubles of the Egyptians were the fruits of their own avarice. Therefore, to remove all doubt and make the truth clear, we have to state that the various Loans which were advanced by the foreigners at this time, besides exceeding the bounds of justice and "the quality of mercy," and the measure of propriety, were exacted under the authority of the Local Government as instructed by the lying statements of those who had advanced them. So when, in God's Providence, a *fellah* was forced to borrow from them, whether by reason of a pressing demand upon him, or from a preference based on the fact that the agents of the foreigners were protected from the oppression of the Governor and the tyranny of his petty officials, the simple borrower would make his land over in security for what he had borrowed. We shall not enter into the kinds of tricks by which the forms of receipt, bills of transfer, and so forth, were drawn out, for that is a well-known affair. But when the time for paying the debt arrived, the lender came with his horsemen and his array, and drove the *fellah* from his ground by force. If he appealed to the Government, this only added to his degradation and loss; for he was accused by his persecutor of having infringed the rights, which were guaranteed by

Government stipulations and political concessions. And when the foreigners saw that it was their arrow that hit the mark, and that it was the Consular party that prevailed with the Government, they insinuated themselves first with the small merchants, and then with the rich and strong, and used every effort to cheat the whole throng. They were aided in their schemes by the Government following their false guidance and imitating their example to the very phrase: so they impoverished the rich and loaded the shoulders of the poor and broke the backs of the weak, getting help in these pernicious measures by snaring their game in the office of every Minister, Director, and Mudir; profits and dividends being the means of taking the greedy captive with long arms. What aided them most powerfully to rise to such a height and to adhere to their crooked policy was that the great ones among them copied the vices of the supreme ruler, and guided him for the advantage of their several Governments and for their own private ends. And this was the reason why the care of the people's welfare was handed over to those who cared not for their well-being and were interested only in their loss. The chiefs thus appointed performed the duties required of them by the prevailing law of vanities; by a zealous endeavor to invest their own kinsmen with every office that turned up or that they wished to turn up. And all the centers of government at this time were like nothing but so many places of worship, frequented by the various sects, where every Mudir labored at the performance of the worship and service of his lords and masters. The happy man was he on whom were lavished hearty greetings, and who rose to the highest rank by the help of his patrons; and the unhappy man was he who was eyed askance with forbidding glance, and

whose longing look was cast down in weeping and disappointment.

From the bosom of the unseen, a voice calls to him, to give him patience under suffering;

"Thy case is not hidden from the Lord of the Universe;

But if thou fearest death before fate overtakes thee,

Know that there is no caution that can guard against what He has appointed:

And if life is long, and thou hast lost in it all pleasantness,

Take comfort, for nothing on the earth is abiding."

We do not think that any one, who is acquainted with the condition of Egypt and its modern history, is ignorant of this: that the foreigners, whose high ranks added to the weight that pressed on the finances of Egypt by the including of their names in the country's official list, and who by the attainment of counterfeit titles, were strengthened in their desire to obtain the favor of the representatives of their Governments, were exercising their every thought in planning undertakings which could have no other purpose than the squandering of what was laid up in the treasuries of Egypt, and were making its supreme ruler fancy that these undertakings of his were of great profit to the people and the country. Accordingly he would issue his gracious command for the execution of these schemes, and set apart for them the loads of money that was carried by the hundredweight to the doors of the Directorate, or of the Companies, formed by the gentlemen of the Banks, after arranging the guarantees on terms and conditions of the most excessive loss. Then he gave to the investor in the concern a larger share than his capital warranted, and the calculated profits were to be his return for what he had paid and for his pretended disinterestedness. But after the starting of the works, which

were on a scale of extravagant expense, leading to the certain impoverishment of every projector, then one could plainly see that there was a vast difference between the grand profits expected and those that actually appeared; or else there was a speedy collapse of the concern, when the hand of ruin got the mastery over the buildings that had been erected, and their splendid adornments became a sport to the winds. Waste and blundering could go no farther; this was playing with the rights of the people and cutting them at the very roots. These were

Things that fools make sport of,
But wise men weep at their consequences.

Then Ismail abdicated [1879], while the bowels of the country were burning with the fires of oppression and hatred, and the people, high and low, were entreating God to dispel their troubles and remove their griefs; since not one of them was able to escape from the cruel distress if he complained of his oppression, or carried to the directors of affairs his appeal. Then was raised to the dignity of Khedive His Highness Tewfik Pasha, who treated the people with marked kindness, and put a restraint on the hands of their enemies, protecting them from injury by his gentle bearing. The sweet odors of blessedness were wafted to the Egyptians from the meadows of his justice, and their hearts sang songs of thanksgiving at the auspicious commencement of his reign.

The people were well disposed in those days,
yet there was sent
In force against them the heaviest of
visitations.

In the last days of the rule of Ismail the Egyptians had taken to lauding the British influence and the English nationality and singing in favor thereof songs of praise and thanksgiving. They regarded those who sat under its

shadow as the successful ones of the earth, enjoying above all other nations the blessings of natural rights and national distinction; and observed that, by the happy accomplishment of imitating of their superiors they were able to gain whatever object they desired, and even to surpass their masters in villainy. But the fates sent against them that which changed their prosperity into misfortune, and their joy into sorrow, and brought to light the hidden designs of those who had been but indistinctly seen amid the violent strugglings and sudden vicissitudes and crafty dealings of the past. It was then that England and France made the land of Egypt a racecourse, in which the steeds of intrigue vied with each other in their eager desire to increase their prestige. England caused most trouble in this respect, because the Financial Control instituted in the time of Ismail having exalted the beacon of French influence, the English concealed their jealousies, and would have nothing but controversy and opposition and persistent adherence to whatever would make the success of the French contemptible in comparison with their own. So they announced their intention to make a Nile canal, beginning at the borders of Sherbin and ending at the Mediterranean; and they carried their purpose into excellent execution, bringing machinery and workmen for the purpose. But the natives feared, and the French, who were friendly to them, insinuated into their minds the most hostile feelings toward England. An excitement was got up by spreading a report that she intended to occupy the country, to which end, it was alleged, she had used as a ladder the claim to interference on behalf of desired reforms. These suspicions grew stronger with time, and men's minds became unsettled on account of them. So they vitiated the

sincerity of the cordial relations which the French had set on foot, and the result was that the Control, which had originated in a hearty desire to serve Egypt and her children, and in a sincere effort which would have rounded to her eternal happiness, was relaxed in the middle of its work. Thus men were at their wit's end, and the endless intrigues of the foreigners made rude sport of their hearts.

It was when things were in this state that the excesses of the Circassians occurred, their jealousy of the native officers showing itself in the singling out of some of them for the harshest treatment. In consequence of this the spirits of the leaders of the army, viz., Arabi and his four brother officers, instigated by Ismail, broke away from control in connection with the well-known affair of Wilson. But had not the conduct of the Circassians been encouraged by the Khedive's complacency with it, or his inattention to it, these ardent spirits would never have been driven on by it to open displays of unnatural hate. And so when Arabi rose up to demand national rights, he never could have ventured on what was far beyond his power of attainment, had he not been led on to the bitter end by the false guidance of the great men at the English Consulate-General, such as Mr. Vincent, Sir E. Malet, and others; for it was by their means that he was incited to break the rod of harmony and good relationship with the Khedive, a step fraught with miserable confusion and poisoning of mind. In all his vicissitudes, while making a show of friendship to the French, he followed in his heart the counsels of the English, and relied on their hypocritical support of his acts, which had for their object (as they led him to believe) the granting to the Egyptians of such complete liberty as would insure to them independent

action in their own country, and the management of their financial and other affairs. The fires of disaffection kept growing till the first demand of the officers for the removal of the Circassians was complied with. At the head of these was the Minister of War, Othman Rifki Pasha, who had planned the murder of the four leading native officers. This design of his failed because the troops revolted and carried off the officers who have just been mentioned, from the Gardens of the Kasr-el-Nil, where the Minister of War had intended to kill them. They then went, accompanied by the troops, to the Palace of Abidin, and laid their grievances before His Highness the Khedive, who granted their request by deposing the Circassian officers, in order to quell the disturbance and to insure the obedience of those who were the defenders of his kingdom from the horrors of war; and so on as we shall show in detail.

[The writer proceeds at considerable length to give the details of these transactions, which we omit. He thus concludes:—ED. LIB. MAG.]

The negotiations on the subject of a European Conference for the purpose of settling the Egyptian Question had resulted in the acceptance by the Ottoman Government of the declaration of the European Governments that such a Conference was necessary, and their explanation that it would not weaken the operations of the Ottoman Commission. Accordingly the Conference began its sittings on the 21st June, 1882; its members confirmed the minute of Constitution on the 25th, and on the 26th they agreed to proscribe the formation of party; and the gist of their first sitting was a clear enunciation of respect for and preservation of Imperial rights and a regard to Imperial Firmans and the Ancient Constitution of Egypt. Thus the affairs of Egypt entered upon a

new era, and in Alexandria and elsewhere there prevailed a disposition to maintain order, and a readiness to repel danger should the country be threatened with such by her enemy who was lying in ambush for her, till the proper time drew near for the exhibition of villainy and the clear exposure of evil designs. This crisis came immediately after many meetings had been held in the palace of Ras-et-Tin, under the presidency of the Khedive, Derwish being present, with the great men of the army and the Ministers, to take into consideration the demand of Admiral Seymour for the cessation of the strengthening of the forts and the destruction or removal of the materials collected for that purpose.—*Scotch Review.*

LADY ASHBURTON.

Until a couple of years ago few persons out of their own clique probably knew that there had been such a man living as the Hon. C. F. Greville, Clerk of the Council. But he not only lived, but for more than forty years kept up a journal—the first entry having been made in 1818, the last in 1860, a year and a half after he had retired from office. He closes his long record thus: “I am entirely out of the way of hearing anything of the slightest interest beyond what is known to all the world. I therefore close this record without any intention or expectation of renewing it, with a full consciousness of the smallness of its value or interest, and with great regret that I did not make better use of the opportunities I have had of recording something more worth reading.” We believe he died in 1863, at the age of three-score and ten. His journal was thought worth publishing; and it has

been printed in these parts each of a couple volumes, the last part early in this present year. Of Greville himself it needs only to say that he came of the bluest blood on both sides—Greville and Bentinck; that while young his grandfather's political influence procured for him the reversion of the lucrative office of clerk of the council; and that he had moreover a large salary from a West India appointment, which, as far as he was concerned, was a sinecure—all the duties of his position, except that of drawing the pay, being performed by deputy. He seems to have known every body that he thought worth knowing, from the Queen downward; and he tells quite frankly just what he thought about them: his opinions varying very widely from time to time. Among the great personages of whom he gives pen-and-ink portraits is Lady Ashburton—a woman who figures rather largely in Froude's *Life of Carlyle*, and of whom, if Froude is to be trusted, Jane Carlyle was very jealous. This is what Mr. Greville has to say of Lady Ashburton:

“Lady Ashburton was perhaps, on the whole, the most conspicuous woman in the society of the present day. She was undoubtedly very intelligent, with much quickness and vivacity in conversation, and by dint of a good deal of desultory reading and social intercourse with men more or less distinguished, she had improved her mind, and made herself a very agreeable woman, and had acquired no small reputation for ability and wit. It is never difficult for a woman in a great position and with some talent for conversation to attract a large society around her, and to have a number of admirers and devoted *habitués*. Lady Ashburton laid herself out for this, and while she exercised hospitality on a great scale, she was more of a *Précieuse* than any woman I have known. She was, or affected to be, extremely intimate with many men whose literary celebrity or talents constituted their only attraction, and while they were gratified by the attentions of the great lady, her vanity was flattered by the homage of such men, of whom Carlyle was the principal. It is only justice to her to say that she ~~traced~~

her literary friends with constant kindness and the most unselfish attentions. They, their wives and children (when they had any), were received at her house in the country, and entertained there for weeks without any airs of patronage, and with a spirit of genuine benevolence as well as hospitality.

“She was in her youth tall and commanding in person, but without any pretensions to good looks; still she was not altogether destitute of sentiment and coquetry, or incapable of both feeling and inspiring a certain amount of passion. The only man with whom she was ever what could be called *in love* was Clarendon, and that feeling was never entirely extinct, and the recollection of it kept up a sort of undefined relation between them to the end of her life. Two men were certainly in love with her, both distinguished in different ways. One was John Mill, who was sentimentally attached to her, and for a long time was devoted to her society. She was pleased and flattered by his devotion, but as she did not in the slightest degree return his passion, though she admired his abilities, he at last came to resent her indifference, and ended by estranging himself from her entirely, and proved the strength of his feeling by his obstinate refusal to continue even his acquaintance with her. Her other admirer was Charles Buller, with whom she was extremely intimate, but without ever reciprocating his love. Curiously enough, they were very like each other in person, as well as in their mental accomplishments. They had both the same spirits and cleverness in conversation, and the same quickness and drollery in repartee. I remember Allen well describing them, when he said that their talk was like that in a polite conversation between Never Out and Miss Notable. Her faults appeared to be caprice and a disposition to quarrels and *tracasseries* about nothing, which, however common amongst ordinary women, were unworthy of her superior understanding.

“But during her last illness all that was hard and hard in her nature seemed to be improved and softened, and she became full of charity, good-will, and the milk of human kindness. Her brother and her sister-in-law, who, forgetting former estrangements, hastened to her sick bed, were received by her with overflowing tenderness, and all selfish and unamiable feelings seemed to be entirely subdued within her. Had she recovered she would probably have lived a better and a happier woman, and as it is she has died in charity with all the world; and has left behind her corresponding sentiments of affection

and regret for her memory."—ALFRED H. GUERNSEY.

CHEATING THE DEVIL.

When the writer of this article was a parson in Yorkshire, he had in his parish a blacksmith blessed or afflicted—which shall we say?—with seven daughters and not a son. Now the parish was a newly constituted one, and it had a temporary licensed service room; but in the week before the newly erected church was to be consecrated, the blacksmith's wife presented her husband with a boy—his first boy. Then the blacksmith came to the parson, and the following conversation ensued:—

Blacksmith: Please, sir, I've got a little lad at last, praised be, and I want to have him baptized on Sunday.

Parson: Why, Joseph, put it off to Thursday, when the new church will be consecrated; then your little man will be the first child christened in the new font in the new church.

Blacksmith (shuffling with his feet, hitching his shoulders, looking down): Please, sir, folks say that t' fust child as is baptized i' a new church is bound to dee [die.] The old un [the devil] claims it. Naw, sir, I've seven little lasses, and but one lad. If this were a lass again, 'twouldn't 'a mattered; but as it's a lad—well, sir, I won't risk it.

A curious instance this of a very widespread and very ancient superstition, the origin of which we shall arrive at presently. All over the North of Europe the greatest aversion is felt to be the first to enter a new building, or go over a newly built bridge. If to do this is not thought everywhere and in all cases to entail death, it is considered supremely unlucky. Several German legends are connected with this superstition. The reader, if he has been to

Aix-la-Chapelle, has doubtless had the rift in the great door pointed out to him, and has been told how it came there. The devil and the architect made a compact that the first should supply the plans and the second gain the *kudos*; and the devil's pay was to be the first who crossed the threshold when the church was built. When the building was nearly complete, the architect's conscience smote him, and he confessed the compact to the bishop. "We'll *do* him," said the prelate; that is to say, he said something to this effect in terms more appropriate to the century in which he lived, and to his high ecclesiastical office.

When the procession formed to enter the minster for the consecration, the devil lurked in ambush behind a pillar, and fixed his wicked eye on a fine fat and succulent little chorister as his destined prey. But alas for his hopes! this fat little boy had been given his instructions, and, as he neared the great door, loosed the chain of a wolf and sent it through. The evil one uttered a howl of rage, snatched up the wolf and rushed away, giving the door a kick, as he passed it, that split the solid oak.

The castle of Gleichberg, near Rönskild, was erected by the devil in one night. The Baron of Gleichberg was threatened by his foes, and he promised to give the devil his daughter if he erected the castle before cockcrow. The nurse overheard the compact, and, just as the castle was finished, set fire to a stack of corn. The cock, seeing the light, thought morning had come, and crowed before the last stone was added to the walls. The devil in a rage carried off the old baron—and served him right—instead of the maiden. We shall see presently how this story works into our subject.

At Frankfort may be seen, on the Sachsenhäuser Bridge, an iron rod with

a gilt cock on the top. This is the reason: An architect undertook to build the bridge within a fixed time, but three days before that on which he had contracted to complete it the bridge was only half finished. In his distress he invoked the devil, who undertook to complete it if he might receive the first who crossed the bridge. The work was done by the appointed day, and then the architect drove a cock over the bridge. The devil, who had reckoned on getting a human being, was furious; he tore the poor cock in two, and flung it with such violence at the bridge that he knocked two holes in it, which to the present day cannot be closed, for if stones are put in by day they are torn out by night. In memorial of the event, the image of the cock was set up on the bridge.

And now, without further quotation of examples, what do they mean? They mean this—that in remote times a sacrifice of some sort was offered at the completion of a building; but not only at the completion—the foundations of a house, a castle, a bridge, a town, even a church, were laid in blood. In heathen times a sacrifice was offered to the god under whose protection the building was placed; in Christian times the sacrifice continued, but was given another signification. It was said that no edifice would stand firmly unless the foundations were laid in blood. Usually some animal was placed under the corner stone—a dog, a sow, a wolf, a black cock, a goat, sometimes the body of a malefactor who had been executed for his crimes.

Heinrich Heine says on this subject: "In the Middle Ages the opinion prevailed that when any building was to be erected something living must be killed, in the blood of which the foundation had to be laid, by which process the building would be secured from

falling; and in ballads and traditions the remembrance is still preserved how children and animals were slaughtered for the purpose of strengthening large buildings with their blood."—*Cornhill Magazine*.

LUTHER'S PORTRAIT AT THE WARTBURG.

And there, looking out on us, where we stand, from its place on the wall, is the portrait which, by common consent, transmits to us the correct appearance of the man who has thus come to occupy the reverent imaginations of mankind. And in that appearance lies a key to himself: to his power and marvelous success; to his weakness and failure. As we look at that broad, frank, strong face the artist saw and painted for us to see, we recognize at once the champion of liberties, the friend of Scripture, the man and idol of a reformation. That man's name, any one can see, is not "Faintheart" nor "Timorous," nor is it "Facing-both-Ways." He is a man of movement, determined aim, and mighty force. He is brave, incapable of cowardice, and also of charity. He is no model for the Good Shepherd, save when the wolves are by the fold, and then woe to them! He could face archdukes and prelates, and cities all whose tiles are devils; he could do that with unswerving sense of public duty; but he could not go out into the night alone, seeking the lost and weary; he could not patiently stand at a door and knock (except to knock it down), treading the path to the unwilling again and again in beseeching tears. He is not slow to anger; he is not plenteous in mercy; and you see at once that he "will by no means clear the guilty." He means business, and

no doubt the servants at the Wartburg Castle knew it, and regarded him as a terrible prophet of the Lord. We say this in no disparagement of the grand man, for the very greatest disciple has but a fragment of his Lord in him. He was public-spirited, and brave, and had the courage of his convictions. He held it to be God's will that men should judge and believe for themselves; and dedicating himself to that undoubted fragment of the mind which was in Christ Jesus, he worked day and night to give them the means—the New Testament in their own tongue, and the power and right to use it—for breaking down the authority of Rome. A man of that face might be able and logical, have firm grasp of ideas, and clearly propound them; but though it glows with characteristics of the Word, it does not glow with the light of the Spirit. His most passionate admirer cannot see there, at least, signs of the broad, world-wide, patient, long-suffering love which speaks of drinking deeply of the mind of Jesus. At his best he was a grand prophet; he was scarcely an apostle. He could create a sect, but not a church. He became a dictator, but not a loyal leader toward the beautiful Christ. The Pope whom he denounced he succeeded, wherever his denunciations were heeded; sitting in a new kind of throne, issuing new bulls, canonizing new saints, receiving the homage of the new faithful. He was a prophet, but not more than a prophet. He did not transfer his followers to the Nazarene. In his later life he became far too contented with what he did, and by prosperity became faithless. Jesus did not increase; himself, Luther, did not decrease, but rather the reverse. He founded a church, as men count churches, which increased and multiplied, but did not grow into a life wiser and stronger than his own had

been. His early spirit did not pass on. To-day they hold what Luther held. Jesus did not, does not, cannot take the high place among them which He could and must have done, had Luther's spirit, not his dogma, possessed his followers. Luther gave them rest. Had "Jesus, still lead on," been their cry as well as his, the church which bears his brave name would not have been, as it now is, cold and formal.—MARY HARRISON, in *The Sunday Magazine*.

ANIMAL MASQUERADERS.

There are some animals which not merely assimilate themselves in color to the ordinary environment in a general way, but have also the power of adapting themselves at will to whatever object they happen to be against. Cases like that of ptarmigan, which in summer harmonizes with the brown heather and gray rock, while in Winter it changes to the white of the snow-fields, lead us up gradually to such ultimate results of the masquerading tendency. There is a tiny crustacean, the chameleon shrimp, which can alter its hue to that of any material on which it happens to rest. On a sandy bottom it appears gray or sand-colored; when lurking among seaweed it becomes green, or red, or brown, according to the nature of its momentary background. Probably the effect is quite unconscious, or at least involuntary, like blushing with ourselves—and nobody ever blushes on purpose, though they do say a distinguished poet once complained that an eminent actor did not follow his stage directions because he omitted to obey the rubrical remark, "Here Harold purples with anger." The change is produced by certain automatic muscles which force up

particular pigment cells above the others, green coming to the top on a green surface, red on a ruddy one, and brown or gray where the circumstances demand them. Many kinds of fish similarly alter their color to suit their background by forcing forward or backward certain special pigment-cells known as *chromatophores*, whose various combinations produce at will almost any required tone or shade. Almost all reptiles and amphibians possess the power of changing their hue in accordance with their environment in a very high degree; and among certain tree-toads and frogs it is difficult to say what is the normal coloring, as they vary indefinitely from buff and dove-color to chocolate-brown, rose, and even lilac.

But of all the particolored reptiles the chameleon is by far the best known, and on the whole the most remarkable for his inconstancy of coloration. He varies incontinently from buff to blue, and from blue black to orange again, under stress of circumstances. The mechanism of this curious change is extremely complex. Tiny corpuscles of different pigments are sometimes hidden in the depths of the chameleon's skin, and sometimes spread out on its surface in an interlacing network of brown or purple. In addition to this prime coloring matter, however, the animal also possesses a normal yellow pigment, and a bluish layer in the skin which acts like the iridium glass; being seen as straw-colored with a transmitted light, but assuming a faint lilac tint against an opaque absorbent surface. While sleeping the chameleon becomes almost white in the shade, but if light falls upon him he slowly darkens by an automatic process. The movements of the corpuscles are governed by opposite nerves and muscles, which either cause them to bury themselves under the true skin,

or to form an opaque ground behind the blue layer, or to spread out in a ramifying mass on the outer surface, and so produce as desired almost any necessary shade of gray, green, black, or yellow. It is an interesting fact that many chrysalids undergo precisely similar changes of color in adaptation to the background against which they suspend themselves, being gray on a gray surface, green on a green one, and even half black and half red when hung up against pieces of particolored paper.

Nothing could more beautifully prove the noble superiority of the human intellect than the fact that while our grouse are russet-brown to suit the bracken and heather, and our caterpillars green to suit the lettuce and the cabbage leaves, our British soldier should be wisely coated in brilliant scarlet to form an effective mark for the rifles of an enemy. Red is the easiest of all colors at which to aim from a great distance; and its selection by authority for the uniform of unfortunate Tommy Atkins reminds me of nothing so much as Mr. McClelland's exquisite suggestion that the peculiar brilliancy of the Indian river carp makes them serve "as a better mark for kingfishers, terns, and other birds which are destined to keep the number of these fishes in check." The idea of Providence and the Horse Guards conspiring to render any creature an easier target for the attacks of enemies is worthy of the decadent school of natural history, and cannot for a moment be dispassionately considered by a judicious critic. Nowadays we all know that the carp are decked in crimson and blue to please their partners, and that soldiers are dressed in brilliant red to please—the æsthetic authorities who command them from a distance.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

CHICANE, CHICANERY.—In Worcester's Dictionary, the word *chicane* is thus traced and defined: "*chicane*. [A. S. *swican*, to deceive; Fr. *chicane*]. A shift, turn, or trick, especially in law proceedings." But Col. Yule, in his *Anglo-Indian Glossary*, proposes a quite new etymology, which, to say the least, is curious:

"*Chicane, chicanery.*—These English words, signifying pettifogging, captious contention, taking every possible advantage in a contest, have been referred to Spanish *chico*, little, and to French *chic, chiquet*, a little bit, as by Mr. Wedgwood in his *Dictionary of English Etymology*. But there can be little doubt that the words are really traceable to the game of *chaugan* or horse-golf. This game is now well known in England under the name of Polo. But the recent introduction under that name is its second importation into Western Europe. For in the Middle Ages it came from Persia to Byzantium; where it was popular, under a modification of its Persian name (verb *ῥυχαρίζειν*, playing ground *ῥυχαριστήριον* and from Byzantium it passed as a pedestrian game to Languedoc, where it was called by a further modification *chicane*. The analogy of certain periods of the game of golf suggests now how the figurative meaning of *chicaner* might arise in taking advantage of the petty accidents of the surface. And this is the strict meaning of *chicaner* as used by military writers. Ducange's idea was that the Greeks had borrowed both the game and the name from France, but this is evidently erroneous. He was not aware of the Persian *chaugan*. But he explains how well the tactics of the game should have led to the application of its name to 'those tortuous proceedings of pleaders which we old practitioners call *barres*.' The indication of the Persian origin of both the Greek and French words is due to W. Ouseley and to Quatremère. The game is now quite extinct in Persia and Western Asia, surviving only in certain regions adjoining India. But for many centuries it was the game of kings and courts over all Mahomedan Asia. The earliest Muhommedan historians represented the game of *chaugan* as familiar to the Sassanian kings; Ferdusi puts the *chaugan*-stick into the hands of Siawush, the father of Kai Khusru or Cyrus; many famous kings were devoted to the game, among whom may be mentioned Nuruddin the Just, Atabek of Syria, and the great enemy of the Crusaders. He was so fond of the game, that he used

(like Akbar in after days) to play it by lamp light, and was severely rebuked by a devout Mussulman for being so devoted to a mere amusement. Other zealous *chaugan* players were the great Saladin, Jalaluddin Maunkbarni of Khwarizm, and Malik Bibars, Marco Polo's Bendocquedar Soldan of Babylon, who was said more than once to have played *chaugan* at Damascus and at Cairo within the same week. It is not known when the game was conveyed to Constantinople, but it must have been not later than the beginning of the eighth century. The fullest description of the game as played there is given by Johannes Cinnamus, who does not, however, give the barbarian name."

MR. LEGGO AND OURSELVES—Mr. W. Leggo—a gentleman otherwise wholly unknown to us has, through the *Scottish Review*, undertaken to enlighten his fellow subjects upon "The Fisheries Question from a Canadian Point of View." Toward the close of his second, and we suppose his concluding paper, he thus lifts up his warning voice against the wicked, cunning, grasping Yankee race:

"When we consider the long train of humiliating and worse than needless concessions to the Americans—concessions yielded at the expense of the struggling fishermen of our Maritime Provinces, this last one 'out-Herods Herod.' Britain may just as sensibly trust to Russian honesty as to American palaver. The one is precisely as reliable as the other. The whole course of American diplomacy with Britain since the Declaration of Independence has been distinguished by a want of frankness and sincerity. The Fishery question is but one of a series of similar stories. The Maine boundary, the Oregon boundary, the San Juan or Havo Straits question, the Fenian outrages, are others, and in each of these cases did the United States Government exhibit a disingenuousness which in private life would consign the culprit to social outlawry. British Ministers ought to have seen that the Americans had no intentions whatever to open up such trade relations with Canada as would be at all beneficial to us, and yet they persisted, on the strength of a faint suggestion that something might be done by Congress in 1885-6, in allowing the Americans for another season to raid on the ground of the Colonial fishermen, without the slightest compensation either *in presentis* or *in futuro*. It must be difficult for any Briton to hear this with a blush of shame—it is possible to a Canadian to think of it without indignation."

THE SCIENTIFIC BASES OF ANARCHY.*

Anarchy (*ἀναρχία*), the No-Government system of Socialism, has a double origin. It is an outgrowth of the two great movements of thought in the economical and the political fields which characterize our century, and especially its second part. In common with all Socialists, the anarchists hold that the private ownership of land, capital, and machinery has had its time; that it is condemned to disappear; and that all requisites for production must, and will, become the common property of society, and be managed in common by the producers of wealth. And, in common with the most advanced representatives of political Radicalism, they maintain that the ideal of the political organization of society is a condition of things where the functions of government are reduced to a minimum, and the individual recovers his full liberty of initiative and action for satisfying, by means of free groups and federations—freely constituted—all the infinitely varied needs of the human being. As regards Socialism, most of the anarchists arrive at its ultimate conclusion, that is, at a complete negation of the wage-system, and *at* communism.

And with reference to political organization, by giving a further development to the above-mentioned part of the Radical programme, they arrive at the conclusion that the ultimate aim of society is the reduction of the functions of government to *nil*—that is, to a society without government, to Anarchy. The anarchists maintain, moreover, that such being the ideal of

social and political organization, they must not remit it to future centuries, but that only those changes in our social organization which are in accordance with the above double ideal, and constitute an approach to it, will have a chance of life and be beneficial for the commonwealth.

As to the method followed by the anarchist thinker, it differs to a great extent from that followed by the Utopists. The anarchist thinker does not resort to metaphysical conceptions (like the "natural rights," the "duties of the State," and so on) for establishing what are, in his opinion, the best conditions for realizing the greatest happiness of humanity. He follows, on the contrary, the course traced by the modern philosophy of evolution—without entering, however, the slippery route of mere analogies so often resorted to by Herbert Spencer. He studies human society as it is now and was in the past; and, and without either endowing men altogether, or separate individuals, with superior qualities which they do not possess, he merely considers society as an aggregation of organisms trying to find out the best ways of combining the wants of the individual with those of co-operation for the welfare of the species. He studies society and tries to discover its *tendencies*, past and present, its growing needs, intellectual and economical; and in his ideal he merely points out in which direction evolution goes. He distinguishes between the real wants and tendencies of human aggregations and the accidents (want of knowledge, migrations, wars, conquests) which prevented these tendencies from being satisfied, or temporarily paralyzed them. And he concludes that the two most prominent, although often unconscious, tendencies throughout our history were: a tendency toward integrating our labor for the production of all

* Place is given in THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE to this article because it is a dispassionate presentation of one aspect of the question which in one form or another involves the great social problem of the day —ED. LIB. MAG.

riches in common, so as finally to render it impossible to discriminate the part of the common production due to the separate individual; and a tendency toward the fullest freedom of the individual for the prosecution of all aims, beneficial both for himself and for society at large. The idea of the anarchist is thus a mere summing-up of what he considers to be the next phase of evolution. It is no longer a matter of faith; it is a matter for scientific discussion.

In fact, one of the leading features of our century is the growth of Socialism and the rapid spreading of Socialist views among the working classes. How could it be otherwise? We have witnessed during the last seventy years an unparalleled sudden increase of our powers of production, resulting in an accumulation of wealth which has outstripped the most sanguine expectations. But, owing to our wage system, this increase of wealth—due to the combined efforts of men of science, of managers, and workmen as well—has resulted only in an unprecedented accumulation of wealth in the hands of the owners of capital; while an increase of misery for the great numbers, and an insecurity of life for all, have been the lot of the workmen. The unskilled laborers, in continuous search for labor, are falling into an unheard-of destitution; and even the best paid artisans and skilled workmen, who undoubtedly are living now a more comfortable life than before, labor under the permanent menace of being thrown, in their turn, into the same conditions as the unskilled paupers, in consequence of some of the continuous and unavoidable fluctuations of industry and caprices of capital. The chasm between the modern millionaire who squanders the produce of human labor in a gorgeous and vain luxury, and the pauper reduced to a miserable and insecure existence, is

thus growing more and more, so as to break the very unity of society—the harmony of its life—and to endanger the progress of its further development. At the same time, the working classes are the less inclined patiently to endure this division of society into two classes, as they themselves become more and more conscious of the wealth-producing power of modern industry, of the part played by labor in the production of wealth, and of their own capacities of organization. In proportion as all classes of the community take a more lively part in public affairs, and knowledge spreads among the masses, their longing for equality becomes stronger, and their demands of social reorganization become louder and louder: they can be ignored no more. The worker claims his share in the riches he produces; he claims his share in the management of production; and he claims not only some additional well-being, but also his full rights in the higher enjoyments of science and art. These claims, which formerly were uttered only by the social reformer, begin now to be made by a daily growing minority of those who work in the factory or till the acre; and they so conform with our feelings of justice, that they find support in a daily growing minority amidst the privileged classes themselves. Socialism becomes thus *the* idea of the nineteenth century; and neither coercion nor pseudo-reforms can stop its further growth.

Much hope of improvement was laid, of course, in the extension of political rights to the working classes. But these concessions, unsupported as they were by corresponding changes in the economical relations, proved delusory. They did not materially improve the conditions of the great bulk of the workmen. Therefore, the watchword of Socialism is: "Economic freedom, as the only secure basis for politi-

cal freedom." And as long as the present wage system, with all its bad consequences, remains unaltered, the Socialist watchword will continue to inspire the workmen. Socialism will continue to grow until it has realized its programme.

Side by side with this great movement of thought in economical matters, a like movement was going on, with regard to political rights, political organization, and the functions of government. Government was submitted to the same criticism as Capital. While most of the Radicals saw in universal suffrage and republican institutions the last word of political wisdom, a further step was made by the few. The very functions of government and the State, as also their relations to the individual, were submitted to a sharper and deeper criticism. Representative government having been experimented on a wider field than before, its defects became more and more prominent. It became obvious that these defects are not merely accidental, but inherent to the system itself. Parliament and its executive proved to be unable to attend to all the numberless affairs of the community and to conciliate the varied and often opposite interests of the separate parts of a State. Election proved unable to find out the men who might represent a nation, and manage, otherwise than in a party spirit, the affairs they are compelled to legislate upon. The defects became so striking that the very principles of the representative system were criticised and their justness doubted. Again, the dangers of a centralized government became still more conspicuous when the Socialists came to the front and asked for a further increase of the powers of government by intrusting it with the management of the immense field covered now by the economical relations between individuals. The question was asked,

whether a government, intrusted with the management of industry and trade, would not become a permanent danger for liberty and peace, and whether it even would be able to be a good manager?

The Socialists of the earlier part of this century did not fully realize the immense difficulties of the problem. Convinced as they were of the necessity of economical reforms, most of them took no notice of the need of freedom for the individual; and we have had social reformers ready to submit society to any kind of theocracy, dictatorship, or even Caesarism, in order to obtain reforms in a Socialist sense. Therefore we saw, in this country and also on the Continent, the division of men of advanced opinions into political Radicals and Socialists—the former looking with distrust on the latter, as they saw in them a danger for the political liberties which have been won by the civilized nations after a long series of struggles. And even now, when the Socialists all over Europe are becoming political parties, and profess the democratic faith, there remains among most impartial men a well-founded fear of the *Volksstaat* or "popular State" being as great a danger for liberty as any form of autocracy, if its government be intrusted with the management of all the social organization, including the production and distribution of wealth.

The evolution of the last forty years prepared, however, the way for showing the necessity and possibility of a higher form of social organization which might guarantee economical freedom without reducing the individual to the rôle of a slave to the State. The origins of government were carefully studied, and all metaphysical conceptions as to divine or "social contract" derivation having been laid aside, it appeared that it is among us of a relatively modern origin, and that its powers grew precisely in

proportion as the division of society into the privileged and unprivileged classes was growing in the course of ages. Representative government was also reduced to its real value—that of an instrument which has rendered services in the struggle against autocracy, but not an ideal of free political organization. As to the system of philosophy which saw in the State (the *Kultur-Staat*) a leader to progress, it was more and more shaken as it became evident that progress is the more effective when it is not checked by State interference. It thus became obvious that a further advance in social life does not lie in the direction of a further concentration of power and regulative functions in the hands of a governing body, but in the direction of decentralization, both territorial and functional—in a subdivision of public functions with respect both to their sphere of action and to the character of the functions; it is in the abandonment to the initiative of freely constituted groups of all those functions which are now considered as the functions of government.

This current of thought found its expression not merely in literature, but also, to a limited extent, in life. The uprising of the Paris Commune, followed by that of the Commune of Cartagena—a movement of which the historical bearing seems to have been quite overlooked in this country—opened a new page of history. If we analyze not only this movement in itself, but also the impression it left in the minds and the tendencies which were manifested during the communal revolution, we must recognize in it an indication showing that in the future human agglomerations which are more advanced in their social development will try to start an independent life; and that they will endeavor to convert the more backward parts of a nation by example,

instead of imposing their opinions by law and force, or submitting themselves to the majority-rule, which always is a mediocrity-rule. At the same time the failure of representative government within the Commune itself proved that self-government and self-administration must be carried on further than in a mere territorial sense; to be effective they must be carried on also with regard to the various functions of life within the free community; a merely territorial limitation of the sphere of action of government will not do—representative government being as deficient in a city as it is in a nation. Life gave thus a further point in favor of the no-government theory, and a new impulse to anarchist thought.

Anarchists recognize the justice of both the just-mentioned tendencies toward economical and political freedom, and see in them two different manifestations of the very same need of equality which constitutes the very essence of all struggles mentioned by history. Therefore, in common with all Socialists, the anarchist says to the political reformer: "No substantial reform in the sense of political equality, and no limitation of the powers of government, can be made as long as society is divided into two hostile camps, and the laborer remains, economically speaking, a serf, to his employer." But to the Popular State Socialist we say also: "You cannot modify the existing conditions of property without deeply modifying at the same time the political organization. You must limit the powers of government and renounce Parliamentary rule. To each new economical phasis of life corresponds a new political phasis. Absolute monarchy—that is, Court-rule—corresponds to the system of serfdom. Representative government corresponds to Capital-rule. Both, however, are class-rule. But in a society where the dis-

inction between capitalist and laborer has disappeared, there is no need of such a government; it would be an anachronism, a nuisance. Free workers would require a free organization, and this cannot have another basis than free agreement and free co-operation, without sacrificing the autonomy of the individual to the all-pervading interference of the State. The no-capitalist system implies the no-government system."

Meaning thus the emancipation of man from the oppressive powers of capitalist and government as well, the system of anarchy becomes a synthesis of the two powerful currents of thought which characterize our century.

In arriving at these conclusions anarchy proves to be in accordance with the conclusions arrived at by the philosophy of evolution. By bringing to light the plasticity of organization, the philosophy of evolution has shown the admirable adaptivity of organisms to their conditions of life, and the ensuing development of such faculties as render more complete both the adaptations of the aggregates to their surroundings and those of each of the constituent parts of the aggregate to the needs of free co-operation. It familiarized us with the circumstance that throughout organic nature the capacities for life in common are growing in proportion as the integration of organisms into compound aggregates becomes more and more complete; and it enforced thus the opinion already expressed by social moralists as to the perfectibility of human nature. It has shown us that, in the long run of the struggle for existence, "the fittest" will prove to be those who combine intellectual knowledge with the knowledge necessary for the production of wealth, and not those who are now the richest because they, or their ancestors, have been momentarily the strongest. By

showing that the "struggle for existence" must be conceived, not merely in its restricted sense of a struggle between individuals for the means of subsistence, but in its wider sense of adaptation of all individuals of the species to the best conditions for the survival of the species, as well as for the greatest possible sum of life and happiness for each and all, it permitted us to deduce the laws of moral science from the social needs and habits of mankind. It showed us the infinitesimal part played by positive law in moral evolution, and the immense part played by the natural growth of altruistic feelings, which develop as soon as the conditions of life favor their growth. It thus enforced the opinion of social reformers as to the necessity of modifying the conditions of life for improving man, instead of trying to improve human nature by moral teachings while life works in an opposite direction. Finally, by studying human society from the biological point of view, it came to the conclusions arrived at by anarchists from the study of history and present tendencies, as to further progress being in the line of socialization of wealth and integrated labor, combined with the fullest possible freedom of the individual.

It is not a mere coincidence that Herbert Spencer, whom we may consider as a pretty fair expounder of the philosophy of evolution, has been brought to conclude, with regard to political organization that "that form of society toward which we are progressing" is "one in which *government* will be reduced to the smallest amount possible, and *freedom* increased to the greatest amount possible." When he opposes in these words the conclusion of his synthetic philosophy to those of Auguste Comte, he arrives at very nearly the same conclusion as Proudhon and Bakunin. More than that,

the very methods of argumentation and the illustrations resorted to by Herbert Spencer (daily supply of food, post-office, and so on) are the same which we find in the writings of the anarchists. The channels of thought were the same, although both were unaware of each other's endeavors.

Again, when Mr. Spencer so powerfully and even not without a touch of passion, argues (in his Appendix to the third edition of the *Data of Ethics*) that human societies are marching toward a state when a further identification of altruism with egotism will be made "in the sense that personal gratification will come from the gratification of others;" when he says that "we are shown, undeniably, that it is a perfectly possible thing for organisms to become so adjusted to the requirements of their lives, that energy expended for the general welfare may not only be adequate to check energy expended for the individual welfare, but may come to subordinate it so far as to leave individual welfare no greater part than is necessary for maintenance of individual life"—provided the conditions for such relations between the individual and the community be maintained—he derives from the study of nature the very same conclusions which the forerunners of anarchy, Fourier, and Robert Owen, derived from a study of human character.

When we see further Mr. Bain so forcibly elaborating the theory of moral habits, and the French philosopher, M. Guyau, publishing his remarkable work on *Morality without Obligation or Sanction*; when J. S. Mill so sharply criticises representative government, and when he discusses the problem of liberty, although failing to establish its necessary conditions; when Sir John Lubbock prosecutes his admirable studies on animal societies, and Mr. Morgan applies scientific methods of investiga-

tion to the philosophy of history—when, in short, every year, by bringing some new arguments to the philosophy of evolution, adds at the same time some new arguments to the theory of anarchy—we must recognize that this last, although differing as to its starting-points, follows the same sound methods of scientific investigation. Our confidence in its conclusions is still more increased. The difference between anarchists and the just-named philosophers may be immense as to the presumed speed of evolution, and as to the conduct which one ought to assume as soon as he has had an insight into the aims toward which society is marching. No attempt, however, has been made scientifically to determine the ratio of evolution, nor have the chief elements of the problem (the state of mind of the masses) been taken into account by the evolutionist philosophers. As to bringing one's action into accordance with his philosophical conceptions, we know that, unhappily, intellect and will are too often separated by a chasm not to be filled by mere philosophical speculations, however deep and elaborate.

There is, however, between the just-named philosophers and the anarchists a wide difference on one point of primordial importance. This difference is the stranger as it arises on a point which might be discussed figures in hand, and which constitutes the very basis of all further deduction, as it belongs to what biological sociology would describe as the physiology of nutrition.

There is, in fact, a widely spread fallacy, maintained by Mr. Spencer and many others, as to the causes of the misery which we see round about us. It was affirmed forty years ago, and it is affirmed now by Mr. Spencer and his followers, that misery in civilized society is due to our insufficient production or rather to the circumstances

that "population presses upon the means of subsistence." It would be of no use to inquire into the origin of such a misrepresentation of facts, which might be easily verified. It may have its origin in inherited misconceptions which have nothing to do with the philosophy of evolution. But to be maintained and advocated by philosophers, there must be, in the conceptions of these philosophers, some confusion as to the different aspects of the struggle for existence. Sufficient importance is not given to the difference between the struggle which goes on among organisms which do *not* cooperate for providing the means of subsistence, and those which *do* so. In this last case again there must be some confusion between those aggregates whose members find their means of subsistence in the ready produce of the vegetable and animal kingdom, and those whose members artificially grow their means of subsistence and are enabled to increase (to a yet unknown amount) the productivity of each spot of the surface of the globe. Hunters who hunt, each of them for his own sake, and hunters who unite into societies for hunting, stand quite differently with regard to the means of subsistence. But the difference is still greater between the hunters who take their means of subsistence as they are in nature, and civilized men who grow their food and produce all requisites for a comfortable life by machinery. In this last case—the stock of potential energy in nature being little short of infinite in comparison with the present population of the globe—the means of availing ourselves of the stock of energy are increased and perfected precisely in proportion to the density of population and to the previously accumulated stock of technical knowledge; so that for human beings who are in possession of scientific knowledge, co-operate

for the artificial production of the means of subsistence and comfort, the law is quite the reverse to that of Malthus. The accumulation of means of subsistence and comfort is going on at a much speedier rate than the increase of population. The only conclusion which we can deduce from the laws of evolution and multiplication of effects is that the available amount of means of subsistence increases at a rate which increases itself in proportion as population becomes denser—unless it be artificially (and temporarily) checked by some defects of social organization. As to our *powers* of production (our potential production,) they increase at a still speedier rate; in proportion as scientific knowledge grows, the means for spreading it are rendered easier, and inventive genius is stimulated by all previous inventions.

If the fallacy as to the pressure of population on the means of subsistence could be maintained a hundred years ago, it can be maintained no more, since we have witnessed the effects of science on industry, and the enormous increase of our productive powers during the last hundred years. We know, in fact, that while the growth of population of England has been from 16¼ million in 1844 to 26¼ millions in 1883, showing thus an increase of 62 per cent. the growth of national wealth (as testified by schedule A of the Income Tax Act) has increased at a twice speedier rate; it has grown from 221 to 507¼ millions—that is, by 130 per cent. And we know that the same increase of wealth has taken place in France, where population remains almost stationary, and that it has gone on at a still speedier rate in the United States, where population is increasing every year by immigration.

But the figures just mentioned, while showing the real increase of production, give only a faint idea of what

our production might be under a more reasonable economical organization. We know well that the owners of capital, while trying to produce more wares with fewer "hands," are also continually endeavoring to limit the production, in order to sell at higher prices. When the benefits of a concern are going down, the owner of the capital limits the production, or totally suspends it, and prefers to engage his capital in foreign loans or shares of Patagonian gold-mines. Just now there are plenty of pitmen in England who ask for nothing better than to be permitted to extract coal and supply with cheap fuel the households where children are shivering before empty chimneys. There are thousands of weavers who ask for nothing better than to weave stuffs in order to replace the Whitechapel rugs with linen. And so in all branches of industry. How can we talk about a want of means of subsistence when 246 blasting furnaces and thousands of factories lie idle in Great Britain alone; and when there are, just now, thousands and thousands of unemployed in London alone; thousands of men who would consider themselves happy if they were permitted to transform (under the guidance of experienced men) the heavy clay of Middlesex into a rich soil, and to cover with rich cornfields and orchards the acres of meadow-land which now yield only a few pounds' worth of hay? But they are prevented from doing so by the owners of the land, of the weaving factory, and of the coal-mine, because capital finds it more advantageous to supply the Khedive, with harems and the Russian Government with "strategic railways" and Krupp guns. Of course the maintenance of harems *pays*: it gives ten or fifteen per cent. on the capital, while the extraction of coal does not pay—that is, it brings three or five per cent.

—and that is a sufficient reason for limiting the production and permitting would-be economists to indulge in reproaches to the working classes as to their too rapid multiplication!

Here we have instances of a direct and conscious limitation of production, due to the circumstance that the requisites for production belong to the few, and that these few have the right of disposing of them at their will, without caring about the interests of the community. But there is also the indirect and unconscious limitation of production—that which results from squandering the produce of human labor in luxury, instead of applying it to a further increase of production.

The last even cannot be estimated in figures but a walk through the rich shops of any city and a glance at the manner in which money is squandered now, can give an approximate idea of this indirect limitation. When a rich man spends a thousand pounds for his stables, he squanders five to six thousand days of human labor, which might be used, under a better social organization, for supplying with comfortable homes those who are compelled to live now in dens. And when a lady spends a hundred pounds for her dress, we cannot but say that she squanders, at least, two years of human labor, which, again under a better organization, might have supplied a hundred women with decent dresses, and much more if applied to a further improvement of the instruments of production. Preachers thunder against luxury, because it is shameful to squander money for feeding and sheltering hounds and horses, when thousands live in the East End on sixpence a day, and other thousands have not even their miserable sixpence every day. But the economist sees more than that in our modern luxury: when millions of days of labor are spent every year for the satisfaction of the

stupid vanity of the rich, he says that so many millions of workers have been diverted from the manufacture of those useful instruments, which would permit us to decuple and centuple our present production of means of subsistence and of requisites for comfort.

In short, if we take into account both the real and the potential increase of our wealth, and consider both the direct and indirect limitation of production, which are unavoidable under our present economical system, we must recognize that the supposed "pressure of population on the means of subsistence" is a mere fallacy, repeated, like many other fallacies, without even taking the trouble of submitting it to a moment's criticism. The causes of the present social disease must be sought elsewhere.

Let us take a civilized country. The forests have been cleared, the swamps drained. Thousands of roads and railways intersect it in all directions; the rivers have been rendered navigable, and the seaports are of easy access. Canals connect the seas. The rocks have been pierced by deep shafts; thousands of manufactures cover the land. Science has taught men how to use the energy of nature for the satisfaction of his needs. Cities have slowly grown in the long run of ages, and treasures of science and art are accumulated in these centers of civilization. But—who has made all these marvels?

The combined efforts of scores of generations have contributed toward the achievement of these results. The forests have been cleared centuries ago; millions of men have spent years and years of labor in draining the swamps, in tracing the roads, in building the railways. Other millions have built the cities, and created the civilization we boast of. Thousands of inventors, mostly unknown, mostly dying in pov-

erty and neglect, have elaborated the machinery in which Man admires his genius. Thousands of writers, philosophers and men of science, supported by many thousands of compositors, printers, and other laborers whose name is legion, have contributed in elaborating and spreading knowledge, in dissipating errors, creating the atmosphere of scientific thought, without which the marvels of our century never would have been brought to life. The genius of a Mayer and a Grove, the patient work of a Joule, surely have done more for giving a new start to modern industry than all the capitalists of the world; but these men of genius themselves are, in their turn, the children of industry: thousands of engines had to transform heat into mechanical force, and mechanical force into sound, light, and electricity—and they had to do so years long ago, every day, under the eyes of humanity—before some of our contemporaries proclaimed the mechanical origin of heat and the correlation of physical forces, and before we ourselves became prepared to listen to them and understand their teachings. Who knows for how many decades we should continue to be ignorant of this theory which now revolutionizes industry, were it not for the inventive powers and skill of those unknown workers who have improved the steam-engine, who brought all its parts to perfection, so as to make steam more manageable than a horse, and to render the use of the engine nearly universal? But the same is true with regard to each smallest part of our machinery. In each machine however simple, we may read a whole history—a long history of sleepless nights, of delusions and joys, of partial inventions and partial improvements which brought it to its present state. Nay, nearly each new machine is a synthesis, a result of thousands of partial inventions made, not only in one special de-

partment of machinery, but in all departments of the wide field of mechanics.

Our cities, connected by roads and brought into easy communication with all peopled parts of the globe, are the growth of centuries; and each house in these cities, each factory, each shop, derives its value, its very *raison d'être* from the fact that it is situated on a spot of the globe where thousands or millions have gathered together. Every smallest part of the immense whole which we call the wealth of civilized nations derives its value precisely from being a part of this whole. What would be the value of an immense London shop or storehouse were it not situated precisely in London, which has become the gathering spot for five millions of human beings? And what the value of our coal-pits, our manufactures, our ship building yards, were it not for the immense traffic which goes on across the seas, for the railways which transport mountains of merchandise, for the cities which number their inhabitants by millions? Who is, then, the individual who has the right to step forward and, laying his hands on the smallest part of this immense whole, to say, "*I have produced this; it belongs to me!*" And how can we discriminate, in this immense interwoven whole, the part which the isolated individual may appropriate to himself with the slightest approach to justice? Houses and streets, canals and railways, machines and works of art, all these have been created by the combined efforts of generations past and present, of men living on these islands and men living thousands of miles away.

But it has happened in the long run of ages that everything which permits men further to increase their production, or even to continue it, has been appropriated by the few. The land,

which derives its value precisely from its being necessary for an ever-increasing population, belongs to the few, who may prevent the community from cultivating it. The coal-pits, which represent the labor of generations, and which also derive their value from the wants of the manufactures and railroads, from the immense trade carried on and the density of population (what is the value of coal-layers in Transbaikalia?), belong again to the few, who have even the right of stopping the extraction of coal if they choose to give another use to their capital. The lace-weaving machine, which represents in its present state of perfection, the work of three generations of Lancashire weavers, belongs again to the few; and if the grandsons of the very same weaver who invented the first lace-weaving machine claim their rights of bringing one of these machines into motion, they will be told "Hands off! this machine does not belong to you!" The railroads, which mostly would be useless heaps of iron if Great Britain had not its present dense population, its industry, trade and traffic, belong again to the few—to a few shareholders, who may even not know where the railway is situated which brings them a yearly income larger than that of a mediæval king; and if the children of those people who died by thousands in digging the tunnels would gather and go—a ragged and starving crowd—to ask bread or work from the shareholders, they would be met with bayonets and bullets.

Who is the sophist who will dare to say that such an organization is just? But what is unjust cannot be beneficial for mankind; and *it is not*. In consequence of this monstrous organization, the son of a workman, when he is able to work, finds no acre to till, no machine to set in motion, unless he agrees to sell his labor for a sum infe-

rior to its real value. His father and grandfather have contributed in draining the field, or erecting the factory, to the full extent of their capacities—and nobody can do more than that—but he comes into the world more destitute than a savage. If he resorts to agriculture, he will be permitted to cultivate a plot of land, but on the condition that he gives up one quarter of his crop to the landlord. If he resorts to industry, he will be permitted to work, but on the condition that out of the thirty shillings he has produced, ten shillings or more will be pocketed by the owner of the machine. We cry against the feudal baron who did not permit any one to settle on his land otherwise than on payment of one quarter of the crops to the lord of the manor; but we continue to do as they did—we extend their system. The forms have changed, but the essence has remained the same. And the workman is compelled to accept the feudal conditions which we call “free contract,” because nowhere will he find better conditions. Everything has been appropriated by somebody; he *must* accept the bargain, or starve.

Owing to this circumstance our production takes a wrong turn. It takes no care of the needs of the community; its only aim is to increase the benefits of the capitalist. Therefore—the continuous fluctuations of industry, the crises periodically coming, nearly every ten years, and throwing out of employment several hundred thousand men who are brought to complete misery, whose children grow up in the gutter, ready to become inmates of the prison and workhouse. The workmen being unable to purchase with their wages the riches they are producing, industry must search for markets elsewhere, amidst the middle classes of other nations. It must find markets, in the East, in Africa, anywhere; it must

increase, by trade, the number of its serfs in Egypt, in India, in the Congo. But everywhere it finds competitors in other nations which rapidly enter into the same line of industrial development. And wars, continuous wars, must be fought for the supremacy on the world-market—wars for the possession of the East, wars for getting possession of the seas, wars for having the right of imposing heavy duties on foreign merchandise. The thunder of guns never ceases in Europe; whole generations are slaughtered; and we spend in armaments the third of the revenues of our States—a revenue raised, the poor know with what difficulties.

Education is the privilege of the few. Not because we can find no teachers, not because the workman's son and daughter are less able to receive instruction, but because one can receive no reasonable instruction when at the age of fifteen he descends into the mine, or goes selling newspapers in the streets. Society becomes divided into two hostile camps; and no freedom is possible under such conditions. While the Radical asks for a further extension of liberty, the statesman answers him that a further increase of liberty would bring about an uprising of the paupers; and those political liberties which have cost so dear are replaced by coercion, by exceptional laws, by military rule.

And finally, the injustice of our repartition of wealth exercises the most deplorable effect on our morality. Our principles of morality say: “Love your neighbor as yourself;” but let a child follow this principle and take off his coat to give it to the shivering pauper, and his mother will tell him that he must never understand the moral principles in their right sense. If he lives according to them, he will go barefoot, without alleviating the

misery round about him! Morality is good on the lips, not in deeds. Our preachers say, "Who works, prays," and everybody endeavors to make others work for himself. They say, "Never lie!" and politics is a big lie. And we accustom ourselves and our children to live under this double-faced morality, which is hypocrisy, and to conciliate our double-facedness by sophistry. Hypocrisy and sophistry become the very basis of our life. But society cannot live under such a morality. It cannot last so; it must, it will, be changed.

The question is thus no more a mere question of bread. It covers the whole field of human activity. But it has at its bottom a question of social economy, and we conclude: The means of production and of satisfaction of all needs of society, having been created by the common efforts of all, must be at the disposal of all. The private appropriation of requisites for production is neither just nor beneficial. All must be placed on the same footing as producers and consumers of wealth. That would be the only way for society to step out of the bad conditions which have been created by centuries of wars and oppression. That would be the only guarantee for further progress in a direction of equality and freedom, which always were the real although unspoken goal of humanity. — PRINCE KROPOTKIN, in *the Nineteenth Century*.

ABOUT FICTION.

The love of romance is probably coeval with the existence of humanity. So far as we can follow the history of the world we find traces of it and its effects among every people, and those who are acquainted with the habits

and ways of thought of savage races will know that it flourishes as strongly in the barbarian as in the cultured breast. In short, it is like the passions, an innate quality of mankind. In modern England this love is not by any means dying out, as must be clear, even to that class of our fellow-countrymen who, we are told, are interested in nothing but politics and religion. A writer in the *Saturday Review* computed not long ago that the yearly output of novels in this country is about eight hundred; and probably he was within the mark. It is to be presumed that all this enormous mass of fiction finds a market of some sort, or it would not be produced. Of course a large quantity of it is brought into the world at the expense of the writer, who guarantees or deposits his thirty or sixty pounds, which in the former case he is certainly called upon to pay, and in the latter he never sees again. But this deducted, a large residue remains, out of which a profit must be made by the publisher, or he would not publish it. Now, most of this crude mass of fiction is worthless. If three-fourths of it were never put into print the world would scarcely lose a single valuable idea, aspiration, or amusement. Many people are of opinion in their secret hearts that they could, if they thought it worth while to try, write a novel that would be very good indeed, and a large number of people carry this opinion into practice without scruple or remorse. But as a matter of fact, with the exception of perfect sculpture, really good romance writing is perhaps the most difficult art practiced by the sons of men. It might even be maintained that none but a great man or woman can produce a *really* great work of fiction. But great men are rare, and great works are rarer still, because all great men do not write. If, however,

a person is intellectually a head and shoulders above his or her fellows, that person is *prima facie* fit and able to write a good work. Even then he or she may not succeed, because in addition to intellectual pre-eminence, a certain literary quality is necessary to the perfect flowering of the brain in books. Perhaps, therefore, the argument would stand better conversely. The writer who can produce a noble and lasting work of art is of necessity a great man, and one who, had fortune opened to him any of the doors that lead to material grandeur and to the busy pomp of power, would have shown that the imagination, the quick sympathy, the insight, the depth of mind, and the sense of order and proportion which went to constitute the writer would have equally constituted the statesman or the general. It is not, of course, argued that only great writers should produce books, because if this was so publishing as a trade would come to an end. Also there exists a large class of people who like to read, and to whom great books would scarcely appeal. Let us imagine the consternation of the ladies of England if they were suddenly forced to an exclusive fare of George Eliot and Thackeray. But it is argued that a large proportion of the fictional matter poured from the press into the market is superfluous, and serves no good purpose. On the contrary, it serves several distinctly bad ones. It lowers and vitiates the public taste, and it obscures the true ends of fiction. Also it brings the high and honorable profession of authorship into contempt and disrepute, for the general public, owing perhaps to the comparative poverty of literary men, has never yet quite made up its mind as to the status of their profession. Lastly, this over-production stops the sale of better work without profiting those who are responsible for it.

The publication of inferior fiction can, in short, be of no advantage to any one, except perhaps the proprietors of circulating libraries. To the author himself it must indeed be a source of nothing but misery, bitterness, and disappointment, for only those who have written one can know the amount of labor involved in the production of even a bad book. Still, the very fact that people can be found to write and publishers to publish to such an unlimited extent, shows clearly enough the enormous appetite of readers, who are prepared, like a diseased ostrich, to swallow stones, and even carrion, rather than not get their fill of novelities. More and more, as what we call culture spreads, do men and women crave to be taken out of themselves. More and more do they long to be brought face to face with Beauty, and stretch out their arms toward that vision of the Perfect, which we only see in books and dreams. The fact that we, in these latter days, have as it were macadamized all the roads of life does not make the world softer to the feet of those who travel through it. There are now royal roads to everything, lined with staring placards, whereon he who runs may learn the sweet uses of advertisement; but it is dusty work to follow them, and some may think that our ancestors on the whole found their voyaging a shadier and fresher business. However this may be, a weary public calls continually for books, new books to make them forget, to refresh them, to occupy minds jaded with the toil and emptiness and vexation of our competitive existence.

In some ways this demand is no doubt a healthy sign. The intellect of the world must be awakening when it thus cries aloud to be satisfied. Perhaps it is not a good thing to read nothing but novels of an inferior

order, but it, at any rate, shows the possession of a certain degree of intelligence. For there still exists among us a class of educated people, or rather of people who have had a certain sum of money spent upon their education, who are absolutely incapable of reading *anything*, and who never do read anything, except, perhaps, the reports of famous divorce cases and the spiciest paragraphs in Society papers. It is not their fault; they are very often good people enough in their way; and as they go to church on Sundays, and pay their rates and taxes, the world has no right to complain of them. They are born without intellects, and with undeveloped souls, that is all, and on the whole they find themselves very comfortable in that condition. But this class is getting smaller, and all writers have cause to congratulate themselves on the fact, for the dead wall of its crass stupidity is a dreadful thing to face. Those, too, who begin by reading novels may end by reading Milton and Shakespeare. Day by day the mental area open to the operations of the English-speaking writer grows larger. At home the Board schools pour out their thousands every year, many of whom have acquired a taste for reading, which, when once it has been born, will, we may be sure, grow apace. Abroad the colonies are filling up with English-speaking people, who, as they grow refined and find leisure to read, will make a considerable call upon the literature of their day. But by far the largest demand for books in the English tongue comes from America, with its reading population of some forty millions. Putting aside this copyright question, however (and, indeed, it is best left undiscussed), there may be noted in passing two curious results which are being brought about in America by this wholesale perusal of English books. The first

of these is that the Americans are destroying their own literature, that cannot live in the face of the unfair competition to which it is subjected. It is not, perhaps, too rash a prophecy to say that, if the present state of things continues, American literature proper will shortly be chiefly represented by the columns of a very enterprising daily press. The second result of the present state of affairs is that the whole of the American population, especially the younger portion of it, must be in course of thorough impregnation with English ideas and modes of thought as set forth by English writers. We all know the extraordinary effect books read in youth have upon the fresh and imaginative mind. It is not too much to say that many a man's whole life is influenced by some book read in his teens, the very title of which he may have forgotten. Consequently, it would be difficult to overrate the effect that must be from year to year produced upon the national character of America by the constant perusal of books born in England. For it must be remembered that for every reader that a writer of merit finds in England, he will find three in America.

In the face of this constant and ever-growing demand at home and abroad writers of romance must often find themselves questioning their inner consciousness as to what style of art it is best for them to adopt, not only with the view of pleasing their readers, but in the interests of art itself. There are several schools from which they may choose. For instance, there is that followed by the American novelists. These gentlemen, as we know, declare that there are no stories left to be told, and certainly, if it may be said without disrespect to a clever and laborious body of writers, their works go far toward supporting the state-

ment. They have developed a new style of romance. Their heroines are things of silk and cambric, who soliloquize and dissect their petty feelings, and elaborately review the feeble promptings which serve them for passions. Their men—well, they are emasculated specimens of an overwrought age, and, with culture on their lips, and emptiness in their hearts, they dangle round the heroines till their three-volumed fate is accomplished. About their work is an atmosphere like that of the boudoir of a luxurious woman, faint and delicate, and suggesting the essence of white rose. How different is all this to the swiftness, and strength, and directness of the great English writers of the past. Why,

“The surge and thnnder of the Odyssey”

is not more widely separated from the tinkling of modern society verses, than the labored nothingness of this new American school of fiction from the giant life and vigor of Swift and Fielding, and Thackeray and Hawthorne. Perhaps, however, it is the art of the future, in which case we may hazard a shrewd guess that the literature of past ages will be more largely studied in days to come than it is at present.

Then, to go from Pole to Pole, there is the Naturalistic school, of which Zola is the high priest. Here things are all the other way. Here the chosen function of the writer is to

“Paint the mortal shame of nature with the living hues of art.”

Here are no silks and satins to impede our vision of the flesh and blood beneath, and here the scent is patchouli. Lewd, and bold, and bare, living for lust and lusting for this life and its good things and naught beyond, the heroines of realism dance, with Bacchanalian revellings, across the astonished stage of literature. What-

ever there is brutal in humanity—and God knows that there is plenty—whatever there is that is carnal and filthy, is here brought into prominence, and thrust before the reader's eyes. But what becomes of the things that are pure and high—of the great aspirations and the lofty hopes and longings, which *do*, after all, play their part in our human economy, and which it is surely the duty of a writer to call attention to and nourish according to his gifts?

Certainly it is to be hoped that this naturalistic school of writing will never take firm root in England, for it is an accursed thing. It is impossible to help wondering if its followers ever reflect upon the mischief that they must do, and, reflecting, do not shrink from the responsibility. To look at the matter from one point of view only, Society has made a rule that for the benefit of the whole community individuals must keep their passions within certain fixed limits, and our social system is so arranged that any transgression of this rule produces mischief of one sort or another, if not actual ruin, to the transgressor. Especially is this so if she be a woman. Now, as it is, human nature is continually fretting against these artificial bounds, and especially among young people it requires considerable fortitude and self-restraint to keep the feet from wandering. We all know, too, how much this sort of indulgence depends upon the imagination, and we all know how easy it is for a powerful writer to excite it in that direction. Indeed, there could be nothing *more* easy to a writer of any strength and vision, especially if he spoke with an air of evil knowledge and intimate authority. There are probably several men in England at this moment who, if they turned their talents to this bad end, could equal, if not outdo, Zola himself, with results that would shortly show themselves in various ways among

the population. Sexual passion is the most powerful lever with which to stir the mind of man, for it lies at the root of all things human; and it is impossible to over-estimate the damage that could be worked by a single English or American writer of genius, if he grasped it with a will. "But," say these writers, "our aim is most moral; from Nana and her kith and kin may be gathered many a virtuous lesson and example." Possibly this is so, though as I write the words there rises in my mind a recollection of one or two French books where—but most people have seen such books. Besides, it is not so much a question of the object of the school as of the fact that it continually, and in full and luscious detail, calls attention to erotic matters. Once start the average mind upon this subject, and it will go down the slope of itself. It is useless afterward to turn round and say that, although you cut loose the cords of decent reticence which bound the fancy, you intended that it should run *uphill* to the white heights of virtue. If the seed of eroticism is sown broadcast its fruit will be according to the nature of the soil it falls on, but fruit it must and will. And however virtuous may be the aims with which they are produced, the publications of the French Naturalistic school are such seed as was sown by that enemy who came in the night season.

In England, to come to the third great school of fiction, we have as yet little or nothing of all this. Here, on the other hand, we are at the mercy of the Young Person, and a dreadful nuisance most of us find her. The present writer is bound to admit that, speaking personally and with humility, he thinks it a little hard that all fiction should be judged by the test as to whether or no it is suitable reading for a girl of sixteen. There are plenty of people who write books for little girls

in the schoolroom; let the little girls read them, and leave the works written for men and women to their elders. It may strike the reader as inconsistent, after the remarks made above, that a plea should now be advanced for greater freedom in English literary art. But French naturalism is one thing, and the unreal, namby-pamby nonsense with which the market is flooded here is quite another. Surely there is a middle path! Why do *men* hardly ever read a novel? Because, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it is utterly false as a picture of life; and, failing in that, it certainly does not take ground as a work of high imagination. The ordinary popular English novel represents life as it is considered desirable that schoolgirls should suppose it to be. Consequently it is for the most part rubbish, without a spark of vitality about it, for no novel written on those false lines will live. Also, the system is futile as a means of protection, for the young lady, wearied with the account of how the good girl who jilted the man who loved her when she was told to, married the noble lord, and lived in idleness and luxury for ever after, has only to turn to the evening paper to see another picture of existence.

Of course, no humble producer of fiction, meant to interest through the exercise of the intelligence rather than through the senses, can hope to compete with the enthralling details of such cases as that of Lord Colin Campbell and Sir Charles Dilke. That is the naturalism of this country, and, like all filth, its popularity is enormous, as will be shown by the fact that the circulation of one evening paper alone was, I believe, increased during the hearing of a recent case by 60,000 copies nightly. Nor would any respectable author wish to compete with this. But he ought, subject to proper reser-

vations and restraints, to be allowed to picture life as life is, and men and women as they are. At present, if he attempts to do this, he is denounced as immoral; and perchance the circulating library, which is curiously enough a great power in English literature, suppresses the book in its fear of losing subscriptions. The press, too—the same press that is so active in printing “full and special” reports—is very vigilant in this matter, having the Young Person continually before its eyes. Some time ago one of the London dailies reviewed a batch of eight or nine books. Of these reviews nearly every one was in the main an inquiry into the moral character of the work, judged from the standpoint of the unknown reviewer. Of their literary merits little or nothing was said. Now, the question that naturally arose in the mind of the reader of these notices was—Is the novelist bound to inculcate any particular set of doctrines that may at the moment be favored by authority? If that is the aim and end of his art, then why is he not paid by the State like any other official? And why should not the principle be carried further? Each religion and every sect of each religion might retain their novelist. So might the Blue Ribbonites, and the Positivists, and the Purity people, and the Social Democrats, and others without end. The results would be most enlivening to the general public. Then, at any rate, the writer would be sure of the approbation of his own masters; as it is, he is at the mercy of every unknown reviewer, some of whom seem to have peculiar views—though, not to make too much of the matter, it must be remembered that the ultimate verdict is with the public.

Surely, what is wanted in English fiction is a higher ideal and more freedom to work it out. It is impossible,

or, if not impossible, it requires the very highest genius, such as, perhaps, no writers possess to-day, to build up a really first-class work without the necessary materials in their due proportion. As it is, in this country, while crime may be used to any extent, passion in its fiercer and deeper forms is scarcely available, unless it is made to receive some conventional sanction. For instance, the right of dealing with bigamy is by custom conceded to the writer of romance, because in cases of bigamy vice has received the conventional sanction of marriage. True, the marriage is a mock one, but such as it is, it provides the necessary cloak. But let him beware how he deals with the same subject when the sinner of the piece has not added a sham or a bigamous marriage to his evil doings, for the book will in this case be certainly called immoral. English life is surrounded by conventionalism, and English fiction has come to reflect the conventionalism, not the life, and has in consequence, with some notable exceptions, got into a very poor way, both as regards art and interest.

If this moderate and proper freedom is denied to imaginative literature alone among the arts it seems probable that the usual results will follow. There will be a great reaction, the Young Person will vanish into space and be no more seen, and Naturalism in all its horror will take its root among us. At present it is only in the French tongue that people read about the inner mysteries of life in brothels, or follow the interesting study of the passions of senile and worn-out debauchees. By-and-by, if liberty is denied, they will read them in the English. Art in the purity of its idealized truth should resemble some perfect Grecian statue. It should be cold but naked, and looking thereon men should be led to think of naught

but beauty. Here, however, we attire Art in every sort of dress, some of them suggestive enough in their own way, but for the most part in a pinafore. The difference between literary Art, as the present writer submits it ought to be, and the Naturalistic Art of France is the difference between the Venus of Milo and an obscene photograph taken from the life. It seems probable that the English-speaking people will in course of time have to choose between the two.

But however this is—and the writer only submits an opinion—one thing remains clear, fiction à l'Anglaise becomes, from the author's point of view, day by day more difficult to deal with satisfactorily under its present conditions. This age is not a romantic age. Doubtless under the surface human nature is the same today as it was in the time of Rameses. Probably, too, the respective volumes of vice and virtue are, taking the altered circumstances into consideration, much as they were then or at any other time. But neither our good nor our evil doing is of an heroic nature, and it is things heroic and their kin and not petty things that best lend themselves to the purposes of the novelist, for by their aid he produces his strongest effects. Besides, if by chance there is a good thing on the market it is snapped up by a hundred eager newspapers, who tell the story, whatever it may be, and turn it inside out, and draw morals from it till the public loathes its sight and sound. Genius, of course, can always find materials wherewith to weave its glowing web. But these remarks, it is scarcely necessary to explain, are not made from that point of view, for only genius can talk of genius with authority, but rather from the humbler standing-ground of the ordinary conscientious laborer in the field of letters,

who, loving his art for her own sake, yet earns a living by following her, and is anxious to continue to do so with credit to himself. Let genius, if genius there be, come forward and speak on its own behalf! But if the reader is inclined to doubt the proposition that novel writing is becoming every day more difficult and less interesting, let him consult his own mind, and see how many novels proper among the hundreds that have been published within the last five years, and which deal in any way with every day contemporary life, have excited his profound interest.

There is indeed a refuge for the less ambitious among us, and it lies in the paths and calm retreats of pure imagination. Here we may weave our humble tale, and point our harmless moral without being mercilessly bound down to the prose of a somewhat dreary age. Here we may even—if we feel that our wings are strong enough to bear us in that thin air—cross the bounds of the known, and, hanging between earth and heaven, gaze with curious eyes into the great profound beyond. There are still subjects that may be handled *there* if the man can be found bold enough to handle them. And, although some there be who consider this a lower walk in the realms of fiction, and who would probably scorn to become a "mere writer of romances," it may be urged in defence of the school that many of the most lasting triumphs of literary art belong to the producers of purely romantic fiction, witness the *Arabian Nights*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and other immortal works. If the present writer may be allowed to hazard an opinion, it is that, when Naturalism has had its day, when Mr. Howells ceases to charm, and the Society novel is utterly played out, the kindly race of men in their

latter as in their earlier developments will still take pleasure in those works of fancy which appeal, not to a class, or a nation, or even to an age, but to all time and humanity at large.—H. RIDER HAGGARD, in *The Contemporary Review*.

HEALTHY FICTION FOR THE YOUNG.

That a nation like England, which spends millions on the education of her children, and boasts of teaching every poor boy and girl to read, should provide for them no fiction but of an infamously worthless kind, is at once a disgrace to our boasted civilization and a blot on the fair fame of Christian society and Christian work. Surely it is not to be for a moment tolerated that the poor children of our great towns and cities should be trained and fed on mental diet specially adapted to lure them into a course of crime, or be driven to find their only amusement in the exploits of thieves and assassins, and the lying chronicles of scoundrelism at sea or on shore. If Dick the errand boy and Mary Ann the shop girl, the maidservant, the milliner, or the factory girl, thirsts for a tale of tender love and romantic emotion, a plot of mystery and a *dénouement* of fierce and exciting sensationalism, it is hard to condemn them to a course of sham sentiment and brutal ruffianism. To do this is no less than to deliberately poison the springs of a nation's life, by leaving the future fathers and mothers of the next generation of the working class in a worse condition than that in which we found them.

In a word, why should there not be a library of Penny Romance, of wholesome, sound, and healthy fiction? For boys, the *dramatis personæ* should be

real, living, human beings not outrageous caricatures. Their books should teach them what are the temptations, follies, faults, heroism, and true work of life. These may include tales of history, love-making, adventure, crime, and fairy-land, as true and as wholesome as *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, as real as *Robinson Crusoe*, as astounding as *Sindbad the Sailor*, and as mysterious as *The Moonstone*. In such books as Marryat's *Pirate* and the *Three Cutters*, Cooper's *Pilot*, *The Last of the Mohicans*, *The Treasure Island*, and a score of other such and well-known favorites, there is an unflinching storehouse of healthy amusement for the young of all ages and half a dozen such men as Mr. Besant, Wilkie Collins, Black, Stevenson, and Henty, would suffice to keep up the supply. But, if they are to reach the classes in direst need, there must be no preaching, or even *direct* religious teaching, though the whole atmosphere of the fiction must be clean and healthy, and the men and women in it true to life. The books must be books of downright amusement, or they will not be read. The elements of wonder, mystery, and the wildest adventure may be freely used; but the heroes need not be scoundrelly ruffians, nor the heroines tiger-cats or jailbirds. And if stronger and more fully-flavored diet be needed, let them have *Baron Munchausen*, *Gulliver*, *The Thousand and One Nights*; all of which could be so revised and edited as to tempt and satisfy the keenest appetite. Such accomplished artists as Mrs. Oliphant, Miss Edwards, Mrs. Riddell, Miss Braddon, and Catharine Saunders might well supply enough romantic love making to win captive the hearts of all the sentimental maidservants in Babylon. Nor need the elements of pure fun be wanting. From the hands of a careful editor might come penny

and readable editions of *Pickwick*, *Nickleby*, *Boz's Sketches*, *Harry Lorrequer*, and *Charles O'Malley*, many of Carleton's Irish stories, *Handy Andy*, *Rory O'More*, and a host of others equally full of humor and the spirit of genuine laughter.

The scheme is wide, bold and comprehensive, but not too wide or too bold to be practical. It will demand time, thought, care and money to carry it out. But if trash of the worst kind can be printed and sold at a profit, there can be no valid reason why an article of a better quality should not be equally salable and with equal profit. If it be objected that such a Penny Library as we have described would not reach the hands of those who need it, but overshoot the mark, the reply is obvious. Carry the war into the enemy's camp; flood the market with good, wholesome literature instead of the poisonous stuff to which the hapless purchasers are now condemned. The battle must be fought out by the purveyors of fiction, and it must be made as easy and profitable to provide a dainty, harmless, and well-seasoned repast as a dish of poison. If such atrocious pages as *The Police News*, a weekly record of crime, outrage, and horror, cannot be put down by the strong hand of the law, something surely can be done to lessen the evil, as easily as the police can suppress the traffic in indecent prints; and the former evil as the greater of the two. The lovers of pure indecency are comparatively few; not to be found among the children of the streets who can read; but for the most part among older and viler sinners—the lazy, the idle, with money at command, whose minds have been polluted long ago. Throughout the whole region of worthless pages to which we have called our reader's attention, we can recall no one single indecent phrase or illusion.

This may be partly owing to fear of legal penalties and the risk of actual suppression; but far more is due to the fact that the intended readers have no special relish for printed impurity. In scenes of ruffianism, bloodshed, crime, bombast and sham sentiment they take a fierce delight; and, to the shame of a great and enlightened people, no other adequate means are provided for their pleasure, amusement, and instruction. The question of the present race of novelists and novel-readers is at once too wide and too intricate a topic to be now even touched on; but the indisputable fact remains that the worst of modern novels are too often among the most popular. Pure, healthy fiction is indeed to be had, and in fair abundance, but public taste seems to devour unhealthy trash, of every kind, with a higher relish than it can find for the good gifts of the most gifted artists. There is no possible lack of good work, and they who choose trash do so of their own free will and choice. But the case of those for whom this article pleads is wholly different. To them no choice whatever is allowed. They must be content with the garbage of the "Penny Dreadfuls" or nothing. Yet the fancy and the imagination, the innate thirst for novelty and excitement, for a touch of mystery or of tender passion, are as potent and as true in the heart of the street Arab or the shopgirl as in the fiercest adult devourer of romance. But their desire can be gratified in one way alone. The feast spread for them is ready and abundant; but every dish is poisoned, unclean, and shameful. Every flavor is a false one, every condiment vile. Every morsel of food is doctored, every draught of wine is drugged; no true hunger is satisfied, no true thirst quenched; and the hapless guests depart with a depraved appetite, and a palate more than ever

dead to every pure taste, and every perception of what is good and true. Thus entertained and equipped, the wide army of the children of the poor are sent on their way to take part in the great battle of life, with false views, false impressions, and foul aims. The pictures of men and women to which they have been introduced are unreal and untrue. The whole drama of life, as they see it, is a lie from beginning to end, and in it they can play none but a vicious and unhappy part.—*Edinburgh Review.*

CURRENT THOUGHT.

GOETHE, SHAKESPEARE, AND MAURICE THOMPSON.—Mr. Guido H. Stempel sends us the following critique upon Mr. Thompson's recent paper upon Shakespeare, hoping, as he says, that THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE will "do him justice." We think that the full justice which we can mete out to him will be by the publication of his critique without note or comment:—

"It was bad enough when Lowell, in a superficial and flippant manner, wrote on subjects he had never seriously considered. But now comes Maurice Thompson, who has made himself many friends through his charming writings on out-door life and natural history, and, with no preparation for the task, puts himself forward 'in the matter of Shakespeare.' The article is as ill-considered as it is uncalled for. By means of a maze of generalities, he conveys to us his half-formed ideas of Shakespeare. He happens to say a few good and original things, then deliberately utters the veriest nonsense and evident untruths. Thus concerning Shakespeare! But Maurice Thompson goes further, and makes an exhibition of his total ignorance of one topic which he touches. What does he know of Goethe, that he writes as he does about him? Or, rather, by whose authority does he say such things? For it is very evident he himself has never opened Goethe. It is the acme of know-nothingness and impudence to speak of egotism, and mention Hugo and Goethe in the same breath. There is in Goethe, as in Shakespeare, as, perhaps, in Homer, a repose, a self-possession, a consciousness of worth, a certain dignity;

but egotism—never! Hugo, the self-created, self-announced god, *was* egotistic. But Goethe, who, 'poet of the universe' as he was, put himself as far beneath Shakespeare as he put Tieck beneath himself, is never guilty of the charge of 'attitudinizing' that Mr. Thompson has preferred against Goethe and Hugo, at once. Where, or when, I would ask Mr. Thompson, has he (or any one else) ever caught Goethe 'strutting, scowling, smiling, laughing, with the air of feeling his superiority?' Would he indeed identify Goethe with his Wagner, the famulus of Faust! Enough. Mr. Thompson will do well to confine himself within his legitimate sphere, when future success bids fair to equal or surpass past. Goethe has suffered enough (if such a one can suffer thus) at the hands of American critics, shallow and ignorant; if another wishes to enter the field, let him at least be willing to 'give his days and nights' to Goethe, and know whereof he speaks, before he begins. As for Mr. Thompson, he might read with profit to himself, the parables of the Schlegels, and the Von Stolbergs."

ENGLAND AND IRELAND.—In the February number of the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Gladstone has a long paper entitled "Notes and Queries on the Irish Demand." In this paper he says:—

"One of the conclusions that with the progress of a lengthened life most ripens and deepens in my mind, is my conclusion as to the vast and solid strength of Great Britain. She has a strength such as that she may almost war with heaven; may prolong wrongdoing through years and years, if not with impunity, yet with a reserve of unexhausted strength, fetched up from every fiber of a colossal organism, which seems as if, like the peasant's river, it would flow forever, never drain away. Little indeed need she fear to lack the possession of the giant's strength; but much lest she should be tempted to use it like a giant. The defects of British character, and I do not underestimate them, lie in my opinion on the surface; the root and heart of it are not only great but good. I believe my countrymen will arrive, and that not slowly, at the consciousness that the one deep and terrible stain upon their history, a history in most respects so noble, is to be found in their treatment of Ireland. It is not a little noteworthy, first, that this is an English, not a British question; for the people of Scotland cannot be said to have been in political relations with Ireland before 1839. In these circumstances I would make my

appeal, not to superficial qualities or superficial distinctions, but to the innate ineradicable nobleness of English character. I would beseech Englishmen to consider how they would behave to Ireland, if instead of having five millions of people, she had twenty-five; or if instead of being placed between us and the Ocean, she were placed between us and the Continent. In any case let us make the appeal to her heart, her reason, and her conscience: not to her fears."

MISSIONARY WORK FOR LONDON. — Mr. William Rossiter writes, in the *Nineteenth Century*, a paper on "Artisan Atheism," concluding thus:—

"My own experience is not without some value, as enabling me to understand the gulf that seems to be between the Church and the workman. For twenty years I have been working in South London, the true home of the artisans of London, where one-third of the population—over a million—are crowded into one-tenth of the space. My one object has been to bring books and pictures to those who scarcely know what they mean, to give the younger men some slight knowledge of that higher education which is familiar to those who are more fortunate in leisure, which is even more important than money for culture. We have been helped by various friends, but the clergy have been conspicuous only by their absence, and in that they have been conspicuous. The Church is supposed to be the obstacle to real education, the stumblingblock of freedom of thought; I believe it is the only body that can really lead the way to freethought in its fullest and, in fact, only meaning, for freethought does not mean merely permission to think, but must be based on power to think and on broad knowledge. I believe the Church has power to help the artisan class in a much greater degree than any other religious body—not so much because it has greater wealth, but because it could so much more easily than any other body gain their confidence. A Church minister could do more, for his parishioner than any Dissenting minister, if of equal power and will: and this is especially true with regard to working men, who feel that what is called 'chapel life' does not possess the breadth and depth to satisfy them. But a Church clergyman who should preach, not the Bible, not church-going, not creeds or catechisms, but God as the living Ruler of the world, would, I believe, find the artisans of any large town regard him as a prophet revealing to them a mighty truth for which

their souls are hungering. But it must be the declaration of a God who governs this world, a knowledge of whom is the kingdom of heaven; a God whose influence is to be found in the every-day life of even the poorest: not of a God who ruled the world in days long past. And He must be declared in terms that bring Him home to the least educated; or rather the poorest must be educated enough to understand the declaration and to have their minds capable of what is really freethought."

THE GREATEST OF THE DOUGLASES.—Of William, the eighth Earl of Douglas, murdered in 1452, by the band of King James II. of Scotland, Mr. Fraser writes in *The Douglas Book*: "Through his inherited position, and his own personal qualities he soon rose to be not only one of the most distinguished of his great race, but the foremost peer in Scotland. During his possession of the earldom the Douglases reached the full zenith of their power, while his untimely death was the beginning of their decline and fall. The struggle between the Scottish Crown and the feudal aristocracy of Scotland may be said to have been fought between King James and this Earl, and from the moment when Douglas fell by the royal dagger in Stirling Castle, and his honors and estates passed into weaker hands, the conflict was virtually decided in favor of the former." It is, however, a matter of congratulation that if any man in Scotland deserved hanging for more murders than we can undertake to count, that man was this mighty Earl of Douglas. Mr. Fraser thus tells the story of the murder.

"The king received him graciously, and invited him to dine and sup next day. Douglas found the courtiers talking of his bond with Crawford and Ross, and probably guessed the king's purpose, but accepted the invitation. After supper the king invited the Earl to a private conference, remonstrated with him against the bond, which he charged him to break, urging his duty as a subject. But Douglas, perhaps heated by wine, refused, and the interview waxing warm, the Earl defiantly declared that he would not break the confederacy. Starting to his feet, the king exclaimed, 'False traitor! if you will not, I shall!' and stabbed Douglas twice with his dagger, in the neck and in the body. Ere the Earl could recover himself, Sir Patrick Gray rushed into the chamber, and struck him on the head with a pole-axe, while others in attendance also stabbed the fallen Earl, whose dead body bore no fewer than twenty-six wounds."

THEOLOGY AS AN ACADEMIC DISCIPLINE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

III.

The two previous disciplines thus become introductory to a third, at once more definite and extensive—Special or Christian Theology. The relation between the three divisions or disciplines may be exhibited thus: The first vindicates and explicates the idea of God, the second vindicates and explicates the idea of religion, and then studies religion and the religions in history; while the third interprets the supreme or absolute religion, alike in its historical appearance and in its ideal truth. Without the idea of God given in the first, and the ideas of religion and history, or of man's relation to God and God's government of man, given in the second, we could not scientifically understand and construe the third. The deeper our studies of philosophy and religion before coming to Christianity, the more transcendent will it appear. In order to an exhaustive knowledge we must follow a series of studies that may be grouped into three great divisions—Biblical, Ecclesiastical, and Constructive.

I. Biblical. The primary fact that here meets us is this: Christianity is the religion, not, as is often incorrectly said, of a Book, but of a Revelation. It has its sacred books, and it lives by faith in the God they reveal.

1.—It is necessary to determine the nature and relations of these two things, Religion and Revelation, in order that we may be able to construe the reason and place of the Sacred Books, and the authority of the message they bring. As the previous discipline has compelled us to study many religious systems and literatures, we cannot approach

the Christian without asking, Why do we call its Books Sacred? Why do we hold them authoritative? The world is full of sacred books; they are not common to one, but peculiar to all religions. The tombs and mummy-cases of Egypt are covered with hieroglyphic and hieratic writings, books of the living God, books of the Dead, with their moral laws, hall of final judgment, and universal judge. The palaces of Assyria are, as it were, alive with inscriptions which tell of creation and the division of time, the fall, punishment and deliverance of man. Ancient Persia had its sacred books, which described man's lost happiness, the birth of evil, its conflict with the good, and, not content with earth and time, make immensity and eternity the open arena of the conflict. India is by pre-eminence the land of holy scriptures; there the Word is indeed divine; no God made it; uncreated it ever has been, and is awful in its sanctity and indestructible in its power. China has its sacred books, as numerous as its religions—Confucian, Taoist, Buddhist. Mexico and Peru embodied their faith in pictured histories. Ancient Greece and Rome believed in their (to us) gross and grotesque mythologies. Buddhism has its *Tripitakas*, which its various branches recognize, and on which its several schools build; and Islam, Sunnite and Shi'ite alike, professes to walk by the light of its Koran.

Now, why and on what grounds do we claim that our Bible stands, not simply pre-eminent among sacred books, but apart from them; in an order by itself, unique, authoritative; the one true revelation of the true God? The question is not to be answered by an appeal to the authority of an infallible and authenticating church, for the church assumes and builds on the truth of the very Word it is called in to

authenticate. To base the antecedent on the consequent authority is more convenient than reasonable; but, happily for truth's sake, there is no basis so secure as the reasonable, so insecure as the convenient. Men have been too long asked to believe in the Bible because of its supernatural character and evidences: may it not be time to ask men to believe in it for natural reasons? Would a world without a revelation be more natural and more reasonable than a world with one? If the world be created, then whether is it more agreeable to reason to conceive its Creator as a Deity who will not, or as a Deity who must, speak to His creation? Agnosticism, as now stated and taught, assumes not simply the impotence of the human, but of the divine reason; for a God man cannot know is at the same time a God that cannot make Himself known. Our inability to reach Him is possible only because of His inability to become intelligible to us. But a living God cannot be silent; He must speak, and to speak is to reveal Himself. A nature that exists through such a God is a nature that must have a revelation. To be without it would be to argue that He and nature were divided by an impassable gulf, that its well or ill-being was no care or concern of His. The universal being of sacred books but proves, on the one hand, the relations of God to the universal—they are, for He meant them to be; and, on the other, the pre-eminence of our Scriptures, for in them the truth and life of God are seen coming with absolute authority into the mind and history of man. Their place and nature are made evident in a thousand ways: by the character they bear, by the persons or organs they use, by the history they create and control, by the kind and quality of the truth they bring, by the work they have done and still do for men, for peoples, and for

collective humanity. The ultimate evidence for the being of God is the correspondence between the mind in man and the mind in nature; nature develops mind, and mind interprets nature; each being so the correlative of the other 'that mind has no thought without nature, and nature no being save through mind. And in like manner the ultimate evidence of the truth of God in the book is its correspondence with the truth of God in the man; the implicit Deity in the one is evoked by the explicit Deity in the other; or, as used to be said, the witness of the Spirit in the heart attests the truth of the Spirit in the Word. The man renewed by the Word is a man re-made in the image of God; his lost sonship is restored by the gospel of the Son.

2.—But it is not enough to have Sacred Scriptures; they must be interpreted, and the interpretation must be at once literary and historical; in other words, have regard both to the form and matter of the revelation.

(I.) The formal, introductory or isagogic, studies have a wide range, requiring, perhaps more than any other, educated faculty and the scientific mind. (a) There are sacred languages to master. Theology so depends on philology that it is as little possible to be a theologian as a philologist without a knowledge of the classical tongues. It is only through them that the Scriptures which are the sources of his science, the Fathers who made its beginnings, the Masters who built it into system, and the terminology they created, can be understood. Translation is for the multitude—it does not serve the purpose of the scientific inquirer or thinker; the intelligence he seeks can be found in the originals alone. The sources, the history, the terms, the doctrines, the whole interpretation of theology are so bound up

with the Greek and Latin languages that ignorance of them is ignorance of it. But the theologian must add to the classical an important branch of Oriental philology, the Semitic; for he has not simply Greek, but Hebrew scriptures to interpret, and they stand so related to the languages, traditions, and histories of Arabia, Egypt, Phœnicia, and Assyria, that, studied out of connection with these, they can hardly be said to be studied at all. (b) Language leads to literature, and the sacred literature theology has to study is not simply immensely rich and varied, interesting above all others in the possession of man, but presents problems of the most delicate character, soluble only by critical and often most subtle processes. (a) The texts of both Testaments have a history—nay, every one of the multitude of varied readings has a history of its own; and the scholar must determine how the variation or corruption arose, how it is to be detected and the original reading recovered, how a pure text is to be obtained, and how, with a view to this, the various families of manuscripts must be classified, handled, and appraised. (s) But there is a literary as well as a textual history, calling for critical faculty and methods of another order. Every book, sometimes every section of a book, has its own series of problems—its date, author, purpose, place in the canon, and right to stand there. (v) And the canon has its own series of questions, external, but strictly correlative and complementary to those raised by the literature itself—how it came to be? when it came to be? under what influences and by what authority?

These, though only formal questions—concerned, as it were, with the mere shape and fashion, and not at all with the contents or matter of the books we bring together under the name of Bible—are yet questions of surpassing mo-

ment. In one aspect they represent the distinctive and supreme problem set to the biblical scholars of our day. Our fathers knew it not; for them the canon was fixed; what tradition or ostensible literary claim had affirmed, ecclesiastical authority indorsed; churches decreed that so many books constituted the canon, and that such and such men were their authors. But the decrees framed in ignorance or on rumor are seldom wise decrees; and these synodical or conciliar decrees but burden and perplex questions otherwise hard enough to discuss and determine. What is the date of the Pentateuch? How many hands and how many generations were concerned in its making? Where and by whom and for what purpose was it edited? What relation does the Levitical bear to the Deuteronomic legislation on the one hand, and the historical books on the other? At what time did our Psalter arise? To whom do we owe our Psalms? Under what conditions, with what purpose and aim were they written? And the prophets, how were they related to each other and to the popular religion? to the priesthood and temple? With what reason are the books that bear their names ascribed to them? Did they themselves write their books? or did they speak their oracles and leave the writing and the editing to scholars and to scribes? Is, for example, Isaiah, or Jeremiah, or Zechariah the work of one or of several hands? If of one, how are the most dissimilar literary phenomena to be explained? If of several, how has the unity arisen? and how does the composite authorship affect the worth and veracity of the book. Then, as to the New Testament: When were our Gospels written? Who wrote them? In what relation do they stand to each other, to the various parties in the Primitive Church, to the common oral or original tradition, and

to the development of thought and life? Are all the Epistles that bear Paul's name really Pauline? Do the Apocalypse and the Fourth Gospel come from one and the same hand? or do the Third Gospel and the Acts? These, and such as these, are the questions the theological student to-day has to face and the scholar to solve. Escape from them is impossible; they are being worked at in the study with all the helps comparative science in the regions of language, literature, history, and religion can command; they are being discussed by eager minds in university and college; they are reaching the people, finding voice in the club-room, or lecture-hall, or debating society, and even affecting the mind of the ready journalist, who thinks little that he may write much. They cannot remain closet questions; and once they become a common possession, they must be settled and set at rest. And this is a work in which the living men who teach and learn theology must engage. Student may not throw the burden on professor, or professor on student; but both must bear it together, that it may be borne to a peaceful end; and the end to be peaceful must satisfy both faith and knowledge. True knowledge can never be unjust to faith; and the faith that is unjust to knowledge is but convicted faithlessness.

(II.) The material studies connected with the Scriptures are of three kinds—historical, exegetical, and theological. (a) The historical are concerned with the people of the book and their great religious personalities, with the progress or evolution of their law or religion, and the mode in which it is affected by both inner and outer conditions and events. (b) The exegetical studies endeavor, by the help of philology, archæology, and the other ancillary sciences, to translate and interpret the texts; while (c) the theological

seek to co-ordinate and articulate the unsystematized thought of the texts so interpreted. Exegesis deals with a book or text as continuous, but biblical theology with the beliefs or ideas of each writer; the former is satisfied with the explanation of what he has written in the order he himself has followed, but the latter aims at a connected exposition and exhibition of the truths he held. There may be biblical exegesis without biblical theology, but there can be no theology without exegesis. Exegesis is literary, but theology scientific; it treats the writers individually, but only that it may get a complete view of the mind of each, alike as regards the organization of its beliefs and its place and action in the collective history. These studies are all inter-related and inter-dependent; the history, the literature, and the theology must all be studied together and in living connection, in order to be intelligible. The man must not be removed from his place, or the book from its time, or the thought from its period, if the truth concerning either or all is to be found. A revelation embedded in a history must be studied as a history; the student who would know it must study it in the order or mode of its coming. The notions of the later must not be carried into the earlier books—these must be allowed to speak for themselves, and their ideas must be interpreted in the light of the cognate religions. Thus we see God at first conceived as the Mighty, the Maker and Sovereign of Nature; then as the God of a people—He has chosen, and, by the giving of a law, constituted a nation. The laws are moral: man obedient is rewarded; disobedient, is punished. As the God who abides by His word, whether it promises or threatens, He is faithful; while man, as he obeys or disobeys, is good or wicked. To feel guilty in the presence of a God who punishes is :

believe at once in the need of sacrifice and in the holiness of the God who cannot look on sin without displeasure. But there is something higher than the being able to punish, the being willing to save; and so the idea of the placable Deity rises into the idea of the God who must and will save, even though it be by the suffering and sacrifice of Himself. And so the process which began with faith in a God who was but personalized might, ends with faith in a God who is the Saviour of man. Yet the historical movement does not end, as it were, in a mere abstract faith or conception; for the theology penetrates the history, the history realizes the theology. If God saves men, it must be through man. His transcendence must become immanence if nature is to live in and move through Him. And His relation to man must be no less real or intimate if by Him man is to live; and so He who bears the form of God takes the form of man, that humanity may be saved. The basis of redemption is in the nature of God; the agent of redemption is the historical yet eternal Son. And so the highest Person of sacred history becomes the highest Problem of biblical theology. While the one represents Him under the forms of time, the other conceives Him under the form of eternity—not simply as an historical, but as a universal and divine Person, come to fulfill a purpose implicit in the character of God, involved in the constitution of nature and evolved in the course of history.

II. Ecclesiastical. Christ creates the church, and the church interprets Christ. Neither is intelligible without the other; radically to understand either, both must be understood. With Him the old world ends and the new begins. The centuries that divide us from Him have been ruled by His name, and the civilized states of to-day

have risen under His influence. His society has never ceased to be, and it has been at every moment a factor of change; it has disintegrated empires and constructed kingdoms; at once worked and suffered revolution, and its revolutions have shaken down and built up states, determined the course of history, the beliefs, hopes, and ideals of man, and of all that constitutes him reason and spirit. To interpret the church, therefore, is not simply to interpret Christ, but modern history; to understand how our civilization has come to be, and how it stands not only distinguished from the ancient and classical, but related to Christ as its efficient and determinative cause. Here, then, we have a series of questions vast enough for the exercise of the highest critical and philosophical faculty.

1.—(a) There are questions as to the institution of the church: What and why is it? How is it related to the Kingdom of Heaven? Are they distinct or identical? Did Christ found it? What was the authority He gave to it, and whether was it given to the church as a whole, or to its several component societies, or to a special order or sacred class? In what relation does His Headship stand to the political and social organizations that call themselves churches, and the officialisms they have created? In other words, is it a Headship of polity, working through and realized by legislative machinery; or is it a Headship of the Spirit, active and actual wherever there is love of Him and His truth. Did He institute sacraments? What do they mean, and what were they intended to effect? (b) But the institutional become constitutional questions. How have the churches of to-day become what they are? In what way are they related to, in what degree do they agree with or differ from the primitive? Did

the primitive embody a sacerdotal idea? Had they a priesthood, a graded clergy, a system of ceremonial and sacrifice? If they had not how has the rise of these things affected the ideal of religion? How have changes in the constitution of the church affected the notion of the sacraments and the idea and claims of the clergy? Constitutional history is a complicated study, possible only if the methods of analytical criticism are followed. Constitutions grow, the growth is conditioned; and the function of criticism is to discover the reason and direction of change—whether due to evolution from within or adoption from without, or both; and whether its tendency is to perfect or destroy, realize or abolish, the original ideal. Scientific method has accomplished great things for our civil history; it will accomplish still greater things for our ecclesiastical. It is well for man to cease to live in a world of illusions, however venerated and venerable they may be; and the criticism that restores him to reality saves him from a bondage that may be all the worse for being revered and loved.

2.—The intellectual history of the church raises another series of questions—those connected with religious thought and doctrine. First, it has to deal with Symbolics, or the attempts of the churches to formulate and reduce to system the truths they believe. Each symbol—whether so-called œcumenical, like the Nicene, or sectional, like the Lutheran, Anglican, Westminster, Tridentine, and Vatican—has a history which must be written, a meaning which must be explained, and, as standing in antagonism to or agreement with other creeds or confessions, a significance at once common and sectional, which must be made manifest by comparison. Secondly, each doctrine has a history, and cannot be understood

apart from it. Fathers stated it, Doctors developed it, Churches formulated it, peoples believed it; and in each phase it appears in a new aspect—changed, modified, enriched, or impoverished. Thirdly, systems have a history, ages when they begin, are built up, and are dissolved. There is a mediæval scholasticism, a scholasticism of the seventeenth century; one of the Catholic, another of the Lutheran, and another of the Reformed Churches. Each has its own basis, method, and material conception or doctrine, by which the whole system is organized and determined. Fourthly, religious thought, philosophic and apologetic, has a history. Churches do not simply think their own thoughts; the *Zeitgeist* touches them, quickens or paralyzes their intellect, dissolves their systems or verifies their beliefs. A Renaissance comes with its new knowledge, a sixteenth century with its new life, an eighteenth century with its deism and prosaic rationalism; and the thinkers, whether within or without the churches, who attempt to renew religion by re-stating old truths, have as high a significance as the Father or schoolman. The intellectual history of the church, conceived and construed from the standpoint of the scholar, is not simply immense, but instructive, as hardly any other study; teaching the student how to appraise the claims of the churches, how to separate the essential and accidental in doctrine, how to love the seekers for the truth, and how to pursue the search after it. Without it there can be neither criticism nor construction in the region of religious belief.

3.—But the intellect of a society does not work apart from its moral or spiritual condition. Polity, theology, and religion, while distinct, are yet inseparable; they possess a common character and express a common life.

There is nothing that judges polity and doctrine like the history of godliness; it shows whether they tend to enrich or impoverish life. Hence, it is not enough to study the morphology of the body ecclesiastic; its biology, in the proper sense of that term, must be studied as well. It has two aspects, the personal and the collective; or the life as realized, first, by representative men, and secondly, by the society as a whole. The spirit of a church is expressed in the characters it forms and the persons it canonizes; its saints embody its ideal of saintliness, and so are its most characteristic creations, types of the manhood, individual and social, it seeks to realize. It is a significant thing to find out whether a society most loves the ascetic, monastic, mystic, or puritan ideal; whether it praises more the devoted ecclesiastic or the beneficent citizen; whether its high rewards are for the sectional or the human virtues. Then, its collective life must be studied, how it binds together belief and conduct, its manner of serving man and the state, its modes of expansion and amelioration, its missions, beneficences, philanthropies, policies; in a word, its endeavors to further, not its own being, but God's kingdom upon earth. The Greek Church claims to be orthodox, the Latin to be catholic; but without the note of goodness or godliness no church can be true, and with it no church can be false.

4.—But the church must be studied on its secular and real, as well as on its political, intellectual, and religious side. It stands on the plane of universal history, translating its thought and life into action, helping to determine the course and destinies of states and civilizations. Churches and states stand in mutual relations, reciprocally influenced and influencing; indeed, divorce between these is so impossible

that the most radical Free Church theory may be described as a method for augmenting rather than lessening the action of the church on the state. Science cannot allow the unity and continuity of history to be broken, the division into "sacred and profane" being to it as unreal as the division into "ancient and modern." While the church may, under one aspect, be conceived and handled as a living organism, it must, under another, be construed and described as a member of a vaster body, intelligible only when viewed in relation to the larger whole to which it belongs. The ancient world organized the church, the church organized the modern world, and so the inevitable question emerges: How, why, under what conditions, by what forces, with what results, have these things been done? To answer this question, it is necessary first to discuss the attitude of the primitive Christian societies to the empire; their action on it, its action on them; the changes incident to the conversion of Constantine and the establishment of Christianity; the way it furthered the organization of the church on the old imperial lines, the continuance under changed forms of the ancient pontifical attributes and religious prerogatives of the emperor, the gradual transference of these, as his power decayed, to the Bishop of Rome, and the consequent emergence of a new imperialism. The Roman church is the child of the Roman Empire; it could as little have been without Cæsar as without Christ; its ideals, policy, methods, being such as became a transformed eternal city rather than a realized kingdom of heaven. But the imperialized church has its own peculiar activities: creates infant, nurses feeble, commands mature states; promotes order, limits tyranny, comes to tyrannize; is honored, obeyed, resisted, broken; with the result that new

churches with new ideals and influences arise. And so, secondly, there must be inquiry into the civil and political action of all the churches, how they affect progress, order, freedom, the happiness and well-being of peoples. This is a study in comparative politics and histories, forcing us to look into the varied vital relations of the ecclesiastical ideal to the realities of the social and civil state, as illustrated by the action of Rome in the states she created and still controls, and the action of Protestantism, and the various types of Protestantism, in the states she expanded, founded, educated, and still guides. The religion that does not quicken and fill the imagination does not satisfy the spirit or enrich the life; and the church that is inimical to literature or injurious to the highest art is false to religion; while an alienated literature and a debased or sensuous art mean that the church has ceased to be a force that makes for culture, and become unable either to understand, interpret, or realize those sublime truths that ought to be the inspiration and joy of man. Thus, viewed on its real or secular side, the history of the church ought to show the progressive realization, in all the forms of personal and collective being, of the grander Christian ideals. To see what ideals the churches consider the grander, and how they achieve, or seek to achieve, their realization, is to be made to understand the degree in which they are churches of Christ.

III. Constructive. Theology is not simply a cycle of historical sciences, but the science which has, above all others, to do with the exercise of the reason, the direction of the conscience, the education of the heart, and the conduct of life. It is not a mere branch of historical archæology, concerned with the discovery and resuscitation of a dead and buried world; but it is a living

science—a science of life, and for the living. It lives, for it looks eagerly into all the provinces of knowledge for material that may add to its already rich stores. The investigations that, by widening the universe, fill and inspire the imagination, peopling space with worlds and eternity with creative forces and activities; the discoveries that have restored the languages and literatures of long-decayed empires, the speculations that have given us the ideas of law and order, evolution and progress, have all enlarged the domain, clarified the vision, refined the spirit, sifted, tested, exalted the ideas of theology. And, as it lives, it gives life, lifts man above the tyranny of the sensuous and the temporal, softens for him the mysteries and the miseries of being, cheers him with immortal hopes, brings his dim and narrow existence under the inspiration and governance of the transcendental and divine. To accomplish this it has a threefold constructive discipline,—Doctrinal, Ethical, and Political.

1.—Constructive or systematic theology is the interpretation and articulation of the truths or material supplied by the philosophical and historical sciences in terms and forms intelligible to living mind and revelant to living thought. It is not the study of texts, or the exposition of Symbols, Fathers, and Schoolmen. There is nothing so fatal to constructive thought as the dominion of an ancient council or a dead divine. The spirit of truth did not cease to live when the Fathers died; to be faithful to it, we must hold theology to be as living now as it was then, and the living teacher to be as much bound to find for it fit and masterful speech. But he cannot create it out of a vacant consciousness; he must come to it with the sympathies, knowledge, and capabilities the historical sciences have created. To know the history of

doctrine is to be saved from many an error; it is to be made to understand the limits of the possible, to be made critical of crudities, doubtful of brilliant generalizations or plausible theories, suspicious of a too visionary or too adventurous speculation. The man who has with open soul studied dogma in its history, is on his way to the caution that is true boldness; he will dare to build when he has material, and to refuse when he has none; he will test every stone he uses, and will use only those that have stood not merely his test, but that of time. Still, his aim is to know the past that he may serve the present, following it where it has followed the truth, but no further. The supreme problem of to-day is to construct a theology real and revelant to living mind; a system so articulated out of reason and history, so interpretative of nature and man, so incorporating the highest truths of all the sciences and the surest institutions of the spirit, that it shall force man to say: "Here is a system not suited to the necessities and audacious infallibilities of a church, always most errant when most authoritative; but so large, reasonable, comprehensive, that one must confess it a veritable intellectual system of the universe." Constructive theology is the interpretation of nature, man, and history, through the conception of the God who is at once their first and final cause. The more veracious this conception, the more veracious the theology. The system that builds on and expounds the dogmas of a church, is but that church's system; but the theology which is throughout determined by the notion of the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ is a Christian theology.

2. — Constructive Ethics. Theology cannot remain a mere intellectual system; it must be applied to the regulation of life. It touches ethics both on

the speculative and practical sides: on the one side it deals with the basis and idea of duty; on the other, with this as realized in and interpreted through an historical ideal. Theological are essentially transcendental ethics; their ultimate idea is an absolute yet personalized law—a concrete yet unconditional categorical imperative. But Christian ethics are the realization of the theological as it were, the beneficent energies of God expressed, embodied, made real and efficient in an historical person. Christ's law of love is but the application to human conduct of the principle that determines the divine will. From the double bases thus supplied, Constructive Ethics have to build up an ideal of character; define, develop, and enforce the duties that bring the perfect life. The idea of man in the ethics but translates the idea of God in the theology; their aim is so to secure the godliness that is godlikeness, that the will reigning in heaven may be realized on earth.

3. — Constructive Politics. As the highest constructive achievement of philosophy is an ideal republic, and the fondest dream of the philosopher the mode of its realization, so the final function of theology is to unfold its ethical contents into an ideal of society and the state, though as one that can be satisfied only by the comprehension and perfection of all mankind. Christ came to found a kingdom, and were his purpose fulfilled, the church would disappear in the state, or the state in the church—*i. e.*, His truth would so penetrate and change all peoples and societies that they should be through and through and in all things Christian. The law that governs the good man ought to govern the good state; the international laws of Christian peoples should be but the transcript of the law that binds a man to love his

neighbor as himself. And theology, undismayed by the failures of the past, should inspire the present and create the future by boldly bidding the imagination depict the ideal city of God that her sons may realize it.

IV.

1.—We are now in a position to discuss, though it must be most briefly, the right of theology to be considered an academic discipline. It is indeed so vast a cycle of sciences, that unless it be academically, it can never be really or exhaustively studied. It requires so many teachers, specialists all—philosophers, philologists, historians, critics, archaeologists, exegetes, constructive scholars and thinkers—that only a university could make a home spacious enough to hold them, and rich enough to supply the material they need. And its studies are educative—so much so, that the theological are the only sciences that, taken alone, could they be so taken, would give a really liberal education. They cultivate every faculty—philosophical, linguistic, historical, critical, literary, and, above all, those architectonic faculties that find among the ruin criticism has worked only the materials for a nobler and more stable structure. To pursue them a man must have the imagination that at once sees and realizes the past; the sympathy that keeps him so in love with men that he can, however divided by time and thought, understand them, and be just to their opinions; the insight that refuses to be blinded either by prejudice or partiality; the judicial sense that feels the sectary's passion as little as the cynic's disdain; the patience that grudges no labor and knows no fear in the search for truth; the openness of mind that can bear suspense and set judgment free till the case be fully heard and justly closed. And

the sciences the theologian studies correspond to the faculties they exercise and cultivate. They are the sublimest and most far-reaching of the sciences, deal with the most universal, abiding, and sovereign elements in human nature, the mightiest forces in history, the grandest monuments of literature and art, the most wonderful social phenomena, the most silent yet most irresistible factors of political evolution and change. On the lowest ground, to deny these sciences an academic position would be to leave the cycle of knowledge incomplete; on a somewhat higher ground, it would be to divorce studies whose union is necessary to the wholeness and harmony of a people's life. Man does not live by bread alone; in its strength he can never either be or do his best. The utilities are not the great forces of discovery; nature hides her choicest secrets from the man who seeks them for greed or gain. Man is ruled by his ideals; he sees by the light of large and living ideas, and if he lives in an atmosphere where they cannot breathe, the best of himself will die in their death. To hold everything worthy of knowledge but the faith by which he has lived, is to hold the accidents of life better than its essence. Theology may not create religion, but religion cannot abide without theology; if it be not dealt with as truth, it will not long be believed as true, just as to spare a church out of reverence for its past, or out of pity for the feeble-minded, is but to doom it to a sterner death. But religion is too essential to man to be dismissed from the field of his inquiries; and while it stands there the sciences concerned with it ought to fill as large a place in the academic system as religion itself fills in the history and mind of man. The university that wants them is without the studies that, more than any others, are needed for

the complete education of man and the complete interpretation of his universe.

Of course, to plead for Theology as an academic discipline does not mean that it be made either the universal or the only discipline. Theology to be a real study must be loved. While the heart alone can never make a theologian, the theologian can never be made without heart, and heart in and for his work. Few things, indeed, are harder than to be a pious divine. The truths men delight to meditate on only in moments of holy rapture are by him subjected to the hardening process of analysis. But all the more does he need to hold his soul pure by keeping it open to God, and his heart tender by keeping it open to man. If theology be not loved, the discipline will not educate. Perfunctory and compulsory drill is more likely to be harmful than beneficial. Men will not love religion the better that they must, in order to a pass degree, be coached in its rudiments; scamped work never yet awoke love or quickened faith in the man who had to do it. The best security for religious education is the religious educator; without him rules for unready learners will be enforced in vain. Academic theology is for the training of theologians, and ought to stand as a secondary and special after the primary and general studies, with a course at least equal in length to these. Physical science, confident of its own sufficiency, may claim to be able to dispense with the *Literæ Humaniores*; but, for my part, I feel that theology is most honored by making no such claim. It is too universal in its relations to be able to stand alone; it will disclose its best treasures only to those who come to it cultivated by the study of the humaner letters.

2.—But this paper must not end without a word of another kind. It is a plea for an academic discipline in

academic and educational interests, but not in these alone. The writer loves his science, honors it, and would have it honored of all men; and he knows no way of honoring a science but by zealous and unwearied cultivation. But he also loves religion, wishes to see it clearly conceived, strenuously defended, truly taught, fully realized; and he pleads for a larger, deeper, wiser study of theology as the noblest service now possible to religion. Our scepticism is mainly a thing of ignorance; its conceptions of religious truth and history hardly rise above those of an ill-taught schoolboy. One is amazed to find the absurd and puerile fancies that pass with the apostles of Agnosticism and Positivism for knowledge of Christianity. And there is ignorance abroad because there is defective knowledge at home. We need a generation of trained teachers; a great school of theology would, by the creation of the simple yet potent agencies of new thought and new knowledge, introduce a religious epoch. The great theologian is the greatest of all human forces in religion; no sect owns him, for all sects feel his spirit and his power. The priest made by a sacred caste belongs to the caste that made him; but the great theologian, though sprung out of one church, belongs to all the churches, supplies them with truth, learning, literature. Peter may have done more for the organization of the church than Paul, but Paul did more for its thought, and so has been mightier than Peter. Two men, indeed, rise out of the primitive church as sources of imperishable quickening energies—Paul and John. The system Paul has developed in his great Epistles—his doctrines of love and grace, faith and works, righteousness and life, election and sovereignty, the first and the second Adam—formed the mind of Augustine, inspired the thought of

Anselm, touched and quieted the conscience of Luther, subdued the intellect of Calvin, and have lived like a ubiquitous presence in the minds of the men who have intensely feared sin because they so greatly loved God. And the lofty speculations of John as to God and His word, as to light and life, love and truth, the Father and the Son, created theologians like Athanasius, mystics like Tauler and Boehme, enthusiasts like Francis of Assisi, and the great multitude who have loved quietude and fled from self to God. Men will never lose their interest in things religious; nature herself is the guarantee that he who speaks most wisely concerning them will never speak in vain. The school that can train men so to speak will attain a sovereignty such as is unknown to the cabinet of the most honored statesman or the council of the best loved queen.—A. M. FAIRBAIRN, D. D., in *The Contemporary Review*.

OUR NOBLE SELVES.

England is suffering at the present day from a plethora of genius. She has more great men than she knows what to do with. Three generations go to a century: the three that make up this crammed century of ours have been indeed mighty and marvelous ones. The first was the generation of Keats and Shelley, of Scott and Byron, of Wordsworth and Coleridge, of Lamb and Landor. That was truly a generation rich in master-minds of the first order. The second was the generation of Tennyson and Browning, of Dickens and Thackeray, of Darwin and Spencer, of George Eliot and Matthew Arnold. That was a generation richer still in something like a rude numerical proportion to the increased population

from which it drew its dominant spirits. The third is the generation we now see emerging from adolescence around us, the "young men" of fifty or under, whom a certain false shame of anticipating the verdict of time makes us always shy of naming individually. That is a generation richest of all, both in promise and performance; a generation pregnant with good men whose work in some cases has already received wide recognition, while in others it is known only to the little literary circle which is not afraid of judging for itself, and praising great things wherever it sees them.

I know at the very outset that my thesis is a paradox. It has been a paradox in all ages. The great men of the generation that is just passing away are known to everybody as great men, because the world has found them out, and set the stamp of its tardy approval upon them. Can anybody doubt that these are great? Are not their photographs to be seen daily, displayed in the windows of the London Stereoscopic Company in Regent Street? Is it not certain that Tennyson is a true poet—because he is a lord, and you find his green-covered volumes in everybody's library? Is it not certain that Ruskin is a wonderful thinker—because all the spectacled ladies in Oxford thronged the Sheldonian when the Slade Professor was announced as lecturer? Who can refuse to dead Thackeray, or dead George Eliot, the tribute of a genuine and outspoken admiration? We publish *éditions de luxe* of their novels. But the great men of the generation among which we actually live and move and have our being—that, of course, is a totally different matter. Many of them are still quite young; and the notion of a young man being really great is in itself of course quite too ridiculous.

To be sure, Keats died at twenty-four, and was only an assistant in a doctor's shop in London. Shelley was no more than thirty when his sailing-boat capsized off St. Arengo, leaving behind it *Prometheus* and *The Skylark*. Even Byron was but thirty-seven when rum and fever carried him off between them at Missolonghi. But then, that was a long time ago, and they are all now dead and buried. That a living young man should possess genius is as inconceivable as that a living physicist should be greater than Newton, a living painter greater than Raffaele, or a living playwright greater than Shakespeare. What fallacy could be more transparent?

And yet, after all, when one comes to think of it, why not? For strange as it may appear, Shakespeare himself was once nothing more than an ordinary actor, well thought of by the playgoers of his day, but not to be mentioned in the same breath with poets of gentle origin like Spenser, or thinkers of learning and dignity like my Lord Verulam. When Mr. Newton was an undergraduate of Trinity, inventing in his own rooms at leisure the method of fluxions, who could have believed it had they been told in a whisper that the young gentleman in the gray coat over yonder was the profoundest mathematical genius in all Europe? When George Eliot, a bookseller's hack, was translating Strauss's *Leben Jesu* for a miserable wage, who would have accepted the confident prediction of her friend Mr. Herbert Spencer (author of an occasional scientific paper in the *Leader* and the *Westminster*) that the plain woman with the long chin who talked metaphysics would become the most popular novelist of her time in modern England?

It is fashionable nowadays (as it has been always) to complain that all our

great writers and thinkers are dead or dying, and who is there left to replace them? Dickens is gone, our critical Cassandras tell us with a sigh in the *Athenæum* and the *Saturday*; Thackeray is gone; George Eliot is gone; even Trollope and Reade have been taken from us. Carlyle has ceased from his lifelong wail; Darwin has left the less fit to survive; Mill has joined the voteless majority. Macaulay and Lytton disappeared from their peers a decade or so earlier. Disraeli has reinforced his friends the angels. Across the Atlantic, Emerson, Longfellow, Hawthorne sleep in Sleepy Hollow; Lowell, Holmes, and Whittier belong to the elder and passing generation. With ourselves, the few great names still left loitering are equally those of reverend seniors. Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, Newman, Herbert Spencer, Ruskin, and Browning have all seen their best working days; and where are the juniors who ought to be taking their vacant places? If one ventures to suggest a rising name or two in reply, the objector has always an easy answer. "Young So-and-so? Ah, he writes poems, does he? No, no; I never heard of him." Or else, in a more dogmatically negative form, "You don't mean to say you think that fellow, What's-his-name, who did the papers on Siamese butterflies in *Nature*, is the equal of Darwin or Wallace or Lyell?" "What! the author of those pretty little essays in *Blackwood*? You can't consider him on the same line with giants like Carlyle and Macaulay and Ruskin?" The fact is, these men still labor, like Pitt, under the fatal defect of being young: as young as Tennyson and Thackeray and Herbert Spencer were, at their age, and no younger.

Look at the critical journals of thirty or forty years back, and you will find exactly the same complaint made, and

with exactly the same measure of reason. The great age, our Cassandras told us then, had clean passed away: the Virgils and Livys had been gathered to their fathers; "it is all Prudentius and Claudian with us nowadays." "Keats is dead; Shelley drowned; Byron killed by Greek fever; Scott has disappeared; Wordsworth grows old; Lamb lives on the Company's pension; Southey has sunk to imbecility under stress of his own amazing poems; Coleridge has finally befogged his muddled brains with too much opium and metaphysics. All the grand old men of the grand old days are dead or dying; and who is there left to replace them?" Why, young Mr. Tennyson, who wrote those silly sing-song verses of *Oriana*; young Mr. Dickens, the author of those vulgar catchpenny *Pickwick Papers*; young Mr. Thackeray, who hangs about the clubs, and failed with the *Luck of Barry Lyndon*. Then there's that strange man Browning, whose crabbed jingle nobody understands, and that wild enthusiast, Ruskin of Christ Church, who has gone congenially mad over that equally mad landscape-painter, Turner. But of course nobody would ever dream of comparing amiable and estimable youths like these with such souls as Byron and Scott and Southey! (It was Byron and Scott and Southey then: nowadays it would be Keats and Shelley and Coleridge.)

So men spoke in the brief apparent interregnum between the two great literary British empires of the nineteenth century. They did not know they then stood on the very eve of a sudden outburst of thought and art unequaled in our island since the spacious days of great Elizabeth, when "England became a nest of singing birds." At that very moment England was once more just brewing and seething with a mighty leaven of fresh

motives and fresh intellects. Dickens and Thackeray, Tennyson and Browning, by no means exhausted the list of budding geniuses. George Eliot was reading German metaphysics and making silent studies for the *Scenes in Clerical Life* at her own Nunceaton; Carlyle was groaning over the French Revolution, and tracking hatless Danton through the packed streets of Paris; Darwin was watching earthworms at Down and observing the strange habits and manners of intelligent orchids in his own conservatory; Herbert Spencer was discovering that his sphere in life lay not in the construction of new railways, but in the building up of the System of Synthetic Philosophy; Matthew Arnold was quietly inspecting schools and mystifying the world with the *Strayed Reveller*; Charlotte Brontë, on her Yorkshire moor, was writing *Jane Eyre* in a crabbed little hand on broken scraps of paper by the flickering firelight at Haworth Rectory. I don't mean to say that all these events were strictly contemporaneous to a year and a day—I am not writing for a Quarterly Reviewer to vivisect me—but at the very time when futile complaints about the barrenness of the younger generation were flooding the papers, all these great men and women were alive and at work in their full prime, as great as they ever were, or perhaps, because unknown, a trifle greater. All the chief writers and thinkers who made the decades from 1850 to 1880 into a mighty period of English literary history had reached maturity and years of harvest in 1845—a date which most people would probably pitch upon as representing the very blackest and lowest depths of the supposed interregnum.

It is just the same at the present day. A few of the very greatest names have dropped out rapidly in the last ten years or so; a few more are likely in the average course of nature to drop

out in the next twenty. But England is not in want of others to replace them. Quite the contrary; *fortes creantur fortibus et bonis*. Never, I believe, were literature and thought so rich in good men and true under fifty as they are at this moment. All the available protoplasm in the country was not used up in the production of Tennyson and Arnold and Browning. The reason why no two or three names emerge conspicuously as yet among the younger men is not because there are none to emerge, but because, on the other hand, there are far too many. We live in an age when high genius is a drug in the market: the supply of originality, of brilliancy, of first-rate workmanship far exceeds the effective demand. Writers and thinkers of prime magnitude positively swarm upon the pavements of London: if you want a poet, an essayist, a philosopher, a romancer, you can hire him anywhere in the Temple or at the clubs for the modest remuneration of a guinea a page. At no other age of English literature could any man have written such finished poetry as the *Proverbs in Porcelain*, the *Dead Letter*, the ballad of *Beau Brocade*, and yet not be recognized as standing in the front rank of English poets. At no other age could a man have written the *Dynamiter* and the *New Arabian Nights*, and *Through the Cevennes with a Donkey* without being proclaimed in every house a perfect master of absolutely pellucid and exquisite English style. Even among the men of an older generation, at no other age could a poet have produced *Juggling Jerry* and *Phœbus with Admetus*, and *Martin's Puzzle* without being generally and popularly known as a thinker and worker of the first order. At no other age could even a police magistrate have remained absolutely ignorant of the *Earthly*

Paradise. But in our own time men may do such work in abundance, and yet be comparatively overlooked in the mighty throng of struggling genius that we see blindly surging everywhere around us.

The reason for this curious state of things is not far to seek in modern England. Every gate is thronged with suitors; all the markets overflow: and the publisher's gate is thronged like *ca* others; the book-market overflows with wit and wisdom. In a small provincial town—at Gabii or Fidenæ—the “clever man” of local opinion soon emerges into local consequence; *sed Romæ durior illi conatus*. In London or Paris he is lost in the crowd, and no man distinguishes him from all his fellows. So it is on a larger scale with the packed and jostling England of Victoria as compared with the roomy England of Elizabeth. When the British people numbered some five millions each individual retained a certain stamp of individuality; every man of parts had his fair chance in the game of life; whatever he wrote or said or acted was duly judged on its own merits by a critical audience. But now when the real strength of Britain—European and extra-European—amounts to something like a hundred million souls—for obvious reasons I include America, I exclude India—genius suffers acutely from overproduction; it exposes itself to the fashionable struggle for existence; like Comus's world, it is strangled by its waste fertility; no one or two great men among so many can easily overtop by head and shoulders the vast throng of first-class talent awaiting its *sportula* at the doors of the libraries. Mr. Mudie, thronged within as Plutus to our modern Apollo, dispenses impartially his daily dole of thirty-one and sixpences to some twenty thousand clamorous applicants. Our magazines,

whose name is now legion, contain every month innumerable papers which in any age except the present would have sufficed to secure their author a solid reputation. We glance over them hastily in our easy-chairs, skim their profundity, smile at their humor, approve their style, appraise their matter, never look at the writer's name at the end, and toss the volume when finished into the waste-paper basket. The social leaders in some of our London penny papers are masterpieces of wit and epigram and satire—pearls cast before swine for the bulk of their readers—worthy of Sydney Smith at his best, or of Charles Lamb in his easiest and most graceful humor. Few read them; nobody dreams of asking who wrote them.

The fact is, in London to-day, genius swarms in every department. Parnassus teems from Piccadilly to Highgate. Young Chattertons print their genuine poetry in the weekly papers, no man hindering but no man regarding them. Young Heines show their snarling teeth or preach Pantagruelism in the Saturday journals. Young Murgers tread the Bohemia of Hampstead, and dream impossible Arabian Nights of extraordinary imaginative force and brilliancy. Young Poes invent new murders in the Rue Morgue, and fill the magazines with fresh adventures of the immortal Prince Florestan. You cannot take a walk down Fleet Street any day of the week without encountering wits and poets such as Johnson and Burke never chanced to meet on their afternoon rambles. Jonathan Swift, unknown and unnoticed, pours forth volume after volume of delicate irony and scathing sarcasm, with sardonic laughter unheard of gods or men, from some commodious villa in Peckham or in Canonbury. Isaac Newton, with big calm brows and measured speech, corresponds

no longer with Leibnitz or Huygens, but sinks his mighty European fame in a dissertation on the causes of the Polar ice-cap. Our little world is far too full. No man nowadays can emerge from the ruck—the common ruck of divine genius—until he has completed at least his entire half century. At fifty we are still promising young men; at sixty we may, with good luck, be spoken of as rising writers. Now and then, to be sure, a Swinburne makes good his claim by storm, to be reckoned among the ranks of the immortals, or a Hugh Conway goes up like a rocket, to fall, a most unmistakable stick, on the morrow. But these are always illegitimate successes. It was not his undeniably true poetic qualities that awoke the public attention to the Bard; it was the audacious apparition of *Poems and Ballads*, naked and not ashamed, that aroused the world with a start to the sudden consciousness of a fresh poet. So too with Mallock and the New Republic. Bar novelists, who will still sometimes carry the world by assault, no writer or thinker can now rise to the modest level of popular appreciation till he has slowly and laboriously lifted himself hand over hand on a steep ladder, each of whose many rungs represents in time and work a full twelvemonth.

The vaster the mass of good work done, the harder becomes the task of discrimination. Not because, as people love to say, we have now a wide dead level of mediocrity: quite the contrary: but because we have a wide field of the highest excellence which in any other age would have merited and obtained in every case immediate recognition. It is fashionable always to ignore this fact, to conceal our knowledge of living men's virtues, to join in a vast "conspiracy of silence" as to the genius and learning of one's own contemporaries. Why thus? "De mortuis nil nisi

bonum," if you will, but why of the living nothing but harsh criticism? It is so easy to sneer, it is so hard to be generous. Any fool can praise you Shakespeare or Milton; and any fool can laugh down an unknown aspirant. It was so simple for Christopher North to poke fun at Tennyson: Tennyson had not then accepted a peerage. If, while Keats still lurked in the back surgery, a discerning critic had boldly said of him, "This young dispenser is at this moment one of the truest English poets that ever breathed," all the world would have laughed incredulous. The haunters of clubs would have said with a cynical smile, "Young Mr. Keat's poems are very pretty in their own way, no doubt, though somewhat wild and lawless in manner; but as to calling him a great poet, why really, you know——" No criticism is so killing as an oposiopsis. And so, too, in our own days, if one ventured to oppose to the known names of the elder generation the unknown but not less great names of the picked juniors, all the world would laugh with equal incredulity. "Never heard of them before in my life!" As though anybody ever heard of anybody else until the time when he first heard of him.

Those who don't know, say nothing, because they have nothing at all to say. Those who do know, hold their tongues, because a certain unworthy false shame makes them diffident about setting up their own opinion as a standard of criticism for other people. I often notice with amusement how measured and sparing and tentative (as of a snail feeling its way with its horns) is the praise which one good man bestows in a review upon another good man of his own generation. I observe how he hedges and attenuates and qualifies: how he keeps his own generous enthusiasm well in hand for fear it should run away with him before the eyes of

sneering bystanders. I read how So-and-So's verses almost remind one in places of Shelley's early bad manner: how the best of So-and-So's new stories attain to something like the height of Thackeray's minor performances: how So-and-So's essay in the last *Westminster* is not wholly unworthy at times of the first attempts made by Macaulay. Untinted praise of living authors, however deserved, is avoided with an almost Greek terror of Nemesis. I have heard dozens of people say in private—what is the obvious truth—that the *Ordeal of Richard Feveril* is the greatest novel ever written in the English language. But I never saw anybody say so in print: and I know why; because *Richard Feveril* still remains half unknown, and they are all afraid of getting laughed at by fools who can only appreciate high merit after it has received the final stamp of popular approbation in illustrated two-shilling paper covers. No one shrinks from praising Thackeray duly, or Fielding excessively; because Thackeray and Fielding are both stone dead, and everybody now has learned (after being often told so) that Thackeray and Fielding are very wonderful novelists indeed. But I myself, who have the courage of my opinions, am afraid to say openly what I feel and know about Robert Louis Stevenson, about Austin Dobson, about half-a-dozen other real geniuses of our own time, not because I mind the public sneer myself, but because those for whom I feel a profound admiration are afraid on their own account to face it. I once imprudently called a friend a true poet in a daily paper (knowing him to be one) and he wrote me back a letter by the first post to complain bitterly that I had made him ridiculous before the foolish face of the British public. And yet I suppose there must be sometimes true poets, who are true

poets even in their own lifetime. Or do they only become poets at all, I wonder, after their quick tongues lie silent in the dust, and their right hands have lost their cunning. You may see people open their eyes wide in astonishment if you speak of Herbert Spencer as the greatest philosopher that ever lived; and yet they are not in the least astonished if you say the same thing about Aristotle or Kant or even Bacon.

There were giants in those days. That is the common and *naïf* belief of all unsophisticated and thoughtless humanity. The giants, to be sure, are never with us, they tower gigantesque only in proportion as they fade away into the dim mist of historical perspective. Through that fallacious haze of time and repute, men loom always larger than human: stand too near, and you see them only in their natural size, as five feet ten in their stocking feet, and measuring round the chest thirty-eight inches. And yet they are giants none the less, in earnest: for though no man, we know, is a hero to his valet, that, as Hegel justly remarked, is not because the hero is no hero, but because the valet is only a valet. Contemporaries can seldom understand any form of greatness that does not come to them marked with the guinea stamp of official approbation. They will never believe that the man's the gold for all that. My Lord Duke in his big house they can readily appreciate, and even recognize for the most part in the street, for has he not a coronet painted on his carriage? The President of the Royal Academy or of the Royal Society, the Poet Laureate, the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chief Justice—these also are tangible realities, with robes of office and many letters tacked to their names—LL.D., and F.R.S., and

K.C.S.I., whatever that may be—which enable all men to see at once that here we have to deal with real genuine indubitable greatness. But how can the purblind public believe, while he still lives, that the excise officer who dwells in the little cottage there, and fuddles his brain with a pack of vulgar cronies at the village public, is the Poet Laureate of Scotland for all time. to be remembered when Buccleuchs and Argylls and Hamiltons and Atholes have gone to their own place, consigned forever to merited oblivion? How can they believe that the dirty unshaven ill-bred Scotchman in the small house by the waterside at Chelsea, who talks broad Ecclefechan and omits to change his linen regularly, is the most wonderful master of pictorial description that ever put pen to paper in England? And how in our own day can they believe that the tall young man with the stoop over yonder, who passes unnoticed down the village street, is the greatest living artist in English style, or that the handsome fellow in the light overcoat, who strolls unobserved through Piccadilly, is the most versatile humorist, essayist, and versifier that Wild Wales has ever begotten?

These things the public can never conceivably discover for itself. All the more need, therefore, that those who can discover them should publish their discovery everywhere broadcast, proclaiming it on the housetops, and making it possible for a man to be somewhat known before his grandchildren lose their hold upon his copyrights. When a great poet has resumed the inorganic condition, it is small consolation to him that his Complete Works should be edited and emended in sumptuous forms by Mr. H. Buxton Forman. He wants recognition, and not unfrequently he wants bread also: but he wants them both during his

own lifetime. He greatly prefers enough to eat while he still lives, to a handsome memorial tablet above his mouldering bones in Westminster Abbey. When he asks for bread, do not give him a stone, even if it bear his own face in a neatly cut medallion by Boehm or by Thornycroft. In order for men to be known, however, it is necessary for the few who are capable of judging to speak out boldly and frequently without false modesty. We have heard a great deal of late about some mysterious operation known as Log-Rolling: as a matter of fact, there is not half log-rolling enough in the ranks of contemporary English literature. Throughout all ages, the men who had anything in them, the men who were going to rise, and did in the end actually rise, have had from the first a generous appreciation for one another's real merits. Knowing good work from bad when they saw it, they early picked one another out from the mass of honest but second-rate writers: they formed a little freemasonry of culture—if you will, a clique, a coterie, a mutual admiration society. But they admired mutually because they knew each other to be really admirable. "Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii"—what is that but the most unblushing log-rolling? Look at Ben Johnson's lines on the Droeshout portrait of Shakespeare: what would our Quarterly reviewers say to such open and unconcealed cliquish adulation? Nobody now thinks of accusing Jonson or Burke or Reynolds or Goldsmith of "the vile arts of mutual puffery:" everybody sees that they stood together because they recognized each other's ability. So, if you read the memoirs of the literary generation just passing away, you will find that Mill acknowledged Carlyle, and Carlyle acknowledged Mill, long before the *French Revolution* or the *System of*

Logic. Lyell saw what was in Darwin while the *Origin of Species* was still in embryo: Lewes knew Herbert Spencer for himself when *First Principles* were still floating indefinitely in the air: Spencer in turn foretold George Eliot when George Eliot posed only as a *Westminster Reviewer*.

What we need; in short, is more strenuous and more open log-rolling. "Our Noble Selves" makes a very good toast for rising talent. At this moment the enormous mass of young English intellect is for the most part mutually known to itself, and its final success mutually predicted. But in order to insure that happy consummation, in order to push the good new literature and thought and humor and science down the recalcitrant throats of a careless and uncritical public, what we want is a long pull and a strong pull and a pull all together. Shoulder to shoulder, set the log rolling. It is only by the consistent and persists hammering of those who know that anything ever gets hammered at all into the thick heads of the British people. (America, to be sure, is somewhat more receptive; but then plastic America pays only in praise, not in dollars.) Twenty years ago Herbert Spencer was by far the greatest thinker the world contained. But only a few sympathetic minds on either side the Atlantic had then found him out: if the world at large knows him nowadays, it is because for twenty years his sympathizers have lost no possible opportunity, in season or out of season, of dragging his name, his praise, his work, and his opinions into every book, magazine, or journal, where by hook or by crook they could manage to divulge him. Twenty years ago, George Meredith was by far the greatest artist of character and situation in the English language. But only a few appreciative critics at London clubs

had yet taken the trouble to crack the hard nuts he set before them, and extract the rich kernel of epigram and wisdom: if the world at large begins to know him nowadays it is because the few who could grasp his enigmatic meaning have preached faith in him with touching fidelity till at last the public, like the unjust judge, for their much importunity, consents to buy a popular edition of *Beauchamp's Career* and *Evan Harrington*. I don't of course mean to say that this deliberate booming was necessary in either case for the recognition of those two great men's real greatness, on the part of the few adapted by nature for duly recognizing it. The critics of England would have found out Meredith, the philosophers of the world would have found out Spencer, even without the aid of an occasional laudatory newspaper allusion. But the "blind and battling" mass around would never have found them out at all; and it is the blind and the battling that constitute society. As it has been possible thus to boom Herbert Spencer and George Meredith, so is it possible perhaps to boom the hundred best living authors of whose very names the blind and battling are still for the most part contentedly ignorant.

We live in the midst of the greatest outburst of thought and feeling and expression in England that has occurred at least since the days of Elizabeth. The movement of our own time has been a movement comparable only to that of the Renaissance and the Reformation in its wide-reaching effects on literature, art, science, philosophy, religion, ethics, politics, and society generally. The world has seethed and fermented with great ideas—the religious emancipation, the socialist revolution, the cosmopolitanization of the world, the evolutionary system, the vast fundamental physical concept of

universal energy pervading the cosmos. In politics, ours is the era when the area of civilization has spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the South Seas, and the Indian Ocean. In ethics, it is the era when the naked value of man as man has begun to dawn upon the conscience of humanity. In science, it is the era when the idea of gradual and regular growth from within pervading the universe has overridden the idea of miraculous beginning and continuance by perpetual petty external interference. In philosophy, it is the era when the relations of the boundless cosmos with itself have eclipsed the relations of minor parts with the mere percipient human intelligence. In every direction our concepts have widened. Europe has merged in the round world: the world has become a fraction of the infinite universe. Man has been recognized as a final outcome of evolving life: life itself as a final outcome of solar energy falling on the cooled and corrugated surface of a minor satellite. It is impossible that an epoch of such mighty changes should not profoundly affect the human intellect and the human emotions. It has profoundly affected them, and all the world over we find to-day an awakening of the mind of man such as never before perhaps was seen upon the face of our poor belated little planet.

In England, this fierce stirring-up of stagnant humanity to its profoundest depths, this universal whirl and ferment of opinion, has produced its necessary and inevitable consequences upon the growth and direction of the literary spirit. Science and letters have been served in our time by more devotees and with greater success than in any other previous epoch. The great thinkers and the great works of the last fifty years have indeed been innumerable: the great thinkers and the great works in our own day show no

signs of falling off in any way. The movement has been continuous, constant, and at least equal. After Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Southey, Keats, and Shelley, came in due course Leigh Hunt, Landor, Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Fitzgerald, William Morris, George Meredith, Swinburne, Austin Dobson. Dickens and Thackeray were followed fast by Charlotte Bronte, George Eliot, Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, Anthony Trollope, James Payn, and Walter Besant. Lyell and Herschel and Owen led on without a break to Darwin, Hooker, Lewes, Spencer, Wallace, Huxley, Galton, Clifford, Lubbock, and Tylor. Mill and Macaulay gave place successively to Newman, Carlyle, Ruskin, Freeman, Froude, Goldwin Smith, John Richard Green, Lecky, and Frederick Harrison. How can we talk of a falling off when we have still with us, not only so many of these great names, but also so many newer and younger men of immense promise and immense performance? John Morley and Leslie Stephen still pour out for us limpid virile prose of exquisite finish. Robert Louis Stevenson still keeps up for us the highest traditions of English humor and English imagination. Symonds and Pater, Cotter Morrison and Saintsbury, all give us work of a kind that in its own way has rarely been equaled in English literature. Justin McCarthy, Blackmore, William Black, Besant, Hardy, Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Lynn Linton, Norris, Henry James, Mallock, Christie Murray, Robert Buchanan, Baring Gould, and Hall Caine worthily keep up the unbroken succession of English novelists. Even among the much younger men, touches of distinct and recognizable genius streak through Rider Haggard's *King Solomon's Mines* and Guthrie's *Vice Versa*. Lawrence Oliphant, Clark Russell, and James

Runciman deserve also not to go unmentioned. Among humorists, have we not Samuel Butler, the greatest master of caustic irony in the English language, and "Lewis Carroll," the creator of Alice, that absolute empress in the realm of clever nonsense? In science, besides the giants of the last generation already named, have we not Tyndall, Bates, and Croll; Geikie, who has treated geology with a breadth and firmness of cosmical grasp to which no other thinker ever yet accustomed us; Balfour Stewart, who has thrown new vastness of conception into physical thought; Proctor and Romanes, Farrer and Maudsley, Boyd Dawkins and Evans, Ray Lankester and Thisleton Dyer, Karl Pearson and Rucker, the Darwins and the other evolutionary juniors? In philology, Max Müller and the drawing-room school have yielded place to thorough workers like Sayce and Rhys and Powell: in mythology they have given way to Tylor and Spencer, to Clodd and Farrer. And in general literature, through all its branches, how many names could one not still mention like Gosse and Frederick Myers, Alfred Austin and Julian Sturgis, Churton Collins and Comyns Carr, Theodore Wattes and Sydney Colvin, Sime and Church, Shorthouse and Palgrave, Hutton, Bryce and Minto, Isaac Taylor and Sully, Hamerton and Christie, Trevelyan and Gardiner, Phil Robinson and Jefferies, Gilbert and Pinero? At no other time, I firmly believe, would it have been possible to find in the British Isles, I do not say merely so high a general average of distinct talent, but also so large and marvelous a sprinkling of indubitable genius.

There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. Probably, there are some a great deal better. And as the sea grows more thickly peopled every day, the number of good fish

must, other things being equal, increase in proportion. Moreover, other things are more than equal: the stir and ferment of the world are none the less but greater than ever. Periods of expansion are always periods of high intellectual and emotional development. When the Mediterranean became a Greek lake, Athens had her Æschylus, her Thucydides, her Aristophanes, and her Plato. When Rome enlarged her bounds to include the world—"Urbem fecisti quod prius orbis erat"—even Rome had her Catullus, her Lucretius, her Virgil, and her Tacitus. When Western Europe woke up to its new life, with the discovery of America and of the Cape route, which removed the center of gravity of civilization from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic basin, from Rome and Florence to Paris and London, England had her Shakespeare, her Spenser, her Sydney, and her Bacon. We live now at the very crisis of another and similar great expansive mundane movement. As civilization once widened from the Ægean to Great Greece and Sicily; again from the eastern basin of the inland sea to the Mediterranean at large and peninsular Europe; and once more, from the Mediterranean itself, right about face, to the Atlantic coasts of either continent from Spain and Scotland to Virginia and Mexico; so now, it is widening yet another time to include California, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, the whole Pacific, the South Sea Islands, the entire stretch of Africa, of America, of China, and of India. Our relations with all the maritime or accessible world have undergone a complete change; England has carried her landmarks to the ends of the earth; Atlantic cables, Pacific railways, Suez canals, Mont Cenis tunnels, have brought us nearer by five thousand miles to everybody everywhere. We run across to Chicago for a summer

holiday; drop in at Delhi for a Christmas vacation; cruise in the *Sunbeam* among the Pacific archipelagos; picnic under arms among the Boers and Zulus. Our Edwins are cowboys on American plains; our Angelinas Red Cross sisters in Bulgarian villages; our Norvals feed their flocks among New Zealand sheepwalks; our Gileses and our Hodges sow fall wheat on Manitoban prairies; our Tommy Atkins discourses familiarly at the village pothouse of Suakim and the Cataracts, of Majuba mountain and the Khyber Pass. Everywhere our sphere has rapidly widened from the four sea-walls of the isle of Britain to the great oceans that gird and connect the continents of our planet.

The psychical expansion exceeds even the physical; our outlook on the cosmos has widened yet faster than our outlook on the material world around us. Evolution has been a peculiarly English idea: and it has brought us into relations with sun and star, with plant and animal, with matter and energy, with the inmost core and background of things, in a way that neither Plato nor Aristotle, Moses nor Augustine, Descartes nor Leibnitz; Kant nor Fichte, Hegel nor Schopenhauer, ever before brought us. Our ideas have indeed widened with the process of the suns. New beliefs and new impulses gather strength and head within us; a larger utterance follows as of course; literature and science echo the age: an age that rolls down the abysses of time as conscious as ours does, cannot fail to pour forth its full heart in profuse strains of unpremeditated cosmical music. The present is richer far in genius than the past: the future bears within it the "promise and potency" of a still richer and nobler harvest than the present.—*The Fortnightly Review*.

ROBERT EDWARD LEE.*

The history of the war between the Northern and Southern States of North America is yet to be written. General Long's work on the great Confederate general is a contribution toward the history of that grand but unsuccessful struggle by the seceding States to shake off all political connection with the Union Government. It will be read with interest as coming from the pen of one who was Lee's military secretary, and its straightforward, soldier-like style will commend it to all readers. It is not my intention to enter upon any narrative of the events which led to that fratricidal war. The unprejudiced outsider will generally admit the sovereign right, both historical and legal, which each State possessed under the Constitution, to leave the Union when its people thought fit to do so. At the same time, of Englishmen who believe that "union is strength," and who are themselves determined that no dismemberment of their own empire shall be allowed, few will find fault with the men of the North for their manly determination, come what might, to resist every effort of their brothers in the South to break up the Union. It was but natural that all Americans should be proud of the empire which the military genius of General Washington had created, despite the efforts of England to retain her Colonies.

It is my wish to give a short outline of General Lee's life, and to describe him as I saw him in the autumn of 1862, when at the head of proud and victorious troops he smiled at the notion of defeat by any army that could be sent against him. I desire to make known to the reader not only the renowned soldier, whom I believe to

have been the greatest of his age, but to give some insight into the character of one whom I have always considered the most perfect man I ever met. Twenty-one years have passed since the great Secession war ended, but even still, angry remembrances of it prevent Americans from taking an impartial view of the contest, and of those who were the leaders in it. Outsiders can best weigh and determine the merits of the chief actors on both sides, but if in this attempt to estimate General Lee's character I offend any one by the outspoken expression of my opinions, I hope I may be forgiven. On one side I can see, in the dogged determination of the North persevered in to the end through years of recurring failure, the spirit for which the men of Britain have always been remarkable. It is a virtue to which the United States owed its birth in the last century, and its preservation in 1865. It is the quality to which the Anglo-Saxon race is most indebted for its great position in the world. On the other hand, I can recognize the chivalrous valor of those gallant men whom Lee led to victory: who fought not only for fatherland and in defence of home, but for those rights most prized by free men. Washington's stalwart soldiers were styled rebels by our king and his ministers, and in like manner the men who wore the gray uniform of the Southern Confederacy were denounced as rebels from the banks of the Potomac to the head waters of the St. Lawrence. Lee's soldiers, well versed as all Americans are in the history of their forefathers' struggle against King George the Third, and believing firmly in the justice of their cause, saw the same virtue in one rebellion that was to be found in the other. This was a point upon which, during my stay in Virginia in 1862, I found every Southerner laid the greatest stress. It is a feeling that as yet

* Memoirs of Robert E. Lee; his Military and Personal History. By General A. L. Long and General Marcus J. Wright. 1896.

not been fully acknowledged by writers on the Northern side.

"Rebellion, foul dishonoring word,
Whose wrongful blight so oft hath stained
The holiest cause that tongue or sword
Of mortal ever lost or gained.
How many a spirit born to bless
Hath sunk beneath thy withering name,
Whom but a day's, an hour's success,
Had wafted to eternal fame."

As a looker-on, I feel that both parties in the war have so much to be proud of, that both can afford to hear what impartial Englishmen or foreigners have to say about it. Inflated and bubble reputations were acquired during its progress, few of which will bear the test of time. The idol momentarily set up, often for political reasons, crumbles in time into the dust from which its limbs were perhaps originally moulded. To me, however, two figures stand out in that history towering above all others, both cast in hard metal that will be forever proof against the belittling efforts of all future detractors. One, General Lee, the great soldier; the other, Mr. Lincoln, the far-seeing statesman of iron will, of unflinching determination. Each is a good representative of the genius that characterized his country. As I study the history of the Secession war, these seem to me the two men who influenced it most, and who will be recognized as its greatest heroes when future generations of American historians record its stirring events with impartiality.

General Lee came from the class of landed gentry that has furnished England at all times with her most able and distinguished leaders. The first of his family who went to America was Richard Lee, who in 1641 became Colonial Secretary to the Governor of Virginia. The family settled in Westmoreland, one of the most lovely counties in that historic state, and members of it from time to time held high positions in the

government. Several of the family distinguished themselves during the War of Independence, amongst whom was Henry, the father of General Robert Lee. He raised a mounted corps known as "Lee's Legion," in command of which he obtained the reputation of being an able and gallant soldier. He was nicknamed by his comrades, "Light Horse Harry." He was three times Governor of his native State. To him is attributed the authorship of the eulogy on General Washington, in which occurs the so-often-quoted sentence, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," praise that with equal truth might have been subsequently applied to his own distinguished son.

The subject of this slight sketch, Robert Edward Lee, was born January 9th, 1807, at the family place of Stratford, in the county of Westmoreland, State of Virginia. When only a few years old his parents moved to the small town of Alexandria, which is on the right bank of the Potomac river, nearly opposite Washington, but a little below it.

He was but a boy of eleven when his father died, leaving his family in straitened circumstances. Like many other great commanders, he was in consequence brought up in comparative poverty, a condition which has been pronounced by the greatest of them as the best training for soldiers. During his early years he attended a day-school near his home in Alexandria. He was thus able in his leisure hours to help his invalid mother in all her household concerns, and to afford her that watchful care which, owing to her very delicate health, she so much needed. She was a clever, highly-gifted woman, and by her fond care his character was formed and stamped with honest truthfulness. By her he was taught never to forget that he was well-

born, and that, as a gentleman, honor must be his guiding star through life. It was from her lips he learnt his Bible, from her teaching he drank in the sincere belief in revealed religion which he never lost. It was she who imbued her great son with an ineradicable belief in the efficacy of prayer, and in the reality of God's interposition in the every-day affairs of the true believer. No son ever returned a mother's love with more heartfelt intensity. She was his idol, and he worshiped her with the deep-seated, inborn love which is known only to the son in whom filial affection is strengthened by respect and personal admiration for the woman who bore him. He was her all in all, or, as she described it, he was both son and daughter to her. He watched over her in weary hours of pain, and served her with all that soft tenderness which was such a marked trait in the character of this great, stern leader of men.

He seems to have been throughout his boyhood and early youth perfect in disposition, in bearing, and in conduct—a model of all that was noble, honorable, and manly. Of the early life of very few great men can this be said. Many who have left behind the greatest reputations for usefulness, in whom middle age was a model of virtue and perhaps of noble self-denial, began their career in a whirlwind of wild excess. Often, again, we find that, like Nero, the virtuous youth develops into the middle-aged fiend, who leaves behind him a name to be execrated for all time. It would be difficult to find in history a great man, be he soldier or statesman, with a character so irreproachable throughout his whole life as that which in boyhood, youth, manhood, and to his death, distinguished Robert Lee from all contemporaries.

He entered the military academy of West Point at the age of eighteen, where he worked hard, became adju-

tant of the cadet corps, and finally graduated at the head of his class. There he mastered the theory of war, and studied the campaigns of the great masters in that most ancient of all sciences. Whatever he did, even as a boy, he did thoroughly with order and method. Even at this early age he was the model Christian gentleman in thought, word, and deed. Careful and exact in the obedience he rendered his superiors; but remarkable for that dignity of deportment which all through his career struck strangers with admiring respect.

He left West Point when twenty-two, having gained its highest honors, and at once obtained a commission in the Engineers. Two years afterward he married the grand-daughter and heiress of Mrs. Custis, whose second husband had been General Washington, but by whom she left no children. It was a great match for a poor subaltern officer, as his wife was heiress to a very extensive property and to a large number of slaves. She was clever, very well educated, and a general favorite: he was handsome, tall, well made, with a graceful figure, and a good rider: his manners were at once easy and captivating. These young people had long known one another, and each was the other's first love. She brought with her as part of her fortune General Washington's beautiful property of Arlington, situated on the picturesque wooded heights that overhang the Potomac river, opposite the capital to which the great Washington had given his name. In talking to me of the Northern troops, whose conduct in Virginia was then denounced by every local paper, no bitter expression passed his lips, but tears filled his eyes as he referred to the destruction of his place that had been the cherished home of the father of the United States. He could forgive their cutting down his

trees, their wanton conversion of his pleasure grounds into a grave-yard; but he could never forget their reckless plunder of all the camp equipment and other relics of General Washington that Arlington House had contained.

Robert Lee first saw active service during the American war with Mexico in 1846, where he was wounded, and evinced a remarkable talent for war that brought himself prominently into notice. He was afterward engaged in operations against hostile Indians, and obtained the reputation in his army of being an able officer of great promise. General Scott, then the general of greatest repute in the United States, was especially attracted by the zeal and soldierly instinct of the young captain of Engineers, and frequently employed him on distant expeditions that required cool nerve, confidence, and plenty of common sense. It is a curious fact that throughout the Mexican war General Scott in his dispatches and reports made frequent mention of three officers—Lee, Beauregard, and McClellan—whose names became household words in America afterward, during the great Southern struggle for independence. General Scott had the highest opinion of Lee's military genius, and did not hesitate to ascribe much of his success in Mexico as due to Lee's "skill, valor, and undaunted energy." Indeed subsequently, when the day came that these two men should part, each to take a different side in the horrible contest before them, General Scott is said to have urged Mr. Lincoln's Government to secure Lee at any price, alleging he "would be worth fifty thousand men to them." His valuable services were duly recognized at Washington by more than one step of brevet promotion: he obtained the rank of colonel, and was given command of a cavalry regiment shortly afterward.

I must now pass to the most impor-

tant epoch of his life, when the Southern States left the Union and set up a government of their own. Mr. Lincoln was in 1860 elected President of the United States in the Abolitionist interest. Both parties were so angry that thoughtful men soon began to see war alone could end this bitter dispute. Shipwreck was before the vessel of state, which General Washington had built and guided with so much care during his long and hard-fought contest. Civil war stared the American citizen in the face, and Lee's heart was well nigh broken at the prospect. Early in 1861 the seven Cotton States passed Acts declaring their withdrawal from the Union, and their establishment of an independent republic, under the title of "The Confederate States of America." This declaration of independence was in reality a revolution: war alone could ever again bring all the States together.

Lee viewed this secession with horror. Until the month of April—when Virginia, his own dearly-cherished State, joined the Confederacy—he clung fondly to the hope that the gulf which separated the North from the South might yet be bridged over. He believed the dissolution of the Union to be a dire calamity not only for his own country, but for civilization and all mankind. "Still," he said, "a Union that can only be maintained by swords and bayonets and in which strife and civil war are to take the place of brotherly love and kindness, has no charm for me." In common with all Southerners he firmly believed that each of the old States had a legal and indisputable right by its individual Constitution, and by its act of Union, to leave at will the Great Union into which each had separately entered as a Sovereign State. This was with him an article of faith of which he was as sure as of any Divine truths he found

in the Bible. This fact must be kept always in mind by those who would rightly understand his character, or the course he pursued in 1861. He loved the Union for which his father and family in the previous century had fought so hard and done so much. But he loved his own State still more. She was the Sovereign to whom in the first place he owed allegiance, and whose orders, as expressed through her legally-constituted government, he was, he felt, bound in law, in honor, and in love to obey without doubt or hesitation. This belief was the mainspring that kept the Southern Confederacy going, as it was also the corner-stone of its constitution. In April, 1861, at Fort Sumter, Charleston Harbor, the first shot was fired in a war that was only ended in April, 1865, by the surrender of General Lee's army at Appomattox Court House in Virginia. In duration it is the longest war waged since the great Napoleon's power was finally crushed at Waterloo. As the heroic struggle of a small population that was cut off from all outside help against a great, populous and very rich Republic, with every market in the world open to it, and to whom all Europe was a recruiting ground, this Secession war stands out prominently in the history of the world. When the vast numbers of men put into the field by the Northern States, and the scale upon which their operations were carried on, are duly considered, it must be regarded as a war fully equal in magnitude to the successful invasion of France by Germany in 1870. If the mind be allowed to speculate on the course that events will take in centuries to come, as they flow surely on with varying swiftness to the ocean of the unknown future, the influence which the result of this Confederate war is bound to exercise upon man's future history will seem very great. Think

of what a power the re-United States will be in another century! Of what it will be in the twenty-first century of the Christian era! If, as many believe, China is destined to absorb all Asia, and then to overrun Europe, may it not be in the possible future that Armageddon, the final contest between heathendom and Christianity, may be fought out between China and North America? Had secession been victorious, it is tolerably certain that the United States would have broken up still further, and instead of the present magnificent and English-speaking empire, we should now see in its place a number of small powers with separate interests.

Most certainly it was the existence of slavery in the South that gave rise to the bitter antagonism of feeling which led to secession. But it was not to secure emancipation that the North took up arms, although during the progress of the war Mr. Lincoln proclaimed it, for the purpose of striking his enemy a serious blow. Lee hated slavery, but, as he explained to me, he thought it wicked to give freedom suddenly to some millions of people who were incapable of using it with profit to themselves or the State. He assured me he had long intended to gradually give his slaves their liberty. He believed the institution to be a moral and political evil, and more hurtful to the white than to the black man. He had a strong affection for the negro, but he deprecated any sudden or violent interference on the part of the State between master and slave. Nothing would have induced him to fight for the continuance of slavery: indeed he declared that had he owned every slave in the South, he would willingly give them all up, if by so doing he could preserve the Union. He was opposed to secession, and to prevent it he would willingly sacrifice everything except

honor and duty, which forbade him to desert his State. When in April, 1861, she formally and by an act of her Legislature left the Union, he resigned his commission in the United States army with the intention of retiring into private life. He endeavored to choose what was right. Every personal interest bid him throw in his lot with the Union. His property lay so close to Washington that it was certain to be destroyed and swept of every slave, as belonging to a rebel. But the die was cast: he forsook everything for principle and the stern duty it entailed. Then came that final temptation which opened out before him a vista of power and importance greater than that which any man since Washington had held in America. General Long's book proves beyond all further doubt that he was offered the post of commander-in-chief of the Federal army. General Scott, his great friend and leader, whom he loved and respected, then commanding that army, used all his influence to persuade him to throw in his lot with the North, but to no purpose. Nothing would induce him to have any part in the invasion of his own State, much as he abhorred the war into which he felt she was rushing. His love of country, his unselfish patriotism, caused him to relinquish home, fortune, a certain future, in fact everything for her sake.

He was not, however, to remain a spectator of the coming conflict: he was too well known to his countrymen in Virginia as the officer in whom the Federal army had most confidence. The State of Virginia appointed him major-general and commander-in-chief of all her military forces. In open and crowded convention he formally accepted this position, saying, with all that dignity and grace of manner which distinguished him, that he did so "trusting in Almighty God, an approving

conscience, and the aid of my fellow-citizens." The scene was most impressive: there were present all the leading men of Virginia, and representatives of all the first families in a State where great store was attached to gentle birth, and where society was very exclusive. General Lee's presence commanded respect, even from strangers, by a calm self-possessed dignity, the like of which I have never seen in other men. Naturally of strong passions, he kept them under perfect control by that iron and determined will, of which his expression and his face gave evidence. As this tall, handsome soldier stood before his countrymen, he was the picture of the ideal patriot, unconscious and self-possessed in his strength: he indulged in no theatrical display of feeling: there was in his face and about him that placid resolve which bespoke great confidence in self, and which in his case—one knows not how—quickly communicated its magnetic influence to others.

He was then just fifty-four years old, the age of Marlborough when he destroyed the French army at Blenheim: in many ways and on many points these two great men much resembled each other. Both were of a dignified and commanding exterior: eminently handsome, with a figure tall, graceful, and erect, whilst a muscular, square-built frame bespoke great activity of body. The charm of manner, which I have mentioned as very winning in Lee, was possessed in the highest degree by Marlborough. Both, at the outset of their great career of victory, were regarded as essentially national commanders. Both had married young, and were faithful husbands and devoted fathers. Both had in all their campaigns the same belief in an ever-watchful Providence, in whose help they trusted implicitly, and for whose interposition they prayed at all times. They

were gifted with the same military instinct, the same genius for war. The power of fascinating those with whom they were associated, the spell which they cast over their soldiers, who believed almost superstitiously in their certainty of victory, their contempt of danger, their daring courage, constitute a parallel that is difficult to equal between any other two great men of modern times.

From the first Lee anticipated a long and bloody struggle, although from the bombastic oratory of self-elected politicians and patriots the people were led to believe that the whole business would be settled in a few weeks. This folly led to a serious evil, namely, the enlistment of soldiers for only ninety days. Lee, who understood war, pleaded in favor of the engagement being for the term of the war, but he pleaded in vain. To add to his military difficulties, the politician insisted upon the officers being elected by their men. This was a point which, in describing to me the constitution of his army, Lee most deplored. When war bursts upon a country unused to that ordeal, and therefore unskilled in preparing for it, the frothy babbling of politicians too often forces the nation into silly measures to its serious injury during the ensuing operations. That no great military success can be achieved quickly by an improvised army is a lesson that of all others is made most clear by the narrative of this war on both sides. All through its earlier phases, the press, both Northern and Southern, called loudly, and oftentimes angrily, for quick results. It is this impatience of the people, which the press is able to emphasize so strongly, that drives many weak generals into immature action. Lee, as well as others at this time, had to submit to the sneers which foolish men circulated widely in the daily newspapers. It

is quite certain that under the existing condition of things no Fabius would be tolerated, and that the far-seeing military policy which triumphed at Torres Vedras would not be submitted to by the English public of to-day. Lee was not, however, a man whom any amount of irresponsible writing could force beyond the pace he knew to be most conducive to ultimate success.

The formation of an army with the means alone at his disposal was a colossal task. Everything had to be created by this extraordinary man. The South was an agricultural, not a manufacturing country, and the resources of foreign lands were denied it by the blockade of its ports maintained by the fleet of the United States. Lee was a thorough man of business, quick in decision, yet methodical in all he did. He knew what he wanted. He knew what an army should be, and how it should be organized, both in a purely military as well as an administrative sense. In about two months he had created a little army of fifty thousand men, animated by a lofty patriotism and courage that made them unconquerable by any similarly constituted army. In another month, this army at Bull's Run gained a complete victory over the Northern invaders, who were driven back across the Potomac like herds of frightened sheep. As the Federals ran, they threw away their arms, and everything—guns, tents, wagons, etc.—was abandoned to the victors. The arms, ammunition, and equipment then taken were real godsend to those engaged in the organization of the Southern armies. Thenceforward a battle to the Confederates meant a new supply of everything an army required. It may be truthfully said, that practically the Government at Washington had to provide and pay for the arms and equipment of its enemies as well as for all that its own enormous armies required.

The day I presented myself in General Lee's camp, as I stood at the door of his tent awaiting admission, I was amused to find it stamped as belonging to a colonel of a New Jersey regiment. I remarked upon this to General Lee, who laughingly said, "Yes, I think you will find that all our tents, guns, and even the men's pouches are similarly marked as having belonged to the United States army." Some time, afterward, when General Pope and his large invading army had been sent back flying across the Maryland frontier, I overheard this conversation between two Confederate soldiers: "Have you hear the news? Lee has resigned!" "Good G——!" was the reply, "What for?" "He has resigned because he says he cannot feed and supply his army any longer, now that his commissary, General Pope, has been removed." Mr. Lincoln had just dismissed General Pope, replacing him by General McClellan.

The Confederates did not follow up their victory at Bull's Run. A rapid and daring advance would have given them possession of Washington, their enemy's capital. Political considerations at Richmond were allowed to outweigh the very evident military expediency of reaping a solid advantage from this their first great success. Often afterward, when this attempt to allay the angry feelings of the North against the Act of Secession had entirely failed, was this action of their political rulers lamented by the Confederate commanders.

In this article to attempt even a sketch of the subsequent military operations is not to be thought of. Both sides fought well, and both have such true reason to be proud of their achievements that they can now afford to hear the professional criticisms of their English friends in the same spirit that we Britishers have learnt to read

of the many defeats inflicted upon our arms by General Washington.

What most strikes the regular soldier in these campaigns of General Lee is the inefficient manner in which both he and his opponents were often served by their subordinate commanders, and how badly the staff and outpost work generally was performed on both sides. It is most difficult to move with any effective precision young armies constituted as these were during this war. The direction and movement of large bodies of newly-raised troops, even when victorious, is never easy, is often impossible. Over and over again was the South apparently "within a stone's throw of independence," as it has been many times remarked, when, from want of a thoroughly good staff to organize pursuit, the occasion was lost, and the enemy allowed to escape. Lee's combinations to secure victory were the conceptions of a truly great strategist, and, when they had been effected, his tactics were also almost always everything that could be desired up to the moment of victory, but there his action seemed to stop abruptly. Was ever an army so hopelessly at the mercy of another as that of McClellan when he began his retreat to Harrison's Landing after the seven days' fighting around Richmond? What commander could wish to have his foe in a "tighter place" than Burnside was in after his disastrous attack upon Lee at Fredericksburg? Yet in both instances the Northern commander got safely away, and other similar instances could be mentioned. The critical military student of this war who knows the power which regular troops, well-officered and well-directed by a thoroughly efficient staff, place in the hands of an able general, and who has acquired an intimate and complete knowledge of what these two contending American armies were really like,

will, I think, agree that from first to last the co-operation of even one army corps of regular troops would have given complete victory to which ever side it fought on. I felt this when I visited the South, and during the progress of the war I heard the same opinion expressed by many others who had inspected the contending armies. I say this with no wish to detract in any way from the courage or other fighting qualities of the troops engaged. I yield to none in my admiration of their warlike achievements, but I cannot blind myself to the hyperbole of writers who refer to these armies as the finest that have ever existed.

Those who know how difficult it is to supply our own militia and volunteer forces with efficient officers can appreciate what difficulties General Lee had to overcome in the formation of the army he so often led to victory. He had about him able assistants, who, like himself, had received an excellent military education at West Point. To the experienced soldier it is no matter of surprise, but to the general reader it will be of interest to know that, on either side in this war, almost every general whose name will be remembered in the future had been educated at that military school, and had been trained in the old regular army of the United States. In talking to me of all the Federal generals, Lee mentioned McClellan with most respect and regard. He spoke bitterly of none—a remarkable fact, as at that time men on both sides were wont to heap the most violent terms of abuse upon their respective enemies. He thus reproved a clergyman who had spoken in his sermon very bitterly of their enemies: —“I have fought against the people of the North because I believed they were seeking to wrest from the South her dearest rights; but I have never cherished toward them bitter or vindictive

feelings, and I have never seen the day when I did not pray for them.”

I asked him how many men he had at the battle of Antietam, from which he had then recently returned. He said he had never had, during that whole day, more than about thirty thousand men in line, although he had behind him a small army of tired troops and of shoeless stragglers who never came up during the battle. He estimated McClellan's army at about one hundred thousand men. A friend of mine, who at that same time was at the Federal headquarters, there made similar inquiries. General McClellan's reply corroborated the correctness of Lee's estimate of the Federal numbers at Antietam, but he said he thought the Confederate army was a little stronger than that under his command. I mention this because both those generals were most truthful men, and whatever they stated can be implicitly relied on. I also refer to it because the usual proportion throughout the war between the contending sides in each action ranged from about twice to three times more Federals than there were Confederates engaged. With reference to the relative numbers employed on both sides, the following amusing story was told to me at the time. A deputation from some of the New England States had attended at the White House, and laid their business before the President. As they were leaving Mr. Lincoln's room one of the delegates turned round and said: “Mr. President, I should very much like to know what you reckon to be the number of rebels in arms against us.” Mr. Lincoln, without a moment's hesitation, replied: “Sir, I have the best possible reason for knowing the number to be one million of men, for whenever one of our generals engages a rebel army he reports that he has encountered a force twice his strength: now I know we have half

a million of soldiers in the field, so I am bound to believe the rebels have twice that number."

As a student of war I would fain linger over the interesting lessons to be learnt from Lee's campaigns: of the same race as both belligerents, I could with the utmost pleasure dwell upon the many brilliant feats of arms on both sides; but I cannot do so here.

The end came at last, when the well-supplied North, rich enough to pay recruits, no matter where they came from, a bounty of over five hundred dollars a head, triumphed over an exhausted South, hemmed in on all sides, and even cut off from all communication with the outside world. The desperate, though drawn battle of Gettysburg was the death-knell of Southern independence; and General Sherman's splendid but almost unopposed march to the sea showed the world that all further resistance on the part of the Confederate States could only be a profitless waste of blood. In the thirty-five days of fighting near Richmond which ended the war of 1865, General Grant's army numbered one hundred and ninety thousand, that of Lee only fifty-one thousand men. Every man lost by the former was easily replaced, but an exhausted South could find no more soldiers. "The right of self-government," which Washington won, and for which Lee fought, was no longer to be a watchword to stir men's blood in the United States. The South was humbled and beaten by its own flesh and blood in the North, and it is difficult to know which to admire most, the good sense with which the result was accepted in the so-called Confederate States, or the wise magnanimity displayed by the victors. The wounds are now healed on both sides: Northerners and Southerners are now once more a united people, with a future before them to which no other nation can aspire.

If the English-speaking people of the earth cannot all acknowledge the same Sovereign, they can, and, I am sure they will, at least combine to work in the interests of truth and of peace, for the good of mankind. The wise men on both sides of the Atlantic will take care to chase away all passing clouds that may at any time throw even a shadow of dispute or discord between the two great families into which our race is divided.

Like all men, Lee had his faults: like all the greatest of generals, he sometimes made mistakes. His nature shrank with such horror from the dread of wounding the feelings of others, that upon occasions he left men in positions of responsibility to which their abilities were not equal. This softness of heart, amiable as that quality may be, amounts to a crime in the man intrusted with the direction of public affairs at critical moments. Lee's devotion to duty and great respect for obedience seem at times to have made him too subservient to those charged with the civil government of his country. He carried out too literally the orders of those whom the Confederate Constitution made his superiors, although he must have known them to be entirely ignorant of the science of war. He appears to have forgotten that he was the great Revolutionary Chief engaged in a great Revolutionary war: that he was no mere leader in a political struggle of parties carried on within the lines of an old, well-established form of government. It was very clear to many at the time as it will be commonly acknowledged now, that the South could only hope to win under the rule of a Military Dictator. If General Washington had had a Mr. Davis over him, could he have accomplished what he did? It will, I am sure, be news to many that General Lee was given the command over all

the Confederate armies a month or two only before the final collapse; and that the military policy of the South was all throughout the war dictated by Mr. Davis as President of the Confederate States. Lee had no power to reward soldiers or to promote officers. It was Mr. Davis who selected the men to command divisions and armies. Is it to be supposed that Cromwell, King William the Third, Washington, or Napoleon could have succeeded in the revolutions with which their names are identified, had they submitted to the will and authority of a politician as Lee did to Mr. Davis?

Lee was opposed to the final defence of Richmond that was urged upon him for political, not military reasons. It was a great strategic error. General Grant's large army of men was easily fed, and its daily losses easily recruited from a near base; whereas if it had been drawn far into the interior after the little army with which Lee endeavored to protect Richmond, its fighting strength would have been largely reduced by the detachments required to guard a long line of communications through a hostile country. It is profitless, however, to speculate upon what might have been, and the military student must take these campaigns as they were carried out. No fair estimate of Lee as a general can be made by a simple comparison of what he achieved with that which Napoleon, Wellington, or Von Moltke accomplished, unless due allowance is made for the difference in the nature of the American armies, and of the armies commanded and encountered by those great leaders. They were at the head of perfectly organized, thoroughly trained and well disciplined troops; whilst Lee's soldiers, though gallant and daring to a fault, lacked the military cohesion and efficiency, the trained company leaders, and the educated

staff which are only to be found in a regular army of long standing. A trial heat between two jockeys mounted on untrained horses may be interesting, but no one would ever quote the performance as an instance of great racing speed.

Who shall ever fathom the depth of Lee's anguish when the bitter end came, and when, beaten down by sheer force of numbers, and by absolutely nothing else, he found himself obliged to surrender! The handful of starving men remaining with him laid down their arms, and the proud Confederacy ceased to be. Surely the crushing, maddening anguish of awful sorrow is only known to the leader who has so failed to accomplish some lofty, some noble aim for which he has long striven with might and main, with heart and soul—in the interests of king or of country. A smiling face, a cheerful manner, may conceal the sore place from the eyes, possibly even from the knowledge of his friends; but there is no healing for such a wound, which eats into the very heart of him who has once received it.

General Lee survived the destruction of the Confederacy for five years, when, at the age of sixty-three, and surrounded by his family, life ebbed slowly from him. Where else in history is a great man to be found whose whole life was one such blameless record of duty nobly done? It was consistent in all its parts, complete in all its relations. The most perfect gentleman of a State long celebrated for its chivalry, he was just, gentle, and generous, and child-like in the simplicity of his character. Never elated with success, he bore reverse, and at last, complete overthrow, with dignified resignation. Throughout this long and cruel struggle his was all the responsibility, but not the power that should have accompanied it.

The fierce light which beats upon the

throne is as that of a rushlight in comparison with the electric glare which our newspapers now focus upon the public man in Lee's position. His character has been subjected to that ordeal, and who can point to any spot upon it! His clear, sound judgment, personal courage, untiring activity, genius for war, and absolute devotion to his State mark him out as a public man, as a patriot to be forever remembered by all Americans. His amiability of disposition, deep sympathy with those in pain or sorrow, his love for children, nice sense of personal honor and genial courtesy endeared him to all his friends. I shall never forget his sweet winning smile, nor his clear, honest eyes that seemed to look into your heart while they searched your brain. I have met many of the great men of my time, but Lee alone impressed me with the feeling that I was in the presence of a man who was cast in a grander mould, and made of different and of finer metal than all other men. He is stamped upon my memory as a being apart and superior to all others in every way: a man with whom none I ever knew, and very few of whom I have read, are worthy to be classed. I have met but two men who realize my ideas of what a true hero should be: my friend Charles Gordon was one, General Lee was the other.

The following lines seem written for him:

"Who is the honest man?

He doth still and strongly good pursue,
To God, his country and himself most true;

Who when he comes to deal

With sick folk, women, those whom passions sway,

Allows for this, and keeps his constant way."

When all the angry feelings roused by Secession are buried with those which existed when the Declaration of

Independence was written, when Americans can review the history of their last great rebellion with calm impartiality, I believe all will admit that General Lee towered far above all men on either side in that struggle: I believe he will be regarded not only as the most prominent figure of the Confederacy, but as the great American of the nineteenth century, whose statue is well worthy to stand on an equal pedestal with that of Washington, and whose memory is equally worthy to be enshrined in the hearts of all his countrymen.—GENERAL, LORD GARNET WOLSELEY, in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

NINE UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

Six of the following letters are from the Egerton MSS. in the British Museum (No. 2620). To these three from newspapers and pamphlets of the period have been added in order to supplement certain of the letters printed by Carlyle, and for convenience of reference.

I.

Mercurius Aulicus for 30 April 1645 describes Cromwell's attempt to storm Faringdon on the morning of 30 April, and states that Cromwell lost 200 killed, a captain, an ensign, and 8 soldiers prisoners, and had a large number of wounded. Under 1 May it prints the following letter, which is in striking contrast to the two printed by Carlyle (letters xxvi. xxvii.) "Next morning Master Cromwell sent this letter of thanks to Lieutenant Colonel Burgess."

Sir,—There shall be no interruption of your viewing and gathering together the dead bodies, and I doe acknowledge it as a favour, your willingness to let me dispose of them. Captaine Cannon is but a Captaine, his Mayor is Smith so farre as I know, but he is a stranger to me, I am confident he is but a

Captaine, Master Elmes but an Ancient,
I thanke you for your civility to them,
you may credit me in this, I rest

Your Servant

OLIVER CROMWELL.

April 30.

If you accept of equall exchange I
shall perform my part.

II.

Letter on behalf of John Lilburne.

My Lord,—You heere in what a
flame these westerne partes are, I
cannot but minde your Excellency
that the enimie are designing to sur-
prise many places, and wee shall still
play the aftergame. I thinke it of
absolute necessity that some men bee
put into Bristoll, especially since
Chepstow is taken, with which (as I
heered) they hould correspondency.
Sir (?), Bristol must have a fixed
guarison of foote. I beseech you
recommnd itt to the Parliament that
it may be donn, there cannot bee lesse
then 600 men for itt. Leit Col Rolphe
would bee a fitt man hee is able to give
helpe ~~in~~ the business by his Father
Skippon his interest and it would bee
well taken if your Lord^p would recom-
mend him, there is necessitye of speede
in my opinion, the cittye desire it. I
take leave and rest

Your ex. most humble Servant

O CROMWELL

May 9th, 1648.

My Lord Lieut Col Blackmore is with
mee, hee is a godly man and a good
souldier I beg a commission to make
him an Adjutant Gen^l to the Army.
Hee is very able as most [?] ever were
in this army.'

This letter is obviously directed to Lord
Fairfax. Its place is between letters lviii.
and lix. in Carlyle's. It was written by Crom-
well on the march to Chepstow, which he
reached two days later.

III.

Sir,—Wee have read your Déclaration
heere and see in itt nothings but what
is honest and becominge Christians and
honest men to say and offer, its good
to looke up to God who alonne is able
to sway hartes to agree to the good
and just thinges contained therein. I
verilye believe the honest partye in
Scotland will be satisfied in the just-
nesse thereof; however it wilbe good
that Will Rowe bee hastened with
instructions thither. I beseech you
command him (if it seems good to
your excell^e judgment) to goe away
with all speede, what is tymely donn
herein may prevent misunderstandings
in them. I hope to waite speedily
upon you, att least to begin my journey
upon Tuseday. Your owne regiment
wilbe cominge up. Soe will Okey,
mine Harrison's and some others the
two garrisons have men enow (if pro-
vided for) to doe that worke. Lambert
will looke to them I rest my Lord,
your excellency's most humble and
faythfull servant,

O CROMWELL

Nov. , 1648.

This letter—also to Fairfax—was apparently
written from Pontefract near the end of
November, for it refers to the Army Remon-
strance and to Cromwell's approaching
intention of starting for headquarters.

IV.

Mr. Rushworth,—I desire you to
order as from the Gen^l Col Tomlinson's
men now in Hantshire to remove more
westward and not to exact monies
before they goe. It beinge certified
that that Countye hath payed all their
monies. I desire you to give the
bearer the orders

I rest Your loving friend

O CROMWELL

April 28th, 1649.

V.

This letter, from the *Moderate*, No. 54, July 17-24, 1649, is sufficiently explained by the extract from that newspaper which precedes it. "Our Commander in chief, fearing scarcity of Provisions for the Souldiers, when they are come to the several Ports for Transportation, hath therefore directed his Letters to the Chief Justices of those several Counties; to desire, That they will speedily cause Proclamation to be made, that there may be Markets kept in the several Villages, near Milford Haven; which because short, and of publike concernment for those parts, take a true copy thereof at large."

Gentlemen,—Forasmuch as we are to march by you, to ship for Ireland, and the Forces ingaged will stand in need of Provisions for their shipping; and several Regiments having orders from me, to march to the Port of Milford Haven, and thereabouts; in order thereunto, these are to desire, That you will speedily cause Proclamation to be made, or publike notice given in the several Market Towns, within your Counties, or Association, That a free Market will be kept in the several Villages, lying neer Milford Haven, upon Tuesday the 31. of July instant; and to be kept daily, till all the Forces be shipped, for all sorts of Provisions, both for Horse, and men; And that all people, that bring such Provisions, shall have ready money for whatsoever we buy. This I thought fit to signifie, that if possible there may be a sufficiency of Provisions, both for Accommodation of the Forces, and ease of the places adjacent to the Haven where so many Forces are to be drawn together.

Your affectionate Friend,
and Servant

O CROMWELL.

Bristol, July 21, 1649.

For the Justices of Peace of the County of—

VI.

- To Lord Fairfax.

May it please your Excellency,—I could not satisfie myselfe to omitt this oportunitie, it rejoyceth mee to heere of the prosperitye of your affaires wherein the good of all honest men is soe much concerned, and indeed my Lord such intemperate spirits beinge suffered to break forth and shew their venome, & yett from time to time to be suppressed, shewes the same good God watcheth over you which hath gone [?] with you all alonge hitherto and will be with you to the end, I am verilye persuaded the discovery of these men's spirits makes them so manifest that I hope at least the godly shall not be deceived by them, w^{ch} will be cause of much rejoycinge. Trulye my noble Lord my prayers are for you, and I trust shal bee that God will still continew his presence and the light of his countenance with you to the end. The Lord shewes us great mercy heere, indeed I see, hee only gave this strong towne of Wexford into our hands, the particulars I for [redacted] because I have spent some payns in writing them to the Parlt^{mt}. I have noe more att present, but the tender of the integritye and affection of

My Lord

Your excellencye's most humble servant

O CROMWELL

Octob 15 1649 Wexford

Sir,—If by your favor or interest Sr John Barlacye may obtayne any incoragement for his forepast services for the State, either from Parlt^{mt} or the Councell of State in England, and that, any direction may bee given to mee therein [?] I shalbe glad to be serviceable to him in executinge their commandes, and this I can assure your Excellencye that the reducing of his reg^{nt} was not in the least a reflection

upon him but to save the state a charge'

This letter refers to the late rising of the Levellers at Oxford in September 1649. Sir John Borlase, son of the lord justice of the same name, is the person mentioned in the postscript. The elder Sir John Borlase died in 1649.

VII.

For the right honorable William Lenthall, Esq., Speaker of the Parliament of the Commonwealth of England.

Sir,—I beg your pardon for that I writ by Paine the messenger that there were taken prisoners of the evening in Fife five or six hundred whereas upon fuller information I find that there were taken prisoners between fifteen and sixteen hundred

I remain, Sir,
Your most humble servant

O CROMWELL

Lithgow 22 July 1651.

(From 'Several Proceedings in Parliament,' 24-31 July 1651.)

This letter corrects the one given by Carlyle as No. clxxv. The same paper gives a better text of clxxiv. than the one copied by Carlyle from Kimber's *Life of Cromwell*.

VIII.

To Colonel Robert Lilburn.

Sir,—Having some occasion to speake with some godly ministers and Christians to accomodate the interest and to beget a good understanding between the people of God of different judgements in this nation; and remembering well you did once hint to me some purpose of Mr. Patrick Gilasbie's thoughte to come up hither in order; (as I suppose) to some what relating to the people of God in Scotland; I have thought fit to require the comming up of Mr. John Livingston, Mr. Patrick Gilasby, and Mr. John Meinzeis, to w^{ch} purpose I have here inclosed sent

to each of them a L^{re} appointing them the time of their appearance heere; I desire you to speed their L^{res} to them, especially to Mr. John Meinzieis who is soe far remote at Aberdene, I desire you to let them have xx£ a peice to defray the charges of their journey; lett it be out of the Treasury in Scotland, not doubting of yo^r care and dilligence herein, I rest

Yo^r loving ffrind

OLIVER P.

Cockpitt 7th of March 1653

I desire you to continue yo^r care to looke out after Middleton upon the Coast for I heare he was driven back by foule weather. I desire you not to make too publike the ends of sending for these Gentlemen.

For the honorable Coll Lilborne Commander in chiefe of the forces in Scotland.'

IX.

Richard Cromwell to General Monk.

My Lord,—Although I cannot suppose you altogether unacquainted with my present condition, nor unsensible of what my friends have represented to you concerning it. Yet being urged by my present exigencies and necessitated for some time of late to retire into hiding places to avoid arrests for debts contracted upon the public account; I have been encouraged from the persuasion I have of your affection to me, and the opportunitie you now have to show me kindness to adde this request to the former solicitations of my friends, that when the Parliament shall bee met you would make use of your interest on my behalfe that I bee not left liable to debts, which I am confident neither God nor conscience can . . . mine. I cannot but promise myself that when it shall be seasonable, I shall not want a faithful friend in you to take effectual care of my concernments; having this persuasion

of you, that as I cannot but thinke myself unworthy of great things, so you will not thinke mee worthy of utter ruine,

My Lord, I am your affectionate
friend to serve you,
R. CROMWELL.

April 18, 1660.

An earlier letter of Fleetwood to Monk, 14 Jan. 1659, asks his aid 'in behalf of that distressed family of his late Highness whose condition I think is as sad as any poore familie in England, the debts contracted during the government falling upon my Lord Richard Cromwell.'—Egerton MSS. 2618. — C. H. FIRTH, in *The English Historical Review*

THE ENGLISH COUNTRY PARSON.

What is trying in the country parson's life is its *isolation*. That's a very different thing from saying that he lives a lonely life. The parson who is conscientiously trying to do his duty in a country parish occupies a unique position. He is a man, and yet he must be something more than man, and something less too. He must be more than man in that he must be free from human passions and human weaknesses, or the whole neighborhood is shocked by his frailty; he must be something less than man in his tastes and amusements and way of life, or there will be those who will be sure to denounce him as a worldling who ought never to have taken orders. If he be a man of birth and refinement, he is sure to be reported of as proud and haughty; if he be not quite a gentleman, he will be snubbed and flouted outrageously. The average country parson and his family has often to bear an amount of patronizing impertinence which is sometimes very trying. Even the squire and the parson do not always get on well together, and when they do not, the

parson is very much at the other's mercy and may be thwarted and worried and humiliated almost to any extent by a powerful, ill-conditioned, and unscrupulous landed proprietor. But it is from the come-and-go people who hire the country houses which their owners are compelled to let, that we suffer most. Not that this is always the case, for it not unfrequently happens that the change in the occupancy of a country mansion is a clear gain socially, morally, and intellectually to a whole neighborhood—when, in the place of a necessitous Squire Western, and his cubs of sons and his half educated daughters, drearly impecunious, but not the less self-asserting and supercilious, we get a family of gentle manners and culture and accomplishments, and lo! it is as sunshine after rain. But sometimes the new comers are a grievous infliction: town-bred folk who emerge from the back streets and have amassed money by a new hair-wash or an improvement in sticking-plaster. Such as these are out of harmony with their temporary surroundings: they giggle in the faces of the farmers' daughters, ridicule the speech and manners of the laborers and their wives, and grumble at everything. They cannot think of walking in the dirty lanes, they are afraid of cows, and call children nasty little things, and their hospitalities are very trying.

"Come, my boy. Have a cut at the venison. Don't be afraid. You shall have a good dinner for once; shan't he, my dear? and as much champagne as you like to put inside you!" It was a bottle-nosed Sir Gorgious Midas who spoke, and his lady at the other end of the table gave me a kindly wink as she caught my eye. But the wine was Gilby's, and not his best. These are the people who demoralize our country villages. They introduce a vulgarity of tone quite indescribable, and the rapidity of the change wrought in the sen-

timents and language of the rustics is sometimes quite wonderful.

The people don't like these come-and-go folk, but they get dazzled by them notwithstanding; they resent the airs which the footmen and ladies' maids give themselves, but nevertheless they envy them and think, "There's my gal Polly—she'd be a lady if she was to get into sich a house as that!" When they hear that the ladies at the hall play tennis on Sunday afternoons, the old people are perplexed, and wonder what the world is coming to; the boys and girls begin to think that *their* jolly time is near, when they too shall submit to no restraint, and join the revel rout of scoffers. The sour puritan snarls out "Ah! there's your gentlefolks, they don't want no religion, they don't—and we don't want no gentlefolks!" For your sour puritan somehow has always a lurking sympathy with the Socialist programme, and it's honey and nuts to him to find out some new occasion for venting his spleen at things that are. But one and all look askance at the parson, and inwardly chuckle that he is not having a pleasant time of it. "Our Reverend's been took down a bit, since that young gent at the Hall lit his pipe in the church porch. 'That ain't seemly,' says parson. 'Dunno about that,' says the tother, 'but it seems nice.'" Chorus, half-giggle, half-sniggle.

Do not the scientists teach that no two atoms are in absolute contact with each other; that some interval separates every molecule from its next of kin? Certainly this is inherent in the office and function of the country parson, that he is not *quite* in touch with any one in his parish if he be a really earnest and conscientious parson. He is too good for the average happy-go-lucky fellow who wants to be let alone. There is nothing to gain by insulting him. "He's that big-headed & don't seem to mind

nothing—only swearing at him!" You cannot get him to take a side in a quarrel. He speaks out very unpleasant truths in public and private. He occupies a social position that is sometimes anomalous. He has a provoking knack of taking things by the right handle. He does not believe in the almighty dollar, as men of sense ought to believe; and he is usually in the right when it comes to a dispute in a vestry meeting because he is the only man in the parish that thinks of preparing himself for the discussion beforehand. This isolation extends not merely to matters social and intellectual; it is much more observable in the domain of sentiment. A rustic cannot at all understand what *motive* a man can possibly have for being a bookworm; he suspects a student of being engaged in some impious researches. "To hear that there Reverend of ours in the pulpit you might think he was all right. But, bless you! he ain't same as other folks. He do keep a horoscope top o' his house to look at the stares and sich."

Not one man in a hundred of the laborers reads a book, and only when a book is new with a gaudy outside does he seem to value it even as a chattel. That any one should ever have any conceivable use for a big book is to him incomprehensible.

"If I might be so bold, sir," said Jabez, an intelligent father of a family with some very bright children who are "won'rful for'ard in their larning," "If I might be so bold, might I ask if you've really *read* all these grit books?" "No, Jabez; and I should be a bigger dunce than I am if I ever tried to. I keep them to *use*; they're my tools, like your spade and hoe. What's that thing called that I saw in your hand the other day when you were working at the draining job? You don't often use that tool, I think, do you?" "Well, no. But then we don't get a

job o' draining now same as we used. I mean to say as a man may go ten years at a stretch and lay a never a drain-tile." "Well, then, how about the use of his tools all this time?" Jabez smiled, slowly put his hand to his head, saw the point, and yet didn't see it. "But, lawk sir! that's somehow different. I can't see what you *can du wi'* a grit book like this here." It was a massive volume of Littré's great dictionary, which I had just taken down to consult; it certainly did look portentous. "Why, Jabez, that's a dictionary—a French dictionary. If I want to know all about a French word, you know, I look it up here. Sometimes I don't find exactly what I want; then I go to *that* book, which is another French dictionary; and if . . ." I saw by the blank look in honest Jabez's face that it was all in vain. "Want to know all about French words. Why you ain't agoing to fix no drain-tiles with them sort o' things. Now that du wholly pet me aywt, that du."

I think no one who has not tried painfully to lift and lead others can have the least notion of the difficulty which the country parson has to contend with in the extreme thinness of the stratum in which the rural intellect moves. Since the schools have given more attention to geography, and since emigration has brought us now and then some entertaining letters from those who have emigrated to "furren parts," the people have slowly learnt to think of a wider area of *space* than heretofore they could imagine. Though even now their notions of geography are almost as vague as their notions of astronomy. I have never seen a map in an agricultural laborer's cottage. But their absolute ignorance of history amounts to an incapacity of conceiving the reality of anything that may have happened in past time. What their grandfathers have told them, that is to

them history—everything before that is not so much as fable; it is not romance, it is a formless void, it is chaos. The worst of it is that they have no curiosity about the past. The same is true of their knowledge of anything approaching to the rudiments of physical science; it simply does not exist. A belief in the Ptolemaic system is universal in Arcady. I suspect that they think less about these things than they did. "That there old Gladstone, lawk! he's a deep un he is! He's as deep as the Pole Star he is!" said Solomon Bunch to me one day. "Pole Star?" I asked in surprise. "Where is the Pole Star, Sol?" "Lawks! I dunno; I've heerd tell o' the Pole Star as the deep un ever sin' I was a boy?"

It is this narrowness in their range of ideas that makes it so hard for the townsman to become an effective speaker to the laborers. You could not make a greater mistake than by assuming you have only to use plain *language* to our rustics. So far from it, they love nothing better than sonorous words, the longer the better. It is when he attempts to make his audience follow a chain of reasoning that the orator fails most hopelessly, or when he comes to his illustrations. The poor people *know* so little, they read nothing, their experience is so confined, that one is very hard put to it to find a simile that is intelligible.

"Young David stood before the monarch's throne. With harp in hand he touched the chords, like some later Scald he sang his saga to King Saul!" It really was rather fine—plain and simple too, monosyllabic, terse, and with a musical sibilation. Unfortunately one of the worthy preacher's hearers told me afterward with some displeasure that he "didn't hold wi' David being all sing-songing and scolding, he'd no opinion o' that." The stories of the queer mistakes which our

hearers make in interpreting our sermons are simply endless, sometimes almost incredible. Nevertheless, no invention of the most inveterate storyteller could equal the facts which are matters of weekly experience.

"As yow was a saying in your sarmment, 'tarnal mowing won't du wirout tarnal making—yow mind that! yer ses, an' I did mind it tu, an' we got up that hay surprising?" Mr. Perry had just a little misconceived my words. I had quoted from Philip Van Arteveldt. "He that lacks time to mourn; lacks time to mend. Eternity mourns that."

Not many mouths ago I was visiting a good simple old man who was death-stricken, and had been long lingering on the verge of the dark river. "I've been thinking sir, of that little hymn as you said about the old devil when he was took bad. I should like to hear that again." I was equal to the occasion.

"The devil was sick—the devil a saint would be;

The devil got well—not a bit of a saint was he!"

[It was necessary to soften down the language of the original!]

"Is that what you mean?" Yes! it was that. "Well I've been a thinking as if the old devil had laid a bit longer and been afflicted same as some on 'em, he'd a been the better for it. Ain't there no more o' that there little hymn, sir?"

The religious talk of our Arcadians is sometimes very trying—trying I mean to any man with only too keen a sense of the ludicrous, and who would not for the world betray himself if he could help it.

It is always better to let people welcome you as a friend and neighbor, rather than as a clergyman, even at the risk of being considered by the "unco guid" as an irreverent heathen. But you are often pulled up short by a re-

minder more or less reproachful, that if you have forgotten your vocation your host has not; as thus:—

"Ever been to Tombland fair, Mrs. Cawl?" Mrs. Cawl has a perennial flow of words, which come from her lips in a steady, unceasing, and deliberate monotone, a slow trickle of verbiage with never the semblance of a stop:

"Never been to no fairs sin' I was a girl bless the lord nor mean to 'xcept once when my Betsy went to place and father told me to take her to a show and there was a giant and a dwarf dressed in a green petticoat like a monkey on an organ an' I ses to Betsy my dear theys the works of the Lord but they hadn't ought to be showed but as the works of the Lord to be had in remembrance and don't you think sir as when they shows the works of the Lord they'd ought to begin with a little prayer?"

There is one salient defect in the East Anglian character which presents an almost insuperable obstacle to the country parson who is anxious to raise the *tone* of his people, and to awaken a response when he appeals to their consciences and affections. The East Anglian is, of all the inhabitants of these islands, most wanting in native courtesy, in delicacy of feeling, and in anything remotely resembling romantic sentiment. The result is that it is extremely difficult, almost impossible, to deal with a genuine Norfolk man when he is out of temper. How much of this coarseness of mental fiber is to be credited to their Danish ancestry I know not, but whenever I have noticed a gleam of enthusiasm, I think I have invariably found it among those who had French Huguenot blood in their veins. Always shrewd, the Norfolk peasant is never tender; a wrong, real or imagined, rankles within him through a lifetime. He stubbornly refuses to believe that hatred in his

case is blameworthy. Refinement of feeling he is quite incapable of, and without in the least wishing to be rude, gross, or profane, he is often all three at once, quite innocently, during five minutes' talk. I have had things said to me by really good and well-meaning men and women in Arcady that would make susceptible people swoon. It would have been quite idle to remonstrate. You might as well preach of duty to an antelope. If you want to make any impression or exercise any influence for good upon your neighbors, you must take them as you find them, and not expect too much of them. You must work in faith, and you must work upon the material that presents itself. "The sower soweth the word." The mistake we commit so often is in assuming that because we sow—which is our duty—therefore we have a right to reap the crop and garner it. "It grows to guerdon after-days."

Meanwhile we have such home truths as the following thrown at us in the most innocent manner: "Tree score?" Is that all you be? Why there's some folks as 'ud take you for a hundred wi' that *hair o' yourn*?"

Mr. Snape spoke with an amount of irritation which would have made an outsider believe I was his deadliest foe; yet we are really very good friends, and the old man scolds me roundly if I am long without going to look at him. But he has quite a fierce repugnance to gray hair. "You must take me as a I am, Snape," I replied; "I began to get gray at thirty. Would you have me dye my hair?" "Doy! Why that hev doyd, an' wuss than that—it's right rotten, thet is!"

Or we get taken into confidence now and then, and get an insight into our Arcadians' practical turn of mind. I was talking pleasantly to a good woman about her children. "Yes," she said, 'they're all off my hands now,

but I reckon I've had a expense-hive family. I don't mean to say as it might not have been worse if they'd all lived, and we'd had to bring 'em all up, but my meaning is as they never seemed to die convenient. I had twins once, and they both died, you see, and we had the club money for both of 'em, but then one lived a fortnight after the other, and so that took two funerals, and that come expense-hive!"

It is very shocking to a sensitive person to hear the way in which the old people speak of their dead wives and husbands exactly as if they'd been horses or dogs. They are *always* proud of having been married more than once. "You didn't think, Miss, as I'd had five wives, now did you? Ah! but I have though—leastways I buried five on 'em in the churchyard, that I did—and *tree on 'em beewties!*" On another occasion I playfully suggested, "Don't you mix up your husbands now and then, Mrs. Page, when you talk about them?" "Well, to tell you the truth, sir, I really du! But my third husband, he *was* a man! I don't mix him up. He got killed, fighting—you've heerd tell o' that I make no doubt. The others warn't nothing to him. He'd ha' mixed them up quick enough if they'd interfered wi' him. Lawk ah! He'd 'a made nothing of 'em!"

Instances of this obtuseness to anything in the nature of poetic sentiment among our rustics might be multiplied indefinitely. Norfolk has never produced a single poet or romancer. We have no local songs or ballads, no traditions of valor or nobleness, no legends of heroism or chivalry. In their place we have a frightfully long list of ferocious murderers: Thurtell, and Tawell, and Manning, and Greenacre, and Rush, and a dozen more whose names stand out pre-eminent in the horrible annals of crime. The temperament of the

sons of Arcady is strangely callous to all the softer and gentle emotions.—**AUGUSTUS JESSOP, D.D.**, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

CURRENT THOUGHT.

THE DEATH OF SOCRATES.—By way of introduction to an essay on Hesiod, "the Earliest Greek Moralist," a writer in Macmillan's Magazine thus speaks of the Life and Death of Socrates:—

"The most notable event in the history of the Greek race is undoubtedly the death of Socrates. Let us briefly recall the circumstances of that death—or rather martyrdom.

"Socrates was an Athenian, who spent the greater part of a long life chiefly in instructing his fellow-countrymen in the principles of a high morality. He gathered around him a small circle of admirers and disciples—men mostly much younger than himself—invited them to examine the foundations of the accepted morality, rejected it when it was unsound; inculcated both by example and precept doctrines of temperance, soberness, and chastity—such as command respect even in these days of brilliant moral illumination—and, if we may believe his disciple, Plato, was convinced that the supremest happiness was uprightness of life, and guilt the greatest misery. The formal dogmas of his countrymen as to the nature of the gods he does not seem directly to have interfered with, and, indeed, to have accepted on this subject the popular view. But in spite of such moderation in speculation, and nobleness of life, he was at the age of seventy accused of corrupting the young men of Athens, of worshiping gods which that city did not worship; and on this charge was condemned to death.

"The victims of religious persecution have been so many since his day, and we are so well accustomed to the deaths of courageous men in support of a religion, that we are apt to undervalue the greatness of the first heathen philosopher who sealed his evidence to the cause of goodness with his blood. And this is the more to be lamented, because there has probably been no more consistent life and death recorded in the pages of profane history, with the exception, perhaps, of our own countryman, Sir Thomas More.

"Socrates, like Sir Thomas More, might have escaped the extreme penalty of death had he been willing to plead guilty. In a

large jury of nearly six hundred persons, a majority of five votes only found a verdict against him, and had he appealed for mercy there is no doubt that it would have been granted. But to appeal for mercy would have been to admit guilt; and to admit guilt would have been to discredit that divine commission to better his countrymen which he believed himself to have received. Further, he had always declared that death was in itself no evil; to live unjustly was evil; to suffer unjustly was a small misfortune in comparison with doing unjust acts; and so he submitted to his sentence with a dignified cheerfulness, which, as described by his friend and disciple, Plato, has been the object of the veneration of all the centuries of learned and good men who have since been privileged with contemplation of his great example.

"But if our admiration and love for Socrates are high, what are our feelings toward his accusers? What toward those who condemned him? There was a time when their wickedness was accepted as a matter of course, and readily accounted for by the proverbial fickleness and unsoundness of a democracy. . . . But when all is said and done, if we abandon the primary assumption of an innate depravity of the Athenian people, and judge them on this occasion by the light of their other history, these suggestions appear somewhat trivial; and so, perhaps, it may be as well to assume that there were, after all, a sufficient number of men in Athens who honestly believed that their religion was threatened by the actions of Socrates, to make that generally tolerant people suddenly appear in the character of a Torquemada.

"The chief obstacle in the way of adopting this view has been a tendency to deny to the Greeks, as a nation, any morality based on religion at all. Most of us know them only by the light of St. Paul's Epistles, and his contemptuous descriptions of their trivial intellectuality and abandoned moral condition. Others of us who have read Greek, have a vague impression that Greek morality began with Socrates—was indeed invented by him; that previously to his time there had been superstition—if you will, sacrifices, expiations—but no body of popular morality of sufficiently definite and positive form to be sensible of its own existence and resent the emergence of another moral code. Faith there was in Destiny, a mysterious curse ever following the perpetrators of particular crimes, in a strange retribution which overtook the too prosperous man; but morality based on religious conviction, and associated with

strictly religious ideas did not exist."—The remainder of the present paper has two main purposes, one of which is to prove that the Greeks did believe in such a thing as a divine revelation of morality.

HOW BIRDS FLY.—Many years ago, Professor Renwick, of Columbia College, was wont to "take down" the young gentlemen who attended his classes in Natural Philosophy by asking them what operations they went through in the act of walking. The almost universal reply was to the effect that they raised one foot, and put it down again; then raised the other and put it down, and so on. He would then quietly ask the student to stand bolt upright, at one end of the room, raise and lower his feet, as he had described, and see how long it would take him to walk across the room. The young gentleman would discover to his astonishment that he did not budge an inch. Mr. Harrison Allen, in *Science*, tells birds what they do when they fly. We question whether many birds will read the paper, or if they should read it, whether they would fully understand it; but we suppose they fly none the worse for not being able to tell how they do it.

"The wing is extended upward from the horizontal position by the *deltoid* and the *latissimus dorsi* muscles to a line which is perpendicular to the body, and is quickly again depressed to the horizontal position by the *pectorales*. This constitutes the first stage of the 'stroke.' 'Recover' is initiated by an inward rotation of the humerus, semiflexion of the wing at the elbow (the pinion remaining extended and directed obliquely downward and outward), and is carried well forward to a degree sufficient, when seen in profile, to conceal the head. In this position the primaries are semirotated so as to present the least amount of surface to the air in the direction in which the bird is moving. The impetus excited by the stroke carries the bird upward and forward. In the second stage of 'recover,' the humerus is rotated outward, the arm is quickly raised, the primaries restored to the position seen in the bird at rest, and the wing is a second time in the position for the 'stroke.' In the eagle and the hawk the legs are in the position of the 'stroke' when the wings are similarly placed. During the 'stroke' the legs move backward. This motion continues during the 'recover' of the wing, so that the time of the 'recover' of the wing is also that of the 'recover' of the leg. The action of both wings and feet, since both pairs act together, is what I propose to call

'synadelphic.' The study of the flight was confined to the eagle, the hawk, the pigeon, and the parrot, in the series of instantaneous photographs taken by Mr. Edward Muybridge, under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania."

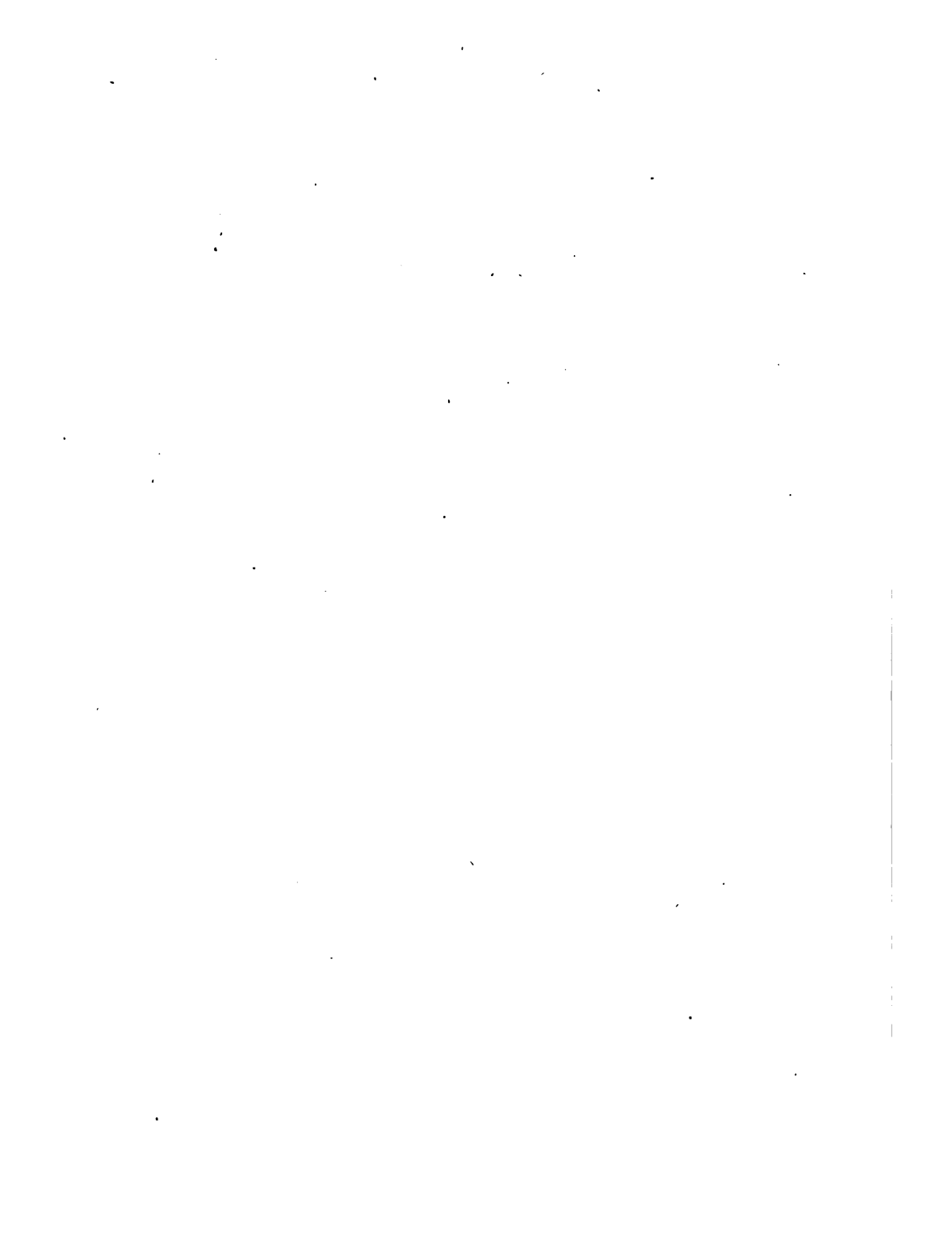
DON'T CARE A DAM * * *.—This phrase certainly sounds rather profanely. But in its origin, as given by Col. Yule, in his very curious *Anglo-Indian Glossary*, there is nothing at all objectionable. Col. Yule says:—

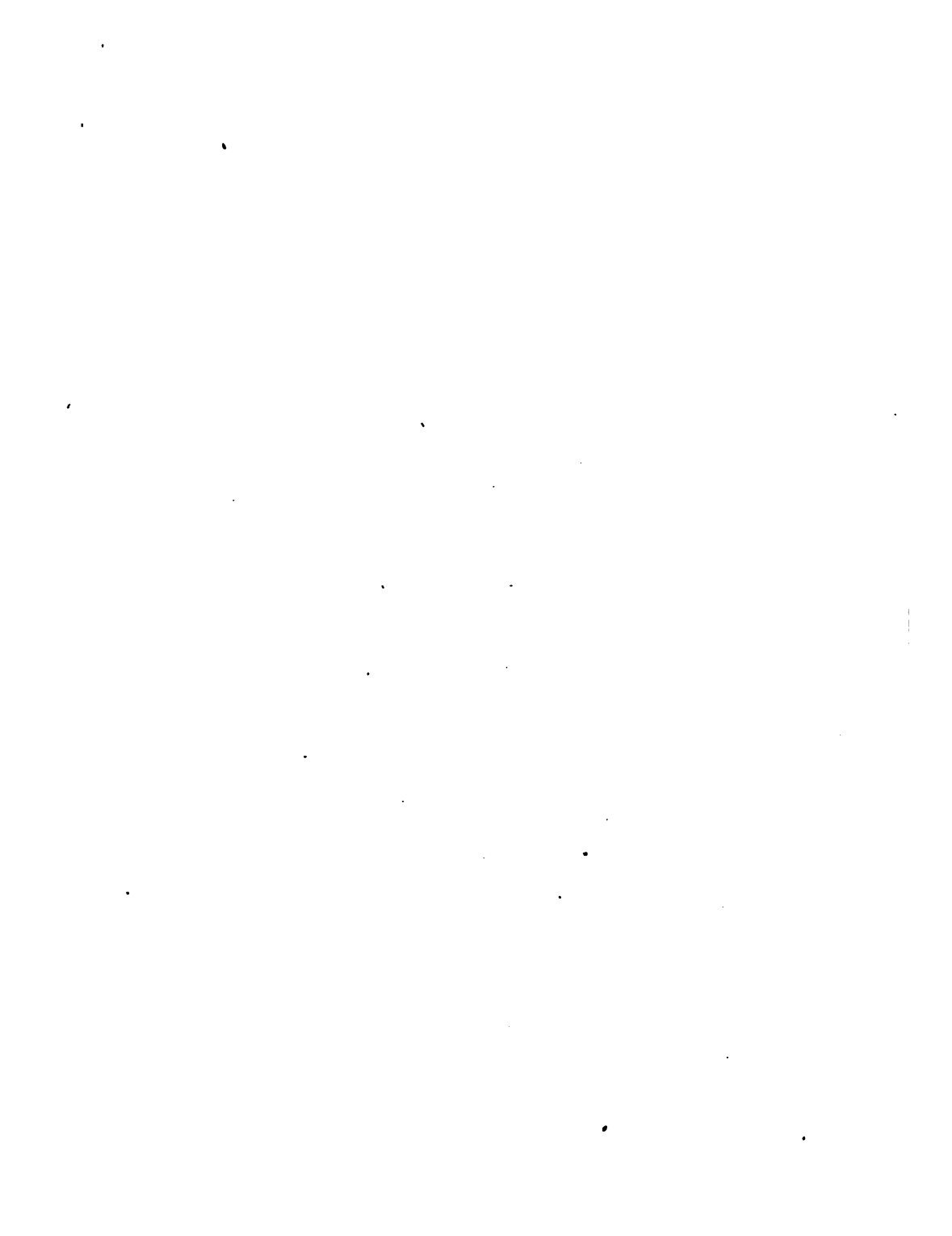
"*Dam*.—Hind. Originally an actual copper coin. The tendency of denominations of coin is always to sink in value. *Damri* is a common enough expression for the infinitesimal in coin, and one has often heard a Briton in India say: 'No! I won't give a *damree*' with but a vague notion what a *damri* meant, as in Scotland we have heard, 'I won't give a *plack*,' though certainly the speaker could not have stated the value of that ancient coin. And this leads to the suggestion, that a like expression, often heard from coarse talkers in England as well as in India, originated in the latter country, and that whatever profanity there may be in the animus there is none in the etymology, when such a one blurts out 'I don't care a dam!' *i.e.* in other words, 'I don't care a brass farthing!' If the gentle reader deems this a far-fetched suggestion, let us back it by a second. We find in Chaucer: '—ne raught he not a *ker*, which means, he recked not 'a *crees* (*ne flocci quidem*); an expression which is found also in Piers Plowman: 'Wisdom and witte nowe is not worthe a *kerse*.' And this, we doubt not, has given rise to that other vulgar expression, 'I don't care a curse; curiously parallel in its corruption to that in illustration of which we quote it."

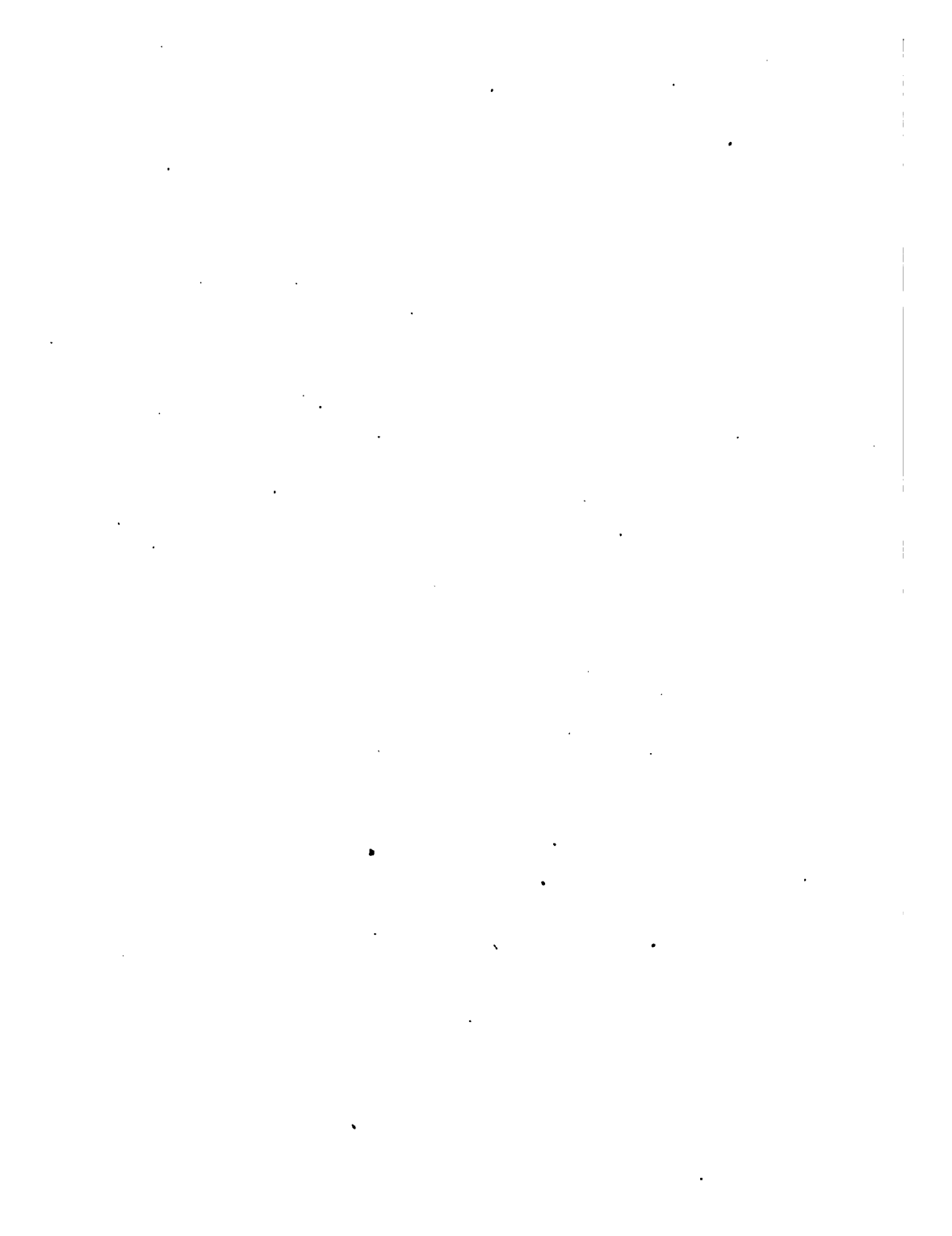
THAT'S THE CHERSE.—Col. Yule gives at least a probable Oriental origin for this English slang phrase:—

"*Cheese*.—This word is well known to be used in modern English slang for 'anything good, first-rate in quality, genuine, pleasant, or advantageous.' And the most probable source of the term in Pers. and H. *chiz*, thing. For that expression used to be common among young Anglo-Indians, *e.g.* 'My new Arab is the real *chiz*.' These cheroots are real *chiz*, *i.e.*, the real thing. The word may have been an Anglo-Indian importation, and it is difficult otherwise to account for it."









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